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Week Ending  
October 13th.  
1923.

New  
Series.  
No. 247.

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

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Pages.

The Story Book  
for Boys.

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GRAND NEW COMPETITION

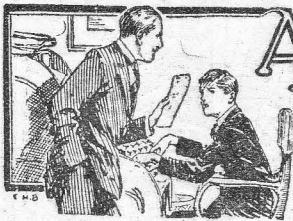
"FULL  
PARTICULARS  
INSIDE."



**BILLY BUNTER'S WONDERFUL DREAM!**

(The Owl of Greyfriars Dreams of our Magnificent New Competition!)

GRAND NEW FOOTBALL COMPETITION THOUSANDS OF POUNDS IN PRIZES—FULL PARTICULARS BELOW.



# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

OUR GRAND NEW COMPETITION STARTS NEXT WEEK.

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS IN PRIZES!

The Chance of a lifetime!

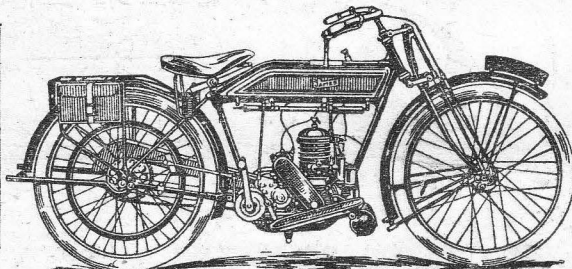
Never read of in books, nor dreamt of in dreams! That's a solemn fact. Nobody could ever have come anywhere near imagining the wonderful offer made to readers of the POPULAR in the Grand New Football Competition which starts NEXT WEEK.

Here is the programme:

"POPULAR" FOOTBALLERS' NAMES COMPETITION.

First Prize £100  
Second Prize £50.

Full description of our "James" Motor-Bikes will be found on page 27



ALL FOR YOU NEXT WEEK!

30 "James" Motor-cycles (all complete).

Also to be won are the following: 10 Two-valve Wireless Sets, 100 "James" Comet Cycles (complete with lamp, bell, etc.), 20 Gramophones, 50 pairs of Boxing-gloves, 100 Match Footballs, 100 Fishing-rods, 6 Riley Billiard-tables, 20 Model Steam Locomotives (with rails), 40 Football Outfits (boots, stockings, shorts, and shirts), 100 Pairs of Roller-skates.

250 Books and other Consolation Prizes!

THESE MUST BE WON NEXT WEEK!

There you have the splendid facts of the new competition. Something to please everybody and fit in with any fellow's taste, whether he is a cyclist, a footballer, a billiards player, or a hobbyist of any sort! Don't miss next week's POPULAR!

Next Tuesday's Bumper Programme of School and Adventure Tales.

"COKER THE PERFECT!"  
By Frank Richards.

There is a smile lurking at the corners of this title, for the richly-varied character of Coker is well known, and, somehow you do not exactly fancy him in the seats of the mighty, as it were. Often and often in the course of his career Coker has been bluntly told to go and eat coke, though nobody would be base enough to make a pun on Horace's name! Of course not! In next week's Greyfriars yarn in the POPULAR, we find Coker fairly up to his eyes in aristocratic preoccupation, for the greatness which has been thrust upon him has really taken the big fellow unawares. Of course, there is no valid reason why Coker should not be a perfect, so far as seniority goes, but it does not go far. He is seventeen-years older than Reggie, who popped into the Sixth Form so easily. But Coker was always a stupid. He muffed his chances from the first; the learned biographer tells us that when Horace plays football the angels weep.

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"THE OUTCAST OF CEDAR CREEK!"

Here we have another of the irresistibly attractive stories of the Wild West, with Frank Richards & Co. taking the leading parts. To my thinking this record series has never had a better exemplar than this yarn of grit and adventure, with its dry dash of humour and the magnetic touch of life in the wilds.

"THE MISSING SCHOOLBOY!"

A rousing tale this of Jimmy Silver and his crowd of reliable comrades. Owen Conquest can always be trusted to dish up the goods. If he objects to the culinary simile I cannot help it. There is much in common between an author and a cook. Each has to mix the ingredients well, and serve to time; each has to cater for all tastes in preparing the menu, while each—but why go further? The two trades have any amount in common. That brings me back to the rattling story Owen Conquest has fixed up for Tuesday. It is rollicking Rookwood at its best.

