

THE BEST CHILDREN'S PAPER ON THE MARKET IS "CHUCKLES."
BUY THURSDAY'S GREATLY ENLARGED NUMBER!

Week Ending—
Sept. 30th, 1922.

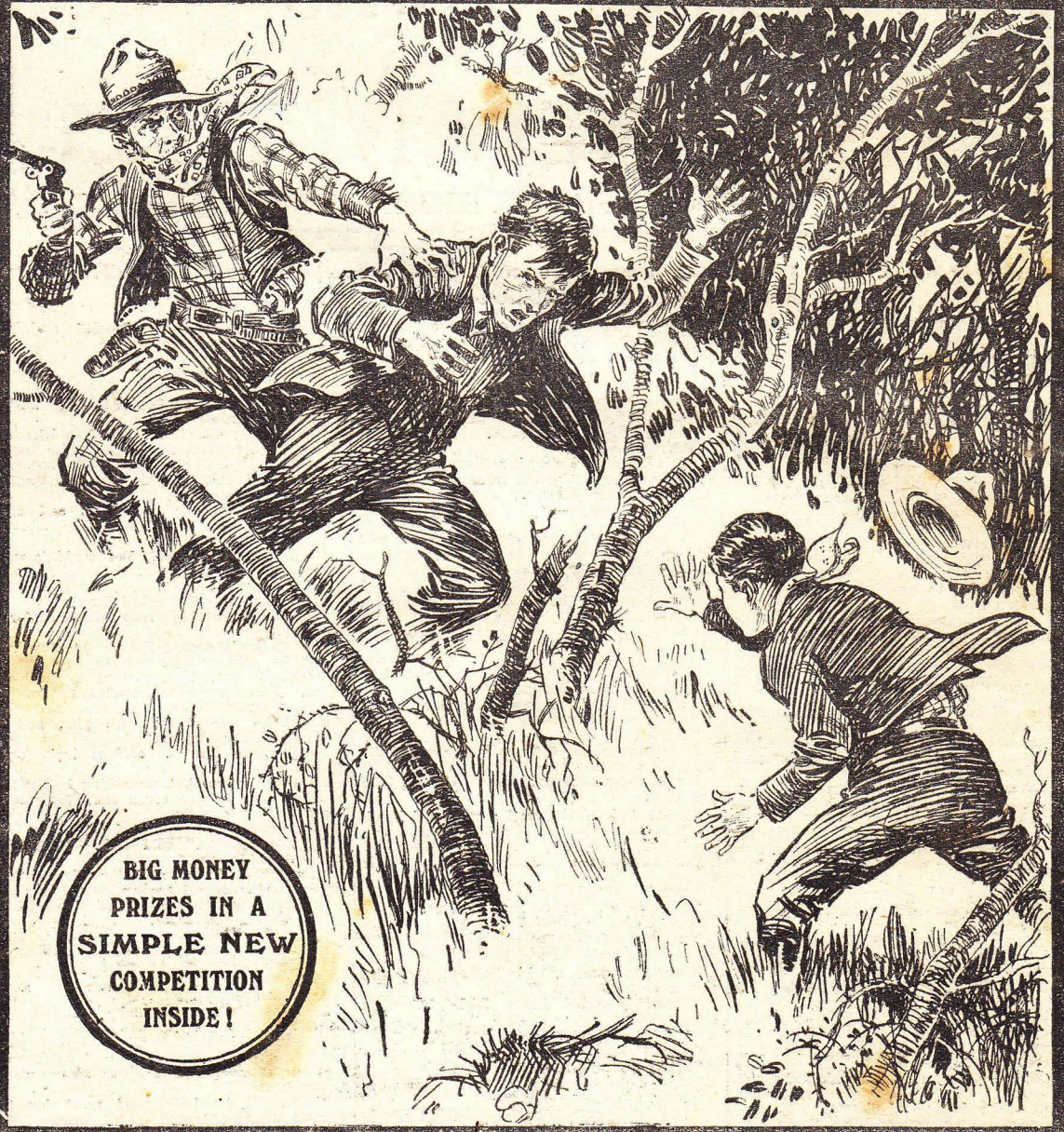
New
Series.
No. 193.

28
Pages.

The POPULAR 2d

GREATLY ENLARGED.

SPECIAL
SUPPLEMENT
INSIDE.



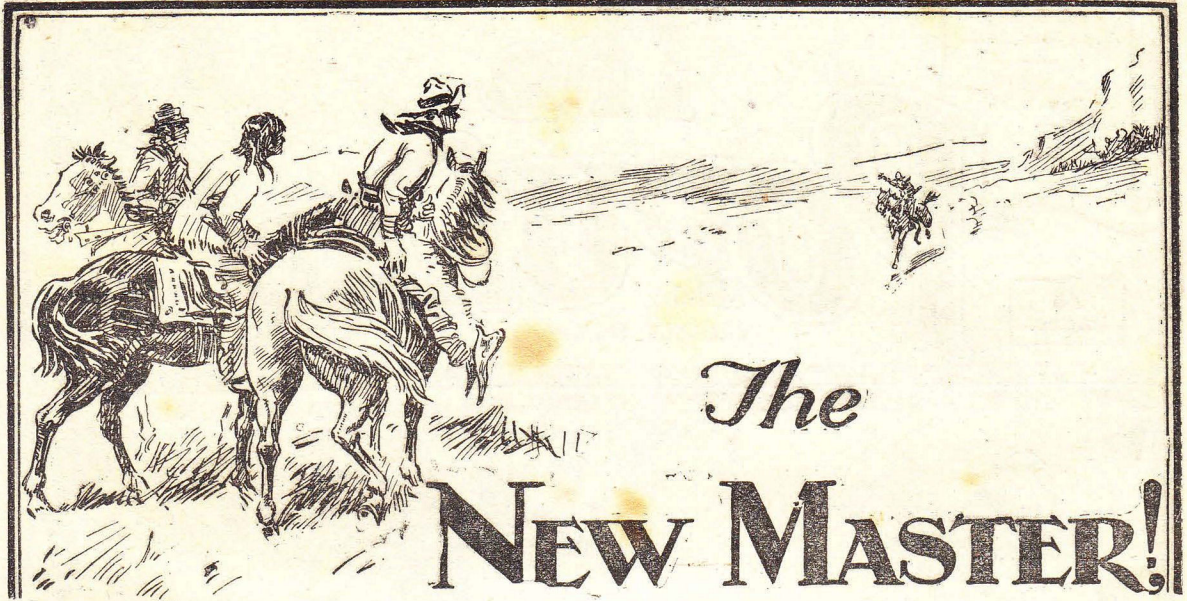
BIG MONEY
PRIZES IN A
SIMPLE NEW
COMPETITION
INSIDE!

THE NEW MASTER IN THE HANDS OF THE RUSTLERS!

"Beauclerc dashed forward as a dusky hand dragged the panting man to the ground."

(A thrilling episode from the long complete story of Frank Richards & Co., inside.)

PHILLIP TREVELYAN, THE NEW MASTER, ARRIVES AT CEDAR CREEK SCHOOL, AND IS
LOOKED UPON AS A BIT OF A MYSTERY!



The NEW MASTER!

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.

Back Again.

FRANK RICHARDS' usually sunny face was very glum. Bob Lawless looked much less cheery than usual.

That bright spring morning they both looked and felt, as Bob expressed it, as if they had lost a Canadian cent and found a Mexican dollar.

They mounted their ponies outside the porch of the ranch-house, and trotted away on the trail to Cedar Creek School in silence.

The clouds deepened on their faces as they entered the belt of timber that lay between them and Cedar Creek.

At the fork of the trail, in the timber, they were accustomed to meet their chum, Vere Beauclerc, on his way to school.

But this morning there was to be no meeting—and on no morning in the future.

The great cars of the Canadian-Pacific Railway had borne their chum away eastward, to take the steamer for the Old Country.

Frank and Bob knew that they would miss him sorely.

It was not long that the three chums had known one another, but they had become almost inseparable.

Frank and Bob felt as if a gap had been left in their lives. They could not imagine Cedar Creek without the "Cherub."

"It's rotten, Franky!" Bob Lawless remarked at last, breaking a long silence.

"Rotten isn't the word!" grunted Frank.

"I guess I don't feel so spry as usual," confessed Bob. "We shall have to get used to the old Cherub being away. I wonder where he is now?"

"Half-way to Quebec," said Frank.

"I guess so. I dare say he will have a good time when he gets home—with a blessed family of noble lords waiting for him."

"I hope so, Bob."

"I dare say it's a good thing for him. His father will be lonely now he's gone, though."

"He's bound to miss him."

"It will be pretty rotten for him, alone at the shack."

Frank Richards nodded glumly.

The remittance-man of Cedar Camp was likely to miss his son, as much as Frank missed his chum.

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"I hear there's a new master coming to Cedar Creek," Bob remarked, after a time.

"Is there?" said Frank carelessly. He wasn't much interested in new masters just then.

"I heard Chunky Todgers saying so. Man coming up from New Westminster, I think."

"Bother him!" said Frank.

Bob laughed. The chums were drawing near to the fork in the trail now, hidden from sight at present by the thick trees.

"I see, Franky—"

"Yes."

"What wouldn't you give to see the old Cherub waiting for us at the fork, just as he used to, on his black horse?" said Bob.

Frank Richards sighed.

"I'd give all the gold-mines in British Columbia, Bob."

"So would I, with the ranches thrown in," said Bob.

They rode on, and as they came in sight of the fork, their glances turned into the branch trail that led away to Cedar Camp.

"Great Scott!"

"My hat!"

A simultaneous exclamation burst from both the chums.

For the spot was not vacant, as they had expected.

At the fork of the trail a pale and handsome schoolboy sat in the saddle of a big, black horse, evidently waiting for them.

The chums could scarcely believe their eyes.

"Vere!" gasped Frank.

"The Cherub!" yelled Bob Lawless. It was Vere Beauclerc!

The chums put spurs to their ponies, and dashed on in amazement and delight.

Beauclerc swept off his Stetson hat, and smiled as he saluted them.

"Beau!" shouted Frank Richards. "It's really you!"

"Not your ghost?" exclaimed Bob.

"How on earth—"

"What the dickens—"

"Myself, in the flesh," said Beauclerc, laughing. "Glad to see me?"

"You bet!" grinned Bob, shaking hands with the Cherub three or four times in his exuberance. "It's a sight for sore eyes, and no mistake. But what in thunder are you doing here?"

"You've come back, Beau?" exclaimed Frank, in great astonishment.

Beauclerc nodded.

"Yes; I've come back."

"And you're not—"

"I'm not going to England, after all."

"Hurrah!" roared Bob.

"Hip-pip!" laughed Frank Richards.

"That's jolly good news, Beau—for us, at any rate. But you started yesterday from Kamloops, didn't you, on the railroad?"

"Yes. But—"

"And you got off the train and came back?" said Bob, in wonder.

"As you see."

"Well, I'm jolly glad! You couldn't make up your mind to leave Canada—eh? Shows your sense, old hoss!"

"But your father?" asked Frank.

Beauclerc's smiling face clouded for a moment.

"My father's agreed for me to stay with him," he said. "He's written to Lord St. Austell's to-day, to say that I shall not come. I never wanted to leave him, you know—or you fellows, either. And I—I thought he needed me with him, and he does. And I'm staying."

Frank gave him a curious look for a moment.

He could guess that something had passed at the shack by the creek that Vere Beauclerc did not explain.

"You must have travelled all night back from the railway," said Bob. "You look a bit done, Cherub."

"I'm quite done," said Beauclerc. "I'm not going to school to-day, but I couldn't resist meeting you fellows on the trail as usual, to let you know."

"Happy thought!" chuckled Bob.

"Franky was just offering all the gold-mines in British Columbia to meet you on the trail as usual."

Beauclerc laughed.

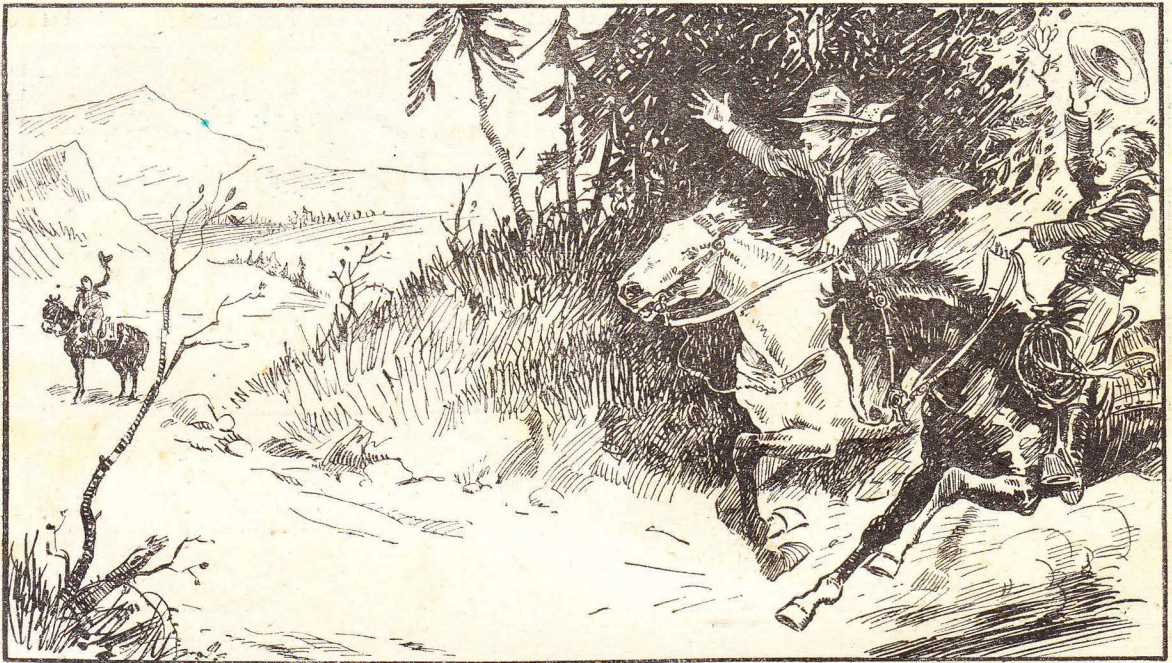
His face, though pale and worn, was very bright.

It was evident that all his great prospects in the Old Country did not weigh with him in the balance with losing his chums at Cedar Creek.

"This will be jolly good news for the fellows at the school," said Bob. "And the girls, too—they all adore the Cherub."

"Ass!" said Beauclerc, laughing.

"Well, they do," said Bob. "Franky and I have to take a back seat when you're



BACK AGAIN! At the fork of the trail a schoolboy sat in the saddle of a big black horse, evidently waiting for the two riders. The chums could scarcely believe their eyes. "The Cherub!" yelled Bob Lawless. They put their spurs to their ponies and dashed on in amazement and delight. (See Chapter 1.)

Mr. Trevelyan you saw, Beauclerc, or he would certainly have mentioned such an occurrence."

"Here he comes!" murmured Frank Richards.

The tall figure of Mr. Trevelyan was seen approaching from Mr. Slimmey's cabin, where the new master was putting up till his own quarters were ready.

He raised his hat gracefully to Miss Meadows.

Beauclerc's eyes were fixed upon him. He was trying to ascertain whether this was the man he had seen in the timber the previous day.

That man, he remembered, was tall, and looked about Mr. Trevelyan's age, and was similarly clad.

Offhand, he would have said that the new master was not the man he had seen struggling with 'Frisco Jo in the timber.

But he did not feel at all sure. It was for Mr. Trevelyan himself to settle that point.

Certainly the new master gave no sign of knowing Beauclerc by sight.

"Good-morning, Mr. Trevelyan," said Miss Meadows. "This lad is Beauclerc, whom I mentioned to you yesterday."

The new master's keen glance turned on Beauclerc then, sharply enough.

"Beauclerc has just told me a very strange story," continued Miss Meadows. "He thinks he met you on your way here yesterday."

Mr. Trevelyan started.

The schoolboys were watching his face, and they could not fail to see how the colour wavered in it for a moment.

He seemed utterly taken aback.

"Ho met me!" repeated the new master.

"Ho thinks so."

"That is, if you were the man I saw attacked by 'Frisco Jo and his gang, sir," said Beauclerc. "I want to know, so that I can tell the sheriff it is all right; otherwise, he will be searching for you."

"Ah!" Mr. Trevelyan drew a quick breath. "I—I think I understand. You were the boy—you were the boy on the trail who—"

He paused.

"Then it was you, sir," said Beauclerc. "You called out your name to me, and were going to tell me something, when 'Frisco Jo stopped you—if it was you."

Mr. Trevelyan smiled.

"It was I," he said. "Certainly."

"We thought it must be, sir," said Bob Lawless. "Of course, if it wasn't, the sheriff would have to look for 'Frisco Jo, and see what he's done with the man he was kidnapping."

Mr. Trevelyan laughed.

"That would be a great deal of trouble for the sheriff to take for nothing," he remarked. "I should be sorry for the sheriff's time to be wasted for no cause. I remember you now, my lad," he went on, looking at Vere Beauclerc. "You were on the trail—"

"I went for help," said Beauclerc. "I came back in a few minutes with some of the Lawless Ranch men, but you were gone, and the rustlers, too. So I went to the sheriff at Thompson to report what had happened."

"I—I see! And the sheriff is hunting for this—this 'Frisco Jo, as you call him?" asked Mr. Trevelyan quickly.

"I suppose so. He said he would."

"He ought to be warned at once that there is no occasion to trouble," said Mr. Trevelyan. "It would be a great shame if his time is taken up for nothing."

"I can send word to him," said Miss Meadows. "Sam is going to Thompson this morning, and I can send a message by him to Mr. Henderson. But, if the Mexican was guilty of such an outrage as Beauclerc describes, he should be found and punished."

Mr. Trevelyan shook his head with a smile.

"I fear you must be surprised, Miss Meadows, that I did not mention the matter to you," he said. Miss Meadows did not conceal her surprise, though she had made no remark on that point. "The fact is, I preferred not to mention it. I was the victim of a rather rough joke, and was very much alarmed, owing to my being a stranger in this vicinity."

"A joke?" echoed Beauclerc.

"Yes," said Mr. Trevelyan, still smiling.

