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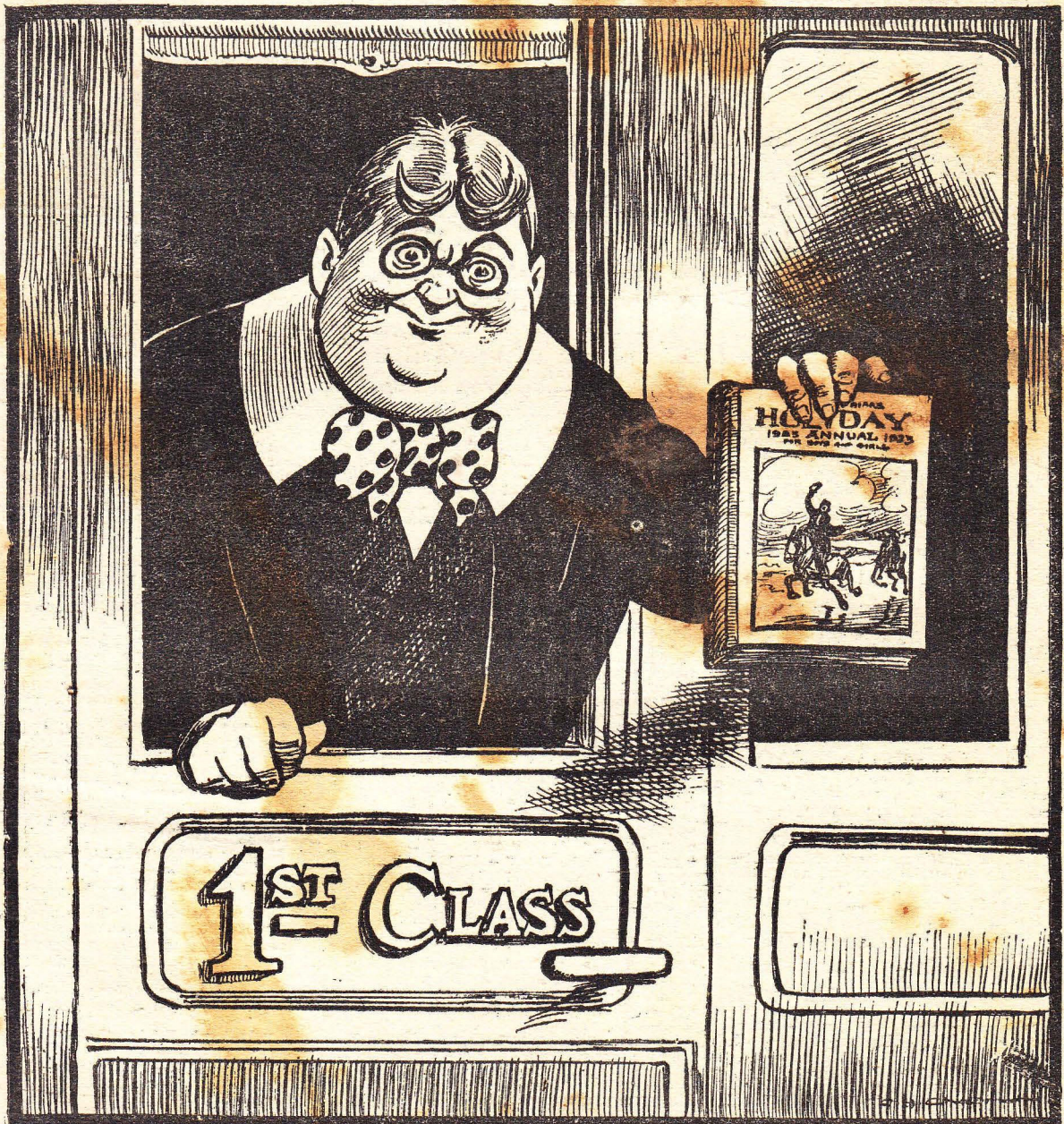
New
Series.
No. 189.

28
Pages.

The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED.

SPECIAL
SUPPLEMENT
INSIDE.



"I say, you fellows, have you seen this?"

For FIRST CLASS FARE you can't beat the "HOLIDAY ANNUAL"!

FRANK RICHARDS & CO. FIND THAT THE REFORMING OF YEN CHIN, THE CEDAR CREEK CHINESE, IS ANYTHING BUT AN EASY TASK!



A Promising Pupil!

A Grand Long Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS' Schooldays in Canada.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

(Author of the famous tales of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, appearing in the "Gem" Library).

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Path of Reform!

"POOL lil' Chinese velly miselable!" Yen Chin, the "Chow" of Cedar Creek School, made that statement in almost heartrending accents. His little yellow face was deeply despondent, and his almond eyes seemed on the point of streaming with tears. He addressed Frank Richards & Co., and the chums of Cedar Creek sniffed in chorus. "Rats!" remarked Frank. "Gammon!" said Bob Lawless. "Draw it mild, kid!" said Vere Beauclere. "You've taken us in too often, you know." Yen Chin sobbed. The three chums looked at him rather uncomfortably.

Yen Chin was a queer fellow, and his ways were not Canadian ways.

He was a good little chap in his way, but his slyness, his peculiar tricks, and, above all, his astounding propensity to deceit, had quite a "fed up" the chums.

Yen Chin lied as easily as he breathed.

Whether he was "spoofing" now, the chums could not tell, but they thought it very probable.

"Oh, cheese it, John!" said Bob Lawless uneasily. "You've taken us in too often! You're fooling us now, most likely!"

"Chinese tellee tluth!" said Yen Chin tearfully.

"I guess you couldn't if you tried!"

"No likee Yen Chin any more?" asked the Celestial sadly. "No likee, and no speakee to pool lil' Chinese? Me cly!"

"Br-r-r!" grunted Bob.

"Me likee become Canadian likee blave Bob Lawless!" said Yen Chin eagerly. "You teachee, me learnee."

"Oh, my hat!" said Frank Richards, puzzled by this demand.

"Handsome Flanky teachee me, too," said Yen Chin.

"You buttery young bounder!" answered Frank. "I believe you're only pulling our leg now!"

"Handsome Flanky—"

"Chuck it, I tell you!"

"You teachee me, beautiful Chelub!" said Yen Chin, turning to Vere Beauclere. Beauclere laughed.

Bob Lawless had nicknamed him the THE POPULAR.—No. 189.

Cherub—a name that was not inappropriate.

Yen Chin added the adjective in his fulsome Oriental way.

Evidently the Chinese thought that flattery might be useful.

"You young ass!" answered Beauclere.

Yen Chin gave another sob.

"No teachee pool lil' Chinese?" he asked.

Frank Richards and his chums looked at one another.

It was quite possible that the young rascal had seen the error of his ways, and did not want to estrange the three fellows who had befriended him.

If Yen Chin really had a yearning for better things, certainly it was up to the Cedar Creek chums to give him a helping hand on the upward path.

"Well," said Bob Lawless at last, "if you mean business, Yen Chin—"

"Me meanee old business fcom word go!" said Yen Chin eagerly.

"Well, the first thing to learn is to tell the truth!" said Bob.

"Me learnee."

"Don't tell any more lies, for a start! If you can tell the truth for a bit, we'll see about other things later."

"Me tellee tluth!"

"We'll make a bargain," said Bob, thinking it out. "You start telling the truth, and every time I find you telling a lie I'll give your pigtail a twist! Is it a trade?"

Yen Chin grinned.

"Allee light!"

"That's a cinch, then," said Bob. "I'll keep an eye on you, and you can rely on me to handle your topknot whenever you slip off the frozen truth. Promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and keep your promise. Savvy?"

"Me savvy."

"Then it's a go, and we'll give you another trial!" said Frank, laughing.

"Handsome Flanky—"

"There you go again!" shouted Bob.

"Give me your pigtail!"

"But that's the tluth!" howled Yen Chin. "Yen Chin speakee tluth. Flanky handsome."

"Well, perhaps there's something in that," admitted Bob. "Still—"

"No sayee you handsome, Bob."

"What!"

"That no tluth, so no sayee."

Bob Lawless' face was a study for a moment, and his chums roared.

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"Bob lather ugly," continued Yen Chin cheerfully.

"Wha-a-at!" ejaculated Bob.

"Lather ugly face, big, clumsy feet," said Yen Chin calmly. "Talkee in loud voice, like buffalo."

"You cheeky young jay!" roared Bob wrathfully.

Yen Chin jumped back in alarm.

"Speakee tluth!" he yelled. "Allee samee Canadian. You tellee Yen Chin speakee tluth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Frank Richards. "He's got you there, Bob! You told him to speak the frozen truth, you know, and he's doing it."

Bob grunted.

"Always speakee tluth now," said Yen Chin, with a glimmer in his almond eyes. "Likee pleasee Canadian fiend. Handsome Flanky silly ass!"

"What!" exclaimed Frank, taken aback.

"Silly ass!" answered Yen Chin. "Not ugly like Bob, but silly ass like Chelub!"

Beauclere and Frank looked at one another, and it was Bob Lawless' turn to roar. And he did.

"Ha, ha, ha! Now you're getting it! How do you like the frozen truth?"

"You cheeky little beast!" gasped Frank.

"I've a jolly good mind—"

"No likee tluth?" asked Yen Chin innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob. "Don't you like the truth, Franky?"

Frank Richards gulped down his wrath.

If Yen Chin considered him a silly ass, doubtless he was telling the truth according to his lights.

More could not be expected in that early stage of the Celestial's reform.

"Me always tellee tluth now," said Yen Chin. "If peoples glumble, me sayee Bob tellee me, allee light."

Gunten, the Swiss, was passing on his way to the schoolhouse, and Yen Chin called out to him:

"Hallo, ugly face! Foreign tlash!"

Gunten turned round savagely.

"Ugly foreign tlash!" continued Yen Chin cheerfully. "Where you get that face? Lookee likee coyote!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Beauclere.

Gunten, surprised and angry, as was natural under the circumstances, strode towards Yen Chin with his fists clenched.

The little Chinese promptly dodged behind Bob Lawless.

"Keepee Guntee off!" he exclaimed. "Guntee no likee tluth, but Yen Chin always tellee tluth now."

"Get out of the way, Lawless!" roared Gunten. "I'll smash the cheeky little beast!" Bob pushed the angry Swiss back.

"Let him alone, Gunten!" "Do you think I'm going to be talked to like that by a sneaking heathen?" roared Gunten.

"Well, Yen Chin's started telling the truth," said Bob. "I've told him to."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Why, you rotter!" howled Gunten.

"Always tellee tluth," said Yen Chin, with a smile that was childlike and bland. "Blave Bob plectef lil' Chinee if peopies angry for tellee tluth. You fighten glizzy bear with your face, Guntee."

The Swiss made a savage attempt to get at the Celestial, but Bob pushed him back again.

He could not fail to protect his new disciple, who was, after all, only carrying out his instructions, though not exactly in the way intended.

"Keep back, Gunten!" said Bob. "You're not going to touch him!"

The Swiss looked for a minute as if he would hurl himself at the rancher's son.

But he thought better of it, and tramped away, scowling.

Yen Chin trotted into the lumber schoolhouse with the three chums, evidently in a state of great satisfaction.

His resolve to tell the frozen truth on all occasions, he apparently considered, reinstated him in their friendship and good opinion.

And whether it was stupidity, or whether it was some more of his Oriental slyness, the little "Chow" evidently intended to keep on as he had started, and, as Bob Lawless was called upon to protect the amateur truth-teller, it looked as if Bob was booked for an interesting time.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Too Much Truth!

MISS MEADOWS came in to take her class, and morning lessons began at the lumber school.

Frank Richards & Co. speedily forgot all about Yen Chin and his reform as they settled down to work.

But Yen Chin was not to be forgotten. Either enthusiasm about his reform, or a desire to pull the leg of his kind instructor, made the little Chinese very keen to keep to the "frozen truth" in season and out of season.

Being asked, in the geography lesson, a question concerning the population of British Columbia, he answered that it was composed of Chinese and barbarians—an answer which made Miss Meadows open her eyes.

"What? What did you say, Yen Chin?" exclaimed the Canadian schoolmistress.

"Chinese and barbarians, missy." "Boy!"

"In China, all white men barbarians," said Yen Chin calmly. "Chinee tinkee so. English, Canadian, Melican, all barbarians to Chinee."

"Oh my hat!" murmured Frank Richards. Bob Lawless blinked at the Chinese.

Undoubtedly he was stating the Chinese point of view, and it was the truth, from that peculiar point of view.

The white man's point of view was quite the opposite, but that did not matter to Yen Chin.

Miss Meadows looked hard at her Chinese pupil.

"You must not say such things, Yen Chin," she said at last, hardly knowing how to deal with the young rascal.

"Me tellee tluth, missy. No can tellee lie."

"Certainly you must tell the truth, Yen Chin; but if you hold such extraordinary opinions, you must not state them here."

"But you askee me, missy." Miss Meadows passed on hastily to another pupil.

The youth from the Flowery Land was rather too much for her.

Yen Chin smiled at Bob Lawless. "Me good boy what you tinkee?" he asked.

"You young rascal!" murmured Bob. "No lascal for tellee tluth!" exclaimed Yen Chin, in surprise.

Miss Meadows looked round sharply. "You must not talk in class, Yen Chin." "Velly well, beautiful Miss Meadows."

"Wha-at?" "Miss Meadows beautiful, likee stars and moon," said Yen Chin.

Miss Meadows' face was crimson. "Yen Chin!" she gasped. "Yes, beautiful missy?"

"Are you out of your senses?" exclaimed Miss Meadows angrily. "If you speak once more in that way, Yen Chin, I shall send you away from the school."

"No likee tluth?" asked Yen Chin. "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the class.

"Silence!" rapped out Miss Meadows wrathfully. "I will detain for an hour the next boy or girl who laughs."

Sudden gravity descended upon the class. "Yen Chin, I shall punish you for your impertinence," said Miss Meadows. "Step out here, you bad boy!"

Yen Chin blinked at her. "No bad boy—velly good boy!" he exclaimed. "Me tellee tluth."

"Come here at once!" "Me good boy," persisted Yen Chin. "Me sayee what Bob tellee me."

Miss Meadows' eyes flashed at the unhappy Bob. "Lawless!"

"Ye-es, ma'am?" stammered Bob. "Is it possible that you have induced this foolish lad to be guilty of such impertinence?" rapped out Miss Meadows.

"Nunno! I—I—" "He says that he has said what you told him to say," exclaimed the schoolmistress.

"I—I didn't—I wasn't—" stuttered Bob helplessly.

"Then the boy is lying," said Miss Meadows. "Yen Chin, you are a wicked boy, and I shall punish you severely."

"No lie!" yelled Yen Chin. "Tellee flozen tluth. Bob tellee me, and me plomise. Keepee plomise, likee good boy."

"You promised Lawless to say such things?" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "Yes, missy."

"What have you to say, Lawless?" All eyes were turned on the unhappy Bob, as he stood with a face like fire.

He had promised Yen Chin to twist his pigtail if he caught him telling a lie, but he felt more inclined to twist it now for telling the truth.

"I—I—I—" stammered Bob. "Well?" said Miss Meadows icily.

"I—I—told him to tell the truth, ma'am!" groaned Bob. "I made him promise to stop telling lies, and to tell the truth, ma'am. That's all. I swear that's all."

"Oh!" "Allee light," said Yen Chin innocently. "Me tellee tluth. Beautiful Miss Meadows, with lovely face like sun and moon—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Silence! Yen Chin, you—you—" Words failed Miss Meadows. "You—you know very well that you must not speak in that way. You cannot fail to be aware of it."

"No likee tluth?" asked Yen Chin sadly. "Silence!"

Yen Chin sat silent, with a sad expression on his face.

He seemed to be deeply grieved at this reception of his truth-telling.

Miss Meadows' colour was heightened for some time, and she did not address her cheerful Chinese pupil again that morning.

Bob Lawless mentally promised him a record hiding when lessons were over.

But when the school was dismissed, Yen Chin joined his friends as they went out with a beaming smile on his face.

"Ugly Bob velly pleased?" he asked. "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Frank.

"You beastly little heathen!" shouted Bob. "I'm going to rub your heathen nose in the mud!"

"Whatee for?" demanded Yen Chin. "For tellee tluth?"

Frank dragged his angry chum back. "Chuck it, Bob! He's only doing what you told him. He's reforming."

Bob Lawless choked down his wrath. "I believe he's only pulling our leg!" he snorted. "He's not such a silly fool as he makes out."

"No fool—only tellee tluth," persisted Yen Chin. "Flanky fool!"

Bob grinned. "Oh, let's get away!" grunted Frank

Richards. And the three chums started for the frozen creek, to slide, leaving Yen Chin grinning.

The little Chinese seemed to be enjoying the path of reform.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Mr. Slimmy Catches It!

"HALLO! What's the game?" Frank Richards & Co. stopped on the bank of the creek.

They had suddenly come upon Chunky Todgers and Hopkins, the Cockney.

The two schoolboys were very busy, apparently weaving a basket of osiers, Hopkins working under Chunky's skillful direction.

Todgers looked up, with a grin on his fat face.

"This is my little stunt," he answered. "Keep it dark!"

"But what's the game?" asked Bob. "Gunten's the game. We're going to fill this with nice, soft mud from the creek," grinned Todgers.

"Oh, a booby-trap?" said Frank. "You bet!"

"But what has Gunten done?" asked Beauclerc.

"He's got a little party on after dinner, in the old cabin on the creek," explained Chunky. "Euchre, you know. He don't want me to come into it because I haven't any spondulicks, so I'm down on him—I mean I'm down on him because it's wrong to gamble."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You know Miss Meadows was awfully mad about it, when she found him out before," said Chunky loftily. "Miss Meadows is a good sort, and I'm backing her up. When Gunten goes in to his merry meeting, he is going to get a cargo of mud on the back of his neck."

"And I 'ope it will be a lesson to 'im!" remarked Harold Hopkins.

Bob chuckled. Hopkins' lack of aspirates was a never-ending entertainment to the Canadian schoolboys.

"I 'ope so," grinned Bob. "I 'ope 'e'll get it fairly on 'is 'ead."

"That's the 'appy surprise we've got for 'im," agreed Hopkins, apparently not observing Bob's playful imitation of his accent.

"Let's 'ope it will make 'im 'appy and 'hilarious, then," said Bob. "I'll lend you a 'and."

"Good!" Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc went on the ice, and left Bob to assist the two practical jokers.

When the basket was finished, mud was scooped out from the creek, mixed soft so that it would flow freely.

The flat basket was filled almost to the brim.

With many chuckles, the three schoolboys carried it to the old clearing.

Near the broken-down corral was a log cabin, once the dwelling of a settler who had long since gone to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

The cabin was in a half-ruinous state, the roof caving in in many places.

The thick plank door was jammed by means of a peg of wood, to keep it from flapping in the wind.

Bob Lawless removed the peg, and pushed the door open.

The cabin was empty now, save for one or two rough articles of furniture.

It was a very secure refuge for Kern Gunten's euchre party, being at some little distance from the lumber school.

"Well fix it from inside, and get out of the window," remarked Chunky Todgers.

"You bet!"

The door was placed a few inches open, to allow room for the osier basket on the top.

Bob Lawless slipped a chip of pine under it, to keep it in position.

Then the basket was placed securely on top.

The schoolboys grinned gleefully.

It was quite certain that whoever pushed open the door of the hut would get the basket of slimy mud fairly on the head.

It would be a surprise for Kern Gunten when he came there with the euchre party. The basket could not be seen from without. "I guess that fills the bill," remarked Bob

4 Notice to All Book-lovers! The "Holiday Annual" will be Out on Friday!

Lawless, with great satisfaction. "Come on!"

The three dropped out of the little window at the side of the log cabin.

"My 'at!" remarked Harold Hopkins. "I don't think Gunten will feel like playin' euchre when he's got that lot on 'is 'ead."

"E won't!" agreed Bob gravely.

"Not 'im!" chuckled Todgers.

"Hallo! What are you after, Yen Chin?" exclaimed Bob Lawless, catching sight of the little Chinese.

He looked at him suspiciously, wondering whether the Chinese had been watching them. But Yen Chin's face was calm and innocent.

"Me walkee walkee," he answered.

"Well, you can walkee walkee somewhere else!" said Chunky Todgers. "Cut off, or I'll scalp you!"

"No scalpee pool lil' Chinese."

"Oh, vamoose the ranch!"

Yen Chin obediently "vamoosed," and disappeared in the direction of the lumber school.

Bob and his companions went out on the ice, to slide till dinner.

Yen Chin was smiling his peculiar bland smile, which showed that he meant mischief.

He entered the school gate, and made his way to Mr. Slimmey's cabin at the end of the school enclosure near the creek.

Mr. Slimmey was reading in his cabin when the little Chinese appeared in the open doorway.

The young master gave him a kindly glance over his gold-rimmed glasses, and a smile.

"Come in, Yen Chin," he said.

The Celestial came in.

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Slimmey.

"Pool lil' Chinese velly sad."

"Dear me! What is the matter?" asked Mr. Slimmey kindly.

"Me tellee tluth. Bad boy playee cardee, and Yen Chin velly sad to tinkee of it," said Yen Chin. "Tinkee must tellee good Mr. Slimmey."

The assistant master laid down his book, and rose to his feet, his face very grave.

"Do you mean that some of the boys are gambling, Yen Chin?" he asked.

"Me tinkee."

"It is very wrong of them," said Mr. Slimmey. "But, at the same time, you should not tell tales, Yen Chin."

"Me tinkee oughtee tellee."

"H'm! Well, as you have told me, I will see about it, certainly. Where are they?"

"In cabin on cealing, me tinkee."

"You have seen them?" asked Mr. Slimmey.

Yen Chin shook his head.

"No see. Heal Chunkee sayee."

"Todgers, do you mean?"

"Todgee and Bob and Hopkins."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Slimmey, greatly shocked. "I certainly should never have supposed that those three boys would be guilty of such a thing. Surely you must be mistaken, Yen Chin. Did they tell you this?"

"No tellee. Me heal."

"I suppose you have been listening," said Mr. Slimmey, with a frown. "You should not listen, Yen Chin."

"How heal if not listen?" asked Yen Chin.

"Ahem! But I am sure you must have made a mistake."

"No mistake. Heal talkee of playee euchre in cabin on cealing. All thlee talkee about it."

"Well, well; I must see into the matter, though I wish you had not told tales," said Mr. Slimmey. "I will certainly go there at once."

Somewhat belated, the young master left his cabin, and hurried away to the old clearing.

Yen Chin followed him with a grave face, but a glimmer in his almond eyes.

He was close behind Mr. Slimmey when the latter reached the deserted cabin on the clearing.

With a grin of anticipation, he watched the young master stop at the door.

The bell was ringing for dinner, and the Cedar Creek fellows were hurrying back to the lumber school, but Yen Chin did not heed it.

He was too interested in what was going to happen to Mr. Slimmey.

The young master pushed open the door with a jerk, and strode into the cabin.

The next moment there was a terrific yell. Squash!

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"FACING THE FLOOD!"

Fairly upon Mr. Slimmey's astounded head came the basket of oozy mud, completely bonneting him.

"Groooooooh!"

Yen Chin doubled up in a paroxysm of silent mirth.

"Grooooooh! Oh! Ah! Oooooooh!"

Mr. Slimmey staggered out of the cabin. He was clutching at the inverted basket on his head.

The soft mud was pouring down his face and clothes, and his features were unrecognisable.

He gasped and spluttered, and spluttered and gasped, as if for a wagger.

"Yurrrrrrrgggh!"

He gouged mud from his eyes, and glared round for Yen Chin.

"You wicked boy—you young rascal—grrr!—I—I will—groogh!"

Yen Chin darted away.

With a face wreathed in smiles, he arrived at the lumber school, and went in to dinner with the rest.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Merely a Mistake!

"OH! Ah! Grah! Groogh! Ooooh!"

Miss Meadows started up at the head of the table.

Boys and girls turned their heads towards the door, in astonishment.

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Dinner was about to begin, when those remarkable sounds were heard without.

"What the thunder—" ejaculated Bob Lawless.

"Slimmey!" murmured Frank.

Mr. Slimmey appeared in the doorway. But for his clothes and general outline, they would not have recognised him. His face was caked with mud, his features quite buried, and his hair was streaming with it. He stood gasping and spluttering wildly.

The Cedar Creek fellows stared at him, some of them bursting into a chuckle.

Miss Meadows seemed petrified.

And there were three at the table petrified, too.

Bob and Chunky and Harold Hopkins did not need telling how Mr. Slimmey had got into that state.

Evidently he had found the booby-trap intended for Gunten & Co.

