

THE PICK OF SCHOOL AND ADVENTURE TALES INSIDE!

Week Ending  
June 9th,  
1923.

New  
Series.

No.  
229.

Twenty-eight  
Pages.

# The POPULAR 2<sup>D</sup>

The Story Book for Boys.

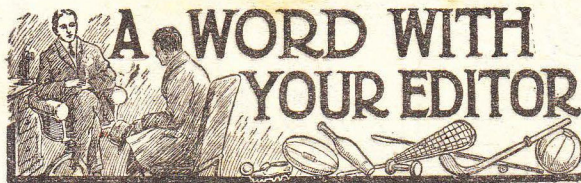
Money Prizes  
Every  
Week.



**ROBIN HOOD, DISGUISED, FIGHTS BEFORE PRINCE JOHN!**

(A Stirring incident from "The Outlaw King!" inside.)

Your Editor puts his readers wise about next week's Bumper Number.



THE SAME CHEERY FRIEND.

IT is a stimulating task to say a few words about the policy of the "Popular." The interest of the all-round school and adventure weekly is as safe as the bank. Every Tuesday the "Pop" is there, just as you want it, with a topping budget of stories.

"BILLY BUNTER'S COUSIN!"

The "Popular" goes on scoring. Its series of Greyfriars tales make plenty of runs. The story next week shows Billy Bunter in a fix. He has vague ideas, odd as it may seem, of doing a bit of running himself. For the athletic cousin of the porpoise bobs up. Wally Bunter is a mystery. The chief part of the mystery lies in his relationship to the Owl. Wally has but little in common with our own Billy of the tuckshop and the famous "Weekly." Wally is a bird of another feather. You like him at once for his grit.

"CATCHING IT HOT!"

This is the title of the new backwoods story. It has really nothing to do with the English summer-time. We don't catch things hot enough as a rule during that season. But Frank Richards & Co. do their best to make up for any shortcoming in this respect. The thoroughgoing excitement which pervades next Tuesday's rollicking yarn of Miss Meadows' educational establishment would atone for a lot. There is, of course, more serious trouble at Cedar Creek. Times are a bit out of joint; Frank Richards and Bob Lawless chip in to set them right. In "Catching It Hot!" you get another brisk and lively narrative of the school in the wilderness; it's a real tonic.

"JIMMY SILVER TO THE RESCUE!"

In bad odour as he is with the Fourth at Rookwood, some

people would not have expected Mornington to get the support of Jimmy Silver. Mornington's captaincy of the Lower School is regarded as a here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow affair. That's all very well, but Jimmy Silver lets personal predilections go overboard now it is a question of duty and esprit de corps. He backs up Mornington.

"THE ST. JIM'S TEA GARDENS!"

Racke and Crooke, Tea Purveyors! That's a bit of an eye-opener. Anyhow, it was surely a nice idea of Aubrey Racke and his bosom pal to start a smart little tea establishment, where the weary and the fed-up could drop in and negotiate a nice hot cup of bubbling Bohea, and toy with a plate of festive cakes. At least, it would have been a good notion if the two beauties who set the business going had been prompted by the right sort of motive. But it was not so. Things are not what they seem. Messrs. Racke and Crooke were out for gain. This was despicable. Who'd have thought it of them? It's a grand yarn, full of "ifs." You get the "might have been" touch as well. St. Jim's could do with a well-managed tea garden—not a bear garden. The place would suit Gussy to a T, as it were. There he could entertain his aristocratic relatives, and show off the latest fashion in ties and hats. But, as things turn out, there was disillusion of the tea pioneers. See next Tuesday's "Pop," but don't waste too much sorrow on the fate of the brace of prize organisers.

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY."

Next week comes an Ordinary Number. But let there be no mistake. It is not an issue which specialises in any chatty little subject, such as how to control a garden-roller, or what food is best for a jigger. But it gives extraordinary good fare, all the same. The number is, in fact, very special. It takes a wide survey of the world, and its stories and articles are instinct with the sparkle, the vivacity, and the rest of the thingummies always so intimately associated with the Owl's talented staff of pen wielders and typewriter tappers.

"THE OUTLAW KING."

A mighty surprise awaits some of the numerous enemies of the quarterstaff champion, Friar Tuck. The new instalment is immense. You will sympathise with the jolly Friar over the troubles and terrible experiences he has to go through. There are dramatic events at Kenilworth Castle, and in these happenings Guy Fitzhugh and Robin Hood take a leading part.

Your Editor.

What You Have To Do.

Here is a splendid Cricket competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find the history of the Hampshire Cricket Club. 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 below, pin it to your solution, and post it to "Hampshire" Competition, POPULAR Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, June 14th, 1923.

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 the value of 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 regarded as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

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

I enter the POPULAR "Hampshire" Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name .....

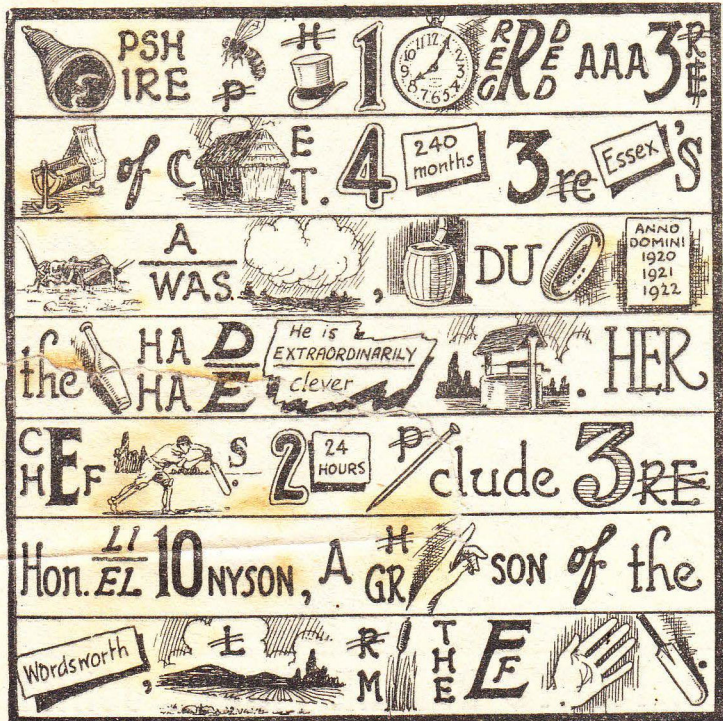
Address .....

P. ....

GREAT MYSTERY . . . . WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Splendid Cash Prizes are offered for the correct solution of the simple picture-puzzle below . . . Have a shot, you may win!

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



**BREAKING A LANCE WITH PRINCE JOHN!**

*Robin Hood, masquerading under the title of Sir Nameless of Cumberland, makes his dramatic appearance in the famous lists at Kenilworth, and to the amazement of the people challenges the Earl's four great champions. That he is risking his life four-fold he is fully aware, but all perils and dangers must be overcome if the two captives of the prince are to be saved!*

**STIRRING SCENES AT KENILWORTH!**



**When Knights of Old Rode to Tournaments—A Fascinating Romance!**

**Introduction.**

GUY FITZHUGH, a young ward of King Richard Cœur de Lion, unable to tolerate the tyranny of Sir Humphrey de Brionne any longer, has made his escape from the castle of his rascally guardian, fled into the forest of Sherwood, and joined the great band of outlaws under the leadership of ROBIN HOOD. Here he meets many friends—Allan-a-Dale, Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, and two wandering minstrels, Swayne, the harper, and Isobel.

About this time King Richard had been imprisoned in Normandy when returning from a crusade into the Holy Land, and Prince John had become master of Merry England by underhand means. John is hated by many, but none like him less than ROBIN HOOD.

THE OUTLAW.  
Many times the prince's men-at-arms have come into conflict with the merry men of Sherwood, and many times they have been defeated. But a day comes when John's great following turn the tables on the outlaws, and the foresters are driven into the woods, to seek shelter in their secret hiding-places. But John is not satisfied with this; he kidnaps MAID MARIAN and ISOBEL, the minstrel, and takes them to KENILWORTH with him, where he is to hold a great tournament, and where he hopes to trap Robin Hood.

When Robin hears the news he sets forth, masquerading under the title of Sir Nameless of Cumberland, with Guy FitzHugh and one or two other trusty men, and follows the prince to Leicester. He sends Guy and a forester, Leoffric, into the town at midnight to gain news of the two captives.

By a simple but clever ruse the two manage to find the inn where the girls are imprisoned, and send a message of encouragement to them. But as they are leaving, the guard is awakened, and the foresters find themselves surrounded in a narrow street, under the window of the inn. A fight ensues, and the outlaws are driven back, and have to seek refuge in a lane. They turn to fly, with the guard hot on their heels.

**Now Read On.**

**How the Nameless Knight Came to Kenilworth, and Got News of a Certain Litter With Blue Curtains!**

WHILE all this had been going on, Leoffric's cousin, Stephen the watchman, had stood aghast in the entry, but at the first sound of the feet on the cobblestones he gave a cry of terror, and took to his heels and bolted.

He had not gone twenty yards when Leoffric came up behind him and snatched the cloak which he had put on from his shoulders.

"Now, you fool," cried the forester, as they tore along the winding way, "if you have any sense at all, listen to what I am saying, or else will I break every bone in thy body! Turn up this street to the right where thou hast thy lodging, and see that the door be left unbarred, and that no one be about. I will lead the pursuers a pretty dance, and maybe I shall come and take shelter with thee; so beware how thou play me false!"

To emphasize his remarks, Leoffric gave his unfortunate relative a mighty shove, which sent him into the side street, and well-nigh upon his nose at the same time; and then Leoffric paused, and gave a gasp of relief as he saw Guy overtaking him.

"Quick, lad!" cried the forester. "Muffle this cloak about you. That gay scarlet garb of yours is far too bright for a man who must needs run half a mile through a strange town. So now make for the bridge, to the spot where we tied your horse, and I will carry Earl John's minions off upon a false scent."

Guy did as he was bid, and ran like the wind, while Leoffric, lingering in the mouth of the entry, allowed his well-known green dress to be seen by the foremost pursuers, who instantly raised a tremendous shout of triumph.

"There is the varlet!" they cried, as they saw the figure of a tall archer facing them in the narrow mouth of the entry,

in the very act of fitting a fresh arrow to his terrible bow.

With a loud yell of sudden panic, the foremost of them hung themselves flat on their faces, with the result that those behind tripped over them and piled the entry up with a heap of prostrate humanity. Then came the twang of the bow-string, the entry rang with a shriek, and, bounding round the corner, Leoffric, who knew every twist and turning of the ancient town, sped down a narrow street that led to the market-place. He had gained a moment's respite for Guy, and he laughed aloud at the success of his strategy.

For nigh upon half an hour he led the baffled soldiery in a circle, and then, having with great skill led the pursuit to the street where his cousin lived, and finding it fortunately deserted, he did a mighty sprint, ducked under a low doorway, and disappeared. And though they searched for a long time, no more was seen of the feet-footed archer in Lincoln green, and the soldiers had to return to their quarters crestfallen.

In the meantime, in spite of their revel overnight, Robin Hood and his new companions were early afoot in the village of Sheepshead. There was great grooming of horses and polishing of arms, and when they had paid the reckoning, knights and squires sprang into their saddles, and the whole party journeyed southward.

The Nameless Knight and the mock Abbot of Plumpton rode side by side at the tail-end of the cavalcade. Keen eyes watched them from the oak-groves of Charwood Forest, and as the dulcet tones of a mavis fell upon Robin's ears with remarkable persistency, he made a sign to Friar Tuck, and slackening their pace, they fell still farther to the rear, and allowed the others to pass on.

Then, out of the bushes, rode a lad in scarlet, with a face expressive of the greatest excitement, and in another moment Guy FitzHugh was at his master's side.



**The Fight in the Lists—a splendid scene from this week's instalment!**

"Now, by the rood, good lad," cried Robin, when the boy had told his tale, "thou hast done well—nay, even better than I had hoped."

And, taking the packet of papers, he passed them to Friar Tuck, bidding him place them in his breast for safety.

"So far, all is well," said Robin, after a pause; "yet 'twere folly to attempt anything openly while there are so many armed men in the town. We have, at any rate, recovered the scent, and that scent must we hold until we track the quarry to its lair. During all the bustle of the tournament it will go hard with us if we do not find some means of carrying them off under the very noses of Earl John and his ruffians."

When they reached Leicester they were not surprised to find that Earl John and his retinue had already left the town, and they stopped for rest at the Blue Bear itself.

As they set forth again on their way to Kenilworth, a sturdy beggar approached the Nameless Knight and solicited alms. And as Robin Hood bent down to bestow a coin upon him, their fingers met, and in a low voice the beggar whispered:

"They travel in a horse-litter with blue curtains, and Sir Roger FitzPeter is specially charged with their safe keeping."

Then the beggar pocketed his alms, and making a graceful obeisance, shrank respectfully back to let the Nameless Knight ride by. A little later the same sturdy beggar passed over the bridge and joined a band of foresters who marched southward through the fields, taking care to give the good town of Leicester a wide berth.

On a gentle ascent westward of the town of Kenilworth, stood the stern keep of the castle, built by Geoffrey de Clinton in the reign of Henry I. Kenilworth was one of the five districts in England where tournaments were allowed to be held.

The place was full of animation, for a great crowd of folks had flocked thither in consequence of Earl John's proclamation.

"Methinks it will be difficult enough to find housing amongst all this concourse," said Sir William of Pevensey, as the crowd made way for the knights. "We have bespoken quarters at the sign of the Magpie. Wilt thou come with us, Sir Nameless?"

"As for that," said Robin, "rather than incommode you, I would prefer to hire a pavilion for my followers, who are but few in number, and my friend the abbot will share it with me. For the present, gentlemen, farewell, and thank you for your pleasant company."

Then the knight rode on into the town, and, turning aside, Robin and the abbot drew rein on the skirts of the canvas city.

"Now, Guy," said the outlaw, "we have first to discover where the ladies have been lodged. We must not let them out of our sight for an hour."

"Give me but time, good Robin," said Guy, "to change this scarlet garb, which may be recognised by some of Earl John's men, and I will quickly find that out."

Guy sprang from his horse, and, seeing hard by the booth of a dealer in frippery or second-hand garments, he ran towards it and soon bargained with the man for a suit of blue Coventry cloth, leaving his own in exchange, and he obtained the dealer's permission to slip within the booth. He soon emerged again, and disappeared in the crowd, leaving Robin to hire a row of three commodious tents.

Very soon the horses were picketed in a line before them, and while Will Scarlet went in search of food, Robin and Friar Tuck held council together as to what was best to be done.

"'Tis plain, even to a blind man," said Friar Tuck, "that, having committed thyself before Sir Humphrey de Brionne and those three worthy knights, you must continue to play your part. No harm can befall Maid Marian and Isobel as long as Earl John remains at Kenilworth. What may happen afterwards is another matter; but here we are, and I doubt not that our hand is even now mingling with the throng. Ah, who comes here? Why, it is the rogue Guy! What news? What news?"

Guy came running up with his face  
THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

flushed. He had met Will Scarlet, who had directed him to their temporary lodging.

"'Tis good news and bad," said Guy. "I have seen the very horse-litter in which they travelled, but the ladies are lodged beyond our reach for the present, being in the castle itself."

Robin's brows grew black as a thunder-cloud; but before he could speak, Will Scarlet came hurrying to the tent door.

**How the Nameless Knight Supped with Earl John, and Had Speech with Maid Marian!**

"MASTER," cried Will Scarlet, "some of our men have been foolish enough to show themselves, and word has reached Earl John that we are here! I heard him this instant give the order to Sir Roger FitzPeter to get his men to horse and escort the litter to London town after the first day's journey is done. He fears some rescue may be attempted."

"By my sword," cried Robin, "the plot thickens! Will Scarlet, I charge you to make this news known to all our band. One blast on my horn must be the signal for them to rally here, or, if I go forth with your vander crimson mantle on my shoulders"—and he pointed to a handsome garment in one corner of the tent—"they must follow in my wake. Also, friend Guy, let Sir Roger FitzPeter be your especial care, and do not let him out of your sight for an hour. What is that scroll you carry in your hand, Will Scarlet?"

"'Tis a copy of the herald's proclamation of the tournament which opens to-morrow," said the forester, handing it to Robin, who, unrolling it, read aloud the rules and conditions of tourney.

"Oh, ho!" cried the outlaw. "And so the three gallant knights with whom we rode yesterday prove to be three of the challengers, though they said not a word to betray themselves."

"And the fourth?" said Friar Tuck, looking over Robin's shoulder.

"Gramercy!" cried Robin. "The fourth is none other than that infamous scoundrel, Humphrey de Brionne. Now, I have a plan, though it is a daring one; but first let us see the rules."

They were simple, and of the usual kind. It was open to all comers of knightly rank to run a course with any or all of the four challengers, who were privileged to break three lances apiece. At the end of twelve

bouts the victor was to be declared, and to him was given the right of proclaiming some fair lady to be Queen of Love and Beauty for the following day.

Thus far had Robin read when a shadow fell across the doorway of the pavilion, and Sir Geoffrey de Rushbrook, who had exchanged his travel-stained garments for a flowing robe of pale blue, elaborately embroidered with silver thread, and a fur-trimmed cap, with a swan's wing in it, bowed courteously, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Ah, Sir Nameless," said Sir Geoffrey de Rushbrook. "I see you already know your enemies for to-morrow, and I would crave as a boon that you break a lance with me."

"Right willingly; and here's my hand upon it!" said Robin.

"A thousand thanks, Sir Knight, but it was not that I came to speak about. The fame of your singular vow has reached the ears of Earl John, and he would fain that you be presented to him, and sup at the castle, whither we challengers and half a score of the earl's retinue are to meet at set of sun. I trust there is naught in your vow that will deny us the pleasure of your presence."

The outlaws exchanged quick glances; but Robin, laughing aloud, returned Sir Geoffrey's gaze with his clear, blue eyes, and cried:

"Nothing will give me more delight. 'Tis said the earl is a merry companion at table."

"Too merry for some folk," said Sir Geoffrey de Rushbrook, his face growing a little grave. "Still we are here to feast, and perform doughty deeds. We will let all else go by for the time being."

When the knight had gone Friar Tuck held up his hand with a gesture of expostulation.

"Art mad, Robin?" he cried.

"Yes; mad with anger at the insolence of this usurper—this spoiler of men's homes. But have no fear for me, companions. 'Twill be surprise for Earl John when he knows that he has entertained the outlaw of Sherwood Forest at his board, and, by my halldome, he shall learn it ere many hours have passed!"

All that day Guy and Allan-a-Dale wandered hither and thither through the gay crowd of merrymakers, sometimes meeting and exchanging a few words, but, apparently, strolling aimlessly about with no other intention than to see all that there was to be seen.

The sun was setting when Sir Geoffrey de Rushbrook, accompanied by Sir William of Pevensey and Sir Raymond de Lacy, came striding through the crowd towards Robin's pavilion, and were met by the Nameless Knight, who issued forth, drawing on his embroidered gloves.

A crimson mantle flowed from his shoulders, and a haqueton, or tunic of yellow leather, covered his figure to the knee. Upon his head he wore the flat-topped steel helmet peculiar to the reign of Richard I., and his features were hidden by the aventail, or movable vizor, which he wore closed.

"'Tis part of my vow, gentles," he said, "that I lay not aside helmet or sword"—as Sir Geoffrey passed an arm through his, and they turned their steps towards the keep.

"Methinks," said Sir William of Pevensey, "if all vows are as uncomfortable as thine, 'twill be a long time ere I take one. Marry, man, thou canst not drink wine through thy vizor!"

"Nay, that will I remove," said the Nameless Knight; "but, by my faith, Earl John rides strongly attended!" And even Robin's stout heart quailed a little as he saw the armed men and mounted retinue of two hundred men-at-arms that were drawn up before the entrance to the castle.

Robin saw, with a feeling of relief, that the horse-litter with the blue curtains stood deserted in one corner of the courtyard, and, mounting the staircase, they entered the castle, and were ushered into a large, bare room, lit only by arrow-slits, and windows set in deep embrasures. There they found the guests already assembled, and as they entered by one door Earl John came in by another.

When the Nameless Knight had been duly presented to the earl they seated themselves at the table, on which a rich repast had been placed.

READ  
**THE HAUNTED CAMP!**



IN  
"THIS WEEK'S  
SPECIAL CAMPING-  
OUT NUMBER"

The Magnet.

"And so you come from Cumberland, Sir Nameless," said the earl, who was in high good-humour—rather an unusual thing with John, whose ungovernable temper was proverbial. "Sit ye here beside me, for I would fain question you about a certain matter. There is in this kingdom a man who has long set all law and order at defiance—one FitzOoth, whom the common people call 'Robin Hood.' Knowest thou aught of the fellow, for they say he hath a haunt at Plumpton, in Cumberland?"

"I know him only by report, your Grace, as a sturdy rogue of whom the abbots go greatly in fear, but whom the poor folk worship as a hero."

"Ah," cried John, "I will soon pull their idol down for them! He escaped me by a miracle two days since, but we have taken

"I crave your pardon, Sir Knight, whoever ye be," said Maid Marian; "but the bird in the cage cannot think kindly of those who keep her there." And she turned a look full of intense scorn on Earl John, who sat biting his nails at the head of the table.

"Gadzooks, Sir Nameless!" he cried, with a coarse laugh. "I like your spirit; and as for insult to the outlaw's wife, there shall be none, I promise her, upon my princely word. Still, she is too good a prize to lose, and I would give something that FitzOoth might be here to see his lady-love in our hands."

"You must guard her well, for there is rumour that Robin Hood is not far off."

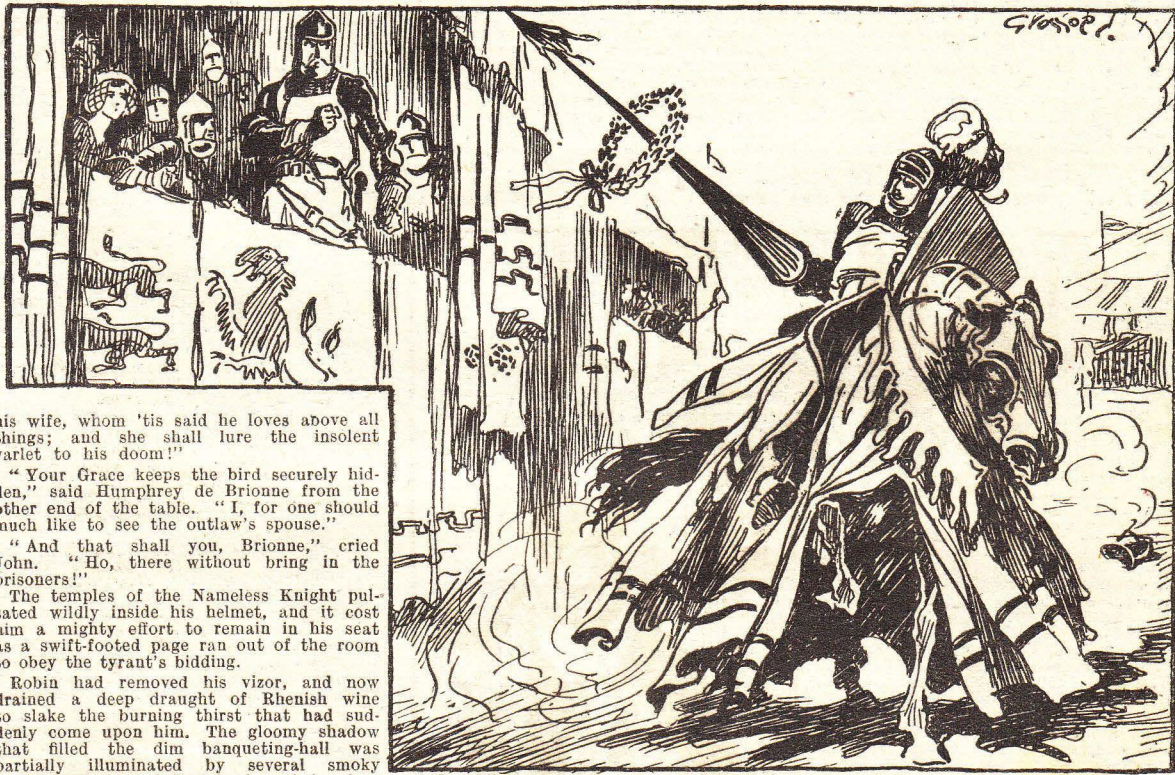
"I know it!" cried the earl, dashing his wine-cup on to the floor. "But to-morrow,

companions, the Nameless Knight rose, and turned his drinking-horn bottom upwards on the table.

"I beg you hold me excused, your Grace," he said, closing his vizor. "I am but little accustomed to wine, and my vow demands that I touch me by twelve of the clock. Moreover, I hope to give you some exhibition of my skill to-morrow; and to do so I must get me to bed early."

"As thou wilt," said the earl, putting out his hand, which the nameless one grasped with a strength that made John wince.

The Nameless Knight bowed to the company, and, attended by a torch-bearer to see him safely down the winding staircase, he had soon passed the guard, and breathed a great breath of relief as he came into the cool night air.



his wife, whom 'tis said he loves above all things; and she shall lure the insolent varlet to his doom!"