"THE ANTI-FOOTBALL LEAGUE!"

Think of it! Hardly what you expect of St. Jim's! You will hear all about this positively amazing affair on Tuesday next in the POPULAR. The league is a sort of dangerous combination, well calculated to cause disgust amidst enthusiastic footballers. As a matter of fact, it does succeed in hurling a few bombs into the opposition camp, and some vastly surprising events find record in the sensational yarn. You will feel relieved, however, by the thought that mischievous antics of this kind have had St. Jim's as their locale, since St. Jim's knows what to serve up to all who hate the great game.

"MORGAN O' THE MAIN."

Our great serial of the buccaneers starts next week. Excellent as recent serials have been, this new romance of the Spanish Main slips easily into first place. It has the tang of the sea in it. It holds the magic secret of the indomitable courage of those adventurers who proved themselves the real masters of the sea, and, what is more, it gives us a taste of the bold days of the by-gone, when the power of Spain made some tremble. But it did not make them shiver this side of the Straits, anyway! In the character of the intrepid buccaneer, Morgan, we have something to rouse unending interest. Be sure you see this brilliant yarn.

"THE LEAGUE OF SEVEN."

Our second great serial is nearing the climax, but there is still a good deal to be told concerning the wind-up of the thrilling romance of Monmouth, the ill-starred leader, whose cause was lost.

Your Editor.

## GRAND AUTUMN PROGRAMME of Stories for Boys Out This Month!

THE BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY:

- 685.—THE NAMELESS FORWARD.  
A Masterly Yarn of Stirring Football Adventure. By JAMES EGERTON WING.
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A Tale of Sexton Blake and Tinker in London and Paris. By the Author of "The Arctic Trail," etc., etc.

Now on Sale.

Price Fourpence Each!

**ON THE BALL, THE BLACK FOOTBALLERS!**

When Mr. Quelch graced the football ground with his presence, he little thought that the "black" footballers he was watching, were the eleven juniors he had, only a few hours previous, forbidden to play—that's the whole "dark" secret. Read all about it below!

**A ROLLICKING GREYFRIARS TALE!**

# The Black Removites!

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

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

(Author of the Famous Tales of Greyfriars now appearing in the "Magnet.")

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Maoris!

"**H**EAH we are, deah boys!" It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, who made that remark.

He, in company with a dozen other juniors from the same school, had just alighted from the train at Courtfield Station, which was the station for Greyfriars School. There was to be a match that day between the Greyfriars Remove and St. Jim's, and the visitors were looking forward to a keen tussle.

There had been ructions at Greyfriars, however.

Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, had discovered his juniors thought a great deal more of the St. Jim's match than they did of their lessons, and the exasperated gentleman had banned the match altogether.

Harry Wharton & Co. had therefore to set their brains to work to discover a means of playing the match without Mr. Quelch being any the wiser. To that end, their first step was to demurely walk out of Greyfriars in their Scouts' garb, and it was in this dress that Harry Wharton met the St. Jim's juniors. The rest of the Remove team was busy at Solly Lazarus' place in Courtfield, for a reason which will soon be apparent.

"Hallo, Wharton!" said Tom Merry. "Been scouting?"

Wharton smiled. "No, not exactly. I'm jolly glad to see you fellows. Are you looking for something, Wynn?"

Fatty Wynn, the goalkeeper of the St. Jim's team, was looking round him. "I think I remember there's a buffet at this station," said Wynn.

"Catch you forgetting it," grunted Figgins. "So there is," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "This way! I want to have a jaw with you chaps before we go down to the ground, and we can talk in the buffet. We've got a brake outside, and it won't take long to get to the field."

"Right-ho!" Tom Merry & Co. crowded in the buffet.

All of them were ready for a little refreshment after their long journey—especially Fatty Wynn. They were a little curious to know what Wharton had to say. His letters to St. Jim's had considerably surprised them, and his coming to meet them in Boy Scout costume was curious. They felt that there was something a little unusual on.

"Nothin' w'ong with the team, I twust, deah boy?" asked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, turning his celebrated eyeglass inquiringly upon Wharton.

"Not at all!" "But there's something up?" asked Blake shrewdly.

"Yes," confessed Harry. "That's what I want to explain to you chaps. We want you to help us out of a fix."

"Bai Jove!"