"On my way here my buggy was stopped by three rough-looking men, who made me accompany them into the wood. They told me they were going to ride me on a rail, as a greenhorn; and one of them actually fired a revolver to scare me, as he supposed. Being a stranger here—what you would call a tenderfoot, I suppose—I believed the fellows were in earnest, and I broke away from them, and ran—for my life, as I believed."

"Dear me," said Miss Meadows, smiling slightly.

"Then this lad came on the scene," said Mr. Trevelyan. "He very kindly tried to interfere. Doubtless you thought I was in real danger, Beauclerc."

"I did!" said Beauclerc very quietly. "You called for help, and asked me to get help, and one of the men fired after me as I went."

"That was all part of the rough game," said Mr. Trevelyan, laughing. "After you had gone, they owned up that they had only been 'stuffing' me, as they called it, and let me go. I believe such pranks are not seldom played on unsuspecting newcomers in the settlements."

The mysterious affair had resolved itself, after all, into a rough joke of the rustlers upon a "tenderfoot"—not at all an uncommon happening in the Thompson Valley.

"Unfortunately, I found difficulty in finding my way out of the wood, and so I was a long time getting back to the buggy, which had been left on the trail," said Mr. Trevelyan. "And that, Miss Meadows, is how I came to miss the trail coming here yesterday. I was not, of course, aware that this boy belonged to the school, or that I should hear anything further of the matter."

"I will send an explanation to the sheriff," said Miss Meadows, smiling. "But you did quite right, Beauclerc, in acting as you did; you could not know the true circumstances."

Mr. Trevelyan passed into the lumber schoolhouse with Miss Meadows, and the three chums left the spot.

Bob Lawless was grinning hugely, and Frank Richards could not help smiling; but Beauclerc's face was very grave.

"So that's the long and the short of it, Cherub," said Bob. "Only one of the rustlers' little jokes on a tenderfoot. I'll bet you, Trevelyan was in a blue funk, though he don't say so. Ha, ha! What are you looking so jolly solemn about?"

"You believe him?" asked Beauclerc quietly.

Bob stared.

"Of course. Don't you?"

"No."

"Beau!" exclaimed Frank, in astonishment.

The school bell called the chums in to lessons before anything more could be said. But the chums of Cedar Creek had plenty of food for thought that morning.

THE END.

(All about next week's story in page 27.)

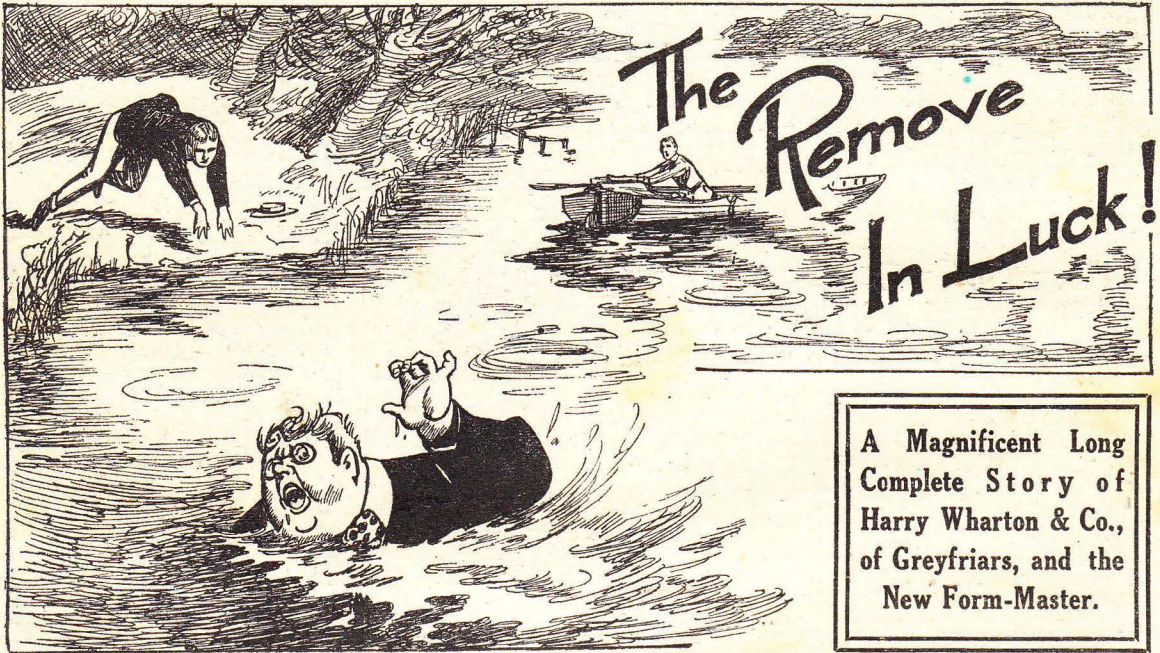
THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE REMITTANCE MAN'S TEMPTATION!"

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

NOT EVERY DAY IS IT POSSIBLE TO MEET SUCH AN EXTRAORDINARY FORM-MASTER AS MR. KNUTT. THE REMOVE HAVE REASON TO PAT THEMSELVES ON THE BACK!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, and the New Form-Master.

BY FRANK RICHARDS

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Knows.

"I SAY, you fellows, I know all about it! The new master, you know!" Billy Bunter burst into the tuckshop, his face flushed with excitement, to make that announcement.

For once Billy Bunter was not greeted with cries of "Buzz!" or "Shut up!" which were the usual replies to any remarks he made.

The Remove was, for the moment, without a master. Mr. Quelch had gone to London, and Gerald Loder, the most unpopular prefect at Greyfriars, had taken charge of the Remove for a day. But Loder's time was mostly occupied in getting a little of his own back on the Removites, and it had become necessary to get rid of Loder.

Bunter, a skilful ventriloquist, had managed it. He had sent Loder to the Head's study three times—just by imitating the Head's voice, and giving Loder an order to attend upon the Head in his study. Dr. Locke grew tired of the inexplicable visits of Loder, and promptly sent him back to the Sixth-Form room.

Hence Billy Bunter was, for once, allowed to enter the tuckshop and make a remark without being shouted down by the Removites—who knew their Billy Bunter!

Harry Wharton & Co. were there, refreshing themselves with ginger-beer, after morning lessons.

"Another ginger-pop, Mrs. Mimble, please!" said Harry Wharton. "Are you thirsty, Bunter?"

"What-ho!" said Bunter. "And hungry, too!"

"Good! Then you'll enjoy your dinner!" said Wharton. "Here's your ginger-beer, however!"

"I could do a snack now!" said Bunter. "I tell you what, Wharton. I'm expecting a postal-order this afternoon—"

"Go hon!"

"And if you would like to lend me a few bob—"

"I don't!" said Wharton cheerfully. "Is it the postal-order you were expecting last term, THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"TOO GOOD TO LAST!"

or the one you were expecting the term before?"

"Ahem! This is a—a—a different postal-order altogether," said Bunter. "It's from a titled friend of mine. I say, those are ripping jam-tarts, ain't they? I suppose I can have some, Mrs. Mimble, and settle when my postal-order comes?"

"You owe me thirteen shillings now," said Mrs. Mimble.

"Good! Make it an even fourteen bob—"

"I shall do nothing of the sort, Master Bunter!"

"Women don't understand business!" he growled. "They're asking for votes, and they don't understand the first principles of business. Every big business is built up on a system of credit. That's the only good system. Now, Mrs. Mimble—"

"Nonsense, Master Bunter."

Evidently Mrs. Mimble did not want to build up a big business on those lines.

Johnny Bull laid down a shilling.

"Go it, Bunter," he said. "You deserve it for fooling Loder this morning. Pile in."

"Thank you, Bull! Of course, I shall return this to you out of my postal-order."

"When it comes?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yes, when it comes, of course."

"It won't be of any use then," said Johnny, with a shake of the head. "I shall be getting my old-age pension by that time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter sniffed, and buried his fat face in a tart. With his mouth full, he blinked at the grinning juniors.

"I know about it now," he said. "I know all about the new master. I happened to hear Capper talking to old Prout."

"Where did you happen to be?" asked Nugent. "Behind the door or at the key-hole?"

"Oh, really, Nugent! I—I happened to be passing Capper's window, and it was open, and as I happened to stop there, to—to admire the scenery, I couldn't help hearing the two old jossers talking. The new master's name is Knutt, you know—"

"The Head told us that this morning."

"He's a Master of Arts and a tutor," said Bunter, starting on a second tart. "He's the tutor to a lord—a giddy nobleman named Lord Charles Lovelace, younger son of a giddy marquis. Old Capper has heard about him

from people at Oxford, and he says he was called 'Champagne Charley'—a regular dog, you know. Knutt is his tutor and bear-leader. Lord Charles is going for a holiday, and his tutor is coming here to take Quelch's place while he's away—see? Knutt is a young man, no older than Lord Charles, but knows everything—some sort of a beastly swot, I know that!"

And Bunter put his teeth into a third tart. "Did you happen to hear when he's coming?" asked Tom Brown.

"Yes, he's coming this afternoon," said Bunter. "Capper has heard of him, but has never met him, and he's anxious to meet him, to compare notes with him about some blessed classic or other—Knutt is supposed to be dead nuts on Æschylus, one of those old Roman johnnies—"

"Or Greek!" grinned Wharton.

"Well, some classic rot!" said Bunter. "Roman or Greek, I don't care twopence. Nice prospect for us, ain't it—a beastly swot coming here! Lucky we don't have to take Greek. He'll want to keep us grinding. Makes a fellow almost wish old Quelch would get well and come back, don't it?"

"Well, if he's only a young man we shall be able to handle him," remarked Bolsover major. "Might give him a jolly good ragging to begin with, to show him who's who, and—"

"And what's what!" said Vernon-Smith.

"I say, I heard a lot more about Lord Charles," went on Bunter. "He's a giddy kipper, you know, and 'head over ears in debt. His father makes him keep on with Knutt, though he's over age. Knutt tries hard to keep him in order. I heard—"

"Oh, blow what you heard!" said Harry Wharton. "You must have stayed a long time outside Capper's window admiring the scenery to have heard all that."

And the Co. went out, and Bunter followed, grumbling.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Lord Charles has an Idea!

"NUTTY, dear boy—"

"Well?"

"I've got it!"

Mr. Knutt smiled.

The two men were in the waiting-room at

A GRAND STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"
 "You're coming to his study now!" said Wharton, as Bunter adjusted his spectacles on his fat little nose. "We're going to take you there. If you don't make a proper speech, setting forth how grateful you are, we'll simply smash you afterwards! You're not going to disgrace the Remove!"

"Look here—"
 "Them's my sentiments!" chimed in Peter Todd. "You've got to do it, Bunter! Knutt isn't going to know there's such an ungrateful rotter in Study No. 7. You can't help being a rotter, but you've got to keep up appearances!"

"I tell you—" yelled Bunter.

"Are you ready?"

"No, I'm not! I—"

"Come on!"

"I won't! I—I— Leggo my ears, Cherry, you beast! Leggo my neck, Bulstrode, you rotter! Ow! I'll come! I'm coming! What I really meant to say was that I wanted to come!" roared Bunter.

And Billy Bunter was rushed down into Mr. Quelch's study by a crowd of Removites, there to await the appearance of Mr. Knutt.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Gratitude.

BILLY BUNTER growled and grumbled as he waited in Mr. Quelch's study for the new Form-master. He was not troubled by any sentiments of gratitude—he seldom was. His chief feeling was annoyance for having been punched, and for the loss of his spectacles, which he was very dubious if Loder would pay for. He would not admit even to himself that he had been frightened out of his wits in the water, and had been going down like a stone when Mr. Knutt reached him and saved him. His feeling towards Mr. Knutt was one of intense exasperation.

"Here comes the 'Nut'!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, giving the new Form-master the name by which the juniors always referred to him afterwards.

"Mind what we've told you, Bunter!" muttered Wharton.

"Gratitude hot and strong, or we'll scalp you afterwards!" whispered Peter Todd. "Boiling oil won't be in it with what we'll give you!"

"Br-r-r-r!" growled Bunter.

The new master entered the study. He was dressed in some clothes that had been Mr. Quelch's, and they were rather long and rather tight for him. Mr. Quelch was a taller and slimmer gentleman than Lord Charles Lovelace.

He grinned at the boys as he came in. "I understand that this is to be my study!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. This belongs to our Form-master," said Harry Wharton.

"You are Remove boys—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Glad to make your acquaintance!" said Mr. Knutt. "I hope we shall get on well together, and, in fact, have a high old time—what?"

The juniors looked at him. They, too, hoped that they would get on with their new master, and they had no objection, certainly, to having a "high old time"; but they were astounded at being addressed in such terms by a grave and solemn Master of Arts—though there was evidently nothing either grave or solemn about this particular Master of Arts.

"Ye-es, sir; I hope so," stammered Wharton.

"And this is the boy who fell into the water—eh?" pursued the Nut. "You should learn to swim, Grundy!"

"My name isn't Grundy!" growled Bunter. "My name's Bunter—William George Bunter."

"My mistake! But, as I was saying, you should learn to swim."

"I'm a splendid swimmer!"

"By Jove!" said Mr. Knutt, in surprise. "You didn't look like one. Gad, you were going down like a giddy paving-stone!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Nugent.

It was the first time he had ever heard a Form-master use that modern and expressive adjective.

"And you clung round my neck like a crab," said Mr. Knutt. "We should both have been drowned if I hadn't biffed you on the crumplet!"

"Oh crumbs!" murmured the juniors.

They had wondered a great deal what the new Form-master would be like, but they had never imagined that he would be like this. Mr. Quelch had never referred to biffing people on the crumplet. It was impossible to imagine it.

"You hit me!" growled Bunter. "That is why I couldn't—Ow—ow—ow! Yow!"

Bunter broke off in a wail as Peter Todd jammed a hard and heavy heel on his foot. Mr. Knutt looked at him in surprise.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's only Bunter's way, sir," said Wharton. "It's indigestion makes him howl like that. He eats too much."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"We've come here with Bunter to speak to you, sir," said Wharton. "He wants to express his gratitude to you, sir, for saving his life."

"Go it, Bunter!" said the juniors, giving the Owl of the Remove looks which expressed very plainly what he would get if he did not "go it."

"I—I'm awfully grateful, sir!" gasped Bunter. "It was noble of you, sir, to jump into the water and punch my head! I shall never forget it, sir!"

"That's all right, kid!" said Mr. Knutt genially. "No need to pile on the agony. I'm glad I pulled you out."

"I've got a bump on my head where you hit me! Yaro-o-oh!"

"Gad! What's the matter now?"

"Ow! My foot—my toes! Yow!"

"By Jove! Do you suffer from gout?" asked the astounded Mr. Knutt.

It was Peter Todd's heavy heel that Bunter was suffering from; but he dared not explain that to Mr. Knutt.

"It's his over-eating, sir," said Wharton. "It brings this on. Isn't that it, Bunter?"

said Wharton, looking at the fat junior ferociously with the eye that was away from Mr. Knutt.

"Ye-es," stammered Bunter, "that—that's it! I'm sorry you saved me, sir—I—I mean,

I'm grateful to you for saving my life, sir—"

"That's enough!" said Mr. Knutt. "Let it drop. Perhaps one of you kids will tell me where the dining-room is? I'm simply famished!"

"Tea's over in Hall, sir," said Harry Wharton. "Perhaps you'd be kind enough to have tea with us in the study, sir? Mr. Quelch did once, sir."

"Oh, do, sir!" said Nugent.

"We'll make it a ripping spread, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"First-chop!" said Johnny Bull.

"Al at Lloyd's!" said Tom Brown.

Mr. Knutt grinned.

"You're jolly good and hospitable," he said. "I fancy I couldn't do better. We'll get to know one another that way—eh? I'm sure I shall get on well with you young fellows, and I'll cram Latin and mathematics into your heads in chunks! What?"

"Oh!"

"Am I very much like your old Form-master?" asked Mr. Knutt.

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Well, I hope you'll like me just as well," said Mr. Knutt.

"Oh, yes, sir! Rather, sir!"

"Well, I'll come to tea in the study," said Mr. Knutt, laughing. "Buzz off and get it ready, like good kids!"

"Ten minutes, sir, that's all."

"Right-ho!" said Mr. Knutt.

The juniors crowded out of the study. The door closed, and Mr. Knutt burst into a loud laugh.

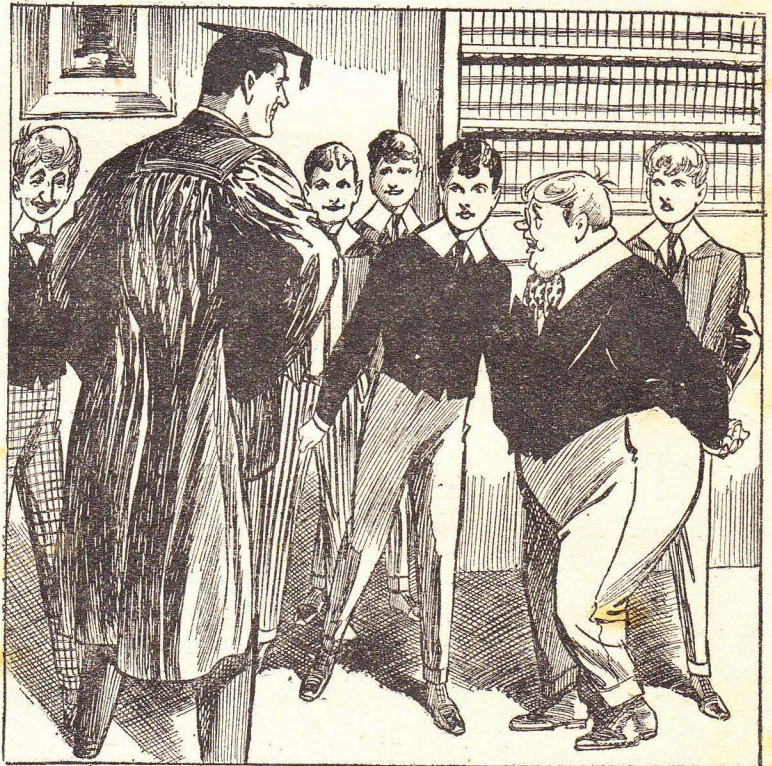
"Behold me a giddy Form-master in a public school!" he chirruped. "Oh, what would the boys say? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

And the cheerful young gentleman gracefully prouetted round the table, waving Mr. Quelch's academic cap in the air, in sheer high spirits.