"Your Grace keeps the bird securely hidden," said Humphrey de Brionne from the other end of the table. "I, for one should much like to see the outlaw's spouse."

"And that shall you, Brionne," cried John. "Ho, there without bring in the prisoners!"

The temples of the Nameless Knight pulsed wildly inside his helmet, and it cost him a mighty effort to remain in his seat as a swift-footed page ran out of the room to obey the tyrant's bidding.

Robin had removed his vizor, and now drained a deep draught of Rhenish wine to slake the burning thirst that had suddenly come upon him. The gloomy shadow that filled the dim banqueting-hall was partially illuminated by several smoky torches that spluttered in their iron brackets, and the knights and barons, flushed with wine, all turned when the sound of feet was heard tramping up the winding staircase that led from the lower floor. Through the low stone archway, with its rounded top, came two female figures, escorted by half a dozen soldiers in chain-mail, and of all the eyes that were fixed upon them, none glowed so brightly as those of the Nameless Knight.

Pretty Isobel, trembling with fear, came like a pale shadow behind Maid Marian, but the outlaw's wife, her head erect, her whole bearing as fearless as though she trod the free forest glade instead of the stone flooring of the Norman banqueting-hall, strode forward, and stood in the full glare of the torches, her lip quivering with indignation.

A murmur of surprise and approval ran round the table, and Sir Geoffrey frowned a little, for he was a gallant knight, accustomed to treat ladies with courtesy.

"What fresh insult is this, tyrant?" said Maid Marian, fixing her eyes on John. "Is it not sufficient that you hold us unlawful prisoners, but we must even be brought to make a sport for thy ruffianly companions?"

"You speak harshly, fair Marian," said the Nameless Knight, in a loud voice, that brought all eyes upon him. "I, for one, hold myself no ruffian, nor would I permit insult to fair lady in my presence."

Marian started, and the blood rushed back to her face, and then suffused it with deep crimson. Robin had intended that she should recognise him, and he knew she had done so,

**ROBIN HOOD—THE VICTOR!** Earl John's face was as black as thunder, and seizing the gilded leaves that lay on the seat beside him with such a force that he crushed and crumbled them, he motioned the Nameless Knight to approach. "We name you victor of the lists to-day," he said. "Advance, Sir Nameless, and receive thy guerdon!" And with an impatient gesture he flung the wreath over the point of the knight's lance. (See page 10.)

after the lists are closed, she goes to London with Sir Roger FitzPeter, and our good friend Sir Humphrey de Brionne rides with him."

"I would rather they had the duty than I," said the Nameless Knight, with a gay laugh. "Strange things have happened on the London road ere this."

Earl John waved his hand to the escort. "Take them away!" he said roughly. "I doubt not that the minstrel girl would croak hoarse as a raven if we had her sing to-night. Ho, there, more wine and torches! The matin bell shall ring ere we part company."

"Brave girl!" muttered Robin to himself, as Maid Marian swept like a queen from the banqueting-hall, passing her arm round Isobel as she went. "She knew me at the first tone of my voice, and she knows that the gates of London Tower shall never close upon her while Robin is alive!"

Then the carouse began in good earnest. Robin and the three knights who were to fight on the morrow being the only ones who limited their potation.

Just before midnight, after whispering to Sir Geoffrey de Rushbrook and his two

The Tournament, and How the Victor Astonished Everyone With His Prowess, and Chose a Fair Lady to be Queen of Love and Beauty!

IT was a glorious morning at the end of May; the sky was blue, flecked here and there by a fleecy cloud; and as Guy drew the curtain of the tent aside, and stepped out into the sweet, morning air, everything gave promise of a brilliant spectacle to gladden the eyes and hearts of the great concourse of people who had come there to witness the tournament.

He stood a moment and looked round. Grooms were watering their horses at the streamlet; the hammers of the armourers could be heard as they put the finishing touches to their work; and the soft south wind, that brought the scent of flowers with it, fluttered the gay pennants and banners that marked the place of the lists.

It was like a huge open-air picnic, for, gathered round the woodfires that burned brightly before the tent doors were groups of servants and men-at-arms, breaking their fast, and the blue smoke drifted picturesquely across the grass.

Much, the miller's son, came with a slow, careless gait down the long line of pavilions, looking as though he had not a trouble in the world; but as he approached, Guy saw that his teeth were set tight, and that he looked over his shoulder several times.

"Ah, Master Guy," said Much. "I am sorry to tell thee that we have some very unwelcome friends here. Bob Barelip, and Redhand, the robber, are even now taking their morning draught in one of the hostleries in the town. It may have been my fancy, but I fear that I have been recognised."

"Gramerey!" said Guy. "I trust thou art mistaken, good Much. Get you into the tent, and tell Robin, whilst I stand here and see if the rogues have followed thee."

Much slipped into the pavilion, while Guy stood watching for several minutes. But there was no sign of the robbers.

Already the people were streaming towards the lists which had been set up in a pleasant meadow hard by the castle. A large space had been railed off with an entrance at either end, and spacious galleries were erected from whence the nobles and the ladies would witness the passage of arms.

These galleries were draped with coloured cloths, and gay with fluttering streamers. Near the northern entrance to the lists stood a row of four pavilions, and over the

"or thou wilt bear no head at all if Sir Raymond's men should overhear thee! But, see, by St. Swithin, he halteth before the black heart of Sir Humphrey de Brionne! And, mark you, 'tis with the point he touches it!"

A roar of delight went up from the crowd as the Nameless Knight smote Sir Humphrey's shield in the manner that betokened their combat would be a dangerous one, for nothing gladdened the heart of the onlookers so much as prospect of a deadly fight.

A herald advanced, and, doffing his cap, inquired the rank and station of this bold horseman.

"Put me down Sir Nameless, good fellow," said the knight—"Sir Nameless of Cumberland. I promise you there will be none to gainsay my right to enter the lists to-day. Here's for thy pains!"

And he threw him a purse that chinked with gold, at the same time flinging two handfuls of glittering pieces on to the grass in front of the pavilions, which the squires instantly collected with loud expressions of thanks at this princely liberality.

Then, amid the ringing cheers of the crowd, Sir Nameless of Cumberland turned his horse on its haunches and galloped back the way he had come. A hum of excitement went through the people.

The news spread like wildfire through the

"Unlike the Baron of Bolingwood. The news will sober him; and in his case 'tis 'Poutrance,'" said Sir Raymond de Lacey. "Methought the knight took offence more than once at some of the baron's unseemly japes."

"No matter," said Sir William of Pevensey; "one thing is certain—they will only ride one course, for Sir Humphrey de Brionne is bosom friends with the earl; and John is not like to see his favourite harmed."

There was wild joy, not unmingled with alarm, in the quarters of the bold outlaw when he reached his pavilion, and sprang from his horse to the ground. Even Guy, who worshipped his leader, and whose practised eye saw how magnificently he sat his horse, felt a strange fluttering at his heart when he heard what Robin had done.

"Tut, boy! Have no fear for me," said the outlaw; "but dress thee speedily in that new surcoat of green velvet, and be prepared to attend me to the lists. I heard the trumpet sound as I returned, which means that Earl John is already on his way to the Royal gallery."

The crowd still waited before the tents of the challengers, for nine other knights rode up and made their selection. But the enthusiasm was not so great as it had been in the case of Sir Nameless of Cumberland; moreover, all the other knights chose the arms of courtesy; and it was very plain that the unknown warrior was the popular favourite.

And now there gathered at each end of the lists the heralds and pursuivants, and Earl John, having taken his seat amid a gorgeous bevy of fair dames and gallant nobles, he bade the heralds sound and proclaim the tournament.

Then, with a wild fanfare of trumpets, silence once more fell upon that vast assembly which crowded round the barriers in all expectancy, and a herald in a brilliant tabard read out the rules that were to govern the day.

Gathered in two groups were the archers of Robin Hood's band, one or two of them only wearing the Lincoln green, the rest disguised as sturdy countrymen, but all with their quivers full, and their ears intent on the first signal that should call them to the help of their leader.

When the herald had done his oration, he cried: "Largesse—largesse, gallant knights!" and a glittering shower of money fell to the ground. After which the heralds marched out, and the lists were emptied of all but the marshals, who, mounted and fully-armed, sat on horseback at the opposite ends.

Another blare of trumpets, and, the barriers being thrown open, in filed the four knights who were to hold the field against all comers. They were all magnificently clad in armour that shone like silver, and Sir Humphrey de Brionne's bright yellow surcoat, the black heart painted on the breast and back, was very conspicuous among them. Their chargers were almost enveloped in housings, also of silk, which trailed almost to the ground, and as they drew up in line a burst of applause rose from the spectators.

Simultaneously, the horsemen entered the lists at the other end, led by the Nameless Knight of Cumberland. His hauberk was of jazerant, or overlapping rings, as were also the chausses, or coverings for the legs and feet. His white surcoat was without device, and his triangular shield was equally bare. A plume of heron's feathers waved in his helmet, and he bowed in acknowledgement of the roar of cheering that greeted his entrance.

The senior marshal of the lists, who had stationed himself in the royal gallery, held a whispered conversation with John, who, holding a white wand in his hand, rose to his feet.

"Advance, Sir Nameless of Cumberland!" said the earl. "I would have a word with thee."

The knight touched his horse with his spur, caroled to the front of the gallery, and, bowing stiffly, sat erect in his saddle.

"They tell me you were up betimes, and claim the right to ride a course with all the four challengers in succession. Are you greedy of glory, or tired of your life, man?"

(Continued on page 10.)



**A DARING ESCAPE! Robin Hood made three strides to the window. The shutter was open; he measured the distance to the ground, then lowered himself to the full extent of his arms and dropped. At that moment the prince's men entered the front of the inn. (See next week's grand instalment.)**

door of each hung a shield, guarded by two esquires.

These were the tents of the challengers, and conspicuous among them was that of Sir Humphrey de Brionne, Baron of Bolingwood. Beside it were those of Sir Geoffrey de Rushbrook, Sir William of Pevensey, and Sir Raymond de Lacey; and a dense crowd of spectators had collected to witness the arrival of the knights who wished to combat with these four redoubtable champions.

They had not long to wait, for the trampling of a horseman made them turn their heads, and, armed in glittering chain-mail, his helmet closed, and his white surcoat revealing, rather than concealing, the great breadth of shoulder and depth of chest, the Nameless Knight rode through the concourse, lance in hand.

"Marry, 'tis a stout man and a strong!" said the crowd. "Room for the gentle knight who cometh so betimes!"

And then all eyes were riveted upon him, to mark the choice he made.

There were two modes in use in the tournaments of that day—either to fight with what were called weapons of courtesy, or blunted lances, or the "combat a Poutrance," in which latter case the lance was sharp, and the damage done often considerable—nay, even sometimes resulting in death.

A hush fell on the crowd as the Nameless Knight reined in his magnificent red roan charger before the tents of the challenger. Then, reversing his lance, he touched the shield of Sir Geoffrey de Rushbrook, with its two white chevrons on a red ground. On the next pavilion was displayed Sir William of Pevensey's "Castle on a Green Field," and this also the Nameless Knight touched with the butt-end of his long lance.

"He fighteth soft," said one of the crowd; "but he is greedy of honour."

"By the rood, he taketh a third one!" said a man-at-arms at the speaker's elbow. "Who bears the three boars' heads on the field argent?"

"Sir Raymond de Lacey," replied the first speaker—"a valiant knight of Essex."

"Then should he more properly bear three calves' heads, methinks."

"Hush, neighbour," said his companion, "THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

camp, and Sir Geoffrey de Rushbrook, who was at breakfast with his two friends, looked at them in great amaze.

"Gramerey, Sir Raymond!" he cried. "Either this is idle bravado, or else we have our work cut out for us to-day. Thank Heaven, I drank not too deep of the wine-cup last night!"

**THE CRICKET SPOILERS!**

When Tom Merry was forced, by order of the Head, to accept the challenge of the "Cricket Spoilers" he foresaw trouble ahead, and he was not far wrong. But although he anticipated a storm, he did not dream that a riot would break out. But that was what happened!

**TROUBLE FOR THE ST. JIM'S CHUMS!**



# THE RIOT AT ST. JIM'S!

A Topping School and Cricket Tale introducing Tom Merry & Co., the Chums of St Jim's, and the "Cricket Spoilers."

By

**MARTIN CLIFFORD**

(Author of The Stories of St. Jim's appearing in the "Gem.")

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**

**Forced to Play!**

"GOOD shot, sir!"  
"Jolly well hit!"  
It was, indeed, a delightful drive that Tom Merry had just made at the nets.

The captain of the Shell happened to be in great form with the bat, and he had just despatched a ball from Figgins to the far corner of the field.

Quite a number of fellows stood looking on, and they cheered and clapped their hands.

Knox, of the Sixth, was passing behind the nets at the time. Knox had seen Tom Merry's mighty hit, but he sneered instead of cheered.

"I suppose you think you're a sort of schoolboy Jessop, after making that fluky hit?" said Knox.

"It wasn't a fluke!" Tom said indignantly.

"Let me see you do it again, then," said Knox, with an unpleasant laugh.

Tom Merry obliged. The ball had been returned by the outfield to Figgins, who sent it whizzing along the turf once more. Tom Merry opened his shoulders to it, and despatched it to the very spot where it had travelled before.

"Bravo, Merry!"  
"That was a beauty, by Jove!"

But Knox continued to sneer.

"Another fluke!" he said, in his irritating manner. "They're making a sort of tin god of you, Merry. You think you're very clever at cricket, but you'll have a shock on Saturday. Your pride will never recover from it!"

Tom Merry stared at the prefect.

"On Saturday?" he repeated blankly.

"What do you mean, Knox? We're not playing anybody on Saturday."

"Pardon me, but you are," said Knox. "Wexford Wanderers will be sending you a challenge shortly."

"Never heard of them," said Tom Merry.

"Well, you've heard of them now, and they're coming over to pulverise you on Saturday. My cousin happens to be their skipper. It's a bit beneath their dignity to play against fags, but

they happened to have a blank date, so I suggested to my cousin that he sent you a challenge."

Tom Merry smiled.

"I'll accept it quickly enough," he said. "We're not afraid to meet Wexford Wanderers, or any other team, for that matter."

"No jolly fear!" echoed the other members of the St. Jim's junior eleven.

"My cousin's team will take some of the conceit out of you," growled Knox.

"They'll show you how to play cricket."

"We know already, thanks," said Tom Merry drily.

"You think you do. But, as I said before, you'll have a shock on Saturday."

And Knox passed on, leaving the juniors to digest the information he had just given them.

"Well, if Knox's cousin is anything like Knox, he'll be a pretty poor sportsman," said Jack Blake.

"Let's hope he's a decent fellah, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, "an' that Wexford Wandewahs will give us a good game."

"Yes, rather!"

Tom Merry threw his bat into a cricket-bag which lay open on the ground. Then he pulled on his blazer.

"Time for tea," he remarked.

"Gordon Gay's coming over from the Grammar School. It's a long time since we saw his cheery chivvy, and as we happen to be in funds, I thought I'd invite him."

"Good!" said Monty Lowther. "Let's stagger forth to the tuck-shop, and lay in supplies."

Gordon Gay had already arrived when the Terrible Three, laden with good things, came into Study No. 10.

"Welcome, little stranger," said Tom Merry. "How goes the merry game?"

"Top-hole, thanks!" said Gordon Gay.

The Terrible Three set themselves out to make their guest as comfortable as possible. And they succeeded up to the hilt. Study No. 10 enjoyed a great reputation for hospitality.

Conversation at the tea-table was chiefly confined to cricket.

"Have you a match on Saturday, by the way?" inquired Gordon Gay.

Tom Merry nodded.

"I understand from Knox, of the Sixth, that a team—captained by his cousin—is going to challenge us," he said. "Wexford Wanderers, you know."

Gordon Gay gave a start. And he frowned, as if recalling an unpleasant incident.

"Take my advice, Tommy, and have nothing to do with it," he said.

Tom Merry stared at the speaker in amazement.

"Wash your hands of the whole bizney," Gordon Gay went on. "If you get a challenge from Wexford Wanderers, turn it down."

"But—but why?"

"I'll tell you," said Gordon Gay grimly. "We played Wexford ourselves a few weeks back, and it's a match that I want to forget as quickly as possible. Knox's cousin is a bounder—called Hermann—and he's no sportsman. In fact, there isn't a single sportsman in the whole crew. It isn't often that you find a cricket team that isn't sporty, but Wexford Wanderers are the absolute limit! They don't play the game. If the bowlers find that their stuff is being knocked about, they stop bowling at the wicket, and bowl at the man."

"My hat!"

"They crocked two of our fellows," said Gordon Gay, his voice quivering with indignation. "But for all that, we managed to put up a good score, and we held a winning lead. But the bounders deliberately played for a draw. They not only stonewalled, but they wasted time. Each man took about ten minutes to put his pads on, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, of all the outsiders!" gasped Manners. "What are you going to do about it, Tommy?"

Tom Merry frowned.

"I shall refuse to play them, of

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

**A Startling Brain-wave of the Cads of the Shell—Next Week!**

course," he said. "Jolly lucky you dropped in this afternoon, Gay, and warned us!"

After a thoroughly enjoyable feed, Gordon Gay took his departure.

Shortly afterwards Knox of the Sixth looked into the study. He was grinning unpleasantly.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Merry, in the prefects' room," said Knox. "It's my cousin, with his challenge."

Tom Merry rose grimly to his feet, and made his way to the prefects' room. Knox followed.

The prefect did not dream that Tom Merry was going to decline the challenge. And he had quite a shock when he heard the captain of the Shell speaking into the transmitter.

"That you, Hermann? Yes, Tom Merry here. You want to challenge us to a match on Saturday? Well, there's nothing doing!"

Knox stepped towards the telephone with a cry of wrath.

"Merry, you young rascal—"

"There's nothing doing!" repeated Tom cheerfully. "Did you get that, Hermann? We refuse to play you—see?"

Knox snatched the receiver from the junior's hand, and spoke into the transmitter himself.

"I say, Cecil," he almost shouted, "don't take any notice of what this kid says! He must be out of his senses! Bring your team over on Saturday, and I'll see that the match is played. Yes, that'll be quite all right! Don't you worry!"

And Knox rang off. Then he spun round fiercely upon Tom Merry, who faced him calmly.

"What do you mean, you cheeky young cub, by refusing my cousin's challenge? You distinctly said this afternoon, at the nets, that you'd accept it!"

"I'm wiser now," said Tom Merry. "My eyes have been opened! I've found out that Wexford Wanderers are a set of bouncers, and I don't feel justified in playing them!"

"You've got to!" shouted Knox. "I refuse!" said Tom quietly. "Your cousin can bring his team over to St. Jim's if he likes, but the match isn't coming off. That's absolutely flat and final!"

For a moment Knox looked as if he would hurl himself upon the junior. But he controlled himself with a great effort.

"We'll soon see about this, Merry!" he said. "Come with me!"

"Where to?"

"The Head's study. If Dr. Holmes orders the match to be played, you won't be able to get out of it!"

Tom Merry followed Knox to the Head's study.

It was not often that the worthy Head of St. Jim's was called upon to arbitrate on a question of cricket. And he looked surprised when Knox broached the subject.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, sir," said the prefect, "but Merry is behaving in a very unsportsmanlike way, and I think you ought to insist that he should play the game! The facts are these. My cousin, who is captain of a cricket eleven called Wexford Wanderers, has issued a challenge to the junior eleven here, to play a match on Saturday. It was very sporting of my cousin to go out of his way to issue such a challenge. Instead of accepting it in the proper

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

spirit, Merry has rudely refused to play!"

"Bless my soul!"

The Head looked keenly at Tom Merry.

"What reason have you, Merry, for refusing to play the match in question?" he asked.

"I've heard that Wexford Wanderers are rotten sportsmen, sir!" said Tom. "They don't play the game!"

The Head frowned.

"You must not accept all that you happen to hear as gospel truth, Merry," he said.

"But it came from a reliable source, sir!"

"Do you know by personal experience that Wexford Wanderers are bad sportsmen?"

"No, sir."

"Then you cannot sit in judgment upon them. They have probably been slandered and maligned by a team which they have conquered."

"That's it, sir!" chimed in Knox quickly. "My cousin is a true sportsman, and the same remark applies to every member of his team."

"In that case, Merry," said the Head, "it is only right and reasonable that you should accept the challenge. Are you prepared to do so?"

"No, sir!" Tom Merry spoke firmly and fearlessly.

The Head's frown deepened.

"Then I must order you to do so!" he said sternly. "This school has a high reputation for good sportsmanship, and I will not have it said that we are rude and ungentlemanly towards those who wish to challenge us. You have taken a dislike to Wexford Wanderers, solely on the strength of a slanderous statement which has been made about them—a statement which, I doubt not, is utterly without foundation. The match must be played!"

"But, sir—"

"Not another word, Merry! I have said that this match shall take place, and I am determined to enforce my decision!"

After that there was nothing more to be said. Knox had succeeded in persuading the Head that Wexford Wanderers were worthy sportsmen. And St. Jim's would now have to face the team skippered by Knox's cousin whether they liked it or not. The fiat had gone forth, and the Head's decree was like unto the laws of the Medes and Persians. There was nothing for it but to obey.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Stormy Match!

**T**OM MERRY & CO. could not help hoping that it would pelt with rain on the Saturday. On a rain-soaked pitch it would be impossible to play the match.

But the day dawned bright and glorious.

"Just our luck!" said Monty Lowther. "The rain it raineth every day when we're simply dying to play cricket! But when we want it to rain, the blessed sun starts blazing down!"

"Well, we've got to play, so we may as well go all out," said Tom Merry. "If we can send Wexford Wanderers away with their tails between their legs, it will be a good afternoon's work."

"Yes, rather!"

"Have you decided on the team yet, Merry?" asked Grundy of the Shell.

"Yes."

"Am I in it?"

"My dear chap, I'm not suffering from softening of the brain," said Tom.

"And I should have to be before I played such a chopheaded chump as you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The names of the St. Jim's eleven were posted on the notice-board during the morning. Eleven fellows were highly satisfied; the others weren't. But Tom Merry had chosen the best team he could muster.

Wexford Wanderers arrived after dinner. They were big fellows of seventeen, or thereabouts, and they strutted through the St. Jim's quadrangle as if they owned the earth and all that was therein. Cecil Hermann, their skipper, was a supercilious, patronising fellow. He did not deign to shake hands with Tom Merry. Not that Tom wanted him to.

The Wanderers had a remarkable cricket record. They had not won a single match since the season started. On the other hand, they had not lost one. They had played seven matches, and each one had been drawn.

It was a little habit of the Wanderers, when they found they were up against a superior eleven, to play for a draw—to hang out time as much as possible in order to stave off defeat. They had accomplished this successfully seven times. They liked drawing matches, so that they could truthfully say to their friends, "We haven't lost a single game yet!" This statement gave the impression that they had won quite a lot.

A big crowd of fellows had turned out to watch the match.

Tom Merry won the toss.

"We'll bat," he said curtly.

"You'll try to, you mean!" sneered Hermann.

Wexford Wanderers strolled on to the field with their hands in their pockets and their noses in the air. They would show these St. Jim's fags how cricket should be played. They would skittle them out like ninepins, and then start piling up centuries.

Tom Merry and Talbot, padded and gloved, made their way to the wickets.

The captain of the Shell took the first over. The bowling was very fast—terribly so—but it was erratic. Tom Merry rather liked fast bowling, when there was nothing tricky about it. He simply stood his ground and snicked the ball through the slips every time. In this way he scored twelve runs in the first over—two boundaries and a couple of two's.

The onlookers cheered Tom to the echo. But there was one exception.

Knox of the Sixth watched the proceedings with a scowling face. He didn't like to see the Wexford fast bowler punished in this manner.

Now came Talbot's turn. And he scored just as freely as his partner.

With the score at twenty for no wicket, Cecil Hermann made a signal to the bowlers—a signal which they understood full well.

The bowling became more erratic than ever, and not only erratic, but positively dangerous.

Tom Merry had to hop quickly out of the way of a ball that was aimed deliberately at his shins.

There was a roar from the spectators. "Play the game, Wexford!"

"Bow! at the wicket—not the man!"

The bowler heard—he could not have done otherwise, unless he had been stone deaf—but he did not heed. His next ball shot up suddenly, and struck the batsman on the temple.

Tom Merry's bat fell from his hand, and he reeled dizzily. Talbot ran down the pitch to assist him.



"The cad!" he exclaimed indignantly. "He's hurt you, Tommy. You'll have an ugly bruise there."

Tom Merry wanted to continue his innings, but he was obviously not in a fit state to do so.

Talbot assisted his chum to the pavilion.

"Retired hurt!" said Cecil Hermann, with a chuckle. "That's one wicket down!"

The crowd showed strong disapproval of the methods adopted by Wexford Wanderers. They hooted, and they hissed, and they groaned. But the Wanderers were too thick-skinned to allow that to worry them.

Jack Blake followed on, and the fast bowler continued his dangerous deliveries. But Blake was as nimble as a panther. He dodged and ducked with amazing agility, and his person remained intact. So did the wicket.

Despite the nature of the bowling, the score rose by leaps and bounds. Talbot and Blake showed great pluck and resource, and many of the balls which were intended for their anatomies went to the boundary instead.