"Anything we can do," said Tom Merry politely. "I hope the match is coming off?"

"Certainly—if you are willing to play it under rather unusual circumstances," said Wharton, colouring a little.

"Circumstances over which you have no control," said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Exactly. The fact is, our Form master has got his back up, and won't see reason."

"Lots of Form masters like that!" said Monty Lowther, with a solemn shake of the head. "Don't I know it? We've been there, old chap."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"And the long and the short of it is, he came down heavy on us, and as a punishment, he ordered us to chuck this match!"

said Harry.

"Oh!"

"Under the circs, we feel justified in telling him to go and eat coke—"

"Bai Jove! You haven't told your Form mastah that!" ejaculated D'Arcy in surprise.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We haven't exactly told him," grinned Wharton. "But it amounts to that. That's why we couldn't have the game at Greyfriars as usual. The Courtfield fellows have lent us their ground, and we're playing the match there. Of course, you fellows don't mind playing under the circs? If you were in a scrape like that, we'd play all the same."

"Oh, count on us!" said Tom Merry. "It's no business of ours, anyway. If you want us to play the match according to agreement, we're on."

"Yaas, wathah! Wely on us, deah boy."

"Of course, I don't mean that our Form master is a tyrant, or anything of that sort," said Wharton hastily. "He's really a good chap, and we respect him. But he doesn't understand about footer. In this case we really sincerely think that he has gone too far and exceeded his rights. The match has been a fixture for a long time, and we think we have a right to play it. We're standing up for our rights. That's all about it."

"Bravo!" said Noble.

"Yaas, wathah! I quite approve, deah boy. I should not approve of disrespect to a Form master, of course, but in a case like this you have a wight to declare that Bwitons nevah shall be slaves," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy cordially.

"Good! We fixed it up to play on the Courtfield ground, and arranged it with you," said Harry. "It was all right so far, but at the last minute, when it was too late even to telegraph to you, we found that Quelch would most likely look in on the Courtfield ground this afternoon."

"My hat!"

"If he caught us out, it wouldn't hurt you fellows, of course; only it would muck up the match, and we should get it in the neck," said Harry. "So we've thought of a little dodge. We're going to play as Maoris."

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"Which?"

"Great Scott!"

Fatty Wynn nearly choked over his ginger-beer. Figgins dropped a bun, and Kerr swallowed his lemonade the wrong way.

"You don't mind what colour we are, I suppose?" said Wharton anxiously.

"N-n-n-no!" gasped Tom Merry.

"Any old colour," murmured Blake. "Blue or green, if you like, or pink with spots."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, that's all right," said Harry. "The fellows have gone to make up now. I'm

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going after them. You can come along in the brake. It won't take long." We shall be in lots of time for the match.

"But—but—but— Great Scott, you really mean it?" exclaimed Manners.

"What a thumping jape!" murmured Redfern. "Oh, my hat! This will make 'em yell when we tell 'em about it at St. Jim's."

"Yaas, wathah! Ha, ha, ha!"

"And, if you chaps don't mind—" Wharton hesitated.

"Anything you like!" said Tom Merry, laughing.

"It's barely possible that Quelchy might know your colours if he sees you, as you've played us at Greyfriars. Trumper—you know Trumper of Courtfield?—is there. He's going to referee the match. He would lend you the clobber belonging to his club, if you fellows would wear it. Would you mind very much?"

"Any old thing," said Tom Merry.

"Wely on us, my deah chap."

"Anything to help a lame dog over a stile," grinned Blake. "We'll beat you in any colours you like."

"Thanks!" said Wharton, relieved. "That's about all. When you fellows are ready we'll get out to the brake."

The St. Jim's fellows were grinning as they followed Wharton from the station. They had guessed that something was "up," but they had hardly surmised anything of this sort. But they were ready and willing to do anything they could to help fellow-foottallers out of a scrape. The Remove's trouble with its Form master was no business of theirs. Their business was to play the match they had come to play. That was clear. And the daring nature of the jape appealed to them, too. It was quite in keeping with the ideas of the heroes of St. Jim's.

The brake which the Remove club had hired to convey the visitors to the ground was waiting outside the station. The foot-ballers, with their bags, clambered into it, and Wharton told the driver to head for Mr. Lazarus'. The brake rolled away, and came to a halt outside the shop. And as it halted, a swarm of black-faced youths in glaring footer garb came out of the shop on to the pavement. The St. Jim's fellows gasped, and Harry Wharton gasped, too. He was prepared for it, but it almost took his breath away.