The door reopened.

"If you please, sir, would you like—"

Harry Wharton broke off in sheer astonishment as he saw how the new Form-master



SOMETHING NEW IN FORM-MASTERS! "And this is the boy who fell into the water, eh?" pursued the new master. "You should learn to swim, Grundy!" "My name is Bunter, sir, and I'm a splendid swimmer!" said Bunter. "By Jove!" said Mr. Knutt. "You didn't look like one. Gad! You were going down like a giddy paving-stone!" (See Chapter 5.)

was engaged. His jaw dropped, and he stared at Mr. Knutt with bulging eyes. Mr. Knutt turned rather red, and ceased his war-dance.

"Ahem! Just a—just a little exercise, you know!" he stammered. "Good thing after a—after a bathe! What do you want, Carter?"

"Wharton, sir. I—I was going to ask you if you preferred anything special for tea, sir," gasped Wharton.

"Oh, any old thing!" said Mr. Knutt. "Oh! Ye-es, sir."

"I'm not particular. Only a good cigar, that's all I care about—"

"A c-cigar, sir!"

"I—I mean, of course, I sha'n't smoke!" said Mr. Knutt, recollecting himself. "Quite right of you to remind me, Hartley!"

"My name's Wharton, sir," said Harry mildly. "Yes, yes; quite so! That's all right! Clear out!"

Wharton cleared out. "Well, of all the queer fish I ever saw, that chap is the queerest!" he confided to his chums. "But he's a good sort!"

"Ripping good sort—with a fine flow of language all his own!" grinned Nugent. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"More like a big schoolboy than a Form-master," said Bob Cherry. "Something jolly breezy about him. I like him."

"The likefulness is terrific!"

"Well, I think we shall get on with him," said Harry. "Now, about the tea. We've got to whip round, and stand a jolly good extra special tea."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows, I'll do the cooking, you know. I—"

"You can buzz off, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I want to do something for Mr. Knutt, you know, as he—he saved my life," said Bunter. "I hope you don't think I'm—ahem!—ungrateful. I'm going to come to the feed, of course, to—show my gratitude!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at! I shall insist—"

"Take that fat freak away, Peter Todd; he belongs to you!" growled Wharton.

And the chums of the Remove prepared that feed in Study No. 1 without the valuable assistance of William George Bunter. It was a record spread, the juniors pooling funds to obtain the best that Mrs. Mimble could supply.

When it was ready, Wharton called for Mr. Knutt, and found that gentleman smoking a cigarette in his study, with his feet on the table. Mr. Knutt jerked down his feet as he saw the junior's surprised face.

"Tea's ready, sir!" said Harry. "Good egg!" said Mr. Knutt. "So am I! Lead on, Macduff!"

And the amazing Form-master followed Harry Wharton to Study No. 1.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Tea in Study No. 1.

QUITE a party of Removites had gathered in Study No. 1 to have tea with the new Form-master.

A "master to tea" was not generally regarded as a pleasure by the juniors. Form-masters sometimes honoured their boys in that way, but such occasions were dreadfully solemn and serious, and could not be called enjoyable.

The master would be very affable, but the boys would have on assumed manners of great solemnity, and there was usually a gasp of relief in the study when the honoured but oppressive guest was gone. But it was not like that with the new master of the Remove.

Mr. Knutt was popular at once. He was so boyish in his manners as to appear almost one of the boys himself, and his peculiar manner of speaking placed them on familiar terms at once.

Mr. Knutt did not appear to have even heard of the great and solemn dignity it was necessary for a Form-master to keep up. There were Sixth-Formers at Greyfriars who were much more dignified than Mr. Knutt.

And his evident enjoyment of tea in the study made the juniors enjoy it, too. Their liking for Mr. Knutt was immediate and immense.

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NEXT TUESDAY!

"TOO GOOD TO LAST!"

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

Tea proceeded in the highest spirits. The study was crowded, but the juniors did not mind that, and Mr. Knutt did not appear to mind it, either.

As the study was very full and very warm, the door was left open, and that gave an opportunity to other Remove fellows to come along and see their new master.

And before long there was quite a crowd in the passage, deeply interested in the remarks and proceedings of the amazing Mr. Knutt.

Mr. Knutt appeared to have a healthy appetite. A spread of unusual dimensions had been provided, and the Form-master accepted the many helpings that were pressed upon him from all sides, and "did himself" very well.

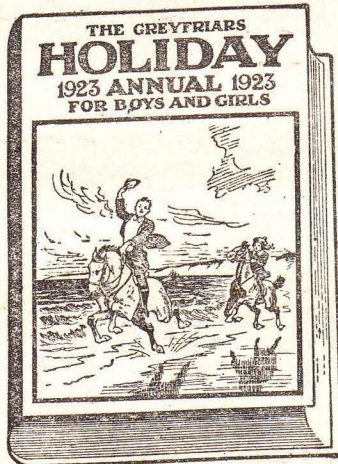
"I must say, this is ripping!" said Mr. Knutt, beaming upon the juniors. "You kids seem to have quite a good time here. What?"

"The goodness is terrific, honoured sahib!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Will you try the tarts, sir?"

"What-ho!" said Mr. Knutt. "May I fill your cup again, sir?"

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"Go it!" said Mr. Knutt. "Pour out the Rhine wine—let it flow!"

"We're jolly glad to have you for our Form-master, sir!" said Bob Cherry. "I suppose you play cricket, sir?"

"Play cricket!" smiled Mr. Knutt. "I should say so, by Jove! I played for my college."

"Did you really, sir?"

"I suppose, perhaps, I'm a bit different from what you expected—what?" said Mr. Knutt.

"Well, yes, sir," said Harry Wharton. "We heard that the new master was a—a a bit of a swot, sir, and never expected you'd be a cricketer!"

"You won't find me much of a swot," said Mr. Knutt. "I never was a reading man—never could stand it, you know. I sha'n't make you kids work hard. Plenty of cricket, plenty of rowing, and lots of time in the open air—what? That's my system."

The juniors simply beamed. It was their system, too, if they could have managed it. Mr. Knutt was a Form-master after their own hearts.

"Do the masters play in the teams here?" said Mr. Knutt, showing much interest in the subject of cricket.

"Sometimes, sir; but not much," said Wharton. "Mr. Quelch wasn't a cricketer. It wasn't in his line."

"It's in my line," said Mr. Knutt. "Do you kids mind if I light a cigarette?"

"Not at all, sir!"

Mr. Knutt produced his cigarette-case—a handsome crocodile case with a crest on it—a very valuable possession for a Form-master. It was full of cigarettes of the most expensive variety. Nugent and Bob Cherry jumped up with matches at once. Mr. Knutt lighted up, and blew out little clouds of smoke.

"Hallo! Smoking in your study, Wharton?" exclaimed Vernon-Smith, coming along the passage and looking in. "Oh, my hat!"

Mr. Knutt nodded affably to the Bounder. "It's I," he explained. "Ahem! I suppose I'm setting a bad example to you youngsters. You don't smoke, of course?"

"It isn't allowed to boys, sir," said Nugent demurely.

"Quite right—quite right, by Jove!" said Mr. Knutt. "It's a bad thing all round; spoils your wind, and makes you unfit, you know! Knutt always tells me—"

He paused. The juniors could not help looking at him in surprise as he mentioned his own name.

The new master coloured a little. He had very nearly put his foot in it that time.

"My uncle, you know!" the new master explained, with perfect coolness, after a second's pause. "My Uncle Knutt, you know—very wise old boy, always giving me good advice. It was through him I got the post here, you know, as master of the Remove. But for Uncle Knutt, I shouldn't be at Greyminster now."

"Greyfriars, sir."

"Yes, I mean Greyfriars!" Mr. Knutt lighted another cigarette. "Never smoke, my boys—never even when you grow up. It's a waste of money and a waste of strength."

And he blew out smoke cheerfully, evidently not thinking it necessary to take his own advice, good as it was.

Mr. Knutt smoked cigarette after cigarette, lighting one from another, and the study was soon thick with smoke.

There was a stately step in the passage, and Mr. Capper looked in.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Capper. "I heard you were here, Mr. Knutt. I have been anxious to meet you—Goodness gracious!"

Mr. Capper blinked in amazement into the cloud of smoke that surrounded Mr. Knutt.

The new master of the Remove nodded to him. "Glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "Trot in!"

"Eh?"

"Smoke?" asked Mr. Knutt, extending his cigarette case towards the astounded master of the Upper Fourth.

"N-unno!" gasped Mr. Capper.

And without waiting for further words, he rustled away. He had been anxious to meet the young Master of Arts, who had been so distinguished for his learning. But the sight of him in the junior study, with his feet across a chair, and a cloud of smoke around him, astounded Mr. Capper so much that he had to go away to recover himself. And the atmosphere of the study was not inviting by this time.

Mr. Knutt looked into his case again, and found that it was empty.

"Hallo! All gone!" he ejaculated. "And not a cigar left! I smoked the last with Knutt—I mean, Uncle Knutt—at Courtfield! Rotten luck!"

"Your uncle came to Courtfield to see you off, sir?" said Harry.

Mr. Knutt chuckled.

"Yes, he saw me off, by Jove—though he really didn't mean to! Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will be travelling now. Thank you very much, youngsters! I've enjoyed myself immensely! I think we shall pull together famously. What?"

"Sure of it, sir!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

And Mr. Knutt took his leave, leaving the juniors to stare at each other in amazement. The new master was somewhat surprising. Suddenly Bob Cherry chuckled.

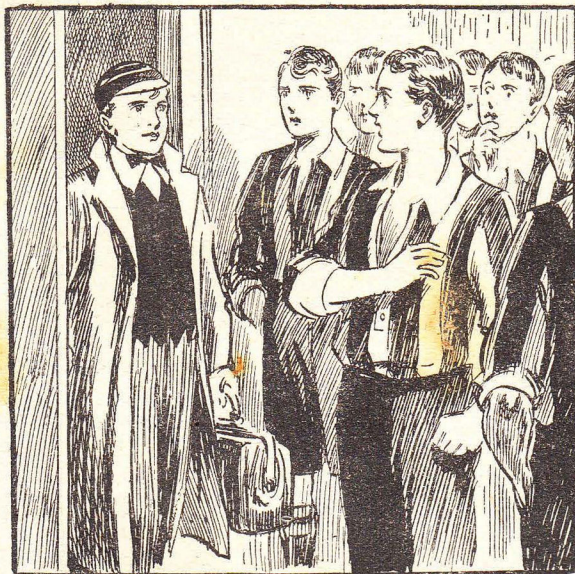
"I don't know what you think, you chaps," he said. "I reckon we're in luck!"

The others agreed that the Remove was certainly in luck, and they hoped it lasted!

THE END.

(There will be another long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, in next week's issue.)

THOUGH NOT SUCH A GENIUS AS FATTY WYNN IN GOAL, HARRY HAMMOND'S HEROIC DISPLAY IN THE WAYLAND MATCH WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!



HARRY HAMMOND— HERO!



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



By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Author of the famous stories of St. Jim's appearing in the "Gem.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Not a Success.

"GOAL!"

"Good shot, Talbot!"
"Well played, the Shell!"

The touchline on Little Side at St. Jim's was thronged with spectators. A football match was in progress between the Shell and the Fourth; and the Shell, skippered by Tom Merry, were going great guns. Indeed, they looked like swamping their opponents.

Jack Blake and Co. of the Fourth were playing up desperately. But they had no chance—and they knew it. There was a weak link in their armour, so to speak; and that weak link was their goalkeeper, Harry Hammond.

"It was a mistake to put Hammond in goal," said Jack Blake bitterly. "He's let us down badly."

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I'm surprised at Hammond. He's muffed shot aftah shot."

"Wish this wasn't a School House fixture," said Digby, "or we could have had Fatty Wynn in goal. Hammond's been beaten three times, and Fatty Wynn would have saved every shot."

Jack Blake turned angrily to the fellow who was keeping goal for the Fourth.

"Buck up, Hammond!" he said irritably. "You're not there as a giddy ornament, you know! When the ball comes your way, why the dickens don't you fist it out, or kick it out, or something, instead of running away from it and letting it go into the net?"

Hammond flushed crimson.

"I—I'm sorry," he muttered.

"Bless your sorrow!" growled Blake. "I wouldn't have put you in goal if I'd known what a hopeless duffer you were!"

The ball was kicked off again from the centre of the field.

Tom Merry & Co., who were playing at the top of their form, came swooping down on their opponents' goal.

The Shell had scored three goals already, but evidently they were not content to rest on their laurels. They

meant to pile on as many more goals as possible.

Harry Noble sent across a perfect pass, and Tom Merry fastened on to the ball and drove it in.

It was a very hard drive, and Hammond felt that if he tried to stop it he would get hurt. He made a half-hearted clutch at the empty air, and the ball crashed past him into the net.

"Goal!"

"Four up!" chanted the Shell supporters jubilantly.

Jack Blake glared wrathfully at Hammond.

"Why didn't you stop that one?" he demanded.

Hammond's reply was nothing if not frank.

"I fukned it," he admitted.

"Well, I'm dashed! You're a bright beauty to have in goal, and no mistake!"

There was every excuse for Jack Blake showing temper.

The rivalry between the Shell and the Fourth was very keen. And Blake had hoped to lower Tom Merry & Co.'s colours. He would probably have succeeded, too, but for that appalling weakness in the Fourth Form goal.

Harry Hammond, the son of the man who manufactured "Ammond's" 'Igh-class 'Ats," was an utter failure as a goalkeeper.

Hammond was a decent little fellow, in spite of the fact that he sometimes dropped his aitches. But he couldn't keep goal for toffee. He wasn't a funk as a rule, yet he was afraid to stand up to those smashing drives of Tom Merry and Talbot.

This was the first time he had kept goal for his Form. And Hammond had no idea that goalkeeping required such a lot of pluck.

The only fellow who had any sympathy for Hammond was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Gussy had always been a staunch champion of Hammond. And he began to make excuses for him now.

"Don't be watty with the kid, Blake,"

he said. "This is his first expewience in goal."

"And it's going to be his last—for the Fourth, at any rate!" growled Blake.

"It isn't the easiest thing in the world to stop a hard dwive," said Arthur Augustus. "I considah we ought to make allowances for young Hammond."

"I'll make allowances for him—with my boot!" said Blake savagely. "Wait till after the match!"

"If you lay a fingah on Hammond," said Gussy heatedly, "I shall cease to wegard you as a fwicnd, Blake!"

"Br-r-r!"

"Blake didn't say anything about laying a finger on the kid," said Herries. "He threatened to use his boot."

"If he does anything of the sort," said Arthur Augustus, "he'll have to weckon with me!"

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Blake. "Let's get on with the game."

Twenty minutes remained for play. If a miracle happened, the Fourth would score five goals and pull the game out of the fire.

But the miracle didn't happen.

There was only one more goal scored. And it was scored by the Shell, who finished up easy victors by five goals to nil.

Harry Hammond got a hostile reception as he came off the field.

"Yah!"

"Call yourself a goalie?"
"A fag in the First would have put up a better show than that!"

"Clear off, before we scrag you!"
Hammond walked away with a flaming countenance. He was conscious of having given a sorry exhibition of himself. He had no answer to his critics, because he knew that their criticism was justified.

"I'm an 'opeless dud, when it comes to goalkeepin'," he muttered. "It's my fault we were licked, an' I don't suppose Blake will ever forgive me. I shall never 'ear the last of this."

Somebody tapped the speaker on the shoulder. Hammond spun round, and encountered Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

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A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"TWO ON THE TRACK!"

"Cheer up, deah boy!" said the swell of St. Jim's. "You made an awful hash of things this afternoon, but you'll improve with practice."

Hammond nodded gratefully. "I mean to do better next time," he said. "All the fellows are sayin' I'm a funk an' I suppose it's true. But I'm goin' to practise goalkeepin' in every minute of my spare time, until they think differently."

Hammond spoke with determination. His voice was so earnest that Arthur Augustus smiled.

"I'm afraid you've a long way to go before you become a Fatty Wynn," he said.

"I know," said Hammond. "I don't suppose I shall ever make what you might call a brilliant goalie. But I can at least cure myself of that feelin' of funk I get when a hot drive comes along. Will you give me a 'elpin' and, Master D'Arcy?"

It was a habit of Hammond's to refer to Arthur Augustus as "Master D'Arcy." He had a tremendous respect for the swell of St. Jim's.

"Of course I'll help you, deah boy!" was the ready reply. "We'll come out an' practice as often as you like. But you mustn't show the white feathah, mind. You must stand up to all the shots like a man."

Hammond nodded eagerly.

"I'll stand up to 'em, even if I get knocked backwards into the net!" he said.

"That's the spivit!"

Arthur Augustus smiled, and passed on. And Harry Hammond went on his way with a lighter heart and a lighter step. There was a chance for him yet

to retrieve the sorry start he had made as a goalkeeper.

Hammond met with black looks for the remainder of that day. But he knew he had deserved them, and he bore them in silence.

Next day, when afternoon lessons were over, Hammond made tracks for Little Side. He was accompanied by D'Arcy, Herries, and Digby. Jack Blake had been asked to join in the practice, but he would not deign to be seen playing with such a duffer as Hammond.

On reaching Little Side, Herries turned to Hammond.

"Get in goal," he said, "and we'll pepper you with shots. And don't be a funk. The ball won't bite you. If we see you running away from a shot, we'll give you a bumping!"

"Yes, rather!" said Digby.

Hammond took up his position between the posts.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy placed the football on the ground, at the penalty mark.

"Are you weedy, Hammond?" he asked.

"Yes, Master D'Arcy."

Plomp!

There was a sound of boot meeting ball, and the latter went whizzing in at terrific speed.

Hammond's first impulse was to dodge away from the incoming ball. But he set his teeth, and faced it manfully. And it didn't prove to be so very terrible, after all. True, the force of the shot knocked him backwards. But he scrambled up again in an instant, with a grin on his face.

"My 'at! That was a scorcher!" he panted.

"You ought weally to have saved it," said Arthur Augustus. "Still, you didn't wun away fwom it, an' that's somethin'."

"Let's have the ball, kid," said Herries.

Hammond fished the ball out of the net, and tossed it to Herries. The latter sent in a fast low shot, which Hammond dived for—and saved. There was a chorus of approval.