Fifty runs were on the board before the next calamity occurred.

The batsmen were snatching a single. Cover-point fielded the ball, but instead of hurling it at the wicket, he aimed it at Talbot. The ball struck the junior on the shin, and lamed him.

"Oh!" gasped Talbot, hopping about on one foot.

The fieldsman grinned.

"Sorry!" he said blandly. "Quite an accident, you know!"

Talbot hobbled off the playing-pitch. Had he chosen to do so, he could have got another fellow to run for him. But St. Jim's were in a good position, so he didn't bother.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy joined Blake at the wickets, and between them they made the fur fly.

The bowlers tried hard to bring about further casualties, but in vain.

With the score at 100, Tom Merry decided to declare. He did this, partly with the idea of avoiding further injuries to his men, but chiefly with the object of preventing a drawn game.

There was plenty of time in which to skittle Wexford Wanderers out.

"We've got two hours to do it in, after the tea interval," said Tom Merry.

"And if Fatty Wynn bowls in his usual form, we shall lick the bounders!"

The Wexford players tried to prolong the tea interval as much as possible. They dawdled over their tea and cakes; but Kildare, who was one of the umpires, insisted on the game being resumed after twenty minutes.

Cecil Hermann went in first, with the fast bowler who had done so much damage.

The batsmen did not concern themselves with making runs. They simply stonewalled. Every ball that was on the wicket was stopped dead. And those that were off the wicket were allowed to whizz by into the wicket-keeper's hands. Hermann and his partner did not mean to run the risk of knocking up catches.

Even stonewalling requires a certain amount of skill, especially against such deadly bowling as Fatty Wynn's. But the Wexford players were pastmasters at the art. Twenty minutes went by without a run being scored.

Some of the spectators began to yawn; others looked furious and indignant.

"Buck up, there!"

"Let's see some hitting!"

"If you can't get runs, get out!"

Hermann and his partner were very



**BOWLING THE BATSMAN!** The next ball of the over shot up suddenly and struck the batsman on the temple. Tom Merry's bat fell from his hand, and he reeled dizzily. Talbot ran up to him. "The cad!" he cried. "He's hurt you, Tommy. You'll have an ugly bruise there."  
(See Chapter 2.)

determined to do neither. Impervious to the caustic shouts of the onlookers, they continued their stonewalling tactics.

At last, however, Hermann's partner was clean bowled.

"That's one wicket down, anyway!" said Tom Merry. Tom had come out to field with his head bandaged. He still felt the effects of that terrific crack on the temple.

"The next man in doesn't mean to hurry himself," said Monty Lowther. "He's about as slow as a funeral."

The batsman took an eternity to don his pads and batting-gloves. And he ambled slowly towards the wicket as if next year would do.

Wexford Wanderers knew that they would never be able to make a hundred runs off the St. Jim's bowling; so they were adopting their usual policy of playing for a draw. And the watching crowd grew more and more angry.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Ejected with Violence!

"I'LL shift the bounders somehow!" Fatty Wynn gripped the round ball tightly. He meant business.

The stonewalling of Wexford Wanderers was beginning to get on Fatty's nerves, as well as on the nerves of the onlookers.

Fatty bowled with deadly effect. And Jack Blake also did well at the other end, with the result that nine wickets were down for only twenty runs.

But the Wexford men had wasted so much valuable time that only ten minutes remained before stumps were due to be drawn.

It was quite on the cards that Wexford would make a draw of it, because Cecil Hermann was still batting.

Fatty Wynn had employed every art and artifice in order to break through Hermann's defence. But he had not succeeded.

The last man in started to waste time, just as the others had done. And the crowd shouted to him to get a move on.

"Hurry up, you cad!"

"You're deliberately hanging out time!"

The Wexford man grinned as he adjusted his pads with deliberate slowness.

"Faith, an' we'll make the spalpeen get a move on!" shouted Reilly, of the Fourth.

And a number of juniors rushed towards the Wexford player and proceeded to frog-march him on to the pitch.

Cecil Hermann frowned.

"Nice, gentlemanly way you've got of treatin' visitin' teams, I must say!" he sneered.

"It's your own fault," retorted Tom Merry. "Your fellows have been wasting time all the afternoon, and it's got the crowd's backs up. You can't wonder at it!"

When the last man in had been duly marched to the batting-crease Hermann walked down the pitch and spoke to him.

"Keep your end up, Banks, for goodness' sake! There's only about seven minutes to go, an' we shall make a draw of it if you play steady."

The last man nodded. Then he faced Fatty Wynn.

Every ball that the fat junior sent down was stopped dead. It was most tantalising. St. Jim's could see victory slipping away from them with each succeeding moment.

Presently Kildare glanced at his watch. "Two minutes to go," he remarked. "This must be the last over."

It was Fatty Wynn who had the bowling. And it was Cecil Hermann who faced him. The batsmen had managed to scrape a single, and thus change places.

The crowd looked on breathlessly.

Fatty Wynn's first ball was blocked. So were the second and third. And Hermann was grinning with satisfaction. He had no doubt as to his ability to play out time.

The fourth ball was stopped dead; likewise the fifth. And now came the last and the deciding ball of the match. It would either give St. Jim's the victory, or else give Wexford Wanderers the satisfaction of adding yet another drawn game to their list.

"Play up, Fatty!"  
"Shift the boulder!"

Fatty Wynn put all he knew into his last ball. Hermann met it with a straight bat. But the ball shot in swiftly, grazed the edge of the bat, and then glanced off. Harry Noble, who was keeping wicket, pounced upon it in a flash, and his gloved hand intercepted it just as it was about to touch the ground.

"How's that?"

Kildare's hand went up. The match was over and won, and St. Jim's rejoiced with a great rejoicing.

"Fairly licked!" chortled Harry Noble.

Cecil Hermann overheard that remark, and it stung him to fury. In a moment of ungovernable passion he spun round and aimed a blow at Kangaroo with the bat. The junior partially staved it off with his hand, but he was hurt, all the same.

That cowardly blow acted as the match to the fuse. The crowd had been smouldering with resentment at the shady tactics of Wexford Wanderers, and now their wrath overflowed.

Even Kildare could not prevent the scene which followed. It is possible he made no attempt to do so.

The furious juniors came pelting on to the playing-pitch. They closed in upon Cecil Hermann, dumped him face downwards on the turf, and then chastised him with the bat, each fellow taking a turn as executioner.

Hermann yelled and struggled as the bat came down. But his arms and legs were pinioned, and he was helpless.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Chuck it, you young villains!" howled Hermann.

"My turn, I think," said Monty Lowther, relieving Jack Blake of the bat. "By the time we've all given him a couple each, he'll be a sadder and a wiser youth!"

Knox of the Sixth tried to interfere in order to save the skin of his precious cousin. But the prefect was thrust aside without ceremony, and the castigation went on.

Feeling ran high against Hermann and the members of his eleven.

When Hermann had been dealt with, the bowler who had injured Tom Merry was seized by the avengers, and put through the same painful process.

"Now we'll kick 'em off the premises!" panted Figgins.

"A very happy suggestion, Comrade Figgy," said Monty Lowther. "Now we've started we may as well go the whole hog!"

Wexford Wanderers found themselves surrounded by a hostile crowd. They were big fellows, and they managed to put up a fight, but it was of brief duration.

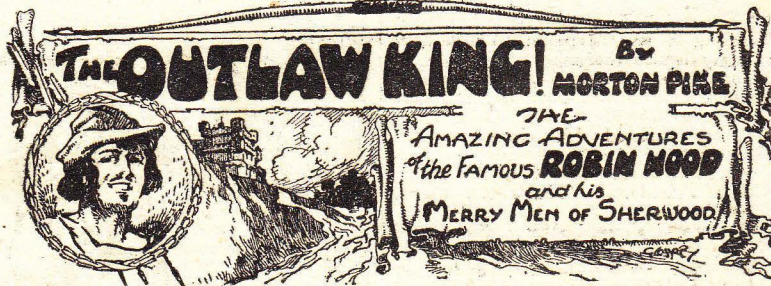
When they saw that their chances were hopeless, the Wexford louts hastily snatched up their cricket-bags and beat a retreat. They were soon in full flight, with a horde of St. Jim's juniors hard at their heels.

"Kick the cads out!"

The Wexford players fled through the

(Continued on page 27.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.



(Continued from page 6.)

"The first, maybe, your Grace," said the knight, his voice booming sepulchrally from the depths of his helmet; "and possibly the second also. But I claim the privilege by all the rules of knightly honour, which your Grace will hardly venture to gainsay."

"Well, Sir Nameless, thou shalt have thy way; but I foresee broken bones here presently."

And as he resumed his seat the Nameless Knight returned to his place, and the chief marshal of the lists gave the signal.

Like two brilliant meteors Sir Geoffrey de Rushbrook and Sir Nameless of Cumberland lowered their blunted lances and shot out to meet each other. So well-timed was their gallop that the shock took place in the very centre of the lists, and as each knight struck his opponent full on the centre of the plastron de fer, or iron breastplate, which they wore under their gambesons, the lances broke with a loud snap. Circling round each other, they returned to their places.

Guy, who stood in waiting with a sheaf of weapons, handed a fresh one to his master; and, the signal having been given for the second time, the chargers bounded forward once more. But this time Sir Geoffrey's lance glanced harmlessly from Robin's shield; while Sir Geoffrey, receiving his adversary's thrust on the bars of his vizor, reeled backwards in his saddle, and retained his seat by a miracle.

There was a moment's delay as Rushbrook's squires armed him afresh with a new headpiece; but it was to no purpose, for in the third course the Nameless Knight unhorsed him, and a shout went up from the crowd that seemed to rend the very sky itself as the discomfited knight's charger galloped wildly round the lists, and was recaptured with some difficulty.

It was now Sir William of Pevensey's turn, and at the second course he shared Sir Geoffrey's fate; and John's frown deepened as he sat there, biting his nails.

As Sir Raymond de Lacey spurred forward, dead silence fell upon the crowd, followed by a murmur like the sob of the sea on the shore, for the Nameless Knight reeled in his saddle, and Sir Raymond de Lacey gave a shout of triumph.

It was premature, however, for at the next encounter the Nameless Knight bore him to the ground; he himself returned to his place, firm and erect as a rock.

Robin now exchanged his tilting-lance for a more formidable weapon, and as they saw the sunlight glint on the sharp spearhead, the people yelled with delight. And Guy, feeling his heart thump furiously against his ribs, muttered a fervent prayer as the trumpets sounded and the knights dashed forward.

Earl John grasped his truncheon, and the ladies clasped their hands. The thunderous hoofs of the chargers raised a great cloud of dust, and in the centre of the cloud the combatants met with a terrific shock.

"Hold!" cried the earl, springing to his feet and flinging his wand into the arena. "Tis enough!"

And as the dust cleared the watchers saw that his words were true. Motionless as a

statue, with his lance erect, sat the Nameless Knight of Cumberland, and on the lance-point fluttered a scrap of yellow silk, with a black heart upon it. Full in the breast he had struck the Baron of Bolingwood, and Sir Humphrey's horse, rearing, had fallen back upon his master, who now lay motionless, with the blood coming through the bars of his vizor. Had Sir Humphrey's breastplate not been one of the finest proof he had died that day. As it was, he hung limp and senseless in the arms of his bearers; nor was it until several hours later, when strange things had been happening, that he returned to consciousness.

Earl John's face was as black as a thunder-cloud; and as yell after yell of delight rose from the spectators, many of whom knew the baron's evil reputation, the blacker and blacker grew Earl John's brow. It was only when the chief-marshal ventured to bend over the barrier and whisper to him that John remembered the part he had to play, and, seizing a wreath of gilded leaves that lay on the seat beside him, with such force that he crushed and crumpled them, he motioned the Nameless Knight to approach.

"We name you victor in the lists to-day," said John. "Advance, Sir Nameless of Cumberland, and receive thy guerdon!"

And with an impatient gesture that was not lost upon the people, he flung the wreath over the point of the victor's lance.

"And now, mysterious man," said the earl, "the right is thine to name some lady who shall grace to-morrow's tourney with her presence as Queen of Love and Beauty. Cast your eyes, man, over this bevy of fair dames, and make thy choice!"

"I have another in my mind, Earl John," said the nameless one, half-opening his vizor. "She who is called Maid Marian shall be the Queen of the Lists to-morrow! We owe her something for the scene of yesternight."

"By my halidome," cried John, laying his hand upon his sword, "this passes everything! Gerald of Camville, what is the meaning of this? There is some deep insult here intended!"

"By the bones of your father, remember all that is at stake!" said my Lord of Camville, seizing John by the arm. "Words mean nothing, and before to-morrow's sun rises the woman must be far away!"

"You are right, Gerald of Camville," said John, once more rising to his feet. "Sir Nameless, your demand is strange, yet, by the rules of the tourney, do we grant it thee. And now, since you have put all my challengers in little condition to renew the fray, I proclaim the lists closed until to-morrow."

The two bands of outlaws, who had been breathless witnesses of the scene, now moved through the crowd, and stemmed the rush that would have followed the victor.

"By the rood," said Little John, "there is more to follow! Did you see how the earl whispered to the Lord of Camville? I fear me, in spite of his triumph, our Robin has raised a storm that has come nigh to overwhelm us!"

(The band of outlaws have got into a very dangerous position. Will they be able to stop the litter with the blue curtains and rescue the captives? Or will Earl John set a trap and net the whole band? There will be an exciting instalment of our serial in next week's issue.)

The  
**DETECTIVE**  
MAGAZINE 7p  
THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

Tom Merry & Co. Are Ripping Sportsmen! Meet Them Again Next Week!

**THE NEW SKIPPER OF THE FOURTH!**

Valentine Mornington commences his reign as Skipper of the Fourth Form Cricket Club, and he discovers, rather late in the day, that the bed of a cricket captain is not lined with roses.



# A Bad Beginning!

It comes to light that Mornington had obtained several votes at the election by trickery, and Morny finds that his own trickery places him in a dilemma. A rattling story of Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Dished!

**J**IMMY SILVER came along the Fourth Form passage at Rookwood, with a letter in his hand, and stopped at Mornington's study.

The door of Study No. 4 was open, and there was a sound of voices within; rather excited voices.

Jimmy glanced in.

Valentine Mornington was seated on a corner of the table, his hands in his pockets, and a smile on his face—a rather mocking smile. His chum, Kit Erroll, was standing by the window looking into the quadrangle with a very thoughtful brow.

Three Shell fellows were in the study—Smythe and Tracy and Howard. They were talking to Mornington—all at once; and their remarks were emphatic. Morny seemed quite unmoved by their excitement.

"Playin' it low down on us, I call it!" Adolphus Smythe declared, pointing an accusing forefinger at Morny's mocking face.

"Dishin' us!" said Tracy.

"Mean, I call it!" said Howard.

Jimmy Silver waited in the doorway. He had come there to speak to Mornington, the new junior captain of Rookwood; but he politely let Smythe & Co. finish first. Not that they showed any signs of finishing, for that matter. They seemed well set for a good innings, so to speak.

"Do you call it the fair thing, Mornington?" demanded Smythe.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, yes!" he answered.

"You agreed—"

"I'm keepin' my agreement."

"In words—not in spirit," said Tracy.

"We understood—"

"My dear man, there's no tellin' what you might or might not have understood," yawned Mornington. "It surprises me that a fellow of your intellectual calibre understands anythin'. Anyhow, I've told you how the matter stands. Take it or leave it!"

"I call it a swindle!" bawled Adolphus Smythe.

"Call it what you like, old top."

"I put it to Erroll," exclaimed Smythe, looking at the silent junior by the window.

"Erroll, do you call this a fair deal?"

Erroll glanced round for a moment.

"Don't appeal to me!" he said curtly.

"I've nothing to do with the matter, and want nothing to do with it!"

"Which means that you know that Morny

is swindlin' us!" hooted Smythe. "Hallo, here's Jimmy Silver! Listen to this, Silver—"

"My dear ass, leave me out!" said Jimmy. "I don't know what the row's about, but it isn't my bizney. Morny is junior captain now, and he seems to be getting some of the pleasures of the job."

"He promised us—" began Tracy.

"Oh, yaas! Solemn promise!" said

Howard.

"Word of honour!" hooted Smythe. "It was quid pro quo. We voted for him in the election, didn't we?"

"You did!" agreed Jimmy. "What about it?"

"And he agreed—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" exclaimed Mornington. "Smythe, old man, you use your chin too much. Go and beat in your own quarters, if you must keep on beatin'!"

"He agreed to play us in the next school match, if he got in as skipper!" roared Smythe.

"Oh!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

Mornington coloured a little, and did not meet the eyes of the late junior captain. Erroll stared out of the window.

Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"Dash it all, Morny—" he began.

"Oh, don't give me an Uncle James' sermon!" exclaimed Mornington irritably. "It was just an electioneering dodge—I was makin' a bid for the support of the Shell, and most of the Shell follow that idiot

Smythe's lead. I don't see any harm in it."

Jimmy compressed his lips a little. He liked Morny for his good qualities, but Morny had other qualities that were not so good, and he was not so scrupulous in all matters as his friends would have liked to see him. He had made a bid for the junior captaincy, and "bagged" it from Jimmy Silver, and Jimmy was prepared to accept the new situation good-temperedly, and give his skipper loyal support. But this discovery of Morny's electioneering methods was rather a shock.

"No harm in it, if you keep your word!" sniffed Adolphus Smythe.

"Plenty of harm in it, I think," exclaimed Jimmy Silver warmly. "You've promised to play three hopeless duds in junior matches. Whether you keep your word, or break it, you're actin' badly."

"Nothin' of the kind! I'm playin' Smythe & Co. in a match where they can't do any harm," said Mornington coolly. "I had that in my mind when I made the agreement

with the silly asses. They may have fancied they'd figure in a match with St. Jim's. That's their look-out. I promised them a show in the next cricket-match. I've fixed one up for Wednesday—on purpose. See?"

"And I call it a swindle!" howled Smythe. "We understood that it was to be the next regular match on the list."

"I can't help what you understood, old top. Nothin' was said about the next regular match on the list. The next match was what I said; and the next match takes place on Wednesday, with the Second Form!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Smythe won't do any harm, in a match with Second Form fags!" said Morny. "Even Smythe can keep his end up against young 'Erbert, and Grant, and those kids. At least, I hope so!"

That remark seemed to deprive Adolphus of the power of speech. He expressed his feelings by shaking his fist at Morny's mocking face.

Erroll, with his back to the fellows in the study, stared silently from the window. He did not speak; but his silence was a clue to his thoughts. He certainly shared Jimmy Silver's opinion of Morny's methods, though he did not care to say so. As a matter of fact, Morny's little game was perilously near the verge of sharp practice, and it was not surprising that Smythe & Co. were furious.

"So that's how the matter stands!" yawned Morny, apparently unconscious of the fist Adolphus was shaking at him. "And if you've done waggin' your chin, Smythe, you may as well amble along. You're not entertainin', old fellow."

"You've spoofed us!" snorted Tracy.

"Yes, perhaps it amounts to that!" assented Mornington thoughtfully. "At least, I was puffed up—leg—But you were reared to have your leg pulled, Tracy! That's your vocation in life, old scout!"

"Oh, you rotter!" gasped Smythe at last. Morny glanced at Jimmy Silver.

"Did you come along for somethin'?" he asked.

"Yes; I want to show you this letter—from Wharton at Greyfriars."

"Right-ho! Good-bye, Smythe!"

"You're a swindlin' cad, Mornington!" howled Smythe.

"Thanks! Good-bye!"

"Yah!"

That was not an elegant rejoinder, but it was all that Adolphus could think of at the moment. He tramped out of the study with his friends, and Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"By gad, I began to think they were never goin'!" he yawned. "Smythe's under the impression that his conversation is worth listenin' to—quite a mistaken impression. What's the letter about, Silver?" "Better read it!" said Jimmy, rather dryly.

He handed Harry Wharton's letter to Mornington, who glanced over it carelessly. But the carelessness left him the next moment, and his brows knitted as he ejaculated:

"Oh, gad!"

### THE SECOND CHAPTER. Morny's Difficulty.

"GAD!" Mornington's tone was full of surprise and dismay. Kit Erroll turned quickly from the window. "Anything wrong, Morny?" he exclaimed. "Yes; thumpin' wrong!" growled Mornington.

"It's a letter from Greyfriars," explained Jimmy Silver. "Wharton's written to me. We're rather friendly, you know, and he doesn't know that I'm not junior skipper now. You remember how our match at Greyfriars was nucked up, Smythe sending us off in his dashed motor-car and taking a team of nutty duds to Greyfriars to play the match as the Rookwood eleven. Wharton's lot walked over them with an innings to spare. And now they know the facts the Greyfriars fellows are not satisfied with the matter. And the long and the short of it is that Wharton's consulted the others, and they've come to the conclusion to offer us to scratch that silly match off and play it over again with a real Rookwood team."

"That's sporting of them!" said Erroll, with a nod of approval. "I rather expected something of the sort from Wharton."

"Well, he says that they've got a date open on Wednesday, and if we care to accept the offer they'll fix it up for that day," said Jimmy Silver. "I should accept, of course, but it rests with Morny now, and that's why I've brought the letter along to him."

"Why, of course, the offer must be accepted," said Erroll, as Mornington did not speak. "It's sporting of Wharton to make it. The match wasn't a real match, as it was played by a spoof team, without any right to represent Rookwood at all."

"That's so!"

Mornington was crumpling the letter in his hand, a dark expression on his handsome face.

Jimmy Silver regarded him rather curiously.

Wharton's offer was a sporting one, for the Greyfriars fellows had played the match in good faith, and were entitled to count it as a win. They were not responsible for the trick Adolphus Smythe had played in sending the Rookwood junior eleven on a wild-goose chase, while he took their place on the cricket-ground with his nutty fellows.

The offer to replay the match was eminently acceptable from Jimmy Silver's point of view, and from that of his chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome. Erroll evidently concurred. But Morny's face was developing a dark and obstinate expression.

"It can't be done!" said Mornington, breaking the silence at last.

"Morny!" exclaimed Erroll.

"Can't be helped! If Wednesday is their only day, it can't be done!"

"Wharton says Wednesday is open, and doesn't mention any other day," said Jimmy Silver dryly. "It's a case of take it or leave it, I should say."

"We shall have to leave it, then."

Jimmy set his lips.

"The fellows will want an explanation, Morny, if you refuse an offer like that," he said quietly.

"Wednesday's booked up already!" answered Mornington.

"There's no fixture for Wednesday!"

"I've fixed one up—a match with the Second Form."

Jimmy uttered an angry exclamation.

"What the thump does that matter? A

flag match can be fixed up for any half-

holiday. There's half a dozen dates open for playing the Second Form—if you want to play the Second Form at all! Bother the Second!"

"It's fixed now."

"It can be unfixed, then."

"It can't!"

"Morny!" murmured Erroll.

Mornington looked obstinate.

"I've fixed it with the Second," he said. "I'm not goin' to let them down. Wharton's offer will have to be declined, with thanks!"

"I think I see the point," said Jimmy Silver. "You've fixed up this match with the fags to dish Smythe & Co., and squeeze out of the pledge you gave them for their votes. If we play Greyfriars instead on Wednesday, they'll claim to play in that match. It will be 'next match,' and they'll pin you down on it."

"Are you advisin' me to break my word?" sneered Mornington.

"You'd no right to give such a promise! It was a mean trick to catch votes!" exclaimed Jimmy hotly.

"I've given the silly fools my word, and my word is my bond!" said Mornington. "I'm bound to play them in the next match, and there's no half-holiday before Wednesday. If we play Greyfriars on Wednesday I've got to play Smythe an' Tracy an' Howard there. That's chuckin' the game away, and I'm not goin' to do it!"

"You can settle with Smythe & Co. the best way you can; but you ought to accept Wharton's offer, and you know it. Every member of the club will expect it."

"You seem to forget that you're not skipper now, Jimmy Silver!"

"It doesn't wholly rest with the skipper. The club and the committee will have something to say about it."

Mornington's eyes gleamed.

"So you're goin' to begin opposition in the committee?" he asked. "That's your answer to my gettin' hold of the captaincy, is it?"

"You know it isn't!" exclaimed Jimmy angrily.

"I know what it looks like!" said Mornington, with a shrug. "I never really expected you to take it smilin'. You're goin' to take the first chance that offers of upsettin' my apple-cart. I see the game!"

"You know that's not true!"

"You're goin' to work up the committee, and put it to me to accept Wharton's offer or resign—I see!" exclaimed Mornington savagely. "Well, go ahead! I shall make a fight for it! You won't get the captaincy back so easily as all that, Jimmy Silver!"

Jimmy drew a deep breath.

Before he could reply there were footsteps in the passage, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked in.

"Told Morny?" asked Lovell.

"Yes," muttered Jimmy.

"How many of us are you playin' against Greyfriars, Morny?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, with a grin. "I don't want to shove good advice on a skipper at the beginning of his merry career, but I really think I ought to mention that you can't afford to leave the end study out. You'll want Jimmy to bowl against Greyfriars, and you'll want me to bat—what?"

"And little me!" said Raby.

"Don't forget yours truly!" said Newcome.

"We're not goin' to replay the match with Greyfriars!" snapped Mornington.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"My hat!"

The Co. blinked at Mornington.

"And why not?" demanded Lovell warmly.