"Mr. Slimmey! Is—is that Mr. Slimmey?" gasped the schoolmistress.

"Gerrogh! P-p-pray excuse me, Miss Meadows!" gasped the assistant master.

"—I—I apologise for presenting myself in this—gerroogh!—state. But—yurrrgh!—I have been the victim—grooh!—of an outrage. Oh, dear!"

"You have met with an accident?"

"Grooh! I have been tricked—yurrrgh!—I have been smothered with mud by a miserable trick!" gasped Mr. Slimmey. "It

is what is, I believe, called a—groogh!—booby-trap. Oh!"

Miss Meadows' face became very stern.

The grinning along the table died away as the pupils of Cedar Creek noted the schoolmistress' expression.

There was a severe reckoning in store for somebody.

"Who has done this?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

Silence.

"It was that wretched Chinese boy!" stammered Mr. Slimmey, pointing a muddy finger at Yen Chin.

"Yen Chin!"

"Yes, missy?"

"You have played this wicked and disrespectful trick—"

"No, missy."

"What! Do you dare to contradict Mr. Slimmey?" exclaimed the schoolmistress.

"Me tellee tluth!" pleaded Yen Chin.

"Always tellee tluth. Plomise ugly Bob to tellee tluth."

"You are sure that it was Yen Chin, Mr. Slimmey?" asked Miss Meadows, in perplexity.

Mr. Slimmey wiped the mud from his face with his handkerchief.

The handkerchief was reduced to a muddy rag, but it did not seem to have much beneficial effect upon the young master's face. There was too much mud.

"I am sure of it, Miss Meadows!" he gasped. "Yen Chin came to me, and informed me that some boys were gambling in the old hut on the clearing. I went there to ascertain, and as I pushed open the door an osier basket, filled with mud, fell upon my head. There was no one there."

"You heathen villain!" gasped Bob Lawless, beginning to understand.

"Me good boy!" murmured Yen Chin.

"Always tellee tluth."

"Silence! Yen Chin, you gave Mr. Slimmey false information to induce him to fall into this wretched trap."

"Me tellee tluth. No sayee bad boy in cabin. Sayee that heal thlee fellow talk of playee euchre in cabin."

Mr. Slimmey gave the little Chinese a muddy stare.

"That is certainly correct," he said. "The boy declared that he had heard three boys discussing playing euchre in the cabin. He certainly led me to suppose that they were actually doing so."

"Mistel Slimmey suppose wlong," said Yen Chin calmly. "Me tellee tluth. Me heal talkee."

"Did you place the basket of mud there, Yen Chin?"

"No, missy."

"Who did so?"

"Ugly Bob."

"Oh, you young rotter!" murmured Frank Richards.

Yen Chin blinked at him.

"Mustee tellee tluth," he said innocently.

"Plomise ugly Bob to tellee tluth. Chinese good boy—keepee plomise!"

"Lawless!"

"Yes, ma'am!" groaned Bob.

"You, then, played this wicked trick upon Mr. Slimmey?"

"No, ma'am."

"You placed the mud there?"

"Ye-e-es. But—but I never dreamed that that little villain would plant it on Mr. Slimmey!" gasped Bob. "It was intended for—some chaps."

Kern Gunten grinned.

He understood who were the "chaps" for whom the booby-trap was intended.

Mr. Slimmey had got the benefit of it instead of the rogue of the lumber school.

"You were discussing playing euchre, in cabin when Yen Chin heard you," pursued Miss Meadows sternly.

"No!" yelled Bob.

"Oh, Bobbee!" ejaculated Yen Chin. "You tellee lie!"

"You heathen rotter!"

"Lawless!"

"Excuse me, ma'am. I—I was speaking about it, certainly, but—but only referring to some other chaps who were going to play euchre there," stammered Bob. "We—we fixed up the booby-trap for them. We thought they deserved it."

"Oh!" said Miss Meadows.

Gunten looked uneasy, fearing that his name was coming next. But he need not have feared.

Bob was not likely to betray him.

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"I believe you Lawless," said Miss Meadows, at last. "Yen Chin doubtless misunderstood you, and reported your words in a mistaken sense to Mr. Slimmey."

Bob gave the Chinese an almost homicidal look.

He could guess exactly how much Yen Chin had been mistaken.

"Chinese velly solly!" murmured Yen Chin. "Me tellee Mr. Slimmey tuth. Plomise ugly Bob always tellee tuth."

Mr. Slimmey looked hard at him.

But the innocent face of the little Celestial disarmed suspicion.

Mr. Slimmey did not know Yen Chin so well as the other fellows did.

The assistant master dabbed at his streaming face.

"As—as it appears to have been, after all, an accident, I should not like Yen Chin punished on my account," he said. "I—I will—will retire, and—and remove this—this extremely unpleasant mud."

And he promptly retired.

Bob Lawless and Hopkins and Chunky Todgers looked uneasily at Miss Meadows.

As the authors of the booby-trap, they expected trouble.

"Me glad learnee Ugly Bob velly kind!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, go and chop chips!" growled Bob Lawless, and he strode away with his grinning chums.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Last Lesson.

CEEDAR CREEK SCHOOL came in for afternoon lessons.

There was Canadian history that afternoon—an interesting lesson enough to most of the pupils.

"Todgers!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

Chunky Todgers looked up guiltily, and hastily relinquished the chunk of maple-sugar his fat fingers were clutching under his desk.

"The name of the British general who fell at the Battle of Quebec?" said Miss Meadows.

"Wolfe, ma'am!" said Chunky cheerfully. He was quite equal to a question like that.

"Very good! Yen Chin!"

"Yes, missy?"

"The name of the French general who fell at Quebec?"

Yen Chin shook his head.

"Come, come! You do not mean to say

Once more Yen Chin was carrying out his instructions to the very letter, though not in the way intended.

Frank Richards grinned.

Bob's path as a reformer seemed likely to be a thorny one.

"Lawless, this is very extraordinary!" said Miss Meadows. "Is it possible that you are taking advantage of this boy's simplicity to make him act disrespectfully in class? This morning there was a similar incident!"

"No!" gasped Bob. "I—I— The little beast misunderstands! I—I told him not to sneak, as he did with Mr. Slimmey!"

"Oh!"

"Allee light!" said Yen Chin. "Me plomise ugly Bob not tell Miss Meadows anything! Keepee plomise!"

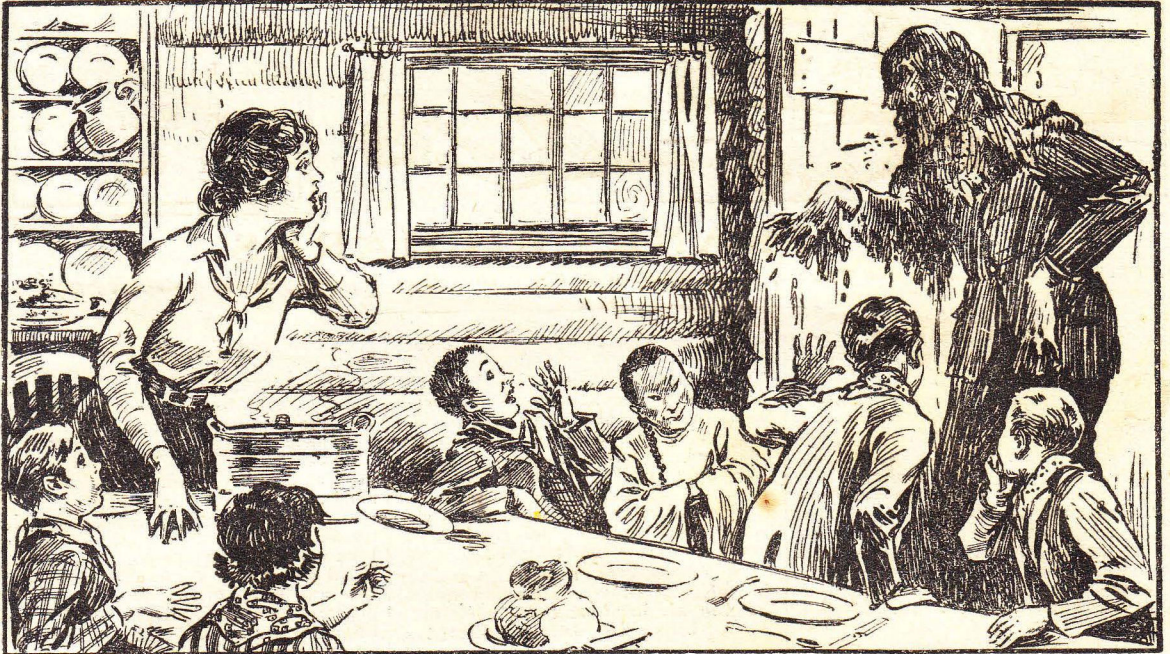
"Really, Lawless, the Chinese lad would be better without your advice, I think!" said Miss Meadows tartly.

Bob sat down, quite overwhelmed.

His face was red for the remainder of the lessons, and he was very glad when the class was dismissed.

Frank Richards and Vere Beauclere were smiling as they went out of the school house with him, when lessons were over.

Yen Chin came up, beaming.



MUD FOR MR. SLIMMEY! Mr. Slimmey appeared in the doorway of the dining-room. His face was caked with mud, his features quite buried and his hair was streaming with it. Miss Meadows started up in surprise. "Mr. Slimmey!" she gasped. "Gerroop!" spluttered the assistant master. "I have been the victim of an outrage! Ow!" (See Chapter 4.)

But the schoolmistress sat down without referring to the matter farther.

The three practical jokers were greatly relieved.

When dinner was over, Bob Lawless and his chums ran Yen Chin down in the playground.

The Cedar Creek fellows followed.

Bob and his promising pupil were very entertaining.

"You little sneaking heathen jay!" said Bob. "I tell you this—if I catch you sneaking again, I'll skin you!"

"What sneakee?"

"You know very well that you mustn't repeat things to Mr. Slimmey or Miss Meadows."

"Chinese glad learnee ugly Bob tellee."

"You're not to tell Miss Meadows or Mr. Slimmey anything," said Bob categorically, so that there could be no possibility of mistake.

Yen Chin nodded.

"Me savvy. No tell Missy Meadows anything."

"That's it, or Mr. Slimmey, either. If you do I'll warm you!"

that you do not know, Yen Chin?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Me knowee!" assented Yen Chin cheerfully.

"Then tell me."

Another serious shake of the head from the little Chinese.

"No tellet!" he answered.

"What do you mean, Yen Chin?" exclaimed Miss Meadows sharply.

"Meancee what sayee!"

"I have asked you to tell me the name of the French general who fell at the Battle of Quebec!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Me knowee!"

"Then tell me at once!"

"No tellet!"

"The boy must be out of his senses! Why do you not answer my question, Yen Chin?" demanded the perplexed schoolmistress.

"No can! Plomisee ugly Bob!"

"What?"

"Plomisee ugly Bob not tell Miss Meadows anything," answered Yen Chin calmly. "Chinese good boy! Keepee plomise!"

"Bless my soul!"

Bob Lawless gargled speechlessly at the Celestial.

"Allee light?" he asked. "Chinese good boy—oh, yes? Always do as ugly Bob tellee, what you tinkee? Yaroooooh!"

Bob grasped the grinning heathen by the shoulder, spun him round, and laid on the coiled trail-rope.

There was a terrific howl from Yen Chin as the rope landed on his loose garments.

"Yow-ow-ow! Heelpee! No thiashee pool li! Chinese! Ugly Bob beaste! Oh! Yah! Ah!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"There!" panted Bob, feeling somewhat solaced. "That's the lesson you wanted all along, you blessed heathen! When you want another, you just ask me, and I'll have it ready! Have another now?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Apparently Yen Chin did not want another, for he fled, yelling.

It was the end of the reform of Yen Chin.

THE END.

(There will be another grand story of Frank Richards & Co. next Tuesday, entitled "Facing the Flood!" Order TO-DAY!)

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A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"FACING THE FLOOD!"

THERE ARE MORE WAYS THAN ONE OF GETTING RID OF THE PREFECTS IN CHARGE OF THE REMOVE PASSAGE!



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS

(Author of the Famous School Tales of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, appearing in The "Magnet" Library.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Loder Looks In!

CANDLE-ENDS were lighted up and down the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars, and they shed a glimmering light through the long, lofty room. The juniors did not venture to turn on the electric light. The illumination from the windows would have betrayed them, if a master or a prefect had been in the Close. Besides, the candle-ends gave light enough for the purpose.

Packets and parcels were dragged out of their hiding-places, and unfastened, and the contents spread out.

Billy Bunter's little round eyes seemed to grow larger and rounder as he blinked at the treasures spread before him. The feed was a magnificent one. Harry Wharton's remittance, received that morning, had been expended—Lord Mauleverer had chimed in with an equal amount, and little Wun-Lung had added a couple of pounds, and several other fellows had made contributions. The result was that the feed had developed into something like a gorgeous banquet.

"Well, this is what I call something like," said Bob Cherry. "Don't often get cold chickens in a dormitory spread."

"The something-likefulness is terrific, my worthy chum!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur, with a beaming smile upon his dusky face.

"Begad! Where are the knives and forks?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"There's a carving-knife somewhere," said Nugent.

"But we can't all eat with one carving-knife!" grinned Bulstrode.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the matter with pocket-knives?" said Fisher T. Fish, who was already at work with one. "And I THE POPULAR.—No. 189.

guess that fingers were made before forks."

Whether fingers preceded forks or not in the date of manufacture, there was no doubt that they had to be used on this occasion instead of forks. As Wharton remarked, a fellow couldn't think of everything, and the cutlery had been forgotten. It was better to have the grub without the cutlery, than the cutlery without the grub, Johnny Bull observed, and the Remove agreed.

Lord Mauleverer, however, was in a state of great dismay. He had a pocket-knife in his hand, and the wing of a chicken before him, but he hesitated to touch it with his noble fingers.

Kindly advisers recommended him to try his tooth-brush as a fork, and Bolsover major suggested that he should take it in his teeth and worry it—a suggestion that made the elegant junior shudder. Billy Bunter, having got through three helpings, settled the matter by reaching over and taking the wing away, and he did not hesitate about taking it in his teeth and worrying it.

Sitting on the floor, on boxes, or on the beds, all the Removites piled in. They had specially missed their supper in order to have first-class appetites for a first-class feed. And they enjoyed themselves.

"Not too much row," said Peter Todd, as a buzz of voices arose. "You never know whether Loder's prowling around."

Gerald Loder was the bullying prefect of the Sixth, recently installed in Study No. 1, as passage guardian.

"Oh, he's busy!" said Vernon-Smith.

"All the same, better be careful."

But in spite of the carefulness, there had to be a certain amount of noise—popping of ginger-beer bottles, clinking of

pocket-knives and plates, and buzzing of voices.

The feed was fairly under way when the dormitory door opened, so silently, that the juniors did not observe it for a moment.

Loder, Carne, and Walker appeared in the doorway, with canes in their hands.

The three seniors grinned at the sight spread out before their eyes. Loder had been scouting in the passage, and he had heard the sounds within the dormitory, and was warned that the feed was in progress. He had called up Walker and Carne, and they had taken the juniors by surprise.

"Ahem!" said Loder.

There was a turning of heads at once, and a general exclamation of dismay.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Loder!"

"Rotten!"

Some of the juniors made a wild dive for the beds, but most of them stood where they were. They were caught in the act, and it was not of much use diving into bed under the eyes of the prefects.

"Oh, a very pretty sight!" said Loder severely.

"Young rascals!" said Walker.

"Simply shocking!"

"Disgusting!" said Carne.

"Don't you know that you are ruining your digestions by scoffing those things at this time of night?" said Loder, with quite a fatherly air.

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry.

"You will take a hundred lines each—the whole Form!" said Loder. "All this stuff will be thrown away!"

"Look here—" began Harry Wharton.

"Silence!" said Loder, frowning.

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NEXT TUESDAY: "THE DISAPPEARANCE OF VERNON-SMITH!"

"That's our grub!" exclaimed Nugent.

"It will be confiscated, and thrown away into the dustbins!" said Loder. "Collect it up in a heap immediately, and I will take it downstairs."

"Look here, you're not going to scoff our Tommy, Loder!" said Harry Wharton wrathfully.

"Silence!" Walker and Carne and Loder began to collect the feed. The Removites had already disposed of a considerable quantity of it, but there was a great deal left. The pile was a large one when the seniors had finished.

The juniors looked on furiously. They were quite helpless. Feeding in the dormitory after lights out was very much against the rules, and it was the duty of the prefect to put a stop to it.

By rule and custom the feed on such occasions was ruthlessly confiscated. But the Removites suspected Loder. They did not believe that he had come there from a sense of duty to put a stop to a surreptitious feed. They felt pretty certain that he had come to raid the spread under cover of his duty as a prefect. The food would be confiscated, but it would not be thrown away, or sent down to the kitchen. It would be taken to Loder's study, and there consumed by Loder and his friends.

That was the rub! Confiscation was to be expected, in case of discovery; but to have their "grub" raided by Loder & Co. was an injury it was hard to bear. But there was no help for it.

"Get back to bed, you kids!" said Loder commandingly. "It would serve you right if I canded you all round, but I'll let you off with the lines. Tumble in, sharp! Pack the stuff in that cricket-bag, Walker—it will be easier to carry."

"Right-ho!" said Walker.

"Look here, you mean to scoff that grub yourselves, you rotters!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Silence!"

"Yah! Shame!"

"Seen any ghosts lately, Walker?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Walker turned very red. Loder went round the dormitory blowing out the candles and collecting them. The seniors left the dormitory laden with plunder. Loder paused in the doorway to address a last remark to the exasperated juniors.

"Now go to sleep and behave yourselves," he said. "You're very lucky to get off without a licking, as well as lines. But I don't want to be hard on you. I'm going to keep you in order, that's all. Good-night!"

"Yah!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Rats!"

Loder grinned and closed the door. The dormitory was in a buzz of indignant voices when he was gone. The Remove were in a state of dangerous exasperation. The thought that Loder & Co. were about to feed upon the good things they had raided from the Remove was simply maddening, as Peter Todd said emphatically. Loder had scored this time—the most unpopular prefect at Greyfriars had made the Lower Fourth feel the weight of his hand, and it was heavy.

"Foiled, diddled, dished, and done!" said Bob Cherry dramatically. "Gentlemen, this is where we get it in the neck!"

"I guess we come out at the little end of the horn this journey!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "Jever get left like this—eh? That jay has vamoosed with the goods."

"Let's raid him and have 'em back!" said Bolsover major recklessly.

"And have Quelchy on our track!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Not good enough, thanks. Loder's got law and order on his side; he's doing his beastly duty."

"Just a few, I guess!"

"He's going to scoff the grub himself!" howled Billy Bunter. "If it was sent down to the kitchen we might see some of it again, but that beast means to scoff it."

"To the victor the spoils!" said Nugent, with grim humour.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Who's that still scoffing?" asked Bob Cherry, as he heard a sound of clamping jaws in the darkness. "Somebody's got something left—what?"

"It's Snoop!" said Skinner.

"What have you got there, Snoopey?" asked a dozen voices.

There was a chuckle from Sidney James Snoop.

"I shoved a few things into my bed in case of a surprise," he explained airily.

"Only a pie and a bag of jam-tarts!"

"I say, you fellows, make him whack 'em out!" roared Bunter.

"Nearly all gone now!" chuckled Snoop.

"Yah! Beast!"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "The question is, what's going to be done. We can't get the grub back—that's gone for good. But are we going to take this lying down?"

"No fear!"

"If old Wingate had found us out and confiscated the grub it would be all in the game," went on Harry. "Wingate plays the game. Loder doesn't. He's used his authority as a prefect to collar our stuff, and he's going to have a feed in his study with it. That's Loder!"

"Rotten!"

"I know he's giving a house-warming, and he must have got on to our feed somehow, and he's taken our supplies for his blessed house-warming!"

"Shame!"

"It's up to us to come down on him heavy. We can't get the grub back—that's a goner. But we're not beaten. The Greyfriars Remove never say die!"

"Never!" chorused the Remove.

"They're going to have supper—with our grub. You know what they're going to do after supper—play cards for money. They always do in Loder's study when he has a party. I wonder what the Head would say if we gave Loder away to him? We can't do that—sneaking is barred, even against a worm like Loder. But I've got an idea!"

"Bravo!"

"They caught us in the act—and dropped on us. We're going to catch them in the act, and drop on 'em."

"Oh!"

"And when we've dropped on them," resumed Wharton coolly, "we shall have Loder in the hollow of our hand, as they say in newspaper serials—we shall bring him to his giddy bended knees. What price a flashlight photograph of Loder & Co. playing nap—with cards and money on the table?"

"Phew!"

"Ogilvy's got a camera—"

"But I can't take a flashlight photograph without making proper arrangements first," said Ogilvy, the Scottish Removite. "You have to arrange—"

"You can do it near enough to scare Loder to death," said Harry Wharton. "There will be a knock at Loder's door—out goes his light at once in case he should be spotted. Then the door opens—"

—flash of light—click—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whether the giddy photo is a success or not, I fancy Loder won't let us take it to the Head, or pin it up on the wall in the Form-room passage!" grinned Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wait till they've finished supper—"

"Finished our grub!" groaned Billy Bunter.

"Well, they won't be able to finish that lot in one sitting, and we may be able to ransom the remainder—with a negative!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites chuckled loud and long over the scheme. If it came off, there was no doubt that the bully of the Sixth would be promptly brought to terms. It would be a case of tit for tat with a vengeance.

Tap!

It was a sharp knock at the door, and Loder & Co., having finished the feed and commenced a round of cards, started in alarm. Loder remembered a time when he had almost been caught by the Head, and turned quite pale. But it was impossible that the Head could have come there.

"It's a Remove kid, ragging," muttered Walker.

"Open this door!"

Harry Wharton's voice came through the keyhole.

Loder started to his feet savagely. He picked up a cricket-stump from the corner of the study.

"You young hound!" he shouted.

"How dare you come here?"

"I'm looking after you, Loder. I'm afraid you're getting into bad ways," said the voice through the keyhole calmly. "I'm not satisfied with you."

"The—the—the cheeky young villain!" spluttered Loder.

"He guesses about this," said Walker, with a gesture to the cards and money on the table. "It's a trick to get the door open so that he can have proof. Better shut him up, Loder; we don't want to let the masters know we're up after twelve."

"It might mean trouble," said Carne.

"Put the light out!" said Loder, in a low voice. "Then I'll open the door suddenly, and collar him and wallop him. I'll make him sorry he came."

The gas was extinguished. The study was plunged into darkness, and the table, the cards, the money, the ash-trays, with stumps of cigarettes and matches, were invisible. Loder stepped softly to the door, and turned back the key in the lock with equal softness. Then he suddenly threw the door open and dashed out.

He had heard only Wharton's voice, and supposed that the captain of the Remove was alone.

But as he rushed out, half a dozen pairs of hands grasped him, his arms were seized, the cricket-stump was wrenched away, and he was hurled back into the study. Harry Wharton was evidently not alone.

Loder staggered into the study breathlessly, and bumped against Walker, who had half-risen from his chair.

From the passage came Harry Wharton's voice, quickly and sharply.

"Now then—the camera—quick!"

"Right-ho!"

There was a sudden blinding flash that lit up the room for a second with a glare. Then—click!

Darkness and silence again, and a slight smell!

Then a sound of chuckles and retreating footsteps.

The raiders were gone.

Loder & Co. were almost petrified. It was some moments before they could

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speak. Carne was the first to recover himself.

"Do you know what they have done?" he cried, leaping to his feet. "That was a flashlight photograph. They have photographed us, and the cards—and the table. We shall be ruined if it is seen!"

"You'll have to get that negative away from them before they've a chance of printing anything from it, or even developing it, Loder," said Walker.

"I'll try," said the prefect.

"We shall be expelled before the week's out, if you don't."

"Hang it, I know that!"

And the little party that had started so cheerfully broke up in the most glum humour. The gay dogs of the Sixth were making the old discovery that the way of the transgressor is hard.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Loder Lies Down!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. found Loder of the Sixth looking for them when they came down the following morning. Loder's face wore a dark scowl, but the heroes of the Remove were cheerful and smiling. Ogilvy had examined his negative that morning early, and found that it was a hopeless failure—a blur, and nothing more. That little fact the juniors intended to keep to themselves. It was useless taking Gerald Loder into their confidence on that point, as Wharton smilingly remarked.

"I've been waiting for you," said Loder, setting his teeth.

"Awfully good of you!" said Nugent. "Anything we can do for you, Loder, old man? Can I go nap, or anything of that sort?"