"Well saved!"

"That's the way, deah boy!"

D'Arcy and Herries and Digby continued to bombard Hammond with shots from the penalty mark.

Hammond faced those shots without flinching. He was often beaten, but never for want of trying. He threw himself heart and soul into the proceedings. And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was mightily pleased.

"If only you had played like this yesterday, bai Jove," he said. "We shouldn't have been licked by such a big margin!"

"We shall make a Sam Hardy of him yet!" said Digby. "He's improving all the time."

Hammond flushed with pleasure. And he failed to hear a mocking laugh which came from behind the goal.

Mellish of the Fourth had been watching the football. Mellish was no good at the game himself, and it did not please him to see Hammond blossoming into a useful player.

There was an unpleasant gleam in Mellish's eyes as he turned and strolled away with his hands in his pockets.

"That kid Hammond wants taking down a peg or two," he muttered. "And I fancy I know how it can be done. I'll wait a few days, and then—"

The expression on the face of Percy Mellish boded ill for Harry Hammond, the budding goalie.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Hammond.

HAMMOND improved greatly as the days went by.

He had developed into quite a good man between the posts. No longer did he funk a hard drive. He went forward eagerly to meet it, and nine times out of ten he saved it. He was as nimble as a monkey, and he dealt with all sorts of shots in masterly style.

Even Jack Blake had to admit that Hammond was made of the right sort of stuff, after all.

"He'll never be the equal of Fatty Wynn," said Blake. "All the same, I shouldn't be surprised to see him make a name for himself. He's improved out of all knowledge since that feeble display he gave last week."

Hammond himself was feeling quite elated. Already he was beginning to live down the miserable fiasco which had taken place the week before.

Hammond's one regret was that there was no match on Wednesday afternoon, so that he could prove his prowess.

After dinner on the Wednesday, however, he got a big surprise.

Kildare of the Sixth bore down upon him in the quad.

"You're wanted on the telephone, kid," he said.

"Where, Kildare?"

"In the prefects' room."

"Thanks!"

Hammond hurried away, wondering who wanted him, and why he was wanted. He sprinted into the prefects' room, and picked up the receiver.

"Allo!" he said.

(Continued on page 17.)

A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



A NASTY ACCIDENT! Dick Royle ran towards the injured goalie and raised him to his feet. "Poor kid!" muttered Royle. "I guess you won't be able to carry on after this." "I'm going on!" said Hammond thickly. "Don't worry about me, I shall be all right!" (See Chapter 3.)

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY

Greyfriars

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.

St. Jim's

Rookwood

Supplement No. 90.

Week Ending September 30th, 1922.

A SHORT, HUMOROUS STORY OF GREYFRIARS.

BUNTER'S SPECIAL DIET!

By TOM BROWN.

"I SAY, Cherry, old chap!" Billy Bunter sat up in bed in the Remove dormitory. The rising-bell was clanging its shrill summons. Bob Cherry was already up, performing his ablutions. He glanced round from the washstand. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he ejaculated. "Did you call me, porpoise?" "Yes. You might fetch me a glass of cold water—"

"I might!" agreed Bob. "But I fancy you'll be unlucky!" "Oh, really, Cherry— Don't be a beast. It's only a trifling favour that I'm asking you. Just bring me a glass of water—"

"What on earth for?" "It's for Bunter's morning tub, I expect!" chuckled Vernon-Smith. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The peal of laughter nettled Billy Bunter. "Dry up!" he said irritably. "Bring me that glass of water, Cherry, and squeeze the juice of a lemon into it!"

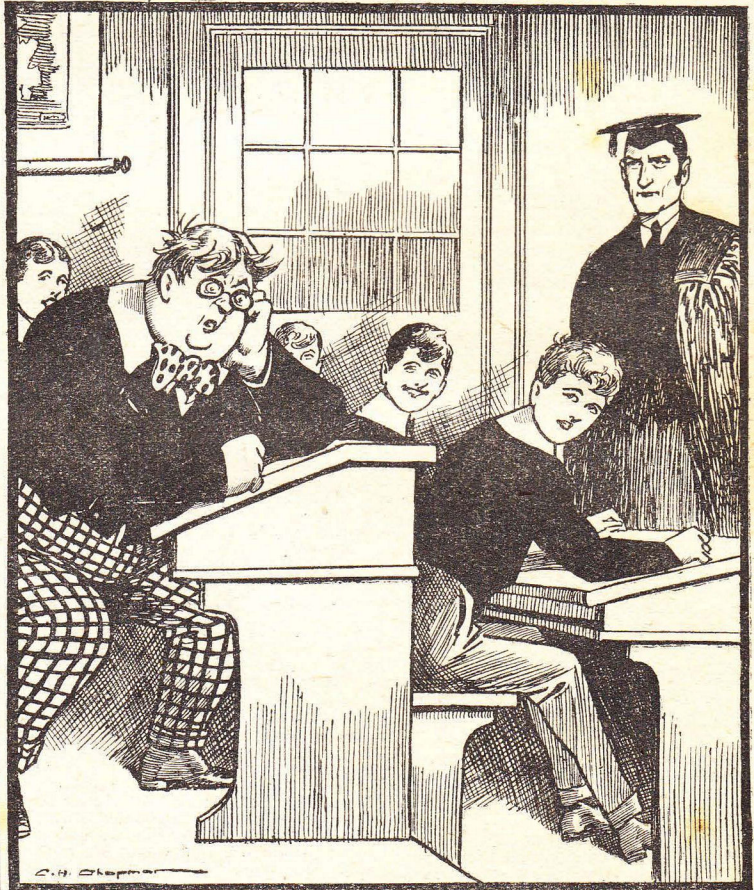
Bob Cherry gave a snort. "I'll squeeze a sponge over your chivvy if you're not careful!" he said. "What do you take me for—a giddy manservant?"

Bob Cherry's hand wandered towards a sponge as he spoke. Billy Bunter saw the movement, and promptly rolled out of bed. He didn't relish the thought of having a sponge of icy water squeezed over his flabby features.

"As you're such a disobliging beast, Cherry," he said, "I shall have to wait on myself!"

The fat junior rolled to the washstand and half-filled a tumbler of water. "Anybody got a lemon?" he asked. "This is the Remove dormitory—not Coveat Garden!" said Peter Todd. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've got a lemon!" said Bolsover major suddenly. "I ate one last night, to cure



Billy Bunter feels the effects of his dieting!

a cold. And I've got one left. Coming over, Bunter!" Bolsover hurled the lemon at Billy Bunter, who promptly caught it—with his nose! "Yarooooooop!" he yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Billy Bunter tenderly caressed his damaged nasal organ. Then he stooped and picked up the lemon. He squeezed it

THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

Supplement I.]

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into the tumbler of water, and then drained the tumbler.

The juniors looked on in amazement. They could not understand why Bunter should want to drink a glass of lemon-water on rising.

But there was a far bigger surprise in store for the Removites.

When breakfast-time came, Billy Bunter pushed his plate of eggs and bacon away from him in disgust.

It was so unusual for Bunter to decline his breakfast that Mr. Quelch commented on the fact.

"Are you ill, Bunter?" he asked.

"Nunno, sir!"

"Then why are you not eating your breakfast?"

"This sort of breakfast is most injurious to a fellow's health, sir!" said Bunter.

"What!"

"Eggs are indigestible, and bacon is coarse and unwholesome!" said the fat junior.

"Nonsense, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch sharply. "Eggs and bacon provide a nourishing and sustaining meal. You have eaten eggs and bacon other mornings, in enormous quantities. Why this sudden revulsion of feeling?"

"I'm wiser now, sir!" said Bunter. "I've had my eyes opened. I shall give eggs and bacon a miss in future."

"Then you had better eat some bread-and-butter," said Mr. Quelch.

Billy Bunter shuddered at the suggestion.

"Bread is not at all a suitable article of food, sir," he said. "People call it the staff of life, but they couldn't make a bigger mistake."

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"I have never heard such ridiculous nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Do you propose to go breakfastless this morning, Bunter?"

"No, sir. I should like a few muscatels and almonds, sir!"

Mr. Quelch gasped. So did Bunter's schoolfellows. If anyone had told them that the glutton of the Remove would ever breakfast off muscatels and almonds, they would not have believed it.

"You had better go and ask the cook to let you have what you require, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, when he had recovered from his astonishment.

"Thank you, sir!"

Billy Bunter promptly paid a visit to the school kitchen. He returned in a few moments with a handful of muscatels and almonds. These he proceeded to consume, with evident enjoyment.

The other fellows attacked their eggs and bacon with relish, but Billy Bunter cast no envious glances at them. He seemed rather to pity them.

Bunter's conduct at the breakfast-table had staggered his schoolfellows. But his behaviour at dinner-time staggered them still more.

Dinner consisted of steak-and-kidney pie and boiled potatoes.

A plateful of pie and vegetables was placed in front of Billy Bunter. But he pushed it aside.

"What ever is the matter with you, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch testily. "You ate practically no breakfast, and now you are declining your dinner!"

"I'm not going to eat anything that will upset me, sir," said Bunter. "Meat is the worst thing you can eat. It poisons the system. Pie-crust is horribly indigestible. As for boiled potatoes—"

Bunter broke off with a shudder.

"What is wrong with boiled potatoes, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch.

The fat junior wrinkled his brows, as if he were trying to remember something he had read. Presently he spoke.

"Boiled potatoes are one of the greatest enemies to health, sir. They produce flatulence, distend the stomach, and strain the heart. They are useless as food, dangerous to health, and a waste of time, fuel, and money. They are responsible for lots of human ailments."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"You appear to have been reading some trashy book dealing with foodstuffs, THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

Bunter," he said. "That is the only conclusion I can come to. What are you going to have for dinner?"

"I don't want any dinner, sir!"

That amazing statement, coming as it did from the biggest glutton in the Form, caused quite a sensation at the Remove table.

Bob Cherry dropped his knife and fork with a clatter. Skinner pretended to swoon. And the others gave gasps of astonishment.

"Very well, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "I will not compel you to eat against your will. But you appear to have acquired some very curious ideas on the subject of food."

"The fact is, sir," said Bunter, "it's only necessary to eat one meal a day to keep in perfect health. I've read of a man—a commercial traveller—who lives on six bananas a day. Another man—an Army surgeon—lives solely on muscatels and almonds."

"I do not envy either of the men in question!" said Mr. Quelch. "They are faddists, and they will pay for their faddish mode of living in the long run. I strongly advise you to eat more dinner, Bunter!"

But the fat junior was not to be tempted. He had no dinner that day; and, what was more astonishing, nobody saw him take any tea, or supper, either.

The climax came next morning, in the Remove Form-room.

Billy Bunter looked far from well when he took his place in class. His face was very pale, and he was groaning aloud.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "The boy is ill!"

"Ow, ow, ow!" groaned Bunter.

"Come here!" commanded the Form-master.

Billy Bunter staggered out in front of the class.

"I am convinced, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, "that you are suffering from malnutrition. You have had insufficient food. I am also convinced that you have been reading some fanatical book. Am I right?"

"It isn't a fanatical book, sir—"

"If you have a book in your possession, Bunter, hand it to me at once!"

Billy Bunter groped in his breast-pocket and produced a handbook, which he handed to the Form-master.

"Ah, I thought so!" said Mr. Quelch, turning over the pages. "This book is entitled, 'The Art of Eating Wisely.' Listen, my boys, to some of the absurd statements it contains. This is what it calls an ideal daily diet: 'On rising, take a tumbler of water, with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it. For breakfast, a few muscatels and almonds will suffice. Only a light midday meal should be partaken of; preferably none at all. If hungry later in the day a few bananas will be all-sufficient.'"

"Bread should never be eaten. It is a very poor staff of life to lean upon, the essence of the wheat having been stolen from it for the sake of appearance and taste. Bacon is coarse. All meat is poisonous. Starchy foods should never be taken as they require a double process of digestion. Stick to fruit, which is Nature's own food, and you may be assured of living to a ripe old age."

Mr. Quelch read no more. He hurled the book into the waste-paper basket in disgust.

"You are an utterly stupid boy, Bunter," he said, "to allow yourself to be influenced by such a pernicious book. No wonder you are feeling ill! All you need is a substantial meal. Go to the cook at once, and tell her to prepare you one. Mention that I sent you. And do not let me find you reading such trash again!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the Form-room. He was absent nearly an hour, and when he returned he was the same old Bunter, fat and bloated and satisfied. And when dinner-time came, it was apparent to all that he had reverted to his former habits, for he consumed no less than three helpings of everything!

THE END.

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

By BILLY BUNTER.

MY DEAR READERS.—It is not often that I talk about grubb. Food is not a subject that interests me very much. I possess a sole that rises above such sordid matters as eating and drinking.

This week, however, I cannot refrain from making a few remarks concerning diet.

A short time ago a book fell into my hands, entitled "The Art of Eating Wisely." I digested all the information contained in this book, and I swallowed everything that the orther said. (Please do not infer from this that I ate the book!)

Little did I dream that the writer of the book was a crank, a faddist, and a fanatic. Had I known this at the outset, I should have left the book severely alone. As it was, I paid sollum heed to the rules of diet as laid down by the orther, and I put his advice into practiss, with paneful rezults.

If you want to know what happened, read Tom Brown's story, in this issew.

Never again shall I take any notiss of books dealing with grubb. Not even Mrs. Beeton's Kookery Book, which some people say is a book that cannot be Beeton!

I shall go my own way in future, and eat what I like, when I like, and where I like. I will turn a deaf ear to the cranks and the faddists and the fanatics.

As I said before, food is not a subject that interests me very much. But I feel that I ought to take this opportunity of warning my readers to beware of cranks. Never be particular as to what you eat. The only thing that is dangerous and unwise is overfeeding. Provided you eat in modderation, it duzzent matter whether you have roast chicken, pork chops, or that grand old English gentleman, Sir Loyne of Beefe.

I trusted I have made myself clear. Avoid the diet cranks as you would avoid a plaig!

Hoping you are quite well as it leeves me at prezant, with slight panes in my inner man,—Yours sinseerly,

YOUR EDITOR.

£50 IN PRIZES

is being offered in a simple competition in the greatly enlarged

"CHUCKLES"

Out on Thursday. Price 2d.

A FREE MAGIC PAINTING CARD is given with each copy.

[Supplement '11.]

"LAUGH. AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU —" EVERYONE DOES —

GREYFRIARS ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

A GRAND OPEN-AIR CONCERT

will be held on the Greyfriars Cricket Ground on Wednesday afternoon next, commencing at 3 p.m.

PROGRAMME:

1. **OPENING CHORUS** by the Remove Revellers.
2. **SONG:**
"I'm Wasting Away To a Shadow."
By **BILLY BUNTER.**
3. **RECITATION:**
"Right On Our Flank Old Quelchy's Cane Came Down!"
By **HAROLD SKINNER.**
4. **CONJURING EXHIBITION:**
By **OLIVER KIPPS.**
5. **SONG:**
"My Face Is My Fortune; That's Why I'm so Poor!"
By **HORACE COKER.**
6. **MOUTH-ORGAN SELECTIONS.**
By **MICKY DESMOND.**
7. **SONG:**
"The Leaves Is Ever Fallin'."2
By **WILLIAM GOSLING.**
8. **VENTRILOQUIAL PERFORMANCE:**
BILLY BUNTER will throw his voice, while the audience throws bad eggs!
9. **SONG:**
"Somewhere A Voice Is Bawling."
By **TOM DUTTON.**
10. **Exhibition of Tight-rope Walking on Wun Lung's Pigtail.**
By **HOP HL.**
11. **SONG:**
"Many Brave Tarts Arc Asleep In a Heap."
By **SAMMY BUNTER.**
12. **Everybody will join hands and chant "Auld Lang Syne."** Donald Ogilvy will accompany on the bagpipes.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Sixth-Formers, 2s. 6d.
Fifth-Formers, 2s. 0d.
Shell, 1s.
Upper Fourth, 9d.
Remove, Nix.
Fags, 3d.

Proceeds to be devoted to the Disabled Soldiers' Fund.

ROLL UP AND BE MERRY!

THIS ENTERTAINMENT WILL BE THE BEST THING OF THE TERM!

Tickets can be obtained at the Box Office (No. 1 Study); at the offices of **BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY** (No. 7 Study); or from Mrs. Mimble at the school tuckshop. Anyone attending the performance without paying will be ejected forthwith on his neck!

(Signed) **HARRY WHARTON,**
President,
Greyfriars Entertainment Committee.

Supplement III.]

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS!

Humorous and Otherwise.

NOTE.—Our advertisement rates have been specially reduced this week in order to meet the requirements of those who are short of pocket-money. The charge is a farthing per line (minimum two lines). Greyfriars fellows should send their advertisement matter to W. G. Bunter, Study No. 7, Remove Passage; St. Jim's fellows to D. L. Wynn, New House; and Rookwood fellows to Reginald Muffin, Fourth Form, Classical Side. All advertisements must be paid for in advance. The Editor of this WEEKLY doesn't believe in allowing tick.

BIRTHS.

ON Friday last, at Greyfriars, Billy Bunter gave birth to a really brilliant brain-wave. He decided to hold a Grand Annual Dinner for the staff of **BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY**. This function will take place on Wednesday evening next. Those who attend must bring their own food and drink.

MARRIAGES.

TWIGG-LEEFE.—On Saturday, at a London Register Office, Theophilus Twigg, schoolmaster (brother of Mr. Twigg, of Greyfriars), to Leonora Leefe. A party of fags from this school were present at the ceremony.

DEBTS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that William George Bunter, of Greyfriars, has been discharged from bankruptcy. All his debts have been duly paid up, and he starts with a clean sheet from to-day.

FINANCIAL.

ONE PENNY TO ONE POUND lent on note of hand to hard-up school-boys. Business conducted in strict confidence. I do not send the Court-field Town Crier round to announce that you are "broke." No references wanted; just your simple promise to repay the loan. No exorbitant interest charged, merely 75 per cent. Take advantage of this magnificent offer at once by applying to the Greyfriars Loan Office. Manager, Fisher T. Fish.

PERSONAL.

SAMMY.—Return at once to your sorrowing Billy. All is forgiven. You have left the editorial office in a fearful pickle. Come back at once, and I'll give you an increase in salary—and a jolly good lamming with a cricket-stump!

