

Week Ending—
October 21st,
1922.

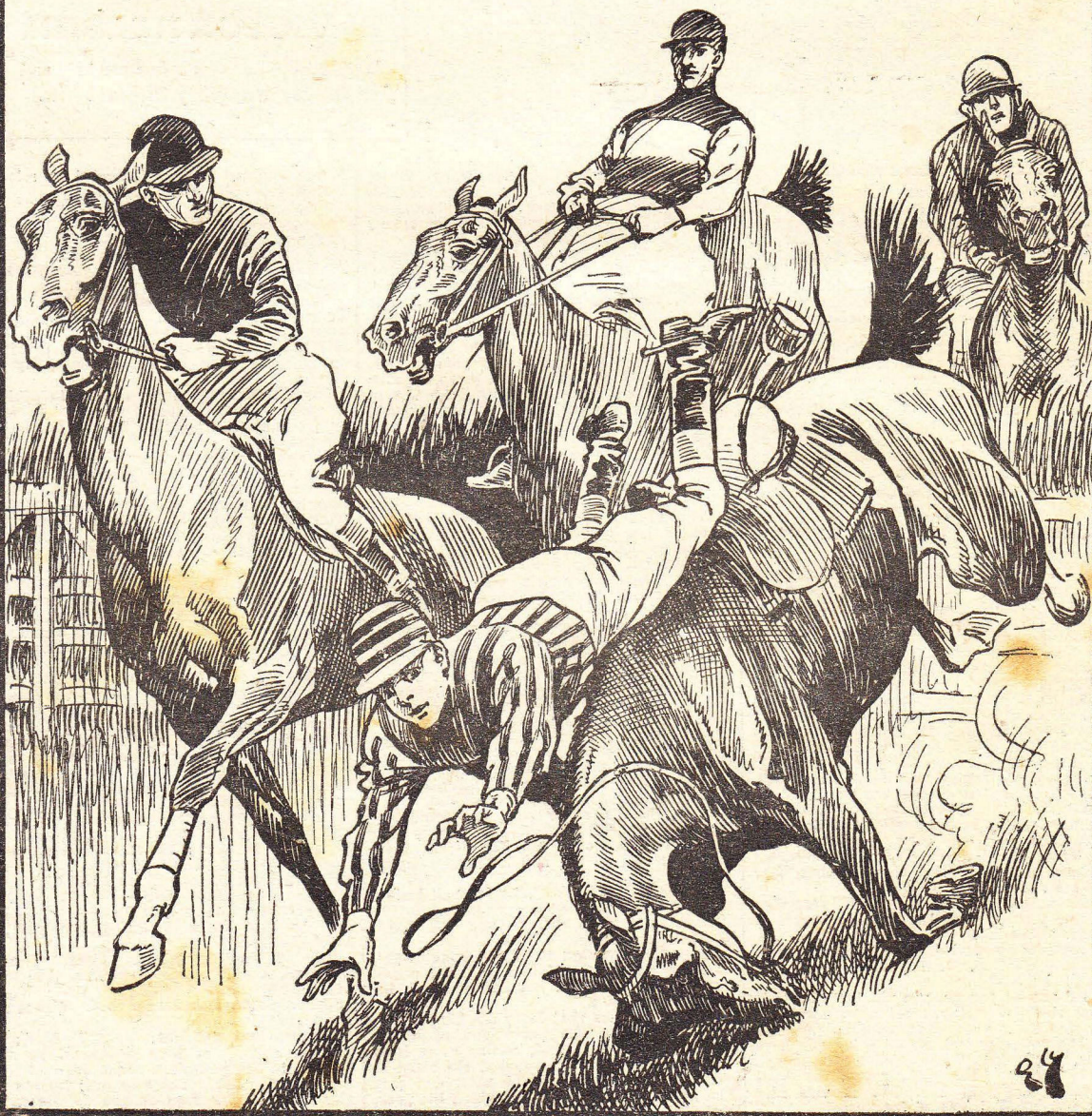
New
Series.

No.
196.

28
Pages.

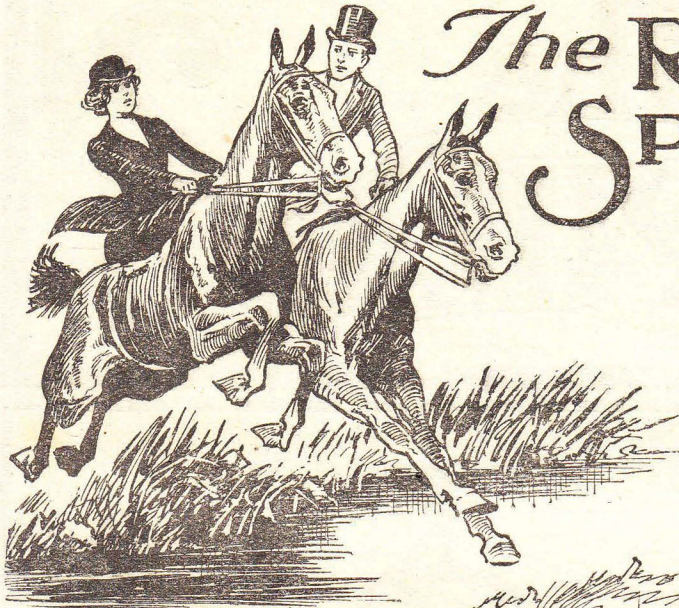
The POPULAR 2d

SPECIAL
SUPPLEMENT
INSIDE.



DOWN AT THE FIRST HURDLE! A sensational incident from our stirring new story
"THE RIVAL SPORTSMEN!" IN THIS ISSUE.

THE GREATEST STORY OF FOOTBALL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE EVER WRITTEN FOR BOYS! START READING IT TO-DAY!



The RIVAL SPORTSMEN!

A Grand New Serial, full of excitement and thrill, introducing HARRY LESTRADE and AUSTIN COURTNEY, and dealing with their extraordinary fight, on the field of sport, for the Lestrade Fortune.

By VICTOR NELSON.

(Author of "By Nero's Command!" and "The Boy With Fifty Millions!" etc.)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

By the terms of the late Sir Charles Lestrade's will, Harry Lestrade and his cousin, Austin Courtney, must fight for possession of the Lestrade fortune on the field of sport. The one who distinguishes himself most becomes owner of a vast amount of wealth. Harry Lestrade receives the first opportunity to distinguish himself in a local football match, for which club he is "signed on."

The next sporting event in which the cousins are due to meet is a steeplechase at Kempton Park. Fearing Harry's entry, Tearing Haste II., Courtney induces a rogue to fire a shot at the horse while Harry is schooling it over fences. At that moment, Marjorie Randall, a friend of Harry's, arrives on the scene and grabs Courtney's hireling, Jerry the Limper.

Now read on.

JERRY THE LIMPER GETS HIS DESERTS.

AUSTIN COURTNEY drew back from one of the upper windows of Lestrade Castle, lowering a pair of field-glasses.

Knowing nothing of what was happening to his scoundrelly hireling behind the trees whence he had fired, Courtney was smiling callously.

The sight of his cousin Harry, lying still and prone under the equally motionless horse that Jerry the Limper's bullet had brought down, had been to him a pleasing sight.

"May he be injured—and badly, at that!" Austin Courtney muttered under his breath. "It will keep him out of the running."

With a perfectly steady hand, Courtney applied a match to a cigarette, and wandered downstairs for an early breakfast. The possibility that Harry was killed had occurred to him, but he decided that, if that were the case, so much the better.

Meanwhile, Jerry the Limper still struggled to free himself from the clinging fingers of Marjorie Randall.

"Let go!" he snarled, again trying to strike at the girl's face. "I'll half kill yer, if yer don't! I'll—"

"I'll not let you go, you villain!" Marjorie cried pluckily. "If you get away from me, I'll ride after you! You shall be punished for the cowardly and wicked thing you have done. Help—help!" she cried again, though she hardly hoped that anyone would be about so early and hear her. But in this idea Marjorie Randall was wrong.

Down a hedge-bordered road fringing the Lestrade estates were striding a party of men.

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

At their head was hefty Tony Wagg, trainer to the Wessex Wanderers, his expanded chest, strutting walk, and general air not unlike those of a sergeant-major taking his company for a route march.

Behind were Joynson and Codling, respectively the club's inside-right and centre-forward; Wills, the goalie; and some dozen others, made up of the first and reserve teams.

Tony believed in keeping his men fit, and almost every morning he would have them out for a health-giving tramp such as this. Harry Lestrade would have had to be with them, had not Tony known that he was in hard training for the race at Kempton Park, and keeping himself in trim by riding.

"Help—help!"

Tony Wagg threw up his head and listened, thinking at first that his ears had played him a trick. Then:

"Help—help!"

From beyond the hedge that shut off the Lestrade property from the road, the cry floated to him again, a frantic call for aid in a girl's voice.

Tony Wagg pulled up so sharply that the centre-forward ran into him and trod upon his heels.

"Did you hear, boys?" the trainer rapped. "Someone—a girl or a woman—is calling for help. What the dickens is wrong, I wonder?"

"I thought I heard the cry, too, Tony," said Codling, the centre-forward, who was a fair-haired, large-limbed giant of over six feet. "Yes; there it is again!"

As for the third time he heard the plea for aid, Tony Wagg dashed to the hedge, and, getting his shoulder to it, he broke through the bushes by main force, disregarding the scratches his hands and face received.

Once on the other side, he could see Marjorie Randall clutching at Jerry the Limper's ragged coat, and the portly, little crook striking at her and frantically trying to break free.

"Hallo! What's this?" the football trainer who had once been quite a champion in the boxing-ring, rapped out. "Come on, boys! We are needed here!"

After him sprinted his dozen companions, as Tony Wagg broke into a run and pelted towards Marjorie and her savage-faced, ill-shaven antagonist.

It was just then that Jerry the Limper contrived to strike the brave girl upon her small, rounded chin, and, reeling away from him, she fell. The sight caused the blood of Tony Wagg to boil, and he uttered a roar like an angry bull as he redoubled his pace, and tore towards the spot.

Round swung the Limper, fear making him confused. He believed that he might have killed Harry Lestrade, and ugly visions of being stood on trial for his life had been

before him, as he had struggled to release himself from Marjorie Randall.

He almost ran into the arms of Tony Wagg, and, as, with a dismayed cry, he tried to dodge, the trainer lashed out with his left. His knuckles caught the taut a blow between the eyes that felt like a kick from a horse, and he thudded flat upon his back.

"You've got yours now, you little rat!" Tony Wagg snapped angrily, as he stood over the half-dazed nobbler. "Why, it's Miss Randall! What's the trouble, miss?"—as Marjorie came somewhat unsteadily to her feet.

For a moment Marjorie was too breathless to speak. But she quickly recovered herself, and, turning and pointing beyond the trees, she panted:

"I saw him fire at Harry Lestrade as he was schooling his horse, Tearing Haste II., over the hurdles." Tears of anxiety leapt into her indignant eyes. "His bullet hit either Harry or the horse—it must have been the horse, I think, for he went down, and both he and Harry are lying under the hurdle."

Jerry the Limper suddenly scrambled to his feet, and made to run. But, like lightning, the brawny hand of the football trainer shot out and clutched his collar, pulling him up.

"Hold him, boys!" Tony Wagg instructed; and, with as little ceremony as if the Limper had been a sack of potatoes, he flung him through the air into the arms of the inside-right, Joynson, who held him in an iron grip.

Tony Wagg ran past the belt of trees, the footballers going after him. Exclamations of concern broke from them as they saw Harry Lestrade lying beneath Tearing Haste II. Then, however, their cries changed to gasps of relief.

Suddenly the racer had raised his long, velvety head, and scrambled up, though, as he moved away, he limped painfully. And Harry Lestrade had also struggled up upon an elbow, a hand pressed to his head.

"Are you hurt—badly hurt, Master Harry?" Tony Wagg asked anxiously, as he fell on his knees beside the boy and supported him.

"No, I don't think so, Tony," Harry answered, a little dazedly. "I'm shaken and bruised a bit, but that's all. What happened? Someone fired a shot. Was it an accident?"

"It was no accident, Harry!" Marjorie Randall said in a tone of anger, as she pointed to Jerry Murker, whom Joynson had just marched up. "You owe your tumble to just this ruffian. He fired at you as you were jumping the hurdle, and he hit poor Tearing Haste II. See, his leg is injured, and he is dead lame!"

Harry Lestrade cried out in indignation and concern, as, with the trainer's assistance, he

rose to his feet, and looked towards the trembling horse.

He saw that the hurdler's near foreleg was wounded, and that blood was trickling down it. Though he reeled dizzily, he went to the animal and spoke to him soothingly and sympathetically as he examined the injury.

"Why did you do this?" he asked in a voice that was ominously quiet, as he returned and faced Jerry Murker.

"I was potting at a rabbit, young gent!" the nobbler whined. "I didn't mean no harm—straight, I didn't! I was knocked all of a heap an' fair scared when I saw yer go down with the boss, an' realised I'd hit it by mistake, like!"

"That is not true!" Marjorie said quickly. "He took deliberate aim at you, Harry—he must have done. His gun would not have been raised as he had it raised, had he been firing at anything on the ground. It was done to stop your winning the race at Kempton Park."

"Yes, that's about the size of it!" Tony Wagg nodded. He shook his clenched fist under the tout's nose. "Come! Out with it! Who bribed you to do it?" he demanded.

Jerry Murker hesitated, wondering if it would go better with him, if he gave Austin Courtney away. He was reluctant to do this, however, knowing that, if he could get out of the present trouble without being handed over to the law, there would be more money to be had out of Harry Lestrade's cousin.

"I tell yer I was shootin' at a rabbit!" he persisted doggedly.

"What are you going to do with him?" Tony Wagg asked, ignoring the obvious falsehood. "Should we run him along to the police-station, Master Harry, and have him charged?"

It was Harry Lestrade's turn to pause. He did not want the trouble of police-court proceedings, and perhaps a trial at the Sessions afterwards. It would mean endless waste of time for him, and he felt that every hour would be precious during the next ten or eleven months, if he was to come out the winner in the contest set his cousin Austin and himself by his late father.

"No; deal with him right away, boys," he decided. "There's a duck-pond over yonder, or, better still, some hog-wash in the piggeries adjoining the home farm, I expect."

Marjorie laughed, in spite of her indignation at seeing Tearing Haste lamed and apparently out of the big race Harry had expected to win with him. The footballers and the trainer chuckled, too, and, though he struggled like a madman, the tout was firmly held by his guardian, Joynson.

"One hand up for the duck-pond, boys—two for an introduction to the swill-trough!" Tony Wagg cried.

The swill-trough was voted for unanimously, and, notwithstanding Jerry Murker's ee-like squirmings, and the lurid and indignant threats he uttered, a move was made for the home farm, which lay to the south of the castle.

Marjorie and Harry followed after the latter had sent for the private trainer of the late Sir Charles's string, and given the ill-fated Tearing Haste into his charge.

When, with Marjorie leading her horse, the party arrived at the farm, they were joined by a number of hands and a goodly sprinkling of stable-boys, who had followed them from the private training stables. And, with much laughter, Jerry Murker was frog-marched to the pigstys, where there was an array of really fine Wessex saddlebacks.

One gigantic sow was the proud mother of a litter of tiny pigs, and, as luck would have it, it was in her sty that the best-filled and largest trough of swill stood.

Jerry Murker was carried to its rails, and dropped with a splash into the conglomeration of whey, skimmed milk, potato peelings, and other refuse, and as the trough was deep and he entered it lengthwise, he was totally submerged.

The shouts of mirth that went up must have reached the distant town; but they were as nothing compared with the yells of merriment that greeted the little scoundrel, as, coughing, choking, and spluttering, he sat up in the trough.

Curdled milk clung to his hair and ran down his unshaven face, and he wore a crown of potato peelings and beans that had been unfit for human consumption. But more fun was to come, as, continuing to rid his mouth of pigwash, Jerry Murker scrambled out of the unpleasant bath.

The saddleback sow, who was a giant

specimen, looked upon the presence in her sty of the tout with suspicion and annoyance, because of her young charges, and, unfortunately for Jerry Murker, he trod upon one of the little pigs, as he put his feet to the ground, causing it to squeal shrilly and scuttle away with its brothers and sisters.

The sow uttered an angry grunt, and rushed at Jerry Murker like an enraged billy-goat. With a gasp of terror, the tout stepped backwards, forgetting the trough. The backs of his calves struck against it, and he overbalanced, and next moment he was occupying it again, with his legs waving in the air.

Nor were his troubles over when he again extricated himself, and scuttled out of the reach of the aggressive sow. As he fell rather than climbed over the low rails, picked himself up, and made to run, a muddy clod of turf struck him in the mouth, whilst a farm hand threw an added egg that burst as it landed on the back of his neck.

Farm-hands, footballers, and stable-boys chased the Limper off the estate, pelting him with more clods and a quantity of decomposed apples intended for the pigs.

Jerry Murker was in a frightful mess when he at length gained a road beyond the farm lands, and, at a limping run, made off out of reach of his tormentors. The experience had been one of the lessons of his mis-spent life.

But there was a mad craving for vengeance in his heart, and, as he turned and shook his fist in the direction of Lestrade Castle, Jerry the Limper vowed that the day should come when he would bitterly repay the boy who had suggested his well-merited punishment.

When Harry Lestrade had taken leave of his football friends, and, in company with Marjorie, reached the private training-stables, he found his cousin Austin in the yard with Williams, his late father's trainer. The latter met him with a grave face.

"You'll have to scratch Tearing Haste II, out of the Grand Military, Master Harry," he said. "The vet's been here and extracted the bullet that had lodged in his leg; but he'll be lame for weeks to come, and it will be a long time before he is fit to go upon a racecourse again."

Austin Courtney, who had been standing in the background, had been regarding Harry uneasily, wondering if Jerry Murker had rounded upon him. But as his cousin showed no signs of taxing him with his villainy, he concluded it could not be so.

Assuming an air of sympathy, he moved forward.

"I'm sportsman enough to be sorry, Harry," he declared unblushingly. "Some bookmaker must have been laying heavily against the horse and paid the tout your friends caught to injure him, so that he could not run."

Harry Lestrade, who had his own suspicions as to who had employed Jerry Murker to do his fell work, looked his cousin straight in the eyes. Austin's glance fell.

"I was not aware there had been any betting yet upon the race, cousin," he said coldly. "The Kempton Grand Military is not an event on which there is any market before the actual day of running, as far as I know."

"Oh, there may have been quite spirited wagering over it at one or other of the London clubs, though the sporting papers have said nothing about it," answered Austin Courtney hastily. "Well, I suppose my chance with Ugly Bird has been improved by what has happened this morning."

Harry shook his head. "Not if Warrior stands up and goes as I have seen him go recently at exercise, cousin," he said quietly.

Austin Courtney's eyes narrowed unpleasantly as he tugged at his moustache. "What do you mean?" he snapped.

"That I shall run my other entry, and ride him," Harry Lestrade returned curtly; and Austin Courtney laughed sneeringly.

"Warrior?" he scoffed. "He might win a trotting race, if he was whipped up a bit, but you'll make yourself a laughing stock if you run him in the Grand Military. He's too ancient for a race of that sort, and you would have to carry a lot of dead weight."

Harry Lestrade shrugged his shoulders.

"We shall see," he retorted, as Austin Courtney laughed again and strode away. Marjorie looked after him until he had



THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME! Jerry Murker was carried by the footballers to the rails of the pigsty and dropped, with a splash, into the conglomeration of refuse in the trough. With a yell the tout disappeared from view. (See this page.)

4 Ask your newsagent for the Enlarged "Chuckles"! Out on Thursday!

quitted the stableyard. Then, impulsively, she turned to the boy, and laid her fingers upon his sleeve.

"Harry, I should keep a watchful eye upon your cousin whilst this contest between you lasts," she said, her voice lowered, so that Williams, who had moved away, could not hear. "I believe he knows more about what happened this morning than he would care to admit. He looked at you quite queerly when you first came into the yard."

"I'll watch the gentleman, never fear, Marjorie," the boy answered, nodding. "Like you, I am—well, suspicious; and forewarned is forearmed."

At Kempton Park.

IT was Grand Military day at Kempton Park, and, with the less important races that had opened the programme over, an atmosphere of suppressed excitement and expectancy hung over the crowded course and enclosures.

Marjorie Randall, who was taking a keen interest in Harry Lestrade's colossal struggle with his cousin, had induced her father to bring her to the meeting, and she was in the stand with Sir Travers Randall, eagerly waiting to watch the big race.