And the Removites chuckled gleefully. Loder restrained his temper with an effort. He would have liked to charge at the grinning juniors and hit out right and left; but he dared not quarrel with Harry Wharton & Co. now. The juniors whom he had bullied and ragged held the upper hand, and he knew it; and they knew that he knew it. He had to temporise very carefully with the heroes of the Remove so long as they had that negative in their possession.

"You took a photo last night," said Loder.

"Quite so!"

"The quietfulness is terrific, my worthy and ludicrous Loder."

"I want it handed over to me before it's developed," said Loder.

"Ha, ha! It's been developed already."

"Have you printed any copies yet?" asked Loder savagely.

"If you knew anything about photography, my infant, you'd know that we have to wait for the sun to do that!" said Nugent. "It's not bright enough yet."

"Will you hand it over to me?"

"No fear!"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"That depends!" said Wharton coolly. "We're willing to make terms. We're not going to hand it to you at all. But we're willing to destroy it on certain conditions."

"I wouldn't trust you."

Wharton's lip curled.

"Yes, you would—and you know it," he said. "You could take my word, though I couldn't take yours, and you know it, Loder."

The prefect bit his lip. It was true enough; he did know it. But the statement of the plain fact enraged him almost to boiling-point.

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"But if you don't want to come to terms, don't," said Harry Wharton independently. "Come on, you chaps, and get a trot before brekker."

"Hold on," said Loder.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "You do want to come to terms—what?"

"Yes," said Loder, with an effort.

"Good egg!" said Wharton. "We're willing."

"I'll pay you—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Harry disdainfully. "You know we wouldn't touch your money—or you ought to know it."

"What do you want, then?"

"Several things. In the first place, take back the lines you gave us last night."

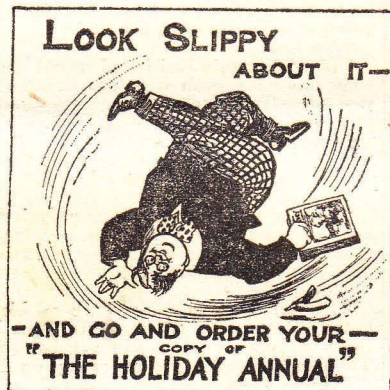
"Done!" said Loder.

"In the second place, give us back all that's left of the grub that you raided from us. We know it's not confiscated, and that you're keeping it in your study."

"You can take it."

"Good! In the third and last place, get out of your quarters in the Remove passage. Ask the Head to let you go

THE GREAT DAY IS DRAWING NEAR—



OUT ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER!

back where you belong. He'll do it; anyway, you must manage it somehow. We don't want any prefects in the Remove passage."

"I can't do that—"

"You must!" said Wharton coolly. "That's the giddy sine qua non! The lines and the grub are only secondary. But you've got to get out of our passage, and give your word of honour not to come back on any excuse, and it's a bargain."

The Removites walked away. Loder, of the Sixth, was left swimming furiously. But he hurried after the juniors in a few minutes.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What do you want, Loder?" said Bob genially. "In a hurry for your copy of the photograph?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I agree to your conditions," said Loder. "I can manage it with the Head. I'll do as you ask—and you'll destroy that negative without showing it—honour bright?"

"Honour bright!" said Harry Wharton. "I've got it locked up now.

When you've carried out your part of the bargain, I'll burn it—on my word."

"That's good enough!" said Loder.

And he went into the house to acquaint his friends with the result of the negotiation, looking very much relieved. It was a weight off his mind. The chums of the Remove exchanged joyful grins.

"Diddled, dished, and done!" said Bob Cherry. "Gentlemen, we have downed Loder. That's two of the prefects have got it in the neck. If another one comes on, we'll down him, too. In the long run the Sixth will get fed up with the Remove."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder kept his word—he had to! He cleared out of the new study, and returned to his old quarters. He explained to the Head that he did not feel equal to keeping order there, and the Head admitted the plea. The juniors were in high hopes that the whole plan would be dropped.

But that was not to be. Later in the day the Remove learned that another prefect of the Sixth had taken Loder's quarters in the new study—and this time it was the head prefect, the captain of the school—George Wingate!

"Wingate!" Nugent exclaimed, in dismay, when the news was brought into the junior Common-room. "Old Wingate! That's simply rotten."

It was indeed "rotten." For Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, was the idol of the juniors—and, as Bob Cherry said feelingly, he would sooner have ragged his own grandfather than have ragged old Wingate. But Harry Wharton pointed out gently, but firmly, that duty was duty.

"I'm sorry it's Wingate," he said. "But Wingate has got to go. We can't have the Sixth in our passage. Wingate or no Wingate, we're up against it!"

"Wingate will be a hard nut to crack," said Vernon-Smith. "He's not a silly chump to be scared, like Walker—and not a rascal to be bowled out like Loder."

"Jolly dangerous customer—and a jolly hard hitter!" said Peter Todd, rubbing his palms together reminiscently.

"I know! But, all the same, he's got to go!"

And all the Remove agreed upon that. They felt considerable doubt about their ability to bring it to pass, but Wingate had got to go. As Bob Cherry declared, in the words of the song—of that there could not be the slightest doubt, no possible probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

On the Warpath!

WINGATE of the Sixth was not quite pleased with his new duties.

He had fully approved of the idea of a prefect being quartered in the Remove passage, but he did not "hanker" after the position himself. It was out of the way of all that was going on in the Sixth Form—seniors who had to consult the captain of the school did not like tackling an extra flight of stairs and a long passage before they could get to his study. Wingate was cricket captain, and head of the games—the source and fount of all athletic activity in the top Forms. It was quite inconvenient for everybody to have Wingate tucked away in the Remove passage, and especially for George Wingate himself.

But the Head had asked him, and he could not very well excuse himself. For the Head had consulted him about the idea in the first place, and he had given it his approval.

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Wingate could not very well decline what he had considered all right for others. And so he took up his quarters in the new study.

He guessed pretty accurately that the Remove had somehow brought pressure to bear upon Walker and Loder to get rid of them. He gave the juniors a very plain warning of what they might expect if they tried any tricks with him.

For a few days nothing happened. The Remove had not given in by any means. They were turning the matter over in their minds, plotting plots and scheming schemes.

Little polite attentions were bestowed upon seniors who came along the Remove passage to visit Wingate in his new quarters. North of the Sixth was Wingate's special chum, and when he came along, as he often did, a cushion would come flying out of a Remove study just when North was passing—by accident, of course, and North would be clean bowled. Or a fellow would save up an ancient fish till it was almost shrieking, and would throw it away just when North was coming by—or another would be trying a new squirt in his study doorway, with ink instead of water.

The unfortunate North, being the most frequent visitor, received most of these attentions—and he confided to Wingate that he was getting fed up with cushions, ancient haddock, and inky squirts. The juniors to blame always apologised most respectfully for the accidents, and if they were licked, they took their lickings with great fortitude—and then the same things would happen over again.

When the cricket committee came to meet in Wingate's study, in the evening, they found the lights out in the passage. North struck a match, with an angry exclamation.

"Another trick of those blessed juniors!" he exclaimed.

"Yell to 'em to come out and light the gas!" growled Hammersley.

Hammersley kicked open the door of Study No. 1. Wharton and Nugent were there, looking very innocent as they worked at their preparation.

"The light's out in the passage," growled Hammersley.

"Is it?" asked Nugent, in surprise.

"Didn't you know it was?"

"Well, yes—I knew."

"You put it out on purpose, I suppose?" exclaimed Walker.

"I've tried to light it," said Nugent, with an injured air. "I knew you fellows would be coming up for the committee meeting, and I tried to light the gas."

"Won't it light?" asked North.

"No; somebody's stopped up the gas-jet with sealing-wax."

"Frightfully inconvenient," said Harry Wharton solemnly. "Lucky we're not like the chap in the song, who couldn't go home in the dark."

The seniors glared at them, and left the study. They groped their way along the passage, and there was a sudden bump, and a yell from North, who was in advance.

"Ow! Oh!"

"What's the matter?" growled Walker.

"I— Oh! Yah!"

Bump!

"There's a cord across the floor!" yelled North. "Look out! Greeoohh! Who's that falling on me? Ow!"

"Yarooohh!" roared Hammersley.

"Brooh! Gerroff!"

"Ow! Oh! Oh!"

The cricket committee were mixed up on the floor. They struggled to their feet with exclamations of rage. The noise brought Wingate out of his study.

"Hallo, in the dark!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter there? If you don't stop that row, you noisy young sweeps, I'll—"

"It's us!" roared Walker.

"My hat! What are you doing?" exclaimed Wingate, in surprise.

"Breaking our blessed legs over a blessed string!" yelled Walker. "Ow! Ow!"

Wingate struck a match, and tried to light the gas. But the jet was plugged up with sealing-wax, as Nugent had declared.

The cricket committee sorted themselves out, and stamped into Wingate's study in decidedly bad tempers. They rubbed their legs and arms, and growled with wrath.

"I'm fed up with this!" grunted Hammersley. "I'm jolly well not coming up here any more. Only yesterday I got a squirt of ink in the neck, and now I've jolly well barked my beastly shins, and I've knocked my elbow on something and started the funny-bone."

"Ow! It was my eye you bunged it in!" groaned Walker.

Wingate grinned. He could not help it.

"It's those young rascals again!" he said. "They don't like a prefect being stuck in their passage."

"You'll be stuck here without visits from me after this!" growled Hammersley. "I'm off!"

"But, I say, the cricket—"

"Blow the cricket!"

And Hammersley departed angrily. In his anger he forgot the string across the passage, and he caught his foot in it and came another cropper. The seniors in the end study heard the bump and the yell that followed.

George Wingate looked worried.

"I don't know whether it was a good idea to have a prefect's study up here, after all," he confessed. "Those young villains seem to be full of resources, and there's no sign of their taking it quietly."

"Lick the little beasts!" growled Walker.

"They've been pretty well licked already," said Wingate, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It only seems to make 'em worse."

"Hallo! What's that frightful row?" exclaimed North.

There was a terrific uproar in the passage, and they rushed out to ascertain the cause. Hammersley had rushed into Study No. 1 to avenge his injuries upon Wharton and Nugent. But the leaders of the Lower Fourth did not take it "lying down." When he piled in on them they piled in on him, and the two sturdy juniors were more than a match for the angry senior. Hammersley was hurled headlong out of the study, and other Removites came to lend a hand, and he was rolled down the passage to the stairs, and would have been rolled down the stairs, too, had he not escaped from the hands of the ragers and fled.

By the time Wingate had arrived on the scene, Wharton and Nugent were at work on their preparation again, quite cool and cheery.

"What have you been doing?" roared Wingate.

"Prep," said Harry.

"Take a hundred lines each!"

"Thanks!"

Wingate stalked away. He cut the cord in the passage, but he could not light the gas. It was a very bad-



IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT! "A chap about my size can get into the study window and clear away the stuff," said the captain of the Remove. "They won't find anything but a lingering whiff to-morrow." Harry Wharton climbed through the window of the new study and removed the offending *asafoetida* from under the floor-boards. (See Chapter 4.)

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NEXT TUESDAY! **"THE DISAPPEARANCE OF VERNON-SMITH!"**

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

tempered cricket committee that deliberated in Wingate's new study.

When they broke up the passage was still in darkness. They felt their way along very carefully as they came, afraid of more traps to fall over—and as they came slowly and cautiously past the open doorway of Vernon-Smith's study there was a sudden whiz and a swish in the darkness.

"Ow!" roared all the seniors together, as a large squirt of ink splashed over them. "You young villain! Ow!"

"Anybody there?" called out the Bouncer in tones of great surprise from the dark study. "Sorry! I was just trying my new squirt—"

"Collar him!" roared Walker.

The infuriated seniors rushed into the study and roared again as they stumbled over chairs, stools, and boxes that had been carefully ranged for them to run into. Before they sorted themselves out Vernon-Smith had whipped out of the study and fled.

"I've had enough of this!" snorted Walker, when he was safe in the Sixth Form passage again. "This is the last time I'm going into that blessed hornets' nest!"

And the others said the same.

But Wingate held out! The Remove expected every day to hear the Greyfriars captain had decided to go back to his old quarters. But he didn't decide to—and it was Morgan, the Welsh junior, who hit upon the next scheme. Morgan was in the chemistry class—"Stinks," as the juniors elegantly termed it. Morgan came back from class one afternoon in a state of great excitement, and bore down upon Harry Wharton & Co. in the Close.

"I've got it, look you!" Morgan gasped.

"Got what?" asked Wharton in surprise.

"I guess it's the jim-jams, to judge by your chivvy," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Or the collywobbles?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Smell that!" said Morgan, holding up a little packet.

Bob Cherry sniffed at it, and staggered back with a yell.

"Ow! Grooh! Yah! You—you poisonous villain!"

Morgan chuckled.

"That's the wheeze!" he said.

"What is it?" asked Harry Wharton, backing away from the smelly packet, and declining Morgan's invitation to take a sniff.

"Asafoetida!" said Morgan proudly.

"You—you ass! What are you carrying that awful muck about in the Close for?"

"It's the wheeze, look you! Suppose Wingate found his new study smelling of this stuff!" said Morgan excitedly.

"Suppose we took up a loose board, some time when he isn't there, and put a whole lot of it under the floor, and put the board and the carpet back again same as before—"

The Removites burst into a yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They fell upon Morgan and hugged him, in spite of the deadly packet. The youthful chemist beamed with joy.

"I think that will fix 'em, look you!" he chuckled.

"Ha, ha! I think it will!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Wingate's playing in the Sixth Form match to-morrow afternoon!" said Nugent. "And when he gets back to the study—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the next day, when all the Sixth

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were as busy as bees on the cricket-ground, several grinning juniors might have been seen—as the novelists say—making their way to the study in the Remove passage. There was no danger of interruption. They removed the carpet, they prised up a board, and a quantity of asafoetida that Morgan had raided from the laboratory was duly deposited under the floor. Then the board was nailed down again, and the carpet was replaced. And then the juniors fled—not because they feared discovery, but because the smell in the study drove them forth.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Victory!

"MY sainted aunt!" Wingate uttered that exclamation as he came into his study after the Sixth Form match. Wingate was ruddy and cheerful when he came in, but as soon as he was in the study he became less ruddy and anything but cheerful.

He sniffed, and stared round him, and sniffed again, and fled.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, meeting the captain of Greyfriars in the passage. "Don't shove a fellow over, Wingate! Where are you running to?"

Wingate halted, and gasped.

"Have you noticed anything smelly in this passage, Cherry?" he asked.

Bob looked thoughtful.

"Now I come to think of it, there's a bit of a niff from your study, Wingate," he replied. "You don't keep it too clean, do you?"

"It's clean enough," growled Wingate; "but it's certainly seems to smell to-day. I never noticed it before to-day."

"Used to it, perhaps," suggested Bob cheerfully. "Fellows who get into slovenly habits get used to dirtiness and bad smells and things—"

And then Bob Cherry fled, just in time, as Wingate rushed at him.

The Greyfriars captain strode downstairs. Voices from the Remove passage followed him.

"I say, Wingate, your study smells awfully."

"It's quite wiffy, Wingate."

"The wiff-fulness is terrific."

"Why don't you keep your study clean, Wingate?"

"It's dangerous for us, Wingate, to have a smelly study in the passage. We might be ill, you know."

"Why don't you use more soap, Wingate?"

"I say, you fellows, shall we have a whip-round and buy Wingate a bar of soap?"

Wingate affected deafness, and went downstairs. He was very puzzled and very annoyed. He looked in at North's study and found North and Hammersley there.

"Will you fellows come up to my study?" he asked.

"Anything wrong?"

"There is a very queer smell about it. I fancy there must be something wrong with the drains. I'd like you to smell it before I mention the matter to the Head."

North and Hammersley ascended to the Remove passage with the Greyfriars captain. The Removites made remarks to them from their studies as they passed.

"North, can you lend Wingate some soap?"

"Hammersley, you might get Wingate to wash a bit oftener."

"Just smell his study! It's fearful!"

"Shut up!" roared Wingate.

"Well, it's dangerous to have such smelly places," said Johnny Bull. "I think a prefect ought to keep his room wholesome."

Wingate glared at Johnny Bull.

"Come here, Bull!" he shouted.

"No fear!" said Johnny Bull, dodging away.

Wingate strode on furiously. North and Hammersley were grinning as they followed him to his study. But they ceased to grin as they entered that apartment.

There was no doubt about the smell. It was there, and it was terrific. Hammersley backed out hastily into the passage.

"What on earth have you been doing, Wingate?" he gasped.

"Doing?" roared Wingate. "Nothing, you silly ass!"

"Then it must be the drains."

"Must be," said North, beating a retreat. "Grooh! It's fearful! It's not safe to be here, Wingate. Might catch something. Perhaps there's a dead cat under the floor, or something of that sort."

"Ass! How could a dead cat get under the floor?" shouted the exasperated Wingate.

"Well, I know I can't stand it," said North. "I'm off!"

The seniors hurried away. Wingate glared round the room, with some suspicion that it might be a new trick of the Removites. But there was nothing to show that it was, and Wingate followed his friends.

When they were gone there was a chorus of chuckles in the Remove passage. The Remove were rejoicing.

"I think they're done this time!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Hurrah!"

"Cave! Here comes the Head!"

Dr. Locke was coming upstairs with Wingate. The Head of Greyfriars was looking very grave. Something wrong with the drains was a decidedly serious matter, and it might mean great trouble.

The good old doctor was more concerned about the health of the boys, however, than about any other aspect of the case. The laughter died away at once, and the Removites looked almost preternaturally solemn as the Head passed down the passage with the captain of Greyfriars.

"I notice nothing amiss in the passage," said the Head, sniffing.

"Wharton, do you notice any—any odour in your study?"

"No, sir," said Wharton.

"Or you, Bull? I think your study is next to Wingate's?"

"None at all, sir," said Johnny Bull.

"I keep my study clean and wholesome, sir."

Wingate bestowed a glare upon Johnny Bull. The Head coughed.

He moved on to the end of the passage, and put his head into the new study. He withdrew it again, looking quite pale.

"Oh! Ah! Ahem! Ah! Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head. "There is a most—most decided smell in the study! Ahem! I—I think it is unnecessary to investigate further, Wingate. You are undoubtedly right. There is certainly something wrong with the drains. You cannot possibly enter that study again till it is seen to, Wingate. You had better remove your belongings to your old quarters, and lock up the study, and I will telephone for someone to come and make an examination to-morrow."

Continued on page 18.

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. :: By FRANK RICHARDS.

MONTY LOWTHER'S LITTLE WOODEN MASCOT IS CERTAINLY THE FORERUNNER OF A CHAIN OF GOOD LUCK FOR HIM, BUT IN OTHER PERSONS' HANDS IT IS ANYTHING BUT A LUCKY MASCOT!



THE STOLEN MASCOT!



A Splendid, Long, Complete tale of TOM MERRY & CO., The Chums of St. Jim's.



:: By ::

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Monty Lowther's Luck.

"WELL played, Monty!" A round of applause greeted Monty Lowther as he came off the playing-pitch, his face glowing with satisfaction, and his bat tucked under his arm. Playing for the Shell against the Fourth, Monty had made a century—his first of the season.

Centuries were few and far between in St. Jim's cricket. Monty Lowther was a useful bat, but not a brilliant one, in the sense that Tom Merry and Talbot were brilliant. Therefore, Monty's century came as an agreeable surprise. He had scored 105 before Blake scattered his stumps.

"Good for you, Monty!" said Tom Merry, clapping his chum on the back. "But, I say, you had some luck!"

"Luck isn't the word for it," said Lowther, grinning. "I didn't deserve to get a century, or anything like it. Just look at the 'lives' I had! Missed by Gussy before I had scored. Missed again by Levison when I had made twelve. Nearly run out twice, and survived three appeals for l.b.w. Talk about a charmed life!"

"You and Dame Fortune seem to be pretty good pals," said Manners. "You've been having good luck all the week—whole chunks of it. On Monday you tumbled headlong down the School House steps, and didn't get so much as a bruise. On Tuesday you won a prize in a guessing competition—a guinea, wasn't it? On Wednesday you played in the House match, and you were missed about a dozen times in an innings of fifty. On Thursday—lemme see, what happened on Thursday?"

"My uncle sent me a handsome remittance," said Monty Lowther, smiling.

"Oh, yes. And on Friday—which is usually your unlucky day—you picked up a Treasury-note in the quad, and nobody claimed it, so Railton told you to hang on to it."

"And to-day," said Tom Merry, "he caps everything by making a century. He's got the luck of the—the gentleman in black!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "How do you account for this run of luck, Monty?" inquired Manners.

Monty Lowther groped in the pocket of his flannel trousers, and produced a wooden dwarf, the features of which were crudely carved.

It was a hideous thing, but Lowther declared it was his lucky mascot.

"Where did you get it?" asked Tom Merry.

"Bought it at a second-hand shop in Wayland."

"How much?"

"Fourpence."

"My hat!"

"Funny little fellow, isn't he?" said Monty Lowther. "I was told that so long as I carried him on my person, he would protect me from danger, and bring me no end of good luck. And I'm dashed if he hasn't! I wouldn't part with this mascot for anything!"

"I should think not," said Tom Merry. "Wish I had one like it. I'm not superstitious, but—"

"This is the only one of its kind," said Lowther. "It's an Oriental thing. I showed it to Koumi Rao, who's an authority on mascots, and he declared it would bring me shoals of good luck."

Quite a crowd had collected round the Terrible Three by this time. And many envious glances were bestowed upon Monty Lowther's mascot.

Baggy Trimble was there, and his little round eyes glistened behind his spectacles.

"I say, Lowther, old chap—"

"Well, porpoise?"

"I'll give you twopence for that mascot."

"You're much too generous, Baggy!" said Monty Lowther. "It would be wicked to take the money!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sarky beast!" growled the fat junior. "Look here, I'll make it a

tanner. I happen to be broke at the moment, but you can have the money when my ship comes home."

"That ship of yours must have been sunk with the Spanish Armada," chuckled Lowther. "It started coming home ages ago, but it hasn't arrived yet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Speakin' quite seriously, Lowther," said Racke, of the Shell, "I'll give you half-a-crown for your mascot."

"Nothing doing," was the reply. "Supposin' I make it five bob—"

"I'm not selling it at any price, thanks," said Lowther.

Racke scowled.

"The thing's of no value," he said.

"I'm beginning to think it must be," said Lowther, "or a skinflint like you wouldn't have offered me five bob for it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I don't blame you for not selling the mascot, Monty," said Tom Merry. "It's brought you heaps of luck, and you'd be a duffer to get rid of it."

Lowther slipped the wooden pigmy back into his pocket.

"I'm not parting with it for any consideration," he said. "I wouldn't look at the most princely offer, not even if I were hard up, which I'm not."

Monty Lowther's mascot was soon the talk of the school.

Even the giants of the Sixth condescended to take an interest in it. Kil-dare examined it, and congratulated Lowther on the run of luck it had brought.

And there were humble folk, as well as high and mighty ones, who took an interest in the mascot.

Among these was Toby, the page-boy. Toby would dearly have loved to get hold of that lucky mascot. He wanted it ever so badly. And the next stage to wanting a thing ever so badly is getting it.

Toby was a decent little fellow, in his way. Certainly, he was not a thief, in

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the accepted meaning of the term. But his code of honour was not quite so strict as that of the fellows whose boots he cleaned. Toby believed that if an article was of no intrinsic value, one was justified in stealing it. He would not have dreamed of appropriating money, or anything that was valuable. But Monty Lowther's mascot was practically worthless. A bit of wood, crudely carved. That was all. Surely there would be no great harm in taking it—if he got the opportunity? Toby thought the matter over, and presently the idea of stealing the mascot took definite shape in his mind.

"I ain't been havin' the best of luck just lately," he muttered. "If only I could get 'old of that thing, I'm positive my luck would change."

Then came the question of how he could gain possession of the mascot.

"I believe Master Lowther sleeps with it under 'is pillow," mused Toby. "If he does, then it'll be dead easy."

Toby was early astir next morning.

The Shell fellows had ranged their boots and shoes in a row on the landing, for Toby to clean. Having cleaned them, it was the custom for Toby to take them into the dormitory, and place them beside their owners' lockers.

On this particular morning, Toby was earlier than usual. He calculated that Tom Merry & Co. would still be sleeping when the boots and shoes were taken in.

And so it proved.

There was silence in the Shell dormitory as Toby entered it, save for the unmusical snore of George Alfred Grundy.

Monty Lowther was fast asleep, with a placid smile on his countenance.