COUSIN ETHEL.—Sorry I can't get away on Saturday, owing to a pressing engagement. I've got to press my Sunday trousers.—**GUSSY.**

BOLSOVER MAJOR.—Me velly solly me treadee on your pet corn in Remove passage. Me trust all is forgiven, and that you will not chopee offee pigtail.—**WUN LUNG.**

WILL SOME KIND PERSON GIVE A STRUGGLING SKOOLBOY A HELPING HAND? I've only got fourpence left out of my pocket-munney to purchase study teas for the rest of the week. Don't stand by and see me starve! Give me your practical simperthy in the shape of hard cash. All kontributions greatly reseeded by **TUBBY MUFFIN,** Rookwood School.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

FAG WANTED, to arouse me every morning in a gentle but effective manner. No wet sponges, hockey sticks, or cricket stumps to be employed in the process.—Apply **GERALD KNOX,** Prefect, St. Jim's.

JOBGING GARDENER WANTED, to attend to the geraniums on my study window-sill. They have been drooping for days, owing to the drought. Applicant must bring his own watering-can. Wages—any stray fivers that he sees knocking about the study.—Apply **LORD MAULEVERER,** Remove Passage, Greyfriars.

MALE CHARWOMAN WANTED, to clean up the editorial sanktum, owing to my miner Sammy being on strike.—Apply **W. G. BUNTER,** Greyfriars.

SIX SMART VALETS WANTED, to keep my extensive wardrobe in good order and condition. Good pay and prospects for suitable applicants.—Apply, with references from previous employers, to **ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY,** St. Jim's.

HEFTY YOUTH WANTED, to guard my study cupboard from the burglarious visits of the Bunter Brothers. Salary—a tanner an hour.—Apply **GEORGE WINGATE,** Captain of Greyfriars.

YOUTH WANTED, to make himself generally youthful.—Apply **GEORGE DARREL,** Prefect, St. Jim's.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED.

LOST, some time during the summer, a couple of white mice, one answering to the name of Pip, and the other answering to the name of Squeak. Anyone returning same to Lovell minor, Rookwood School, will be rewarded with a pat on the back.

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OUR BOOK CORNER!

By BAGGY TRIMBLE.

[Their was a simmlar feecher to this in the "Greyfriars Herald" a short time back; but don't run away with the idear that I'm kribbing, deer readers. I thort of this weeze long before Wharton!—B. T.]

"How to Look Smart." By Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. (Messrs. Frump & Dowdy, 6s. net). It's like Gussy's cheek to bring out a book of this sort. He's been trying to look smart for yeers, but he hasn't suxceeded—for the simple reezon that he hasn't taken me as his moddel. Before buying a new fanny wastecote, or a new Sunday soot, he ought to come and konsult me about it. I no more about fashuns than Gussy will ever no if he lives to be as old as Miffuselah! It's utterly absder for him to write a book called "How to Look Smart," when he himself goes about like a skarecrow that's been out in the rane! Their may be sum misguided fools who'll pay six bob for this book, but Baggy Trimble won't be among them!

"The Art of Pun-Making." By Montague Lowther. (Messrs. Grinn & Giggie, 3s. 6d. net). I may be rong, but I konsider that Lowther ought to be sent to prizzen for writing a book of this deskripshun. To my mind, evvery fello who makes a pun ought to be promptly poked into a padded sell! It's a sure sine that his brane has given way. Their are over a thousand puns in this book, and the majority of them came out of the Arc with Joan—I mean, Noer. If Lowther does this sort of thing agane we shall have to plaunce ourselves under perlice proteckshun!

"How to Become a First-Class Footballer." By George Alfred Grundy. (Messrs. Pass & Dribble, 5s. net). When a fello like Grundy gets up on his hind-legs and starts giving hints on footbawl it's time all mankind rose in revolt! If ever their was a freek on the footerfeeld, it's Grundy. He karnt shoot, he karnt pass, he karnt dribble, he karnt do nothing. He flownders about on the feeld like a hipperpottamus! And yet he's got the nerve to write a book on the subjick! The neckst time George Alfred Grundy feels like writing a book perhaps he will tern his mity mind to marbels, or hopskotch, or sum other sootable game for the yung. But I should advise him—unless he wants to meet his deth—to give footbawl a wide birth!

"How to Live on Fifteen Thousand a Year." By Aubrey Racke. (The Profiteering Press, two guineas net). In the opening chapter of his book, Mr. Racke says that it's a very tite skweeze trying to live on fifteen thousand a year, and it can only be dun by the most rijjid ekonomy. My hatt! I only wish one of my titled relashuns would shuffle off this mortle koi, and leeve THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

ME fifteen thowsand a yeer. I'd struggel along sumhow! But, of corse, their's always the chanse that Mr. Racke meens fifteen thowsand pense, in wich case I admitt it's jolly hard to make ends meat.

Mr. Racke has ritten a very interesting and entertaning book. His grammer and speling are far from perfect, but any ass can see that he's a born jernalist. In short, it's a nailing good book, and it rivvets the reeder's attenshun from start to finnish. (I say, Racke, old man, could you advance me ½-a-krown to be pade back as soon as one of my welthy unklles leeves me fifteen thowsand a yeer?)

Kopies of the folloing books have also been sent to us for review:

"Pages in a Page's Life." By Toby Marsh. (Messrs. Buttons & Boots, 2s. 6d.); "How to Succeed at Snooker." By Gerald Knox. (Messrs. Fast & Loose, 4s.); "The Bulldog Breed." By George Herries. (Messrs. Snarl & Savage, 5s.).

A THIRD-FORM TRAGEDY!

(The following is the correspondence which passed between George Bulkeley, captain of Rookwood, and Algy Silver, his fag, on Saturday afternoon last.)

I.

"Senior Common-room.

"Dear Silver,—I've been hunting for you high and low, but without success; so I am sending this note by special messenger to tell you that I'm having a little celebration in my study this evening, and I want you to have the table laid by six o'clock.—Yours grimly,

"GEORGE BULKELEY."

II.

"Fags' Kommon-room.

"Deer bulkeley i'd obey you like a shott only it so happens that i've got a scrapp on with lovell miner he called me a cheezy yung cad and before i can come and lay yore fire and lite yore table (eggscuse me for getting a bit mixt) i must teech yung lovell that he can't call me names as soon as the scrapp is fort and one i will corse and do as you arsk and i remane with grate respes yore obbedient."

"ALGY SILVER."

III.

"Silver, you Cheezy Young Cub,—When I give an order, I expect it to be promptly obeyed! If you don't come and attend to your duties at once, there will be ructions. I'm not in the humour for being defied; if you don't come now I'll tan your hide! (I didn't mean to break into poetry; but I think you've enough sense to understand that I'm not to be trifled with.)—Very grimly yours,

"GEORGE BULKELEY."

IV.

"The Sanny.

"Deer bulkeley the fite is over and one—but not by me! i never new that yung lovell was so klevver with his fists he hitt me 3 times on the jore, and then blackt my i's and then put my nose out of joint and then hammerd my ribs untill i was in a terribul state and in the end the specked taters had to pick me up tenderly lift me with care as the poet says and karry me up to the sanny and hear i am in bed with bandiges all over me and the matron says i shan't be fitt to return to duty for sum weeks.

"ALGY SILVER."

(Collapse of George Bulkeley!)

OUR CYCLING COLUMN!

Conducted by M. Lowther.

The S. S. S. S. (Select Society of Scorchers and Skidders) has been going strongly of late. Last Saturday afternoon we ran down to Brighton, and on the way a screw happened to drop out of Grundy's machine. We always did say that the great George Alfred had a screw loose!

Did we manage to brighten Brighton? Yes, rather! Arthur Augustus D'Arcy attempted to give an exhibition of trick cycling on the beach, and he swerved off at a tangent, and went into the sea! He crawled out looking like a drowned rat, and he felt fearfully annoyed about it.

Another exciting incident was when Baggy Trimble lost control of his machine, and went gaily careering through a shop window! It happened to be a pastrycook's shop, but Baggy didn't linger on the premises. He knew that the question of damages would arise, so he gathered up his battered machine, and was off like the wind. Baggy's name has now been added to the long list of offenders who are wanted by the police!

There was yet another diversion in Brighton when Mellish of the Fourth approached a group of cyclists who were standing in the street, and said he wanted the use of a pump. "Well, you certainly look rather grubby," said one of the men. "Bring him along, mates!" And they promptly bore Mellish away, and ducked him at the nearest pump!

D'Arcy minor wanted to accompany us on a trial spin, but he had no bike. However, one of his kind uncles has sent him a humming-top, so young Wally will be able to give that a trial spin instead!

We much regret to record that Taggles, the porter, was cautioned by P.-c. Crump for cycling without a lamp after lighting-up time. The worthy constable must have overlooked Taggy's red nose, which renders a lamp unnecessary!

Although Taggles is now in his second childhood, and suffers from gout and stiff joints and corns and goodness knows what, he still rides a bicycle occasionally. He has a machine of the old-fashioned type, with the front wheel about three times the size of the back one. They call the bike a "penny-farthing." It is believed that Taggles bought the machine on his fiftenth birthday, and has had it ever since!

Our next run will be to Broadstairs on Saturday. Isn't Broadstairs the place where people resort to the dangerous practice of sliding down the banisters?

[Supplement IV.]

HARRY HAMMOND—HERO!

(Continued from page 12.)

"Is that Master Hammond?" came a gruff voice.

"Yes."

"Good! This is Dick Royle speaking."

Hammond gave a start. The name of Dick Royle was familiar to him. It was, in fact, familiar to all the St. Jim's fellows.

Royle was a big, bustling sportsman of seventeen. He was captain and centre-forward of Wayland Juniors, a local team of considerable talent. Harry Hammond had often seen him play, and had greatly admired his skill.

"What does he want with me, I wonder?" thought Hammond.

The answer to this question was speedily forthcoming.

"I hear you are a jolly good goalkeeper," came the voice over the wires.

Hammond felt thankful that he was able to blush unseen.

"Oh, I ain't bad!" he said modestly.

"Well, the fact is, we're playing a London team—the Ramblers—this afternoon. They're only youngsters, but they're jolly hot stuff. And our goalie—Fisher—won't be able to turn up."

"Yes?" said Hammond breathlessly.

"So I wondered if you'd be willing to take his place."

Hammond could not reply for a moment. The request dazed him.

Wayland Juniors were a tiptop team, quite one of the best in the district. And they were actually seeking his services.

He, who had played such an atrocious game for the Fourth only a week before.

"Well, what do you say?" came the impatient question.

"I—I—I—" stuttered Hammond.

"Come, get it off your chest! Will you turn out for us this afternoon, or not?"

"I'll turn out with pleasure," said Hammond. "If you really want me, that is."

"Of course we want you! Do you think I'd go to the fag of ringing you up if we didn't?"

"It—it's sort of took my breath away!" confessed Hammond.

"Well, hurry up and get your breath back, and I'll tell you what time the match starts. Are you ready? Well, it's at two-thirty. You'll have to hustle over to Wayland right away. Can I count on you?"

"Sure!" said Hammond delightedly.

He replaced the receiver on its hooks, and walked away from the telephone like a fellow in a dream.

If only Hammond had stopped to reason the matter out he would have known that the telephone-call was a hoax.

As a matter of fact, Dick Royle had not rung him up at all. It was Mellish, speaking from a public call-office in Wayland, who had worked the little deception.

Mellish thought he was doing a very humorous thing. That it was also a caddish thing did not worry him in the least. He wanted Harry Hammond to live in a fool's paradise for an hour or two. He wanted him to change into his football togs and hurry over to Wayland, only to find that his services were not required.

Blissfully unaware of the fact that he had been hoaxed, Hammond promptly changed into football attire. He was going along the corridor, happy and

radiant, when he met D'Arcy, Herries, and Digby.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Herries. "Why have you changed, kid? There's no match this afternoon."

"Not 'ere, but there's one at Wayland," said Hammond. "An' Dick Royle has asked me to play."

"What?"

"You mean to say you've been asked to play for Wayland Juniors?" gasped Digby.

Hammond nodded.

"Dick Royle 'as just rung me up 'imself," he said. "The Wayland goalie, a fellow called Fisher, won't be able to play. An' I'm goin' to turn out in his place."

"Bai Jove!"

"Sounds to me suspiciously like a jape," said Herries. "I can't imagine Dick Royle getting a St. Jim's fellow to play for him."

"Neither can I," said Digby.

"Besides, if he had wanted a St. Jim's chap to keep goal he'd have telephoned to Fatty Wynn."

Hammond's face fell.

"Do you fellows really think it's a jape?" he asked.

"Yaas. I'm afraid somebody's havin' "

D'Arcy sharply. "You've no wight to call anybody a funk. You're such a beastly coward yourself!"

Mellish passed on with a scowling brow.

"That fellow D'Arcy has got too sharp a tongue for my liking," he muttered.

"Never mind! I've sent those rotters on a fool's errand. Young Hammond will have quite a shock when he gets to Wayland!"

"On reaching the ground the St. Jim's juniors went straight to the dressing-room."

Dick Royle was there, chatting with some of the members of his team. He was wearing a worried look.

"'Ere I am, Royle!" announced Hammond.

The Wayland skipper swung round.

"Who are you?" he asked bluntly.

"'Eh? I'm 'Ammond."

"'Ammond what? 'Ammond eggs?" inquired a humorous member of the Wayland team.

"Dry up, Forbes!" said Dick Royle.

"What do you want, kid?" he added, turning to Hammond.

"You ought to know that," was the reply. "You asked me to come an' keep goal for you this afternoon."

Dick Royle looked astonished.

"Why, you must be dreaming!" he exclaimed.

Hammond's heart sank.

"Didn't you ring me up on the telephone a short while ago?" he faltered.

"Certainly not!"

"Oh crumbs! Then somebody must have been pullin' my leg."

"That's about the size of it," said the Wayland skipper.

Harry Hammond, looking very disconsolate, turned to go. Dick Royle called him back.

"One moment, kid. I might be able to fix you up. I've just had a message from Fisher, our goalie, to the effect that he's met with a cycling accident, and won't be able to turn out. But before I agree to let you play in his place, I want to know what sort of a goalkeeper you are."

Then up spake Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"My pal Hammond is a weally good man," he said. "You won't wegwet givin' him a twial. I can stwongly wecommend him, an' I feel suah he won't let you down."

"Good enough!" said Dick Royle.

"You can play, young Hammond. But that's a St. Jim's jersey you're wearing. You'll have to swop it for one of ours. Or, better still, I'll lend you a sweater to wear over it."

Harry Hammond was given a sweater which was a size too large for him. He was also provided with a pair of goal-keeping gloves.

Hammond was quite a midget by comparison with the rest of the team. And Dick Royle rather feared that he would not be tall enough to stop the high shots.

But Royle need not have worried on that score. Hammond was as agile as a monkey. He felt in great fettle, and it would have to be a good shot indeed to beat him that afternoon.

By this time the referee had taken the field. And he blew his whistle for the teams to line up.

The London Ramblers sprinted out first, and they were given a great reception by the crowd.

When Wayland Juniors came out, however, there was a roar that might have been heard a mile away.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy patted

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A NEW LONG TALE OF ST. JIM'S.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

New Members Wanted
at once for

"The
Greyfriars
Parliament!"

Full Particulars on
Page 27.

you on a piece of stwing, deah boy," said D'Arcy. "Still, you nevah know. It might be worth your while to pop oveh to Wayland. We'll come oveh with you if you like, just to see whethah there's anythin' in it."

"Thanks awfully!" said Hammond.

He was not nearly so cheerful now. He shared the fears of D'Arcy and the others—that he had been the victim of a practical joke. Still, there was just a remote chance that the telephone-call might have been genuine.

On the way to Wayland the party of juniors encountered Mellish of the Fourth.

Mellish glanced curiously at Hammond.

"Whither bound?" he inquired.

"I'm goin' to keep goal for Wayland Juniors," said Hammond.

Mellish simulated a start of surprise.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "Who asked you to play?"

"Dick Royle."

"Then he must have been clean off his rocker! Fancy having a funk like you in the team!"

"That's enough, Mellish!" said

"TWO ON THE TRACK!"

NEXT
TUESDAY!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Hammond on the back as he left the dressing-room.

"Play up all you know, deah boy!" he said.

Harry Hammond nodded without speaking. And he went on to the field as so many goalkeepers had done before him, resolved to play the game of his life.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Hammond Holds the Fort!**

PLAY opened briskly. The London forwards got going right from the kick-off. Their outside-right swung the ball across, and the centre-forward made a dash for it. Harry Hammond made a dash at the same time—and he got there first. He punted the ball up the field, and there was a shout of approval. "Well cleared, sir!"

D'Arcy and Herries and Digby had obtained seats in the stand. And they looked on with sparkling eyes. They wanted to see their schoolfellow give a good account of himself. And they felt sure he would not fail them.

"He's made a good start," said Herries. "If only he can keep it up it will be ripping."

"I felt quite safe in recommending him to Dick Woyle," said D'Arcy. "He's come on by leaps and bounds durin' the last few days."

"There he goes again!" exclaimed Digby. "Oh, well saved!"

The Ramblers' centre-forward had fired in a terrific shot at point-blank range. It was the sort of shot which Harry Hammond, a week before, would have run away from. But he didn't run away from it now. He met the ball with both fists close together, and it went whizzing out again on to the field of play.

But there was to be no rest for Hammond. He was soon called into action again.

The London forwards were rare foragers. They attacked again and again. The Wayland backs were simply helpless, and all the work was thrown upon the goalie.

Hammond's saves were brilliant. There was an element of luck about some of them, but he always got the ball away, and that was the thing that mattered.

Hammond felt a trifle nervous, at first, of the big crowd. For this was his first appearance in a match of any importance. But the stage-fright had soon worn off, and the junior now had no eyes for anything but the ball.

He was hard pressed, but he was thoroughly enjoying it. Better to be in the thick of the battle, he reflected, than to stand still in the goal-mouth with nothing to do.

Zip!

The ball came whizzing in like a rocket suddenly discharged. Hammond leapt to one side and hugged the sphere to his chest. Then he kicked it clear.

Crash!

Before Hammond was ready for it, the ball came again. But it crashed against one of the uprights. A narrow escape, that.

And still the Ramblers continued to bombard Hammond's citadel.

There was really only one team in it. Wayland Juniors had to admit that they were hopelessly outclassed by the dashing lads of London.