Harry Lestrade had told her that, despite being in the "sere and yellow" stage, Warrior had come to-hand marvellously under the three weeks' strenuous training that had been given him. But Marjorie felt her hopes sink as she listened to the prices the bookmakers were laying.

"Six to one bar two! Eights, the Watchman! Tens Italian, and twenty to one Warrior!"

On all sides this was the cry, and Ugly Bird was one of the two co-favourites which headed the wagering, and wavered between three to one and seven to two. It looked as though the layers, at least, thought Austin Courtney's mount had an excellent chance of winning, and that Warrior would be nearer last than first.

"Ah, here they are!" exclaimed Marjorie's father, as he raised his glasses to his eyes. And, glancing quickly towards the course, which was inclined to be frozen in places and treacherous, Marjorie saw that the thirteen horses due to go to the post were parading.

The cold winter's sunshine shone down upon the silks of their jockeys, vying with the sheen of the thoroughbreds' coats.

Ugly Bird, on whom Austin Courtney sat with a little confident smile on his lips, looked fit to race for his life, and, as he went down to the post, his rider had difficulty in holding him in.

The horse that had run him close for favouritism, a grey called Designer, the chestnut Italian, and also The Watchman looked pictures, too, of what thoroughbred jumpers should be, however, and, in reality, the race was a very open one.

Harry Lestrade, on Warrior, was almost the last to appear. The boy sat his mount easily, and was obviously glowing with health.

The continual exercise was making him marvellously fit, and he offered a contrast to his horse, which seemed to move a trifle sluggishly as Harry galloped him after the others.

There was some delay at the starting-post by reason of Ugly Bird and The Watchman showing fractiousness, and doing their best to kick the horses next them. But at last all the thirteen runners were got into a straight line, and the old, old roar of "They're off!" rang out as they broke away.

It was confirmed by the ringing of a bell, and almost together the thirteen animals swept towards the first hurdle.

All too crowded were they as they leapt it, and the fact brought disaster to one of their number.

A cry of alarm broke from Marjorie Randall as she watched through her glasses. She saw The Watchman and Warrior collide as they were soaring over the obstacle, and both pecked badly on the opposite side. The Watchman's jockey contrived to save him, but, good rider though he was, Harry Lestrade was not so fortunate with his mount.

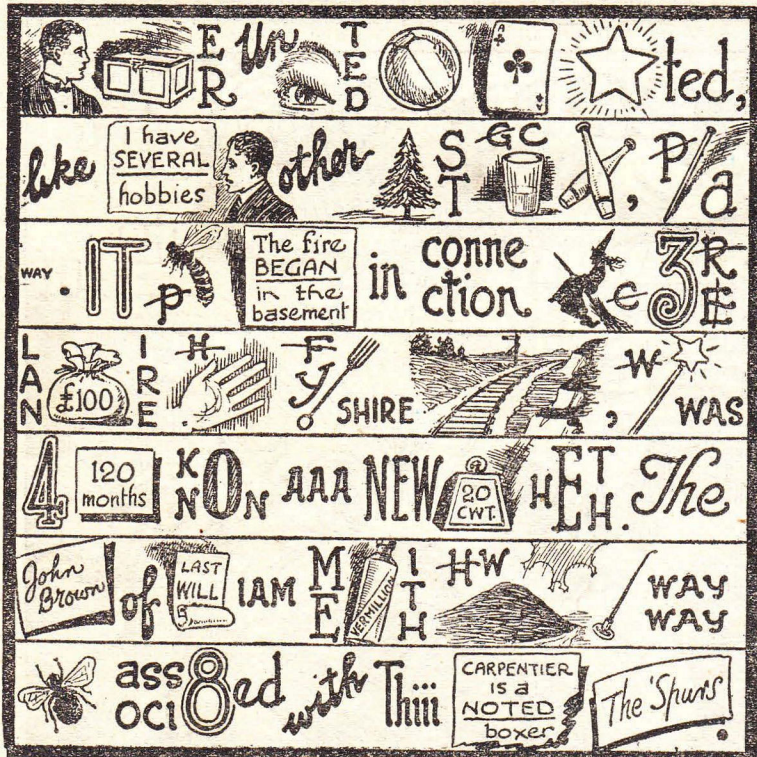
Warrior stumbled twice, then pitched to his knees, and sent Harry head-over-heels out of the saddle.

(There will be another grand long instalment of our thrilling serial of Football, Sport, and Adventure in next week's bumper issue. Do not miss it!)

A Novel New . . . "HISTORIES."

Football Competition

No. 1.—Manchester United.



FIRST PRIZE £5 0 0
 Second Prize £2 10 0
 TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS

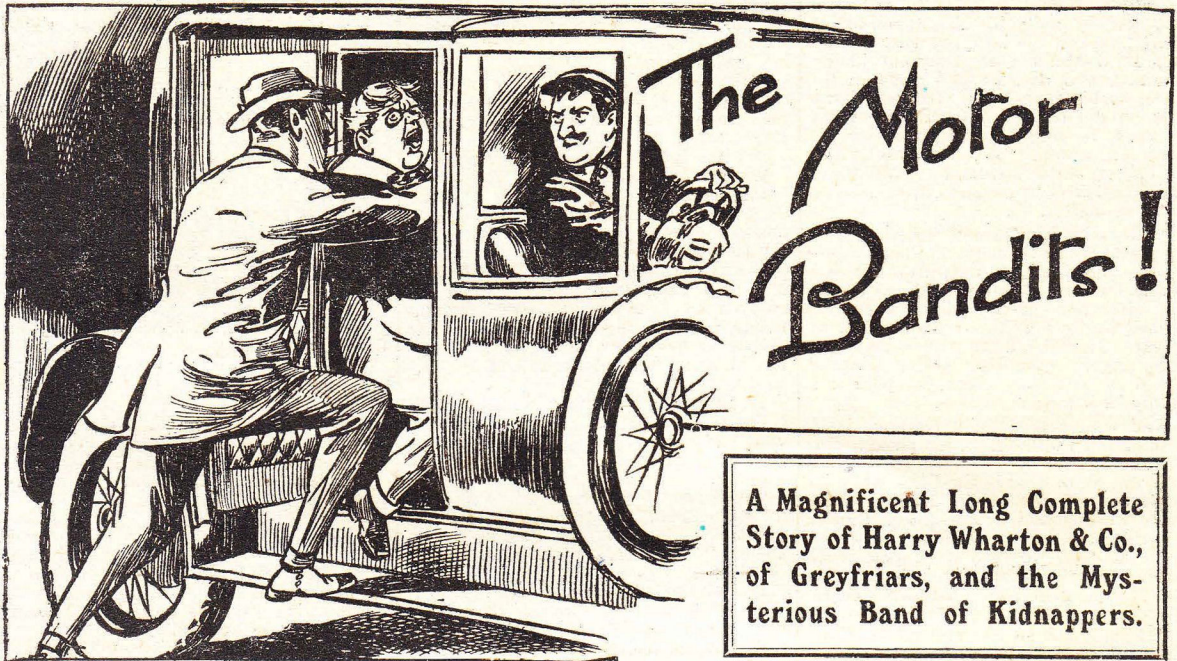
Here is a splendid new competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Manchester United Football Club in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears under the puzzle, pin it to your solution, and post it to "HISTORIES" Competition No. 1, POPULAR OFFICE, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26th, 1922.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now 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. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide all, or any of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

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

I enter "HISTORIES" Competition No. 1, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 P.....

BILLY BUNTER'S KEEN INTEREST IN ANOTHER FELLOW'S AFFAIRS LANDS HIM IN A SCRAPE INSTEAD OF LORD MAULEVERER!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, and the Mysterious Band of Kidnappers.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

My Lord Bunter!

UNDER the circumstances, I think I ought to open it." Thus William George Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove was hovering round a letter addressed to Lord Mauleverer, which was in the rack. It was hard lines, Bunter thought indignantly, to have the money waiting for him there and not be able to touch it because Lord Mauleverer was locked up in his study. His lordship had promised him a whack out of his next remittance. The more Bunter thought it over, the more clear it seemed to him that he was entitled to take the matter, and the letter, into his own hands.

"It will be all right," Bunter argued to himself. "I'll take my whack and hand the rest to Mauly when he comes out. There can't possibly be any harm in that. He didn't say how much I was to have; but I'll make it a quid, and hand him the first postal-order I get for the same amount. Ahem! That will be all right."

He hesitated a little longer, and finally made up his mind. He took down the letter, and puffed upstairs with it to Lord Mauleverer's study. But outside the door there were several juniors, calling emphatically on the schoolboy millionaire to come out and take his bumping, for declining to play in the Form eleven. Nothing but a ragging would meet the case.

Bunter blinked at the juniors in the passage, and slipped the letter into his pocket. It was evidently impossible to get Lord Mauleverer to open it just then. There was nothing for it but to open it himself.

Peter Todd and Alonzo and Dutton were in the study, however, and Bunter did not venture to show the letter there. He had satisfied himself that he

was entitled to open it, but he knew it would not be easy to satisfy his study-mates. Indeed, he was quite well aware that if Peter Todd discovered that he had Mauleverer's letter in his possession that letter would be promptly taken away by force.

Bunter rolled out of the study again, and made his way to the box-room. There he was safe from interruption.

He lighted the gas, and sat down on an empty trunk to open the letter.

He blinked at the superscription. It was addressed to Lord Mauleverer at Greyfriars; but there was neither seal nor crest upon it, and so it apparently did not come from any of Mauly's noble relations. The envelope, indeed, was cheap and common, and the postmark was the local one of Courtfield.

A chill of doubt entered Bunter's plump breast. Perhaps it wasn't a remittance, after all! The handwriting was unfamiliar to him, too. Not that Bunter ought to have known anything about the handwriting on other fellows' letters; but, as a matter of fact, he did. The hand on the letter was a light and somewhat graceful one, and if Bunter had known anything about the matter he would have known that it was a foreign hand—a Latin style of calligraphy.

"Well, I'd better open it," he murmured, at last. "It may be something important, and then I can tell Mauly. I shall really be doing him a service."

And he proceeded to do Lord Mauleverer that service at once by slitting the envelope with his fat thumb.

The letter inside was written in the same foreign handwriting, but in perfect English. But there was no remittance—not a trace of a cheque, a postal-order, or any other form of remittance. Bunter snorted, and read the letter. He had no scruples on a point like that.

But as he read the letter, his little

round eyes grew bigger and rounder behind his spectacles with astonishment, and he gave a low whistle.

"Oh crumbs!"

The letter was certainly surprising, for it ran:

"Lord Mauleverer,—You are threatened with a danger of which you are not aware. It has come to my knowledge and I wish to warn you, but I dare not come to your school. If you will come to see me, I will tell you. But keep this secret, or I shall be in peril.

"I shall wait for you this evening at seven o'clock outside the gates of the school, and I hope you will come. Believe me, I am your friend, and wish to serve you."

The letter was unsigned.

"Well, that beats the band!" muttered Billy Bunter, in great astonishment. "Mauly in danger—and this chap going to warn him! I wonder what it's all about!"

Bunter's curiosity was aroused at once. The Paul Pry and Peeping Tom of Greyfriars never could bear to let anything happen without his knowing all about it.

He was intensely eager to know what the unknown stranger had to say to Lord Mauleverer, and he meant to know.

As he sat with the letter in his hand, seven o'clock struck from the school tower.

Bunter started as he heard it.

"Seven! My hat! Then the man's there!"

He started up.

To take the letter to Lord Mauleverer, and explain through the keyhole, with the other juniors looking on, was evidently impossible. Besides, the unknown writer had said expressly that the matter was to be kept secret.

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE END OF THE CHASE!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

What was to be done?

There was one way in which the Owl of the Remove could learn the whole of the affair, from beginning to end—and that was by going to the appointment himself. It would be quite easy to say that Lord Mauleverer was unavoidably detained, and that he had come in his place, as his closest pal. Indeed, if the stranger did not know Lord Mauleverer by sight, he might take Bunter for his lordship. Bunter flattered himself that he had a noble air, and could quite easily be mistaken for an earl, or a duke, for that matter.

"I'll go!" Bunter murmured. "I'm jolly well going to know all about this—I mean, I'm going to look after Mauly's affairs for him, as his pal. I can't take the letter now—if the fellows knew I'd opened it, they wouldn't understand, of course. They'd call me names, and very likely rag me—the asses! I'm going to see what danger threatens poor old Mauly, and look after him."

And with that virtuous resolve, Billy Bunter put the letter in his pocket, and left the box-room.

It was quite dark in the Close when he came out of the School House. The gates were locked at dark, and Bunter had no choice but to get over the school wall—in fact, to break bounds, if he wished to keep the appointment with Lord Mauleverer's unknown correspondent.

"Hallo! Where are you off to?" exclaimed Peter Todd, who was standing on the School House steps, and looking out.

Bunter started. He had not seen Todd.

"Oh, just taking a stroll round the Close!" he said. "Exercise, you know."

Todd stared at him.

"First time I've ever heard of you taking exercise," he said. "What's the matter with you?"

"N-n-nothing!"

"You're looking excited about something," said Peter, eyeing him narrowly. "Are you up to some little game? Tell your uncle at once!"

"I—I—I'm only going for a stroll," said Bunter. "Don't you be so jolly inquisitive, Toddy. I don't like inquisitiveness!"

And Bunter rolled away into the shadows. Peter Todd glanced after him with a somewhat puzzled expression. He could see that the Owl of the Remove was in a state of unusual excitement—but it might only mean that he had raised a loan, and was hurrying to the tuckshop before Mrs. Mimble closed. And just then Bolsover major called to him, and Todd forgot all about Bunter.

The fat junior scuttled across the Close, and reached the school wall. It was not easy for the fattest junior of Greyfriars to climb it, but he contrived to do so, and dropped breathlessly into the road outside.

He waited a few moments, puffing and panting, to recover his breath, and then toddled along the wall towards the school gates.

There was a light burning over the gateway, and Bunter came out into the road in the light, and blinked round for the expected stranger.

A dark form detached itself from the shadows of the trees on the other side of the road, and crossed quickly towards Bunter.

"I am glad you have come, my lord!" he said, in a low voice.

Bunter puffed out his chest a little. It was evident that the man mistook him for Lord Mauleverer, and the Owl of the

Remove was immensely flattered. It was clear at once that his noble manner impressed itself upon this complete stranger.

"Yes, here I am," said Bunter loftily. "Who are you? Are you the chap who wrote that letter?"

"Yes, my lord!"

"What's it all about?"

"Will your lordship walk down the road a few paces with me?" said the man respectfully.

"Certainly!" said Bunter willingly.

Where he was he was in danger of being seen, and he did not want to be discovered out of bounds. It would have meant a caning.

"This way, my lord!"

It was the first time that Billy Bunter had ever been "my lorded," and he enjoyed it very much. He strutted along beside the dark-faced stranger, feeling several inches taller. Indeed, he almost felt that he was really a lord by this time.

There was a motor-car in the road, about a hundred yards from the school, with the chauffeur in his place. It was throbbing softly in the silence of the evening.

"Will your lordship step into the car for a moment?" said the foreign-looking gentleman, in a smooth and respectful voice. "Your lordship might prefer to be seated?"

Bunter started back a little.

Even to his obtuse mind there was something very singular in this, and he had a vague feeling of alarm.

"N-no!" he muttered. "I—I'd rather not. In fact, I—I think I'd better be getting back—Oh! Leggo! Ah!"

The dark-faced man made a sudden spring, and Bunter found himself collared and thrown bodily into the car.

"Quick, Louis!"

"Oui, Monsieur Duval!"

Monsieur Duval, if that was his name, sprang into the car after Bunter, and closed the door. In a moment more the automobile was in motion. Bunter sat up dazedly, and tried to shout.

"Help!"

The cry was choked back by a grip on his throat. A shudder of fear ran through his fat limbs as he felt a cold round rim pressed to his forehead.

"Silence!" hissed the Frenchman. "Taisez-vous! Not a sound!"

Bunter gave a gasp, and fainted with sheer terror! The Frenchman bent over him, and uttered a scornful exclamation.

"He has fainted! Sapristi—tant mieux! It is safer!"

The motor-car rushed on through the darkness.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Where is Bunter?

"THERE he is!"

"Collar him!"

There was a rush. Lord Mauleverer, driven by hunger,

had ventured out of his study at last. He was spotted at once in the Remove passage, and the juniors rushed upon him, and his unfortunate lordship was promptly collared.

"I say, you know," stammered Mauleverer. "Begad, you know! I—"

Bump!

"Oh dear! By Jove! Stop it, you know!"

Bump!

"Yaroo!" yelled his lordship. "Help! Rescue! Ow, begad!"

Bump!

"Now, will you do it again?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Yaas! Ow!"

Bump!

"Will you slack any more?"

"Yaas—I mean no!" wailed Lord Mauleverer. "Leggo—you're spoiling my bags! Qw!"

He struggled out of the grasp of the avengers, and jumped up, considerably dishevelled.

Bob Cherry shook a warning finger at him.

"Now, if you're wanted in the Form eleven again, don't you lock yourself up in your study," he said. "Not that you're likely to be wanted, as a matter of fact."

"Ow, ow, ow!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. "If you're quite sure you've finished, I'll go and get some grub, I'm hungry!"

And Lord Mauleverer was soon in the tuckshop, disposing of Mrs. Mimble's good things with an appetite worthy of Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. returned to their preparation, which had been interrupted by the just punishment of the slacker. Peter Todd looked into the study when they had finished.

"Seen anything of Bunter?" he asked.

"Bunter—no! Look in the tuckshop!"

Peter grinned.

"I've looked there," he said, "and everywhere else. The silly ass hasn't done his prep, and it's near bedtime. He'll get into trouble with Quelch in the morning. By the way, do you know what's become of Mauly's letter?"

"Hasn't he had it?" asked Nugent.

"Well, he's inquiring for it, so I suppose he hasn't," said Todd. "It's queer that Mauly's letter and Bunter should disappear at the same time. If that fat bouncer has taken it, I'm going to scalp him."

And Peter Todd walked away to search for Bunter. But he did not find him.

And when bed-time came, and the Remove prepared to go to their dormitory, the fat junior was still absent.

Wingate of the Sixth came to the Remove dormitory to see lights out, and he noticed Bunter's absence at once.

"Where's Bunter?" he inquired.

"He's not here," said Wharton.

"I can see that. Does anybody know where he is?" said Wingate, frowning.

"Doesn't the ass know it's bed-time?"

"Haven't seen him for some time," said Peter Todd. "He went out into the Close about seven o'clock, and he doesn't seem to have been seen since."

Wingate stared.

"I suppose he can't have stayed in the Close for two hours and a half," he said. "Some of you had better go and hunt him up."

The juniors were not at all sorry to have bed-time left a little later. They left the dormitory to look for Bunter with alacrity. But they came back one by one with the information that they could not find him.

Wingate was extremely annoyed.

"The fat duffer!" he exclaimed. "I can't waste my time here. Do you know if he went out?"

"Well, he couldn't go out after locking up," said Todd.

"You chaps are in his study. Do you know if he had any idea of getting out of bounds?" Wingate asked.

Peter shook his head.

"I fear that I am unable to throw any light on the matter, my dear Wingate," said Alonzo Todd. "But I trust Bunter has not broken bounds. Such an act of delinquency would be very deplorable."

"Pile it on, Alonzo," said Bob Cherry admiringly. "He makes it up out of his

head as he goes along, you know. Wonderful, ain't it?"

"My dear Cherry, I trust my meaning is penetrable by any person of average perspicacity," said Alonzo.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Wingate. "Do you know where Bunter is, Dutton?"

Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, who had the honour of sharing Study No. 7 with Bunter and the two Todds, went on unlacing his boots, quite unconscious of the fact that the Greyfriars captain had spoken to him.

Wingate raised his voice.

"Dutton!"

"Hallo!" said Dutton, looking up. "Did you speak to me, Wingate?"

"Yes. Do you know where Bunter is?"

"Eh?"

"Do you know if Bunter has gone out?"

"Oh, I don't know about that!" said Dutton. "He's a bit of an ass, but I shouldn't call him a lout, Wingate. It's not a nice word."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have you seen Bunter this evening?" shouted Wingate. "Do you know where he has gone?"

"Nearly fifteen years ago, I should think."

"What?"

"It depends on his present age, I suppose," said Dutton, in surprise.

"Eh? What? What—what depends on his present age?"

"Did you ask me if I knew when Bunter was born?"

The juniors yelled and Wingate frowned.

"Do you know where he has gone?" roared Wingate, with a voice that could be heard at the end of the dormitory passage.

"Oh! No, I don't."

"Well, you kids had better turn in," said the prefect. "I'll make it warm for that young duffer when he comes in, wherever he is. Get to bed!"