"I've decided not!"

"You've decided not!" gasped Lovell. "Well, you're skipper, but you're not quite everybody and everything rolled together. Junior skipper doesn't mean that you're Tsar of the Lower School, Morny! You can't run Rookwood off your own bat—not quite!"

"I've decided!" said Mornington arrogantly.

"Then we'll see what the other fellows have to say about it! If that's the way you're beginning as skipper it won't last long, I can promise you."

"I knew I should have you fellows up against me, and I'm ready for you!" said Mornington disdainfully. "Go ahead and

do your worst! I've said all I'm goin' to say!"

Jimmy Silver opened his lips, but closed them again. It was not much use arguing with Mornington. The Fistical Four quitted the study with knitted brows.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Trouble.

"ROT!"

That was the general opinion—very candidly expressed—when the Rookwood juniors learned that Valentine Mornington had determined not to accept the offer from Wharton of Greyfriars.

The offer was a good one, and every fellow who took an interest in junior cricket concluded that, as a matter of course, it would be jumped at.

So far from jumping at it, Morny intended to refuse it; and his decision had an exasperating effect on the juniors.

It soon became pretty clear that the new junior captain was not going to have it all his own way.

When Jimmy Silver had filled the place his decisions had been criticised sometimes, but seldom or never seriously questioned; but then Jimmy had displayed plenty of tact and common-sense.

Mornington, apparently, was beginning his reign by setting himself obstinately and inexplicably against every other fellow connected with the summer game at Rookwood.

It was not to be stood, as a dozen fellows declared wrathfully.

Certainly, it did not seem quite the thing to ask a skipper to resign a few days after electing him; but fellows were soon speaking of it.

Morny's motive was not generally known. Had it been known, the juniors would have been angrier still.

But Smythe & Co. kept their own counsel, and Jimmy Silver did not feel at liberty to mention what he had heard in Morny's study. If Mornington chose to explain he could; but he did not choose, and naturally Erroll said nothing. Smythe & Co. were quite prepared to talk, at the top of their voices for that matter, if Morny broke faith with them; but otherwise they realised that the less said the better. Their compact with Morny over the voting at the election did not reflect much credit upon either party.

It will be all right for us, dear boys," Adolphus Smythe told his nutty pals, with great satisfaction. "Morny will have to replay Greyfriars. He can't get out of it. And that's our match. No Second Form flag match for us! We shall play Greyfriars!"

"Good egg!"

Smythe & Co. felt that they had cause to be satisfied.

Adolphus was not at all discouraged by the inglorious show he had made at Greyfriars, on the occasion when he had "bagged" the junior match by trickery. He was quite prepared to entertain the Greyfriars fellows with another exhibition. Jimmy Silver was not feeling satisfied, however. He was in a worried and troubled mood.

He had taken Wharton's letter along to Morny, in great spirits, prepared to back up the new skipper in a great game, to retrieve the disgrace Smythe & Co. had brought upon the Rookwood colours.

Owing to Morny's miserable trick over the electioneering, and the pledge to Smythe & Co., that attempt was not to be made.

Jimmy felt that it was his duty, as a patriotic Rookwooder, to oppose Morny tooth and nail in committee, and make him agree either to play Greyfriars or to get out of the captaincy.

But that course was extremely distasteful.

It would look, as it already looked to Morny, as if the former captain was seizing the first opportunity of "rounding" on the new skipper, and "downing" him.

Jimmy Silver naturally shrank from that.

He had determined to support Mornington in his new position, and had, in fact, told him that he would do so, never foreseeing such a state of affairs as the present. What to do now was a puzzle to him.

His chums had no doubts about the matter. Over tea in the end study that evening they tackled Jimmy.

"Morny's got to be made to see sense,

(Continued on page 16.)

Jimmy Silver Backs Up the New Skipper in a True Sporting Spirit!



# BILLY BUNTER'S

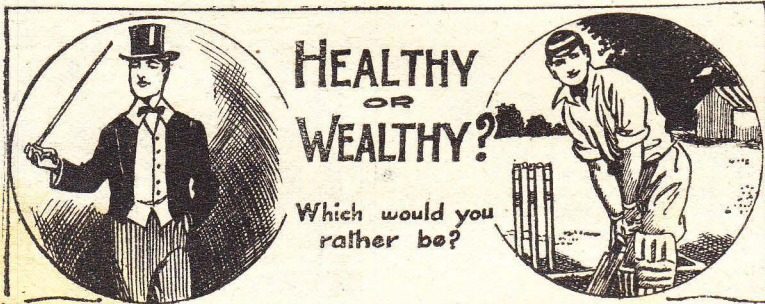
# WEEKLY

Edited By W.G.Bunter (Greyfriars)

Assisted by Sammy Bunter of Greyfriars, Baggy Trimble and Fatty Wynn of St. Jim's, and Tubby Muffin of Rookwood.

Supplement No. 127.

Week Ending June 9th, 1923.



## HEALTHY OR WEALTHY?

Which would you rather be?

**TOM MERRY:**

Good health is of much more account than wealth. The sooner we begin to realise that wealth is not everything, the better. I don't want to strike a morbid note, but the fact is that seventy-nine millionaires have committed suicide in one year, according to the latest statistics. That doesn't look as if wealth and happiness go hand-in-hand, does it?

**MONTY LOWTHER:**

They say that a millionaire nearly always suffers from chronic indigestion. I don't see why. It is possible to have a million pounds, and eat good, plain fare, and be as fit as a fiddle. Anyway, I should like to try the experiment! I don't place wealth above health; but why not enjoy both at the same time?

**DICK REDFERN:**

"He who hath health is rich," runs the old proverb; and it is one of the few proverbs which have the merit of being strictly true. It is a far better thing to be fighting fit than to have a heap of money and a wrecked constitution. I'm not very well-to-do myself, having come to St. Jim's on a scholarship; but I'm brimming over with good health and good spirits, and I claim to be much happier than the weedy Aubrey Racke, with his unlimited store of pocket-money.

**FATTY WYNN:**

I should put health first, and wealth a long way after. And so would any fellow who had an ounce of intelligence in his think-box! But this is an age when people are inclined to worship the golden calf, so I don't suppose everybody will fall in with my opinion.

**BAGGY TRIMBLE:**

What an absurd queschun! Of course wealth beats health every time! Think

of the tremenduss amount of tuck you could buy with a thousand pounds! And then, if your digestion got out of gear, you'd simply go to Dr. Dopem, O.B.E., the famus Harley Street specialist, and for a fee of a hundred ginnies he'd put you right again in no time. So you would enjoy both health and wealth—see? It's all rot to say that a millionaire is the most mizzerable person alive. Give me a million of the best, and my face would beam like a fool moon!

**HARRY NOBLE:**

It is like crying for the moon to hope to become a millionaire, so why not be content with our present lot in life, and enjoy all the pleasures that spring from good health and a sound constitution? The mere accumulation of wealth only makes for selfishness and unhappiness. This may seem like sermonising, but it's true, none the less.

**WALLY D'ARCY:**

"Oh, for the life of a millionaire! Free from sorrow, free from care. Plenty of places where you may wander. Plenty of cash to spend and skwander!"

I made that up myself, and the spirit's all right, whatever the poetry may be like. It must be perfectly ripping to be a millionaire, and to glide around the country in a gorgeous car. Of course health is jolly nice, too; but why shouldn't a fellow possess health into the bargain? Bewkase he happens to be a millionaire, is that any reason why he should be a helpless crock?

**WATCH THE CHAT PAGE—Something new and bright every week!**

**IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!**

By Billy Bunter.

**M**Y DEAR READERS,—Capital is a capital thing to have. And many capital people in our capital Capital possess capital. My pater, for instanse. He keeps a sort of menagerie on the London Stock Exchange, bekwase he's always talking about "bulls" and "bears" and so fourth. My pater is a millionaire many times over, and I am his eldest son, and the hair to all his munney and estates. It's a dizzy thought. It keeps me awake at night, in a state of wonder and egg-spectation.

When you come to think of it, the hair to a large estate is a jolly important person, and he carries his life in his hands. Kidnappers are always keen on collaring him, and holding him to ransom. That's why I never venture out alone on a dark night. I always take an escort, in case armed ruffians should be hiding in hedges, waiting to pounce upon me and carry me off.

I am eagerly looking forward to the time when I shall own Bunter Court, and inheritt my pater's millions. As I remarked just now, capital is a capital thing to have. I often try to puzzle out how much tuck a fellow could buy with a million pounds. Enuff to last him a lifetime, I should say, only it would get rather stale.

I am always thinking of munney—hence this Special Wealth Number. You will enjoy it up to the hilt, as the gallent sea-dog said when he ran a pirate through with his sword. We don't hear much of Monsieur Coo-ee and his auto-suggestion, these days; but if he were asked to give an opinion on my **WEEKLY**, he would probably say, "Week by week, it's more you-neek, and better and better and better!" With a born editor like me at the head of affares, how can the paper help prospering?

Well, dear readers, I wish you all a wealthy future, and ascribe myself, in the usual manna,—Your plump pal,

YOUR EDITOR.  
THE POPULAR,—No. 229.

Supplement I.]

Special Number of the "Weekly" Again Next Week—Watch Out!



**A Short Story which is  
Packed with Thrills and  
Spills, By**

**TUBBY MUFFIN.**

**"F**IFTY thousand pounds!" The Chief Cashier of the London County, Provincial, Pa's and Ma's Bank had just finished counting that sum, and he now proceeded to tie it up in sax. There was five pounds in notes and the remainder was in coppers.

At this junkcher, a big car drew up outside the bank, and a well-drest man stepped out.

"Ha!" muttered the cashier. "One of our wealthy clients is about to pay in some more dough to his account."

The well-drest man, after a fertive glance up and down the street, stepped into the bank. He gazed at the bulging sax on the counter, and his mouth gleamed and his eyes watered.

"Hands up!" he said, wipping out a revolver.

The cashier staggered back a pace. He was trembling like a naspen leaf. "Kaptin Krook!" he stammered.

The well-drest man bowed mockingly. "Right on the wicket!" he said. "Put up your hands, you sorry nave, or I shall be compelled to blow out what few branes you possess!"

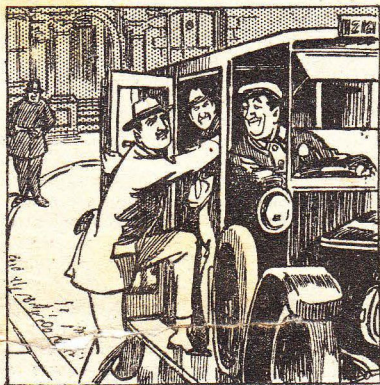
Up went the cashier's hands. The cashier had his clothes on, of course, but Kaptin Krook didn't seem to think he was properly drest, for he covered him with his revolver!

The skoundrelly kaptin then beckoned to a cuple of men who were waiting outside.

"Take these bags of splosh and deposit them in the car!" he commanded.

"Eye, eye, cap'n!"

The two members of the gang carried the bulging sax to the waiting car. They were so bizzily engaged that they did not notiss a little insident that took place.



The shofer, who had remained in his seat at the steering-weal, was suddenly dragged down from his perch by a man of about his own size and height. This man proceeded to drag the shofer down a side-alley.

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

"Hi! What's the little game?" panted the shofer.

"You're going to swop togs with me!" said the other grimly. "Sharp's the word!"

The shofer had to obey, bekwase a pistle was levelled at his head.

Having donned the shofer's attire, the stranger rushed out into the street and took his place at the steering-weal of the car.

The sax of munney had been dumped inside the vehicle, and the next minnit Kaptin Krook came out of the bank.

"Right away, shofer!" said he. "We've got the loot safe and sound."

Kaptin Krook and his two confederates got into the car, and the shofer drove off. Instead of taking them to the headquarters of the gang, he drove to the nearest perlice-station.

A cuple of berly sergeants rushed out, and the handcuffs snapped on the wrists of Kaptin Krook and his kronies.

The kaptin wrapped out a savvidge imprection.

"Trapped!" he cried.

And indeed he was. For the man who had swopped places with the shofer was none other than Bill Birdseye, the sellybrated detective!

Nothing remains to be told, eggsept that the skoundrelly Kaptin Krook got seventy years in the second division, while his confederates were bound over in sureties of a tanner to be of good behaviour for a fortnight!

THE END.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS!

R. J. M. (Montrose).—Have I ever laid hands on another fellow's property? Certainly not! What do you take me for—a joovenile Bill Sikes?

"Mollie" (Worthing).—Yes, I am an eggspert at judging karracter from handwriting. Judging by your own writing, I take you to be a bright, winsome young lady of fourteen. You are fond of tennis and skating, and you wear your hare in a platt down your back. You have a horror of mice, and are fairly clever at the piano. Am I right?

"Amateur Poet" (Northampton).—Your "Ode to a Plump Pumpkin" failed to tickle our editorial pallate. Try again!

"Funnycuts" (Fulham).—You are very rood when you say that the editorial chair groans and creeks beneath my weight. It does nothing of the sort!

"Madge" (Petersham).—In reply to your queery, I have fair eyes and blue hare. (Oh, dear! I keep on eggspressing myself the wrong way round. It's a sure simpton of brain-fever!)

## HOW TO MAKE MUNNY!

By Sammy Bunter.

Strickly speaking, I have no bizziness to give you advice in the art of making munney; bekwase it's against the law to make munney—and to make banknotes also. The law duzzent approve of forgery, and neither do I. The only person who has a right to be a forger is the villidge blacksmith!

However, I can tell you how to add to your income, and duzzens of fellows are dying to know how they can do that.

There are several ways in which you can pick up a tanner hear, and a bob there, and a narf-crown somewhere else.



Running errands for a prefect is sometimes a paying game. It all depends on a prefect. If it's Wingate or Gwynne, you're certain to get a useful tip. But if it's Loder or Carne or one of those stingy beests, you won't get a penny peace. I know that from bitter eggspiense.

Carrying a master's goff-clubs is a fascinating and a munney-making pastime. Some fellows are too proud to do this sort of thing. They object to being a caddy, weather it's a goff-caddy or a tea-caddy. Personally, I always pocket my pride, and a good fat tip into the bargain! I carry old Prout's clubs round and round the lynx, and I wallow in ditches to find bunkered balls, and old Prout nearly always beams on me and gives me a bob.

I once thought it would be a paying game to become a begging-letter writer. I wrote round to all my relations, titled and otherwise, telling them the tail, and rekvesting them to send me a nice remittance. But I never got a single reply! It was an absolute frost. My relations were left cold by my eloquent rekwests, and I grew hot with indignation. So don't ever become a begging-letter writer, for your epistles will only reseeve a lukewarm reception.

Another way of raising the dust is to get a motor-bike, and rush round the country on it. (Eggseuse my little joak!) And yet another way of getting rich quick is to bergele a bank. But I shouldn't advise you to try this on, or you will find yourself in quad—I don't mean the Greyfriars quad! It's all very well to say that stoan walls do not a prizzen make nor iron bars a cage. I know different!

[Supplement II.]

Laugh and Grow Fat by Reading the "Weekly" Weekly!



# Once Bitten, Twice Shy!

BY  
TOM BROWN.

I'M always on the look out for a way to get rich quick. But it's got to be genuine and honest. I once wrote and asked a wealthy gent how it was done, and he replied, "Be a burglar."

Now, I have no desire to crack cribs, or to go around armed with a jemmy and a revolver. Burgling a rich man's house is very exciting, but it's dishonest, and I draw the line at rank dishonesty.

Last week, however, I thought I was on to a real good thing. My eagle eye, scanning the advertisement columns of the "Courtfield Gazette (with which is incorporated the "Wapshot Weekly" and the "Friardale Flashlight"), stopped short at the following:

**"ADD FIVE POUNDS A WEEK TO YOUR INCOME!** A splendid opportunity for people with energy and ambition. It will not interfere with your usual occupation. Send stamp for full particulars to 'Hustler,' Box 99, office of this paper."

I showed the advertisement to my pal Bulstrode, and asked his opinion. Bulstrode's opinion was rather blunt.

"A swizzle!" said he.

"But it seems genuine enough," I protested.

"Rats! It's a trap for mugs!"

"I don't believe it," I said. "If it was a swindle, the editor wouldn't allow such an advertisement to appear in his paper. Anyway, I'm going to send a stamp to 'Hustler,' and see what happens."

Bulstrode regarded me more in sorrow than in anger.

"I can imagine a gullible idiot like Bunter being taken in by such piffle," he said, "but I thought you had more sense, Browny."

I ignored Bulstrode's remarks. I was anxious to test this scheme for adding five pounds a week to my income of five bob. So I sent the stamp to "Hustler," and awaited developments.

By return of post I received a parcel. On opening it I found it contained a number of curious-looking objects. How shall I describe them? They were bits of wire, about eight inches long, with small perforated cylinders at the end.

I stared at these queer objects in amazement, not having the foggiest notion what they were for.

A letter accompanied them, however, with full particulars. The things were patent gas-lighters, which some ingenious cove had invented. You simply turned on the tap, held one of the pieces of wire to the gas, letting the cylinder end touch the mantle, and behold, the deed was done! No more fumbling about with matches. The patent lighter did the trick beautifully.

I went out into the passage and tested one of the lighters on the gas-jet. It worked like a charm.

The letter informed me that if I sold these patent lighters at one shilling each I should make threepence on each one I sold. In this way I should be able to make five pounds a week, provided I managed to sell four hundred lighters in that time. And it was such a cute invention that I didn't anticipate there would be any difficulty.

"Hustler" had sent me a dozen lighters, and he informed me that further supplies could be obtained at his store in Courtfield.

I got busy at once.

"I shall get rid of this little lot in about five minutes!" I told myself.

But although I made a tour of all the Remove studies, and demonstrated the wonderful qualities of the patent lighter, I couldn't sell a single one!

Some of the fellows thought there was

## A DREAM OF WEALTH!

By Dick Penfold.

If some kind uncle left to me  
A million pounds or so,  
I'd cut a dash, I'd make a splash,  
And live in style, you know,  
Upon a handsome motor-bike  
I'd revel and rejoice;  
Or scatter toads upon the roads  
When driving my Rolls-Royce.

My study would be furnished like  
The palace of the King;  
And I should be as gay and free  
As skylarks on the wing.  
I'd scatter banknotes here and there  
Among my struggling friends;  
Because I know the care and woe  
When poverty descends.

I'd buy an aeroplane, of course,  
And soar the lofty skies;  
A motor-boat I'd proudly float,  
A yacht I'd not despise.  
I'd keep at least a dozen fags  
To wait upon me daily;  
No care or strife should spoil my life,  
I'd take my pleasures gaily.

Of course, I'd have a wireless set,  
The best that I could buy;  
I'd "listen in" with cheery grin,  
And how the hours would fly!  
At Chunkley's Stores, in Courtfield Town,  
I'd spend a heap of money;  
And life would be a treat to me—  
A land of milk and honey.

Dreams, idle dreams—vain dreams of which  
Cold reason is the wreck;  
For, with a sob, I find a bob  
The whole of my exchequer.  
I'll never be a millionaire,  
Of that I'm jolly certain;  
My dreams are vain, I'm sane again,  
So I'll ring down the curtain.

a catch in it somewhere. Others deplored the fact that they were short of funds. They had no bobs to spare.

I hawked the patent lighters up and down the school, but I couldn't find a purchaser. I even had the cheek to beard the masters in their dens; but those same dens were lit with electric light, and the masters therefore had no use for a patent gas-lighter.

My rosy dreams of adding five pounds a week to my income began to vanish into thin air.

Bulstrode chuckled when I told him that my efforts in the salesmanship line were meeting with failure.

"I told you it was a swizzle," he said; "and so it is! Nobody wants to buy patent gas-lighters. Matches are cheap enough, goodness knows."

"But they waste time," I protested. "With one of these lighters you can get your gas going in a brace of shakes. Will you buy one, Bulstrode?"

"Not me!" said Bulstrode promptly. "I can find a better use for my bobs."

"Well, I mean to make some money out of this," I said. "I shall go over to Courtfield this evening and work a house-to-house campaign. And if I don't sell this dozen, and a good many dozens besides, I shall be jolly disappointed. 'Hustler' says that it's possible to make five pounds a week out of this stunt, and I mean to do it."

"Why doesn't 'Hustler' tout the things round himself?" asked Bulstrode. "He's too busy inventing fresh things, I expect."

"Rats! I tell you, the man's a twister!"

After tea I biked over to Courtfield, and went from house to house, and from shop to shop, trying to sell the patent lighters. I had received a good many rebuffs at Greyfriars, but I fancied that it would be quite plain sailing, in Courtfield. Surely there would be hundreds of people willing to purchase such a clever device?

There might have been hundreds; but I couldn't find one.

I tramped up and down the town until I was weary and footsore. And the dozen lighters still remained in my possession.

It was a heartbreaking business. I'm not a bad salesman, because I've got the gift of the gab, and a fairly smart appearance. But I couldn't sell one of those blessed lighters to save my life. So at last I gave it up, and returned the dozen lighters to "Hustler." He was a little man, with beady eyes, and a face like a ferret.

"Here you are," I said, dumping the dozen on 'is desk. "I've tried hard to sell 'em, but there's nothing doing."

I'm still on the look out for a way to get rich quick. But I'm not going to be caught napping again by any plausible advertisements. Once bitten, twice shy!

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.



## "A Bad Beginning!"

(Continued from page 12)



or to drop a job he ought never to have taken up!" announced Lovell. "You see that, Jimmy?"

"Um!" said Jimmy. "Why doesn't he want to play Greyfriars, I'd like to know!" exclaimed Raby.

"There's a fag match fixed for Wednesday, I hear," Newcome remarked. "But that could be scratched easily enough."

"Of course it could." "The silly ass seems to have made up his mind to refuse Wharton's offer, without consulting a soul, and for no reason whatever!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell.

"He'll jolly soon find that the club won't stand it. Blessed cheek!"

"Swank!" said Raby.

"Nerve!" growled Newcome. "Do you know, Jimmy, why he doesn't want to replay the match on Wednesday?" demanded Lovell.

"Well, ye-e-es," said Jimmy Silver slowly. "And what's the reason?"

"I heard it by accident in his study, and I don't think I ought to say," answered Jimmy. "You can ask Morny."

"Is there a blessed secret about it?" asked Lovell, with a stare.

Jimmy shifted uneasily in his seat. He could not very well explain, and, moreover, he did not want to bring upon Morny's head the burst of wrath which would inevitably have followed if Morny's real reason was known.

"Not exactly a secret, I suppose," he said.

"Then why can't you tell us?" "I'd rather you ask Morny!"

Lovell started from his seat.

"I'll jolly soon ask him, if he has a reason at all!" he exclaimed.

Arthur Edward Lovell strode out of the end study.

Jimmy waited rather uneasily for his return.

Lovell came back in a few minutes, his face crimson with anger.

"Well?" asked Newcome and Raby together. Jimmy Silver looked at Lovell's angry face in silence.

"The cheeky cad!" breathed Lovell. "He told me he's got a reason, but he doesn't choose to tell me. He says Jimmy knows, but he's heard it in confidence."

"It amounts to that!" said Jimmy. "Besides, it wouldn't do any good if I told you."

"Rot!" snorted Lovell. "Does the cheeky, swanky cad think we're going to be treated like this? I've told him I won't play in his team next match or any other match!"

"What did he say to that?" asked Raby.

"He said I could stand out, and it would be all the better for the team!" roared Lovell.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Well, we're backing up Lovell!" said Newcome. "I'm not a regular member of the eleven, certainly, but I shan't play at all if Lovell doesn't."

"Same here!" said Raby.

Arthur Edward Lovell fixed his eyes upon Jimmy Silver. Morny's action was so high-handed that Arthur Edward felt that he did well to be angry, and he expected support in his own study.

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

"Well, Jimmy?" said Lovell grimly.

"Are you going to play for that cheeky cad, when he's turned your pal down?"

"We want Rookwood to win matches," said Jimmy.

"Let Morny resign, then, and let's have our own captain back. You were a fool to stand aside for him, as I told you."

"Perhaps I was!" admitted Jimmy.

"No perhaps about it—you were! He's starting as a tinpot Tsar, monarch of all he surveys. Oughtn't we to replay Greyfriars?"

"We certainly ought."

"And he won't, and he won't even give a reason. I'm on the committee, and I shall go for him bald-headed, and I fancy I shall get backed up, too. But you can't

support him, Jimmy. I know what you're thinking. It will look like jealousy, if you round on him. But you've got to."

Jimmy Silver was silent and troubled.

"Well, if you play for him after the way he's treated your pals—" began Lovell hotly.

"I can't!" said Jimmy. "He's not doing his duty as skipper, and I can't back him up. But I can't oppose him. It would look too rotten, and—and I want to give him a chance. Let him go ahead his own way, and do his best. After all, if he does play Greyfriars, he mayn't want us. There will be other claimants. I shall stand out, I suppose."

"The whole study stands out!" said Lovell. "That's settled!"

And it was settled. But it was not a settlement that could bring any satisfaction to Jimmy Silver.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Morny Gives In.

THERE was a meeting of the junior cricket committee that evening. It was clear, before the meeting was held, that there was a stormy time before the new skipper. Unless he could give an adequate explanation of his decision not to accept Wharton's offer, trouble was certain; and assuredly he could not give the explanation. Jimmy Silver knew that.