Dick Royle could not get going at all. And his fellow-forwards were equally helpless. They had met their masters.

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"We're up against it, and no mistake!" said Royle. "But if only that kid Hammond can hold out, we might save the game, after all. A draw would be better than a licking."

"That youngster knows how to keep goal," said Forbes. "He's as cool and clever as Ted Fisher. And praise can't go higher than that."

Hammond was having a gruelling time of it. He had all manner of shots to deal with.

"High shots, low shots, The forwards drove them in. Swift shots, slow shots,

And shots that seemed to spin. Wheeling shots and whirling shots, Crafty shots and curling shots, Twisting shots and twirling shots, Were saved with a cheery grin!"

The London forwards did not bless Harry Hammond. He was one too many for them. On the run of the play, they should have been several goals to the good. But the St. Jim's junior was a great stumbling-block.

Just before half-time there was a big sensation.

The Wayland forwards broke away in real earnest for the first time.

Dick Royle found himself with a chance to score. He knew it was about the only chance he would get in the course of the game, and he made the most of it. He drove in a shot which had the London goalie beaten all ends up. The ball went in with such force that it broke the rigging.

"Goal!" "Good old Royle!" The spectators shouted themselves hoarse.

Wayland didn't deserve to be on top—far from it—but it is goals that count in football. And the local team had drawn first blood.

Before any further play was possible, the whistle went for half-time.

Harry Hammond rested during the interval. He flung himself down at full length in the dressing-room.

"You're doing splendidly, kid!" said Dick Royle. "You're a rod in pickle for us, and no error! Think you can keep it up in the second half?"

Hammond nodded. He was too breathless to reply.

When the game was resumed, the Lon-

don Ramblers attacked more fiercely than ever.

Hammond saw three forwards bearing down upon him, with the ball lobbing about between them.

Rather than stay in his goal and await events, Hammond rushed out and dived, and took the ball from the very toes of one of the forwards. He got the ball away all right; but in doing so he was accidentally kicked on the forehead.

It was a nasty kick. Hammond rolled over on his back and lay still.

Instantly the referee blew his whistle for a temporary stoppage.

Dick Royle and Forbes ran towards the injured goalie and raised him to his feet.

"Poor kid!" muttered Royle. "I guess y.u won't be able to carry on after this."

Hammond passed his hand across his forehead. He was dazed and shaken.

"I'm going on!" he muttered thickly. "Don't worry about me. I shall be all right."

And he staggered back to his post. The crowd cheered this exhibition of pluck. And none cheered more heartily than the three St. Jim's juniors who were watching the match.

The game was resumed, and Hammond was called into action right away. He might have been excused for blundering, for his head was throbbing painfully, and it was as much as he could do to keep going. But he did not blunder.

He stopped shot after shot, and once, when he tipped a hard drive over the crossbar the applause fairly thundered across the ground.

The home team was leading by a goal to nothing. And, thanks to Hammond, they kept that lead.

The game was drawing to a close when Mellish of the Fourth arrived on the ground, in company with Racke and Crooke.

Mellish's eyes nearly started out of his head when he saw that Hammond was holding the fort for Wayland Juniors.

The cad of the Fourth had tried to do Hammond a bad turn. Instead of which he had unwittingly done him a good one, by ringing Hammond up on the telephone and pretending he was Dick Royle. But for that telephone call, Hammond would not be playing now.

During the last five minutes of the game the London Ramblers attacked with the strength of desperation.

Hammond, half-fainting with exhaustion and pain, held out gallantly. It seemed certain that he would be beaten.

And when the end did come, with Wayland Juniors victorious by a solitary goal, Harry Hammond was carried shoulder-high from the field.

After he had been taken to the dressing-room, a doctor had to be summoned. He gave instructions that Hammond was to be taken to St. Jim's straight away and put to bed. He was suffering from slight concussion, which rest and proper treatment would soon cure.

The story of Hammond's great game, as related by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, thrilled all St. Jim's.

It was agreed on all sides that Hammond was a great goalkeeper. Not such a genius as Fatty Wynn, but a very plucky little fellow, for all that. And Hammond's heroic display in the Wayland match will go down to history.

THE END.

(There will be another fine, new, long complete story of St. Jim's next week, entitled "Two on the Track!" by Martin Clifford. Order early.)

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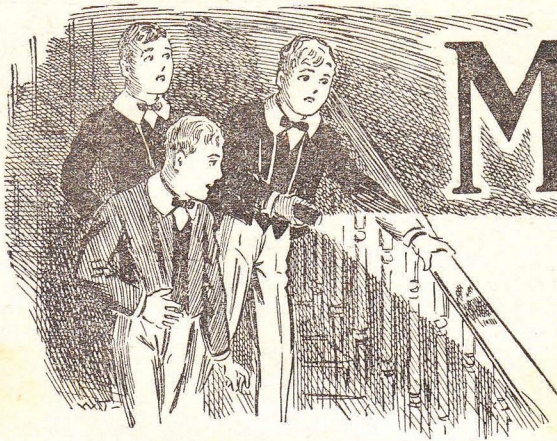
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"TWO ON THE TRACK!"



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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 appearing in The "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Missing!

"**SILVER!**"
"Yes, Bulkeley!"
Jimmy Silver did not answer in his usual cheery tones. His face was darkly overcast.

His chums, Raby and Newcome, were looking as glum as Jimmy Silver himself.

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood School, looked at them rather curiously as he came up.

"You're wanted, Silver," he said. "Raby and Newcome, too. Head's study."

The three chums of the Fourth looked eager for a moment.

"News of Lovell?" they asked, all speaking together.

Bulkeley shook his head.

"No. Lovell's father is with the Head, that's all. I think you're going to be asked about young Lovell, and you'd better tell the Head all you know about it. I suppose you know it's a serious matter for a fellow to run away from school," added Bulkeley rather grimly.

"Lovell hasn't run away from Rookwood, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver.

"Eh! You know he's gone."

"He hasn't run away," said Jimmy firmly.

"I don't know what's become of him, Bulkeley, but I'm certain he never left Rookwood of his own accord. Why should he?"

"I don't know why he should," said the Sixth-Former. "But it's pretty clear that he has, and as you three are his chums, it's probable that you know something about it. I fancy the Head thinks so. You'd better not keep anything back."

"We've nothing to keep back," said Raby.

"Well, cut along!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. moved off towards the School House glumly.

Arthur Edward Lovell was their best chum, and his disappearance from the school troubled them greatly, as well as amazed them.

What had become of Lovell was a mystery, and the only explanation seemed to be that he had run away from school; but that his chums did not believe for a moment.

They could, however, offer no alternative theory, for they were quite at sea.

The mystery of his disappearance simply beat them.

"Hallo, there's Lagden!" muttered Raby, as a thick-set man with the right sleeve of his coat hanging empty by his side, came along the path.

Captain Lagden paused as he saw the three juniors.

"What's this I hear about a boy having left the school last night," he asked—"a boy named Lovell?"

The chums did not answer him.

They did not like Captain Lagden, though they had been prepared to like him very much when he came to Rookwood as football coach, partly on account of his record in the war, and partly because he was a distant connection of their chum, Arthur Edward Lovell.

But the captain had fallen in their esteem since then, and they could not forget that Lovell, the missing junior, had owed a severe punishment to the captain's interference.

"Has anything been heard of him?" asked the captain.

"No!" said Jimmy curtly.

"It is pretty clear that he has run away from school."

"We don't believe that."

The captain smiled, though, perhaps, owing to the scars that disfigured his face, his smile was not a very pleasant one.

"But if the lad has not run away, what has become of him?" he asked.

"We don't know what's become of him," said Jimmy Silver gruffly. "But there's no reason why he should run away from school. He wouldn't have done such a thing; and, anyway, he wouldn't have kept it secret from us. Come on, you fellows; the Head wants us."

The Fourth-Formers walked on.

They entered the School House, leaving Captain Lagden standing by the steps, rubbing his chin thoughtfully with his left hand.

"I don't believe he cares a twopenny rap about poor old Lovell!" growled Raby, as they went down the big corridor towards the Head's study. "It's partly his fault what has happened, too, though I suppose he doesn't know that."

"I suppose we shall have to tell the Head," said Jimmy Silver uneasily. "Now Lovell's gone we can't keep it dark that he went down from the dorm to play a trick on Lagden."

"Better tell everything, I think," said Newcome. "It can't hurt Lovell now, and we can't very well keep anything dark."

Jimmy tapped at the Head's door.

Dr. Chisholm's deep voice bade them enter, and the chums of the Fourth entered the Head's study.

"Come, I see you know something of the matter!" he exclaimed sharply. "You will have the goodness to tell me all you know. You are surely aware, too, that Mr. Lovell is exceedingly anxious about his son."

"I am sure you will give us any assistance in your power, my boys," said Mr. Lovell kindly.

"Certainly we will!" said Jimmy Silver. "We know nothing whatever about what has become of poor Lovell. I happen to know at what time he left the dormitory, that is all."

"Proceed!" said the Head.

"I woke up about two in the morning, and heard him," said Jimmy Silver.

"You were aware, then, that he was going to leave Rookwood, and you did not interfere!" exclaimed the Head sternly.

"Nothing of the sort, sir! I am quite certain that he never intended to leave Rookwood! He went down for quite a different thing."

"You knew why he went?"

"Yes, sir."

"And his reason?"

"It—it was a joke!" faltered Jimmy Silver.

"A what? Oh, a practical joke! Is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you mean to say that Lovell left the dormitory in the middle of the night for some folly in connection with your disputes with the Modern juniors?" the Head exclaimed.

"It wasn't that, sir. It was—was—was—"

"Well?"

"Captain Lagden, sir," said Jimmy at last.

"Captain Lagden!" repeated the Head, in angry amazement. "Lovell intended to play some trick on Captain Lagden?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Lovell.

"Who is Captain Lagden?"

"Captain Lagden," said the Head grimly, "is a gentleman who was once at Rookwood School, and had a distinguished record when a schoolboy here. He has since distinguished himself in the Great War, where he lost his arm in battle. He has accepted the post of football coach to the school. That honourable gentleman, sir, is the person upon whom, according to this boy, your son intended to play some trick in the dead of the night."

Mr. Lovell looked distressed.

"Lovell wasn't to blame, sir!" exclaimed

THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

BY WHOSE HAND? "

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NEXT
TUESDAY!

BY WHOSE HAND? "

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.
BY OWEN CONQUEST.

"Leaving Rookwood to look for him, do you mean?"

"No; we can't leave the school."
 "But where are you going to look for him, then?" asked the captain, with an air of perplexity. "Let me hear what you think. I have a good deal of time on my hands here, as you know, and if there is anything I can do I shall spare no trouble to help the poor lad."

"Well, we can't think what's happened, sir," said Jimmy slowly. "But we don't believe Lovell was light-headed, or anything of that kind. If he was going to run away he wouldn't have gone partly dressed, and without even his cap. Yet he's gone. The only explanation is that he was taken away by force."

"Kidnapped?"
 "Yes," said Jimmy.
 "Who should kidnap him?"
 "I don't know. But it's the only explanation. He may have run into a burglar when he went down last night, for all we know, or—or anything may have happened. It beats us, I admit that. But—"

"It wouldn't be easy for a kidnapper—admitting that theory—to get the boy out of the school," remarked the captain. "The gates were locked. Lifting a boy over the school wall into the road, when anybody might have passed—my dear lad, it sounds steep, doesn't it?"

"It sounds impossible," said Raby.
 "Then what do you surmise, Silver?"
 Jimmy hesitated.
 He had no hesitation in confiding to the captain, so far as that went, but the vague idea at the back of his mind seemed so wild that he hardly cared to put it into words.

"I see you have some idea," said Captain Lagden, lighting a fresh cigarette, as he finished his tea.

"Well, suppose he isn't gone away from Rookwood at all?" said Jimmy Silver at last.

The captain started.
 "Surely you don't think he's hiding somewhere about the school?" he exclaimed.

"No, no. But—"
 "Not hiding—hidden," said Raby quietly.
 "Come!" said the captain, laughing. "This is steeper than ever! Where could he be hidden?"

"I know it sounds wild," said Jimmy. "But—but we simply don't know what's happened, and so we must think that anything may have happened. There are no end of nooks and crannies about Rookwood—the old clock-tower and the school vaults and the vaults under the abbey."

"What do you think of doing, then?" asked the captain.

"Searching for him," said Jimmy Silver.
 "About Rookwood?"

"Yes."
 "The vaults are out of bounds. I am afraid," said the captain, "that I have, in a manner, forced your confidence, for I cannot help guessing now that you intend to explore the abbey vaults again. But you must not do so without permission, and if you like I will ask your headmaster's permission for you. I am sure he will grant it if I offer to accompany you in searching the vaults."

"Thank you very much," said Jimmy gratefully. "We meant to do it, but it would have meant a row if we'd been seen there. If you could get us permission—"

"Quite easily," said the captain, rising. "And I am very glad to be of service to you, dear boys. I hope our little disagreement of yesterday is quite forgotten now?"
 "Oh, quite, sir!" said the three together at once.

"Good! By the way," added the captain thoughtfully, "if I may offer you a word of advice—"

"Yes, please."
 "Well, I should not talk too much of this queer theory that Lovell may still be somewhere about Rookwood. It will excite a great deal of comment, and may lead to a lot of excitement, and I fear that your headmaster would be annoyed."

"We weren't thinking of telling anybody, sir," said Jimmy, with a nod. "It sounds a bit too steep to talk about, really. The fellows would laugh at the idea."

"I will speak to Dr. Chisholm at once, and you'll find me in the quadrangle in ten minutes' time," said the captain.

"Thank you, sir!"
 Captain Lagden left the study.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED? The captain looked at Mr. Bootles, with the two startled juniors behind him, in surprise. "Excuse me, Captain Lagden," said the Form-master, "but I came up here on account of what these two boys told me. They fancied you were ill." (See Chapter 7.)

The three juniors looked at one another. "He's a jolly good fellow," said Jimmy Silver. "We were a bit rough on him, I think, you chaps."

"One of the best!" said Newcome heartily. "And he'll be jolly useful, helping us to look for Lovell."

"Yes, rather!" agreed Raby.
 The three chums were feeling in better spirits when they went out to join the captain in the quadrangle.

Captain Lagden greeted them with a smile and a nod.

"I've spoken to the Head," he said. "I am afraid he is a little annoyed by the suggestion that Lovell may be still somewhere about Rookwood; but he has consented to let the vaults be searched, on condition that I accompany you. I am ready."

"We're ever so much obliged, sir!" said Jimmy gratefully.

"Not at all. I see you have a lantern, so let's start."

And the one-armed gentleman and the three juniors started for the abbey ruins.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Threes on the Track.

JIMMY SILVER & Co. were late beginning their prep that evening.

They came in to it tired and dusty. In company with the captain they had spent long hours in the old vaults under the abbey, searching.

It was with little hope that they had begun the search, if any, and what faint hope there was had now died away.

In those long hours they had explored every recess of the abbey vaults, and they had found nothing.

They had scarcely expected to find anything, but it was a disappointment, all the same.

The hope had been vague, and now they could not help admitting to themselves that it was pretty clear that Lovell had left Rookwood.

Yet the total absence of any motive their chum could have had for doing so perplexed

them, and left them in much the same state of mind as they were in at first.

The three chums worked at their prep in a desultory fashion that evening.

They could not put their minds into their work, and, indeed, that day Mr. Bootles had had to be very forbearing with them.

The mystery of Lovell's fate haunted them, and was never absent from their minds.

It was understood that Mr. Lovell was to telephone to the school at once if he received news of his son, but no news had come as yet.

Fellows of the Fourth dropped in to chat over the mystery with Lovell's chums. Even Smythe of the Shell came along to express his sympathy.

But it was a sad evening to the three.

They left their prep unfinished, and after their callers had gone they sat round the table discussing the matter wearily.

Raby had been silent for some time while Jimmy and Newcome were speaking. But he broke in suddenly:

"There's one thing we haven't thought of, you fellows."

"What's that, kid?" asked Jimmy.

"Lovell went down last night to ink the captain in his room. He told you so when you woke up."

"That's so."

"He must have had the ink with him," said Raby. "In fact, I remember seeing him put something under his bed last night, and I suppose it must have been what he had ready for Lagden."

"Very likely."

"Well, he took it down with him," said Raby. "What happened after that nobody knows. The open window looks as if he went out; but—but it may mean that somebody had come in—some burglar, perhaps—and Lovell met him. Well, if old Lovell was collared, isn't it jolly likely that he spilt the ink he was carrying? It was a can I saw him shove under his bed; and if he dropped that can there would be no end of a muck. What about looking for traces of it all the way from the dorm to the Oak Room—Lagden's room?"

"The maids would have seen it and cleared it up," said Newcome.

"H'm! Yes," admitted Raby. "But some sign might be left, all the same. And if we find a trace of it we'll question them downstairs."

"Well, it's something to do, anyway," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll get my flashlight; there's no lights in the upper passages now since the order about saving gas, you know. There'll be nobody about up there, and we may as well do some scouting."

The hope, however faint, of finding some trace of their chum after his departure from the dormitory excited Jimmy Silver & Co. a little.

Jimmy put his electric flashlight in his pocket, and they left the study.

It wanted yet half an hour or more to bed-time and there was no one on the upper staircases, which were in darkness.

From the dormitory corridor two or three passages and several steps led to the somewhat secluded corner of the building where the Oak Room was situated, in which Captain Lagden had taken up his quarters. Starting from the dormitory, the three juniors went along the well-swept passage, where they did not expect to discover any traces.

They began a keen scrutiny, however, as they turned into a little, winding passage leading to an old oaken staircase, seldom used, and seldom visited by the broom of the housemaid.

It was one of the oldest parts of the ancient rambling building.

Jimmy Silver kept the light on the stairs as they descended the oaken staircase, where Lovell must have passed the previous night on his way to Captain Lagden's room.

"Look here!" muttered Raby. Jimmy flashed the light on the handrail beside the narrow stairs.

A dry smudge of ink showed there. It had wetted the dust and dried there, and it was evidently left by an inky hand, which had caught at the rail for guidance in the darkness.

Their hearts throbbed as they looked at it. For the stain was not old; that was evident at a glance. And they knew that it had been made by their chum not twenty-four hours earlier.

"He got some of the ink on his hands, of course!" muttered Raby. "We know now that he came as far as this."