The Removites turned in, greatly surprised by the absence of Bunter. The general belief was that he had broken bounds, though with what object no one could guess. Peter Todd remembered his suppressed excitement when he had seen him leaving the house, and that seemed to indicate that he had something "on," but Peter knew no more than that. Most of the juniors were inclined to connect his disappearance with the fact that Lord Mauleverer's letter was missing. Bunter's keen interest in other fellows' correspondence was well known.

"Was there a postal-order in your letter, Mauly?" Bulstrode asked.

"Begad, I don't know!" said Mauleverer. "I haven't seen the letter, you see. The fellows said it was in the rack, but when I went down it wasn't there, and I haven't seen anything of it."

"Even Bunter wouldn't take Mauly's postal-order to cash it," said Peter Todd. "Besides, the post-office has been closed a long time. And Mauly doesn't get postal-orders; he always has whacking big cheques on the bank at Courtfield."

"Yaas, that's so."

"Then where on earth is Bunter?" said Bob Cherry.

"Goodness knows!"

It was a long time before the Removites slept. They discussed the remarkable absence of the Owl of the Remove till nearly eleven o'clock. By that time the fat junior had not made his appearance, and the fellows dropped off to sleep.

The amazing absence of Bunter was

causing alarm downstairs before that. As he had not returned by half-past ten, Wingate reported his absence to the Head. But the Head could do nothing. The school had already been searched for him, and it was certain that the junior was not within the walls of Greyfriars. At eleven o'clock the Head telephoned to the police-station in Friardale; but he could learn nothing of any accident in the vicinity. Billy Bunter seemed to have disappeared without leaving a trace behind.

It was almost inconceivable that he had run away from school. But if he had not, where was he?

It was a mystery.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

In Borrowed Plumes!

BILLY BUNTER opened his eyes. He was in darkness, and he had a sensation of rapid motion.

Where was he?

His mind was too confused for the moment to remember what had happened. Round him was darkness as he sat up and panted.

From the darkness a hand stretched out and grasped him by the shoulder, in a grasp that seemed like the clutch of a vice.

"Keep quiet!"

At the sound of the smooth, silky voice, with the foreign accent, Bunter remembered.

A gasp of terror left his lips.

He was inside a motor-car, with the blinds closely drawn, and beside him on the seat was a man he could not see, but whom he knew to be a Frenchman who

had met him outside the school gates, and whom the chauffeur had addressed as Monsieur Duval.

Who was he? Why had he seized the fat junior in this lawless manner, and carried him off in the swiftly-rushing car?

Bunter was dazed by it.

"I—I say," he murmured, "what's the game, you know? Is this a lark?"

"Don't talk!"

"But I—I say, I can't go off like this, you know. I've got to get back to Greyfriars. I shall be late for bed!"

There was a chuckle in the darkness.

"You will not see Greyfriars again for some time, my lord," said the silky voice. "You are going to be my guest for some time."

"What?"

"You need not be afraid. You will not be hurt. But you are my prisoner, and if you attempt to cry out I shall use my revolver!"

"Ow!"

"Keep quiet, and you will not be hurt."

"But I—I say, you know, what do you mean? You ain't allowed to take a chap away in this way, you know. It's against the law."

"Vraiment?" said the mocking voice in the darkness.

"Look here, you blessed foreigner, you let me out of this car!" growled Bunter. "I say, where are my glasses? Have you got my spectacles?"

"Probably you have dropped them."

"Look here, I can't see without my glasses," protested Bunter.

"It is not necessary for you to see."

"I've got to get back to Greyfriars."



BILLY BUNTER'S PLIGHT! "I—I say; I ain't Lord Mauleverer!" shrieked Bunter, as the Frenchman pushed him into the room. "Cease your lies! I know who you are!" said Duval. "I am not to be trifled with. Unless your liberty is well paid for, you will never leave this house alive!" (See Chapter 3.)

NEXT TUESDAY! "THE END OF THE CHASE!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 196. A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

There will be a row if I'm late for bed. What have you shoved me into this rotten car for?"

"Silence!"
"I'm not going to stand it," growled Bunter. "This is a free country, you foreign beast, and you can't take a chap away like this. I'll yell for help if you don't stop the car. Stop it at once! Do you hear?"

"Taisez-vous!"
"I don't understand your rotten foreign lingo. Stop this car at once!"

"Listen to me, Lord Mauleverer. You will not be hurt if you do not give trouble. If you raise your voice, I shall stun you with the butt of my revolver. Take warning."

Lord Mauleverer!
Billy Bunter understood at last.

He had been kidnapped, in mistake for the schoolboy earl. It was Lord Mauleverer whom this rascal had intended to carry off in the motor-car. But Billy Bunter's keen interest in another fellow's affairs had landed him in the scrape instead of the schoolboy millionaire. It was clear to him at last, and he gave a gasp of relief as he realised it. He had only to explain that he was not really Lord Mauleverer, and all would be well; at all events, he flattered himself so.

"You came to kidnap Mauly?" he exclaimed.

"Kidnap! Yes—that is the word!"
"But I am not Lord Mauleverer!" said Bunter eagerly.

"Don't lie to me!" said the Frenchman harshly. "I know who you are!"

"But I swear I'm not; I'm Bunter—William George Bunter, of the Lower Fourth. Mauly's my pal."

"Liar!"
"I tell you it's so!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I happened to read the letter, you know, and, as Mauly couldn't come, I came instead."

"That is false!"
"I—I swear it's so!" said Bunter, in great dismay, as he found that his statement was not believed. "Any fellow at Greyfriars will tell you I'm Bunter."

"Bah! Do you think I am a child to be deceived? How did you come to open the letter unless you are Lord Mauleverer?"

"I—I just opened it, as—as Mauly's my pal, you know."

"Nonsense!"
"Mauly couldn't come, so I came, you know—"

"Bah! Listen to me. It is useless to lie, for I know who you are. I was on the school football-ground this afternoon when you were playing, and I was told who you were. As I did not know you by sight, I came to Greyfriars under pretence of bringing a message, in order to see you personally. I was told that Lord Mauleverer was keeping goal in the match, and I watched you keeping goal. Now, you will understand that it is useless to deny your identity."

"But—but it isn't so—it was all changed at the last moment, and I kept goal instead of Mauly—"

"Silence!"

The Frenchman evidently did not believe him, and Bunter relapsed into dismayed silence. As a matter of fact, his story sounded very feeble. The Frenchman could know nothing of the events that had taken place at Greyfriars that afternoon. He had been told that the goalkeeper for the Remove was to be Lord Mauleverer, and he had seen Bunter between the posts.

Bunter had met him in reply to the letter sent to Lord Mauleverer, and which in the natural course would only have

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

been opened by the schoolboy earl. And Bunter had accepted the name and title when the Frenchman had met him outside the school gates. Chance, aided by the fat junior's own inquisitiveness and duplicity, had made the evidence too strong for him. He had not the slightest prospect of convincing Monsieur Duval that he was not in reality the schoolboy millionaire.

The car rushed on through the night. Where they were going—how far they had gone—the Owl of the Remove had not the faintest idea.

A loud, heavy sound came to his ears above the rushing of the car, and he knew that it was the sound of the surf breaking on the rocky shore.

The car was following the cliff road, the loneliest in the neighbourhood.

Once Bunter heard a market-cart lumber by, but he dared not call out, for the hand gripped him again in the darkness, and that cold, round rim was pressed to his fat face. He sat quivering like a jelly with terror, in the grasp of the kidnapper, till the cart was left far behind.

Then the Frenchman released him.
"I—I say, where are we going?"
Bunter stammered at last.

"You will see soon!"
"What are you going to do with me?"
"You will see!"
"This—this is against the law, you know!" Bunter muttered feebly.
"Bah!"
Still the car rushed on.

laying hands on the real Mauleverer? It occurred to Bunter that if he succeeded in convincing the rascal that he was not Mauleverer the consequences might be very dangerous to him. If Duval found himself disappointed of his prey he was quite likely to take vengeance upon the fellow whose meddling had been the means of disappointing him.

In either case, with his true identity established or not, Bunter's position was not an enviable one.

The car came to a halt at last. The chauffeur descended and opened the door, and there was a rapid whisper in French, of which Bunter understood hardly a word.

The Frenchman stepped out of the car.
"Come!" he said.

"I—I say—where are we?"
"Step out—and silence!"

Billy Bunter stepped out of the car. The stars were gleaming in a cold, clear sky. In the distance Bunter caught a glimpse of the sea, and he could hear the murmur of the surf on the shore.

Close at hand was a house, built back against a cliff. It was a bungalow—one of the single-storied buildings occupied by summer visitors—shut up and deserted in the winter.

The windows were covered with shutters, the garden was bleak and dusty with drifting sand, and there was not a glimmer of light to be seen. The Frenchman grasped his arm and led him towards the door.

The chauffeur remounted to his seat, and the car buzzed away down the road and disappeared into the shadows.

The bungalow lay well back from the road. So far as the Owl of the Remove could see, there was not another house in sight. On the gate was the name of the house—Locarno—one of those gorgeous names that builders love to bestow upon their shoddy edifices.

Locarno!
Billy Bunter knew where he was now. He had passed that bungalow on his bicycle in the summer—he remembered some joke of Bob Cherry's about the name. The bungalow was about a mile out of the village of Pegg—the journey of the motor-car, therefore, had not been a very long one. In the summer the coast was alive with visitors—in the winter it was bare and deserted—and Bunter realised that the kidnapper had chosen a very safe hiding-place. But it was a comfort to know that he was not at a great distance from Greyfriars.

Monsieur Duval unlocked the door and pushed Bunter into the dark, damp hall. He closed the door after them, and relocked it. Then he lighted a lamp.

"Come!" he said.

Bunter followed him meekly into a room. The shutters on the window were closed and secured. The room was barely furnished. Duval pointed to a bed.

"You may go to bed," he said. "I shall see you in the morning. You will have time to think over your situation, and you will be reasonable, I hope. Do you know my name?"

"I—I seem to have heard of it before!" stammered Bunter.

"Have you read of the motor-car bandits in Paris?"

"Ye-es!"

"I was one of them," said Duval, his brows knitting in a threatening frown.

"Now you know that, you know that I am not to be trifled with. Unless your liberty is well paid for, you will never leave this house alive. Think of that!"

And he turned towards the door.

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

£50

IN PRIZES

in a

Grand Painting Competition

in the greatly enlarged

CHUCKLES

Out on Thursday. Price 2d.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE END OF THE CHASE!"

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"But, I say!" shrieked Bunter. "I—I ain't Lord Mauleverer!"

"Cease your lies! I know who you are!"

"I—I'm hungry!" said Bunter. "I can't go to sleep when I'm hungry!"

"You must do the best you can. Tomorrow morning you shall eat. At present I have nothing for you!"

The Frenchman quitted the room, and locked the door on the outside.

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Bunter.

He had been left in the dark. He felt his way to the bed, and lay down in his clothes, and pulled the bedclothes over him. It was very cold in the deserted bungalow, and that was the easiest way to keep warm. For a long time his terrified thoughts kept the fat junior awake. But he slept at last. And, mingling with the distant murmur of the sea for the remainder of the night, there sounded the deep, bass snore of the Owl of the Remove.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Missing!

"WHERE'S Bunter?"

That was the question all Greyfriars was asking the next morning.

Harry Wharton & Co. had awakened at the clang of the rising-bell, to find that Billy Bunter's bed in the Remove dormitory was empty, and had not been slept in. Bunter had not returned!

"Something's happened!" said Bob Cherry sapiently.

It was only too certain that something had happened. Billy Bunter could not possibly have remained out all night of his own accord. Something had happened to the fat junior outside the walls of Greyfriars. But what?

"What on earth's become of him?" Peter Todd exclaimed. "He can't have run away from school to become a professional ventriloquist. He said once he was going to."

"I have heard of schoolboys running away to become pirates," said Alonzo. "I trust Bunter has done nothing so rash!"

"No. I don't think he's done that!" said Bob Cherry sarcastically. "I can't quite imagine Bunter with a rakish schooner flying the skull and crossbones!"

The Removites grinned at the idea. But one thing was certain. Billy Bunter was not to be found.

The juniors made anxious inquiries when they came down.

But nothing had been discovered.

Bunter seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Peter Todd, as the last person who had seen Bunter the previous night, was sent for by the Head and questioned. But he could tell little. He had seen the fat junior go out into the Close, and Bunter seemed unusually excited about something—that was all.

Todd joined the Famous Five when he came back from the Head's study. They were discussing the matter in the Close. There was a thoughtful shade upon Peter Todd's brow.

"Mauly hasn't heard anything of his letter yet, you chaps," he remarked.

"Oh, blow Mauly's letter!" said Bob Cherry. "We're thinking about poor old Bunter. Something's happened to him."

"It's queer that Mauly's letter and Billy should disappear at the same time," said Todd quietly. "I can't help thinking that Bunter collared it, though I don't see why it should have made him leave Greyfriars. Still, it looks to me

as if there were some connection there. If Mauly could tell us what was in the letter—"

"A cheque, most likely."

"Phew!" said Johnny Bull, with a whistle. "Mauly got a cheque once for a big sum when he was going to buy a motor-bike. Is it possible that Bunter's sloped with the cash—if it were a big cheque?"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Wharton. "Even Bunter wouldn't do that. Still, we'll ask Mauly about the letter. It may let in some light on the matter. We know Bunter wasn't too particular about opening other people's letters."

They looked for Lord Mauleverer, and found him in the dining-room.

"We want to know about that letter, Mauly," said Wharton. "We think Bunter may have taken it. What was in it?"

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"Begad, I don't know! I haven't seen it."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Did you tell Bunter he could open it?"

"No. I told him he could have a whack in the remittance, if there was one in it."

Skinner of the Remove came into the dining-room, with an excited look on his face, and a letter in his hand.

"I hear you've lost a letter, Mauleverer!" he exclaimed.

"Yaas."

"Is this it?"

Lord Mauleverer yawned, and took the letter from Skinner and looked at it. An expression of astonishment came over his face.

"This must be a giddy jape," he said. "Where did you get it, Skinner?"

"Picked it up close to the wall," said Skinner. "I was looking for traces of Bunter to see if he had got over the wall last night. He couldn't have gone out by the gates—they were locked, you know. I found the letter there. Looks as if it had been dropped there by someone getting over the wall."

"Is it yours, Mauly?" asked Wharton.

"Well, my name's on it," said Lord Mauleverer in perplexity. "But I don't see why anybody should write such piffle to me. Read it!"

The juniors looked at the letter. It was the letter Billy Bunter had perused with such keen curiosity in the box-room the previous evening. The Owl of the Remove had evidently dropped it in getting over the school wall.

"My hat!" said Wharton, with a deep breath. "That explains it!"

"How does it, my dear chap?"

"Bunter read this letter. The writer asked you to meet him outside the gates at seven o'clock. It was at seven o'clock Todd saw Bunter going out, looking excited about something. He was going to see the man who wrote this letter."

"Right on the nail," said Peter Todd, with conviction; "that's it! Bunter opened the letter to see if there was a remittance in it, and found this, and went to see the man, and find out all about it. That's just like him. He never could mind his own business."

"And then something happened to him," said Wharton. "If you'd had this letter, Mauly, would you have gone?"

"Yaas, I suppose so."

"It's a trick of some sort," said Todd. "The man, whoever he is, wanted Mauly outside the school. Bunter went instead, and Bunter's got what was intended for Mauly. It looks to me like a case of kidnapping. Bunter couldn't disappear into thin air. He met the chap who

wrote this letter, and the chap has collared him, for some reason."

It seemed pretty clear.

The finding of the letter had let in a flood of light on the subject.

Coker of the Fifth came in while the juniors were excitedly discussing the new discovery, and he joined them at once.

"You kids found something out?" he asked.

Lord Mauleverer showed him the letter.

"Phew!" said Coker, examining it. "So you're in danger, are you?"

"Not that I know of," yawned his lordship. "I suppose it's a jape of some sort. Chap wanted to get me outside the gates to make a fool of me, I suppose."

"Just had this letter?" asked Coker.

Skinner explained how he had found it. Skinner was considerably elated at having been the means of letting in light on the mystery. Coker examined the letter with renewed attention.

"That isn't English writing," he said. "It's what they call a Latin fist. It was written by a foreigner."

"Yes; we'd spotted that already," said Wharton.

"I wonder if it was that foreign chap who was asking for Mauleverer yesterday?" said Coker. "Your French friend, Mauleverer."

"Haven't any French friends, dear boy."

"But the man who came to see you yesterday afternoon."

"I didn't see any man."

"Who was it, Coker?" exclaimed all the juniors together.

"A French chap," said Coker. "I was just going down to the footer-match when he asked me if Lord Mauleverer was here. He was a dark-faced chap—a Frenchman, though he spoke jolly good English. He said he had a message for Mauleverer. I told him Mauleverer was keeping goal for you."

"By Jove, and we put Bunter in goal at the last moment!" Wharton exclaimed. "Is it possible he has taken Bunter for Mauleverer!"

"Oh, draw it mild, you know!" protested Lord Mauleverer, not at all flattered by the suggestion.

"But if he didn't know you by sight," said Wharton. "You say you don't know the man, so the chances are he doesn't know you. Mauly, old man, my belief is that you've had a narrow escape. There's some scheme to get hold of you, and Bunter has walked into the trap instead of you."

"Begad, I must say I'm much obliged to Bunter!"

"We ought to tell the Head about this," said Wharton. "It may help the police if they know what's happened."

And that being agreed to, Lord Mauleverer and Skinner and Coker proceeded to the Head's study to explain what had been discovered. Dr. Locke listened with great interest; and when he dismissed them, he telephoned immediately to the police-station in Courtfield. And during morning lessons, Inspector Grimes arrived from Courtfield, and Lord Mauleverer and Coker were closely questioned; and the inspector departed with a complete description of the unknown Frenchman, as Coker and Potter and Greene remembered him.

There was little doubt now that it was a case of kidnapping, and that Billy Bunter had fallen a victim to it instead of the schoolboy millionaire.

But where was he?

THE END.

(Another grand story of Greyfriars next Tuesday. See page 27.)

THE POPULAR.—NO. 196.

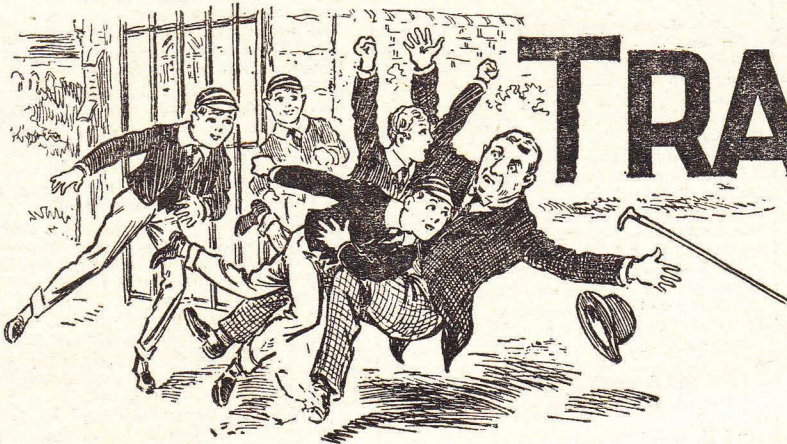
A SPLENDID STORY OF THE JUNIORS OF GREY-FRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT TUESDAY!

"THE END OF THE CHASE!"

THE LAST MEMBER OF THE FISTICAL FOUR OF ROOKWOOD FALLS A VICTIM OF THE MYSTERIOUS KIDNAPPER. JIMMY SILVER FOLLOWS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS CHUMS.



TRAPPED!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Stories of Rookwood appear every Monday in the "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Rough Reception.

WHAT on earth's the game?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Shush!"

"But what—?"

"He'll hear you!" whispered Mornington.

Jimmy Silver looked astonished. The captain of the Fourth had been sauntering in the quad, his brows knitted in thought, when he caught sight of the little crowd in the gateway.

Jimmy was thinking of his missing chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome; he was seldom thinking of anything else.

But the sight of Mornington and his companions evidently in ambush in the gateway, drew his attention.

Mornington, Oswald, Van Ryn, and Conroy, all of the Classical Fourth, were there, and Conroy was peering out into the road.

Apparently the four juniors were waiting for somebody, and keeping in cover while he approached.

"Shush!" whispered Mornington. "We're waiting for Brown!"

"Brown!" repeated Jimmy Silver, in surprise. "Do you mean Mr. Brown, the detective?"

"Exactly! We're going to give him a surprise."

Conroy drew back his head quickly.

"He's coming!" he murmured.

"Ready, you fellows!"