Scarcely daring to breathe, Toby groped with trembling hand under Lowther's pillow.

His hand closed over the thing he sought. He drew it quickly away, and transferred the mascot to his pocket. Lowther did not stir.

Then, having seen to the boots and shoes, Toby silently withdrew.

"That's good!" he muttered to himself. "Now I can safely count on gettin' a run of good luck!"

And there was a grin on Toby's face as he made his way to the domestic regions.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

No Luck for Toby.

"GONE!" exclaimed Monty Lowther dramatically.

He was looking puzzled and perplexed. The mascot was no longer under the pillow, where he had placed it overnight.

"Eh? What's gone?" asked Tom Merry.

"My lucky mascot."

"Great Scott!"

"Did you bring it to bed with you?" inquired Talbot.

"Of course! I put it under my pillow, as I always do. And it's disappeared!"

"Better search among the bedclothes," advised Manners. "It may have slipped down into them somehow."

Monty Lowther made a diligent search, but without result.

"Nothing doing," he said. "The thing's taken unto itself wings."

"Your luck will change now," said Harry Noble.

"Yes, confound it! Has anybody taken my mascot for a lark?"

There was a general shaking of heads.

Had Baggy Trimble slept in the Shell dormitory there would have been cause to suspect him, since Baggy had displayed a lively curiosity in the mascot. Moreover, Baggy was a fellow who did not know the difference between meum and tuum.

But Trimble was in another dormitory, and it was unlikely that he would have had the nerve to pay a visit to the Shell sleeping quarters.

Of course, Racke was in the Shell dormitory; and Aubrey Racke was not a fellow of high principles. But he waxed mightily indignant when Lowther suggested that he might have taken the mascot for a jape. And his denial seemed sincere enough.

The dormitory was ransacked from end to end, but there was no sign of the little pigmy.

Lowther mourned his loss, and he felt certain that his luck would be clean out until the mascot was restored to him.

Meanwhile, the mascot reposed in the pocket of Toby, the page.

It brought Toby luck right away; but not good luck.

The House dame gave Toby the unromantic job of peeling potatoes. And the first thing Toby did was to cut his finger. It was not a bad cut, but it was annoying.

Later on in the morning, Toby was called upon to assist Taggles, the porter, in another unromantic job—window-cleaning.

The kitchen windows had to be cleaned on the outside.

"Go an' fetch the ladder," said Taggles.

"Fetch it yerself!" grumbled Toby. Taggles gave a snort.

"I'll stand no himperence from you, you young rapsallion!" he said. "Hobey my hinstuctions, or I'll 'aul you hup before the 'Ead!"

This threat always had the desired effect. Toby turned sullenly away in quest of the ladder.

"Which do yer want, the long 'un or the short 'un?" he growled.

"The short 'un, of course! We ain't goin' roof-climbin'!"

Toby fetched the ladder, taking his time about it.

"Rear it agen the wall!" commanded Taggles.

"Rear it yerself!" muttered Toby. "I'm a pageboy, I am, not a performin' weight-lifter!"

"Do as I tells yer!" roared Taggles.

Toby sulkily complied.

"Now take this 'ere duster, an' climb up an' clean that winder!" ordered Taggles.

Toby gave a sniff.

"Climb up yerself!" was his comment. "I'm a pageboy, I am, not a blinkin' acrobat!"

Taggles repeated his threat of hauling Toby up before the Head. Whereupon Toby took the duster, and started to scale the ladder.

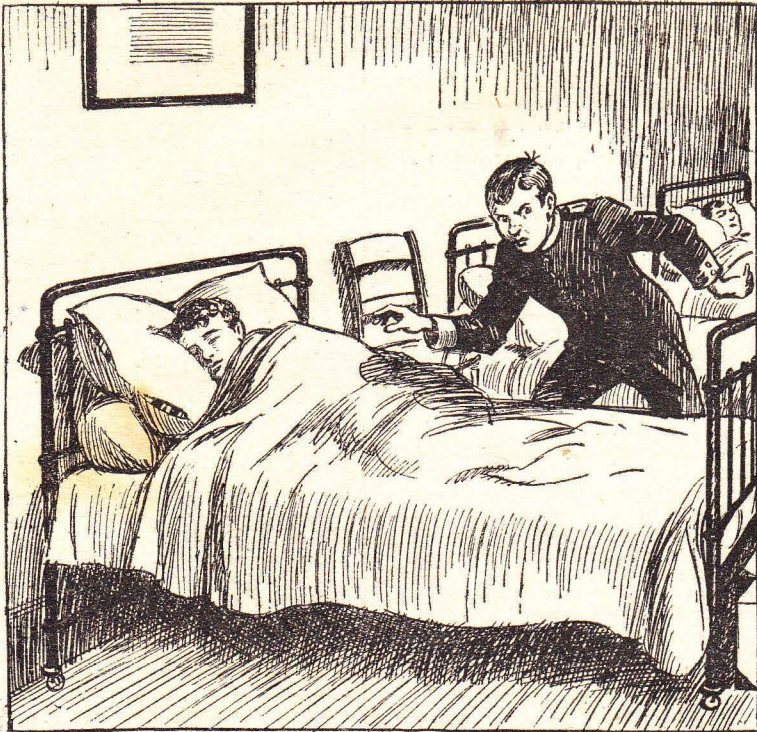
Taggles hovered down below, puffing at his pipe. He preferred to take things easy. Taggy's workaday motto was, "Never do a job yourself that you can get others to do for you." He was quite content to let Toby do the window-cleaning, whilst he—like the lazy fellow he was—merely supervised.

The school porter did not even bother to hold the foot of the ladder.

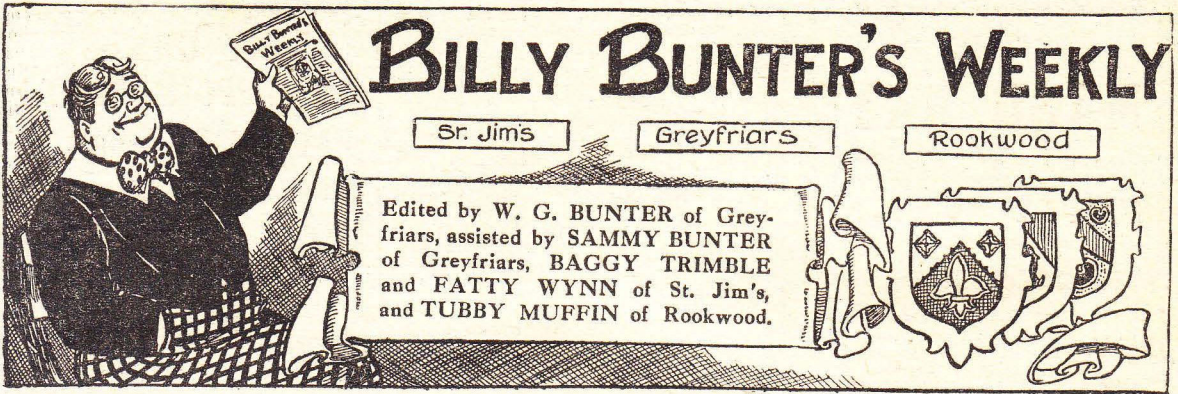
This was unfortunate for Toby.

The ladder had been clumsily reared. It wobbled perilously as Toby neared the top.

(Continued on page 17.)



THE THEFT! There was silence in the Shell dormitory as Toby, the page, entered it. Monty Lowther was fast asleep, with a placid smile on his countenance. Scarcely daring to breathe, Toby groped with trembling hand under Lowther's pillow, searching for the little wooden mascot. (See Chapter 1.)



Edited by W. G. BUNTER of Greyfriars, assisted by SAMMY BUNTER of Greyfriars, BAGGY TRIMBLE and FATTY WYNN of St. Jim's, and TUBBY MUFFIN of Rookwood.

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

My Dear Readers,—This number is konserned manely, but not soully, with new boys.

Few of us will ever forget the day when we came to skool, feeling strange and shy, and fresh from our mothers' apron-strings.

The first day at skool is trooly a terribul ordeal. You are a stranger in a strange land. You see hundreds of new faces, and all of them appear hostile.

Your trunk has been brought up on the station hack. And you wander about like a lost sheep, dreading your fourth-coming interview with the Head, and wondering which Form you are going into.

Then the skool bully comes along, with the usual string of impertinent questions.

"Who is your father?"

"What is the name of the public-house he keeps?"

"Got any charming girl cuzzens?"

"How much pocket-munney are you going to get?"

And so on and so fourth.

Finally, the bully asks you if you can fight. If you say "No," he will say "Very well. I'll jolly soon teech you! Stop that one!" And his hefty fist crashes upon your nasal organ. If you say, "Yes," he will say, "Oh, good! I'm simply longing for a scrap! Come along to the Jim." He's got you both ways, and you generally finnish up with a couple of beautiful black eyes and a thick ear.

There's not much joy attached to being a new kid, unless you've got a pear of big brothers already in the school to shelter you under their wing.

Of course, not all new kids are strange and shy. They come strolling into the skool as if they own it. They arrive in state in a luggsurious car, and they begin to throw their weight about before they've been in the plaice five minnits.

But this type of new boy is an eggseption. The majority of them are timid creatures, and need a strong, proteckting hand, such as mine.

I will now leave you, dear readers, to enjoy this fine number in kontentment and ease.—Yours sinserely,

YOUR EDITOR.

HINTS TO NEW BOYS!

By Sammy Bunter.

On arriving at yore destinashun, don't linger too long in the refreshment-buffay on the railway-station, or yore allowanse of pockitt-munney for the term will be eggstorsted before you no wear you are!

* * *

If you don't want to be mobbed, always travel up to the skool in the usual way by cab. If you arrive in stile in a maggufiscent car, it will be taken for swank. If you tern up, like one fello did, on a wheelbarro, it will be taken for ignnerense. If you arrive on foot, they will say, "What a meen-soled fello! He karn't pay his cab fair!"

* * *

When they ask you what your pater is, don't say a chimby-sweep, even though it happens to be 'trew. Eggspand yore chest with pride, and say, "A Kabbinet Minnister!" This will make a good impreshun. But if you admitt that yore pater is a sweep, the outlook will be very black!

* * *

Never say that you are eggspeckting a postle-order. The felloes have heard that tail before, and they are beginning to get sunwhat fed up with it!

* * *

Don't tell anybody which skool you were eggspelled from before you came to yore prezzant one. And don't tell any tall stories, or you won't be popular!

* * *

Bare these fax in mind, and you will make a good start at yore new skool. But if you don't carry out my advice, you will need to be carried out yoreself by the time yore skoolfelloes have finished with you!

* * *

I might also add that new boys should never be greedy. Eat as little as possibul on your first day at skool, and your komrades will jump to the konklusjon—the wrong konklusjon, of course—that you are a little jentleman!

Sammy Bunter.

Sub-Editor.

MY MARVELLOUS MEMORY!

By Dick Penfold.

(With apologies to the Shade of Tom Hood.)

I remember, I remember,
Each little loan and debt
That others, in their thoughtlessness,
Are likely to forget.
I lent to Bunter, W. G.,
A term or two ago,
The princely sum of one-and-three—
A sum he still doth owe!

I remember, I remember,
Each little feud and scrap
That flutters from the memory
Of every other chap.
Bob Cherry once presented me
With two divine thick ears;
He's now forgotten it, you see—
I sha'n't forget for years!

I remember, I remember,
The verses I have written:
"Ode to a Flattened Jelly-fish,"
And "Ballad of a Kitten."
I've scribbled yards and yards of rhyme
Which other folk forget;
I might forget myself, in time,
But that time won't be yet!

I remember, I remember,
The things we learn in class;
And Quelch can never say to me:
"Dick Penfold, you're an ass!"
Thirty days hath sweet September,
It's not a wild surmise;
I remember, I remember—
Because I Pelmanise!

Something to Look forward to:—

There will be a
SPECIAL ROMANCE NUMBER
of my magnificent
WEEKLY
next week!

Order your copy of the "Popular" NOW!

W. G. B.

THE MAGIC BAT!

By
FATTY WYNN.
(Sub-Editor.)

KANGAROO of the Shell was the owner of the magic bat. It had come from Australia, and Harry Noble had made hundreds of runs with it.

That bat was the envy of a good many St. Jim's fellows. The handle was protected with red rubber, and the blade was smartly bound.

Kangaroo never used any other bat but his own. He came to rely on it, and runs flowed freely from it, as a rule.

Now it so happened that on the day of the House match Kangaroo had a bit of a tiff with Mellish of the Fourth. I don't know what it was all about, but I believe Mellish had been guilty of sneaking, or something. Anyway, Kangaroo had occasion to give Mellish a terrific punch on the nose.

The cad of the Fourth vowed vengeance. That blow aroused all the meanness in his nature.

"I'll get even with him for that!" muttered Mellish.

And he began to think of ways and means by which he could "get his own back" upon Harry Noble.

Finally, Mellish hit upon the caddish scheme of getting hold of Kangaroo's bat and hiding it somewhere, so that the Australian junior would be all at sea when his innings came.

"He's thoroughly used to that bat of his," murmured Mellish, "and it'll break his heart to have to play with another! He's bound to get a duck's egg."

It was a mean-souled revenge, of which only a cad like Mellish could be capable.

After dinner, the cad of the Fourth paid a stealthy visit to Kangaroo's study.

He looked round for the magic bat, but it was not to be seen.

"It must be in the pavilion," mused Mellish. And there, sure enough, he found it.

There was no mistaking the bat, with the red rubber round the handle and the distinctive binding on the blade.

Satisfying himself that the coast was clear, Mellish stole out of the pavilion with the bat under his arm.

Now came the question of where to hide it.

Mellish hit upon a novel plan. He would put it in Kangaroo's bed! That was the last place in the world where Harry Noble would expect to find it.

Fortunately for Mellish, he encountered nobody on his way to the Shell dormitory. Had any of his schooffellows seen him with the bat, awkward questions might have been asked.

Mellish slipped the bat into Kangaroo's bed. It lay between the sheets, quite invisible.

Chuckling softly to himself, Mellish quitted the dormitory. Nobody had seen him enter; nobody saw him leave.

Shortly afterwards the House match started.

School House had won the toss, and decided to bat. Tom Merry asked Kangaroo to go in first with him.

"I can't," said Harry Noble, with a worried frown. "My blessed bat's disappeared!"

"Well, buck up and find it!" said Tom Merry.

The pavilion was ransacked, but there was no sign of the bat.

"I'm positive I left it here, in the pavilion!" said Kangaroo. "Somebody must have taken it!"

"Well, we can't keep the New House fellows waiting," said Tom Merry. "They're mighty impatient already. Use another bat, Kangy!"

Kangaroo gave a snort.

"You know jolly well that I'm not at home with any bat but my own!" he said. "Wish I knew who had bagged it! I'd make the bounder sit up!"

Tom Merry, padded and gloved, and ready to commence his innings, stamped his foot impatiently.

"I'll take Talbot in first with me," he said, "and you'll come in at the fall of the first wicket."

"All serene!" said Harry Noble. "Hope I have the luck to find my bat in the meantime."

But, although he made diligent search, Kangaroo failed to discover his magic bat.

Percy Mellish, hovering near the pavilion, gloated over the Australian junior's discomfiture.

"I'll make him regret punching me on the nose!" he muttered. "He's coming out for a duck's egg this afternoon!"

Just then, the first School House wicket fell, Talbot being brilliantly caught by Figgins at cover.

"Man in!" said Jack Blake. "You're next, Kangy!"

Harry Noble frowned. "I can't find that bat of mine anywhere!" he growled.

"Then you'd better borrow mine," said Blake.

Kangaroo sighed. The situation seemed hopeless. He accepted the loan of Jack Blake's bat, but he felt instinctively that he would come a cropper without his own.

It was with an expression of despair on his face that Harry Noble walked out to the wicket. Mellish watched him with a subtle grin.

"May you be bowled first ball!" was his muttered comment.

Kangaroo had reached the wicket, when a sudden shout arose.

Pat Reilly of the Fourth came rushing on to the playing-pitch. And in his hand he



Reilly came running on to the cricket field brandishing an object in his hand—It was the magic bat.

brandished an object, the sight of which filled Mellish with dismay.

It was the magic bat!

"Faith, an' here's your bat, Noble!" said Reilly. "Where do you think I found it, begorrah?"

"Goodness knows!"

"In your bed, in the dorm."

"What?"

"Fact!" said Reilly. "I might as well confess that I went up to the dorm to play a jape on you—to make you an apple-pie bed. An' when I started to do it, sure, an' I came across your bat! Here you are, an' may you make a century with it!"

"Thanks awfully!" said Kangaroo, smiling. "I'll forgive you for planning that jape on me. I'm only too pleased to feel this good old bat in my hands again!"

Now that his bat had been restored to him, Kangaroo played the game of his life.

He did not make a century, but he came very near to so doing. His score of 85 not out delighted everybody in the School House—with the exception of Percy Mellish.

Mellish gnashed his teeth with rage and chagrin. And he was furious with Pat Reilly for having planned that jape on Kangaroo, and thereby discovered the whereabouts of the magic bat!

MY GRATE DISAPPOINTMENT!

By Billy Bunter.

IT is a sad tail that I have to reveal this week.

Way back in March I started writing a story. Not a short tail, such as often appears in the kollums of my weekly; but a 200,000-word story, entitled "Billy Bunter's Boyhood, by Himself."

For months past I have been sitting up half the night, covering reams and reams of paper with my spider-like scrawl.

I worked and worked until I was on the verge of a timid breakdown—or is it nervus breakdown? I always forget.

Why was I writing the history of my boyhood, at such length? So that it could be published in the "Holiday Annual," of course!

At last my mity task was completed, and I was able to rest from my labors.

I went to the tellyphone, and put through a trunk call to the editor of the "Annual."

"This is Billy Bunter, of Greyfriars," says I.

"Oh, yes," says he. And I thought I heard him give a snort of annoyance.

"I have written sumthing for the 'Annual,'" says I.

"Oh! And what might the 'sumthing' be?"

"The history of my boyhood."

"H'm! Well, if it isn't more than fifty words in length—"

"My dear sir," says I, "it is 200,000 words!"

"You must have been mad, Bunter, to write a story of that length! How long did it take you?"

"It is the froots of months and months of bitter toil," says I.

"And wasted toil, too," says the editor.

"Eh?"

"I fear your labors have been in vane, my boy. I could not possibly axcept your story. If I did, there would be no room for anything else in the 'Annual.'"

"Oh crumbs!"

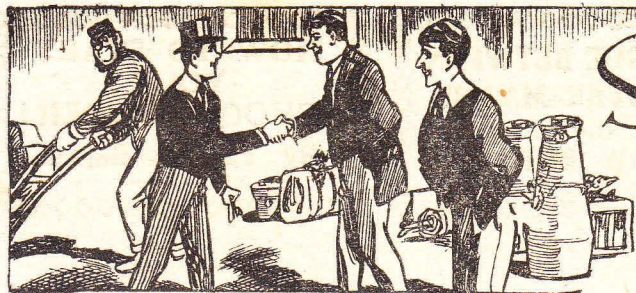
"If you will cut 199,950 words out of your story, thus reducing it to fifty words, I shall be pleased to konsider it," says the editor.

I pleaded with him, and eggspostulated, and protested, but all in vane. He rang off, and I crawled away from the tellyphone in a state of kollapse.

So when you buy your copy of the "Holiday Annual," on September the First, you won't find my long tail inside. But perhaps I shall be able to inflict it on the editor next year.

Although my story is not in the "Annual," however, there are lots of stories about me, written by other people, which will be found both fascinating and entertaining—eggsept for the parts where Mr. Frank Richards is rood to me.

Save up your bobs and buy the "Annual"! That is my advice to you, dear readers. Although I am nursing a big grievance, I'm not going to start running down the "Annual" on that account. I'm too much of a sportsman, you know!



Spoofing The New Boy!

By

Herbert Vernon-Smith.

THE train rumbled into Friardale Station, amid a medley of shouts from the porters on the platform.

"Friardale!"
"Aight 'ere ior Greyfriars!"
"See to yer luggage, sir?"

A rather refined-looking youngster, attired in Etons and a resplendent silk topper, stepped out of a first-class compartment. He glanced around him, and signalled to a porter.

"See that my traps are sent up to Greyfriars," he said, slipping a coin into the man's palm.

"Werry good, sir!"
At this moment Skinner and Bolsover major, of the Greyfriars Remove, emerged from the doorway of the refreshment buffet.

"That's our man," muttered Skinner, nodding towards the new arrival. "That's Winthorpe, the new kid, who happens to be rolling in riches."

"Exactly!" said Bolsover major. "If we play our cards carefully, we shall have plenty of fun and excitement before the day's out."

"He looks a guileless youth," murmured Skinner, taking stock of the new boy. "Link your arm in mine, Bolsy, and let's approach him. I fancy we shall find him pretty gullible."

So saying, the cad of the Remove advanced with Bolsover to greet the new boy.

The latter regarded them uncertainly. He didn't like the look of the burly Bolsover.

"Don't be afraid, my little man," said Bolsover reassuringly. "I sha'n't eat you. Are you Winthorpe?"

"I am."
"Greetings!" said Skinner, extending his hand.

"Welcome to Greyfriars!" added Bolsover heartily.

Winthorpe shook hands willingly enough.

"Did you fellows come to the station specially to meet me?" he inquired.

"Of course!" said Skinner. "We heard you were coming, and we thought we'd do the decent thing. Henceforth you may regard us as brothers!"

"Thanks awfully!" said Winthorpe. "Are you going to take me up to the school?"

"Oh, not yet," said Skinner. "There's heaps of time. We'll take you along to the bunshop first, and stand you a feed."

Winthorpe looked worried. He consulted the watch on his wrist.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I shall have to be getting up to the school at once. I've got to interview the Head at five o'clock, and it's twenty to five now. Dr. Locke is staying in specially to see me, and I daren't keep him waiting beyond the fixed time."

"Oh, that's all right," said Skinner cheerfully.

"But I've simply got to keep the appointment—"

"Set your mind at rest. I'll smooth things over, if there's a row about it. I'm the Head's son, you know."

"Really?"

"Yes. My name's Billy Locke," said Skinner, without a blush. "Whenever my pater gets ruffled, I always know how to deal with him."

"And w'o are you?" asked Winthorpe, looking at Bolsover.

"Eh? Oh, I'm Dick Dauntless—captain of the Remove Form, you know."

Winthorpe looked considerably impressed. As Skinner had predicted, he was pretty gullible. He accepted the statements of the two juniors without suspicion.

"Well, if you're the Head's son," he said to Skinner, "I've nothing to fear."

"Of course you haven't! This way to the bunshop, kid!"

The trio set off down the village street.

Skinner and Bolsover were grinning with satisfaction. They needed no proof that the new boy was wealthy beyond the average. And he had an air about him which suggested that he was lavish and liberal with his money.

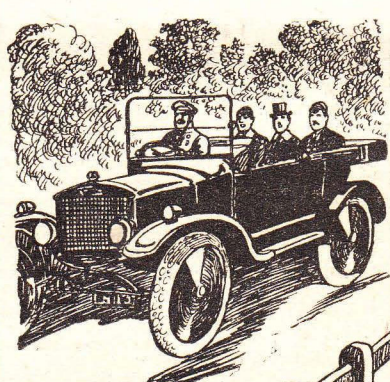
The two precious plotters escorted Winthorpe to the bunshop. Arrived there, they ordered a sumptuous meal.

"Pile in, kid!" said Skinner, with a flourish of his hand towards the array of good things. "You must be peckish after your journey."

"I am," said the new boy frankly. "I say, it's awfully decent of you fellows to stand me such a stunning feed."

"Don't mention it," said Bolsover major, alias Dick Dauntless.

The trio ate heartily. Winthorpe did well, but his companions soon left him standing, so to speak. Their appetites were almost Bunterian.



Skinner, Bolsover, and the new boy lay back against the resilient upholstery of the car, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Just as the meal was drawing to a close, Skinner uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"Dash it all!" he ejaculated. "What d'you think I've done, Bolsy—I mean, Dauntless? I left my wallet in the study, and I've come away without any cash!"

"Man alive, how careless of you!" gasped Bolsover. "Personally, I've only got fourpence ha'penny on me."

"What are we going to do about paying the bill?" asked Skinner.

"Goodness knows!"

Winthorpe smiled.

"Don't look so distressed, you fellows," he said. "I'll pay the bill, and you can settle up later."

"Thanks awfully!" said Skinner and Bolsover, in unison.

Winthorpe settled the bill, and left a shilling for the waitress. Then he glanced at the clock.

"By Jove, it's half-past five!" he exclaimed. "I shall be fearfully late for my appointment with the Head."