His real reason, if it had been known, would have been enough to get him hooted out of the captaincy; the fact that he had promised to play three hopeless duffers in the first match after the election, in return for their support against the other candidates.

Morny might declare that it was only an electioneering "dodge," but he knew very well what the Rookwooders would think of it, and he certainly would never dare to give such an explanation.

If he agreed to play Greyfriars, he had to play Smythe & Co. or break his plighted word; and Morny, unscrupulous in some matters, was a slave of his word. The penalty of breaking it, too, was to be considered, for Smythe & Co. would certainly publish the matter to all Rookwood if he failed to keep the compact.

The end study did not attend the meeting. Conroy called for Jimmy Silver, but Jimmy simply said he was staying out.

"I think I catch on," assented Conroy. "You don't approve of Morny's remarkable attitude, I suppose?"

"Naturally."

"And you don't want to oppose the new skipper at the very beginning. I understand," said the Australian junior. "But I'm going to oppose him, and if he doesn't give in he won't be captain long, I think."

And Conroy went his way.

The Fistical Four sat down to their prep.

About half an hour later they were interrupted by a tap at the door, and the cool, smiling face of Mornington looked in.

Grim looks greeted him.

"You fellows busy?" asked Mornington cheerily.

"Yes."

"Sorry! I'm makin' up my list for the Greyfriars match, and I want to know what merry recruits I'm gettin' from this study."

The four juniors jumped.

"Greyfriars match!" repeated Jimmy Silver.

"Yaas."

"Then you're replaying the match on Wednesday, after all!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Yaas."

"Good!" said Jimmy.

"There was quite a shindy kicked up at the committee meetin'," drawled Mornington. "You really ought to have been there, Silver. You'd have found it quite entertainin'.

Conroy and Tommy Dodd were the most eloquent. Yieldin' to the majority, I agreed to replay Greyfriars on Wednesday. There was really nothin' else to be done."

"I thought you'd be made to see reason!" grunted Lovell.

"Your thoughts on the subject, dear boy,

display your usual perspicacity," said Mornington imperturbably. "I shall have to scratch the match with the Second Form on Wednesday, much to my regret."

"Blow the Second Form!"

"Certainly! Blow 'em if you like."

Jimmy Silver looked very curiously at the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington had astutely bowed before the storm, finding that he could not have his own unreasonable way. But now he was "landed" with Smythe & Co. as recruits for Wednesday's match.

There was likely to be another storm when that fact was known. On this point, however, Morny could claim to be acting within his rights, though he could hardly declare that he had selected the nuts of the Shell on their merits as cricketers.

He would probably be judged by the result of the match. But the result was not much in doubt, with a team loaded down by three helpless passengers, against a keen set of cricketers like Wharton's eleven.

"I'm puttin' your name down, Silver," went on Mornington.

"Hold on!" said Jimmy. "I suppose you've got some names on your list already."

"Certainly!"

"May we know what they are?"

"What-ho! I'll read out the merry list, as far as I've got." Mornington took a paper from his pocket. "My honourable self at the head of the list, and then Erroll—"

"Good!"

"Tommy Dodd, Cook, and Doyle from the Modern side; must give the Moderns a show, an' they're all good men."

"That's all right!"

"Conroy—" continued Morny.

"He's a good man."

"Smythe, Tracy, and Howard—"

"What!" yelled Lovell.

"That's three of the Shell," said Mornington calmly.

"Those three fumbling chumps!" howled Lovell. "You've got the nerve to play those three dashed fools against Greyfriars!"

"Is it a joke?" asked Raby, in wonder.

"Not at all; I'm playin' them. That makes nine," said Mornington calmly. "I want two from this study—Silver and Lovell, say."

"I told you I wouldn't play for you," said Lovell.

"That was only your little joke, dear boy. You'll play, of course?"

"I'll play, as you've agreed to do the right thing," said Lovell—"that is, if you make up a real team to meet Greyfriars. I'm not going over there asking for a licking. You can't be in earnest about playing Smythe?"

"Oh, quite!"

"Then you can leave me out!"

"All serene! I'll ask Van Ryn; he's quite as good a man as you are, old bean. Can I count on you, Silver?"

"Don't play the goat, Morny!" said Jimmy Silver. "You know you won't have a look-in at Greyfriars with those three rotters in the team. You can't expect a chap to back you up in such foolery."

"I'm not askin' you to pick the team; only to play in it," said Mornington blandly.

"Besides, you know how I'm fixed, and these fellows don't."

"You've no right to be so fixed."

"Possibly, but the fact remains. Will you play?"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"No," he answered. "I'd play willingly if you selected a team according to your judgment, even if I thought it a bad one. But I won't go over to Greyfriars and ask for a licking for nothing! Leave me out!"

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Plenty more!" he said.

"Then you won't miss me!" said Jimmy Silver dryly.

"Not at all!"

Mornington quitted the study.

"Well, we're out of it," said Lovell.

"No great loss in being out of a match that will be a thumping licking. We simply couldn't win against a team like Wharton's, playing those three fools. What's Morny's object in doing it?"

"They must have got a hold over him somehow," said Raby sagely. "Anyway, this study is well out of it. What are you scowling about, Jimmy?"

"It's not a pleasant prospect for Rookwood," answered Jimmy.

"Well, it isn't our fault."



"Not a pleasant prospect, all the same."  
And Jimmy Silver bent over his work again with a wrinkled brow.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.  
Not to be Stood!**

"SMYTHE!"

"My hat!"  
"And Tracy—and Howard!"  
"Is it a joke?"

Surprise and wrath were the chief feelings with which Mornny's first cricket-list was greeted when it was posted up on Tuesday. Mornny's surrender on the subject of the match had given satisfaction; and the Rookwood juniors had taken it for granted that he would play a good team. They could see no reason for playing a bad one, when there were plenty of good cricketers to choose from.

The inclusion of Smythe & Co. astonished them. It was Smythe who had "mucked up" the Greyfriars match and rendered the replay necessary. Smythe was the very last fellow whose name it was expected to see in the list, especially as he was well known as a "swanking" and rotten cricketer. If he could keep his end up in a match with the Third Form fags, it was about all that Adolphus Smythe could do.

"And Jimmy Silver's not in it!" said Conroy. "What the thump does Mornny mean by it? That's what I want to know."

"Lovell's out of it, too," remarked Oswald, "not to speak of myself. My hat, I ask you fellows whether I can't play better cricket than Smythe."

"You couldn't play worse, anyhow."  
"There isn't any worse cricket than Smythe's," observed Van Ryn, the South African, "unless it's Tracy's."

"Or Howard's," remarked Pons.  
"It must be a joke!" exclaimed Conroy. "We'd better see Mornny about it. This really isn't a subject for his funny jokes."  
"Let's find him and see."

"Come on, all of you!" said Van Ryn. Quite an army of amazed and indignant juniors marched off to see Mornnington. The new junior captain was discovered under the beeches, sauntering there in the sunset with his hands in his pockets.

His eyes gleamed for a moment, as he observed the army of Classical juniors bearing down on him, but his handsome face retained its cool and nonchalant expression.  
"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Conroy.

"Yaas! Lookin' for me?"  
"Yes, rather!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"Well, now you've found me," said Mornnington placidly.

"What's this rot about Smythe of the Shell playing for Rookwood against Greyfriars?" demanded Conroy.

"It isn't rot, dear boy; it's a fact."  
"You're actually playing him?"  
"Yaas!"  
"And why?"  
"Because I've selected him to play, of course!"

"Don't beat about the bush, Mornny! Why have you selected him to play, then?"  
"Because I decided to put him in the team," answered Mornnington, with provoking coolness.

Conroy's brow darkened.  
"Will you speak out plainly?" he asked, controlling his temper.

"I think I'm speakin' plainly. I decided to play Smythe of the Shell in the match to-morrow. I don't recognise your right to criticise my selection. Is that plain enough?"  
"Well," said Conroy, setting his lips, "the fellows elected you captain in Jimmy Silver's place. I was solid for Jimmy, if the ass hadn't stood aside. I thought it was a change for the worse, and I still think so. Play Smythe if you like—"  
"I intend to!"

"But you won't play me in the same team. If Rookwood is going to be walked over a second time at Greyfriars, I don't choose to be there to see it. Cut me out!" said Conroy.

Mornnington took a list from his pocket and drew a pencil through Conroy's name.

"Done!" he answered.  
"And me!" said Van Ryn quickly.  
"Just as you like!"

"And me!" said Pons. The three Colonials were acting together, as they always did.

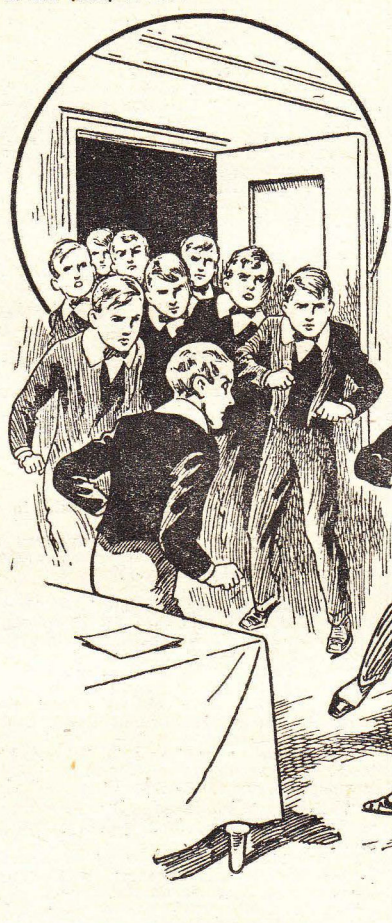
Mornnington made a wry face for a

moment. He had put in Pons and Van Ryn after the refusal of Jimmy and Lovell. Evidently the places would want filling again, as well as Conroy's.

"So you're all desertin' the team?" he asked, with a sneer, as he crossed out the Canadian junior's name.

"We're not going to have a hand in playing the fool at Greyfriars. There was enough of that when Smythe went over last time."

"Please yourselves. Looking for a place in the team, Oswald?"



stays in it. I'm not going to have a hand in any such foolery; and my friends say the same!"

Tommy Cook and Tommy Dodd nodded assent. The three Tommies of the Modern Fourth were evidently of one mind.

"Look here—" began Mornnington, dismayed, in spite of his coolness.

"Smythe or us!" said Tommy Dodd. "You can choose!"

"Smythe, then, and be hanged to you!" exclaimed Mornnington angrily. And he turned his back on the three Moderns.

That evening six names were crossed out of the list on the board. Mornny's own name remained, and Erroll's; Kit Erroll was sticking to his chum through thick and thin. And the names of the three nuts of the Shell also adorned the list. The new skipper wanted six more men—and where he was going to find them was a problem that remained for him to solve.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.  
Blow for Blow!**

JIMMY SILVER wore a worried look. Had he been jealous of the new skipper, as some of the fellows expected him to be, and had he desired to see difficulties crop up round the feet of

**WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!** "Come on, Jimmy Silver, if you've screwed your courage up to the sticking-point!" jeered Mornnington. Silver needed no second invitation. He dashed at the nut of the Fourth with clenched fists. Tramp! Tramp! Mornnington, his face aflame, was fighting furiously. (See Chapter 6.)

"Not if Smythe plays," answered Dick Oswald quietly.

Mornnington shrugged his shoulders.  
"Go an' eat coke, then, the lot of you!" he exclaimed angrily. "I'll make up a team without your help!"

The Colonial Co. turned their backs on him and walked away. The other fellows followed. Mornny caught Rawson's eyes; but Rawson walked away with the rest. He did not want a place in a team adorned by Adolphus Smythe of the Shell.

Mornnington was left alone under the beeches, with a very peculiar expression on his face. He was not left alone for long. Tommy Dodd, Cook, and Doyle of the Modern Fourth bore down on him.

"I hear that Smythe of the Shell is in the eleven for Greyfriars!" Tommy Dodd announced abruptly.

"Yes!" snapped Mornnington.  
"Is it a scheme to bag a second licking there, or what?"  
"Find out!"

"I won't take the trouble," answered Tommy Dodd. "I only want you to take three names off the list, if Smythe's name

his successful rival, certainly Jimmy would have felt "on velvet" now.

But nothing of the kind was the case. Jimmy was not pleased at being supplanted, as was only natural. But he was honestly desirous of giving Mornny a chance to show what he could do; and loyally prepared to back him up to any reasonable extent. To support him in risking defeat of the cricket-field, as a reward to corrupt voters for their votes, was asking a little too much. Jimmy could scarcely be expected to go that length.

But he was worried. Rookwood's reputation on the playing-fields was a great thing to Jimmy, who had often led the junior team to victory. Junior matches loomed as large in his eyes as did the first eleven fixtures in those of Bulkeley and the great men of the sixth.

There was a chance, on Wharton's offer, of retrieving the ignominious defeat Smythe & Co. had brought upon Rookwood, in their fatuous conceit. And that chance was being thrown away hopelessly. All the good cricketers in the Lower School, excepting Erroll, had either resigned from Mornny's eleven, or refused to accept a place in it.

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

**Jimmy Silver & Co. in the Far West! See the "Boys' Friend"!**

That did not make much difference to the prospects of the match, for victory seemed impossible with Smythe & Co. playing for Rookwood. Three wickets down for nothing meant defeat. But if Mornington had had any chance of a win, with such passengers aboard, it had vanished now.

And so Jimmy was worried. Work was still going on in the end study in a rather desultory fashion when the door opened without a knock, and Mornington strode in.

Mornington's glittering eyes showed that he had come to the end study looking for trouble.

Jimmy was far from desirous of a quarrel with the new skipper. He was, in fact, very anxious to avoid it. He resolved to keep his temper, if he could.

But Mornny's temper was evidently gone. His eyes fairly flamed at Jimmy Silver, and he breathed hard and fast.

"You've done this!" he burst out. "What have I done?" asked Jimmy Silver quietly.

Mornington clenched his hand, trembling with anger.

"You've dishied me over my first match! You've put the fellows up to resigning from the team! It's your work, from beginning to end!"

"Not in the least!" "I knew you'd never let me have the captaincy in peace," said Mornington bitterly. "I knew you'd be up against me, and looking for chances of dishing me. You've done it at the very start."

Jimmy shook his head. "I've done nothing," he said. "I refused to play in the team, certainly! You know you ought not to play three dashed fools—especially for such a reason as yours! If you make a dishonourable compact—"

"What?" "A dishonourable compact!" exclaimed Jimmy, his eyes flashing as his temper rose. "What else do you call it? Well, if you do it, you must take the consequences!"

"So there was a compact with Smythe, was there?" exclaimed Lovell. "What about, I'd like to know?" "That's Mornny's bizney," answered Jimmy. "I can't give him away."

Mornington sneered. "Do you think I'm afraid of the judgment of this dashed study?" he broke out. "Tell them, if you choose! If you don't, I will!"

"Tell us, Jimmy!" said Raby quietly. "Very well!" said Jimmy Silver between his set lips. "Mornny promised those three cads places in the first match played after the election, as a reward for voting for him, and getting other Shell fellows to vote."

"My hat!" "You swindling cad, Mornny!" shouted Lovell. "So that was how you bagged votes at the election, was it?"

"And you're chucking a school match

away, to reward those cads for what amounts to a swindle!" exclaimed Newcome. "That's the kind of skipper the fellows have changed Jimmy Silver for!"

"You can put it in your pipe and smoke it!" jeered Mornington. "I expected this study to be up against me, after Jimmy Silver was kicked out of the captaincy. I could win against Greyfriars, with three passengers in the team!"

"You dummy, you couldn't!" "Not a dog's chance!"

"You want me to lose the match and spoil my chances; that's why you're standing out, Jimmy Silver. I've just asked Flynn to play, and he's told me he'd ask your advice. I know what that means."

"If Flynn asks my advice, I shall advise him to stand out," answered Jimmy Silver. "The match is a goner, anyhow. And no fellow is called upon to have a hand in it. It isn't as if there was a ghost of a chance of beating Greyfriars, playing eight against eleven. There isn't."

"I think there is!" "You try to fancy that you think so, I suppose," said Jimmy contemptuously. "But you know as well as I do that you're throwing the match away. Well, throw it away by yourself."

"You've planned all this," said Mornington in a choking voice. "You want me to have to take a dud crew over to Greyfriars, and get licked like Smythe & Co. last week. After that, you reckon, the fellows will be fed up with me as skipper, and will want to change back."

"Nothing of the kind. If the fellows asked me to take the captaincy again I should refuse—for this term, at least."

"Liar!" Jimmy Silver's face crimsoned.

"You'd better go, Mornny," he said, in a low voice. "Are you going to let him call you a liar?" roared Lovell, in indignant wrath. "Knock the cheeky cad over!"

Smack! A back-hander from the infuriated Mornington sent Arthur Edward Lovell spinning with a loud yell. He crashed against the table, and the inkpot danced.

"That for you!" hissed Mornington.

"Why, I—I—I'll—" gasped Lovell. Jimmy Silver came quickly round the table. He pushed the furious Lovell back, his eyes glinting.

"Leave him to me!" he said, between his teeth. "Leave him to me, old chap! Now, Mornington, you utter cad—"

"Come on, if you've screwed your courage up to the sticking-point!" jeered Mornington.

Jimmy Silver did not need a second invitation. He was as angry as Mornington now, and he came on fast enough.

Mornny's hands went up to meet him. Raby pulled the table back out of the way

and Newcome kicked the chairs aside, to give the combatants room.

"Go it, Jimmy!" muttered Lovell. "I wish you'd left the cad to me! But go it, old scout!"

"Tramp, tramp, tramp!" Mornington, his face aflame, was fighting furiously, and Jimmy Silver was putting his "beef" into it. The trampling and crashing in the study soon drew attention.

Fellows from the other studies came crowding along the passage, to stare into the end study.

"This way, you chaps!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Jimmy Silver and Mornny— A fight—a fight!"

"Go it, Jimmy!" Kit Erroll came racing along the passage. The Classical juniors made way for him as he ran to the end study.

"Mornny!" he shouted. "Rats! Let them fight it out!" said Raby.

It was not surprising that the end study were wrathful with Mornington; but Mornny's chum, naturally, did not share their feelings. Erroll ran to interfere, at last, and shoved himself forcibly between the two antagonists.

He received two or three blows from either party, without heeding them.

"Stop it!" he exclaimed, pushing Mornington back. "Jimmy Silver, stop it!"

Jimmy dropped his hands, panting. "I don't care, either way," he said. "I never asked for trouble with Mornny. He came here hunting for it!"

"Stand aside, Erroll!" said Mornington, in a choking voice.

"Mornny!"

"Stand aside, you fool!" Erroll did not heed the epithet, and he did not stand aside. His strong grasp held the dandy of the Fourth back from renewing the conflict.

"Will you let go?" panted Mornington. "No, I won't, Mornny! You're playing cricket to-morrow. What state will you be in for the game, at this rate?"

"Hang cricket!" "A lot he cares about cricket, from the way he makes up his team!" growled Lovell. "He's come here to pick a row with Jimmy, because the fellows won't stand his thundering nerve! Offering places in the eleven to fellows as a bribe for votes! My word!"

"Let me get at him!" roared Mornington.

"Let him!" said Lovell. "I'm ready!" "Come away, Mornny!"

"You fool, let go. Hang you!" "Nice pal!" giggled Tubby Muffin. "I'd like to pal with Mornny—I don't think! Isn't he nice to his friends?"

Erroll was forcing his chum towards the door. He was a good deal stronger than Mornny, and the dandy of the Fourth had to go. He lifted his clenched hand once, as if to strike full at Erroll's pale, distressed face. Erroll's eyes met his calmly, and Mornny's hand dropped to his side again.

"Will you let me alone?" he muttered. "Come away!" was Erroll's answer.

And he drew Mornington from the study. "Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish!" remarked Jones minor, with a whistle. "I fancy Mornny won't have a long run as junior skipper. You'd better put up again, Jimmy Silver. You'll get votes of about ten to one, I should say."

"Only I sha'n't put up!" answered Jimmy Silver quietly, as he dabbed his mouth with his handkerchief.

"Mornny's no good!" said several voices from the passage.

"You elected him!" answered Jimmy. "Give him a chance! He's made a bad beginning; but give him a chance! Anyway, I'm not up against him, and that's settled!"

And Jimmy Silver sat down to the table again, to resume his work.

In Study No. 4, Mornington was pacing to and fro, a good deal like a wild animal in a cage, his eyes glittering, his hands clenched. Erroll watched him in silence.

There was no doubt that Mornington had made a bad beginning, and it looked as if he had nothing left but the faithful friendship of one loyal chum. But that, at least, was not likely to fail him.

THE END.

(Another story of the chums of Rookwood, entitled "Jimmy Silver to the Rescue!" next week.)

<b>BOXING</b>	<b>BEST BOYS' BOOKS!</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>
<p><b>THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.</b> Fourpence Per Volume.</p>	<p>No. 669.—<b>THE VENGEANCE OF THE TONG.</b> A Real Tip-top Thriller of Roving Adventure in Foreign Lands.</p> <p>No. 670.—<b>THE FOURTH MAC.</b> A Superb School Tale of Jimmy Mack &amp; Co. at Haygarth. By JACK NORTH, Author of "Alexander the Great," "A Troubled Term," etc., etc.</p> <p>No. 671.—<b>THE LAD FROM THE LOWER DECK.</b> A Breezy Nautical Yarn of Dare-devil Adventure at Sea. By STANTON HOPE.</p> <p>No. 672.—<b>RENEGADE CAMP.</b> A Full-of-Punch Story of Boxing and Lumber Camp Life. By ERIC W. TOWNSEND, Author of "Outlaws of the Yukon," "The Man from Brooding Wild," etc., etc.</p>	
<p><b>THE SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY.</b> Fourpence Per Volume.</p>	<p>No. 287.—<b>THE OUTLAW OF YUGO-SLAVIA.</b> A Tale of Sexton Blake and Tinker, introducing GRANITE GRANT (King's Spy) and MELB. JULIB.</p> <p>No. 288.—<b>DOWN EAST; or, Tracked Through the Slums.</b> A Tale of Sexton Blake, Tinker, and a Novelist in Thrilling Phases of Life and Adventure in East London.</p> <p>No. 289.—<b>THE GREAT REVUE MYSTERY; or, The Fourth Wall.</b> A Romance of the Stage and Detective Adventure, involving a Threefold Mystery.</p> <p>No. 290.—<b>THE LAST CLUB.</b> A Fascinating Story of Baffling Mystery and Clever Deduction. By the Author of "The Case of the 'Wizard' Jockey," etc., etc.</p>	
<b>MYSTERY</b>	<b>OUT ON FRIDAY!</b> Order a Copy To-Day!	<b>ADVENTURE</b>

**THE NEW SCHOOL IN THE BACKWOODS!**

Everyone expected trouble when the new school of the Backwoods was opened. How could it possibly be otherwise? The Cedar Creek chums are up against the Hillcrest fellows from the very first. Airs and graces are barred at Thompson—that is why Frank Richards & Co. decided to make a raid on the rival school!

**RAGGING THE RAGGERS.**



# RIVALS OF THE BACKWOODS!

The Thrilling Adventures of Frank Richards & Co., of Cedar Creek, and Kern Gunten & Co., of Hillcrest School. The Finest Wild West Yarn on the Market

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
The Raid!**

**C**OVER!" murmured Bob Lawless. The first glimmer of dawn was whitening the waters of Cedar Creek and the tops of the pine-trees.

It was hours yet before the gates of Cedar Creek School would open to admit the throng of girls and boys, but already three of the boys of the backwoods school were astir.

Frank Richards and his cousin Bob and Vere Beauclerc were tramping up the bank of the creek, a good distance from their school.

Near the point where the creek widened as it flowed into the Thompson River the ground rose in an acclivity, and on the top of the rise stood the building known as Hillcrest.

It was surrounded by a fence and a hedge of clipped spruce, and over the gateway was a board adorned with gilt letters.

Gilt-lettering was simply unknown in the Thompson Valley. When any of the merchants of Thompson wanted to put up a sign, he generally daubed it himself with paint on a rough board.

But Mr. Peckover, the headmaster of the new school, was doing things in amazing style for a frontier section of British Columbia.

"Down East," in Ontario or Quebec, the gilt-lettered sign would not have attracted a second glance, but in Thompson Valley it was stared at blankly by every "pilgrim" who passed that way.

Indeed, curious "galoots" had tramped out of Thompson Town and Cedar Camp and Silver Creek just to look at that sign and comment upon it.

Here and there it was a little spotted, showing that playful cattlemen had let off revolvers at it in a humorous mood.

Mr. Peckover had had that sign painted at a town far, far away, and sent up by railway and post-wagon. There was no painter in the Thompson Valley who could have produced it.

The gilt letters shone brightly in the rising sun, as Frank Richards & Co. came up the hill.

The sign bore the legend:

**"HILLCREST,  
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR THE SONS OF  
GENTLEMEN."**

It was Mr. Peckover's strong desire to mark a distinction between his private school and the "national" school at Cedar Creek.

He hoped by that means to attract as pupils the sons of any of the settlers who felt themselves superior to their neighbours, doubtless expecting to find snobbish instincts as well-developed in the great West as in the towns he was accustomed to.

In that, probably, Mr. Peckover had made a miscalculation.