With great excitement now the juniors pressed on.

They scanned the stairs, the rail, and the wall for further traces, and at the bottom of the little stair they found a smudge on the wall.

Quietly, but with beating hearts, they turned into the lower passage, which led into the wide corridor where the Oak Room was situated.

Near the end of the passage a clot of ink was found close to the wall—a thick clot that was not quite dry.

Thence they turned into the big corridor, upon which seven or eight rooms opened.

One of the doors belonged to the captain's room.

The others, as the juniors knew, were unoccupied. There were a good many rooms in the old School House that had no tenants.

The corridor was unlighted, and there was no light under the door of Captain Lagden's room.

As far as this Lovell had evidently come the previous night. Whatever had happened to him had happened close to Captain Lagden's quarters.

And this much proved that he had not left the House of his own accord. For why should he have come so far if his intention was merely to go down and let himself out by the hall window—which he could have done easily by the main staircase?

With beating hearts the three juniors moved on down the corridor towards the door of the Oak Room—the captain's sitting-room. Jimmy Silver flashed the light over the door.

Then he uttered a faint exclamation: "Look!"

It was easy to imagine how Lovell, carrying the can of ink in the dark, had stained his hands with the liquid, and with the wet ink on his hands he naturally left traces behind him.

The door-handle was brightly polished. If there had been any inky trace upon it, it had been cleaned off by the housemaid.

But on the oaken door itself, near the handle, was a slight smudge of black ink. On the dark old oak it was almost imperceptible, and it was no wonder that it had escaped the housemaid's eyes.

It would have escaped Jimmy Silver's eyes, too, but for the fact that he was looking for it with the keenness of a hawk.

The light of the flashlight gleamed on the smudge on the oak, and the juniors caught their breath as they looked at it.

Lovell, the previous night, had plainly come as far as the captain's room, and had turned the handle of the door.

That much they knew now as certainly as if they had watched him.

"He was here!" muttered Jimmy, under his breath.

"He had to pass through this room to get to the captain's bed-room, where Lagden was," whispered Raby. "The bed-room has no door on the corridor, you know. Lovell had to go through the sitting-room—this room."

"And he came as far as this door!" muttered Newcome.

The juniors stood still.

On that very spot where they were standing Lovell must have stood the previous night in the darkness; and there, whatever happened to him must have happened—there, with his hand on the captain's door.

"Unless—" muttered Raby. "Unless what?"

"Can he have gone in?" "He couldn't without waking up Lagden."

"Lagden was in the bed-room farther on," said Newcome. "Lovell might have gone into the sitting-room without awakening him. But—nothing could have happened to him there."

"Nothing." "I—Id like to go on," said Raby. "Would the captain mind, do you think? We could tell him what we've done so far."

"Lovell may have come as far as this, and gone back."

"Why should he, without doing what he came to do? And we know he didn't do it," answered Raby. "He came to this door; we know that now. And he went into the room—unless he was stopped on this very spot. Who could have stopped him? What could have happened?"

The juniors glanced round them in the darkness uneasily.

"What had happened there in the dead and silent hours of the night?"

"It—it's uncanny!" muttered Newcome. "We ought to tell Captain Lagden this," said Jimmy Silver, after some thought. "He's been helping us in the search, and we trust him. He may be able to make some suggestion. I'm sure he'd like to know what we've found so far."

"That's right enough." "He's not in his room," said Jimmy.

"There's no light. We can't go into his quarters without his permission. Let's go and look for him."

"Hold on though! He may be in his bed-room. Let's knock."

"Right!" Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of the Oak Room.

There was no response from within.

Jimmy knocked again, and as there was no reply he turned the handle of the door to open it and glance into the sitting-room.

From the open door he could have seen whether there was a light under the communication door of the captain's bed-room.

But, to his surprise, the door did not open to his touch.

"My hat! It's locked!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Mysterious!

"**L**OCKED!" repeated Raby and Newcome, in a breath.

"Locked!" said Jimmy.

The three juniors stared at the door, and at one another, in surprise. Why the captain should lock the door of his sitting-room was not easy to guess.

He could not have retired for the night at that early hour, and even had he done so there was no reason why he should lock the door of the outer room, even if he locked the bed-room door.

If he was absent from his quarters, it was still more inexplicable why he should lock his door on leaving and take away the key. It was impossible that he could suppose there were thieves in the school.

The latter theory, indeed, was inadmissible, for Jimmy Silver, turning the light on the keyhole, discerned the key there inside the room.

It had been turned, but the end of the key was quite easy to see. The door was locked on the inside, proof that Captain Lagden was in his quarters.

"He's there!" said Jimmy.

"Blessed if I know what he's locked the door for!" said Newcome. "Even if he's gone to bed, a soldier isn't likely to be nervous. What the dickens should he lock the door for?"

"There's no light in this room," said Jimmy. "He must be in the bed-room. Shall we knock again?"

"May as well."

Knock! Jimmy Silver gave quite a sounding knock upon the dark oaken panels.

It was more than loud enough to be heard in the inner room.

The captain should certainly have heard it, unless he was gone to bed and fast asleep, which was scarcely possible before nine o'clock in the evening.

But there came no answer, and the juniors waited in vain for any sound of footsteps in the Oak Room.

They looked at one another in astonishment.

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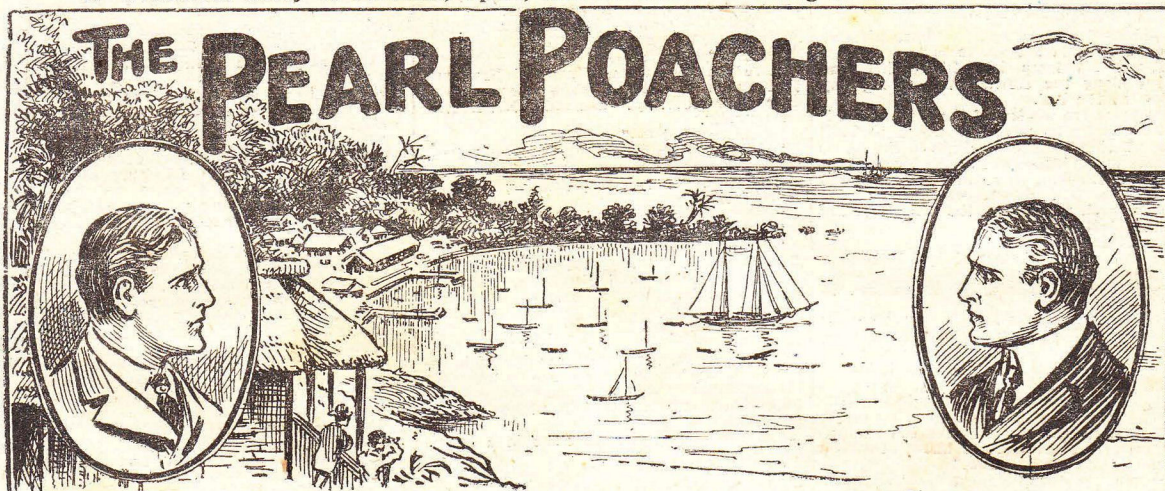
THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"BY WHOSE HAND?"

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL
By OWEN CONQUEST.

A Wonderful Story of Football, Sport, and Adventure Starting in Next Week's Issue.



A Grand 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.

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Bruce Donelan, manager of Ferrers Lord's pearling-station, and a man named Harper Blaise, plan for the latter to impersonate the millionaire adventurer in order to effect a great haul of gold and pearls. They succeed in kidnapping Ferrers Lord, who, after many stirring adventures, manages to escape, and returns to the yacht, the Lord of the Deep.

Once aboard the yacht, Ferrers Lord and his friends capture Donelan and a ruffian named Sharkfin Billy. Thus when Harper Blaise approaches the Lord of the Deep again he is surprised to find that the real Ferrers Lord is once again in command. Harper Blaise is also captured, and his vessel is sunk by gun-fire.

All that remains then is for Ching Lung, who has been a prisoner on an island, to reappear, and just as the raider is sunk his yacht appears on the horizon. Thus the friends are reunited.

(Now go on with the story)

Ferrers Lord Passes Sentence!

IN the saloon, while there was song and laughter in the glue-pot, it was very different.

Harper Blaise stood face to face once more with Ferrers Lord. The amazing resemblance between the impostor and the millionaire struck Ching Lung as something almost uncanny. The impostor's wrists were manacled, and two burly sailors stood on guard.

Jimmy, the black, his yellow eyes glowing with hate, not so much for Blaise as for Bruce Donelan, gabbled out the story of what he had seen in the bungalow on the beach when Ferrers Lord had been struck down.

"That will do," said Ferrers Lord. "What have you against this other man?"

Jimmy pointed an accusing finger at Bruce Donelan, and his yellow eyes seemed to burn. He accused Donelan of beating him and starving him, and of treating him and other natives of the village like dogs or serfs.

It was a wild jargon poured from passionate lips, but Ferrers Lord seemed to understand every word.

"You seem to be a precious rascal, Donelan," he said quietly. "You are accustomed to the lingo. You appreciate all this fellow has told me?"

"If you are going to take that black rubbish's word for it, I am condemned before I am tried!" growled Donelan sullenly.

THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE REMITTANCE MAN'S TEMPTATION!"

"Unfortunately for you, I visited the village, and obtained ample evidence of your behaviour to the natives. When I visited you that night, it was, as you know, to pay you and to discharge you. Stand back and be quiet! I am both judge and jury here! Now, Blaise, what is your real name?"

"As no doubt you have already cross-examined Sharkfin Billy, I suppose I may as well tell you," said the millionaire's double. "I am Roger Bennerman."

"The Roger Bennerman who acted as a German spy during the war?" said the millionaire. "As that is past, let us forget that treason, for, though of British nationality, you are half German by birth. For your pearling raids on the reef I might hand you over to the Australian authorities, and rid myself of you. Will you kindly identify these parcels of pearls which I found in my safe, so that they can be restored to their proper owners?"

Blaise had been methodical. He had not dumped all the loot together, but had kept the booty taken from each station in separate bags of washleather.

He identified them without the least hesitation, while Rupert Thurston wrote the names on labels, and attached them to the proper bags. Last of all, came Ferrers Lord's bag. Thurston poured the pearls out on the table.

"A scanty little harvest for so much labour and heavy expense!" said Ferrers Lord. "What have you done with the rest, Bennerman?"

"Ask Donelan. We went halves. I thought Donelan would be useful to me, so that particular hold-up was only a farce. I took a half-share of the fishing, no more."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-one," answered the impostor.

The millionaire puffed thoughtfully at his cigarette, and sat with folded arms. There was silence in the saloon. Both prisoners were staring at their judge—he whom they had wronged so villainously. They realised his power, and that he held their future, their very lives, in those slim white hands.

"What a pity that criminal kink is in your nature, Bennerman!" he said at last. "You are a talented, fearless rogue, and, if you had kept straight, you might have done well for yourself. With that kink you are a danger and a pest to society."

The prisoner laughed rather shrilly. To the very end he was a showman. He had failed, but he still felt proud of what he had accomplished.

"It was a near thing," he said. "I almost pulled it off. If there's another man in the world who'd dare to tackle such a job, I'd like to meet him!"

A smile crossed Ferrers Lord's lips, but quickly faded away. He stirred the little heap of pearls with his finger.

"Yes," he said. "I have a sense of humour, and am a great admirer of desperate chances, if they are honest ones. I admit your pluck and your abilities as an actor. Had you succeeded in getting away with the pearls and the gold from the island, I would have looked upon you a super-rogue of great imagination, courage, and ability. Sooner or later I should have run you to ground, for the world of to-day is not a very large place, and then I might have been more lenient. But you intended to end this chapter of crime with a heartless and brutal massacre. You intended to torpedo and sink my yacht without a trace, and to murder her innocent crew, so that no finger could point to you and accuse you and no voice denounce you! You had planned a crime so inhuman as to be beyond human forgiveness. To hang you for this would be a wasted mercy. You will go to penal servitude—helping to obtain gold for me instead of robbing me of it! I sentence you to work with pick and quarry and drill in the gold-mines of Desolatia for the rest of your natural life! You have seen Desolatia, and you know your fate. Take him away!"

The prisoner did not laugh now. He dropped on his knees, and lifted his manacled hands. The two sailors gripped him, and lifted him. The closed door muffled his cry of terror as he was dragged out of the saloon.

Bruce Donelan was as white as chalk, for all the sunburn of the reef seemed to have been washed out of his face.

"I sentence you, Donelan, a black-hearted rogue, but one not quite so clever as your accomplice, to twenty-one years' penal servitude!" said the deep, quiet voice.

Donelan did not speak a word. He seemed utterly dazed. He staggered to the door in a drunken way.

It opened, and two sailors pushed Sharkfin Billy in, and took charge of Bruce Donelan. The one-eyed man glared round him, and saluted Ferrers Lord.

Billy was a rogue from the soles of his feet to the top of his head, but not the worst. The two men who had been sentenced were bigger rascals than Billy, for they had some education, and had opportunities that had not come Billy's way.

"Seven years' penal servitude and a set of golden shackles!" said the millionaire. "You will only be a number, but we may as well have your proper name."

"Then, by thunder, you beat me, boss!" growled Blaise's second in command. "I've run loose since I was a yard high, and I guess if a real name ever did belong to me, I

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

lost the thing long ago. Bill Brown might suit, for it's short to write and easy to spell. It's a mighty compliment to give me golden shackles, but I've thought it over, and I'd sooner you cut that part of the decorations out. Seven years, is it? I guess I can swallow that! Pity I slung that axe at the Irish chap, but I calculate I was as wild as a crazy cat through having my 'bacey knocked. Anyhow, by thunder, I'm a good loser, and can take my gruel with any galoot!"

Sharkfin Billy saluted again, as he was led away—the pluckiest of the three. The millionaire did not trouble about the other rascals of the pearl-poaching gang, or order them to be brought forward. They were condemned in the lump to serve in the mines for four years.

"That one-eyed villain took it almost cheerfully," said Ching Lung. "He has no idea what the island is like, or he would not be so jaunty about it."

"Bennerman does, for he has been there, and Donelan must have heard about it," said Ferrers Lord. "Do you think I have been just or too harsh, my friends?"

Rupert Thurston and the prince were silent. To be condemned to penal servitude for life in the quarries of that forlorn, ice-bound, and foggy island was a hideous punishment, but they could not deny that it fitted the intended crime.

"I'd rather not give an opinion, Chief," said Thurston. "The brute made me suffer tortures with that dope, but I'm glad it wasn't my duty to sentence him."

"Anyhow, we've cleared the reef of all that dangerous dirt," said Ching Lung. "Which way do we go now? My bunkers are running pretty short of coal."

"Then, you had better come with us to Desolatia, and have them refilled there," said Ferrers Lord. "Prout tells me we are well stocked, and if you run short I can take you in tow. We have found excellent coal on the island, easy to mine, for it is close to the surface and plenty of it. I must put into the reef first and settle about the sale of my pearl-fishery, and I might just as well collect the pearls Donelan stole from me, which, I presume, are hidden in the bungalow, and send the others back to their lawful owners. Pah! Open more portholes, Ching, and let in some fresh air. Those rogues have left an unsavoury odour behind them."

By now both yachts were anchored off the reef. Black Jimmy was sent ashore with more money in his possession than he thought the whole world could possibly contain. For the rest of his life, Jimmy, whose wants were small, was practically a millionaire.

A message by wireless brought the manager of the Southern Cross to the bungalow, and Jimmy was further recommended to his care. And an hour later the long expected gunboat, that had at last been hauled off the rocks, and patched up into something like a seaworthy condition, steamed in, and her commander came aboard the Lord of the Deep.

"The vilest luck in the world, Mr. Lord," he said, as they sat at lunch. "We got aground in the worst fog I ever saw, hard and fast, for a ship seems to stick on the coral as if it was glue. And, of course, they've got clean away; or do you think they can still be hiding among the atolls?"

"They're not hiding, for I sank her well out there," said Ferrers Lord, smiling. "My gunner bombed her, and she went down like a stone in deep water."

The commander stared. "And the crew?" he asked. "What about those piratical blackguards?"

"They'll do no more mischief on the reef or anywhere else," answered the millionaire. "We have accounted for the crew, and they are out of harm's way."

Evidently the commander imagined that the crew had gone down with the raider. He emptied his wine-glass before speaking again.

"Forgive me, Mr. Lord," he said. "I don't want you or these gentlemen to think me unduly curious, but it's rather queer for a private yacht to carry a heavy gun, and I notice you do carry one. I shall have to make my report about this, and it's my duty to ask you by what authority you go armed here in British waters."

Ferrers Lord took out his pocket-book and handed his guest a slip of paper. The commander read what was written there, and examined the seal and signature.

"Thank you, sir, that's quite in order," he said, "though I've never seen anything like

(Continued on next page.)

Enter Our Simple New Competition To-day!

"SILHOUETTES"

FIRST PRIZE

£25

10 Prizes of £1 and

20 Prizes of 10/-

FOURTH SET.



WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Here is a splendid opportunity for you to win one of these generous prizes.

On this page you will find six silhouettes, each showing a person doing something, and what you have to do is to write in the space under the picture the exact action portrayed. All the actions can be described in one or two words, but not more than two words.

When you have solved this week's picture puzzles, keep them by you in some safe place. There will be six sets in all, and when the final set appears you will be told where, and when, to send your efforts.

You may send as many complete sets of efforts as you please.

The FIRST PRIZE OF £25 will be

awarded to the reader who succeeds in submitting a set of solutions exactly the same as, or nearest to, the set of solutions in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. No competitor will be awarded more than one share of the prizes.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," "Gem," and the "Magnet," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

It must be distinctly understood that the decision of the Editor is final and binding.

it before. I congratulate you upon ridding us of these pests, while wishing, at the same time, that the luck had come my way. I suppose I'm in for a wiggling for nearly losing my ship, but I hope to get out of that."

"Fog is the sailor's worst foe, and as you have got her off, I don't think they will be very severe with you," said Ferrers Lord. "They asked you to do a very difficult thing."

Prout entered, saluted, and placed a small, paper-covered box on the table beside the millionaire. Ferrers Lord did not open it, for he knew the box contained the pearls Bruce Donelan had concealed in the bungalow. He had told Prout exactly where to find them in the palm-thatch, and the steersman had recovered them.