"But what are you going to do with Mr. Brown?" asked the astonished Jimmy. "You'd better not jape him, Morny. He's bound to complain to the Head if you do. Most likely he's coming to see the Head, or Captain Lagden."

Mornington gave a shrug.

"We're going to bash him by accident," he explained. "No law against rushing out of gates suddenly if we want to. If Brown happens to be in the way, he may get knocked over. So much the worse for Brown."

"But—"

"It's like the fellow's cheek to hang round here," said Morny. "I don't care whether he's a detective from Scotland Yard or not; it's like his cheek! He's after a chap who was at Rookwood fifteen years ago. Isn't it like his thumping cheek to suppose that that fellow Baumann has any connection with Rookwood now? Yet he's hanging about the school."

"I suppose he knows his own business best," suggested Jimmy Silver.

"Rats! He thinks that Baumann is keeping up some connection with the school, and he thinks he will get a clue to him here," said Mornington. "Like his cheek! He don't know Rookwood!"

"I should jolly well say so!" said Oswald warmly. "We've heard all about that fellow Baumann; he's a regular waster, and a

THE POPULAR.—NO. 196.

criminal! A Hun, by the name, too! He's been in prison for counterfeiting banknotes, from what I hear. And that howling ass, Brown, is hanging about Rookwood looking for him, just because the rotter was here when he was a boy!"

"Cheeky ass!" said Conroy.

"Shush!" came from Mornington.

There was a sound of footsteps in the road now.

The juniors were silent.

Jimmy Silver said no more. He was not in much of a humour for japing, himself; the unknown fate of his chums weighed too heavily upon his mind.

Mr. Brown, the gentleman from Scotland Yard, had been some time in the neighbourhood, and it was well known that he was in search of Baumann, once a Rookwood fellow.

Why he should be looking for him in the neighbourhood of the school was a mystery, unless he supposed that Baumann had kept up some connection with Rookwood. That thought naturally annoyed the Rookwooders.

Baumann had been a thorough rascal in his schooldays, and had been expelled from Rookwood many years before Jimmy Silver knew the school.

Since then he had gone utterly to the bad, and had seen the inside of a prison on more than one occasion.

To suppose that anybody at Rookwood had any connection with such a character was an insult to the school.

It was bad enough to know that such a thorough rascal had ever been at Rookwood; and few fellows, in fact, had heard of him until Mr. Brown arrived in the neighbourhood, and his mission became known.

Mr. Brown's pertinacity in keeping about the school looked as if he expected to pick up some clue to Baumann there; and the idea of that exasperated the Rookwooders.

Morny & Co. were going to impress upon Mr. Brown's mind that he was not wanted there.

It had to be by "accident"; they did not want to be called over the coals by the Head for ragging the podgy gentleman from Scotland Yard.

The footsteps came closer.

Jimmy Silver grinned a little as Mornington and his companions prepared for a rush.

"Ready!" whispered Morny.

The footsteps were quite close now.

A podgy figure appeared in view as Mr. Brown turned towards the gateway.

Like an arrow from a bow, Mornington shot out into the road, his comrades at his heels.

They crashed into the unfortunate Mr. Brown just as the detective was turning into the gateway.

Morny's head, lowered, smote the podgy detective full on his ample chest, and Mr. Brown went staggering.

As he staggered, the other fellows crashed into him.

Bump!

Mr. Brown, with a breathless yell, sat down on the cold, unsympathetic road.

In a second the four juniors were sprawling over him. The podgy gentleman disappeared under them.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Silver.

Little could be seen of Mr. Brown as he sprawled on his back, the juniors rolling over him and almost squashing him.

"Oh!" gasped Mornington. "We've run into somebody!"

"This is where we travel!" murmured Conroy; and the juniors picked themselves up and scuttled down the road before Mr. Brown could get a good look at them.

Jimmy Silver, suppressing his mirth, came out of the gateway, and gave Mr. Brown a hand up.

The fat gentleman staggered to his feet with Jimmy's assistance.

"Thank you, my boy!" he said gaspingly. "Oh dear! I am quite out of breath! Who were those young rascals who ran into me?"

"Ahem!" murmured Jimmy. "Not hurt, sir?"

"Yes, I am hurt!" snapped Mr. Brown.

"Sorry!" grinned Jimmy.

He kindly picked up Mr. Brown's hat and stick, and handed them to him.

The podgy gentleman gripped the stick and glared along the road, as if inclined to pursue Morny & Co. and take summary vengeance; but the merry Rookwooders had vanished through a hedge by that time.

With a grunt Mr. Brown walked in at the gateway, leaving Jimmy Silver smiling.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Mr. Brown Meets the Captain.

DR. CHISHOLM, the Head of Rookwood School, frowned slightly as Mr. Brown, of Scotland Yard, was shown into his study.

Mr. Brown was not persona grata there. Every reminder of Baumann, who had brought disgrace on his old school, was intensely annoying to Dr. Chisholm, who had the honour and good name of Rookwood very much at heart.

The Head had to admit that Mr. Brown was doing his duty, but that did not make his presence any the more welcome.

Mr. Brown saluted the Head civilly, apparently unaware of the contraction of the old gentleman's brows.

"You must excuse me for troubling you once more. Dr. Chisholm," said the podgy gentleman, as he took the seat the Head indicated by a gesture.

"Not at all, if your duty calls you here!" said the Head tartly. "Pray, what is it now? You have already informed me of your object here. I am quite assured that you have found no trace whatever of Baumann in connection with this school. It is preposterous to imagine that anyone here could have the least knowledge of such a person!"

**A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.
By OWEN CONQUEST.**

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"BROUGHT TO BOOK!"

"Quite so—quite so!" said Mr. Brown soothingly. "But the fact remains that Baumann's activities have been traced in this neighbourhood. This vicinity is the centre of his operations. Forged currency notes, recognised as his work, have been traced at half a dozen towns within a ten-mile radius of Rookwood—that is, until a few days since."

"Ah! Then none of them have been traced lately?"
"Not since I came here, sir."
The Head looked relieved.

"Evidently the man has become aware that he is sought in this vicinity, and has fled!" he exclaimed.
"Or else he is lying low for the present," assented Mr. Brown.
"Really, Mr. Brown, it is more probable that he has taken himself off, surely?"
"That depends, sir. It is not so easy to dodge and turn as it was before the war," said Mr. Brown. "If Baumann has found a secure hiding-place in this quarter, he is not likely to leave it if he can help it; it would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire!"

"But really—"
"He is more likely to lie low and suspend his operations till the coast is clear," said Mr. Brown. "Doubtless he is active in the meantime in producing more counterfeit notes, to be passed later, when he is safer."
The Head made an impatient gesture.

"I suppose it is possible," he said, evidently weary of the subject. "But what is your business with me now, sir?"
"I have had some talk, at different times, with some of the boys of this school while staying in the neighbourhood," said Mr. Brown. "I have also talked with the local police-inspector. It appears that three boys have disappeared from Rookwood."

"I must remark, Mr. Brown, that that matter does not come within your province."
Mr. Brown did not appear to be affected by that very plain snub.
"Quite so!" he said. "It is, however, a very remarkable occurrence."
"A very annoying occurrence!" said the Head. "The three juniors have run away from the school, and have been so unfeeling as to fail to notify even their parents of their whereabouts."

"That is known for certain?" asked Mr. Brown.
"It is the only possible explanation of their departure, sir, and therefore it may be taken as certain."
"You do not suspect foul play?"
"Certainly not!"
Mr. Brown pursed his plump lips.

"Really, sir!" exclaimed the Head, in deep annoyance. "I trust you do not assume any connection between the disappearance of these juniors and the presence in the vicinity of the man you are in search of?"
"It is at least singular that their disappearance should have taken place at this precise time. Dr. Chisholm!"
"Doubtless they will be heard of soon."
"But if not—"

"I am assured of it!" said the Head in a tone of finality.
There was a pause.
"If you have any business with me, Mr. Brown—"

"Certainly, sir! To come to the point, I desire to call upon Captain Lagden, who, I understand, is engaged as football coach at this school."
"You are naturally at liberty to do so, at any time you please. There is no necessity whatever for consulting me on the matter."
"Unfortunately, Captain Lagden has declined to see me, on the plea of ill-health."
"I am aware that the captain is troubled with his old wounds," said the Head. "He has asked to be excused from his duties for some days. If he is too unwell to see you, Mr. Brown, I cannot help you."
"It is very important for me to see him, however."

"Indeed!"
"It appears," explained Mr. Brown, "that Captain Lagden, when at Rookwood, was the study-mate of Baumann, who on one occasion shut him up in the old abbey vaults. I should like to consult with him."
"It is utterly impossible that he can know anything of Baumann."
"Nevertheless, I should like to speak with him; and perhaps a word from you, sir, would induce him to grant me a few minutes," said the detective.
Dr. Chisholm controlled his impatience.

"I will send him a message, asking him whether he feels well enough to-day to receive you," he said.

"Thank you; that is what I should like!"
Dr. Chisholm touched the bell, wrote a short note, and handed it to Tupper, the page, when he came in.

There was a grim silence in the Head's study while Tupper was gone with the note. The page came back at last.
"Captain Lagden will be glad to see Mr. Brown in his room, if the gentleman will step there," was the message brought by Tupper.

Mr. Brown rose.
"Kindly show this gentleman to Captain Lagden's room, Tupper."
The detective bowed to the Head, and followed Tupper.
Dr. Chisholm was left in a mood of annoyed thoughtfulness.

The detective's presence near the school troubled him and annoyed him, and he was a little surprised at Basil Lagden's refusal to see the man.
The captain was supposed to be troubled with his old wound, but he was well enough to lunch and dine with the Head, and to walk in the garden, so there hardly seemed sufficient reason to refuse to see Mr. Brown on the score of ill-health.

The Head could not help suspecting that Lagden's motive had rather been a desire to avoid a disagreeable interview, which he felt that he could avoid no longer when the message came from the Head personally.

Mr. Brown followed Tupper to the captain's quarters, and was shown into the Oak Room, a handsome oak panelled room in the oldest part of Rookwood, which was Lagden's sitting-room.

His bed-room adjoined.
Captain Lagden was seated at a table reading.

He rose politely as the detective entered.
Mr. Brown's light, shifty eyes scanned his face, deeply scarred by wounds, which gave the captain a rather forbidding expression.
"Please sit down, Mr. Brown!" said the captain. "I am sorry I have not been able to see you before; but, to be quite candid, I do not quite see why you wished to call upon me."

"You have doubtless heard from Dr. Chisholm of my mission here, Captain Lagden?"
"The Head has mentioned the matter to me."

"I am in search of Baumann, the forger and coiner, a former Rookwood boy," said Mr. Brown. "I have arrested him twice in the course of his criminal career, and hope to do so a third time."

"I certainly wish you every success. The man appears to be a thorough rascal, and has brought disgrace on his old school," said the captain.

"You knew him very well when you were a boy here, I believe?"
"Very well indeed; he was my study-mate."
"And friend?"

"Not at all. I disliked the fellow—most Rookwooders did, I believe. He was a rascal even in those days!"

"After leaving Rookwood, doubtless you met him once or twice?"

"Never, sir."
"You were in the Loamshire Regiment, I believe, Captain Lagden?"
"Precisely!"

"Baumann was taken under the Military Service Act, and served in the Loamshires. He was shot, I understand, in leaving the lines in the direction of the German trenches, very probably with the intention of deserting. You did not hear of this while you were at the Front?"

"I do not remember to have done so. I may have heard of it, but Baumann is not an uncommon name."

"It is an uncommon name in the British Army, I should think!" remarked the detective.

"Yes, possibly."
"Then you did not come in contact with the man in Flanders?"

"Not to my recollection."
"Or in England since?"

"No."
"If he communicated with you—"

"I should place his communication in the hands of the police instantly. I imagine that that would be my duty."

"Quite so; but friendship for an old school-mate might—"

"It would not stand between a British officer and his duty, sir!" said the captain stiffly. "Moreover, Baumann was no friend

of mine at school, as I have already told you."

"Then you can give me no information whatever respecting the man?"

"I am sorry, no. I should be glad to do so if it were in my power."

"Then I can only apologise for having troubled you," said Mr. Brown, rising with a disappointed look.

"Not at all."
Mr. Brown took his leave, with a thoughtful wrinkle in his brow.

Captain Lagden, left alone, breathed hard, a strange and harassed expression on his scarred face.

He rose, and crossed to a cabinet, from which he took a bottle and a glass, and half filled the glass with brandy, which he drank almost at a draught.

Apparently the captain felt the need of a powerful pick-me-up after his interview with the gentleman from Scotland Yard.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver Makes Up His Mind.

"HALLO! The captain's about again!" remarked Mornington.

Jimmy Silver glanced round.
Jimmy was in the quad with Erroll and Mornington after lessons, when Captain Lagden was seen coming down from the house towards the gates.

He gave the juniors a kindly nod as he passed, and they capped him.

The captain disappeared out of the gates. Mornington looked rather grim.

"What do you think of that chap, Jimmy?" he asked suddenly.

"Blest if I quite know," said Jimmy Silver. "I didn't like him at first, and Lovell was down on him. Afterwards he was so kind in helping me search for Lovell; but then he—"

"He acted like a cad and a brute the other day, when he pitched into Morny," said Kit Erroll quietly. "What did it matter if Morny came into the ruins while you were there with the captain?"

"Nothing, that I can see," said Jimmy Silver. "Lagden has a rotten temper, that's certain. But he's told Morny since that he's sorry he lost his temper that time."
"That doesn't alter what he did!" grunted Mornington. "I may as well say out plain that I don't like him, and don't trust him."

Jimmy Silver was silent.

A distrust of the captain was growing up in his own breast, he hardly knew why.

There were many little circumstances that tended to shake his faith in Basil Lagden.

The brutality he had shown towards Mornington in the abbey ruins was the chief one.

Only a ruffian could have handled a boy as Lagden had handled Morny, and so far as Jimmy could see, Morny had done little or nothing to provoke the captain.

It was as if the man's real nature had peeped out from behind the cover of smiling courtesy he adopted as a mask.

The discovery had given Jimmy Silver a shock.

And there were other things—trifles perhaps; but they had caused a vague and haunting suspicion to grow up in Jimmy's mind—a strange suspicion that he hardly acknowledged to himself.

Lovell had disliked the captain, and he had disappeared at night, when he had gone down to the captain's room with a can of ink, to play a trick on the man he disliked.

Lovell's chums had traced him to the door of the Oak Room, but beyond that point there was no trace.

Raby had been the second to disappear, and he had last been heard of near the Oak Room.

Then had come Newcome's disappearance, and the last person who had spoken to him was Captain Lagden.

More and more it was borne in upon Jimmy's mind that it was at the Oak Room, or near it, that his chums had mysteriously vanished, one by one, and within a few days of the captain's coming to Rookwood.

The suspicion, half formed in his mind, seemed absurd; ridiculous; but since he had formed a more correct opinion of the captain's true character, it was growing.

Yet what possible motive could Captain Lagden have for hurting any junior schoolboy of Rookwood?

That was an unanswerable question; but, then, the whole affair was utterly mysterious and inexplicable.
Mornington looked at Jimmy's sombre face

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. By OWEN CONQUEST.

NEXT DAY! "BROUGHT TO BOOK!"

with a slight smile; the captain of the Fourth was plunged in a deep reverie, and had forgotten his companions.

"Penny for them!" said Morny suddenly. Jimmy Silver started. "What? Eh?" he ejaculated. Mornington grinned. "Working out somethin' in maths in your head?" he asked. "N-no! I was thinking—"

"About Lovell?" "Yes."

"I was going to make a suggestion," said Mornington. "What about that man Brown, Jimmy?" "Brown?" repeated Jimmy Silver. "Yes; he's a detective, and he's playing the fool round here at present, looking for a man who's probably a hundred miles away. But suppose you ask him about what's happened to Lovell and the rest. He might be interested in it, as a detective, and take the matter up."

for getting rid of the chaps I should think he had a hand in it."

"It—it came into my head; but, of course, it's absurd," said Jimmy. "There were some things—"

"What things?" "I—I undertook not to mention them," said Jimmy, colouring. "The captain thought it best. But I'm going my own way to work; and then if you fellows care to hear, I'll tell you all I know, from beginning to end."

"I think that's a good idea," said Erroll. "Captain Lagden seems too jolly fond of keeping secrets about nothing!" Jimmy Silver walked away, his brows knitted in thought.

Impossible as it seemed that Lagden could be in any way responsible for the disappearance of his chums, in the total absence of any motive, Jimmy could not drive the haunting uneasiness from his head.

He had determined, at least, to tell the captain that he had decided to go his own

"Yes; Dr. Chisholm is speaking."

"Oh! It is you, sir?"

"Yes. What is wanted?"

"Don't you know my voice, sir?"

"I do not recognise it," said the Head. The voice on the wires was very faint, and it was scarcely possible to recognise the tones even if the Head had known them well.

"I've caught a bit of a cold, sir," went on the faint voice. "I'm Lovell of the Fourth, sir."

"What!"

The Head nearly dropped the receiver in his astonishment.

"Raby and Newcome are here with me, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

"I hope you will excuse us, sir, for having left Rookwood without permission."

"Where are you speaking from, Lovell?"

"I—I'd rather not tell you, sir, if you'll excuse me."

"Lovell, you are to return to Rookwood at once! Do you hear me?" snapped the Head.

"We cannot, sir!" came back the faint voice. "I've rung you up, sir, so that you can tell our people that we are well. I'm afraid they have been anxious about us."

"They have been very anxious, Lovell, and your conduct has been utterly unfeeling and reprehensible!"

"Oh, sir!"

"It has been utterly heartless, Lovell! You have been absent for days, and have not written a line. You are to return to school immediately? Do you hear?"

No reply, but a whirl on the telephone.

"Lovell!"

Silence!

"Lovell! Answer me!"

It was only too clear that the speaker at the other end had rung off, and the Head jammed the receiver on the hooks with an angry frown.

He was glad that he had received the communication.

It bore out what he had always believed was the explanation of the juniors' disappearance, and it relieved his mind.

But he was more angry with the missing juniors than before.

After a few minutes' reflection, he took up the receiver again, and called up the exchange.

From the operator he learned that the call he had just received came from Lantham.

His next step was to call up the police-station at Lantham.

The inspector in charge listened to his explanation, and promised to do as he requested, which was to find three schoolboys who were wandering about in the district.

Having taken that step, the Head had little doubt that he would see the three culprits brought back to Rookwood that evening; and he proceeded to despatch wires to their homes, assuring their parents of their safety.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, was then summoned to the study, and informed of what had passed.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bootles. "It is as we supposed, then, sir."

"There is no doubt about it," said the Head. "Kindly see that the school is informed, Mr. Bootles, so that all surmises upon the subject may be set at rest."

"Immediately, sir!"

Ten minutes later all Rookwood knew that Lovell & Co. had been heard from.

Tubby Muffin brought the news to the end study, where Jimmy Silver was sitting down to tea with Mornington and Erroll, who were a good deal in his study since his chums had gone.

Tubby's fat face was ablaze with excitement as he burst in.

"Jimmy!" he gasped.

"Hallo! How did you know there was a cake here?" asked Mornington.

Tubby Muffin disdained to reply to that question.

"Jimmy, they're found!" he spluttered.

"What?"

"Lovell—Raby—Newcome—found!" trilled Tubby Muffin, greatly pleased at the sensation he was making in the end study.

Jimmy Silver bounded to his feet.

To Tubby's surprise and indignation, Jimmy seized him by one fat shoulder, and shook him forcibly.

"Now, what do you mean, you fat duffer?" he exclaimed.

"Yaroooh!"

(Continued on page 17.)



JIMMY SILVER'S PERIL! As Jimmy Silver closed with the captain, a shudder of horror ran through him as a second arm was thrown about him. He found himself grasped with two arms by a man he had believed one-armed. (See Chapter 6.)

"I—I thought of that."

"Well, why not speak to him? Easy enough to see him. And you didn't have a hand in bumping him over to-day, you know," added Morny, with a grin.

"Well, I've agreed not to speak to Mr. Brown about it," confessed Jimmy, at last. "Captain Lagden thought it inadvisable. But I think you're right, Morny; and I'm going to tell Lagden that I've changed my mind."

"I don't see why Lagden should care one way or the other," said Erroll, in surprise.

"He thought it would make the Head waxy."

"Pure kindness on his part?" said Mornington.

"I suppose so."

And we know how kind-hearted a man he is, from the way he pitched into me the other day," said Morny. "Look here, Jimmy, I don't trust Captain Lagden. If it were possible to suspect him of having any reason

way to work, and to take Morny and Erroll into his confidence, and then to seek the advice of Mr. Brown.