"You're not to worry about that," said Skinner. "Being the Head's son, and the apple of his giddy eye, I shall be able to pour oil on the troubled waters. What do you say to a nice joy-ride, Winthorpe?"

"A car, of course. We can hire one at the garage over yonder. Just an hour's spin, so that we can show you all the places of interest in the district. You can pay for the car, and we'll adjust matters later."

"Oh, all right," said Winthorpe.

The car was hired—it was a comfortable four-seater—and the joy-ride commenced.

Skinner and Bolsover lay back against the resilient upholstery, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It did not seem to occur to them that in brazenly fleeing the new boy they were behaving like utter cads. But their reckoning was to come.

It was nearly seven o'clock when the car set the juniors down at the gates of Greyfriars.

Winthorpe was nearly two hours late for his appointment with the Head. But he comforted himself with the reflection that "Billy Locke" would make things all right.

The Head greeted the new boy very sternly.

"Are you aware, Winthorpe, that I have waited in since five o'clock for you?" he said. "I trust you have a reasonable excuse to offer. Was your train late?"

"Nunno, sir."

"Then where have you been? I have been put to very great inconvenience, and I must insist upon knowing what you have been doing since five o'clock."

Winthorpe shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"We had a feed first of all, sir—" he began.

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?" interrupted the Head.

"The two fellows who came to the station to meet me, sir."

"Their names?"

"One of them was your son, sir—"

"What!"

"And the other was Dauntless of the Remove."

The Head looked utterly amazed. He was about to deny the existence of a son in the school, and also of Dauntless of the Remove, when Skinner and Bolsover happened to stroll past the open window.

"Why, there they are, sir!" said Winthorpe involuntarily.

The Head glanced out of the window, and frowned.

"Have you been spending your time in the society of those two boys?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. We had a feed at the bunshop in the village, and then a joy-ride in a hired car. We've only just come in. Your son said—"

"Neither of those wretched boys is my son!" The Head's voice was thunderous. "I think I can understand what has happened," he added. "Those young rascals have played a practical joke upon you. They have willyfully deceived you, Winthorpe!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"I will deal with them as they richly deserve!" said Dr. Locke.

And he promptly summoned Skinner and Bolsover into his presence.

The scene that followed was a very painful one for the plotters of the Remove. A flogging was the penalty, and the Head did not spare the rod.

When the victims crawled out of the Head's study, some time later, they were fit cases for a stretcher or an ambulance.

Winthorpe did not waste any compassion on the precious pair, especially as he never received a penny piece from them.

Winthorpe was only one week at Greyfriars. Domestic trouble of some sort arose, and he was withdrawn from the school. But Skinner and Bolsover will not soon forget the events which followed his arrival!

A NEW BOY'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER!

By Tommy Doyle.
(Of Rookwood.)

Dear Mater,—I arrived all right
At Rookwood School this very night.
Two fellows met me at the station,
And gave me quite a nice ovation.
They carried all my "traps" for me,
And stood me such a stunning tea!
One (handsome as a young Greek god)
Told me his name was Tommy Dodd.
The other fellow, Tommy Cook,
Was like the hero of a book.
They showed me all the sights and scenes,
And let me read their magazines.
Although I only came to-night,
I'm settled down and comfy, quite!
I've got a study to myself,
With volumes stacked upon the shelf.
The Head, impressed by all my know-
ledge,

Said I was welcome at the college.
The masters, too, said they were pleased
(Though one — old Manders — merely
sneezed!).

Manders is snappy, sharp, and sour,
A beastly tyrant set in power.
These hands of mine he'll soon be licking,
I really feel, dear ma, like kicking!
But Rookwood is a ripping place,
I'll try to not fall in disgrace.
The flannel vest you recommended
I'm wearing, and I think it splendid!
I've plugged my ears with cotton-wool,
So's not to catch a cold in school.
I'm wearing those delightful socks
That auntie made, complete with clocks.
I'm sorry, I can't wear my glasses;
All chaps in specs look silly asses!
The penknife that the pater gave
Will come in useful for a shave.
The kite I had from Auntie Bet
I've had no chance to fly as yet.
But on the cricket field to-morrow
I'll fly the beggar, to my sorrow!
I cannot write much more; I'm tired—
Too drowsy, ma, to feel inspired.
Just give my love to Bulldog Tim,
Tell him I think the world of him!
Remember me to my tame rabbits,
Which have such gentlemanly habits.
And tell the Persian on the mat
That she's a dear, delightful cat!
Two rows of kisses I will add,
An equal share for you and dad.
I now remain, for weal or woe,
Your loving and devoted—Joe.

SCRAPS FROM ROOKWOOD!

ARTHUR NEWCOME:

"Young Muffin was a Rookwood chap
Of 'credit' and renown;
He called on me the other day
And borrowed half-a-crown!"

ADOLPHUS SMYTHE:

"The glass of fashion and the mould of
form,
The observed of all observers."

VAL MORNINGTON:

"A miss is as good as a mile, especially
if she happens to be Jimmy Silver's
sister!"

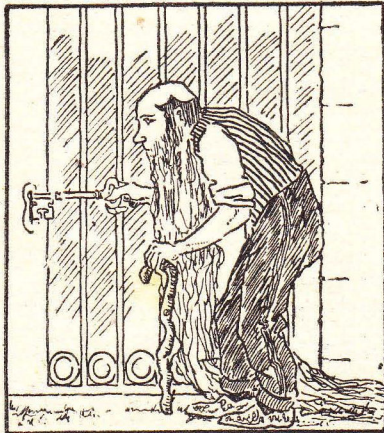
THE POPULAR.—No. 139.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN BOLSOVER MAJOR and a NEW BOY!

BOLSOVER: "What's your name?"
NEW BOY: "Pip-pip-pip—"
BOLSOVER: "I didn't call for three
cheers! I said, 'What's your name?'"
NEW BOY: "Pip-pip-pip-Pipkin!"
BOLSOVER: "Oh, it's Pipkin, is it?"
NEW BOY: "Yes, please, sir!"
BOLSOVER: "Don't call me 'sir'! Call
me Bolsover, you ass!"
NEW BOY: "Very well, Bolsover, you
ass!"
BOLSOVER: "You—you— Where do
you come from?"
NEW BOY: "Maida Vale."
BOLSOVER: "Eh?"
NEW BOY: "Maida Vale for her new
summer hat!"
BOLSOVER: "I suppose that's your idea
of a joke?"
NEW BOY: "Yes; but it's not nearly
such a joke as your face! Gee, what a face!
No wonder they call you Tarzan!"
BOLSOVER: "You cheeky young cub!
It's my turn to have a joke now! Do you
know what happens when anyone calls me
Tarzan?"
NEW BOY: "No."
BOLSOVER: "I Tarzan feathers him!"
NEW BOY: "Help!"
BOLSOVER: "Yes; you'll need help by
the time I've finished with you! I'm going
to lick you—see?"
NEW BOY: "That's what my dear,
devoted puppy does at home!"
BOLSOVER: "Put up your hands! Take
that—and that—and that! Oh, my stars!
Is an earthquake happening—or what? Ow!
Yaroooooh! You've punctured my ribs!"
NEW BOY: "Here comes the knock-out!
Mind your eye!"
BOLSOVER: "Ow-ow-ow! It isn't a new
kid at all! It's Bob Cherry in disguise!
Oh, my nose! Oh, my jaw! Telephone for
the ambulance, somebody!"
(Exit BOB CHERRY, chuckling. Exit
BOLSOVER MAJOR, groaning horribly.)

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE.

By George Kerr.



EPHRAIM TAGGLES

(St. Jim's Porter).

HOW TO START YOUR SCHOOL CAREER!

By Val Mornington.
(Of Rookwood.)

[Morny again comes to the fore with one of his absurd artikles, which every fellow with a grain of konnmon-sense will ignore.—Ed.]

THE majority of new boys receive more kicks than pence. Their first day is a nerve-racking ordeal. Have you ever read in books about the painful experiences which every new kid has to undergo? Directly he sets foot inside the school gates the hulking, blustering bully bears down upon him, and proceeds to wipe up the quadrangle with him.

After the unhappy youngster has pulled himself together, patched himself up, and applied a beefsteak to his two black eyes, he goes along to interview his future Form-master. The latter puts him through his paces, and if the new kid dares to be at all cheeky he receives a terrific lamming.

If his Form happens to be higher than the Third he is given a study. The Form-master says: "You will share Study No. 13 with Broot major and Beest minor," or something to that effect. And when the kid arrives at his study with his belongings Broot major and Beest minor promptly turn and rend him!

All of which boils down to the fact that a new kid has a pretty sorry time of it. Nobody loves him. Everybody is up against him, and before the day's out he is crying for his mamma.

Why should such things be? Why should a new boy be made to suffer all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition?

Having been a new boy myself, I will proceed to give other new boys the benefit of my advice.

When you arrive at your school, and the hulking, blustering bully aforementioned bears down upon you, brandishing his massive fists, you should yell to him:

"Hands off! Don't you dare to touch me! I happen to be first cousin to Jack Dempsey!"

Your words will have a magical effect. He of the prominent jaw and burly fists will melt away like snow beneath the noonday sun. And the word will go round: "Be careful what you say to the new kid. He's Dempsey's cousin!"

When you go along to interview your Form-master, just mention to him in a casual sort of way that you happen to be the Head's nephew. His attitude will change in an instant. Instead of barking at you, he will flatter you with honeyed words.

When you proceed to your study you should repeat to Broot major and Beest minor the yarn that you are Dempsey's cousin and the Head's nephew. They will welcome you with open arms. They will rush round to the tuckshop and make preparations for a substantial feed in your honour. They will hail you as they would hail a long-lost brother.

I am making no charge for these useful hints on how to commence your school career. I am giving you these tips out of sheer generosity, seeking nothing in return.

Follow my advice, and— [You'll be sorry for it afterwards!—Ed.]

[Supplement IV.]

THE STOLEN MASCOT!

(Continued from page 12.)

"Stand on the bottom, you silly old buffer!" he shrieked to Taggles.

Taggles frowned.

"Wot I says is this 'ere—"

Crash!

The ladder suddenly slipped and fell. Toby accompanied it in its descent.

Bump!

"Yaroooh!"

Toby uttered a wild yell as he landed on the flagstones. Luckily, he had not fallen from a great height. At the same time, the concussion was very severe.

"Serves yer right!" said Taggles unsympathetically.

"Ow-ow-ow!"

It was some time before Toby was able to rise to his feet. Tenderly he caressed the injured part of his anatomy.

"My luck's clean out!" he muttered. "First I cut my finger, an' then I fall off a ladder. This 'ere mascot's provin' a curse instead of a blessin'!"

It certainly was. Already Toby was regretting that he had gone to so much trouble to purloin it.

"When you've finished a-mutterin' an' a-mumblin' to yerself," said Taggles sarcastically, "p'r'aps you'll get on with yer job?"

"I ain't goin' up that ladder agen!" said Toby firmly. "Wild 'osses wouldn't make me climb it!"

At this moment Mr. Railton came along. He glanced sternly at the school page.

"Toby," he said severely, "you have been guilty of gross neglect of duty. I find that you cleaned the boots and shoes very badly this morning; in fact, you merely gave them a casual rub. I shall report you to the House dame for this negligence, and I have no doubt she will punish you. You will probably have to forfeit a day's pay."

"Oh crumbs!"

Toby gave a groan as Mr. Railton strode away.

Life was one calamity after another. The cut finger, the fall from the ladder, the rebuke from Mr. Railton—it was Pelion piled on Ossa.

And it had all happened since Toby had come into possession of the "lucky" mascot!

Toby began to dread that little wooden figure that reposed in his pocket. It had brought good luck to Monty Lowther, but it seemed bent on bringing nothing but bad luck to its new owner.

Toby felt that there would be no peace for him until he got rid of the wretched thing. In fact, his eagerness to get rid of it was greater than his desire for possession had been.

"I say, Taggles," said Toby suddenly, "I've got somethin' to show you."

"Wot is it?" grunted Taggles.

"This."

Toby took the mascot from his pocket and showed it to the school porter.

Taggles was not impressed.

"A himage," was his comment—"a carved himage."

"It's very valuable," said Toby.

"Ow do you mean?"

"Why," said Toby in a confidential tone, "if you carry this little feller in yer pocket, he'll bring you good luck all yer days."

"Which 'e don't seem to 'ave brought you much good luck," growled Taggles. "You came a narsty cropper jest now,

an' you've 'ad Mr. Railton on yer track. If you call that good luck—"

"But it'll be different in your case," said Toby.

"I don't see why it should. Anyway, where did you get this himage?"

"Found it," said Toby unblushingly.

"Well, it don't seem to 'ave been a lucky find."

"I was thinkin' you might like to buy it," said Toby.

"Think again!" was the gruff rejoinder. "Bein' a sooperstitious sort, I shouldn't care to carry an unlucky mascot about with me."

"But it's a lucky mascot!" hooted Toby.

Taggles shrugged his shoulders.

"I ain't goin' to stand 'ere arguin' the p'int," he said. "Get on with yer work!"

Toby glared defiance.

"I ain't goin' up that ladder—"

Taggles reared the ladder against the wall.

"Climb!" he commanded sternly.

Toby climbed.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Evil Spell.

LOTS of unpleasant things happened to Toby Marsh before the day was out.

He got into serious trouble with the House dame. He was even threatened with a month's notice. Everything seemed to go wrong. The very stars in their courses seemed to contend against Toby in savage spite.

When his duties were over, Toby went for a ramble by the river, and, whilst crossing the river by means of a loose plank he fell in!

Fortunately the water was not deep at that part, and Toby was able to scramble ashore. But the ducking had been most unpleasant.

On his return to St. Jim's, Toby was set upon by a gang of village louts, who jeered at him on account of his drenched garments, and proceeded to pelt him with lumps of mud.

Toby produced the wooden dwarf from his pocket and clutched it savagely.

"This is all through you!" he muttered. "Which I've a good mind to throw you away."

But somehow, he could not quite nerve himself to do that. He made a motion to hurl the mascot into space, but something restrained him. He slipped it back into his pocket.

"I'll try to sell it to somebody when I get back," he murmured. "It's brought me nothin' but bad luck, an' I shall be glad to get the beastly thing off my 'ands!"

When Toby got back to St. Jim's, he found Baggy Trimble lounging in the school gateway.

Baggy stared in astonishment at the drenched page-boy.

"Been swimming in your clothes?" he inquired.

"Which I fell in the river," muttered Toby. "I say, Master Trimble, would you like to buy a lucky mascot?"

Baggy pricked up his ears.

"Let's have a look at it?" he said.

Toby promptly exhibited the wooden dwarf.

"My hat!" ejaculated Baggy Trimble, in wonder. "That—that's Lowther's property!"

Toby shook his head.

"Master Lowther might 'ave somethin' similar," he said. "But this is mine, an' it's brought me heaps of good luck!"

"But I thought you said you fell in the river—"

"So I did. An' I should 'ave been drowned if it 'adn't been for this mascot," said Toby, drawing on his imagination.

Baggy Trimble was impressed.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

"I'll take a shillin', Master Trimble."

"You jolly well won't!" said Baggy.

"It can't be done!"

"A tanner wouldn't break you," said Toby.

"Yes it would. I'll give you two-pence."

Two-pence seemed a ridiculously small amount, but Toby, in his feverish desire to dispose of the mascot to somebody else, closed with the offer.

The wooden pigmy changed hands, and Toby drew a deep breath of relief. The moment he handed the mascot to Baggy Trimble, he felt, instinctively, that his run of bad luck had ceased.

As for Baggy, he was very elated. He did not believe Toby's statement that the mascot was similar to Monty Lowther's. He knew that it actually was Lowther's.

The mascot had brought Lowther heaps of luck. And Baggy Trimble hoped to inherit the same good fortune. He tucked the woden image into his breast pocket, and rolled contentedly away.

Baggy had not proceeded a dozen yards, when he slipped on a piece of banana skin, which some careless youth had dropped in the quad.

Crash!

Baggy Trimble sat down with great violence on the flagstones.

Toby, the page, in the act of entering the building, looked back at the fat junior with a grin.

"Which 'is run of bad luck 'as begun!" he muttered. "I'd better make myself scarce."

And Toby hurried out of sight.

Baggy Trimble was in the act of picking himself up, when Knox of the Sixth bore down upon him.

The prefect was frowning.

"I gave you a hundred lines yesterday, Trimble," he said. "Have you done them?"

"Nunno," muttered Baggy.

"Then the impot is doubled!" said Knox. "I shall expect you to hand in two hundred lines to me by breakfast time to-morrow!"

Trimble groaned.

Within three minutes of his coming into possession of the mascot, he had had a couple of strokes of bad luck. He had come a fearful cropper on the flagstones, and he had run foul of Knox. Yet that same mascot had brought Monty Lowther nothing but good fortune!

Baggy Trimble rolled away in the direction of the Fifth Form passage. He was feeling very peckish, and he happened to know that Lefevre of the Fifth had a nice plum cake in his study cupboard.

Baggy had raided a good many study cupboards of late without being "spotted." And he hoped that his luck would hold good on this occasion.

The door of Lefevre's study stood slightly ajar. Baggy Trimble poked his head round it, and he saw that the study was unoccupied.

"Good!" he murmured. "Now's my chance!"

Stealthily he stepped into the study, and crossed over to the cupboard. It was unlocked.

Baggy opened the door of the cupboard, and the plum-cake stood revealed. The marauder was feasting his gaze upon it,

THE POPULAR—No. 189.

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"TROUBLE IN THE CAMP!"

when the sound of approaching footsteps caused him to start violently.

The footsteps came perilously near. Baggy Trimble hastily closed the cupboard door, and dived under the table.

The tablecloth, overlapping the edge of the table till it nearly reached the floor, effectively screened Baggy from view.

Lefevre of the Fifth came into the study with Gilmore.

"Feeling like a snack?" inquired the former. "I've got a topping cake in my cupboard."

"Good! Trot it out, old man!"

Lefevre brought the cake from the cupboard, and set it on the table. He carved his companion a big slice, and then attended to his own appetite.

The two Fifth-Formers sat down to the table. Gilmore stretched out his legs. His right boot came into violent contact with Baggy Trimble's ear, and there was a squeak of anguish.

Gilmore withdrew his legs, and jumped up.

"Do you keep a dog in here?" he asked.

"Of course not," said Lefevre.

"But my boot touched something, and there was a yelp. Didn't you hear it?"

Looking very mystified, Lefevre went down on his hands and knees. He lifted up the tablecloth, and peered underneath.

The cowering, squirming figure of Baggy Trimble was revealed.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Lefevre. "It isn't a dog; it's a pig! That cheeky young cub Trimble, to be precise! Out of it, my beauty!"

So saying, Lefevre grabbed one of Baggy's legs, and gave a violent tug.

"Yow-ow-ow!" protested Baggy, in shrill tones. "You'll have my leg off in a jiffy!"

Lefevre tugged until he was red in the face. Forth came Baggy Trimble from his hiding-place.

"What are you doing in my study?" demanded Lefevre.

"Oh crumbs! The—the fact is, Lefevre, I just looked in to see if you wanted any fagging done."

"You fat young fibber! You know jolly well you came in here with the intention of lifting my plum cake!"

"Oh, really, Lefevre—"

"Hand me that cricket-stump, Gilly," said the Fifth-Former.

Gilmore obeyed. And Lefevre, wielding the cricket-stump with great vigour, chased Baggy Trimble off the premises.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Ow-ow-ow!"

Trimble fled in terror down the passage. His back and shoulders were smarting from the castigation, and his brain was in a whirl.

Everything seemed to be going wrong. He had raided Lefevre's study heaps of times without detection; and now he had been howled out practically at once.

Glancing fearfully over his shoulder to see if Lefevre was still in pursuit, and finding he was not, Baggy Trimble slackened his pace, and crawled out into the quad. His face lighted up a little when he caught sight of the postman.

"Anything for me?" inquired Baggy eagerly.

"Yes, Master Trimble. A registered letter."

"Oh, good!"

The postman handed over a slip of paper and a stump of pencil.

"Sign, please," he said.

Baggy signed for the letter, and hurried away with it to his study.

He was shaking from head to foot with excitement.

"The mascot's started to bring me THE POPULAR.—No. 189.

good luck!" he chortled. "This letter's from Uncle Reuben. It's bound to be a fat remittance, or he wouldn't have registered it."

Baggy conjured up visions of a ten-pound note, or a fiver, at least. With feverish fingers he ripped open the envelope.

Alas! No crisp banknote fluttered to the floor.

The envelope contained the following letter:

"Dear Bagley,—You will remember that during the last vacation I made you a loan of ten shillings, to help you out of a difficulty. You promised to pay back the money within a month, but you have not done so. I must ask you to refund the loan without further delay.

"I am registering this letter, so that you will not be able to deny having received same.—Yours,

"UNCLE REUBEN."

Baggy Trimble nearly howled when he had perused that letter.

All his fond dreams of a fat remittance came crashing down like a house of cards.

He had made it convenient to forget that little loan which Uncle Reuben had made him. Not for one moment had he supposed that his uncle would insist upon its return.

"My luck's dead out!" groaned Baggy. "And this is the last straw!"

Baggy felt convinced that the wooden mascot was responsible for this series of calamities.

He crumpled his uncle's letter into a ball and tossed it into the fireplace. Then he hurried away to the domestic regions.

Toby, the page, was cleaning the knives. Baggy Trimble approached him from behind, and slipped the mascot into his pocket.

Toby wheeled round.

"Ere, what's the game, Master Trimble?"

"You can take your mouldy old mascot back!" said Baggy. "I haven't had a minute's peace since I bought it!"

And he hurried away, leaving the mascot in Toby's possession.

On waking next morning Monty Lowther had a big surprise.

He happened to place his hand under his pillow, and lo, and behold, his fingers closed over his precious mascot!

"Well, I'm jiggered!" ejaculated Monty, in amazement. "What do you think, you fellows? I've found my mascot under my pillow. Goodness knows how it came here!"

"Must have been there all the time," said Manners, with a snort.

"No, it wasn't! I turned the bed-clothes inside-out yesterday, and couldn't find it."

"Anyway, you've got it back again," said Tom Merry. "So we shall soon see you piling up more centuries."

As a matter of fact, Toby, the page, had restored the mascot early that morning.

Whether the little wooden dwarf would continue to bring Monty Lowther good fortune remained to be seen.

The general opinion was that Lowther's lucky week had been merely a coincidence, and that whatever good luck he might have in the future would not really spring from the mascot. But Monty himself had great faith in the little wooden image, and he was overjoyed to get it back again.

THE END.

(You must not miss next week's splendid long, complete story of St. Jim's, entitled "Trouble In the Camp!")

THE REMOVE WINS!

(Continued from page 10.)

"Yes, sir," said Wingate. And the Head hastily retired.

As a rule, the Remove were not prompt for fagging duties. But they fagged merrily for Wingate, helping to carry his property out of the study, and to take it back to his old quarters in the Sixth Form passage, with cheerful alacrity.

The study was locked up, and Wingate took the key away.

"The builder's man is coming to investigate to-morrow," grinned Wharton. "But a chap about my size can get into the study window to-night and clear the stuff way—what? They won't find anything but a lingering whiff!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" In the dead of night Wharton climbed into the window of the new study, and opened the board up and removed the asafetida. It was concealed in a locked box in the furthest box-room.

The next day the builder from Court-field arrived, and made an exhaustive investigation. The scent still lingered strongly in the study, but there was nothing to indicate the cause, and the drains were reported in perfect condition.

It was a very peculiar mystery, but one thing seemed quite clear—the new study was not a pleasant place of habitation, and the most energetic and dutiful prefect in the Sixth showed no desire whatever to inhabit it.

That afternoon Wingate looked into Study No. 1, where the Famous Five were at tea.

"The new study's going to be shut up," said Wingate.

"Oh!" said the Co.

"It's been decided," went on Wingate, "that, upon the whole, it isn't really necessary to have a prefect quartered in this passage. The smell in the study seems to be clearing off now, but it's still horribly unpleasant. It seems that there's nothing wrong with the drains—nothing at all to account for it."

"Queer, ain't it?" said Bob Cherry.

"Very queer," said Wingate, with emphasis. "So very queer, that it really looks as if it might be a trick of some kind."

The juniors looked astonished.

"A trick!" said Wharton.

"A trick!" said Nugent.

"A trick!" said Johnny Bull. "Oh, Wingate!"

Wingate tried to frown, but he laughed instead. He could not help it.

"Well, whether it was a trick or not, you've got rid of the prefect," he said.