"My hat!" shrieked Blake. "Is this the crowd?"

"We're the Maori team," said Bob Cherry, coming up to the brake. "Me Kalingalunga, great chief in Maoriland."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No speak English—speak Maori," said Nugent cheerfully. "Ong, bang, koosh, gosh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Your things are ready, Harry, old man. Slip in!"

Harry Wharton ran into Mr. Lazarus' shop, and proceeded to make-up and change in the little parlour.

Meanwhile, the swarm of Maoris chatted with the grinning St. Jim's juniors in the brake.

Tom Brown declared that they looked more like Hottentots than Maoris, but that was not of the slightest consequence. They were not likely to meet anybody who had a close acquaintance with the genuine article.

But, genuine or not, Maoris were an extremely uncommon sight in the streets of the market-town, and the people who sighted them there gathered round to stare.

Two or three boys stopped to look at them, passing remarks on their complexions; then loungers from the Red Cow and the Bull swelled the crowd, then nurses with perambulators, and workmen going home and all sorts and conditions of people.

The crowd outside Mr. Lazarus' shop blocked the pavement in a few minutes, and the amateur Maoris were the cynosure of all eyes.

"No pushy!" said Bob Cherry severely to a street urchin who came too close. "Me great Maori chief! Whip, whap, scoot, bangy-bangy!"

"My 'at!" said the youth.

"Kally, bally, sploosh!" said Bob severely.

"My 'at! My 'hey! Wot is it?" gasped a greaser's boy, halting with his basket.

Monty Lowther grinned down from the brake.

"The famous Maori football team—the

All Cracks!" he said. "Haven't you heard of them? Gentlemen, there is no admission-fee. Every inhabitant of this distinguished town is at liberty to come along and see the match between us and the famous Maori team, specially sent over—ahem!—to knit closer the bonds of Empire."

"Ooray!"

The news spread like wildfire among the growing crowd. The announcement that the black youths were footballers from a Colony naturally made them popular at once.

The crowd gave them a cheer. The black youths grinned, and it must be confessed that their grins were simply hideous. But they were loudly cheered.

"This is ripping!" murmured Squiff.

"Seems to me we shall have the whole blessed town after us!" muttered Vernon-Smith.

"All the better. Don't you see?" Squiff chuckled. "If we get a crowd round the ground cheering us as Maoris, that will prevent anybody from suspecting that we're not really Maoris—what?"

"My hat, so it will!"

"The more the merrier!" chuckled Squiff.

"Blessed if I don't make a speech!"

Squiff jumped up into the brake and waved his hand. There were a hundred people round the brake now, and more were coming up on all sides.

"Noble gentlemen and lords," said Squiff, "me no talky good English—"

"Ear, ear!"

"Yes, you do. Go on! Hooray!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Hurrah!"

"But me loyal British subject. Play foot-ball topside first-chop—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Hooray!"

"Loyal Maoris back up Old Country first-chop."

"Hurrah!"

"Ash-bash, bong-bong, wallop!"

"My 'at! Wot's he saying now?"

"Me speak Maori language. No speak lot English. Me say all patriotic Britishers come and see Maori boys play football. Shushy, bishy-boshy, wip-wop!"

"Hurrah!"

"We'll come!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Bravo!"

Harry Wharton came dashing out of Mr. Lazarus' shop. He was as black as the ace of spades, and rependent in red-and-yellow-striped shorts, and jersey and cap.

The crowd gave him a cheer as he dashed across the pavement and clambered into the brake. The rest of the "Maoris" had crammed themselves into it.

The driver stared at his peculiar passengers. But he already had instructions, and he drove away in the direction of the Courtfield Football Ground. And after the brake, which went at a moderate speed, came a numerous and motley crowd, still cheering, and very keen to see the Maori team play football.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Black and White!

TRUMPER jumped.

He was on the Courtfield ground, according to promise, and he had been waiting some little time. The footballers were late.

Trumper was looking for them in the direction of Courtfield, but what he saw at last made him jump almost clear of the ground. It was the brake he expected, and the St. Jim's fellows were in it; but beside them there were eleven fellows with coal-black countenances, and costumes that could have been seen almost by a blind man.