He felt that he was bound to tell the captain so first, and to end the arrangement they had made.

After that, he would be free to do as he thought best.

The decision he had come to relieved Jimmy's mind a little, and he went down to Little Side to join in the football practice with a much more cheerful face than he had shown of late days.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Startling News!

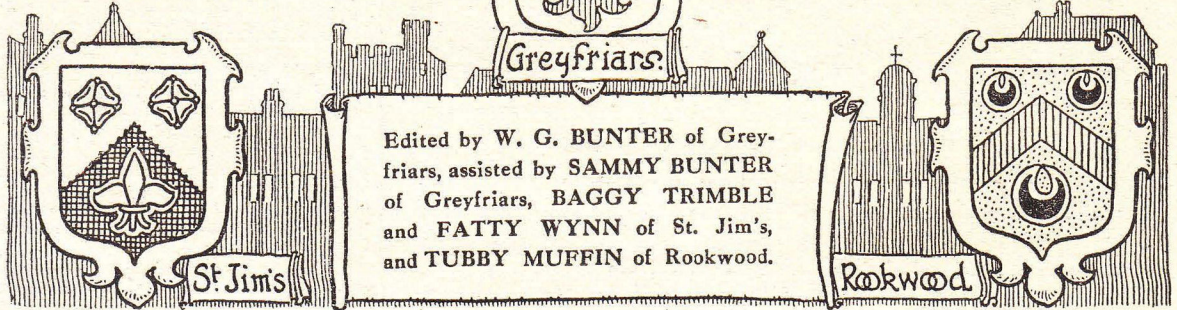
B UZZZZZZ!

Dr. Chisholm turned from his desk, and took up the telephone-receiver, as the bell buzzed in his study.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo?" A voice he did not know came over the wires. "Is that Rookwood School?"

BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY



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.

Supplement No. 93.

Week Ending October 21st, 1922.

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.

By Billy Bunter.

My Dear Readers,—Most of you are interested in dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, white mice, and other kinds of fish.

Nearly everybody possesses a pet of some sort. For instance, I possess a pet aversion, and that is soap-and-water!

I thought that a Special Zoological Number—I ferreted out the word "Zoological" from the dictionary—would make a big hit.

This issue will deal eggclusively with animals. Greyfriars has got a zoo of its own, and so have St. Jim's and Rookwood. And the antics of the various animals have been described by my talented staff of contributors.

I used to keep quite a lot of pets, but alas! they are now either lost, stolen, or strayed. I was compelled to pawn my parrot, and I haven't enuff munney to go and redeem it. I also had a tribe of white mice, which I sold to my miner for a mere song. Sammy has since sold them, in turn, to Dicky Nugent.

I also used to keep a Manchester Terrier Pomeranium Bloodhound Bulldog, but it gave me the slip in Friardale Lane one dark night, and the beast hasn't been seen since. It was a thoroughbred, and any dog-fancier would have given me a fiver for it. But there, it's no use crying over spilt milk—or runaway dogs!

Then there was a pet hedgehog that I used to keep. It had its good points, I admit, but it used to go to sleep in the armchair in Study No. 7, and I used to sit down on it without knowing it was there! Oh, the aggerny and pane!

Pets are sometimes a blessing, but more often than not they are a thundering newsance! I'm not going to keep any more. I'm fed-up with them. When you pay seven-and-sixpence for a dog licence, and the beastly brute bolts, it's not good enuff!

Peter Todd has just interrupted me to remark that he is very fond of pets. He declares that he keeps a prize porker in Study No. 7—meaning me! Isn't he rood? I will now leave you to perooze this number with shrieks of larfter and loud guffores.

Yours sincerely,

YOUR EDITOR.

"PRETTY POLLY!"

By Dick Penfold.
(The Greyfriars Bard.)

A term ago, I'd have you know,
I bought a priceless parrot;
Supposed to be a topping bird,
Gilt-edged and eighteen-carat.
They said it talked a lot, but, golly!
All it could say was "Pretty Polly!"

Within its cage it used to rage,
And dance and screech and flutter;
But not a solitary word
Did that old parrot utter,
Except in accents melancholy,
The hackneyed cry of "Pretty Polly!"

I tried to teach the thing to screech
"Yes, please," and then, "No, thank you!"
"You've got to talk, old bird," said I,
"Or I shall come and spank you!"
I'll prod and poke you with my broolly,"
But still the bird said "Pretty Polly!"

No single word I ever heard
Except that doleful cry.
The feathered fool would glare at me,
And fix me with its eye.
And then, in accents far from jolly,
It would come out with "Pretty Polly!"

I grew fed-up; and for a pup
I swopped that priceless parrot.
A Courtfield fellow has it now;
He keeps it in his garret.
Its cage is overhung with holly,
And still it murmurs, "Pretty Polly!"

**KEEP A LOOK-OUT
FOR SOME MORE
SPECIAL NUMBERS
— ON THE WAY!**

W.G.B.

TRIALS OF A PET-OWNER!

By Dicky Nugent.
(Third-Form Greyfriars.)

I am a most unlucky mortle! I think I must have been born under an unlucky star. Ever since I started to keep pets, I have had nuthing but trubble. Let me tell you my tail of whoa.

When the prezzant term started, I possessed a tribe of white mice. There were a duzen of them altogether, and fine little fellows they were. I crissened them by various names. There was Old Bill, the eldest member of the tribe. Then came Frank and Freddie and Ferdinand. Then Gog and Magog, the twins. Then Peter and Paul and Pat and Cuthbert, Clarence, and Christopher.

You never saw such a happy family as my tribe of white mice. I petted them and pampered them, and looked after them like a father.

Then came trajjidy! Bob Cherry found a kitten, called William Rufus, and he brought it to Greyfriars. The littel beest cornered Gog and Magog, my preshus twins, in the Close, and started to play with them. I don't think the kitten meant any harm, but he was so ruff and savvidge in his way of playing that the poor mice eggspired.

Shortly after this trajjick event, Frank and Freddie and Ferdinand carried out a raid on the skool kitchen. It so happened that the kitchen cat was lying in ambush behind a sack of flour. It suddenly sprang out on to the three mice, and although they put up a gallent fite, they got the worst of it. I maid the painful discovery next morning that my tribe was reduced to seven.

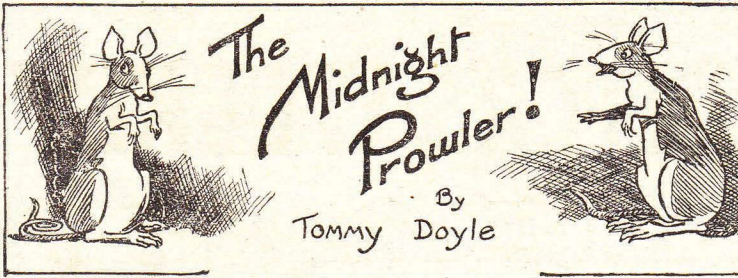
I guarded my pets jellusly, but in spite of all my precautions, further kallamities happened. Peter and Paul and Pat tumbled into a water-but, and were drowned.

To crown everything, Old Bill, who ought to have known better, went and walked into a trap! And now I've only got Cuthbert and Clarence and Christopher left. I eggpect to lose them every minnit. It will be just my luck. Verrily, the trials of a pet-owner are many!

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

Supplement I.]

NEXT WEEK—A SPECIAL HEROISM NUMBER! YOU'LL ENJOY IT!



Another Humorous Poem by the Poet of Rookwood School.

Scene: The box-room at Rookwood School.

Time: Midnight.

Persons present: Mr. and Mrs. Mouse.

MRS. MOUSE.

"What have you brought for supper, Joe?"

Buck up and tell me, please!
Mice want but little here below—
Say, have you brought some cheese?"

MR. MOUSE.

"I've hunted high, I've hunted low,
I've hunted everywhere.
To every study I did go,
And every schoolboy lair.

"I raided Jimmy Silver's den
In quest of cheese and bread;
A footstep sounded, dear, and then
I promptly turned and fled.

"I raided Erroll's study, too,
But couldn't get a bite.
What could a hungry prowler do?
All doors were shut up tight.

"Then to the kitchen I repaired
In search of wholesome tuck;
The night was dark, but I declared
That I would show great pluck.

"I crawled beneath the door, and found
To my intense dismay,
The kitchen cat was sleeping sound
Beside a laden tray.

"Upon that tray were cakes and cheese,
And milk that was diluted;
I didn't linger, if you please,
I promptly turned and scooted!

"So here I am without a scrap
Of anything to eat;
Although an enterprising chap,
I'll own I'm fairly beat!"

MRS. MOUSE.

"Of all the silly, blundering fools!
You've wandered half the night
Through one of England's richest schools,
Yet could not get a bite!

"In Silver's study, I declare
There was some currant bread;
Yet when you heard a footstep there
You promptly lost your head!

"Erroll had locked his cupboard, true,
To guard his secret store;
But a slim, scraggy mouse like you
Could squeeze beneath the door!

"As for the slumbering kitchen cat,
Why, you're a fearful funk!
A fat old furry freak like that
Ought not to make you bunk!

"Go back and raid that laden tray,
There's a good-hearted chap!
Be very cautious on the way,
And don't fall in a trap.

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

"For want of food I'm feeling faint,
I've had no grub at all;
Soon I shall start to lick the paint
From off the box-room wall!

"So hurry up and get some grub,
And finish this privation,
Or I shall surely sit and blub,
And perish of starvation!"

MR. MOUSE.

"I'll go and do your bidding, dear,
With promptness and despatch;
The kitchen cat I shall not fear,
Though it may bite and scratch.

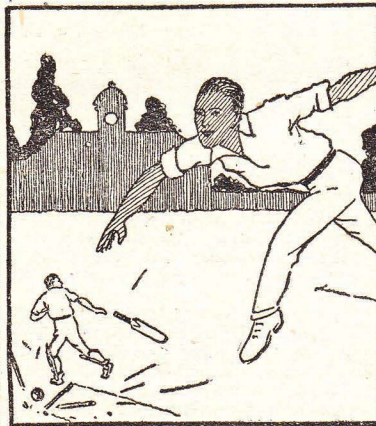
"I'll bring you cheese, I'll bring you
cake,

I'll bring you lots of grub;
Also some milk, your thirst to slake,
So please don't sit and blub!

"I'll use all means within my power
To get you bite and sup;
If I'm not back in half an hour,
You'll know the cat's woke up!"

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE!

By GEORGE KERR.
(St. Jim's Cartoonist).



HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH.

England's Wizard
Bowler.

MY PRECIOUS PETS!

By Baggy Trimble.
(Sub-Editor).

I am a grate lover of dum animals. And I have had duzzens of pets in the corse of my career.

At the tender age of two I was given a gorgeous kitten to play with. But one day it developed a terrible thirst, and helped itself to milk from my feeding-bottle. When the crime came to light, the kitten was instantly eggspelled from the house.

My next pet was a bugle. It was a toy one, about six inches long. Some of you may be serprized, and say: "How can a bugle be an animal?" But it was, you know. It was a "short-horn"!

I was a plump young fellow of six when my pater bought me a hansom retriever dog, named Joe. It grew very fond of me, and we lived together quite happily, until one day I had a ride on its back. Of corse, my weight was altogether too much for it, and poor old Joe kollapsed with a fractured spine!

Shortly after this, an uncle of mine returned home from abroad, and he bought me a really ripping parrot. But the beastly bird used to repeat everything I said. One day I confided to it that my pater was a "mean old buffer." And when my pater came into the room, the parrot shrieked at him: "Yah! You're a mean old buffer!" This made the old man feerfully sav-vidge, and he belabored me with a drum-stick which he found in the nursery.

The most idiotic pet I ever had was a door-mouse. It curled itself up and went to sleep all the winter, and I couldn't have any fun with it.

One day, in a sudden burst of jenny-rosity, my pater bought me a hoarse. I saddled the beest, and learnt how to ride it inside a cupple of minnits. But then, it was only a rocking-hoarse!

Another of my pets at that period was a tame hedgehog. But it got into my bed one day without my nollidge, and when I got into bed that night I was punctured in about fifty places! Since then I have had a horrer of hedgehogs.

In my time I have trained and reered hundreds of white mice and scores of rabbits. I also had a turkey given me once, but when Christmas came I insisted on having it served with stuffing. It isn't a habit of mine to eat my pets, but I couldn't resist the temptation that time!

I have never had a munkey for a pet, but I should like one very much. If you have any spare munkeys lying about, you might send them along to St. Jim's. But they must be intelligent, good-looking, and well-behaved—just like me!

I am awfully fond of pets, but the grate drorback is that they cost such a lot to keep. I know a fellow at St. Jim's who keeps a canary, and he spends a small fortune on birdseed. Another fellow I know has a dog which has a taste for Turkish Delight. He eats pounds of the stuff every week, and, of corse, it comes awfully eggspensive.

[Supplement II.]

SOUND ADVICE—READ "BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY" REGULARLY!



By TOM BROWN.

MIAOW!" Mr. Quelch gave a jump. Morning lessons had just commenced in the Remove Form-room when that weird sound made itself audible.

"Miaow-ow-ow!" Mr. Quelch's pointer fell with a clatter to the floor.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "There is a cat in this room! Can anybody see the creature?"

Instantly the juniors slipped out of their seats, and grovelled on their hands and knees, pretending to be engaged in a frantic search for the cat.

"Can't see it, sir!" "No sign of a cat anywhere!" "There's only one beast in this room, and that's Quelch!" murmured Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Quelch frowned. "Silence!" he thundered. "Resume your seats at once, all of you! I did not wish you to grovel on the floor in that unseemly manner."

"Miaow!" The mewing sound appeared to come from the interior of the Form master's desk.

Mr. Quelch looked grim, as, in a flash, the explanation dawned upon him.

This was the work of Billy Bunter, the ventriloquist of the Remove! The worthy Form master could have kicked himself for not having tumbled to it before.

"Bunter!" he rapped out. Billy Bunter, who had been burrowing in the fireplace, looked up with a start.

"Yessir!" he faltered. "Stand out before the class, wretched boy! Do not dare to carry this absurd trick any further!"

"Eh! What trick, sir?" "You have had the audacity to cause me annoyance by practising your ventriloquism, Bunter!" roared Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, really, sir—" "Come here at once, and I will cane you severely!"

"Miaow!" Mr. Quelch grew purple in the face. "Is it possible, Bunter," he rumbled, "that you are still persisting in this tomfoolery?"

"Oh crumbs! I—I—" "You shall pay dearly for this outrageous conduct, Bunter!"

They up jumped Bob Cherry. "If you please, sir—" "Well, Cherry?"

"It isn't Bunter making that row, sir—it's a real cat!" "What!"

"It's in your desk, sir!" With a look of incredulity, Mr. Quelch lifted the lid of his desk.

Instantly a kitten sprang out, and landed on the Form master's shoulder. "Bless my soul!" gasped the astonished Mr. Quelch.

Twisting himself into weird contortions, he managed to detach the kitten from its perch and set it on the floor. "To whom does this—this feline creature belong?" he demanded.

"It's mine, sir," said Bob Cherry meekly. "I found it in Friardale yesterday. I took it along to the police-station, as it seemed to be a stray, but it wouldn't stay there. It insisted on following me back to Greyfriars. I call it William Rufus, sir, on account of its ginger fur."

Mr. Quelch frowned. "I do not wish to know the animal's

family history, Cherry!" he said sharply. "I merely wish to ask one question. How did this creature come to be inside my desk?"

"Ahem!" "Did you deposit it there, Cherry?" "Ye-es, sir!" stammered the unfortunate Bob.

"Ah! Then you will change places with Bunter, and receive the caning that I was about to administer to him!"

Billy Bunter, grinning broadly, rolled back to his place. Bob Cherry, frowning dubiously, approached the Form master's desk.

Mr. Quelch selected a formidable-looking cane, and gave Bob Cherry three stinging cuts on each hand. Bob bore them with his usual stoical fortitude.

"There!" panted Mr. Quelch. "Let that be a lesson to you never to play such tricks again! You will take this kitten from the room immediately!"

"Very good, sir!" Bob Cherry gathered the kitten up in his arms, and conveyed it to the door. William Rufus purred loudly in the process.

Bob then resumed his seat, and morning lessons proceeded.

Mr. Quelch hoped he had seen the last of the kitten. The Remove master was not a



William Rufus was engaged in tying himself up into knots with the typewriter ribbon.

passionate lover of animals—especially those which had a habit of getting up to playful pranks.

Alas for the Form master's hopes! On entering his study after morning school, Mr. Quelch saw a sight which caused him to stand transfixed in the doorway.

By some mysterious means, William Rufus had gained an entry to Mr. Quelch's study. Probably he had come in through the window, which was open. Anyway, there he was engaged in tying himself up into knots with Mr. Quelch's typewriter ribbon!

The ribbon had been wrenched off the spools of Mr. Quelch's machine, and the kitten was playing with it as if it were a ball of wool.

Having been hopelessly twisted and contorted, the ribbon was no longer fit for active service.

"This—is this monstrous!" spluttered Mr. Quelch, when he could find words.

Then he bent towards the kitten, clapping his hands sharply together, and making a hideous grimace.

"Go out!" he exclaimed. "Go out at once! Shoo!"

William Rufus extricated himself with some difficulty from the typewriter-ribbon; then he promptly fled through the doorway. Mr. Quelch assisted the kitten into the passage with a sharp cuff.

After this unhappy experience, one would have thought that William Rufus would have lain low for a bit. But no. Within half an hour he was again in trouble.

Having found his way to the Head's dining-room, William Rufus took a flying leap which landed him on the top of the table, and then proceeded to demolish the Head's lunch of filleted plaice.

Dr. Locke came into his dining-room just in time to see his lunch disappearing. The Head stood spellbound.

"Bless my soul! Where ever did this kitten come from?" he ejaculated.

William Rufus, startled by the Head's appearance, bounded off the table, and scuttled out of the room, leaving Dr. Locke gazing—and dinnerless.

Fresh calamities occurred during the afternoon.

Nugent minor missed a couple of white mice. He set off in search of them, and discovered William Rufus playing with them in a corner of the Close.

Dicky Nugent hurried to the rescue of his pets, but by the time he arrived on the scene, life was extinct.

William Rufus, noting the look of wrath on Nugent minor's face, fled for his life.

But the crowning calamity took place at tea-time.

Owing to lack of funds, scores of Greyfriars fellows were compelled to have tea in the hall. When funds permitted, they had it in their studies; but in the majority of cases funds did not permit on this particular afternoon.

The fellows waited a long time for tea to be served. But it never came.

The cook came into the dining-hall, and explained that there was no milk.

At this, there was a howl of wrath: "Why isn't there any milk?" "What's happened to it, cook?"

As soon as she was able to hear herself speak, the cook proceeded to explain.

"Which that dratted kitten of Master Cherry's came into the kitchen, an' tumbled into the milk urn!" she said. "Well nigh drowned, it was. I only got it out in the nick of time. Of course, the milk's spoilt. I couldn't possibly serve it to you young gents after a kitten 'ad been in it!"

That was the last straw! Bob Cherry's kitten had a long record of previous convictions, so to speak. And now it had reached the limit.

The Greyfriars fellows had either to drink milkless tea, or no tea at all. And Bob Cherry was roundly abused by his indignant schoolfellows.

"That kitten of yours will disappear one dark night!" growled Bolsover major. "I'm fed up with the beast!"

"Same here!"

"It's a thundering nuisance!"

"You'd better get rid of it, Bob," said Harry Wharton.

"I won't do anything of the sort!" said Bob Cherry obstinately. "William Rufus is a jolly nice pet. A bit playful, perhaps, but he'll soon grow out of that. Whatever you fellows say, I mean to stick to him!"

The days of William Rufus were already numbered, however.

That evening, the Friardale lady to whom he belonged came to Greyfriars and claimed him. And everybody was pleased to see the last of Bob Cherry's kitten—with the exception of Bob Cherry himself!

Supplement III.]

BE SURE YOU DO NOT MISS NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL NUMBER! IT'S GRAND!

THE ST. JIM'S MENAGERIE!

By Monty Lowther.
(The St. Jim's Humorist.)

Yes, it is a fact that St. Jim's possesses a menagerie. Quite a human menagerie, in fact. Let me just run through the list of animals.

* * *

The New House possesses a prize porpoise. I refer to Fatty Wynn. When the corpulent Fatty sees this paragraph, I have no doubt he will ask me to meet him in the gym. In anticipation of this event, I am putting in some extra practice with the punching-ball!

* * *

The School House possesses a boa-constrictor. Its name is Baggy Trimble. In fact, Baggy consumes more at one sitting than I have ever known a boa-constrictor to do. There's no fear of Baggy challenging me to a fight in the gym. He's a fat old funk!