"I've looked in to tell you so, and to warn you that if there are any rows in this passage I shall make it a point to come up every time, and bring a cane with me. That's all!"

And with that warning Wingate retired.

The Remove chums grinned at one another cheerfully.

"Remove wins!" said Bob Cherry.

"Down with the Sixth! Down with tyranny! Down with everybody! This is where we smile!"

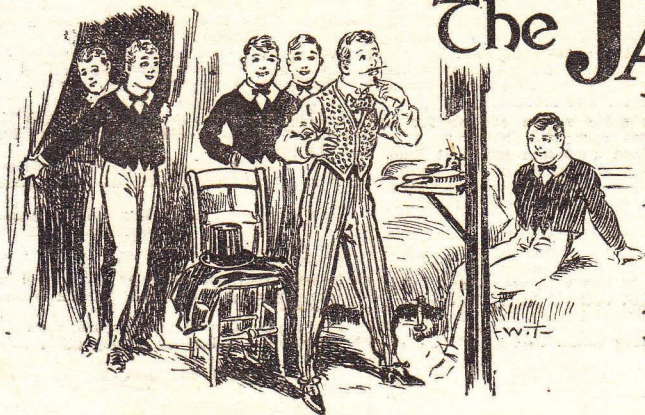
"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Removites smiled so loudly that they could be heard at the end of the passage.

THE END.

(There will be another long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars, in next week's issue.)

PEELE, THE CAD OF THE FOURTH, PLANS TO GET HIS OWN BACK ON THE FRENCH MASTER, BUT MATTERS DO NOT WORK OUT "ACCORDING TO PLAN"!



The JAPE THAT FAILED!

A Splendid, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co., at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Tales of Rookwood, now appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Mossoo is Wrathful.

"O. H. give us a rest!" growled Jimmy Silver.

Perhaps Jimmy was a little morose. It was a meeting of the committee of the Classical Players, the eminent dramatic society of the Lower School at Rookwood.

As Rookwood School was still under canvas the meeting was held in the open air. The players had gathered by the big oak in the school meadow, close by the spot where the Fourth Form received valuable instruction from Mr. Bootles.

It was getting towards time for dinner, morning classes being over. Cyril Peele, of the Classical Fourth, was explaining his views, when Jimmy Silver interrupted him—not, it must be confessed, very politely.

"Ahem!" murmured Lovell. Lovell did not like Peele, the cad of the Fourth, any more than his chum did; but this was a business matter, and Peele was entitled to have his say.

Peele shrugged his shoulders. "If you want a rest, you can clear off, Silver," he suggested. "The other fellows want to give me a hearing."

"Oh, let him go ahead, Jimmy!" said Van Ryn.

Jimmy grunted, and was silent. He was on bad terms with Peele, but he had to admit that that was no reason why Peele's views should not be heard by the dramatic committee.

"Cut it short, Peele!" suggested Lovell. "Rats!" answered Peele. "I suppose my opinion's as good as anybody else's, even if I'm not friendly with Mr. Magnificent Uncle James! So long as I'm a member of the club I'm goin' to have my say, I know that!"

"Have it, and get it over, then!" suggested Mornington. "Well, my idea is a comedy," said Peele. "I think that I've given you a good wheeze. A comedy, with an imitation of Monsieur Monceau as the central figure, would be a regular scream. He's a funny little beast, anyhow, and could be made funnier. A comic French master is just the thing for a play here."

"I don't agree!" grunted Jimmy. "You mean you couldn't act the part?" suggested Peele. "You wouldn't be wanted to, Silver. You couldn't do it. I could do it on my head!"

"You cheeky ass! I mean, that there would be a row if we were found caricaturing the French master. It would be in rotten bad taste, for one thing!"

"I'm not afraid of a row!" said Peele scornfully. "I'm not, either, and you know it!" said Jimmy. "But to get into a row for insulting a master is a different matter. We can keep off personalities."

"You mean you're goin' to be down on me and everythin' I suggest," said Peele, with a sneer. "I could act your head off, and you know it!"

"That isn't the question. We're here to decide on the play we're going to produce next."

"A comedy with a comic French master is my idea, and I will write most of it," said Peele. "I could do old Monceau a treat—imitate his voice and his strut. In fact, I've done it lots of times!"

"Like your cheek! Mossoo's not a bad sort."

"Oh, rats!" "Well, let's see what Peele can do," said Mornington. "Give us Mossoo, Peele, and we'll judge."

"Well, of course, it's difficult without the clobber or the make-up," said Peele. "But I'll do my best—if his lordship Uncle James will shut up for a minute."

"Go ahead," said Jimmy Silver. "I've said that I think it's in bad taste, and may cause trouble; but if the fellows want it, let 'em have it. Let's see what you can do, anyway; no harm in that."

"Go it," said Arthur Edward Lovell peacefully.

Cyril Peele proceeded to "go it." There was no doubt that Peele was a good actor; in fact, one of the best in the junior dramatic society.

Jimmy Silver did not like him, but he admitted that, and, blackguard as Peele was in many ways, Jimmy had raised no objection to his joining the Players club.

He did not want his personal dislike to interfere with the success of the club.

With the juniors watching him, Cyril Peele, who was not troubled in the least by nervousness, produced his imitation of Monsieur Monceau, the French master of Rookwood.

Even Jimmy Silver grinned as he looked on.

Peele had Mossoo's strutting walk, and his peculiar voice and accent, to perfection, and he exaggerated them with an effect that certainly was comic.

"Bonjour, mes garçons!" squeaked Peele, as he strutted up to the committee. "How you find yourselves zis fine morning? How lovely to have ze class in open air! You shall enjoy zat, isn't it?"

So far as the voice and manner went, it was Mossoo to the life, and the juniors grinned.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Lovell suddenly, in dismay.

He had caught sight of a plump figure, in

a buttoned frock-coat, standing quite near, and looking on.

It was Monsieur Monceau!

None of the juniors had noticed that the French master was in the vicinity, the trees further along the meadow having screened him; but Peele's voice had brought him to the spot.

That imitation of his delightful accent, comic as it was, did not have the effect of amusing Mossoo.

His sallow face was dark with wrath as he realised that the cheeky junior was caricaturing him for the entertainment of the Fourth-Formers.

Peele was not looking towards the spot where the Frenchman stood, and he did not see him.

Unconscious of the gathering storm, he rattled on:

"Silvaire, I cane you viz stick! I teach you to be respectable to your master, isn't it?"

"Look out, Peele!" gasped Lovell. "Can't you see Mossoo?"

"What?" Peele spun round.

Monsieur Monceau was striding towards him, his walking-cane gripped in his hand.

Cyril Peele stood rooted to the ground, in utter dismay.

"Oh crumbs!" he gasped.

"So you play joke to make ze fun of your master, isn't it?" exclaimed Monsieur Monceau, as he came up. "You bad, vicked boy!"

"Oh, sir!" stuttered Peele.

"Hold out ze hand," thundered Mossoo.

Peele ooked obstinate for a moment.

Monsieur Monceau fairly glared at him.

"Peele, you are to be cane viz me or viz ze Head! I ordair you to hold out ze hand!"

Peele held out his hand at last.

It was better than being taken before Dr. Chisholm and reported for impertinence.

Swish!

"Now ze ozzer hand viz you."

Swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!" groaned Peele.

"You are bad boy, Peele—bad and disrespectful garcon. And you"—Monsieur Monceau turned a flashing look upon the unhappy committee—"you join in zis zing—you, too, Silvaire! I am ashame of you!"

Jimmy Silver turned crimson.

"I am ashame of you!" repeated Monsieur Monceau crushingly; and he turned and stalked away.

"Yow-ow-ow!" mumbled Peele. "Little French beast—yow-ow-ow! He's no right to cane a chap, either! Wow-ow!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" growled Jimmy savagely. "What did you want to play the goat for like that?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Do we want something of this kind to happen when we're giving our play?" added Jimmy sarcastically. "Peele's precious imitations of Rookwood masters are barred."

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STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

NEXT TUESDAY!

"ROUGH JUSTICE!"

A GRAND

STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

"Yow-ow!" mumbled Peele. "I'll make the little rotter sit up for this! Yow-ow!"
 "Oh, rats!"
 Jimmy Silver walked away, leaving Peele to mumble over his injuries and vow vengeance upon Mossoo.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.
Nice for Mossoo.

MORNINGTON and Erroll were chatting under the oak, after dinner, when Cyril Peele came along.
 Peele had apparently got over his licking, but there was a very vicious expression upon his face.

He glanced sourly at Morny and Erroll as he went to the master's desk under the tree. "Hallo! What's the game?" asked Morny curiously.

"I'm goin' to make that little French beast sit up this afternoon!" growled Peele. "Better let him alone," remarked Erroll. "Mossoo is rather ratty with you already." "He won't know I've had a hand in it unless you tell him!" said Peele, with a sneer. "If you're goin' to sneak—" "Oh, dry up!" said Erroll curtly. "But what's the game?" asked Mornington.

"Look, an' you'll see!"
 Peele had taken a coil of insulated wire from his pocket, which he had evidently "bagged" from the electricians at work on the school.

Extensive repairs and alterations to the school buildings were going on while the school was under canvas, and it was easy enough to get at the workmen's belongings while they were at dinner.

Peele had evidently watched his opportunity, and bagged some of the paraphernalia of the electrical department.

He had a small dry battery and a little electric bell, which he had connected up with the wire.

There was a cushion on the master's chair which Peele removed.

On the chair he placed a little electric button, connected with the wire, with the button upward.

On that he replaced the cushion, and ran the wire down the back of the chair to the ground.

"My hat?" murmured Mornington.

He understood now, and he grinned. The weight of the cushion was not sufficient to press the button, but when anyone sat on it, of course, the button would be pressed, and then the bell would ring.

Peele carried the wire along the grass towards the oak-tree, carefully hiding it from sight in the grass.

The wire was taken round the oak-tree, and then towards the place where the juniors sat at lessons.

Half-way between the master's desk and the class Peele deposited the bell and the dry-battery, scooping a hole in the ground to conceal them, and carefully covering them with a sheet of cardboard, and then with turf.

Then his work was done, and he grinned with satisfaction.

"Sit down there a minute, Morny, and let's see if it is in order," he said.

"Right-ho!" grinned Morny.
 His weight, of course, depressed the button under the cushion, and there was a loud buzz from the electric bell concealed under the turf.

"Buzzzzzzzz!"
 "Good!" said Peele. "I fancy that will make Mossoo stare a little. He takes us in first lessons this afternoon, and I hope he'll find it amusing."

Mornington chuckled.
 "It's too bad, though," said Erroll. "Mossoo's a good sort, and it's a shame to rag him."

"He hasn't licked you!" growled Peele.

"Well, I didn't ask for it."

"Oh, rats! Keep this dark," said Peele.

"There'll be a row, and I'm not looking for another lickin'."

"Dark as Tophet!" grinned Mornington.

"It's a good jape, anyway. Poor old Mossoo will be ragin'!"

It was close on time for lessons now, and the Fourth Form began to gather at the oak.

No one observed the wire concealed in the grass. Peele had done his work very carefully.

Jimmy Silver & Co. took their seats.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

Promptly on time Monsieur Monceau bore down on the Fourth. The little gentleman was always punctual.

"Bonjour, mes enfants!" he said, beaming upon the class with his benevolent smile.

"Bonjour, Mossoo!" said the juniors.

Mossoo glanced at Peele for a moment, but took no other notice of him.

Peele had been caned for his impertinence, and the matter was at an end, so far as the French master was concerned.

It was not quite at an end so far as Gyril Peele was concerned, however.

French was not a popular lesson at Rookwood, and Mossoo was so good-natured a little man that the juniors ventured to pull his leg in class, finding that more entertaining than irregular verbs.

Mossoo was also a very conscientious man, and took his duties seriously, and when a playful junior affected a dense stupidity, he would explain to him with great earnestness, and almost with tears in his eyes, while the rest of the class had hard work to suppress their chuckles.

It was a fine, sunny afternoon, and the juniors would greatly have preferred the river or the fields to the class-work, and being out of doors made them feel that inclination more keenly.

Under such circumstances pulling Mossoo's leg was obviously more amusing than grinding at his difficult language, and Gower proceeded to open the ball.

Gower affected a dense stupidity on the subject of genders, and Mossoo, instead of passing him over, as some masters would have done, nobly did his best to make Gower understand that in French a hat was masculine, and not feminine.

"Par example," said Mossoo patiently, "I say to you, 'Vous avez mon chapeau.' You understand, isn't it? Comprenez?"

Gower looked puzzled.

"No, sir," he answered.

"What! You not understand?"

"It isn't true, sir!" said Gower warmly.

"Comment!"

"You've got it on your head, sir!" said Gower.

"Hein! Vat you say? I say to you, 'Vous avez mon chapeau,' which is to say in ze English, 'You have my hat.'"

"I haven't, sir!"

"Boy! Garcon!"

"You've got it on your head at this very minute, sir!" said Gower sulkily. "I haven't your hat, sir! I never had!"

"Mon Dieu! I do not say zat you have my hat, Gower."

"But you did, sir!"

"I give you zat sentence par example!" shrieked Monsieur Monceau. "I repeats to you zat chapeau is masculine, and if you want to say 'ze chapeau'—zat it, ze hat—you shall say 'le chapeau,' 'Le' in French is as you say 'ze' in English."

"We don't say 'ze' in English, sir," said Gower, shaking his head. "I've never heard of it as an English word."

There was a suppressed chortle in the class as Mossoo began to gasp.

Gower was evidently alluding to his delightful accent, and affecting to be puzzled by it.

"I speak of ze definite article, Gower," said Monsieur Monceau, breathing hard through his nose. "I believe not zat you

are so stupid. Zis is ze lesson for ze Second Form, not ze Fourth. I zink, Gower, zat you understand better if I use ze pointer on ze knuckle, isn't it?"

"I'm trying my hardest, sir," said Gower meekly. "But I've never heard such a word as ze— Yaroo!"

Rap, rap!

"Now do you comprehend, Gower?"

"Yow-ow! Yes, sir! Certainly!"

"I zought so!" said Mossoo grimly.

Cuthbert Gower thought it was high time to understand. He did not want any more of the pointer.

He sat and sucked his knuckles, and scowled like a demon, not feeling at all humorous now.

Monsieur Monceau, feeling quite breathless after that tussle with Gower's stupidity, sat down at his desk.

Buzzzzzzzzzz!

Mossoo fairly jumped, as that loud and raucous buzzing came from the direction of the class.

It did not occur to him, naturally, that he had started the bell by sitting down on his chair.

He glared over the desk at the Fourth-Formers.

"Boys!"

Buzzzzzzzzzz!

"Vill you stop zat bell?" shouted Mossoo.

"Mon Dieu! I have nevair hear such a zing as zese tricks in class! Stop him at once, zen!"

Buzzzzzzzzzz!

The bell was not likely to stop so long as Mossoo was sitting on the cushion above the bell-push.

Most of the juniors looked astonished, not knowing in the least whence the buzzing of the bell proceeded.

Mossoo's face was thunderous.

"Vill you stop him?" he shouted. "Who is ringing zat bell? Is it you, Peele?"

"I, sir? I've not got a bell!"

"It is you, Gower!"

"I don't know anything about it, sir!"

"Mon Dieu! On sonne toujours! Vill you stop him?" shrieked Monsieur Monceau.

"Silvaire, have you zat bell?"

"Certainly not, sir!" said Jimmy, in amazement. "I don't think it's anybody in the class, sir. It comes from your direction."

"Nonsense! Zat sound come from ze class!"

"I—I think not, sir!" said Jimmy, puzzled.

As the sound was midway between the two, the misapprehension was natural.

The buzzing went on without cessation.

Mossoo jumped up, grasped the pointer, and strode towards the class.

The moment he did so the bell ceased to ring.

That was enough to convince Mossoo—if he needed convincing—that some member of his class had the bell.

"Now, zen, ze garcon zat have zat bell, gif him to me at vunce!" shouted the French master.

There was a unanimous silence.

"You hear me?" exclaimed Mossoo, breathing hard. "I demand zat zat bell be given up to me at vunce!"

Silence.

Mossoo hardly knew how to proceed. The delinquent evidently did not intend to confess.

"Verree vell!" said Mossoo at last.

"Verree vell—verree vell indeed! Ve vill proceed! But I keeps ze eye open, I zink. I keeps him verree open. Silvaire, you shall now give me traduction of La Fontaine."

"Yes, sir."

Monsieur Monceau returned to his seat. But Jimmy Silver had no opportunity of getting on with the "traduction" of La Fontaine, for the moment the French master sat down the bell recommenced to ring.

Buzzzzzzzzzz!

Up jumped Mossoo like a jack-in-the-box.

"Boys! How dare you play zese tricks on—"

The bell stopped instantly.

Mossoo, breathing hard, sat down again.

Buzzzzzzzzzz!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
A Little Liveliness.

BUZZZZZZZZZZ!
 There was a loud chortle from the Fourth-Formers.

Most of the juniors were as puzzled as Mossoo as to where the buzzing came from, but they guessed that it was a jape

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 —By OWEN CONQUEST.

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ROUGH JUSTICE!

A GRAND

on the French master, and they were enjoying it.

"Zis, he is too bad!" shrieked Monsieur Monceau. "I vill not stand him! I command zat you stop him at vunce, or I call ze Head!"

Buzzzzzzzz!

"Silvair!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Hurry viz you at vunce and tell Doctair Chisholm zat I request him to step here, if he vill be so verree good."

"Oh, sir!"

"Go at vunce, Silvair!"

"Very well, sir."

Jimmy Silver left the class, and proceeded towards the spot where the Sixth Form were working under Dr. Chisholm.

Mossoo sat and glared at his class, who were grinning.

The bell continued to buzz.

Every now and then it slacked down, but it was never silent, and after every slacking down it buzzed with renewed vigour.

It could not be otherwise, as Mossoo was sitting on the bell-push, and the ringing had to go on unless the dry-battery became exhausted.

But Mossoo had not the faintest idea that there was a bell-push hidden under the cushion on his chair, and that he was, in fact, ringing the bell himself.

Believing that a junior in the class before him was ringing the bell, Mossoo's indignation was naturally unbounded.

It was hard to believe that anyone could have the hardihood to continue such a trick when the Head had been sent for; but the bell went on.

As a matter of fact, Peele would have stopped it if he could, now that Dr. Chisholm was booked to appear on the scene.

But the bell was far out of his reach, and he could only sit and wait.

"Here comes the old sport!" murmured Mornington, as the awe-inspiring figure of the Head appeared in sight, followed by Jimmy Silver.

Monsieur Monceau jumped up as he saw the Head, and advanced to meet him; and the bell ceased to ring before Dr. Chisholm was near enough to hear it.

The Head was looking very grim.

He did not like being called away from his work to deal with a recalcitrant class, and his expression boded ill to the delinquent—if discovered.

"What is it? What is it, Monsieur Monceau?" he exclaimed, as the French master met him, gesticulating.

"It is a trick zat is play upon me!" gasped Mossoo. "Zere is boy who ring bell in lesson and vill not stop! I leave it in your hands, monsieur. You vill deal with him, isn't it? Me he vill not obey!"

"I vill certainly deal with him!" said the Head grimly.

He came up to the class with Mossoo, and the juniors looked, as far as they could, as if butter would not melt in their mouths.

The Head's glance swept over the class. "Some boy here has a bell in his possession!" he said.

Silence.

"I command that boy to stand forth at once!"

There was no movement.

"Very well!" said the Head, compressing his lips. "You will all file before me and turn out your pockets!"

The order was obeyed at once.

Peele joined in as cheerfully as anyone else, and the juniors filed before the Head, demonstrating the fact that they had no bell in their possession.

"The boy must have left it among the desks or on the ground," said the Head. "Perhaps you will ascertain, Monsieur Monceau?"

"Mais oui, monsieur!"

Mossoo proceeded to look for the bell.

As he was searching the place where the juniors sat for lessons he was a good distance from the spot where the bell and the battery were concealed under the turf, and naturally he did not find them.

He came back at length, looking puzzled and perplexed.

"You have not found it?" exclaimed the Head.

"Non, monsieur! It is not zere."

"That is very remarkable. The bell must be somewhere here," said Dr. Chisholm, knitting his brows. "Silver, I ask you as head boy of the Form, do you know anything about this matter?"

"No, sir."

"Once more, I command the boy who has that bell in his possession to hand it over at once!"

Silence.

"It has, perhaps, been thrown away to a distance," said the Head.

"But he ring till you shall come, monsieur, and I have ze eyes on ze class all ze time."

"It is very odd! The boy, then, must have concealed it about his person. The matter shall be gone into thoroughly," said the Head, with a thunderous look. "Every boy shall be searched. Silver, call the porter here."

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy Silver started off once more.

Dr. Chisholm sat down in the master's seat to wait for old Mack to arrive. The next moment he jumped as if electrified.

For the moment he sat down there came the loud buzz of an electric bell.

Buzzzzzzzz!

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head.

The juniors jumped, too.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Lovell, staring downward. "What the thump is—"

"Dear me!" murmured Clarence Cuffy.

"The sound appears to proceed from the earth. It is very remarkable, my dear friends. I will inform the Head—"

He looked at the juniors almost as if he would eat them.

Monsieur Monceau, feeling quite overcome, sank down in the seat the Head had vacated.

Buzzzzzzzz!

Dr. Chisholm jumped almost clear of the ground.

From the midst of the group of juniors came the buzzing of the bell, fairly under his eyes.

"Good heavens!" stuttered the Head, taken quite aback. "This passes all belief! Which boy is that?"

"I—I don't think anybody here has a bell, sir," stuttered Conroy.

"What? Nonsense! It is one of you! File before me at once, and I shall see for myself."

The juniors separated, and the Head could see that none of them was handling a bell of any description.

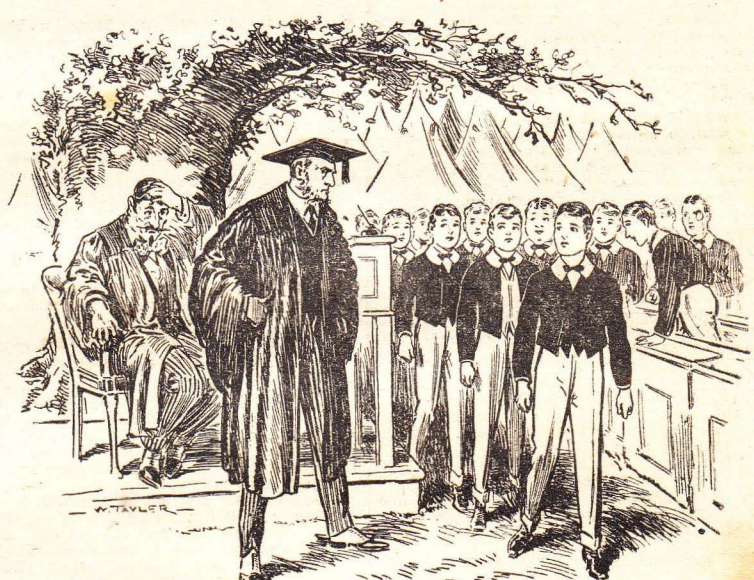
But the buzzing continued.

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head.

"This is amazing! The sound almost seems to be proceeding from the ground, but that, of course, is impossible. Mack!"

Jimmy Silver had brought the porter on the scene at last. "Mack, kindly search each of these boys in turn for a bell. One of them has a bell concealed about his person."

Buzzzzzzzz!



PUZZLE—FIND THE BELL! As Mossoo sat down in the chair the bell started buzzing again. "Bless my soul!" thundered the Head. "Who is ringing that bell? It is one of you boys! File before me at once, and I shall see for myself who is ringing it!" The juniors separated, and the Head could see that none of them was handling a bell. But the buzzing continued. (See Chapter 3.)

Tommy Dodd gripped Cuffy's arm.

"Shut up, you ass!" he whispered.

"My dear Thomas—"

"Dry up! Don't be a sneak, you ass!"

Cuffy looked surprised.

"But it is very remarkable, my dear Thomas, that this sound should proceed from the earth beneath our feet."

"Shut up!" muttered Tommy ferociously.

"Can't you see it's a jape, you thumping dummy?"

"Oh dear!" said Clarence.

And he shut up.

The buzzing proceeded without intermission, and Mossoo cast up his eyes in his horror and amazement at this disrespectful trick in the august presence of the Head of Rookwood himself.

Dr. Chisholm sat petrified for some moments.

Then he rose, and strode towards the group of juniors, and the bell ceased as if by magic.

"What boy was ringing that bell?" thundered the Head.

Dead silence.