So far, Frank Richards & Co. knew only two of the pupils of Hillcrest—Keller and Gunten, the sons of Swiss emigrants.

Gunten had been turned out of Cedar Creek, and he, at least, fully appreciated the distinction of belonging to a school loudly announced as being for the "sons of gentlemen."

He had assumed a lofty and swanky manner towards his former school-fellows, which had a rather exasperating effect on some of them.

Gunten's absurd swank, in fact, had rather prejudiced the Cedar Creek fellows against the new school, and that was the reason why Frank Richards & Co. had left home before dawn that morning, and were approaching Hillcrest cautiously in the light of early dawn.

Bob Lawless had a can of tar, with a brush sticking in it, in his hand, borrowed from a shed on the ranch at home.

He had also lawless designs upon the handsome gilt sign that adorned the gateway of Hillcrest.

But just as the three chums came in sight of the glistening sign Bob halted, with a whispered warning, and suddenly dragged his comrades into cover of the timber beside the trail.

"Cover, my infants!" he repeated. "Somebody's coming! We don't want to meet dear old Peckover just now."

"I didn't see—" began Frank Richards. "Neither did I, my son; but I heard," answered Bob Lawless. "I guess there's somebody coming along from the school, and more than one. Look!"

He pointed through an opening in the thicket.

"Four of them!" murmured Vere Beauclerc. "Chaps belonging to the school, I suppose."

"Queer!" said Frank. "They're early up, like us. What are they doing here at this time in the morning?"

"Blest if I know! But we'd better keep doggo till they're gone by," answered Bob. "They wouldn't like what we're going to do to Peckover's sign."

"Ha, ha! No!"

"Shush!"

Four youths of about their own age were coming down the path towards the creek. They were sturdy-looking fellows, a good

deal like Bob Lawless himself in general appearance.

Bob uttered a muttered exclamation as they came nearer.

"I guess I know those kids," he said. "That chap with the curly hair is young Bird—Dicky Bird."

"My hat! What a merry name!" murmured Frank Richards.

"I don't know him very well, but I've heard he's a good sort," said Bob. "His folk are ranchers, t'other side Thompson. The other three are Watson, Fisher, and Blumpy. I've seen them before. Hush! They're close!"

The youth who rejoiced in the peculiar name of Dicky Bird glanced round, as if he had heard something, but the thickets screened the Cedar Creek fellows from view, and he passed on with his companions.

Their footsteps died away in the direction of the creek.

"Gone!" said Bob. "Come on!"

The trio stepped out into the trail again, and went on their way towards Hillcrest School.

There was no sign of life about the buildings.

Dicky Bird and his comrades had evidently not come from the school-house, though certainly they must have passed near it.

Bob Lawless halted before the gate and looked up at the sign over it, which formed a sort of wooden arch over the gateway.

It was nearly a dozen feet from the ground, and a good way out of reach of the chums of Cedar Creek.

"We ought to have brought a ladder," said Beauclerc, with a smile.

"I guess we couldn't have toted a ladder all this way, Cherub."

"I don't see how we're going to get at it, though," remarked Frank Richards.

"My dear chap, where there's a will there's a way!" replied Bob Lawless. "We've got to stand on one another's shoulders."

"Phew!"

"I guess I'm the strongest."

"Guess again!" grinned Frank.

"Well, the strongest chap has got to take the ground-floor," said Bob.

"You're the strongest, then, by heaps!" said Frank, laughing.

"Fathead! You get on my shoulders, and the Cherub can get on yours, and then he can reach the sign. I'll hand up the tarpot when you're atop, Cherub."

"Right you are!" Bob Lawless braced his stalwart form against the gate and Frank Richards

climbed nimbly on his shoulders, first removing his boots.

Standing on Bob's shoulders, he held against the gate to steady himself.

"Ready, Beau?"

Vere Beauclerc had a more difficult task in mounting to Frank's shoulders. But he succeeded, and held on to the sign itself.

Then the tarpot, which Bob held ready in his hand, was carefully passed up, and Beauclerc took it.

Holding on with his left hand, the tarpot slung by the handle on his wrist, he wielded the brush with his right.

The beautiful golden inscription was very quickly rendered indecipherable under the huge letters daubed over it in glaring black. Only the name "Hillcrest" was left in gold lettering.

Under it appeared the startling announcement in black:

**"PRIVATE ASYLUM FOR THE SONS OF LUNATICS."**

"I say, hurry up!" came from Bob Lawless. "Frank's hoofs are getting a bit heavy!"

"So are Beau's!" gasped Frank Richards. Bob looked up anxiously.

He was feeling the weight, strong as he was, and he was anxious for the painting to be finished.

"Nearly done, Cherub?"

"Quite!" answered Beauclerc.

"Oh, good!"

"Yaroooo!" roared Frank Richards suddenly.

A drop of tar had alighted fairly in his mouth as he looked up, and he gave a sudden jump.

That jump was fatal to the human pyramid.

Beauclerc reeled, and Bob Lawless staggered; and Frank Richards, in the middle, collapsed.

"Oh, great gophers!"

"By Jove! Oh! Ah!"

"Yooooop!"

**BUMP!**

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### After the Raiders!

**F**RANK RICHARDS sat up dazedly.

He was on the ground, hardly knowing how he had got there, but knowing only too well that he had got a collection of bumps about his person.

Bob Lawless was on his back, gasping. "Beau!" gasped Frank.

Beauclerc had had the biggest fall, and for a moment Frank was alarmed at the idea that he might have broken a limb.

But as he glanced round he saw Beauclerc on his feet, unhurt, and laughing breathlessly.

"All serene! I jumped clear!" said Beauclerc. "I'm not hurt. How are you fellows?"

"Yooooop!" came from Bob.

"Hurt, old chap?"

Bob sat up.

"Nope!" he gasped. "I'm not hurt—not a bit! I've only had a silly idiot's hoof bunched in my eye, and another silly hoof jammed on my neck, and I've only got about five million bumps—nothing to mention! Of course, I'm not hurt! I'm enjoying this! Ow, ow, ow!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Frank Richards. "Never mind!"

"But I do mind!" howled Bob. "What did you want to roll over for, if you come to that?"

"Because a silly idiot on my shoulders rolled over, of course!"

"Well, I did it because a silly idiot under me rolled over."

"Look here, you jay—"

"Look here, you ass—"

"Easy does it!" said Beauclerc, laughing. "Don't begin to slang! Accidents will happen."

"They will, when there's silly jays about!" growled Bob Lawless, as he picked himself up.

"They will, when there's howling asses about!" assented Frank Richards.

"By gum! Where's the tarpot?" asked Bob.

"Here you are!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

The can had fallen right way up, and it was still a third full of tar. Bob Lawless picked it up.

"I guess we're taking that away with us," he said. "It might be recognised as belonging to the Lawless Ranch." Bob rubbed his bruises, but his good-humour was restored as he looked up at Mr. Peckover's handsome sign, and he chortled. "I guess that will tickle Peckover to death when he sees it—and his merry pupils, too! School opens to-day, you know, and there'll be quite a sensation when the folks arrive and see that sign."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Quite satisfied with their handwork, the three chums started on the path down the hill.

They had done successfully what they had come to do, and the little mishap at the finish did not worry them very much; they were used to hard knocks in the rough life of the backwoods.

Suddenly, as they followed the trail through the timber towards the creek, Bob uttered an exclamation.

"By gum! There are those chaps again!"

Dicky Bird & Co. came round a bend in the trail, and the meeting was too sudden for the Cedar Creek fellows to take over.

To their surprise, the quartette were carrying a ladder among them.

What they could want with a ladder early in the morning outside their new school was a puzzle to the chums of Cedar Creek.

"Hallo!" called out Dicky Bird, as he sighted them. "What are you fellows doing here?"

"Peckover!" replied Bob Lawless, with a grin.

"Wha-a-at?"

"We're doing Peckover—or, rather, we've done him!" said Bob. "What are you doing with that ladder?"

"What are you doing with that tarcan?" asked Dicky Bird in turn.

"You'll see!" grinned Bob.

And the trio passed on, chortling, leaving the four Hillcrest fellows looking puzzled.

"They've been up to some game," said Dicky Bird, casting a suspicious glance after Frank Richards & Co. "I reckoned we were the only early birds astir this morning."

"Never mind them," said Fisher. "Come on, or old Peckover will be awake before we get to town!"

"Right-ho! Mosey on!"

The four schoolboys hurried on up the trail with the ladder.

They came out of the timber into the clearing surrounding the private school, and as they did so the daubed sign over the gateway burst upon them.

"Great Scott!"

"Look at that!" yelled Watson.

They dropped the ladder, dumbfounded.

When they had passed the school gate half an hour before, in the earliest rays of dawn, the gilt letters had glistened down at them, for all to read:

**"HILLCREST,  
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR THE SONS OF  
GENTLEMEN."**

And now, in huge, tarry characters, visible at a great distance, it read:

**"HILLCREST,  
PRIVATE ASYLUM FOR THE SONS OF  
LUNATICS!"**

Dicky Bird & Co. simply blinked at it. "Those pesky rotters!" gasped Dicky Bird. "That's what they were up to here!"

"Cheek!"

Dicky Bird knitted his brows. "I guess we're not allowing this," he said. "Kern Gunten told us we should have trouble with Cedar Creek, but I reckon Gunten was right. This is up against us."

"Old Peckover is an old jay!" said Watson. "All the Thompson Valley is chuckling over that silly sign. But this is up against our school, and we're going to make them sit up for it."

"They're gone," said Blumpy.

Dicky Bird looked round.

"They had a can of tar with them," he said. "I guess I know what we're going to do. They've gone to Cedar Creek now, and we can't catch them up on the trail."

But I reckon we can get ahead of them on the creek in the canoe—and the canoe's ready. Come on!"

"What about the ladder?"

"Bring it back; no time now for what we were going to do. That blessed sign can wait till to-morrow."

"Right-ho!"

The four schoolboys ran back along the trail to the creek, ladder in hand.

Frank Richards & Co. were long out of sight.

The four hastily thrust the ladder out of view in the thicket near the creek, whence, evidently, they had taken it, and where it had been hidden in readiness—for reasons best known to themselves.

On the bank of the creek lay a bark canoe, and the four rushed it down into the water and jumped in.

Four paddles flashed like lightning as they urged the canoe along against the current.

The canoe seemed almost to flash along till they came near the rapids, where it was necessary to land and carry the canoe up the bank.

The "portage" did not occupy them many minutes, however.

The canoe was launched again above the rapids, and they paddled on swiftly for Cedar Creek.

Cedar Creek School soon came in sight.

A single column of smoke rose from the buildings, showing that someone was astir there.

But the gates were shut, and it was a considerable time yet before the school would open for the morning.

"I reckon we've headed them off!" said Dicky Bird, as the canoe was run ashore in the rushes.

The Hillcrest fellows jumped on shore. Dicky Bird's keen eyes swept the trail before the school, but there was no sign of Frank Richards & Co.

Three horses were tethered to the gate, but their riders were not to be seen.

Frank Richards and his chums had left their horses there when they started up the creek for Hillcrest, and evidently they had not yet returned.

"We're ahead!" grinned Watson. "I guess we can ambush them on the trail, Dicky."

Dicky Bird nodded.

"I reckon!" he answered. "We've beaten them easily in the canoe, and I guess we've got them dead to rights now. Come on!"

The four schoolboys ran into the trail that led up to the school gates, and took cover in the timber.

Thence they watched the trail for the arrival of Frank Richards & Co.

It was a good quarter of an hour later that the three chums came in sight.

They were chatting and laughing as they came along, Bob Lawless swinging the tarcan carelessly in his hand.

Dicky Bird's eyes glistened.

"Quiet!" he murmured. "Jump on them as soon as they come abreast! Take the jays by surprise!"

"You bet!"

Unsuspecting of the ambush ahead, the chums of Cedar Creek came swinging on along the trail.

There was a sudden rush as they came abreast of the ambush.

Before the trio knew what was happening they were rushed over and sent sprawling into the trail, and three Hillcrest fellows were sitting on them, and Dicky Bird had picked up the tarcan.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### A Black Deed!

"MY hat!"

"Gerroff!"

"Oh crums!"

Hardly knowing what had happened, Frank Richards & Co. lay gasping on their backs in the grass, pinned down by Watson, Fisher, and Blumpy.

Their captors grinned down at them.

"Rather a surprise, I guess!" chuckled Dicky Bird.

"Oh!"

"Ow!"

"How the thump did you galoots get here?" ejaculated Bob Lawless. "We left you at Hillcrest!"

"We're here, anyhow!" grinned Dicky

**You'll All Enjoy Reading Next Week's Roaring Far West Tale!**

**"First Past the Post!" Ripping Racing Tale in the "Gem" this week! 21**

Bird. "Keep them safe, you chaps! Don't wriggle, Bob Lawless. It's a cinch!"  
 "I guess it's our turn to do some tarring," said Fisher, with a chuckle.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

Dicky Bird was handling the brush in the can of tar with a business-like air.

The chums of Cedar Creek eyed him apprehensively.

"I-look here, what are you going to do with that tar?" demanded Bob Lawless uneasily.

"What have you been doing with it?" grinned Dicky Bird. "Painting the sign over our school gate! Well, we're going to paint you!"

"Look here—"

"Won't it tickle the kids when they come along to school and see you?" chuckled Dicky.

His companions yelled.

The expressions on the faces of Frank Richards & Co. were very entertaining to their captors.

Dicky Bird, having loaded the brush with tar, knelt beside Bob Lawless, who struggled under the weight of Harold Fisher—but in vain.

His hands were held, and a strong knee was planted on his chest, and Bob was powerless.

"Keep off!" he gasped. "Look here, you pesky gopher—Grooogh!"

"Better keep your mouth shut," suggested Dicky Bird. "This is jolly good tar, but it's not really fit to eat!"

"Grrrrruuugh!"

"You're bound to get it in your mouth if you open it so wide, you know."

"Grrrr!"

Bob Lawless, with an extraordinary expression on his face, closed his lips tight.

Tar outside was had enough, but tar inside was a good deal worse—and there was some inside already.

Dicky Bird, with a methodical hand, proceeded to tar Bob's face, from the hair to the chin, laying it on quite thickly enough.

In a few minutes Bob Lawless was as black as the blackest Sambo in South Carolina.

The Hillcrest fellows yelled with laughter as they looked at him.

Bob mumbled faintly, but he did not open his lips.

He had had enough of that.

"What a picture!" said Dicky Bird admiringly. "Black but comely, you know! This will cause quite a sensation in Cedar Creek. Miss Meadows is bound to admire your complexion, Lawless."

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

"You next, old scout!"

"Look here—" gasped Frank Richards. "Oh! Ah! Ooooooch!"

He shut his mouth tight.

In a few minutes his eyes were gleaming wrath from a face as black as the ace of spades.

Then came Beauclerc's turn.

Vere Beauclerc did not speak; he submitted philosophically to the ordeal as it could not be helped.

It was only tit for tat, after all, though the "tit" was more severe than the "tat," so to speak.

"There, that just finishes it!" said Dicky Bird, as he completed the tarring of the Cherub's handsome face—which did not look handsome now. "I'd have given you necks to match, but there's no more tar. You oughtn't to have been so extravagant with this tar at Hillcrest, Lawless."

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

"He's trying to talk Chinese or Kootenay," said Watson. "What does it mean, Lawless?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you rotters!" gasped Frank Richards. "Let us go! It's not long to school now, and we've got to get cleaned, you beasts!"

"No jolly fear!" answered Dicky Bird emphatically. "You're not going to get cleaned, not by long chalks. You're going to school like that."

"What?" yelled Frank.

"Your cheery complexions will match our sign over the gate at Hillcrest, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you rotter! Oh dear!"

Frank Richards & Co. began to struggle, but it was of no avail.

They were pinned down.

It was close on time for morning school

at Cedar Creek now, and the crowd of scholars might begin to arrive at any moment.

There was a crash as Black Sam threw open the school gates from within.

Sam went back to his quarters without looking out, and unconscious of the peculiar scene in the trail a dozen yards from the gateway.

Frank Richards & Co. blinked at one another in dismay.

They had started out from home very early that morning for a "lark" on Hillcrest School, but they were feeling dismally that the lark had turned very much against themselves now.

There was a clatter of hoofs on the trail, and Dicky Bird looked round.

"Here they come!" he grinned.

Up the trail several riders could be seen—Tom Lawrence and his sister Molly, Dick Dawson and Kate Dawson, Chunky Todgers and Harold Hopkins, coming along to school together.

"I guess it's time we vamoosed," said Fisher. "Let's get back to the canoe!"

"Mosey on!" grinned Dicky.

Frank Richards & Co. were suddenly released, and the four Hillcrest fellows ran down to the creek.

They did not want to wait till Cedar Creek arrived in force. There would certainly have been severe reprisals.

In a couple of minutes they were in the canoe and paddling away at a great speed for safety.

In the trail Frank and Bob and Vere Beauclerc sat up, gasping breathlessly.

"Oh dear!" mumbled Frank.

"Grooogh!"

"Yow-ow-ow! This pesky stuff's in my mouth! Wow-wow!"

The unhappy chums staggered to their feet.

There was a jingling of bridles as the oncoming party of schoolboys and girls halted in astonishment at the strange sight.

"Hallo! A gang of niggers!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers. "Where did they spring from?"

"Niggers!" said Dawson. "They've got white men's paws! And they smell of tar!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Frank Richards!" shrieked Molly Lawrence. "Is it you, Frank?"

"Yow-wow! Yes, Molly! Oh dear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tain't a laughing matter!" howled Bob Lawless. "Look at us!"

"We're looking!" yelled Chunky Todgers. "Oh, Jemima! Oh, holy smoke! You look a lovely gang of sambos! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!"

Frank Richards gave Molly quite a reproachful look, but reproach could not be nicely expressed with a tarry face, and his expression was so queer that the girl shrieked with merriment.

"Oh, Frank!" she gasped.

"I suppose it's funny!" grunted Frank Richards.

"Ha, ha! Look at your reflection in the creek, and you'll think so. I'm sorry, Frank, but— Ha, ha, ha!"

"For goodness' sake, get a move on!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "Don't let Miss Meadows see us before we get this awful stuff off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Other Cedar Creek fellows were arriving now, and they roared with laughter at the sight of the hapless three.

Perhaps the victims had expected sympathy, but for the present sympathy was quite forgotten, and only merriment reigned.

It was useless to think of getting the tar off in the cold water of the creek—hot water and soap, and plenty of them, were wanted, and indeed scrubbing-brushes as well.

The unhappy trio hurried in at the gates of Cedar Creek, followed by roars of laughter.

They hoped to get round to Black Sam's quarters, where they could clean themselves, without being seen by Miss Meadows or the masters.

But their hope was in vain.

As they tore across the playground they almost ran into Mr. Slimmey and Mr. Shepherd, taking a little walk together before lessons.

"Bless my soul! What—who—what is this?" exclaimed Mr. Slimmey, his glasses



**THE RETURN OF THE RAGGERS!** Frank Richards & Co. hurried in at the gates of Cedar Creek followed by roars of laughter. "Ha, ha, ha!" cried Chunky Todgers. "Look at those fellows. Holy smoke! They look a lovely gang of sambos!" (See Chapter 3.)

almost falling off as he stared at the black-faced three.

"Negroes!" said Mr. Shepherd in wonder. "Are they new boys in the school? Stop, my boys! Why—what—what—Lawless!"

"Yes, sir?" gasped Bob.

"Wha-a-at does this mean?"

"I—I—I—" stammered Bob.

"We—we—we—" stuttered Frank.

"You—you see—" mumbled Beauclerc.

"Boys!" Miss Meadows hurried out of the school-house. She had seen the extraordinary trio from a window. "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"Oh, Miss Meadows!"

"Richards!" ejaculated the school-mistress.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a wild roar from the crowd of schoolboys coming in at the gates.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "Richards—Lawless—Beauclerc, this is—is—is amazing. You have deliberately tarred your faces and made yourselves look utterly absurd!"

"N-a-nunno!"

"You utterly foolish boys, why have you played this extraordinary prank?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"We—we—we didn't!" gasped Bob Lawless. "We—we—we've been tarred by a gang of hobos for a lark!"

"Four horrid beasts tarred us, Miss Meadows!" groaned Frank. "We—we—we didn't want 'em to. We didn't, really!"

"I—I suppose so. Go and clean yourselves at once!" said Miss Meadows, and her lips were quivering as she went back to the house, though she did not laugh till she was indoors.

Frank Richards & Co. tramped away dolorously to the stables.

There the grinning Black Sam provided them with a tub of steaming water, plenty of soap, and scrubbing-brushes.

Black Sam's own complexion was a joke to those of the unhappy three.

In steaming water, Frank Richards & Co. rubbed and scrubbed at their faces, till they felt as if the skin were peeling off.

Round them stood a thick circle of schoolboys, howling with laughter, and passing merry remarks on their complexions.

The bell for lessons relieved the hapless victims of their audience at last, and the laughing crowd trooped away.

But Frank Richards & Co. were very late for lessons that morning.

When they appeared in the school-room at last, their faces were as red as newly-boiled beetroots, excepting where the tar still lingered, and a good deal of it still lingered yet.

There was a gust of chucking as they took their places, and it was some minutes before Miss Meadows could restore silence.

And all through morning lessons grinning faces surrounded Frank Richards & Co.

In fact, there were only three fellows at Cedar Creek who could not see the humour of the affair, and those three were Frank and his comrades.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Friendly Rivals.

I GUESS you jays make me smile!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's some lovely black spots on your chin, Bob."

"And on your ears, Richards."

Those remarks, and a good many more of the same kind, pursued Frank Richards & Co. after morning lessons at Cedar Creek.

The Co. were glad to escape into the timber and stroll about there till dinner, to escape the chipping of the Cedar Creek fellows.

"I guess we shall be sniggered to death," said Bob Lawless dolefully. "Even that little Chinese beast Yen Chin is cackling at us! It's too bad! We couldn't help those galeots tarring our faces, could we?"

"We couldn't," agreed Frank.

"I suppose they think it funny," remarked Beauclerc. "And—and I suppose it is, really."

"Well, we started out for a stunt on Hillcrest, and we do seem to have come out at the little end of the horn," admitted Bob. "But one swallow doesn't make a summer. We're going to scalp those rotters who tarred us!"

"No doubt about that!" said Frank.

THE POPULAR.—No. 223.

"We'll ride over after lessons," continued Bob. "A jolly good walloping all round will do them good, and relieve our feelings, anyhow."

"The walloping may come our way, if we run into a crowd of them," remarked Frank.

"Oh, I guess they'll give us fair play! Dicky Bird is a white man," said Bob.

"Fact is, I guess we've misjudged them a little, owing to that coyote Gunten spinning us yarns. But we've got to keep our end up, or we shall never hear the end of this."

And Bob's comrades assented.

The three returned to school just in time for dinner, and found grinning faces at the board.

In the interval before afternoon school they canoed on the creek; being quite tired of hearing about this misadventure in the playground.

There was another steaming wash before lessons, and that afternoon the victims of Dicky Bird's reprisals showed fewer traces of tar, though here and there a smudge still lingered.

As soon as school was dismissed for the day they took their horses from the corral, but instead of starting for home they followed the trail towards Thompson Town.

Near the town they turned off on the timber trail to Hillcrest.

The dusk had fallen on creek and river, but Bob Lawless knew all the trails by light or darkness, and they trotted on at a good speed.

They hoped to arrive while the Hillcrest fellows were still on the spot, or to meet them on their homeward way, but though they passed some of the boys of the new school, Dicky Bird & Co. were not among them.

They came in sight of the new school at last in the evening shadows.

Lights glimmered from the building, but the school-room was closed; the last of the Hillcrest fellows was gone.

Bob looked puzzled as he dismounted near the gates and threw his reins over a branch.

"Where are those galeots?" he exclaimed. "They haven't left with the rest, or we would have passed them on the trail. Canoeing, perhaps."

"They keep a canoe here, I think," said Frank. "In that case, they'll be coming back this way."

"We'll wait for 'em," said Bob grimly.

The three horses were tethered in the thicket, and the chums took up their stand under the shadow of a tree near the gates.

In the glimmer of starlight they could see the board over the gate, which had been given a new inscription that morning.

Paper had been pasted over it, to hide the tarred inscription, and the name of the school had been freshly painted there, but only in common paint; the glory of the gilt letters had departed.

But though the sign was not so handsome as of old, it still announced to the pine-trees and the gophers that Hillcrest was a private school for the sons of gentlemen.

Bob grinned as he looked up at it.

"After we've finished with Dicky Bird we'll give that sign another touch or two!" he remarked. "Peckover must have been pleased when he saw it this morning. We'll please him again to-morrow morning, the old hunks."

"Shush! Here comes somebody!"

The three chums remained quiet in the shadow of the big tree, watching the trail of the gates.

Through the gloom, four dim figures came into view, and, to the surprise of the Co., they were carrying a ladder among them, just as when the Cedar Creek fellows had met them in the morning.

"What the dickens are they doing?" muttered Bob Lawless. "Hold on a bit! Let's see what they're up to!"

The chums watched in silence.

Dicky Bird & Co. passed within a few yards of them, evidently without suspecting their presence.

The four schoolboys reared up the ladder in front of the gates, which were locked for the night.

It rested against one of the stout posts supporting the sign over the gateway.