* * *

The School House also possesses a donkey—a perfectly priceless ass. In case any of you can't guess its name, I give it in full. It is George Alfred Grundy! I don't suppose Grundy will like being compared to a braying ass; but if he doesn't like it, he can do the other thing!

* * *

You wouldn't suppose we had a deer at St. Jim's, would you? Yet there's an "old deer" at the school tuckshop—Dame Taggles, to wit. I can imagine her kindly face beaming when she reads this paragraph.

* * *

Not many people would imagine that St. Jim's possessed an elephant. But it's a fact. On breaking-up day I saw Figgins of the New House carrying his trunk through the quad!

* * *

We have a kangaroo in our menagerie, of course. Harry Noble of the Shell answers to this description. He has always been known as "Kangaroo," but the term is one of affection, and not of ridicule. We wouldn't be without our "Kaungy" for worlds!

* * *

There are quite a number of worms to complete our menagerie. Rakee of the Shell, and Mellish of the Fourth, and Clampe and Chowle and Scrope, all come in this category. And Baggy Trimble is a fat worm, too, as well as being a boa-constrictor.

* * *

I might add that Fatty Wynn is not only a prize porpoise, but also a panther. If you doubt my word, come and see Fatty keeping goal for St. Jim's. He combines the agility of a panther with the anticipation of a Bunter!

(What do you mean, Lowther? Can't a fellow dissipate the arrival of a postle order if he wants to?—Ed.)

NOW ON SALE! THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL!

Get a copy at once, you chaps,
before it is too late. *W.G.B.*

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

THAT BEAST TOWSER!

By
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy
(The Swell of St. Jim's.)



I am very fond of animals—provided they behave themselves.

Towler doesn't. Towser is the beastliest beast that ever beasted, if one may use such an expression.

I don't mind having Herries as a study-mate, in spite of the fearful din he kicks up with his cornet. But I strongly object to bulldogs being permitted to run wild in a respectable study.

Towler has no respect whatever for a fellow's trousers. He has ruined my best pair, and my next-best pair, and the six next-best pairs after that. When I am wearing them, he bites holes in them; and when I am not wearing them, and they are folded up, he goes to sleep on them! He is the most ruinous and destructive creature I have ever known.

The other day I pinned a large placard to the door of Study No. 6:

"DOGS NOT ADMITTED!"

Do you think it made any impression on Herries? Not the slightest! In he came, with Towser trotting behind him. And the first thing the beastly bulldog did was to chew up my footer boots so that they were no longer recognisable as such!

Towler has lots and lots of unpleasant habits. He chews up the carpet and the rugs; he takes the stuffing out of the cushions; he drags the horsehair out of the study couch; he makes a meal off Latin primers and Greek lexicons; and if he can't find anything else to eat but impot paper, he has a go at that!

If he were an intelligent animal, I could forgive him a lot. But he has no intelligence whatever. He does exactly the opposite of everything I tell him. If I tell him to lie down, he stands up. If I tell him to go out, he comes in.

Towler is really the absolute limit. I'm not prepared to stand much more of him.

"Hewwies," I said the other day, "this studay won't hold both of us. Either your dog goes, or I go!"

"Buzz off, then," said Herries, "and jolly good riddance!"

"Weally, you wottah!" I protested. "Why don't you keep this animal of yours chained up in the quad?"

Herries gave a snort.

"How would you like to be chained up in the quad in all weathers?" he demanded. "Towler is quite nappy where he is, and I shouldn't dream of chucking him out!"

"Then I'll do it myself, bai Jove!"

I attempted to eject Towser with violence. Result—six square inches of cloth were torn from the rear of my trousers. I had to run the gauntlet of a crowd of grinning fellows, and go up to the dormitory and change.

I'm fed right up to the hilt with Towser. One of these days I shall do something desperate.

Pets are all very well. But Towser isn't a pet. He's a horrid beast, and he ought to be painlessly put away. I told Herries this, and then I had to go to the school kitchen to get a beefsteak for my black eye!

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

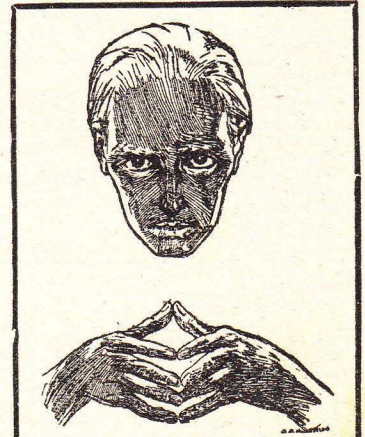
(Advertisements for this kollum are charged for at the rate of a penny a line. Munney to be sent in advance to W. G. BUNTER, or to his bankers, Messrs. Gorgor & Grubb, Courtfield. Bent, battered, or punctured coins will be refused.)

TAME RABBIT FOR SALE! Plump and in fine condition. Only cost 4d. per week to feed. Home-made rabbit-hutch will be thrown in free of charge. Price of rabbit, **FIVE POUNDS** (or near offer).—Apply, **LOVELL MINOR**, Rookwood School.

PERFECTLY PRICELESS PARROT FOR SALE! Can talk on any topic. Refined, well-educated bird, brought up under the best possible conditions. Remarkably genteel and well-behaved. Requires merely a pinch of birdseed daily. Owner unwilling to part with bird, but finds he has no time for pets. Price of parrot—Sixpence. Price of cage—Five Bob.—Apply to **V. MORNING-TON**, Classical Side, Rookwood School.

FRISKY PUPPY WANTED, as playmate for my bulldog Towser. Will pay handsome price for suitable animal. Write, giving full description of puppy's height, weight, age, antecedents, etc., to **GEORGE HERRIES**, School House, St. Jim's.

PERFORMING GRASSHOPPER FOR SALE! Able to jump, vault, skip, hop, and turn somersaults. Very suitable for smuggling into Form master's desk. Causes much fun and entertainment—except to the unhappy Form master! Price, **ONE SHILLING**.—Apply, **KIT ERROLL**, Classical Side, Rookwood School.



WHO IS RIVINGTON SPEED?

Mysterious—all powerful—a master of intrigue—Rivington Speed is the baffling character who figures "behind the scenes" in every dramatic situation in "Helen of London"—the greatest of all serial stories ever published by "ANSWERS." The opening instalment will appear on Monday next and no one should miss it.

[Supplement II.]

A FEAST OF FUN—FOR OLD AND YOUNG!

TRAPPED!

(Continued from page 12.)

"Tell me what you mean, you fat chump!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Groogh! Stop sh-sh-shaking me!" gasped Tubby. "How can I speak when you're shook-shook-shaking me? Yooop!"

"Only one of Tubby's yarns!" growled Mornington.

"Tain't!" yelled Tubby breathlessly. "They're at Lantham—and Lovell's telephoned to the Head to tell his people—and they're going to be brought back to-night! Mr. Bootles says so—he's announced it! There!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Mornington. Jimmy stood dumbfounded.

His vague suspicions crumbled away at that startling information.

"I—I can't believe it!" he stammered.

"It's official!" grinned Tubby. "Didn't I say so all along? I told you so, Jimmy. You can't deny that I told you so!"

"That's what makes it rather incredible!" grinned Mornington.

"Rats!" snorted Tubby, and he rolled away to impart his sensational news to all other fellows who had not yet heard it.

Jimmy Silver was left almost dumbfounded. If this was true—And could it be otherwise? He waited that evening in feverish anxiety.

That evening he had determined to see the captain and inform him of his intentions. But he was not thinking of the captain now.

After prep Jimmy Silver hurried downstairs to learn whether there was anything new. But if Lovell & Co. were coming, they had not yet come.

And Jimmy, in his anxiety, made his way to the Head's study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Black Suspicions.

MR. BOOTLES was leaving the Head's study as Jimmy Silver arrived there.

The Form master looked troubled and puzzled. He stopped, and glanced inquiringly at the captain of the Fourth.

"What do you want here, Silver?" he asked.

"Is there any news, sir?"

"Only what has already been stated," said Mr. Bootles.

"But is it certain that my friends are at Lantham, sir?" asked Jimmy anxiously.

"Undoubtedly, since Lovell telephoned to Dr. Chisholm from that town, Silver."

"But, sir, by this time—"

"You have no cause for anxiety, Silver," said the master of the Fourth kindly. "It is certainly very singular that the boys have not been found. Inquiries have been made at Lantham by the police, at the Head's request, but they have just telephoned that no trace has yet been found of Lovell, Raby, or Newcome."

Jimmy breathed hard.

"Doubtless after telephoning to the Head, Lovell realised that he had given a clue to his whereabouts, and they left Lantham immediately, before they could be looked for there. You may set your mind at rest, Silver; there is no cause whatever for anxiety."

And Mr. Bootles, with a kind nod, rustled away down the corridor.

Jimmy remained where he was.

He had only half believed the startling news, and now, it appeared, Lovell & Co. had not been found at Lantham after all.

His half belief was dissolved on the spot.

He summoned all his courage to beard the lion in his den, as it were, and knocked at the Head's door.

"Come in!"

Dr. Chisholm raised his eyebrows as the Fourth-Former entered.

Jimmy faltered a little as he approached his headmaster's writing-table. The doctor's look was not encouraging.

"Well, Silver?" said the Head coldly.

"I—I came here, sir, to—to ask you—"

"Kindly come to the point at once."

"About Lovell, sir," stammered Jimmy.

"They—they say that he telephoned from Lantham—"

"That is correct."

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"But he hasn't been found there, after all, sir."

The Head compressed his lips, and his eyes had a steely look. Jimmy could see how bitterly angry he was.

"The boys seem to have quitted Lantham," said Dr. Chisholm. "That is all, Silver; there is no ground for anxiety. You may go."

"But, sir—but— Is it certain, sir, that it was Lovell who telephoned to you?"

"What?"

Jimmy backed away a pace. But he stuck to his guns.

"Anybody could telephone, sir," he stammered. "Is it certain that it was Lovell who spoke to you?"

The Head's frown became almost terrifying.

Jimmy, in his worry and anxiety, was rather over-stepping the line; it was not for a junior to catechise his headmaster.

"I have already said that it was Lovell, Silver."

"But did you recognise his voice, sir?" persisted Jimmy, astonished at his own temerity, but keeping to the point.

"I did not recognise Lovell's voice, Silver, owing to the distance, but it was undoubtedly Lovell who was speaking to me. He gave his name."

"But, sir, if Lovell has been kidnapped—"

"What utter nonsense are you talking, Silver?"

"If he has been kidnapped, sir—"

"Silver, you appear to be taking leave of your senses! I forbid you to make such a childish and ridiculous suggestion! Leave my study!"

"But, sir—"

"Go!" thundered the Head.

There was nothing more for Jimmy Silver to say after that, and he retreated from the Head's study.

But there was a glint in his eyes, and his lips were set.

He had learned what he wished to learn.

Lovell's voice had not been recognised on the telephone, and there was no proof that it was Arthur Edward Lovell who had been speaking.

Mornington and Erroll were waiting for him at the corner of the passage, and Jimmy stopped as he came up.

"No news?" asked Erroll.

Jimmy gritted his teeth.

"I've found out that the Head did not recognise Lovell's voice on the telephone," he answered. "He took it for granted that it was Lovell who was speaking."

"You don't think it was?"

"I know it was not!" said Jimmy, between his teeth. "I know that they never left Rookwood of their own accord without telling me a word. They wouldn't! I know it—I'm certain! They would have let me know, at least; they'd know how anxious I've been. It wasn't Lovell who telephoned. Lovell's not at liberty to telephone."

Mornington whistled softly.

"You think—" he began.

"Suppose some villain has kidnapped them!" muttered Jimmy. "It's the only explanation. Well, then, it would pay him to make people believe they'd run away from school."

"Captain Lagden seems to have been the first to suggest that!" said Valentine Mornington, in a significant tone.

"I know!"

"And now this telephone message, supposed to come from Lovell, confirms it," said Mornington.

Jimmy gave him a startled look.

"And," continued Mornington quietly, in a low voice, "the telephone-call comes when Captain Lagden is out of gates."

"Morny!"

"The first time he's been out of gates since that detective fellow was hanging round the school."

"Mornington!"

"And the Head didn't recognise the voice on the phone! I'd like to ask him whether it sounded anything like Lagden's," said Mornington deliberately.

Jimmy Silver caught his breath.

"Morny!" he muttered. "There's no motive—no possible motive—"

"I know; that's what beats me! But if there were a motive—"

"But there isn't—there isn't!"

"Not so far as we can see," said Mornington coolly. "But there's no motive for anybody to have made away with the fellows,

so far as we can see, and yet you believe they've been made away with."

Jimmy Silver was quite pale.

"It can't be!" he muttered. "I—I—"

He clenched his hands. "But I'm going to find out! I'm going to speak to the detective to-morrow, and ask his advice—tell him all, and ask him what he thinks. I'm going to Captain Lagden now to tell him what I'm going to do."

Jimmy Silver strode away.

His mind was made up.

Mornington glanced at his chums as the captain of the Fourth disappeared up the staircase.

"You remember our little scheme, Kit—"

"What do you mean, Morny?"

"Don't you remember we arranged to keep a watch on Jimmy Silver in case anything happened to him like his chums?"

Erroll smiled.

"Morny, old man, he's gone to see Captain Lagden in the Oak Room. Nothing can happen to him there."

"I'm going to wait for him on the staircase," said Mornington calmly. "I've said that I'm going to keep him under my eye, and I'm going to do it, my infant. You please yourself."

"I'll come with you, of course, Morny."

"Waste of time, if you like; but there's nothin' like bein' thorough, you know," said Mornington, with a grin.

The two chums went up the big staircase, and stopped at a landing window, whence they could see the door of the Oak Room.

They were just in time to see Jimmy Silver enter at that door and close it after him.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Face to Face.

CAPTAIN LAGDEN was smoking a cigar in the Oak Room, and he had a book on his knee, which he tossed aside as Jimmy Silver knocked and entered. His scarred face had a genial smile as he nodded to the junior.

"I am glad to see you, Silver," he said. "Close the door, my boy, and come to the fire."

Jimmy came in, his face clearing unconsciously.

Strange, vague, and dark suspicions had found lodgment in his mind, but they faded at the captain's genial manner and kind smile. But his purpose remained unchanged.

The captain's help in his search for his missing chums had been useless, and Jimmy Silver was inflexibly resolved to go his own way; and it only remained to tell Captain Lagden so.

"Sit down, Silver!"

Jimmy Silver sat down.

Captain Lagden rose, and paced the room before him, his cigar in the fingers of his left hand.

The empty sleeve of his coat, on the other side, hung loose.

Jimmy could never see that empty sleeve without a feeling of kindness for the man who had lost his arm in the Great War; and he was for the moment ashamed of the dark doubts that had forced themselves into his mind.

Indeed, in the actual presence of the captain, those doubts seemed almost fantastically absurd.

Even the savage temper the captain had displayed on some occasions, when he was off his guard, could be explained by the trouble his old wounds gave him, preying on his nervous system.

His manner now was all kindness.

"Well, my boy, it appears that there is news of your friends at last!" he remarked, glancing at Jimmy Silver's face.

"You have heard of it, sir?"

"Mr. Bootles told me all about it." The captain smiled. "You remember, Silver, I hinted that my belief was something like that—that the young scamps had run away. You did not agree with me."

"No," said Jimmy.

"But you are convinced now?" said the captain, with a laugh.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"What? Not yet?" exclaimed the captain.

"I think you are probably the only person in Rookwood who doubts it now, Silver."

"Perhaps. But—"

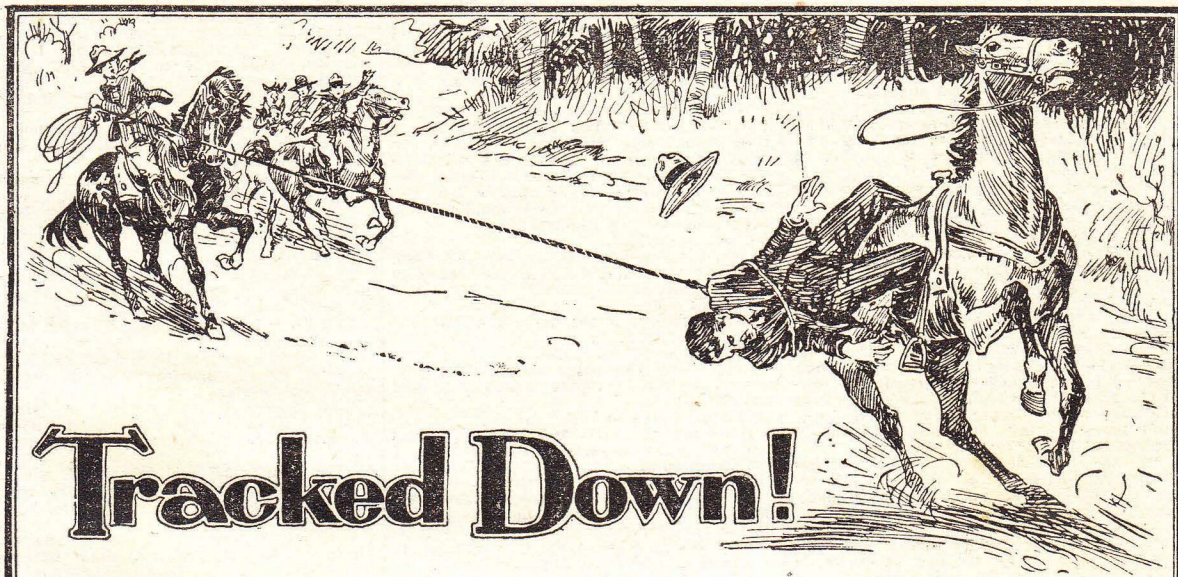
"Well, then, surely that places the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt?" said Captain Lagden, pausing in his walk, and

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

BROUGHT TO BOOK!

A GRAND TALE OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

VERE BEAUCLERC TAKES THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS, AND WITH THE HELP OF HIS CHUMS, SETS OUT TO RUN THE RUSTLERS TO EARTH AND SAVE HIS FATHER.



Tracked Down!

A Splendid Long Complete Tale, dealing with the Schooldays in the Backwoods of Canada of

FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the Famous School Tales of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. In Merciless Hands!

RUMBLE, Bump! Billy Cook, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch, glanced carelessly at the heavy wagon bumping on the rough trail.

Black Rube, the loafer of Thompson, was driving, and 'Frisco Jo, the Mexican, sat in the wagon, sprawling on a buffalo-robe.

Billy Cook was riding from Cedar Creek towards the ranch, when he came on the wagon.

His bronzed face set rather grimly at the sight of the two "rustlers."

Black Rube and 'Frisco Jo were not a credit to the section.

"Morning!" he called out, rather gruffly.

"Morning!" replied Rube, with still more gruffness.

"What have you got there?" asked Billy Cook, drawing rein, and glancing into the open wagon.

"Nothing, I guess. We're goin' down to Kamloops for stores."

"Nothing?" repeated Billy Cook, keeping alongside the wagon as it rumbled on. "Nothin' under that buffalo-robe, hay?"

"What should be under it, senor?" asked 'Frisco Jo, sitting up, with a glitter in his black eyes.

"I guess there's somethin' movin' under it," answered the ranchman suspiciously. "Have you been dog-stealing?"

The Mexican laughed, but there was a look of anxiety on his swarthy face.

"You are pleased to jest, senor," he answered.

"Well, let a galoot look!" said Billy Cook; and he reached over into the wagon.

He drew back his hand quickly, however, as a knife glittered in the dusky fingers of the Mexican.

"Hands off!" said 'Frisco Jo.

Black Rube whipped up his horse.

The wagon rumbled on at greater speed, and Billy Cook sat his horse, staring after it with a puzzled expression.

"I guess those galoots have been up to something!" muttered the ranchman; and he shook his head, and rode off again towards the Lawless Ranch.

"Drive faster, Rube!" called out the Mexican. "Caramba! We do not want to

be questioned by every fool we meet on the plains!"

"I guess the hoss is doing his best," answered Rube. "By thunder, it's lucky he didn't see under the buffalo-hide!"

The Mexican glanced round; the trail was deserted now. He bent and raised a corner of the buffalo-robe.

On the floor of the wagon, hidden by the ample robe, a man lay on his side, his hands and ankles bound with a strong rope, and a gag in his mouth.

The prisoner was Lascelles Beauclerc, the remittance-man of Cedar Camp.

He did not flinch as the Mexican held up the knife before his eyes.

"You will keep still, senor," said 'Frisco Jo, in a low, threatening voice. "You moved when that fool was looking into the wagon. If you move again when you hear a voice, senor, I shall see that you keep still—very still."