"I have never heard of such astounding impertinence!" exclaimed the Head, breathing hard. "In my very presence! It is unheard-of!"

Monsieur Monceau, suddenly remembering that it was not respectful to sit down while the Head was standing, jumped up, and the bell ceased.

Mack, very much surprised at the Head's order, was beginning his task, when a newcomer arrived on the scene.

He was a man in overalls, and evidently one of the workmen employed on the school buildings in the distance.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he began.

"You're the headmaster, I think."

"Yes, yes! What is it?"

"Then you're the gentleman I want," said the man. "There's been some things took away from the shed—somebody has been playing tricks. The bo's sent me to ask about it."

"Dear me!" said the Head impatiently.

"What is missing?"

"A bell, sir, and a length of wire, and a small battery."

"What? Oh, I think I understand!" exclaimed the Head. "Some boy here has been playing tricks with a bell, doubtless the one that has been taken."

"I heard it as I come up, sir," said the workman. "It's here right enough. P'raps this young gentleman can tell us where it is."

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To Cyril Peele's horror, the electrician jerked a thumb towards him. "Peele!" exclaimed the Head. "Do you know anything about this?" "Nothing, sir!" gasped Peele. "I see that young gentleman hanging about the shed," explained the man, "hour and a half ago."

"Indeed! What were you doing there, Peele?" "I—I was just looking round, sir."

"You know very well, Peele, that all the boys are forbidden to go near the buildings at present, and that the workmen's property must not be touched."

"Ye-es, sir! I—I haven't—"

"The bell shall be found," said the Head, with a grim look at Peele. "Wait a few minutes, please, Mack, continue your search."

"Yessir!" Dr. Chisholm sat down in the master's seat again.

BZZZZZZ! The workman started. "My eye!" he exclaimed.

Dr. Chisholm rose hastily, and the bell stopped. "Mack, which boy had that bell at that moment?" he exclaimed.

"I never seed any bell, sir," said Mack. "Proceed, then," said the Head, in a suppressed voice, and he sat down again.

BZZZZZZ! "My eye!" said the electrical gentleman, "I fancy you're ringing that bell yourself, sir."

"What!" stammered the Head. "It rings when you sit down, sir, and stops when you get up," explained the workman, who had noted that at once. "I fancy it's fastened on your chair."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Mossoo. "Zat is so! He ring ven I sit myself down, and he stop himself ven zat I rise! Zat is so! C'est vrai!"

The Head rose quickly, and the bell ceased, confirming the workman's statement. The Head breathed hard. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to examine the chair, as you understand such matters," he said.

"Certainly, sir!" The workman approached the master's chair, and Peele caught his breath.

The man grinned as he removed the cushion and revealed the bell-push. "There it is, sir."

"But there is no bell—"

"There's a wire, though." The man traced the wire through the back of the chair, and down the leg to the ground. "Here it is, hidden in the grass, sir. I'll soon have that there bell."

It did not take the workman long to follow the wire, coiling it up as he went, and arrive at the spot where the battery and the bell were hidden.

He jerked up a loose turf and a sheet of cardboard, and picked the bell and the battery out of the hole Peele had made for them.

"Ere you are, sir!" he said cheerfully. "A lark of one of the young gents, I s'pose. No harm done, sir."

And the electrical gentleman touched his cap, and marched off with the bell, the wire, and the battery.

From his good-natured point of view there was no harm done, but Dr. Chisholm evidently did not agree with him.

The Head's expression was simply terrific. The juniors stood waiting for the thunder-clap. It came!

"Peele!" "Oh, oh, oh, sir!" "Did you place that bell where it was found?"

A denial trembled on Peele's lips, but he realised that it was not much use, as he had been seen lurking about the electrician's shed.

And even Peele had hardly enough nerve to tell the lie direct to the Head. His knees were knocking together.

"Answer me, Peele!" "It—it was only a joke, sir!" Peele managed to articulate.

"A joke!" thundered the Head. "I—I never meant it for you, sir!" gasped Peele. "It was a—a—a joke on Mossoo, sir! I—I never guessed you would come, sir! Oh dear!"

"Probably not! Monsieur Monceau, kindly give me your cane! Come here, Peele!" What followed was a painful scene, especially for Peele.

Even Mossoo, worried as he had been, felt sorry for the unhappy practical joker by the time the Head had finished with him.

"I think, Peele, that that will be a lesson to you!" said the Head, as he laid down his cane.

Peele only gasped. Dr. Chisholm retired, and the juniors went to their seats, Peele looking quite pale, and squeezing his hands in anguish.

When Mossoo handed the class over to Mr. Bootles a little later Peele was still suffering severely, and he indulged in suppressed groans till the class was dismissed.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Vengeance for Two.

TUBBY MUFFIN of the Classical Fourth grinned as he joined the Fistical Four after tea.

Jimmy Silver was discussing the programme of the Classical Players with Lovell and Raby and Newcome when the fat Classical came up.

"Peele's going it!" Tubby announced. "Poor old Peele!" said Jimmy, with a smile. "Has he got over his licking? He's been in the wars to-day, and no mistake!"

"No fear!" said Tubby. "He's vowing vengeance on Mossoo!" "It was the Head who licked him," remarked Raby.

Tubby chuckled. "He, he! A chap can't go for the Head—even Peele! He says it was Mossoo's fault, and he's going to make him sit up."

"Rot!" said Jimmy Silver. "He's making up in his tent," said Tubby. "Jolly good, too, Jimmy! It's the part he's going to have in the play—imitation of Mossoo, you know."

Jimmy Silver frowned. "There's not going to be any imitation of Mossoo in the play," he said. "That's all rot! I think I'll speak to Peele."

The Fistical Four walked over to the tent which Cyril Peele shared with Townsend and Topham of the Fourth.

They found Peele busy. As calling-over had been taken, the juniors were free till bed-time, and the amateur actor was not likely to be interrupted.

Jimmy Silver stared as he looked in. Peele was dressed in striped trousers, with very high-heeled shoes, and was making-up his face at a glass fastened on a tent-pole. Close by him lay a black frock-coat.

Townsend and Topham were looking on and grinning. Peele glanced round at the newcomers, presenting a countenance that was hardly recognisable.

Peele was very clever at make-up, and he had adopted the sallow complexion and ample wrinkles of the French master; and he was now adjusting the waxed moustache and little pointed beard in imitation of the hirsute adornments worn by Monsieur Monceau.

"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "I must say that's not so bad, Peele!" "Thanks!"

"All the same, we don't want it in the play," said Jimmy, with a shake of the head. "It would only lead to trouble for the club."

"Oh, bother your play!" answered Peele, turning to the glass again. "I'm not worrying about your blessed play!"

"What are you making up for, then?" asked Newcome. "I'm going out as Mossoo, after dark," said Peele coolly. "You know he shares a tent with Mr. Bootles, and he goes for a trot after supper. While he's gone I'm goin' in as Mossoo."

"What?" "I'm going to slang Bootles in Mossoo's voice."

"Wha-a-at?" "And throw things at him," said Peele. "Are you potty?" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"He will think Mossoo's drunk and disorderly," said Peele calmly. "Old Bootles is as blind as an owl, and he will take me for Mossoo when I'm finished. He would, anyway. I wouldn't be afraid to go out in the daylight, either. I'm going to give Bootles five minutes that he won't forget if he lives to be as old as Methuselah; and he will put it all down to Mossoo. He will complain to the Head, of course."

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows. "Look here, Peele, that's too thick!" he explained. "I think—"

"You can think what you like!" sneered Peele. "I suppose you're not goin' to sneak, Jimmy Silver?"

Jimmy compressed his lips. He utterly disapproved of Peele's scheme, which was far outside the limits of a jape; but certainly he could not give Peele away to those in authority. That was forbidden by every canon of schoolboy law.

"Well, you know what I think," he said. "Anyway, I dare say you'll make a muck of it. And serve you right. You haven't had much luck with Mossoo."

And Jimmy Silver left the tent with his chums. Peele shrugged his shoulders, and went on with his make-up with the admiring assistance of Townsend and Topham.

These two youths did not intend to join in the jape in any way whatever, having too much regard for their skins; but they were ready to help the more reckless Peele in any way they could.

Jimmy Silver was frowning as he walked away in the dusk, but his comrades did not seem to share his displeasure. They were grinning.

"After all, it's a thumpin' jape," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Peele's got a nerve, and no mistake."

"Too much nerve!" growled Jimmy Silver. "If he makes a success of it, Mossoo may get landed in no end of a row."

"And if he doesn't, Peele will get landed in no end of a row," grinned Raby. "It's a fair chance."

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"Anyhow, we can't chip in," said Newcome. And Jimmy Silver assented to that.

"Hallo! What's Gower up to?" exclaimed Lovell suddenly, catching sight of Cuthbert Gower as the Fistical Four sauntered among the tents.

Gower was creeping along very cautiously, and keeping in the cover of the tents as much as he could.

He was carrying a bucket in his hand. He jumped as he saw the chums of the Fourth, and breathed with relief as he recognised them.

"Oh, only you!" he said.

"What on earth are you doing with that whitewash?" demanded Jimmy Silver, staring at the bucket.

"Hush, you ass! You heard what the Head said to-day about meddling with the workmen's things!" growled Gower.

"You're doing it all the same."

"I've borrowed this pail of whitewash," said Gower, in a low voice. "I was jolly careful not to be seen, either. It's for Mossoo."

"Mossoo!" exclaimed the Fistical Four together.

"He caned me to-day!" said Gower, between his teeth. "I was only pullin' his leg in class, the worryin' little beast! He gave it to me stiff!"

"Well, you asked for it."

"Oh, bosh! I'm goin' to make him sorry for himself!" said Gower. "This little beast goes trotting every evening before bed, an' I'm goin' to wait outside his tent for him in the dark."

"Look here, Gower!" exclaimed Jimmy angrily. "Let Mossoo alone! It's too jolly bad going for him like this! You asked for what he gave you. A chap expects to get licked if he plays the goat."

"Bosh!"

And Cuthbert Gower crept on his way, giving no further heed to the captain of the Fourth, and disappeared among the tents.

"It's too rotten!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Poor old Mossoo will come back to find that Peele's got him a reputation for being drunk and disorderly, and then he'll get that whitewash on his napper. I've a jolly good mind to knock Peele and Gower's nappers together!"

"Come and have some supper instead," suggested Lovell.

"It's too bad, though."

"Never mind. The supper's all right," said Lovell comfortably.

And the Fistical Four went into their tent to supper.

With great caution Gower crept behind Mossoo's tent with the bucket of purloined whitewash.

Inside the tent a lamp was burning, where Mr. Bootles sat with a Greek book.

Outside was dim starlight.

Gower crept closer, keeping in the thick shadow of the tent, and waited.

As soon as the French master came back his cheerful pupil was ready for him.

One swing of the light bucket, and its contents would be swamped over poor Mossoo, and then it was Gower's intention to drop the bucket and sprint.

There would be nothing to connect him with the affair. He knew that the Fistical Four would say nothing, and he had been very careful not to mention his scheme to any less reliable persons.

Gower waited and watched, till a trim little figure moved up in the deep dusk, approaching the tent.

Gower's heart thumped.

He peered through the darkness, and caught a glimpse of a trim figure, a black frock-coat, and a pointed beard and waxed moustaches.

The bucket shot forward in his grasp. Swoosh!

A flood of whitewash swamped right on the trim figure, smothering it from head to feet, and there was a gasping howl of horror and surprise.

Gower did not wait to hear it. He dropped the bucket and bolted.

He could not help grinning at his reflection. Certainly no one not in the secret could have guessed that this was Cyril Peele of the Classical Fourth.

In his high-heeled shoes he looked taller than he really was, not quite so tall as the French master, but the difference was not great, for Monsieur Monceau was built on a diminutive scale.

The pointed, black beard and waxed moustaches gave him a very Frenchified look, and they were exactly like Mossoo's.

Peele put out the lamp in the tent and looked outside.

Voices came dimly from the distance, but there was no one at hand.

He slipped out of the tent quickly, and moved round behind it, and then strolled along in a careless way, as if engaged upon an evening saunter.

He approached Mr. Bootles' tent warily. He was sure that Mossoo was out, but he intended to peep in first to make sure, and then stride in.

But as he approached the tent, in the dusk, a dim figure loomed for a moment from the darkness, and what happened next seemed like an earthquake to Peele.

From the darkness came a sudden smelly flood that swamped him all over, and he staggered back with a choking howl.

"Yurrrrrgh! Grooogh! Yoooooch! Groooooch! Yawwvp! Yowp!"

And Peele of the Fourth sat down in a swamp of whitewash, gurgling and gurgling as if for a wager.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Not as Per Programme.

"GURRRG! Gug! Gug-gug-gug! Grooooch!"

Those wild splutterings were heard on all sides, and to a distance.

Jimmy Silver ran to the door of his tent. "Mossoo's got it!" he exclaimed. "That rotter Gower—"

"Poor old Froggy!" chuckled Lovell.

Jimmy ran out, and caught a slinking figure by the arm as it dodged by the tent.

"Gower! You worm—"

"Let go!" panted Gower.

"You've done it!"

"Can't you hear him?" grinned Gower.

"Mum's the word! Fairly on the napper, and he's smothered!"

"Gug-gug-gug! Groooch! Yooop!"

The Fistical Four ran towards the spot with a crowd of other Rookwood fellows.

Mr. Bootles, startled by that sudden, extraordinary outbreak outside his tent, had jumped up, and put his head outside.

"What is it? What—what?" spluttered Mr. Bootles in astonishment.

"Groogh—hooh—hooh—hoogh!"

The light from the tent streamed upon a weird figure sprawling on the ground.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Peele Tries It On.

"ALL serene, I think!" said Peele.

"Right as rain!" grinned Townsend.

"Toppin'!" exclaimed Topham heartily.

Cyril Peele surveyed himself in the glass.

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"ROUGH JUSTICE!" A GRAND

It was smothered with whitewash, and its eyes and nose and mouth seemed to be bottled up with that unpleasant liquid.

The unhappy Peele, sitting dazedly in a whitewash flood, was gouging desperately at his eyes to clear them, too utterly thrown off his balance to be able to think at that moment.

He could only gogue, and gasp, and splutter, and gurgle, half-suffocated by the whitewash.

"Bless my soul!" stuttered Mr. Bootles, gazing at him in horror. "Who is it? What is it? What can have happened?"

"It's—it's whitewash!" exclaimed Bulkeley, one of the first on the spot. "It's somebody smothered with whitewash."

"Groogh! Gug-gug-gug!"

"It is a—a man!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Surely not a master, treated in this scandalous fashion! Surely—"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

"Who are you, sir? Who is it, Bulkeley?"

"I—I think it's Mossoo—Monsieur Monceau, sir," stammered Bulkeley, recognising a pointed beard from which the whitewash was dripping.

Mossoo was the only wearer of a pointed beard at Rookwood.

"Bless my soul! This is—terrible!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Monsieur Monceau, pray accept my assistance! Let me help you!"

"Mon Dieu, vat is all zis?" exclaimed a voice.

A trim little gentleman came on the scene.

It was Monsieur Monceau!

The Rookwooders stared at him blankly. Gower's jaw dropped.

He stared at Mossoo as if he could scarcely believe his vision.

"Wha-a-at—" he mumbled.

"Monsieur Monceau!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, in amazement and relief. "Then—then it is not you?"

"Vat? I hear zis commotion as I walk viz myself in ze quadrangle," said the French master. "I zink somezing happen. Vat is all zis?"

"Groogh! Gug-gug! Yoooch!"

"Then—then it can't be Mossoo!" exclaimed Bulkeley, in bewilderment. "I—I thought—from the beard—"

"Who the thump can it be?" murmured Lovell to Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy nearly exploded.

"Peele!" he whispered. "Oh, my hat! PEELE! Gower was lying in wait for Mossoo, and Peele came along as Mossoo, and—and— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell, as he comprehended. "Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" shouted Mr. Bootles wrathfully. "Who is that laughing? How dare you laugh! Silence! Who is this—this person, as it is not Monsieur Monceau? Speak, sir! Who are you?"

"Groogh! Ow-ow!"

Bulkeley stooped over the whitewashed figure, and, touching him rather gingerly, helped him to his feet.

He noted then that the waxed moustache was hanging on one side.

"My hat! It's somebody in disguise!" he exclaimed, in astonishment; and he caught hold of the pointed beard, which came off in his hand.

"It's a kid!" he exclaimed. "One of the juniors!"

"But what does it mean?" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Boy! Person! Speak! Who are you?"

"Groogh! Ow! I—I—I'm Peele!" groaned the unhappy spoofer. "Ow-ow! I'm only Peele, sir! Yow-ow-ow! Groogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Peele, what do you mean by dressing yourself in this manner, and spilling whitewash over yourself outside my tent?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Gower.

"I—I didn't, sir!" gasped Peele. "Oh dear! Some beast drenched me with whitewash! Ow-ow! Groogh!"

"Why are you got up in this manner, in a man's clothes?" thundered Mr. Bootles.

"I—I—I—" Peele would not have explained that for worlds. "I—I—"

Mornington lounged forward.

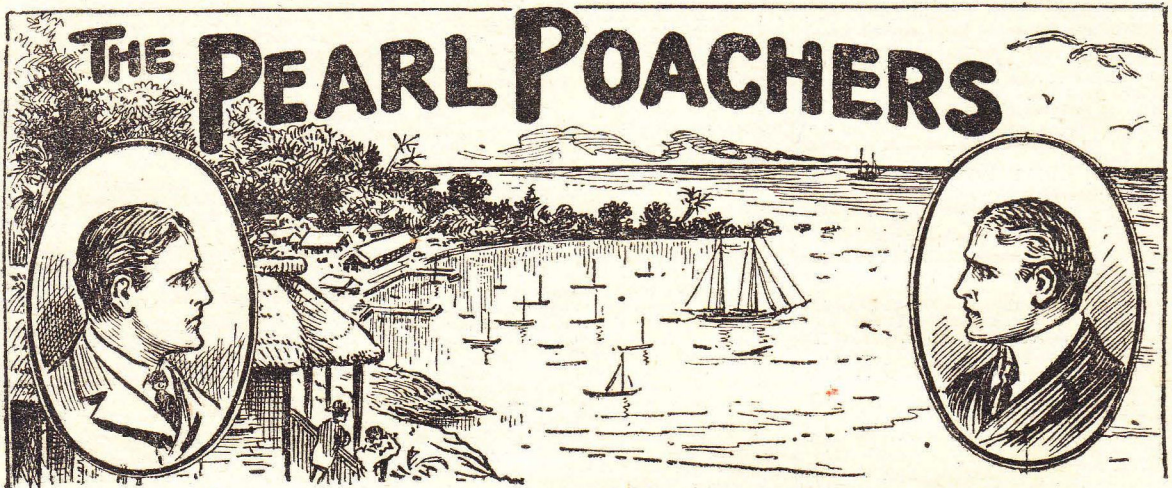
"Peele's been practising a character sketch for one of our plays, sir," he said. "That's all."

(Continued on page 28).

THE POPULAR.—No. 189.

STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE MOST POWERFUL SERIAL OF ADVENTURE THAT HAS EVER BEEN WRITTEN FOR BOYS!
START READING IT TO-DAY!



A Grand New Serial, introducing Ferrers Lord, the Millionaire Adventurer, Ching Lung & Co., and the Daring Pearl Raider, Harper Blaise, the Terror of the South Seas.

By SIDNEY DREW
(Author of "Gan Waga's Island.")

INTRODUCTION.

A meeting between Bruce Donelan and Harper Blaise, the mysterious pearl raider, takes place in the manager's bungalow on Ferrers Lord's pearling-station the day before the arrival of the millionaire. Donelan, the manager of the station, is struck by the amazing resemblance between Ferrers Lord and Blaise, and he unfolds a daring scheme for raiding the strong-room on board the Lord of the Deep. Blaise is to impersonate Ferrers Lord, and get away in the yacht, after taking the thousands of pounds of pearls and gold from her.

When the Lord of the Deep arrives at the pearling-station, Ferrers Lord is kidnapped, and Blaise takes his place and sets sail on the millionaire's yacht for Gan Waga's island. Unaware of the impersonation, Rupert Thurston and Prout go with him.

Soon after the departure of the Lord

of the Deep Ching Lung, with Hal Honour and O'Rooney, arrives on the prince's yacht. They hear of the daring scheme from Jimmy, the black, Donelan's servant, and detain the rascally manager until they are able to find Lord Sharkfin Billy, in command of Blaise's big motor-launch, follows Ching Lung & Co., and torpedoes them. Unable to protect themselves against the fire of Sharkfin Billy's vessel, they run ashore in the lagoon of an island, in which they afterwards discover Ferrers Lord. Meantime, Donelan disappears. The Chinese crew desert Ferrers Lord & Co., and they find themselves in a very tight corner. However, they abandon the yacht, and with the motor-launch, hide round the back of a small island near by. No sooner are they gone than Sharkfin Billy commences an attack on the yacht from the island.

(Now read on.)

as unpleasant a way of departing from this life as ever Sharkfin Billy could invent, for the reach swarmed with small, but intensely vicious, sharks that would devour the victim piece-meal. So they waited impatiently until the boat came up the lower channel and brought their leader aboard.

"Now, you woves, you're unamuzzed," said Billy. "So glut yourselves. Here's the carcass, but p'raps there ain't such a lot of meat on its bones as you think for." Billy added the last words in an undertone. The owner of the yacht and his friends would scarcely have left behind anything of great value that was portable. He had not thought of that during the first moments of triumph. There would be no jewels, no corn, no securities that at some later time might be turned into money, a sad fact that took a good deal of cream off the milk. But petrol happened to be of more importance than treasure. It was of vital importance, for if Ferrers Lord and his friends reached the reef safely, they would stir the government to action. With plenty of petrol and Kanaka Bill to pilot them through the multitude of channels that intersected the countless atolls, all the action the government would take did not alarm Sharkfin Billy.

In the saloon of the yacht the worst of wanton destruction and savage looting had already begun. The big German had just smashed open a rare and costly old Sheraton bureau with an axe. Cupboards were being broken into and ransacked, and the morocco leather covers of the chairs and settee were gashed, and greedy fingers were searching the horse-hair for hidden valuables. There was not enough in the bureau to satisfy the German, so he vented his disappointment on the mirror and then rushed out after the others.

The craze for loot had not affected the dumb man, Nick Bullen, who kept close at Billy's heel: They went lower and looked into the engine-room and then into the boiler-room. Men were splashing about below, forcing doors that had jammed owing to the swelling of the soaked woodwork. Then, in the dim light Billy and his silent companion came to a tank with a bold warning painted across it in red: "Danger! Use no naked lights."

"I wonder if the skunks have done it, and if they ain't, they're born fools!" muttered the captain of the raider. "And, by thunder, it don't sm! like it, neither!" He turned the brass tap, and as a stream of liquid poured out, spreading into a pool of many colours on the surface of the water, his eyes and nose told him at once that the tank contained petrol. Ching Lung had not thought

The Trap.

THEN the sky flamed as the morning sun rose, Sharkfin Billy tied a dirty white rag to a stick, and waved it above the sandbags. Though a disreputable and treacherous rascal himself, and capable of any low trick by which he could profit, the one-eyed man was quite aware that all the world did not consist of rascals and rogues. He expected an answer to his white flag, either a warning to keep down or he would be shot, or else an invitation to come out of hiding and parley. And Billy had luck.

"By thunder, I'll chance it!" he muttered. "They won't shoot me down in cold blood with this in my hand."

With a slight sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach, Billy lifted his arms till they showed above the barricade, and then his head and shoulders. The next moment he vaulted over the sandbags, still carrying his flag of truce, and then walked down to the beach. He stood there staring at the yacht, his hands held high above his head.

"Here I am, gentlemen," he cried. "Here's Sharkfin Billy still ready and willing to give you honourable quarter. I did intend to turn my big gun on you, but arter thinking it over I reckoned it would be a dirty trick, when you're on'y trying to hold up your corner. Which is it to be, boss, common-sense or high explosive?"

Then the truth of it dawned on Sharkfin Billy, that the yacht was deserted. Ferrers Lord the Popular.—No. 189.

Lord and his friends had stolen a march on him and made their escape. He turned and yelled to his men to bring the boat round. As they saw their comrades spring into view, the men on the other island jumped out of their hiding-places, cheering wildly. Careless of sharks, five of them dropped their rifles and dived into the water and swam across. They climbed to the deck uttering exultant yells.

Sharkfin Billy's voice rang out loudest of all, though he was standing on the beach.