Frank Richards & Co. exchanged surprised glances.

It looked as if Dicky Bird, of Hillcrest, had designs upon that sign himself, and they were puzzled.

"That's right!" It was Dicky's voice. "You've got the can of oil, Fisher?"

"You bet! Here it is!"

"And the matches?"

"I've got the matches," said Blumpy. "Get some brushwood while I'm at work," said Dicky Bird. "Hand me that saw, Watson!"

Dicky Bird ascended the ladder, saw in hand, while his comrades proceeded to gather brushwood from the thicket.

The astonishment of the watchers increased.

What the object of the four Hillcrest fellows could be they could not imagine.

They were soon to see, however.

Dicky Bird sawed away industriously at the sign while his comrades piled brushwood in a heap a few yards from the gate.

The big board was sawn nearly through, first at one end, and then at the other, till it was held only by an inch or two of wood.

Then Dicky Bird tied a rope to it, and descended the ladder.

"All O.K.!" he said. "I reckon a pull will do it now! Get the ladder in the trees first; hide it, and we can take it away to-morrow."

The ladder was thrust out of sight in the wood near at hand.

Then the four Hillcrest fellows returned to the gate, and laid hold of the rope that dangled from the sign overhead.

"By gum!" murmured Bob Lawless, in great amazement.

"They—they're going to yank it down!" said Beauclerc. "What the dickens—"

"And burn it, that's clear," remarked Richards.

The chums of Cedar Creek had quite forgotten now their hostile intentions towards Dicky Bird & Co. They were feeling only blank amazement at the peculiar proceedings of the Hillcrest fellows.

The four tugged at the rope; but the sign held on to the posts.

"Put your beef into it!" said Dicky.

Bob Lawless stepped out of the shadows. "Let us lend you a hand, old scout!" he said genially.

The Hillcrest fellows jumped, and spun round, letting go the rope.

"Hallo! You!" ejaculated Dicky Bird.

"Us!" smiled Frank Richards.

"What the thunder are you up to?" asked Bob Lawless. "Blest if I can make you out at all!"

Dicky Bird laughed.

"We're going to make a bonfire of that silly foolery!" he said, pointing to the sign. "Old Peckover doesn't know this section, and he doesn't savvy that he's making the school a standing joke in the town. That kind of thing doesn't wash in the Thompson Valley!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Frank Richards.

"It's making out that we put on airs over Cedar Creek, and so on," explained Dicky. "It's all very well in the East, of course; but I guess we're all on the same footing out West, and we're not going to allow Peckover to make us look like asses, not if we know it!"

"Fellows in Thompson have been hooting at us over it," said Blumpy, with a snort. "They think we're putting on side, all because old Peckover is a thumping fool!"

Bob Lawless blushed.

These were the fellows against whom Gunten had incensed him, and whose nonsense they had come over to knock out of them.

"Oh!" he gasped. "I—I—I see!"

"What are you fellows doing here, though?" asked Watson.

"Ahem! We—we came to—to— Never mind!" said Bob hastily. "We—we just came, you know, to—to— Ahem!"

"I guess that's lucid!" remarked Dicky Bird. "Do you always express yourself as clearly as that?"

Bob grinned.

"All serene!" he said. "Never mind what we came for. Now we're here, we'll lend you a hand, if you like, and part good friends—what? We'll forgive you for the far business, under the—the circumstances!"

(Continued on page 23.)

**THE LAST OF A CAD!**

An unusual story of Harry Wharton & Co., telling how Sir Harry Beauclerc, the cad of the Remove, tries to get even with Percy Bolsover. But his plotting is discovered at the last moment, and Sir Harry pays the penalty!

**A STIRRING TALE OF GREYFRIARS!**



**Sacked!**

A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, BY FRANK RICHARDS (Author of the Tales of Greyfriars appearing in the "Magnet").

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**A Painful Cure!**

**S**IR HARRY BEAUCLERC really was the limit. All the Remove agreed upon that point. He was only a new boy and most new boys would have considered it an honour to have been placed in Harry Wharton's study, as Beauclerc had been placed. Harry Wharton was Captain of the Remove and the only other fellow in the study was good-tempered, good-natured Frank Nugent. But Harry and Frank were the right sort. The Remove was most decidedly of the opinion that Beauclerc was a rotter of the deepest dye. He smoked in the study until Harry Wharton used force to stop him. He broke bounds and generally made himself a nuisance. Unfortunately for Harry Wharton & Co., Mr. Quelch, master of the Remove, had personally asked them to look after Beauclerc. They did their best, but Beauclerc was just impossible. Now, to crown it all, Beauclerc had sneaked to Loder, of the Sixth, that Bolsover had bullied him, forcing him to do lines which Bolsover himself should have done. Beauclerc was backed up by Loder—for reasons only the Removites and the prefect knew. Bolsover refused to be licked by Loder—and got a stiff licking from Mr. Quelch for his trouble. The bully of the Remove would not take that lying down and there was an air of expectancy about the Removites as Bolsover came from Mr. Quelch's study and began to look for Beauclerc. But the baronet had obtained a pass out of gates and did not appear at calling over. Bolsover major disappeared immediately after calling-over. His intention of taking summary vengeance upon the sneak was no secret. He had borrowed a dog-whip from Temple of the Fourth, who lent it to him with pleasure when he heard what it was wanted for. The Removites anticipated an entertaining scene—with trouble to follow for Bolsover, for Loder was sure to interfere. Bolsover's disappearance rather puzzled them, but the reason was known afterwards. The fellows had wondered whether Wharton would "chip in," and Bolsover had taken care that he should not. When Bolsover came in, he was looking a little flushed, and his clothes were dusty, showing that he had been over the school wall.

"Been out?" Russell asked him, as he appeared in the junior common-room. "Yes," said Bolsover shortly. "Seen anything of Beauclerc?" asked Vernon-Smith. Bolsover major grinned. "Yes!" he said. Then the Remove fellows understood. "Where's my whip?" asked Temple of the Fourth. "Sorry! I've broken it," said Bolsover. "I'll buy you a new one, Temple." "Oh, that's all right!" said Temple, chuckling. "If you've broken it on that cad, you're welcome." "Dash it all, that's going too far!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Do you mean to say that you've been waiting for Beauclerc in the road, Bolsover?" "Why not?" "And you've licked him?" "I said I would, didn't I?" "Where is he now?" "I left him there," said Bolsover coolly. "He was wriggling on the ground when I left him. I dare say he'll crawl in presently. But I don't think he'll sneak to Loder this time. I fancy he's learned better." Wharton made no reply. The juniors were very keen to see Beauclerc come in, and they gathered in the passage to wait for him. He came in about ten minutes after Bolsover. All eyes were turned upon him at once. He showed plain signs of the thrashing he had received. He was covered with dust, and his jacket was torn, and his face was very white. Bolsover major had waited for him on the road home from Highcliffe, and had dealt with him there, out of the reach of interference. It was extremely probable that the bully of the Remove had been brutal enough; but there was no sympathy for the victim. The fellows only wondered what Beauclerc would do. They expected him to make for Mr. Quelch's or Loder's study at once, to tell the tale of the way he had been handled. But he did not. It was evident that the spirit had been taken out of him. It would not help him much to have Bolsover caned, if another heavy thrashing from the bully of the Remove was to follow. Bolsover was able to stand punishment better than Beauclerc, and in that he had the advantage. Beauclerc, without a word, went quietly up to his study and remained there. His face was set and white, and his eyes were burning, but he did not even look at

Bolsover major, who regarded him with a sneering smile. "I fancy he's cured of sneaking," Bolsover major remarked, as Beauclerc disappeared up the stairs. "Looks like it!" grinned Skinner. "But if he reports you to Loder after all, you'll find yourself in queer street, old chap." "If he does, I'll break another dog-whip on him," said Bolsover. "But I think he's had enough. You'll see." It seemed that Bolsover major was right; for nothing was heard from Loder or the Form-master on the subject. Later in the evening, Beauclerc was seen to enter Loder's study, and there was an expectation of trouble for Bolsover. But nothing happened. The baronet remained with Loder till the juniors' bed-time, but Bolsover was not sent for. It was clear that Beauclerc had not told tales this time. Beauclerc was the last in the dormitory at bed-time. His manner was very subdued. He did not tell Bunter to take off his boots, and he did not look at Bolsover. But the bully of the Remove, who could never let well alone, could not forbear a remark. "Don't you want your fag, my lord?" he inquired. Beauclerc made no reply. "Was it nap or banker in Loder's study?" Bolsover major went on. "How much did you lose? You'll find Loder a rather expensive friend." Still no answer. "Sulky—eh?" said Bolsover. "Perhaps a taste of the slipper will make you open your mouth—what?" "Let him alone," said Harry Wharton quietly. "You keep off the grass," said Bolsover with a scowl. "I'm going to do as I like. I've taken that young cad in hand to cure him." "You'll let him alone!" said Harry determinedly. "He's sneaked, and he's been punished for it, and that's enough. You're not going to bully him. If you touch him with that slipper, Bolsover, you'll have a fight on your hands, I warn you." "Yes, chuck it, Bolsover!" said Vernon-Smith. "Enough's as good as a feast, you know. Don't be such a beastly bully!" "Well, I'm not going to have him scowling at me!" said Bolsover. Beauclerc looked up. "I'll do more than scowl at you," he said.

Look out for "Billy Bunter's Cousin!"—Next Week!

said. "I'll make you sorry that you laid hands on me, you bullying hound!"

"Do you think I'm going to stand that?" roared Bolsover.

"Shut up, then!" said Wharton. Bolsover major looked round truculently, but he saw that the whole Form was against him in further ragging the new boy, and he dropped the slipper.

"Well, I'll let him off till next time?" he said magnanimously. "But if I have any more sneaking from you, Beauclerc, you know what you'll get!"

Beauclerc went to bed without a word. Loder saw lights out, and the Remove settled down to sleep. There was no disturbance in the Remove dormitory that night. But it was a long time before Beauclerc slept. He was still aching from his thrashing, and he was not pleased with the result of his chumming with the black sheep of the Sixth in Loder's study. Loder & Co. had been too clever for him, and he had, as Bolsover said, found the prefect a very expensive friend.

A five-pound note had changed hands in Loder's study, and, although the baronet had plenty of money, the loss was heavy enough to make him feel discontented and dissatisfied. As he did not dare to play the sneak again, Loder's expensive friendship was not worth what it cost. As he lay, with burning eyes staring into the darkness, Beauclerc's thoughts were all of vengeance upon the bully of the Remove. But in that Loder could not help him. He had to depend upon himself, and a scheme of vengeance was working in his brain which would have startled the Remove fellows if they could have guessed it.

The next day Bolsover major had the pleasure, or otherwise, of grinding out his heavy imposition—which he had to do himself this time. He could not get it all done in one day; there was enough to occupy his leisure for some time to come. Bolsover was in a state of exasperation all day, and he consoled himself by taunting and worrying the new junior whenever he came into contact with him. Beauclerc took his taunts quietly, but with a gleam in his eyes that told of the spite and rage within.

After lessons Harry Wharton and Nugent joined Beauclerc as they came out of the Form-room. They were still trying to do their best with him, difficult as they found the task.

"Coming down to cricket practice?" Wharton asked as genially as he could.

"No!"  
"We'll give you some tips about the game, if you like," said Nugent. "As a matter of fact, cricket practice is compulsory here, you know. You must turn up sooner or later."

"I've asked for exemption," said Beauclerc.

"Oh!" said the juniors together. It was rare for juniors to be exempted from cricket practice—generally only when a doctor's certificate could be produced on the grounds of ill-health. Beauclerc's health was all right. It was evidently only slacking in his case.

"You'd like the game, if you give it a trial," said Wharton persuasively. "Just come along, and we'll bowl you a few."

"I don't want to."  
After that there was no more to be said. The chums of the Remove went down to the cricket-ground, and Beauclerc went to the study. When Wharton and Nugent came in to tea they found him there. He was seated at the study table, pen in hand, and there were several sheets of paper, covered with writing, before him. He started up, and gathered the sheets hastily together as the juniors entered, his face flushing.

Wharton glanced at him curiously, wondering what was the cause of his confusion. The page of Bolsover's writing, which the bully of the Remove had given him to copy the previous day, lay on the table.

"You're not doing Bolsover's impot again, surely?" Wharton exclaimed.

"No," said Beauclerc.

"Got one of your own?" asked Nugent.

"No!"  
"You seem to have been pretty busy." Beauclerc made no reply to that. He moved to the door, with the crumpled sheets in his hand.

"Aren't you going to have tea with us?" asked Harry.

"No!"

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

And Beauclerc left the study.

"We don't seem to be getting much forwarder," said Nugent, with a grin.

"Well, we're doing our best, and that's all we promised Quelch to do," said Wharton, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It's rotten to have a sulky brute in the study, I must say! But he seems to have been working. That's a new departure for him, and perhaps it's a good sign."

"Perhaps!" said Nugent doubtfully. The chums of the Remove little guessed what it was a sign of!

#### THE SECOND CHAPTER. Loder is Pleased!

"FINISHED?" asked Skinner, looking into Bolsover's study. It was Friday, and tea-time, and Bolsover major had been sitting in his study for an hour grinding out the last of his long imposition.

Bolsover major had just laid his pen down with a grunt of relief.

"Yes," he said; "just done—six hundred awful lines! I'm ready."

"We've got a good tea in the study," said Skinner, as Bolsover major rose.

"Smithy is standing it. Come on!"

"Right-ho! I'll put these together."

Bolsover major had covered a good many sheets with his sprawling writing. He collected them together, and pinned them at the corner to make sure of their safety. He knew that Loder would require the full six hundred lines, and that there would be trouble if they were not forthcoming.

Loder was very much down on Bolsover—not merely on Beauclerc's account. Bolsover was so big and strong that a good many of the seniors did not care to interfere with him, and Loder was often chafed by his cool impertinence. He could not be incessantly reporting him to his Form-master, and at the same time he did not care to risk being knocked down by a burly and hot-tempered junior if he attempted corporal punishment; and so he generally let Bolsover alone, but disliked him all the more. He would not have been sorry to double the impot if the bully of the Remove had given him fair cause, and he had already told Bolsover that the lines must be finished that day or he would mention the matter to Mr. Quelch.

"What a blessed lot!" said Skinner.

"Looks as if you've taken up a giddy literary life, by love, and started writing a book. Come on!"

Bolsover major left the study with his chum. Skinner shared Vernon-Smith's quarters, and the Bounder was standing a feed, to which Bolsover came as a guest. The Bounder could be kind sometimes, and he was sympathetic about that tremendous imposition.

Beauclerc was in the Remove passage, and Bolsover major scowled at him as he passed.

"Sneak!" he called out.

The schoolboy baronet did not reply. He stared out of the window. Bolsover major and Skinner went into the Bounder's study, and the door closed behind them.

Beauclerc turned round from the window then. There was a slight flush in his cheeks, and he looked in a guilty way up and down the passage. There was no one in sight, and he stepped quickly towards Bolsover's room, and entered it, closing the door behind him. As the Remove bully had gone to tea with the Bounder, it was not likely that he would return just then, and Beauclerc had seen his study-mates in the Close.

The schoolboy baronet was two minutes in the study. He was breathing a little quickly as he came out, closing the door behind him.

"Hallo, Bart!" said Fisher T. Fish's genial voice. "Been in to see Bolsover—hey?"

"Bart" was a new title the American junior had apparently invented, probably from seeing an envelope addressed to "Sir Harry Beauclerc, Bart." In spite of being repulsed a dozen times, and in spite of the passage of arms between them, Fisher T. Fish had not despaired of getting on good terms with Beauclerc, so that he could write home to "Noo" York about his friendship with members of the aristocracy.

"No—yes—he's not there," said Beauclerc, catching his breath. "I—I just looked in to see him."

"Had your tea, Bart?"

"N-no!"

"Come and have tea with me?" said Fisher T. Fish persuasively. "I guess I've got a topping spread. My popper has sent me ten dollars from Noo York. I reckon I'll be pleased if you'll come, Bart!"

"Thanks! I don't care to come," said Beauclerc, recovering his coolness, which had been considerably disturbed by his sudden meeting with Fisher T. Fish as he came out of Bolsover's study. "I'm rather particular whom I have tea with!"

And he walked away with his nose in the air. Fisher T. Fish looked after him, clenching his bony hands hard.

"I guess I shall hammer that guy one of these days, just a few!" he murmured. "As if a free citizen of the great American republic ain't as good as a played-out, effete aristocrat of this sleepy old country! I guess I shall crawl all over him one of these days."

And Fish would have proceeded to "crawl over" Sir Harry Beauclerc there and then, but for a painful remembrance of their previous encounter. With that remembrance fresh in his mind, he magnanimously decided to let the effete aristocrat off.

Beauclerc quitted the School House and went round to the bike-shed. He had had a handsome "jigger" sent down from Coventry, and it had arrived that morning. Beauclerc wheeled it out and pedalled away in the direction of Highcliffe School. He had not a single friend in Greyfriars, but he was still on the best of terms with Ponsonby and Co., the "nuts" of Highcliffe. They were birds of a feather.

It was more than an hour later when Bolsover major knocked at Loder's door, and presented himself with his imposition. Loder grinned at the sight of the sheaf of paper. Six hundred lines was a tremendous impot, and he knew that it must have taken up all the junior's spare time.

"I suppose you've done this all by yourself?" Loder demanded, as he took the sheets.

"Yes," growled Bolsover.  
"Well, I'll look over it carefully, and if there's any trickery I'll double it again and keep you busy to-morrow afternoon with a new lot," said the prefect.

Bolsover growled and left the study. He closed the door with a slam. Walker of the Sixth, who was in the study with Loder, uttered an exclamation.

"I wouldn't stand that!"

"Come back, Bolsover!" shouted Loder. Bolsover major did not hear, or affected not to hear. He did not come back. Loder half rose, flushing angrily, but sat down again. He never cared to provoke Percy Bolsover's savage temper too far.  
"Oh, let him go!" he said. "I'll see whether this impot is all right. If there's any dodge about it I'll come down on him heavy enough."

He turned over the sheets. As he opened them one from another to examine the writing, a letter slipped out from among them. Loder picked it up.

"The young ass! He's left a letter among the papers," he grunted. "Well, it's not my business to look after his letters for him."

He glanced at the letter before crumpling it to throw it away. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Great Scott!"

"Hallo! What have you got there?" asked Walker.

"My only hat! I'll bet he didn't know how he was giving himself away, or he would have been a bit more careful with his correspondence, the young cad!" exclaimed Loder.

"What is it?" said Walker, his curiosity aroused. "Let's have a look at it."

Loder passed him the letter. Walker read it, and his face expressed his amazement. "The young idiot! That's enough to get him sacked, or flogged at least!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"And it's jolly well going to," said Loder, rising to his feet, his eyes gleaming. "I've stood enough cheek from Bolsover of the Remove. I've got him under my thumb now, and I'll make him feel it. Give it to me."

"What are you going to do with it?"  
"Take it to his Form-master. No, by George, I'll take it to the Head!" said Loder, snapping his teeth. "This is a jolly



serious matter, and it's my duty to report it to the Head."

"Quite right!" said Walker. Loder left the study and made his way to the Head's presence at once. His eyes were gleaming with excitement. The junior whom he both feared and disliked was in his power, and Loder did not intend to have any mercy upon him. Indeed, a more conscientious prefect than Gerald Loder might have concluded that it was his bounden duty to place that letter before the Head of Greyfriars.

Dr. Locke observed at once the gravity of the prefect's manner as he came in. "What is the matter?" he asked.

Loder laid the imposition and the letter on the Head's writing-table.

"These lines have just been brought to me by Bolsover of the Remove, sir," he said. "This letter was among the sheets. It must have got there by accident. I suppose. Bolsover could not have known that he was bringing it to me. I considered it my duty to place it before you at once, sir."

Dr. Locke, looking perplexed, took up the letter. His expression changed as he glanced at it, and thunder gathered on his brow, for the letter ran:

"Dear Marks,—I'm sorry I can't settle up to-day, but I will meet you to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, in the usual place, and square up. I shall have received my allowance by then. I want you to put a half-sov. on Minstrel Boy for me, for the Darchester Race, and the same on Chopsticks for a place. I'll do the best I can to get you the introduction to Mauleverer, but it will require some time; he doesn't care about betting or that kind of thing. But I hope to be able to bring him into line in the long run.—Yours always,  
"P. B."

"Good heavens!" the Head exclaimed, aghast. "That is the letter of a most abandoned young scoundrel. You say this was written by Bolsover major, Loder?"

"I say that it was sticking among these sheets when he brought them to me, sir. You see, it is in the same handwriting as the imposition."

"Precisely!"  
"And the initials are P. B.—Percy Bolsover."

"There is no doubt about it, then," said the Head, adjusting his glasses and carefully comparing the handwriting of the letter with that of the imposition. "Yes, they are undoubtedly by the same hand; and the fact that the letter was in such a place proves its authorship. The young rascal must have written this letter this very day, though goodness knows how long this rascality has been going on. Marks! I seem to know the name. Undoubtedly a bookmaker—"

"A very well-known bookmaker of Courtfield, sir," said Loder. "He figured in a case in a police-court last week. He is quite notorious."

"And a Greyfriars boy to be connected with such a character!" the Head exclaimed. "He speaks of meeting him in the usual place. That shows that the connection is no new thing."

"I fear not, sir. Bolsover has certainly been detected smoking several times. Wingate has punished him for it."

"Send him to me at once, Loder, and ask Mr. Quelch to step here at the same time."

"Very well, sir!"  
Loder left the study, leaving the Head in a state of considerable agitation and with an angry frown upon his usually kind and placid face.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
A Blow for Bolsover!**

**Y**OU can give me a chance to-morrow!" growled Bolsover major. He was standing in No. 1 Study, where the Famous Five were gathered, discussing a cricket match that was to come off on the following afternoon with Redclyffe School. "I'm as good a bat as any of you fellows, any day in the week!"

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet," remarked Bob Cherry.

"You fellows want to keep the good matches all to yourselves—"



**THE ORDER OF THE BOOT!** Percy Bolsover came along the Remove passage with a staggering step; his face was bloodless and his eyes wild in their look. "What's happened?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I'm sacked—sacked, unless I confess to something that I haven't done, and then I'm to be flogged!" cried Bolsover. (See Chapter 4.)

"Oh, cheese it!" said Harry Wharton. "I was just thinking whether I should put you in, as Penfold wants to go home for the afternoon."

"All serene," said Bolsover, his face clearing. "Give me a chance, and I'll show you that I'll play up all right. I—"

"Oh, you're here!" said Fisher T. Fish, looking into the study. "I've been hunting for you, Bolsover, I guess."

"You can go on hunting, then," said Bolsover. "Clear off and don't bother." "I guess you're wanted. Loder says you—"

"Blow Loder!"  
"Blow him as hard as you like," assented Fish. "But he's told me to find you and tell you you're wanted in the Head's study at once."

"Oh, rats! What the dickens is the matter now?" snorted Bolsover major. "That cad Beauclerc can't have been sneaking again. I haven't done anything to him that I know of, excepting telling him what I think of him. There's no law against calling a sneak a sneak."

"I guess it's something serious. Loder was looking as solemn as an owl, and Mr. Quelch has just gone to the Head looking like an owl, too."

Bob Cherry whistled softly. "That looks like trouble," he remarked.

"What the deuce have you been doing, Bolsover?"  
"I haven't done anything," exclaimed Bolsover, in bewilderment. "Look here, Fishy, if you are rotting I'll break all your bones!"

"Honest injun!" said Fish. "And I advise you to hop it. The Head don't like to be kept waiting, and I've been looking for you for ten minutes."

"I suppose I'd better go!" growled Bolsover. "If it's that sneak again, I'll squash him!"

And he walked out of the study in a decidedly bad temper, and in an apprehensive frame of mind. Harry Wharton and Co. looked concerned. They did not like the bully of the Remove much, but this looked like serious trouble for him. To be called

into the presence of the Head and his Form-master together showed that it was no common delinquency that was to be discussed. It was something more serious than raging that Bolsover major was wanted for, and something more serious than smoking cigarettes in his study.

"Got any idea what's the matter?" asked Harry Wharton.

Fish shook his head. "Nope," he said. "Only they're all looking as solemn as boiled owls. Loder has been rummaging in Bolsover's study, too, looking for something, I guess. I shouldn't wonder if he's found some smokes there. I know the silly jay keeps cigarettes there. All the worse for him now."

Bolsover major reached the Head's study, and the doctor's voice bade him enter. The burly Removite looked, and felt, apprehensive as he entered and found the Head and Mr. Quelch and Loder together, all looking extremely grave. He wondered uneasily which of his sins had come to light.

"I have been waiting for you, Bolsover!" said the Head coldly.

"I came as soon as I heard you wanted me, sir," said the junior. "I—I hope there is nothing the matter!"

"There is something very serious the matter, Bolsover! Look at that letter!" Bolsover took the letter in wonder, and glanced at it. He looked astonished.

"Why, this—this is in my handwriting!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly!" said the Head dryly. "You gave it to Loder among the sheets of this imposition, by accident, I presume?"

"I—I didn't know it was there," stammered Bolsover. "What does that mean?"