He moved the Spanish knife within an inch of the bound man's face. Lascelles Beauclerc did not even flicker an eyelid.

With a muttered oath, the Mexican dropped the buffalo-robe into its place again, and once more glanced anxiously round, with puckered brows, over the wide plains, bright in the spring sunshine.

"Faster, faster!" he called to his companion.

"We're leavin' the trail now," replied Rube.

The trail was rough and hilly, but when the wagon left it, and plunged into the unmarked prairie, the bumping and jolting intensified.

Black Rube had told the ranchman that they were going to Kamloops for stores, but the wagon was not heading south. It was keeping to the east, into the foothills.

In a thick belt of timber the clumsy vehicle stopped at last. It was well away from the frequented trails by this time, and safe from observation.

"Hyer we are!" said Black Rube, as he pulled in his horse.

The Mexican threw aside the buffalo-robe, and Mr. Beauclerc blinked in the sudden sunlight.

A slash of the knife cut the rope about his ankles.

"Stand up!" grunted the Mexican.

The remittance-man struggled to his feet. "Get out!"

With a rough helping hand from the Mexican, the remittance-man left the wagon.

He stared about him.

"Get back now, Rube," said 'Frisco Jo. "Come with me, senor."

The wagon rumbled away in the direction whence it had come.

'Frisco Jo took a loose end of the rope that bound the remittance-man's arms, and led him on into the hills.

Lascelles Beauclerc strode on quietly. He was helpless in the hands of the kid-nappers, but the gleaming of his eyes told of the deep anger in his breast.

Stiff from the confinement in the wagon, he stumbled on the hilly ground, and a sharp jerk at the rope pulled him on.

"Faster!" snarled the Mexican.

Then in silence they tramped on into the hills through a deep "gulch" darkly shadowed by pine-trees.

On the rough, hard rock their footsteps left no trace.

For a mile or more they tramped on, till 'Frisco Jo turned into a deep, rocky gully, where a limpid stream glistened in the sun.

Close behind the stream stood a plank shanty, in the doorway of which a rough-looking man sat smoking.

He rose as 'Frisco Jo came in sight.

There was a grin on his rough, bearded face as he glanced at the remittance-man.

"Here's your man, Pete," said 'Frisco Jo.

"The other's safe?"

"You bet!"

"Take him in."

Without a word to his prisoner, the Mexican turned and strode away.

Lascelles Beauclerc, with a rough grasp on his arm, was marched into the shanty.

Pete dragged away the gag.

"You kin talk, if you want," he said with a grin.

Mr. Beauclerc gasped. His mouth was numbed by the gag.

THE POPULAR.—No. 195.

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

ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"CURING CHUNKY TODGERS!"

"I've called for a rather queer reason, Mr. Trevelyan," said the sheriff at last. "This lad—Beauclerc—has told me a queer story."

"Indeed?"

"It appears that he saw you in the timber the day you came here."

"Yes, that is so. I was the victim of a rather rough joke of some rather rough characters," said Mr. Trevelyan, with a smile. "I took their rough jesting in earnest, being a stranger here, and Beauclerc did the same, it appears."

"Tell him what you told me, lad," said Mr. Henderson.

Beauclerc came forward.

"I have told the sheriff that you are not Philip Trevelyan," he said, looking fearlessly into the face of the new master.

"What?"

"You are not the man I saw struggling in the timber with 'Frisco Jo.'"

"My dear boy!" said the new master. "Are you insane?"

"No. You are an impostor," said Beauclerc calmly.

"Boy!"

"You are a confederate of the rustlers who kidnapped the real Philip Trevelyan, and you have set them on to kidnap my father also, because he had found you out," said Beauclerc steadily.

Mr. Trevelyan frowned.

"Have you had the audacity, Beauclerc, to tell Mr. Henderson this tissue of ridiculous falsehoods?" he exclaimed.

"I have told Mr. Henderson, because it is the truth. You have had my father kidnapped."

The new master turned to Mr. Henderson.

"I suppose I need not trouble to deny this childish romance," he said.

"Waal, it does sound a tall story," said the sheriff.

"The boy appears to be out of his senses. Is his father really missing?"

"He tells me so."

"I have heard something of the man," said the new master. "I have heard that he is a drunken waster, and quite irresponsible. If he is missing, is it not probable that he has gone on what is, I think, called a bender?"

The sheriff grinned.

"I guess that's more likely than not," he admitted.

"In any case, I have not the faintest idea what has become of him, naturally. I shall report this boy's insolence to his school-mistress, Miss Meadows."

Beauclerc did not flinch, though the contemptuous reference to his father had brought the hot blood surging to his cheeks.

"Mr. Henderson, let Molly be called here. She is in the playground. She heard this man talking to 'Frisco Jo' in the wood, planning to attack my father at the shack."

The new master started.

The blow went home; for the moment his calmness deserted him.

He was taken utterly by surprise.

"Call in Molly!" said Mr. Henderson.

Frank Richards left the cabin, and in a few minutes returned with Molly Lawrence.

The girl looked inquiringly at her uncle.

"Tell us what you heard in the wood this morning, Molly," said the sheriff, patting the girl's head.

"Yes, uncle!"

The girl repeated what she had told Frank Richards & Co. on the trail that morning.

Mr. Trevelyan drew a deep breath.

"You saw 'Frisco Jo'?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"But you did not see the man he was speaking to?"

"No."

"You heard his voice, Molly," said Vere Beauclerc quietly. "You said it was a voice you had heard before, but you could not remember where."

"Yes, Cherub," said Molly.

"Was it Mr. Trevelyan's voice?"

Molly coloured and hesitated.

"Answer, my girl," said the sheriff kindly.

"I—I don't know!" faltered Molly.

"Surely, my dear child, you are able to say that it was not my voice you heard," said Mr. Trevelyan, with a smile.

"I—I—it sounds something like it, sir," faltered Molly.

"What?"

"I—I don't mean it was yours, sir," said Molly. "But—but it does sound something like it."

"It was the same," said Vere Beauclerc.

"Well, voices often sound alike," said the sheriff. "Molly's evidence doesn't seem much use. You can run away, my dear!"

Molly left the cabin.

Sheriff Henderson rose to his feet, evidently perplexed.

Mr. Trevelyan looked at him with a smile.

"I suppose I may take it, sheriff, that you attach no importance to this cock-and-bull story?" he said.

"Waal, no," said the sheriff. "It's too tall—much too tall. Beauclerc believes what

he says, but it's too thick. It's clear enough that 'Frisco Jo' has done something to Mr. Beauclerc. But that was very likely a private quarrel. They used to play cards together, I know. You can depend on it, Beauclerc, that I shall see what has become of your father."

"And that man?" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"That man is Mr. Trevelyan, your master," answered the sheriff. "Put those silly ideas out of your head, my boy."

And with that he left the cabin.

Frank Richards & Co. followed him.

The new master closed the door after them, and then the mask of indifference fell from his face.

He compressed his lips, and his hands were savagely clenched.

"Danger—it means danger!" Gerald Goring muttered to himself. "The boy has started a story that may never die away. It may follow me across the water. Hang him! But he shall not talk for long; there is room for him where his father is!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.
Beauclerc Means Business.

VERE BEAUCLERC did not go towards the school-house when he left the new master's cabin.

He went back to the gates, where the horses were hitched, and his chams followed him.

"What's the game, Beau?" asked Bob Lawless. "We ought to explain to Miss Meadows."

Beauclerc stopped.

"Do you believe what the man said?" he asked.

"Blessed if I know!"

"Didn't you see that he was scared when we first mentioned Molly? He was afraid he had been seen, as well as heard, talking to 'Frisco Jo.'"

"I believe so," said Frank Richards quietly.

"I'm not going to school to-day," said Beauclerc. "You fellows can suit yourselves. But I'm going to find my father."

"We're with you, Beau! But—"

"Let's get away, then, before Miss Meadows sees us. She would call us in, and we don't want to be disrespectful."

"Right-ho!"

The chums led their horses away into the timber.

At a distance from the school gates, screened by the trees, they stopped.

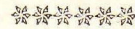


IN MERCILESS HANDS! For a mile or more, Mr. Beauclerc and his captor tramped on till 'Frisco Joe' turned into a deep rocky gully. Close behind a stream stood a plank shanty, in the doorway of which a rough-looking man sat. He rose to his feet at their approach. (See Chapter 1.)

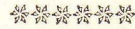
THE PERILS OF A REFEREE ARE MANY, AS MR. RATCLIFF DISCOVERS TO HIS SORROW. AND BUT FOR A TIMELY RESCUE IT MIGHT HAVE GONE VERY BAD FOR THE NEW HOUSE MASTER.



FALLEN AMONGST FOES!



A Splendid Long Complete School Tale of TOM MERRY & CO. of St. Jim's, and the New House Chums.



By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Wanted a Hero!

"ON the ball!"
"Pass, Figgy!"
Biff!
The hefty boot of Figgins of the New House came into violent contact with the football.

There was no match in progress. The football was being punted through the corridors of the New House.

Outside the rain poured down pitilessly, and the football-field was a quagmire.

But Figgins & Co. didn't mean to be done out of their game. Since it was impossible to play out of doors they had decided to play inside the building.

Six juniors were engaged in a wild and aimless scramble. They were Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn, and Redfern, Lawrence, and Owen.

The ball was punted from end to end of the corridor, amid much shouting and stampeding.

Figgins & Co. had forgotten for the moment that they were in perilous proximity to their Housemaster's study.

Inside that sacred apartment Mr. Horace Ratcliff, Master of Arts, was vainly endeavouring to correct examination papers.

Concentration on his task was impossible, owing to the din which prevailed in the corridor.

Mr. Ratcliff rose to his feet. There was an unpleasant glint in his eyes.

"Can it be possible that those young rascals are playing football outside my study door?" he ejaculated.

It was not only possible, it was a fact! The Housemaster could hear the football bumping and bouncing on the linoleum.

Mr. Ratcliff strode to the door and threw it open. Had he thrown it open a second earlier, or a second later, all would have been well, so far as Mr. Ratcliff was concerned. But the door was opened just as the ball, booted by Figgins, came whizzing towards it.

Mr. Ratcliff fielded the football with his face!

"Yoooooop!"
The Housemaster staggered back with a fiendish yell. Then, unable to retain his equilibrium, he sat down heavily in the doorway.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Figgins. And the rest of the indoor footballers stopped short, and stared with awestruck eyes at the Housemaster.

The football had left a black mark on Mr. Ratcliff's cheeks and nose, giving him the appearance of a Christy Minstrel.

Figgins, who was the first to recover his presence of mind, ran towards the unfortunate Housemaster, and assisted him to his feet.

"I—I'm sorry, sir!" he stuttered. "I—I didn't know—"

Mr. Ratcliff frowned.

"Your sorrow, Figgins, does not impress me in the least! Time and again I have had to warn you about playing football on enclosed premises. You boys have no right in this corridor at all. You are trespassing. And your offence is rendered all the more heinous by the fact that you were playing football."

"It's pelting with rain outside, sir," murmured Fatty Wynn.

"Silence, Wynn! Every boy concerned in this disgraceful affair will take a thousand lines!"

"Make it a billion!" muttered Redfern.

Fortunately for Reddy, Mr. Ratcliff did not hear that remark.

The Housemaster, having pronounced sentence, so to speak, went back into his study. He finished correcting the examination papers, and a solemn stillness prevailed outside. The thudding of the football was no longer audible in the corridor.

Figgins & Co., however, had not abandoned their game. They had merely postponed it until Mr. Ratcliff was out of the way.

Presently the Housemaster came out of his study, and proceeded to the masters'-room. And Figgins & Co., when they saw that the coast was clear, went on with their game.

The masters'-room was crowded when Mr. Ratcliff entered it.

Mr. Railton was there, and Mr. Linton and Mr. Lathom and Mr. Selby. The French master and the mathematics master were also present.

Mr. Railton, always polite to his seniors, placed a chair ready for the newcomer, and offered him a cigar.

Mr. Ratcliff made a gesture of refusal. "I do not smoke!" he said irritably.

"I am aware of that," said Mr. Railton. "But these are particularly choice cigars."

"I have no use for cigars!" snapped Mr. Ratcliff. "Smoking, in any shape or form, is abhorrent to me. Is that the local paper you are reading, Linton? I should like to peruse it."

"Just a moment," said Mr. Linton. "There is a rather exciting paragraph here. It deals with football."

At the mention of the word football Mr. Ratcliff was reminded of the recent scene in the corridor. He saw that Mr. Lathom and Mr. Selby were smiling. He knew what they were smiling at, and he took out his handkerchief and dabbed frantically at the black smudge on his face.

"That young rascal Figgins was responsible for this!" he snarled. "He and other young hooligans were playing football outside the door of my study, and on opening the door to quell the disturbance, the ball struck me full in the face."

Mr. Lathom chuckled, and Mr. Selby's smile became a malicious grin. Mr. Selby always rejoiced in the misfortune of a colleague.

Mr. Linton remained serious. "Listen to this paragraph, gentlemen," he said. "There appears to have been serious trouble over at Wayland."

Mr. Linton recited the paragraph.

"WANTED—A STRONG MAN!

"Much excitement has been caused in Wayland recently, owing to the mobbing of referees at football matches. Last Saturday week the official in charge

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

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

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"BAGGY'S BID FOR FAME!"

police-sergeant and four constables to be in attendance.

"Again thanking you,—Yours faithfully,
J. ROBINSON,
"Secretary, Wayland Warriors F.C."

"How very annoying!" muttered Mr. Ratcliff. "I had hoped that somebody else would come forward. However, I shall have to go through with it now."

The fact that a sergeant and four constables would be stationed on the ground afforded Mr. Ratcliff very cold comfort. He had very little faith in the local police. They were, for the most part, fat and stodgy. If trouble arose, they would be no match for the hooligan section of the crowd.

Now that he had definitely undertaken to referee the match, Mr. Ratcliff could not very well withdraw his offer. If he backed out, the other masters would accuse him of showing the white feather. Come what may, he simply had to see the thing through.

The Housemaster felt decidedly uneasy. And it is hardly necessary to add that the night before the match he didn't sleep a wink!

Mr. Ratcliff recalled what had happened to the previous referee. And he drew the bedclothes over his head, and shuddered with apprehension.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Wild Scenes at Wayland!

WEDNESDAY dawned bright and clear.

If Mr. Ratcliff had hoped that the ground would be under water, and football an impossibility, he was doomed to disappointment.

The Housemaster had carefully studied the rules of football. He knew them practically by heart.

"I am not likely to give any wrong decisions," he reflected, "so possibly the crowd will be well-behaved."

Attired in shorts, football-boots, and a sports coat, Mr. Ratcliff proceeded to Wayland after dinner. He was also armed with a reliable watch, and a whistle.

Figgins & Co. watched their Housemaster's departure through the window of the tuckshop.

"There goes the giddy ref!" said Kerr. "We'll give him ten minutes' start, and then follow in his footsteps."

"I expect he's forgotten our existence," said Redfern. "His thoughts are full of the match."

"Strictly speaking, he ought to take a stretcher with him," said Fatty Wynn. "He'll need it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Ten minutes after Mr. Ratcliff's departure, Figgins & Co. joined forces with Tom Merry & Co., and set off for Wayland.

They found a goodly crowd assembled on the football ground.

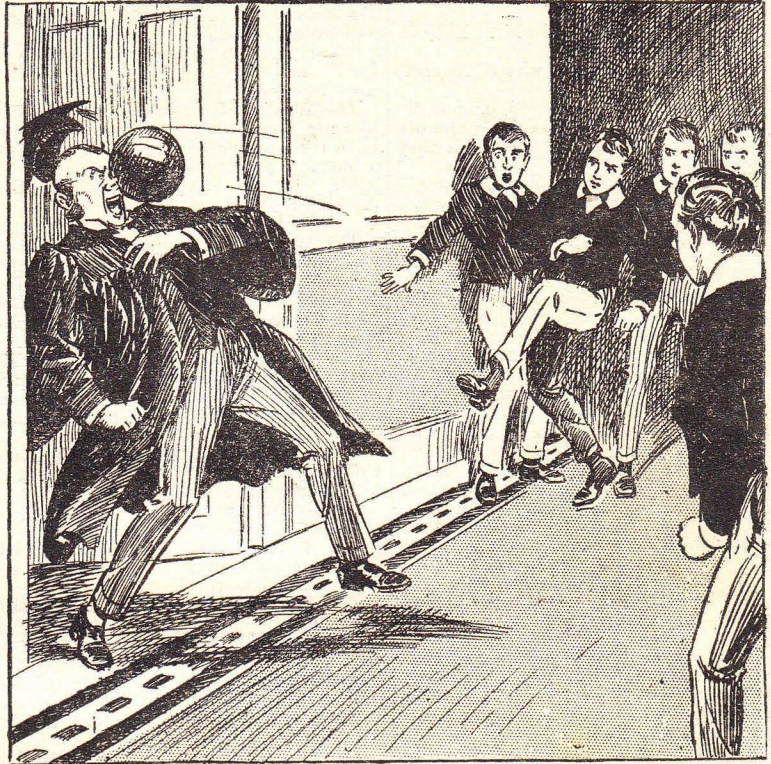
Wayland Warriors and the Sussex Sharpshooters were old and deadly rivals. They played fairly clean football, as a rule; but on the occasions when they met each other there was generally trouble.

The St. Jim's juniors secured seats in the stand. And they waited with growing impatience for the referee, the linesmen, and the players to appear.

Presently a familiar figure emerged from the dressing-room, and walked out to the centre of the playing-pitch.

"There goes Ratty!" said Tom Merry. "He seems to be a bit wobbly at the knees," murmured Monty Lowther.

"I don't wonder at it," said Manners. "I wouldn't be in Ratty's shoes for a pension!"



A BAD SHOT! Mr. Ratcliff strode to the door of his study and threw it open just as the ball, booted by Figgins, came whizzing down the passage. The master fielded the ball—with his face. "Yooooop!" He staggered back with a fendish yell. (See Chapter 1.)

Mr. Ratcliff halted in the centre of the field. Then he blew a shrill blast on his whistle, in order to summon the players.

Wayland Warriors came out first, amid frantic cheers.

Then, after a brief interval, came the Sussex Sharpshooters. And hissing and hooting took the place of cheering. The Sharpshooters were not popular with the Wayland crowd.

The rival captains met in the centre of the field, and the coin was spun without any preliminary handshaking.

The Warriors won the toss, and elected to kick with the wind.

Mr. Ratcliff blew his whistle, and the ball was kicked off.

"Play up, the Warriors!"
"On the ball!"

The Wayland forwards broke clean away, and within a couple of minutes the outside-right drove the ball into the net, from an offside position.

"Goal!" roared the crowd. And arms were whirled and caps were waved.

But Mr. Ratcliff had not studied the rules of football for nothing. He sounded his whistle for a free-kick.

"Hi, ref, what's the game?" bellowed the skipper of Wayland Warriors—a burly giant of six feet.

"That was not a goal!" said Mr. Ratcliff. "Your player was offside!"

"Offside be hauged! That was a perfectly good goal," said the Wayland skipper.

"Do not argue with me, my man," said Mr. Ratcliff. "I am in charge of this game, and my decision is irrevocable."

When the crowd saw that the Sharpshooters had been awarded a free-kick, howls of execration arose.

Mr. Ratcliff winced as a volley of insulting remarks was hurled at him.

"Yah!"
"Call yourself a ref?"
"You've been bribed, old cabbage-patch!"

Mr. Ratcliff's semi-bald pate was responsible for the last remark.

The Housemaster was feeling decidedly uncomfortable. He had already succeeded in rousing the ire of the crowd. Presently, reflected Mr. Ratcliff, they might proceed from words to blows.

The game proceeded at a ding-dong pace.

Play was rough, and fouls were frequent. Mr. Ratcliff deemed it prudent to wink his eye at minor offences, but presently, when a burly Wayland back swept an opponent's legs from under him, the referee felt bound to take action.

The offence had occurred in the penalty area. And Mr. Ratcliff promptly awarded the Sharpshooters a penalty-kick.

At this, a perfect pandemonium was let loose. The crowd yelled themselves hoarse at the referee's expense.

One of the visiting players took the penalty-kick, and drove the ball into a corner of the net. The Wayland goalie had no chance whatever of saving.

The crowd, galled to think that their favourites were a goal down, proceeded from yells to something more exciting. They started throwing missiles. A large lump of turf smote Mr. Ratcliff on the chin, with the force of an uppercut.

The unfortunate referee staggered back with a gasp of anguish. And at the same instant a prehistoric egg burst on

THE POPULAR.—No. 196.