"Hold up, hold up!" he bellowed through his cupped hands. "By thunder, if any of you dogs dare to go below or touch a bit of stuff afore I come I'll tie you up to a tree and turn the machine-gun on you! That loot has got to be collected and divided fair and honest burn you for thieves, and don't forget it!"

Billy's voice stopped the exultant cheering, and savage glances were cast at him from the yacht. But, as yet, the one-eyed man had his flibusters well under command. They were still afraid of him, for they knew how completely fearless he was, and that to disobey him would bring some cruel and terrible punishment upon the culprit. Billy shouted another and more appalling threat.

"It won't be the machine-gun," he cried, "for that would be too quick and soft. I'll swim the man down Satan's-reach on the bladders!"

To be swum down Satan's-reach with arms tied together, kept afloat by a couple of bladders suspended from one's shoulders was

NEXT TUESDAY!

"FACING THE FLOOD!"

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

of running it off, and Harold Honour and Barry O'Rooney had been too busy with other things to think of it at all. But the master mind had thought of it. Half an hour before the launch had left the yacht, Ferrers Lord had stood just where Billy and the dumb man were standing deciding whether to run off the petrol or leave it there. And the millionaire had decided to leave it there.

"I reckon they ain't got all the brains," thought the one-eyed man. "And, maybe, they wasn't so sure they'd get away, and allowed they might run dry and manage to sneak back here to fill up their tank if they went short. And very kind of 'em, too, by thunder, couldn't be kinder. And what the deuce is that?"

Somebody was playing the yacht's piano and singing to his own music. It was a very sentimental song for such a ruffian to sing all about the far off memory of a pretty girl in an English garden of roses on a sunny day of June. The singer got through the first verse and then his voice was drowned by hooting and cat-calls and hoarse demands for something lively. He broke into a noisy American jazz tune, and with an oath on his lips Billy made a rush for the saloon.

His desperadoes were jiggling merrily to the music, each man's partner being a bottle of Ching Lung's best old brandy, and as they danced they applied the bottle to their lips and drank with the thirst and enthusiasm of men who were fond of fiery liquors and had not tasted them for many a long day. Half a dozen bottles were held out invitingly to Sharkfin Billy, whose sun-blackened face was furious with anger. A month or two ago, the ruffians could have drunk heavily, and drunk the vilest stuff and not very readily become intoxicated. But they were not used to it, and Billy saw that some of them were already half drunk and that it would be useless and dangerous to show temper. The dumb man had secured a bottle, and a full one was forced into Billy's hand.

"Curse the whole crowd of you," he shouted. "If I thought there was any danger, I'd run off every drop of liquor in the ship."

Then Sharkfin Billy tasted the neat brandy. It was as soft as silk, but after the first gulp he felt its warm seductive glow spreading through his veins and warming him deliciously, and Billy was fond of a bottle. Presently he joined in the dance, and sun-browned feet paddled on Ching Lung's carpet, and through the open portholes of the saloon a clamour of voices swept across the sunlit islands and the shining sea:

For to-night we'll merry be,
For to-night we'll merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be;
To-morrow we'll be sober.

The Unguarded Ship.

HAROLD HONOUR stopped the engine, and for a time the launch glided on. There was a warm, heavy mist as on the previous night, a mist that baffled Gan Waga's keen eyes. As they listened in the gloom they could hear the wash of the lazy surf.

"That's hitting the hard coral, bedad," said Barry O'Rooney, in a low voice. "I can hear it splashing back quick, not wid the long swish it makes whin it runs up and down the sand. We've missed the channel. Oi take ut, and that's washing the starboard side of the palm island. Kape aisy, for we may be roight atop of the ould raider unless Oi'm moiles out of my bearings."

"Try a sounding, Honour," said Ferrers Lord.

The engineer dropped the lead overboard, counting the tap on the line as he let it through his fingers.

"Eight," he grunted.

"Then we're not in the channel," said the millionaire, "for there can't be more than four or five fathoms there. Bring her round gently and escape the drift."

Barry O'Rooney and the prince used a couple of paddles to keep the launch from drifting with the tide. A slight mist might have helped them, but a dense sea-fog of this kind was not in their favour, and it might not lift before dawn, when the breeze came, and dawn would be too late. They sat smoking and waiting as patiently as they could, and they had learned how to be patient. They spoke now and again, but only in whispers, for they could not tell how close they might be to the raider. As O'Rooney

had said, they might almost be right on top of her, and if the sound of a human voice reached her an answer might come back in the form of a shell.

"Sure an' they've found the liquor, sor," muttered O'Rooney to the prince. "Oi'll wager ould Sharkfin Billy wid an automatic pistol in aich fist couldn't kape the spalpeens away from ut. They'll be on ut as quick as a couple of hungry cats on a fresh herring. Bedad, there must have been some merry doings wid that crush whin the grog stharrted to burrn their insoides and they got well aloight. Loike stharrving cats on a bit of fish, they'll—"

The prince gripped his arm, and their heads suddenly went round till they were all looking in the same direction, trying vainly to pierce the veil of fog. A cat was mewling, unless it was the cry of some seabird with a call resembling the mewling of a cat. The sound seemed to be quite close to them, and when it was repeated there could be no doubt that it was made by a cat.

"A pussy, sure as a gun," muttered Barry O'Rooney. "Bedad, ut's a caution that Oi should just mention cats whin that little chap chuned up."

Ferrers Lord drew out his automatic pistol. The cat could only be aboard the raider, for its mewling did not come from the island side. Gently and noiselessly, Barry O'Rooney and the prince worked the paddles. She was a heavy boat to be propelled, but she crept on. Honour armed himself with a steel wrench, a more silent weapon than an automatic pistol, and quite as deadly in his powerful hand, if it came to close fighting.

It was impossible to believe that the raider had been left unguarded, unless the lure of drink and loot had caused a mutiny that Sharkfin Billy had been unable to quell. Then the cat mewled once more, and only Hal Honour's strong arm, stretched out in the nick of time, kept the launch from colliding with the raider. A moment later, Ferrers Lord was standing on her deck, and Ching Lung,

who followed him, heard the cat purring a welcome as it rubbed against his leg.

The awning had been pulled back and the deck was wet and slippery, and water fell in large, warm splashes from the raider's wireless. She seemed to be deserted, and Ching Lung thrilled at the thought of such a capture. With the raider in their possession, not only had they Harper Blaise's gang of pearl-pochers in the hollow of their hands, but also their leader. The great plot would fail, the biggest bluff of modern times would end in a complete fiasco. And Ferrers Lord, who loved to play the lone hand, would have won the game against desperate chances without asking any government or any human soul outside his own circle for aid. As they stood there in the deep and dripping fog, listening for any movement, Harold Honour made the launch fast.

Then the breeze came, only a little luffing-puff at first, and then a gust that drove the fog along like heavy rain-clouds. It was only a momentary gust, for the fog closed down again without even the twinkle of a star showing. Ching Lung put out his hand to touch the millionaire, who was completely invisible. He touched nothing, for Ferrers Lord had moved away and was feeling for the head of the companion with his foot and his groping fingers.

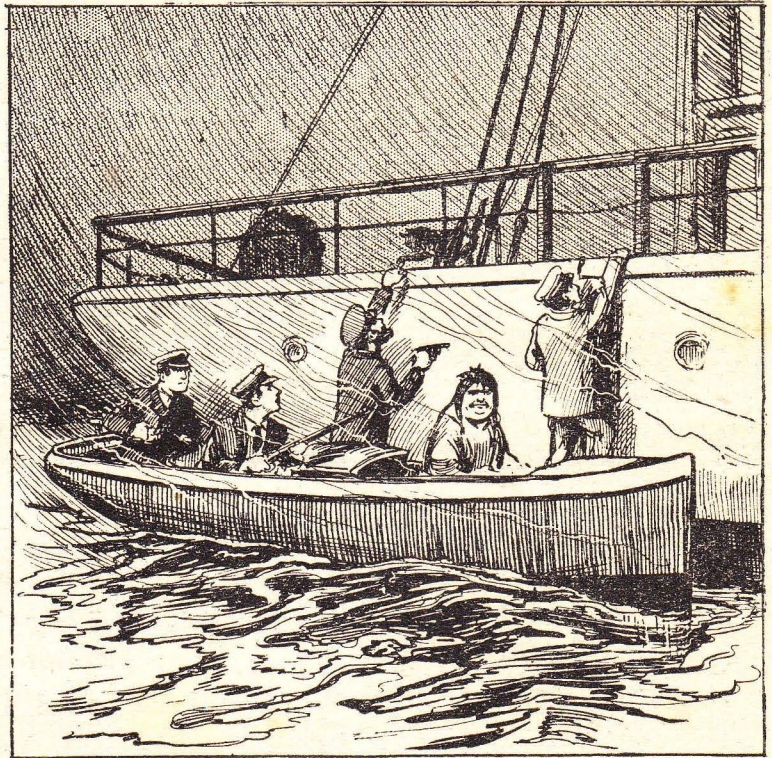
A wailing cry arose. It was a thin, feeble cry, that sank into a muttering, incoherent jabber. Someone was muttering and cursing to himself in a weak, but angry undertone.

"Donelan," thought Ferrers Lord, and the next moment his hand touched Ching Lung's. "The flash-lamp, Ching!" he added. "You have not forgotten it?"

"No, Chief," answered Ching Lung. "I'm trying to give it you, but it's so beastly dark. I don't know— Got it?"

"Yes, thank you, but that's unfortunate."

Ching Lung had accidentally trodden on the unlucky cat, and its mia-ia-ow of pain seemed tremendously loud. The cat retaliated by burying its claws, that felt as sharp as



THE DESERTED RAIDER! Noiselessly Barry O'Rooney and the prince worked the paddles, and the launch crept on through the thick fog. Hal Honour stood up in the bows of the boat, and only his strong arm, stretched out in the nick of time, kept them from colliding with the deserted raider. (See this page.)

NEXT TUESDAY!

"TROUBLE IN THE CAMP!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 189.
A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

fishhooks in the prince's leg, and then fled spitting and snarling. Still no sound that could suggest alarm came from below. Ferrers Lord switched on the flash-lamp and began to tip-toe his way down the companion. The human voice—Bruce Donelan's voice, he was confident—still muttered and whined. The flashlight revealed a closed door, and it was from behind the closed door the sounds came. Something prevented the door from opening easily, a piece of sail-cloth, smelling strongly of some carbolic disinfectant with which it had been sprinkled. The disinfectant hinted at fever or some other contagious disease, and the cloth and its disinfectant that the desperadoes had made some crude effort to isolate the dangerous patient. All the same, Ferrers Lord pushed aside the cloth with his arm and shot a beam of light forward that framed the skeleton face and hollow eyes and unkempt hair of Bruce Donelan in a luminous ring.

There was nothing here to be feared except the germs of disease, for Bruce Donelan was as helpless as a baby. His skin was as yellow as parchment, and shrunken so that it was drawn tightly over his cheek-bones. He lay on a mattress covered by a dirty quilt, and the man seemed to have dwindled to half his size.

"What is it, Chief?" asked the prince, peering round the sheet.

"That rogue Bruce Donelan," said Ferrers Lord, "almost wasted to nothing by fever and neglect. I don't wish the rascal to die if we can save him, for I have planned out his future for several years to come. He seems to be the only man aboard, but I will make sure of that while you are away, Ching. I wonder if you can find some quinine. The medicine chest is unfastened in the locker on the left-hand side and O'Rooney will get it for you. Tell Honour and O'Rooney to get ready to slip anchor if they cannot lift it without using the engine. We can afford to lose it, for we can borrow another from the yacht, but don't let them cut it away if they can hoist it."

"If there's a hand windlass we ought to be able to lift her," said the prince, who could quite understand that silence just then was priceless.

He stumbled his way to the deck greatly elated, and nearly went overboard in his hurry. Harold Honour heard the amazing news with his usual indifference and his usual grunt, but Gan Waga and Barry O'Rooney wanted to cheer. At last the Irishman found the quinine and medicine-glass and then the fog swallowed up Ching Lung.

"Bedad, Gan darlint, O'im bursting for wan good howl; wan big hurro that would split the fog wide open," said Barry. "So we've captured the ould poirate widout foiring a shot, have we bhoy? Tell me wance more, tell me twice, tell me three toimes, and kape on telling me, you fat heathen, and O! swear not to kick you or hammer your snub nose. Arrah, phwat a head the Chief has on him! For the sake of a big dhruink, they've left their ould oil-tank wid never a living soul in charge, barring half a corpse and a cat. Thunder and foire-irons, this is the world and woolly limit! A blow from a poite-driver would almost knock me flat."

"Anchor," grunted the engineer. As he leaned over the bows, flashlamp in hand, Hal Honour discovered that Sharkfin Billy and his filibusters were actually showering gifts upon them. There was no need to hoist the anchor or cut it adrift, for the raider was moored to a buoy which was quick, useful, and convenient. They waited to learn what Ferrers Lord intended to do. He had made his tour of the ship and was now below with Ching Lung giving the sick man a strong dose of quinine.

"He's nothing contagious, Ching," he said. "Merely a very violent attack of tropical malaria. He's in a filthy state from neglect and bad food, and to let the blackguard die would be too easy a way out of it, after the trouble he has given us. We'll have Jimmy the black boy down to attend to him. He's too far gone to recognise either of us, but that is nothing to complain about from my standpoint, for in his present weak state if he did recognise us the shock would probably kill him stone dead."

They forced Bruce Donelan to drink the quinine, and went on deck once more, where all was still black, fog-blanketed and still.

"A buoy?" said the millionaire. "She's not at the same moorings then as the day we had our first good look at her, for she

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was swinging on her cable. They have brought her closer in to the island for some reason and that is why we could hear the surf so distinctly. I suppose they only kept out because they thought we might snipe them."

"Then we daren't shift her in the blind-man's holiday, Chief," said Ching Lung. "If we're close in we could easily put her aground."

"Very easily—so easily that we shall not risk it. I am rather satisfied with the way our little scheme has turned out. Our friend Billy has succumbed like the smaller fry of his gang to the fascination of the bottle, and though drink has ruined armies of men, it never ruined them more quickly. Even if they are comparatively sober and getting over their debauch, which is unlikely, they won't attempt to row out in the fog. Keep good watch, Honour, while the prince and I inspect the vessel. There are several matters I ought to know more about without any delay, especially the petrol supply. They may have a reserve stock on one of the islands, but Donelan will not be able to tell us for days yet, even if he knows where it is, and unless we can catch one of the other rogues and compel him to speak out, we have little hope of finding it."

There was not a large stock of petrol in the storage tanks, such a small supply, in fact, that they would have to use it with economy.

"That wily rascal Sharkfin Billy may catch us at a loose end over this, Ching," said the millionaire. "You see his advantage here?"

"I can see that this big engine must gulp down the stuff like water poured on dry sand," said the prince. "Surely he can't have run as low as this!"

"I wonder, Ching! He may have done so. That may be why he grew so plucky all at once and attacked the yacht with rifles and machine-guns, good weapons both, but weapons that would not have saved him from a heavy death-roll if we had been defending. Was he afraid of using his big gun because he needed our petrol and feared to shatter the tanks or to set the spirit on fire? He wasn't thinking of our skins, I'll warrant, when he stopped firing shells. He may do himself a bit of good over this."

"Over our petrol?" said Ching Lung, nodding. "Do we need it so badly that we can't

rattle those rats out of my yacht with their own gun?"

"That's what it may come to," said the millionaire. "We want to carry out Blaise's scheme to the very letter, if possible. Let us go into the wireless-room and find out what code they use. I don't expect any message yet from Blaise or the Lord of the Deep for a long time, but we must not miss it. Honour can tell us the exact radius of the instrument when he sees it, and with the code we may discover exactly what my double is doing and how he is progressing. The petrol difficulty we must postpone."

The wireless-room was only a dingy little cubby hole. The code was easy enough to find, for it was pasted on the bulkhead and written below in pencil were the words, "Lord of the Deep" only. The code was simple enough to be silly, for it began in the middle of the alphabet, M representing A, and the letters then running on in sequence. Anyone with a little trouble could have decoded it in half an hour, but as the only person likely to be interested was Harper Blaise himself, its simplicity did not matter.

Barry O'Rooney's voice called down to them that there were a few puffs of wind and that the fog was thinning.

"Cast off then, as soon as it's light enough to be safe, and tow her up towards the blue atoll," said the millionaire. "Very careful, mind, and use the lead."

It was doubtful that even if they took the raider away under her own power the uproar of her engines would have disturbed the pearl-poachers and wakened them from their sleep, but Ferrers Lord chose to tow her as she made little noise and used comparatively little petrol. Suddenly the breeze freshened, dispersing the fog, and the stars were shining brilliantly. Behind the blue atoll they anchored the captured vessel and waited for the dawn.

"Bedad," said Barry. "O! wouldn't have a sore head like those blatherskites will have in the morning not for all the pearls in the say."

(You must not miss reading next week's thrilling long instalment of our powerful serial of adventure in the South Seas. With the raider in their hands, will Ferrers Lord & Co. be able to turn the tables on Sharkfin Billy and his crew of filibusters?)

ALL YOUR FAVOURITE CHARACTERS IN
THE
"HOLIDAY ANNUAL"

Magnificent Tales of the Chums of Greyfriars School, St. Jim's, and Rookwood, with many fine illustrations. Stories of thrilling adventures on Land and Sea.

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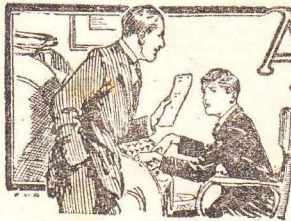
Wonderful Coloured Plates, and many other Splendid Features which all go to make "The Annual" the

FINEST STORY BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE WORLD.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"TROUBLE IN THE CAMP!"

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

A GRAND PROGRAMME OF STORIES.

I have in preparation for next week a splendid programme of stories, a programme which is even above the POPULAR's usual high standard. There will be the usual four long complete school stories which are the outstanding features of the Pop., and are even better than this week—which is saying something indeed.

The first splendid long complete school tale will be of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, entitled:

"THE DISAPPEARANCE OF VERNON-SMITH."

By Frank Richards.

From the title you will guess that this grand story will be something very unusual and exciting in the way of yarns. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, is the most prominent character in the story. Through defying the authorities, the Bounder is condemned to a flogging, and expulsion from the school. It comes rather hard for Vernon-Smith, for he broke detention, and caused a great deal of inconvenience to the masters, only to help Harry Wharton & Co. out of a fix. But that does not make it any the less an unpardonable offence in the eyes of the Head.

But on the day of his departure from Greyfriars, Vernon-Smith cannot be found. He has mysteriously disappeared—to where? No one knows. Only his school cap is found on the bank of the River Sark! What has happened to the Bounder?

The second grand, long complete story will be of Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, under the title of:

"TROUBLE IN THE CAMP."

By Martin Clifford.

It is rather unfortunate that the "trouble" should arise a day or so before the first football match of the season, for it rather spoils St. Jim's chances of winning the match.

Tom Merry scratches Dick Brooke's name from the team on the grounds that the latter has been cutting practice lately. And for that reason, because the youthful captain of the team will not alter his decision, more than half the team refuse to play. They go "on strike" until Brooke is returned, until, as Jack Blake remarks, "Tom Merry comes to his senses."

Brooke does return, and—but I will not spoil the story by telling you any more.

There will be another magnificent long complete story dealing with the adventures of Frank Richards & Co. in the Backwoods of Canada, entitled:

"FACING THE FLOODS!"

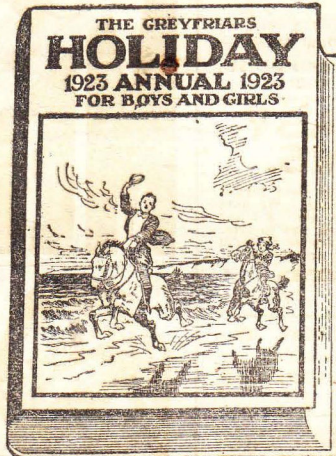
By Martin Clifford.

Frank Richards has had many exciting adventures since his arrival at Cedar Creek from England, but he has never

experienced the dangers of a Canadian flood until now. When he is called upon to face the floods he does so with that fine plucky spirit of his so well-known to his chums. You will read his exciting adventures in next week's magnificent story.

OUT THIS WEEK!

The New Edition of the World-Famous "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" is on Sale Everywhere, Friday, Sept. 1st. Order It At Once!



Packed with absorbingly interesting reading—complete stories of school and adventure, articles, coloured plates, puzzles, riddles, tricks, etc.

PRICE 6s.

You mustn't miss this big budget of the best reading—three hundred and sixty pages of sheer delight!

The fourth grand long complete story deals with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood School. The story is entitled:

"ROUGH JUSTICE!"

By Owen Conquest.

With an incriminating photograph in his possession, Joey Hook, the card-sharper, has Algy Silver well in his power, until Val Mornington of the Fourth comes to the rescue. How Jimmy Silver & Co. deal with the sharper you will read in—

"Rough Justice!"

in next week's bumper issue.

Included in the splendid programme will be another instalment of our amazing serial of adventures:

"THE PEARL POACHERS."

By Sidney Drew,

and the usual four-page supplement, "Billy Bunter's Weekly," to be found in the centre of the pages, which its corpulent editor tells me will be a "Special Romance Number."

Starting in this issue will be another grand competition, in which big money prizes are being offered. The competition is called "Silhouettes," and is very simple. Look out for it!

This is the nature of next week's splendid features, which combined, will make the POPULAR the finest value-for-money paper in the market.

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

This week will see the appearance of the greatest story-book for boys and girls, the "Holiday Annual." The date of publication of this wonderful book is September the First, and there are many thousands of boys and girls eagerly waiting for that day to arrive.

Have you ordered your copy of the "Annual"? If you have, then you are certain of a copy, but if you have not ordered your copy, go to your newsagents at once and do so, before it is too late.

Your Editor,

NOTICES.

Gerald Walter, 89, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, E. 7, wishes to hear from editors of amateur magazines.

Allan Lyon, 38, Edward Street, Norwood, Adelaide, South Australia, wishes to hear from readers, ages 12-14, living in the United Kingdom, South Africa, and Canada.

J. Gordon, 13, Nottingham Street, Prahran, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with stamp collectors with a view to the friendly exchange of stamps.

Miss Marie Swinney, the Elms, Tennyson Avenue, Turramurra, New South Wales, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere on the subject of stamp collecting.

Roy Thomson, Parfitt Road, Wangaratta, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 13-14, about cricket, shooting, and camping out.

Samuel J. Dyer, 23, Victoria Road, East London, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers in England.

Frederick C. Olding, c.o. R. W. Kelly & Hingle, builders and contractors, 11, Gouws Street, Troyeville, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa, wishes to hear from contributors and readers for the Golden City Correspondence Club; amateur magazine.

E. Owen, P.O. Box, 2476, Cleveland, Johannesburg, wishes to exchange stamps with collectors overseas.

J. Eastment, 16, John Street, Cefn Cribbur, Bridgend, South Wales, wishes to correspond with readers interested in bantams and pigeons; also the collecting of Army badges.

Francis Bacon, 154, Haunchwood Road, Stockingford, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, wishes to hear from readers interested in the work of an amateur magazine which is shortly to be issued. All letters answered.

THE POPULAR.—No. 189.

STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. BY OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"ROUGH JUSTICE!"

A GRAND

::

::

THE JAPE THAT FAILED!

(Continued from page 23.)

"Yes, sir, that's all," gasped Peele, really grateful for the hint from the astute Morny. "Oh!" said Mr. Bootles. "That is all. And some foolish boy has played this trick upon you! You should not go out of your own tent, Peele, if you dress yourself in an unaccustomed manner for your theatrical performances. Go away and clean yourself at once!"

Cyril Peele was only too glad to obey that order.

Monsieur Monceau trotted cheerfully into his tent, little dreaming of what a narrow escape he had had.

Until bed-time Peele was busy with soap and water, breathing fury the while.

It was not only his disaster that infuriated him, but the fact that, now he had been seen in his guise of Mossoo, the trick he had planned could not be played on another occasion with safety.

He was beaten all along the line, and had scored nothing but a flood of whitewash, which was very far from satisfactory.

But while Peele fumed and raged, the rest

of the Fourth roared with merriment when the story was known.


The unexpected ending of Peele's little game seemed to the Fourth-Formers a much richer joke than his success would have been, and they howled over it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. enjoyed that jape extremely, and when Peele showed up at bed-time they thanked him for the entertainment, amid yells of laughter. And Cyril Peele's face, when he went to bed, was like unto that of a demon in a pantomime.

THE END.

(There will be another grand complete Bookwood story next Tuesday, entitled "ROUGH JUSTICE!" By Owen Conquest.)

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