"That is what I wish to have explained to me. You have written a letter to a Mr. Marks; undoubtedly the notorious bookmaker of that name. It appears that you are in regular correspondence with him, and not satisfied with that, you are seeking to inveigle a more innocent lad into the same rascalities," the Head exclaimed sternly. "In addition to your own wickedness, you

are attempting to lead Mauleverer into your underhand and rascally ways."

"I, sir?" stuttered Bolsover.

"Yes, you! As is proved in your own hand, in that letter."

Bolsover almost staggered.

"That—that letter! I never wrote that letter! I've never seen it before!" he shouted. "Do you think I wrote it?"

"I have not the slightest doubt on that point!"

"I, sir! But I—I don't know Marks—I've never written to him. I know his name, of course—everybody's heard of him. I've never had anything to do with him. I don't bet on horses!"

"Unfortunately, I cannot take your word for that, Bolsover. You are convicted by your own handwriting. I wish to know how long this has been going on, and whether other boys are concerned with you in this business!" said the Head sternly.

Bolsover turned an almost haggard look upon Mr. Quelch.

"Mr. Quelch, you'll speak for me!" he stammered. "You know I'm not that sort of chap—you will tell the Head—"

"I cannot tell the Head what I do not know, Bolsover," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "I only know that you are a boy of a reckless character; but I never suspected this before. You have been punished for smoking in your study. Loder has searched your study, and found a packet of cigarettes there. They are here. Do you deny that they were in the drawer of your study table?"

"No, sir. I—I admit that."

"You may as well admit the rest, since there is no doubt about it," Mr. Quelch said, very dryly.

"But I don't, sir!" almost shrieked Bolsover. "I don't know anything about that letter! If Loder says I wrote it, he's telling lies!"

"Bolsover!"

"It's all lies, sir! Loder hates me, because he can't bully me as he does the nippers," howled Bolsover, turning a furious look upon the bully of the Sixth. "You know you do, Loder. This is a rotten plot against me—you never found this letter in the papers at all! If I wrote to Marks, I shouldn't be fool enough to let the letter get there. I should take jolly good care of that. But I never wrote it. Loder wrote it, sir, and he's palming it off as mine, to get me into trouble, because I won't let him bully me as he does the others—"

"Why, you young villain!" exclaimed Loder, taken utterly aback by this unexpected accusation. "Sir—you can't think—you can't believe—"

"Don't be uneasy, Loder!" said the Head quietly. "I know perfectly well that such a thought would never cross your mind, Loder. You will do yourself no good by making these wild and wicked accusations against the prefect whose duty it was to report this matter to me, Bolsover."

"Walker was in my study when I found the letter in the papers, sir. It dropped out as I began to look over the imposition," said Loder.

"I need no witness, Loder—I shall not descend to take the slightest notice of Bolsover's wicked and ridiculous accusation against you."

Bolsover panted for breath. A moment's reflection had been enough to show him that the charge was, indeed, ridiculous on the face of it. Loder disliked him, and was glad of the chance to ruin him; but it was absurd to suppose that the prefect would have run the risk of forging a letter in his hand. Even as he had uttered the wild accusation, the absurdity of it was borne in upon Bolsover's own mind. The unfortunate junior stood panting, the whole study seeming to swim round him in his terror and confusion.

"I expect a full confession from you, Bolsover," said the Head, and his voice was like iron. "For how long has this iniquitous conduct been going on?"

"I—I—I can't confess—I've nothing to confess. I never wrote that letter!" Bolsover faltered brokenly.

"Nonsense! If you repeat your infamous accusation against Loder, I will expel you from this school immediately!" thundered the Head.

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

"I—I don't say it was Loder—I don't know. But—but somebody wrote that letter. I don't know who it was. It's a trick—a rotten trick!"

"That will do, Bolsover. I will give you time to think this over," said the Head coldly. "Make a full confession, and I will punish you merely with a flogging—otherwise, I shall have no resource but to expel you from Greyfriars. You shall have two hours in which to consider the matter. You may go!"

"I—I— Listen to me. I—"

"You may go!" said the Head, raising his voice.

Bolsover almost staggered from the study.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### A Slip 'Twixt Cup and Lip!

**B**OLSOVER! What on earth's the matter?"

Harry Wharton asked the question, in a tone of alarm, as he met the bully of the Remove.

Bolsover came along the Remove passage with a staggering step, like a drunken man; his face was bloodless, and his eyes wild in their look. Wharton caught him by the arm to steady him, the Removites crowded round him in amazement and alarm. Never had the burly Removite been seen in such a state of agitation. It looked as if he were almost out of his senses.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Pull yourselves together, old chap. Tell us what's the matter?"

Bolsover broke into a wild laugh.

"The matter is that I'm sacked!" he panted.

"Sacked!"

"What for?"

"Great Scott!"

"Yes, sacked, unless I confess to something that I haven't done, and then I'm to be flogged!" yelled Bolsover furiously.

"Well, I won't confess to a lie—I'll be sacked first. Somebody's played a dirty trick on me—I don't know who it was, if it wasn't Loder. But it's all lies—lies!"

"Take it calmly!" advised Fisher T. Fish. "Let's hear what's happened. I guess you are talking out of the back of your neck!"

Bolsover major panted out the story.

"Loder says there was a letter in the sheets of my impot that I handed him—a letter I'd written, and it got there by accident, and so I took it to him, without knowing it—it's a lie! It's a letter to Marks the bookie, about betting, and meeting him and squaring up money I owe him! I don't owe him anything—I've never seen the man! And there's something about getting him an introduction to Mauleverer. Have I ever tried to get you to bet on horses, Mauleverer?"

"Begad, no! I'd punch your nose if you did!" said Lord Mauleverer.

£500

IN PRIZES

For an Ideal  
Broadcasting  
Programme

See  
this week's

Wireless ③

AND SCIENCE  
WEEKLY Review

The new AUTHORITATIVE and responsible weekly magazine which deals with "Wireless" from every point of view.  
Every Tuesday.

"The letter's in your hand?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yes; and signed with my initials. Somebody's imitated my fist, and planted that letter on me somehow!" hissed Bolsover.

The juniors looked at one another. Bolsover's rage was genuine enough; but his story was, as Skinner murmured, somewhat "thick."

"I guess that sounds rather thin," said Fisher T. Fish, with a shake of the head. "Blessed if I think anybody would imitate your hand, and how could he shove it into your imposition without you knowing it? I guess you've given yourself right away this time, Bolsover. You'd better make a clean breast of it and take the flogging—it's better than being expelled!"

Bolsover clenched his fists and sprang towards the American junior.

"You hound! You don't believe me—"

"Hyer, hold him off—"

Vernon-Smith and Harry Wharton grasped the bully of the Remove together, and dragged him back.

"Let me go!" shouted Bolsover. "I'll smash him! I'll—"

"I guess I've only said what all the other fellows think," said Fisher T. Fish dryly.

"Yaas, begad!"

Bolsover major cast a wild glance round at the juniors. There was unbelief in almost every face. The rage in his looks gave place to a hopeless despondency.

"You—you fellows don't believe me?" he stammered. "Then—then I suppose it's only natural the Head won't. I'm done for! But it's all lies—all lies! I never wrote the letter. I swear that!"

"That will want some proving," said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, pile it on!" said Bolsover bitterly. "I'm down now, and any fellow can have a go at me. Pile it on!"

"Don't be an ass!" said Harry. "If you're innocent, I'd do anything I could to help you prove it. But—"

"Let's go into this," said Vernon-Smith quietly. "You say somebody must have written that letter in your fist, Bolsover—"

"Of course, as I never wrote it!"

"Then who did it?"

Bolsover was silent.

"I don't know," he said, at last. "I can't think of any fellow who'd be villain enough. I know there are some fellows here who don't like me, but—but a thing like that, I don't know! I—"

He broke off suddenly, and his eyes seemed to blaze as he looked down the passage. The juniors followed his gaze. Sir Harry Beauclerc had just come upstairs, and he was standing looking on at the excited crowd, with his usual supercilious expression on his face. Bolsover raised his hand and pointed to him.

"That's who did it!" he shouted.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Wharton. "You haven't an atom of proof—"

"I don't care; I know he did it. He's the only fellow in the school who's villain enough!" panted Bolsover. "And I'll make him confess it, or wring his neck!"

He made a sudden rush at Beauclerc. The next instant the schoolboy baronet was struggling in his grasp. Bolsover seized him by the throat, and shook him like a rat.

"You hound! You rotter! Own up, or—"

"Help!" gurgled Beauclerc. "He's choking me! Help!"

The juniors rushed at Bolsover major to drag him off. In his fury, it really looked as if he would do the baronet some serious injury. But Bolsover refused to let go his victim. He rolled over as he was dragged back, and pulled Beauclerc down with him, and two or three juniors sprawled over them. There was a sudden call from the stairs.

"Cave!"

"Here comes Quelch!"

Mr. Quelch, with an angry frown upon his face, strode upon the scene. Bolsover major was still grasping Beauclerc, but the other juniors scrambled back.

"Bolsover!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Release Beauclerc at once! Do you hear me? How dare you attack a boy in this savage manner?"

Bolsover obeyed, and Beauclerc, reeled gasping, against the wall.

"He did it!" shrieked Bolsover. "I tell you he did it, sir! I know he did!"

"He did what? What are you talking about?"

"He wrote that letter, and planted it on me. It's because I licked him for sneaking! I tell you he did it!" yelled Bolsover.

"Silence! Calm yourself. Have you any proof whatever to offer?"

"I know he did it!"

"Nonsense! Beauclerc, I need not ask you—"

"I don't know what he is referring to, sir," said Beauclerc, recovering his composure, and giving Bolsover a steely look.

"What does he accuse me of?"

"You wrote a letter in my hand. You planted it in my imposition that I was to take to Loder. You liar—you scoundrel I'll—"

"Silence, Bolsover!"

"I certainly did nothing of the kind, sir," said Beauclerc. "The accusation is absurd. I could scarcely forge Bolsover's hand if I wanted to—"

"Quite so!" said Mr. Quelch. "The thing is ridiculous! You will gain nothing by making these wild accusations, Bolsover."

"But he can imitate my hand, and I can prove it!" panted Bolsover. "All the fellows know it. I made him do my impot on Wednesday, and he practised my writing, and it passed with Loder."

"Is that the case, Beauclerc?"

"Yes, sir; that is so. But, of course, Loder did not examine the imposition, or he would have seen the difference."

"He did examine it, and he didn't see any difference!" shouted Bolsover. "And very likely you've been practising my hand since then, you rotter!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Wharton.

Back to his memory came that scene in the study—the page in Bolsover's writing lying on the table; Beauclerc, with flushed cheeks, gathering hastily the sheets he had written, and keeping them from observation.

"What! You know it?" exclaimed Bolsover, quick to catch at a straw.

"He's in your study, Wharton. You've seen him at it—is that it?"

"I don't know," confessed Wharton. "I can't help thinking— Look here, Beauclerc, what were you writing out yesterday when we came in suddenly that you wouldn't let us see?"

"Latin exercises," said Beauclerc calmly.

"Then why did you crumple them up so quickly, and take them away? And why was that page of Bolsover's lying on the table?"

"I didn't see it there. By accident, I presume."

"Stuff! It wasn't there before we went out," said Wharton. "None of us had any use for it. You must have kept it somewhere, and had it there for some reason."

"This must be inquired into," he said. "I can hardly believe that Beauclerc has been guilty of such baseness. You say that this letter must have been put into your imposition, Bolsover. After finishing it, did you not take it immediately to Loder?"

"No, sir. I went to tea with Smithy, and left it on my table. It was there a good hour before I took it to Loder. Skinner knows it; he came to fetch me to tea."

"That's so," corroborated Skinner.

"He had a chance to go into my study and put the letter there if he liked," went on Bolsover. "That's what he did, too. I know—"

"Did you enter Bolsover's study while he was at tea with Vernon-Smith, Beauclerc?"

"Certainly not! I have been at High-cliffe—"

"Oh, I swear!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish, pressing forward excitedly. "I guess you're not giving us straight goods this time, Bart. You jolly well went into Bolsover's study, because I met you coming out—and spoke to you, too!"

Beauclerc turned deadly pale.

"I—I— That was earlier," he stammered. "That was—was some time before—just after lessons."

"Liar!" roared Bolsover. "I went to my study immediately after lessons, to get the impot done. If you went in, it was after I left; and I didn't leave till I went to tea with Skinner and Smithy."

"Yep; and you told me Bolsover wasn't there," added Fisher T. Fish. "I guess you're caught on the hop this time, Bart!"

Beauclerc gave a hunted look round.

"So it appears that you did enter

Bolsover's study, Beauclerc, after he had left it?" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"I—I—yes; I forgot—I went in to speak to him, but—"

"You have just stated that you did not go in. Then, when Fish confuted you, you stated that it was earlier—a palpable falsehood, as you did not go in while Bolsover was there. You say you went in to speak to Bolsover? What had you to say to a junior with whom you were on the worst of terms, as I understand?"

Beauclerc did not speak; he could not. He had nothing to say, and the grim, accusing faces on all sides unnerved him. His glance fell before the Remove master's stern eyes.

"I can only conclude, Beauclerc, that Bolsover has guessed the truth—that you, having had practice in imitating his hand, forged this letter, and placed it where he was likely to convey it unconsciously to a prefect. Is that the case?"

Beauclerc raised his head. A bitter sneer was on his face, and he stared defiance at the scornful Removites.

"Yes! I don't care! I don't want to stay here! Bolsover made me copy his hand, to do his imposition, and I told him I'd make him sorry for it! I hoped he'd be sacked; and he would have been, but for that babbling fool, Fish! I don't care! The Head will have to send me away, and I want to go! That's all I've got to say!"

"That is quite enough," said Mr. Quelch. "You will not be disappointed, I assure you. Kindly follow me!"

A deep groan of disgust followed Beauclerc as he went. And when he was gone, the Remove fellows surrounded Bolsover major, congratulating him. For once Bolsover, the bully of the Remove, was the object of sympathy and cordiality. The rascally scheme to ruin him had recoiled upon the head of the schemer. But Bolsover was very quiet and subdued now. His narrow escape was not without its effect upon him.

"Thanks, you chaps," he said—"thanks! That awful cad will be kicked out—that's one comfort; but I'll take jolly good care there are never any more smokes in my study. That helped. And—and I'm sorry I punched your head this morning, Fishy. It was jolly decent of you to speak up for me."

"I guess that's all right," said Fisher T. Fish; "and I guess we've seen the last of the Bart. I'm kinder sorry. We don't have Barts hyer every day."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

On the following morning Sir Harry Beauclerc was publicly expelled from Greyfriars, and sent back to the charge of his unfortunate guardian. He went with his head erect, and a sneering smile upon his face. He was not sorry to go, and all Greyfriars were decidedly glad. Most satisfied of all were Harry Wharton and Nugent. Their painful task was over, and No. 1 Study was freed from the presence of the schemer and swanker.

THE END.

(A splendid long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next week. See page 2).

**THE RIOT AT ST. JIM'S!**

(Continued from page 10.)

quadrangle as if they were being pursued by a pack of ravening wolves.

The Head threw up his study window and gazed out at the extraordinary spectacle. Such scenes were not witnessed at St. Jim's every day.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Dr. Holmes. "Boys, desist at once! Have you suddenly taken leave of your senses? How dare you pursue your guests in this fashion?"

An order from the Head was usually obeyed on the instant. But the juniors were conveniently deaf on this occasion. They continued their pursuit of the flying cricketers, and Wexford Wanderers were assisted through the school gateway by a number of buckskin cricket shoes. They went sprawling into the roadway, and the great iron gates were slammed against them.

Cecil Hermann picked himself up. He turned and glared through the bars at the St. Jim's juniors.

"I'll pay you out for this!" he snarled. "Take yourself off," said Tom Merry curtly, "or we'll haul you back and give you another dose with a cricket-bat!"

The cricketers moved off.

Meanwhile, Kildare of the Sixth had explained everything to the Head. He described in detail the unsportsmanlike conduct of the Wexford team.

"You astonish me, Kildare," said Dr. Holmes, when he had heard the facts. "If Hermann's team behaved in such a disgraceful manner they certainly deserved to be ejected with violence! I feel that I am in some measure to blame for what has occurred. I insisted upon the match being played, having taken Knox's word for it that his cousin was a sportsman. I owe Merry an apology."

Tom Merry got his apology, too, that evening, and Knox of the Sixth was severely censured by the Head for having misrepresented the facts.

There was great jubilation in the St. Jim's camp, for in spite of the unsportsmanlike tactics of Wexford Wanderers, the school had forced a victory.

"When are we playing our return match with Wexford Wanderers?" asked Monty Lowther, with a grin.

"Never!" said Tom Merry. "And I sincerely hope we never have to meet such a team of rank outsiders again!"

A hope that was echoed on every side by the sportsmen of St. Jim's!

THE END.

(You must not miss next week's tale of St. Jim's—it's simply great!)

**THE RESULT OF THE "BLACKPOOL" FOOTBALL COMPETITION.**

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the picture. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

**T. TOPPING,**  
62, Ivor Road,  
Sparkhill,  
Birmingham.

The Second Prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following nine competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

- H. Monk, Top Hill Cottages, Offley, Hitchin, Herts;
- A. Williams, 93, Westminster Street, Crews;
- H. J. Harris, Hindhaves, Street, Somerset;
- Mrs. E. Clapp, 2, Charlotte Street, Tidal Basin, E. 16;
- Ed. D. Jones, 24, Montpelier Terrace, Swansea;
- W. G. Cullum, Witenham, Ipswich;
- E. Marshall, Sunnyside, Elm Grove, Thorpe Bay, Essex;
- Maud Brooks, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E. 2;
- Ernest Brain, 47, Dove Street, Kingsdown, Bristol.

Fifty-nine competitors with two errors each, divide the ten prizes of 5s. each. The names and addresses of these prizewinners can be obtained on application at this office.

**SOLUTION.**

Blackpool's record has been a prolonged struggle with financial misfortunes. The town's summer population is enormous, but when the football season begins, Blackpool is comparatively deserted. The Club has had some grand players, but has been unable to retain them.

THE POPULAR.—No. 229.

**You'll Simply Rave Over Next Week's Tale of Greyfriars!**

**"Rivals of the Backwoods!"**

(Continued from page 22.)

"Done!" said Dicky Bird cheerfully. "We should have done this business this morning if you hadn't come around. So it's only fair for you to help."

"Here goes, then!" said Frank Richards. Seven strong pairs of hands were laid on the rope, and they dragged hard at the sign. Crack! Crack! Crack!

With a terrific crash the big board came thundering down, leaving the two posts standing up bare and forlorn.

The fallen sign was seized, and dragged across the huge heap of brushwood.

Two or three blows of an axe separated it into parts, which were piled up on the brushwood; and then the whole heap was drenched with kerosene from a can.

A moment more, and a match was applied.

The schoolboys jumped back as a sheet of flame soared up.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Bob Lawless. "That will wake up old Peckover, if anything will!"

"He's coming!" gasped Watson. There was the sound of a furious voice within the gates, and grating of a key.

The raiders rushed into the shadows of the wood, Frank Richards & Co. unhitching their horses, and leading them along with them.

The trees swallowed them up as the gate was opened, and Mr. Peckover came rushing out, crimson and furious.

The schoolboys chortled as they fled, and their last glance back from the distance showed them a roaring bonfire, and Mr. Peckover dancing with rage in the lurid flare of the flames.

(If you want a real good Wild West yarn don't miss "Catching It Hot!" next week!)

**BIG CASH PRIZES FOR WIRELESS ENTHUSIASTS.**

Here's a chance none of our readers can afford to miss. £1,000 in cash awards is offered by "Wireless Review and Science Weekly," the new weekly wireless magazine, No 2 of which is on sale everywhere this week. There are awards amounting to £500 for an ideal broadcasting programme, and a £300 prize for a new invention or discovery which will help on television and the science of seeing by wireless.

In the first case a large number of concert items will be given, and readers will have to vote for those they like best. The second competition is on more scientific lines, and will appeal to those whose interest in, and knowledge of, wireless is strong enough to study the subject from a purely scientific basis.

"Wireless Review" is the one journal above all others which will help you to master the technical difficulties of wireless, and instruct you in popular science generally, and only the leading experts will contribute to its pages. The price is but 3d., and the value is more than double.

**Yours for 6<sup>d</sup>. ONLY.**

The "Big Ben" Keyless Lever Watch on THE GREATEST BARGAIN TERMS ever put before the British Public by one of LONDON'S OLDEST-ESTABLISHED MAIL ORDER HOUSES.



**Free** An absolutely FREE Gift of a Solid Silver English Hall-marked Double Curb Albert, with Seal attached, given FREE with every Watch.

**SPECIFICATION:** Gent's Full-size Keyless Lever Watch, improved action; fitted patent recoil click, preventing breakage of mainspring by overwinding.

**10 YEARS' WARRANTY**

Sent on receipt of 6d. deposit; after approval, send 1/6 more. The balance may then be paid by 9 monthly payments of 2/- each. Cash refunded in full if dissatisfied. Send 6d. now to

**J. A. DAVIS & CO.**  
(Dept. 87), 26 Denmark Hill, London, S.E. 5.

**400 MODEL \$5.15 CASH**



**12<sup>6</sup> a Month**

is all you pay for our No. 400A lady's or gentleman's Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycles ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Built to stand hard wear. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled, exquisitely lined in two colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid on

**15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**

Fully warranted. Prompt delivery Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in slightly factory soiled mounts. Tyres and Accessories 33% below shop prices. Buy direct from the factory and save pounds.

How a seven-year-old MEAD which had traversed 75,000 miles, beat 650 up-to-date machines and broke the world's record by covering 34,366 miles in 365 days is explained in our art catalogue. Write TO-DAY for free copy—brimful of information about bicycles and contains gigantic photographs of our latest models.

**MEAD CYCLE CO. (Inc.)**  
(Dept. 8797)  
Birmingham

**WIRELESS MAKE YOUR OWN SET**

The mysteries of Wireless made clear. WIRELESS FOR ALL - - - 6d. and its sequel SIMPLIFIED WIRELESS - - - 1/-

At all booksellers or 1/9 post free from **RADIO PRESS**, 3, Devereux Buildings, W.C. 2.

**HEIGHT INCREASED IN 30 DAYS. 5/- Complete Course.**

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials, stamp—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. 8), 10, Ludgate Hill, London, Eng.

**£2,000** Worth of Cheap Job Photographic Material, Cameras &c. Send at Once for CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES, FREE—**HACKETT'S WORKS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL, E.**

**CHOOSE 40 STAMPS FOR 6d.** from packet of 500. Send 2d. postage (abroad 3d.).—**B. L. CORRY, 10, Wave Crest, Whitstable, Kent.**

**A NEW SUIT,** Raincoat, Costume, Cycles, Cutlery, Watches, Gold Rings, or Boots on Easy Terms from 4/- monthly. Write for Catalogue and FREE Patterns. **MASTERS, LTD., 6, HOPE STORES, RYE, SUSSEX.**

**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-oz. 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 for 1/- extra.*

**Lever Self-Filling Model, with Safety Cap, 2/- extra.**

**HEIGHT COUNTS**

in winning success. Let the Girvan System increase your height. Wonderful results. Send P.C. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. 4.

**1/2-PRICE**

Fine New Model Accordeon, 10 x 10 1/2 x 5 1/2, Piano-Finished. Metal-Bound 9-Fold Strong Bellows. 10 Keys, etc. Grand Organ Tone. Sent by Return Post, to approved orders, for 1/- Deposit and 1/3 Postage, and promise to send 2/- fortnightly till 15/- in all is paid. 2/- **TUTOR FREE.** Cash Price, 12/6, Post Free (Elsewhere Double). Delight or Money Pack. **FREE—** Grand Illustrated Catalogue Post Free. Big Bargains, 7d. to 77/6 Cash or 1/- Week. Accordeons, 12/6 to 42/- Gramophones, 39/6 to 77/6. Clocks, 4/6 to 55/- Watches, 5/- to 70/- Jewellery, Novelties, Toys, Etc.

**PAINE'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 9A, HASTINGS. (Established 34 Years.)**

**37/6 COMPLETE WIRELESS SET! 37/6 SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY RETURNED.**

We offer a Complete Receiving Set, comprising Cabinet Crystal Receiver, Pair 4,000-Ohm Head Phones, Aerial, Insulators, and Lead-in Wire, for 37/6. Postage, etc., 1/6 extra. Also every description of Accessories and Parts.

**OTHER CHEAP LINES.**—Sets of Parts for making Shocking Coils, 1/6. Battery Parts 1/- Postage 2d. each. Electro Magnet, 6d. Postage 1d. Electric Experiments, 2/3. Complete Miniature Electric Light Outfit, 3/9. Postage 4d. each.

**ILLUSTRATED LISTS—3d. Post Free—of WIRELESS and MODEL ENGINE COMPONENTS.**

**THE SYMAX ACCESSORIES CO., 261 LICHFIELD ROAD, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.**

**YOURS for 6<sup>d</sup>.**



This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 6d. After approval send 1/- more, the balance may then be paid by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each. Guaranteed 5 years. Chain Free with every watch. Ladies' or Gent's Wrist Watches in stock on same terms. Cash returned in full if dissatisfied. Send 6d. now to

**SIMPSONS (BRIGHTON) Ltd. (Dept. 122)**  
94, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.