NEXT
TUESDAY!

"BAGGY'S BID FOR FAME!"

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

his forehead, and the unsavoury yolk streamed down his face.

"Oh dear!" groaned Mr. Ratcliff. "This is truly terrible!"

The Wayland skipper, who stood near, laughed harshly.

"You wait till the crowd gets really angry!" he said. "They're only slightly annoyed at present. Just wait till they get worked up!"

Mr. Ratcliff shuddered. He would have given anything to be safe in his study at St. Jim's.

The bombardment of missiles continued for five minutes, during which time the game had to be held up.

"Poor old Ratty!" said Figgins, who, with the rest of the St. Jim's juniors, had witnessed the bombardment. "He's beginning to find that refereeing a footer match isn't all honey."

Tom Merry looked anxious.

"I'm afraid the crowd will get really ugly soon," he said.

"And then?"

"Why, we must go to Ratty's rescue, of course! Oh, yes, I know Ratty's a beast and a tyrant and all the rest of it, but, dash it all, we can't stand by and see a St. Jim's master scragged! If things get too warm, we'll give him a hand!"

"That's the idea!" said Manners. The bombardment of missiles having ceased, the players got on with the game.

There was no further disturbance until five minutes before half-time. And then the burly Wayland back, who had caused the previous trouble, again swept a man's legs from under him.

Mr. Ratcliff had no hesitation in awarding the Sharpshooters another penalty-kick, which was duly converted.

But the referee did not stop at that. He walked up to the offending player, and ordered him off the field.

"You have twice been guilty of fouling!" he said sharply. "Go to the dressing-room!"

The Wayland back was staggered. He had not supposed that the referee would have the courage to order him off. For a moment he stood spellbound.

Mr. Ratcliff pointed towards the dressing-room.

"Go!" he commanded.

The Wayland player clenched his fists and looked as if he were going to commit assault and battery on the referee. On second thoughts, he decided to leave that to the crowd, who were already beginning to swarm on to the playing pitch.

The police-sergeant and his four assistants tried vainly to preserve order, and to keep the mob back. But the crowd had got completely out of hand by this time. They were out for scalps.

Fierce, angry shouts came to Mr. Ratcliff's ears.

"Collar him!"

"Pulverise him!"

"Give him beans!"

Mr. Ratcliff glanced wildly around for protection. But he seemed to be fairly cornered.

The shouts grew nearer and more menacing.

Certainly Mr. Ratcliff was in a desperate plight. There seemed to be no way of escape. And he was surrounded by a thick cordon of wrathful humanity.

It was at this juncture that Tom Merry & Co. took a hand.

The St. Jim's juniors dashed on to the playing pitch and fought their way tenaciously through the mob.

A hefty-looking man of the labouring class was about to deal Mr. Ratcliff a savage blow. The juniors charged him aside, and then they surrounded the Housemaster, forming an effective body-guard.

"This way, sir!" panted Tom Merry.

"Quickly!"

"We'll make a bee-line for that exit over yonder," muttered Dick Redfern.

Mr. Ratcliff was promptly hustled off the field by the St. Jim's juniors.

The latter had a tough task, and they did not get through unscathed. Lots of blows which were intended for Mr. Ratcliff descended on themselves.

Probably the juniors would never have got Mr. Ratcliff clear of the mob, had not the police made a belated appearance and given them assistance.

After what seemed an eternity, the exit was gained. Mr. Ratcliff was bundled through and hustled into a stationary taxi.

"St. Jim's!" panted Tom Merry, in the driver's ear.

And Mr. Ratcliff was whirled away from the football ground in the nick of time.

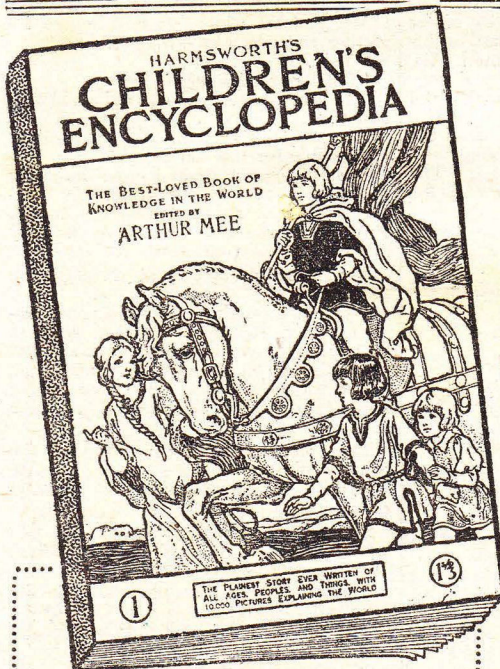
"We'd better fade away now, or we shall have a mob on us," said Tom Merry.

With their clothes rumped and dishevelled, the juniors set off in the direction of St. Jim's.

Meanwhile, the crowd simmered down and dispersed to their own homes. There would be no more football that day.

"I suppose we shall have to report to Ratty when we get in," said Figgins gloomily. "We shall get it in the neck for cutting detention."

(Continued on page 23.)



The Complete Work will contain:

10,000 Pictures

HUNDREDS OF THEM IN FULL COLOURS

and hundreds of pages in photogravure—a picture story of the making of the earth, and A PICTURE ATLAS OF ALL COUNTRIES, with 20,000 Map Pictures

ENTIRELY NEW PRODUCTION
of the Most Wonderful Picture and
Story Book in the World!

Buy Part 1 TO-DAY

The CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA tells you the story of the Universe—of the world's great men and women—of great deeds which will never die. The story of the Bible—of History—of Inventions—of Art—of Literature. The marvels of the Animal World, and of Plants. The wonders of the Sea, and the Earth, and the Sky. It is the best loved book of knowledge in the world, and it is YOURS for just over a penny a day. Buy Part 1 NOW, and give your Newsagent a regular order for all future parts.

HARMSWORTH'S
CHILDREN'S
ENCYCLOPEDIA

In Fortnightly Parts. Edited by ARTHUR MEE. Price 1s. 3d. each

"TRACKED DOWN!"

(Continued from page 22.)

"You at this time of night, boss!" he exclaimed. One of the riders jumped down, and ran forward. The ruffian in the doorway started back at the sight of a levelled revolver, with Vere Beauclerc's eyes glittering behind it. "Thunder!" he gasped.

"Keep your hand down!" rapped out Beauclerc. "I'll let drive if you raise that shooter, as sure as you stand there!"

"Boss, what's the game?" gasped the astounded ruffian. Goring burst into a bitter laugh.

"The game's up, Pete," he answered.

"By Jehoshaphat!"

Frank Richards ran forward, and took the six-shooter from the ruffian's unresisting hand.

Leaving his chums to deal with the man, Vere Beauclerc ran into the shanty.

"Father!"

"My boy!" exclaimed the remittance-man, struggling to his feet.

"Vere! You here!"

"To save you, father!"

In a moment his knife was sawing at the remittance-man's bonds. The remittance-man drew a deep breath as his hands came loose. He took the revolver from Vere.

"Set this gentleman free, Vere," he said. "He is Mr. Trevelyan, the new master at your school."

"I thought so, father!"

In a few minutes Mr. Trevelyan was free.

The remittance-man strode from the shanty.

Pete was already making off down the gully, leaving his revolver in Frank Richards's hand.

But Gerard Goring, once known at Cedar Creek as Mr. Trevelyan, was bound to his horse, and he looked at the remittance-man with a sardonic grin.

"The cards have run in your favour after all, Beauclerc," he said cynically. "It was the biggest game of my life, for the biggest stake, and you son has queered it."

Lascelles Beauclerc looked at him steadily.

"Scoundrel!" he said. "How my boy defeated you I do not know; but I might have been sure that your rascality would not be successful."

"I promised to set him free if we found you, father."

The remittance-man nodded.

"Let him go," he said—"let him go, and the sooner the better! You have a few hours, Gerard Goring; the police will be on your track then. Make the most of it!"

"It will be enough for me!" sneered Goring. "Tell the brat to let me loose!"

Beauclerc cut him loose, and the defeated rascal dashed away down the gully. They gave him little thought.

It was a happy party that set out on the homeward way from the shanty—Mr. Beauclerc and Mr. Trevelyan riding, and Frank Richards & Co. taking turns with the other horse, or walking.

It was more than a nine days' wonder at Cedar Creek School. Philip Trevelyan came there the next day—the impostor who had borne his name was far away.

But he did not escape. A few days later he was in the hands of the police, and he went to his trial, and prison followed.

Mr. Trevelyan did not take up his duties in the school. He started for the Old Country after a few days to claim his inheritance.

At Cedar Creek Frank Richards & Co. were the heroes of the hour, and a score of times, at least, they had to tell the story how Gerard Goring had been roped in and brought to book.

THE END.

(There is another grand complete story of the Backwoods in next week's Bumper Number of "The Popular." Out on Tuesday.)

SPECIAL EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

I have an extra grand programme of Stories for you in next week's

POPULAR!

"THE END OF THE CHASE!"

A Dramatic complete Greyfriars Story,
By FRANK RICHARDS.

"BROUGHT TO BOOK!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.
Telling how Jimmy Silver & Co. were found!

"CURING CHUNKY TODGERS!"

A wonderful story of Frank Richards & Co.

"BAGGY'S BID FOR FAME!"

Another of the famous St. Jim's Stories.

50 IN PRIZES! BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY! GRAND SERIAL!

400 HOBBIES

EVERY ONE OF THEM A HOBBY YOU CAN MAKE AND SAVE MONEY ON

The Amateur Mechanic

TEACHES you by simple language and plain pictures, the working principles of 400 trades. This is knowledge that will be of use to you all your life. You can learn to do every kind of job about the home and garden.

IT WILL SHOW YOU

HOW TO MAKE

A Pair of Riveted Boots—A Garden Path—Cabinet Fittings in Metal—Soap at Home—Glues and Varnishes—Locked Doors Extra Secure—A Model Flying Machine—A Hot Water Towel Rail—A Gramophone—Perambulator Hoods—Theatrical Scenery—A Mattress—Frames for Pictures—Furniture Revivers—Plaster Casts—Invisible Inks—Fine Fretwork—Line Blocks—Gramophone Cabinets—Dextrine Adhesives—Artistic Bed-room Fittings—A Clothes Post—A Pair of Hand-sewn Boots—Signs in Chipped Glass—Cement—Door Bots—Hinges, etc.—Curtain Fittings—Square Hanging Baskets—Acids for Etching Metals—Anti-Freezing Solution—A Self-closing Door—Castings in Metal—Celluloid Varnish—Roller Blinds—Machines for Stoning Basins—Bent Ironwork—Artificial Marble—A Mailcart—A Swing—A Sundial Pedestal—Stencil Plates—Waterproofing for Cloth—Cameras—Canvas Canoes—Scoops—A Garden Frame—A Woodworker's Bench—French Polish—A Greenhouse—Incandescent Mantles—Induction Coils—Drilling Machines—A Siphon—Hearthrugs from Cloth, etc.

HOW TO MEND

Leather Couches—Cane-seated Chairs—Old China—Chair Bottoms—Modern Watches—Old Clock Dials—Step Ladders—Oilcloth—Hot Water Pipes—Windows and Doors—Picture Frames—Range Boilers—Mahogany Armchairs—Pianos—Knives and Forks—Plastering—Gas Fittings—Speaking Tubes—Cooking Ranges—Metal Vessels—Pocket and Pen Knives—Leather Bags—Grandfather Clocks—Defective Floorboards—Spectacles—Excessive Outflow at Taps—Dining Chairs—Mirrors, Mantelboards, etc.—Violin Bows—Dutch and French Clocks—Floor Tiles—Type-writers—Brooches—Locks—Scissors—Book Covers—Iron and Brass Bedsteads—Cabinet Fittings—Linoleums and Matings—Oil Paintings—Venetian Blinds—Shelves and Rails—Hot Water Apparatus—Boots and Shoes—Magnet Electric Machines—Motor Cars and Cycles—Fix Door Hinges, Locks, etc.—Broken Sash Cords—Geysers—Lawn Mowers—Marble-topped Washstands—Ball Valves—Burst Water Pipes—Sawing Machines—Burst Soil Pipes—Fire Grates—Poles and Brackets—Old Wooden Bedsteads, etc.

125,000 PEOPLE HAVE PROFITED BY GETTING THIS WONDER WORK

WHAT ONE OF THEM SAYS:—

Mr. F. H. PARKES, Brighton, writes: "The work is excellent. It is almost impossible for any amateur worker to desire knowledge which is not to be found within these four volumes. I am working in a small shop, odd-jobbing; taking everything that comes my way, and my scope has been enlarged as though I had served innumerable apprenticeships. I am even contemplating taking up some entirely fresh trade as a spare-time occupation. I have already made a successful attempt at watch and clock repairing by getting a watch and a clock in going order that has been returned as hopeless by three watchmakers! My entire information on the subject came from 'The Amateur Mechanic.'"

WE WILL SEND YOU FREE A BOOKLET GIVING SPECIMEN LESSONS AND PICTURES. SEND FOR IT NOW

To The WAVERLEY BOOK CO., Ltd. (U.J.H. Dept.), 96, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

Please send me, without charge, your Free Illustrated Booklet, containing all particulars as to contents, authors, etc., of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC," also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments, beginning thirty days after delivery of Work.

NAME
(Send this form in unsealed envelope with halfpenny stamp, or a postcard.)

ADDRESS

U. J. H., 1922.

"FALLEN AMONGST FOES!"

(Continued from page 26.)

"What! After saving Ratty from the jaws of the lions?" said Monty Lowther. "That won't make any difference," said Fatty Wynn. "Ratty's no sport, and he won't be a bit grateful."

When Figgins & Co. presented themselves in their Housemaster's study, Mr. Ratcliff greeted them with a cordiality which was foreign to his usual nature.

"My boys," he said, "I am tremendously grateful to you for the assistance

you rendered me this afternoon. It is not too much to say that you saved me from serious injury."

Figgins & Co. were frankly astonished. This was not the tyrannical Mr. Ratcliff speaking. It was a new Mr. Ratcliff. The Housemaster was displaying quite another side of his nature.

"In view of the service you have rendered me, Figgins," said Mr. Ratcliff, "I have decided to entertain you and the other boys who had a share in this business to tea in my study, and I shall not punish you for breaking detention."

"Oh!" gasped Figgins. "That—that's jolly decent of you, sir!" stammered Redfern.

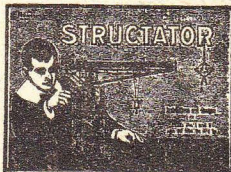
As for Fatty Wynn, his face beamed True to his word, Mr. Ratcliff entertained his rescuers that afternoon. And he didn't do things by halves.

It was a really excellent spread that was provided. And Mr. Ratcliff, chatting pleasantly with his guests, was as unlike a sour tyrant as possible.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Ratcliff was genuinely grateful to the juniors for their timely rescue. And it is safe to assert that a long, long time will elapse before Mr. Ratcliff referees another football match.

THE END.

(Another grand story of the chums of St. Jim's next week.)



SOMETHING NEW!

The very latest in Constructional Engineering. Get ready for the long winter evenings. Send for our **FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST** of all the latest Indoor Sports and Games, including Racing, Cricket, Football, Monte Carlo, Home Cinemas, and Structorator.

FREE!

Post a card NOW to—**THE VICTOR CO. (Dept. 1), 81, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C. 2.**



HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS AND FILMS.

Send for New Free Illustrated List of Machines, from 10/6 upwards, and Accessories. Films, all lengths, for Sale or Exchange. Enquiries invited.

FORD'S, Dept. A.P., 13, Red Lion Square, London, W.C. 1.

WHY BE SHORT?—If a few extra inches are what you need, commence the Girvan Scientific Treatment at once. Carried out in your own home, quite privately. Your friends will be astonished at the improvement in your appearance. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase. You will work, eat, and sleep better. Send P.C. for particulars and £100 guarantee to **ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.P., 17, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.4.**

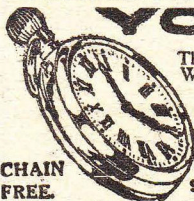
MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels, 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Price 6d. each, 4 for 1/-.—**T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.**

BLUSHING.—Famous Doctor's recipe for this most distressing complaint, 6d. (P.O.). Never fails. Testimonials daily.—**MR. P. GEORGE, Fairhaven, Clevedon, Somerset.**

MOVIES AT HOME.—Projectors and Real Cinema Films. Lists Free.—Desk E, **DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, West Ealing, London, W.13.**

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—**FRANK E. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.**

BOXING GLOVES Set of Four 5/- Superior 6/3, Men's 6/9. **FOOTBALLS, 6/-, 9/-, 11/6, PUNCHBALLS, 11/6.** Special Value. Postage 9d. Catalogue free. **CARPENTER, MORECAMBE STREET, S.E. 17.**



YOURS for 1!

This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 1/-. After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain offered Free with every watch. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 1/- now to **Simpson's Ltd. (Dept. 2) 94, Queen Rd., Brighton, Sussex**

CHAIN FREE.

DON'T BE BULLIED!—Learn the Wonderful Japanese Weapons. For small boys and men (also women). Send **NOW** Four Penny Stamps for Splendid **ILLUSTRATED SAMPLE LESSONS**, or 3/6 for Large Portion of Course.—**Dept. P.R., SCHOOL OF JUJITSU, 31, Golden Sq., Regent St., London, W.1.** Personal Tuition also given.

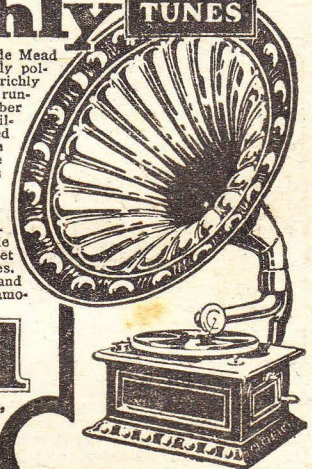
CINEMATOGRAPH FILMS—Big Variety, including Pantomimes. Send 2/- for sample 100 ft., or 15/- 1,000 ft., and list, Carriage Paid. Satisfaction guaranteed.—**WILFORD, 8, Moorland Place, Hyde Park, LEEDS.**

12/9 Monthly WITH 26 TUNES

is all you pay for a superbly made Mead Gramophone with massive, highly polished solid oak cabinet; gigantic richly coloured horn; extra large silent running motor, unusually loud brilliant insulated Sound Reproducer; brilliantly nickelled seamless tapered tone arm and all other up-to-date improvements. Sent packed free and carriage paid with 25 Tunes and 400 Silver Steel Needles on **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Exquisitely designed Portable Hornless, Table Grands and Drawing Room Cabinet Models at 40% below shop prices. Write **TO-DAY** for the biggest and most beautifully illustrated gramophone catalogue in the world.



Company (Dept. G105), Balsall Heath, Birmingham.

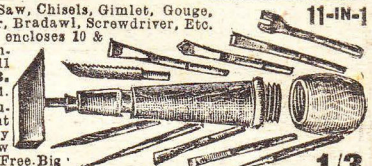


DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE?

Do you ever feel "all of a tremble"? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing, nervous indigestion, lack of energy, will-power, or mind concentration? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, speech-making, conversation, playing or "appearing in public"? Learn how to change your whole mental outlook by sending at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of guaranteed cure in 12 days.—**GODFRY ELLIOTT SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.**

11-IN-1 HANDY TOOLS

Hammer, Saw, Chisels, Gimlet, Gouge, Nail Lifter, Bradawl, Screwdriver, Etc. 7 ins. Case encloses 10 & forms Handle for all 11. Only 1/3. Postage 4d. Worth Double Delight or Money Back. New Catalogue Free. Big Bargains, 7d. to 70/-.



PAIN'S Presents House, Dept. 9T, HASTINGS

CINEMA AND FILM BARGAINS!—35 ft. Film, only 9d. Cinema Machines from 4/9. (Post 1/-). Stamp for New **BARGAIN LISTS**, Cinemas and Films.—**A. E. MAXWELL, George Street, HASTINGS.**

FUN FOR ALL!—Ventriloquist's Voice Instrument. Invisible, Astonishes, Mystifies, Imitate Birds, Beasts, etc. 1/- P.O. (Ventriloquism Treatise included).—**Ideal Co., Clevedon, Som.**

CUT THIS OUT

"The Popular." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d. Send 7 of these coupons with only 2/9 direct to the **Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.** You will receive by return a Splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6 (Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib). If only 1 coupon is sent, the price is 3/9. 2d. being allowed for each extra coupon up to 6. (Pocket Clip, 4d.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. **Special New Offer—Your own name in gilt letters on either pen or 1/- extra.** **Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.**