"Not a very inquisitive chap that, except about the gun," said Ching Lung, when the commander had gone. "He might easily have asked if we had taken any prisoners, and that would have been awkward."

"And ten to one he would have demanded them," said Thurston. "Would you have given them up, Chief, or defied the Admiralty?"

"That is a question I did not want him to ask, for it would not have been an easy one to evade; and as I look upon them as my prisoners, it might have caused some unpleasantness," said Ferrers Lord. "No one knows we have them except our own people and Black Jimmy, and I have warned Jimmy not to chatter. Jimmy, however, has come into wealth, and has a weakness for native wine, and the wine may make him forget my orders. He has a mighty tale of adventures to tell, of course, so I think we had better get away, or our friend of the gunboat may hear a good deal more than we want him to hear."

The commander did hear, but not until after dusk, when it was blowing hard. By this time both yachts had vanished, steering an unknown course, and the patched-up gunboat was not in a condition to face rough weather until she had been dry-docked. He sent out several peremptory wireless messages to the Lord of the Deep ordering her to return. They were duly received, but the yacht went on steadily with the gale behind her, and no answer came back. She lost the prince's yacht, but picked her up again in the morning, and with some difficulty took her in tow.

"You're not afraid of being chased, then, Chief, and having your prisoners taken from you by force?" asked Thurston. "Here's another wireless telling you to put back."

The millionaire smiled as he read it. "They won't come after us in this weather," he said. "They know the gunboat isn't sound enough to stand these heavy seas. Of course, I may have to explain later on, but that will not be to our friend the youthful commander. I felt sure Jimmy would not keep his secret, for the blacks were giving a feast in his honour, and he was sure to give away everything when he told the story of what he had done to become rich. No, I am not in the least afraid of losing my prisoners now."

As the weather cooled, Gan Waga, the Eskimo, began to grow more lively, and to put on flesh, for the burning sun of the atolls had shrunk him a good deal. He ate more and slept less, and began to grow plump and rosy again. It was a difficult thing to keep him out of the glue-pot, and O'Rooney, Maddock, and Prout did not want him there. And then, to their amazement, he did not show up for two days, and this established a record. They could not imagine what had become of him.

"I see him on the bridge this morning cadding a cigar out of the prince, but if it hadn't been for that he might be dead, souse me!" said Maddock.

"Bedad, no such luck, bhoy!" growled Barry O'Rooney. "That fat haythen won't dole till he's shot. Phwat pace, phwat lovely quoret! But touch wood, for you can make sure he's up to mischief, and we'll get ut afore long. Come on, Ben, and Oi'll play you a game of nap. Are you joining in wid us, Jimmy?"

"Not me!" said Prout, who had just come down from the bridge. "I'm just going to finish the book I'm reading, and then, by honey, I'll play shut-eye and take forty winks! So Barry and Ben, the bo'sun, began

(Continued in column 3.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 193.

POPULAR "PUZZLES" COMPETITION RESULT.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution. The First Prize of £10 has, therefore, been awarded to:

WILLIAM H. RADFORD,
128, Hollybush Street,
Plastow, E. 13.

whose solution came nearest to correct with one error.

The Second Prize of £5 has been divided between the two following competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

A. H. Garland, Bancroft, Rosebery Avenue, Blackpool South Shore.
Raymond W. Kernick, 62, Ivor Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.

Four competitors with three errors each, divide the Third Prize of £2 10s.:

R. Wells, 7, Oakfield Road, Tredegar, Mon.
Norman Hewish, Roscrea, Halimote Road, Aldershot, Hants.

L. Field, Melancthon, Rosebery Road, Felixstowe.

John Walker, 16, Sharples Street, Accrington, Lancs.

Twenty prizes of 2s. 6d. each were offered in this competition. Thirty-six competitors, however, tied for these prizes, with four errors each, and, to avoid disappointing the winners, I am awarding sixteen EXTRA PRIZES, so that 2s. 6d. will be sent to each of the following readers:

V. Gianvill, 95, Macdonald Avenue, West-cliff-on-Sea; Owen Ellis, 104, Liverpool Road, Stoke-on-Trent; Ivan Bromfield, Rosebery Road, Felixstowe; Alec Watson, 6, Withpoll Street, Ipswich; R. A. Martin, 142, Hughenden Road, High Wycombe; Fred Woodward, 14, Albion Street, Kenilworth; James Hurren, 128, Copenhagen Street, Islington, N. 1; R. S. Waugh, 152, Arnold Road, Tottenham, N. 15; D. Falconer, 15a, Gloucester Buildings, Pontycymer, Glam; John E. Hooton, 5, Batsford Road, St. John's, S.E. 8; John Higson, 9, Lord Street, Hindsford, Atherton, near Manchester; Jack Adam, Lindum, Brook Road, Flixton, near Manchester; Sidney G. Wingrove, 12, Clonnell Road, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N. 15; D. G. Meredith, 15, Kingswood Road, Goodmayes, Essex; A. Slade, 6a, Ropewalk Road, Llanelly, S. Wales; William Firth, 4, Nowell Mount, Harehills Lane, Leeds; E. Linward, 8, Massey Street, Hull; Bertram J. Higton, the Village, Merriden, near Coventry; J. Taylor, 237, Golden Hillock Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; Frederick Earl, 3, Hastings Road, Brighton; T. A. M. Johnson, 19, Nottingham Road, Loughborough; John Dryden, 198, Vicarage Road, Leyton, E. 10; May H. Gunn, 15, Waverley Park, Edinburgh; W. T. Shadrake, 41, Burdett Street, Devons Road, Bow, E. 3; Lily Robinson, 51 & 53, Gooch Street, Birmingham; A. M. Binley, 12, Wilton Avenue, Chiswick Lane, Chiswick, W. 4; Harry Ford, 143, Beechcroft Road, Upper Tooting, S.W. 17; W. E. Dalby, 7, Spring Road, Ipswich; Robert McLellan, 10, Etterby Road, Carlisle; N. Nadin, Fernlea, The Lawn, Dawlish, S. Devon; John W. James, Bull Hotel, Rochester, Kent; Malcolm Boyd, Billingsley, Bridgnorth, Salop; S. Lewis, 7, Worcester Street, Pimlico, S.W. 1; Phyllis Hickman, Mosspsitts, Pelsall, near Walsall, Staffs; E. Bond, 43, Carter Street, Greenkeys, Manchester; Paul Bromfield, Rosebery Road, Felixstowe.

SOLUTIONS.

No. 1.—Johnny Bull is noted for his blunt way of speaking. When he has anything to say, it is straight to the point. Bull is the strongest of the Famous Five, but he is not so good as Bob Cherry when the boxing-gloves are donned. A downright good fellow.

(Continued from column 1.)

to play nap. It was not a fresh game, by any means, for it had been going on for ages. The stakes were enormous, and Barry kept an account of them in a little black pocket-book. At the moment Mr. Benjamin Maddock owed him the trifling sum of forty thousand pounds.

"Three," said the bo'sun, glancing at his hand. "Souse me, if I don't get three thousand pounds out of you, my lad, I'll swallow the whole pack!"

"Then, bedad, you can swallow away for I'm going four!" said Barry O'Rooney. "There's three of 'em—ace, king, and queen of spades!"

With a twinkle in his eyes, Maddock threw down three small spades. Triumphant, Barry tossed down the ten, and glared with amazement when the bo'sun placed the knave of spades beside it.

While Barry was glaring, Maddock jerked round his head as he heard a click. There was no key in the lock on their side, and the door was fast. And from the other side of the door a cracked cornet began to blare out the notes of the "Last Rose of Summer Left Blooming Alone." Very shakily the unseen musician got through the hackneyed old tune and started again. Gan Waga had been down in the cold-storage practising this, and that was why he had not visited the glue-pot of late. But Gan had not got it perfect. It was a dreary dirge, with lots of squeaks in it that set the listeners teeth on edge.

Prout found the cruet, and dumped salt and pepper generously into the vinegar-bottle. Then he produced a little pocket-mirror, and placed a chair beneath the faultlight.

By standing on the chair and manipulating the mirror, Prout succeeded in catching sight of the performer. Gan Waga was lying in the alley-way, blowing horrible noises out of a battered old cornet. He commenced again for the umpteenth time, and as Gan was a gallant stayer, he might have gone on for umpteen thousand times until he had driven his victims crazy. Prout pointed to the vinegar-bottle he had left on the table, and Maddock handed it up to him.

With the aid of the mirror, Prout took aim at the nozzle of the cornet and emptied the bottle, and the "Last Rose of Summer," that threatened to last all through the autumn and winter, came to a sudden stop. Instead, there came a howl and wild spluttering and spitting, and then a beautiful silence.

Five minutes later Joe, the carpenter, released him. In his hurry, Gan had left the ancient cornet behind him, and Barry O'Rooney had the satisfaction of jumping on the instrument of torture with both feet, which put it out of action, and that seemed to put an end to the Eskimo's musical ambitions.

At last, creeping through cold mists, they sighted the dreary island and anchored in the bay. It had been greatly improved, and pretty villas had been built for the officials; but it was still forlorn and desolate. The manager came aboard, and the prisoners were taken ashore under a strong guard.

"That," said Ferrers Lord, as he watched the boat vanish into the mist that almost concealed the shore, "is the last of the pearl poachers."

THE END.

(You must not miss next week's splendid new Football, Sport, and Adventure Serial. Order your copy to-day!)

No. 2.—Hurree Jamset Ram Singh is the most picturesque junior at Greyfriars. Although a Prince of India, he puts on no side. He is called "Inky" by his pals, and is famed for his peculiar way of speaking English.

No. 3.—George Wingate is captain of Greyfriars and head of sports. He is a magnificent all-round sportsman, and the idol of the Lower School. As Bob Cherry would say, if it wasn't for old George some of the prefects would be unbearable.

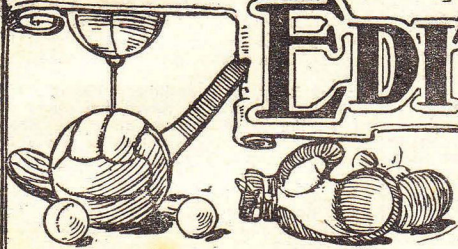
No. 4.—Horace Coker has always been fairly popular. He is a dunce for a Fifth-Former, but contrives to scrape through somehow. He is inclined to be domineering, but seldom succeeds in making Harry Wharton & Co. knuckle under. Coker was for a short time captain of Greyfriars when Wingate was absent.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"BY WHOSE HAND?"

A SPLENDID STORY OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR!



For next Tuesday we have another four grand long complete stories, the first of which will concern the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars. The story is entitled:

"TOO GOOD TO LAST!"
By Frank Richards.

This story deals further with the amazing Mr. Knutt, who has taken Mr. Quelch's place as master of the Remove for a few days. Mr. Knutt, as you will have read, is little more than a schoolboy himself so far as spirits go. In next week's story the Removites have still greater reason to chuckle over the sayings and acts of their new master, and they all agree it is too good to last. Unfortunately for the Removites, it is!

The second long complete story will be entitled:

"THE REMITTANCE MAN'S TEMPTATION!"
By Martin Clifford.

This story deals with the adventures of Frank Richards & Co. at the school in the backwoods. A new master arrives, and is recognised by Lascelles Beauclerc as an old acquaintance, and a shady acquaintance at that. The master puts an offer before the wastrel of Cedar Creek—and Beauclerc is greatly tempted to accept it.

"BY WHOSE HAND?"
By Owen Conquest,

is the title of the third long complete school story. The amazing and awe-inspiring disappearances of Lovell and Raby have created a tremendous sensation at Rookwood, and when still another of that cheerful and select Co. known as Jimmy Silver & Co. disappears—well, interest is at fever-heat. But who is responsible for it all? By whose hand are those luckless juniors being torn from Rookwood? That is the question which is agitating all Rookwood.

The fourth and last complete school story concerns the adventures of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's, and is entitled:

"TWO ON THE TRACK!"
By Martin Clifford.

In this story we learn how Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and George Alfred Grundy learn of mysterious happenings at a neighbouring mansion. They decide to get on the track, and in weird and wonderful disguises they set to work to emulate the feats of Sexton Blake and Sherlock Holmes—with very moderate success. However, I'll leave you to read this distinctly clever story next Tuesday.

Next Tuesday will also see the publication of the greatest sporting and adventure story ever written. It is entitled:

"THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN!"
By Victor Nelson.

Mr. Victor Nelson hardly needs any introduction to readers of the "Popular." You will all remember his wonderful story, "By Nero's Command," and readers of this paper and the "Boys' Friend," will remember, too, the story of "The Boy With Fifty Millions." So much, then, for the author.

The story deals with a duel between sportsmen, for whom the most sports' honours means an estate and a fortune. We shall have football and swimming, racing and running—all kinds of sports. And the theme of the whole story is most interesting and clever. Handled by a man of Mr. Nelson's abilities, no one can doubt that

"THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN!"

is going to be a wonderful serial. This first instalment must not be missed on any account.

Billy Bunter is coming forward with a splendid number of his "Weekly," it being chockful of stories and articles and poems, not to mention another of the popular series of cartoons drawn by George Kerr, of St. Jim's.

A Word of Thanks.

I want to take this opportunity of thanking all readers who have written to me in praise of this year's issue of the "Holiday Annual." I am very pleased, and extremely gratified to say that I have not received a single letter of adverse criticism—and I really feel embarrassed at times, reading all the nice things my readers write about my effort to give them the finest volume of fiction it is possible to compile.

The sales of this volume are constituting a record. I do so hope that those readers who have not as yet obtained their copy will try to do so at once. It is my particular wish that all readers of the Companion Papers shall have a copy, but I know that there are many thousands of boys and girls who do not usually read the Companion Papers make a dive for the "Annual" when it appears.

A Chance For Clever Readers.

My readers should make every possible effort to write a "speech" for "The Greyfriars Parliament," which is reported every week in the "Magnet" Library. Prizes are offered for every speech made public through the medium of the "Greyfriars' Herald," which is, as you know, Harry Wharton's great rival paper to Billy Bunter's "Weekly."

Particulars can be obtained in the "Magnet" Library, now on sale.

Your Editor.

Readers' Notices.

Miss Phyllis Powell, Derwent Road, Bringelly, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with Australian readers in England.

James Podgornoff, Venetta Cottage, Inkerman Street, Stanley Street, Woolloomgaba, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers.

Sydney Massie, 39, Kilnside Road, Paisley, Scotland, wishes to hear from readers interested in his new amateur magazine, the "Echo Monthly." Poems, stories, and high-class articles, etc.

Marcus Soltan, 16, Abercrombie Street, City, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to hear from readers anywhere.

J. R. Robertson, c/o 143, Cargill Street, Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-16, interested in stamp collecting.

R. Freeman, c/o Nathan Limited, Queen Street, Palmerston North, New Zealand, wishes to hear from readers. He also requests F. Paul of Liverpool to write to him.

George Harris, 45, Polefield Road, Prestwich, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers overseas; stamp collectors especially.

Miss Olive Hartnell, Yeovil, Port Talbot, Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

William J. McDowell, 63, Kirkland Street, Glasgow, N.W., wishes to correspond with readers overseas interested in amateur magazines.

C. Story, Macquarey Street, Liverpool, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in Liverpool, England. Photos, etc., to exchange. All letters answered.

Misses K. and D. Adkins, 60, Kuox Road, Wolverhampton, wish to correspond with readers abroad; ages 17 upwards.

B. Watson, 8, Mona Road, Crookes, Sheffield, Yorks, would like to hear from readers anywhere interested in photography and model aeroplane construction. All letters answered. Ages 14-16.

John Paterson, 21, Leithy Road, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, N.B., wishes to correspond with readers who are interested in photos and the cinema. All letters answered. Ages 17-18.

J. Butler, 20, Britannia Road, Islington, London, N., wishes to correspond with readers anywhere. All letters answered. Ages 18 upwards. Will James Senior (Bradford) please write?

A. Goodall, 29, Hartley Street, Green Street, Bethnal Green, E. 2, wishes to correspond with readers overseas. Ages 16 upwards.

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THE POPULAR.—No. 193.



"MISSING!"

(Continued from page 23.)

There was no opportunity that night to explain to the captain why they had wanted to speak to him, and the story of the ink finger-prints that had led them to his room.

"That could be done on the morrow."
"Hallo, here you chaps are!" said Mornington. "Where did you vanish to? Bulkeley was asking where you were, you bouncers! It's bed-time."

"Well, here we are!" said Jimmy. "The chums went into the Fourth-Form dormitory with the rest, looking about for Raby."

Raby was not in the dormitory, however, neither was he with the crowd of juniors that poured in.

"Seen Raby, anybody?" called out Jimmy Silver.

"Not since I was in your study," said Mornington.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came in. "Now, then, turn in!" he said. "All here?" He glanced over the crowd of juniors. "Hallo, Raby's not here!" "He hasn't come up yet," said Oswald. "He'd better come up before I come in to turn out the light!" said Bulkeley, frowning. "Five minutes!"

Bulkeley left the dormitory, and the juniors turned in, rather puzzled by George Raby's failure to put in an appearance.

There was one empty bed in the room when the captain of Rookwood came back to turn out the light.

Bulkeley's eyes rested on it at once.

"Hasn't Raby come up?" he exclaimed. "No," said Jimmy, with a faint, vague apprehension in his breast, for which he could hardly account.

"By gad! I'll warm him!" Leaving the light still burning, Bulkeley hurried out, frowning.

The juniors waited, discussing the absence of Raby, in great wonder.

The dormitory door opened at last, but it was not Raby who came in—it was Mr. Bootles, with a troubled and perplexed face.

"Silver," he said quietly, "do you know where Raby is?"

"No, sir."

"Or you, Newcome?"

"No, sir," said Newcome, his face paling.

"You have not seen him since Captain Lagden sent him away from his room?"

"No, sir!" said the two juniors together, and their voices were husky now. A nameless dread was tugging at their hearts.

"I will put your light out," said Mr. Bootles, in a low voice. "Go to sleep, my boys."

"But Raby, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "It is very strange, Silver, but there can be nothing to be alarmed about," said Mr. Bootles. "You are forbidden to leave the dormitory, any of you!"

"But, sir—"
"Raby cannot be found!"
Mr. Bootles retired, leaving the dormitory in darkness and Jimmy Silver with a chill at his heart.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid Rookwood story next week!)

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