Trumper stared at them blankly. And around the brake, and following it, came a crowd of Courtfield people—men and boys and girls, all sorts and conditions of people—cheering.

"My word!" murmured Dick Trumper.

"What the—who the—how the—"

Words failed him.

The brake rolled up, and the crowd of fellows alighted from it. They came towards the football ground, and a black youth raised a flaring cap to Trumper.

"Osk-kosh!" he exclaimed genially.

"What?" gasped Trumper.

"Thumpy-bumpy, koo-ko, koop!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Golly-wolly, bish-bqsh!"

"My hat!"

"Shake hand! Osh-kosh, koosh!"

Trumper mechanically shook the black hand that was extended to him. As he

shook hands, the black youth bent forward and whispered:

"Mum's the word, Trumper, old man!"

Trumper nearly fell down.

"Wharton!" he gasped.

"Sh! Come into the dressing-room. Osh-kosh, splosh, wallop!" added Wharton, more loudly, for the benefit of the onlookers, who marvelled as they heard that strange language, and wondered how even a Maori could understand it. As a matter of fact, a Maori would have been very puzzled indeed to understand it. Fortunately, there was no one in Courtfield who could speak Maori.

Trumper led the way into the dressing-room, in a dazed state. Once inside, out of view of the crowd, the Removees burst into a yell of laughter.

"You didn't know us!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"Know you! My hat, rather not! Oh crumps! What's the little game?" gasped Trumper.

"Quelchy's on the look-out!" explained Wharton. "We're a Maori team—"

"Great Scott!"

"And if Quelchy comes along, I don't think he will know us now—"

"We want you to lend these chaps some clobber. They're going to play in the Courtfield colours, if you don't mind?"

"Not a bit! Here you are!"

The St. Jim's juniors proceeded to change. Meanwhile the crowd was thickening round the Courtfield ground. The news that a native Maori team were there spread far and wide. The crowd gathered from far and near, all anxious to see the black team playing.

A number of the Greyfriars scouts, who were on the common, came along when they heard the news, and they looked on in great surprise as the two teams came out into the field.

Tom Merry & Co. were in the Courtfield colours, but most of the Remove fellows knew them at once, and there was a buzz of surprise. But the black footballers escaped recognition.

Bolsover major and Russell and Hazel and the rest stared at them hard, but they did not recognise them. Their black faces were quite unrecognisable, and the fuzziness of their hair and the glaring red-and-yellow stripes of their footer jerseys and knickers added to their disguise.

Not one of the juniors suspected the presence of Harry Wharton & Co. And only Tom Brown could have told them that real Maoris do not have coal-black skins or fuzzy hair. And Tom Brown had become a "Maori" himself.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bolsover major. "Who are they? What are they? Look like a team of Christy Minstrels."

"They're going to play the St. Jim's chaps," remarked Hazel. "I know some of them. The skipper's Tom Merry, and that chap with the eyeglass is D'Arcy."

"Well, we knew they were coming," remarked Ogilvy. "But what are they playing these niggers for?"

"It's a giddy mystery. Where have Wharton and the rest got to?"

"Sure, and they've vanished intirely!" said Micky Desmond, puzzled. "They were going to meet the Saints at the station."

"Queer where they've got to!" said Penfold. "Let's ask Trumper."

Bolsover major shoved his way towards Trumper, who, in Norfolk and whistle complete, was to referee the match. Trumper was chatting with the black footballers. The latter grinned as the perplexed Bolsover came up.

"I say, Trumper, do you know where our fellows are?" Bolsover asked.

Trumper chuckled.

"They're not far away," he said.

Bolsover cast a look over the gathering crowd. He could not see any sign of Harry Wharton & Co. there.

"Blessed if I see them!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" asked Bolsover crossly. "I can't see them. They're jolly well not near here! I know that!"

"Look a little closer!" grinned Trumper.

"What on earth do you mean? I tell you they're not about here!"

"Osh-kosh—bang-wallop—koosh!" said one of the Maoris. "How do you do? Koosh—kop—skoosh!"

Bolsover major stared at him.

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"These chaps speak English, Trumper?" he asked.  
 "I think so—a little—just a few words!" chuckled Trumper.  
 "Skimmy-jimmy—tooral-looral!" said the Maori cordially.  
 "My hat! What language is that?" gasped Bolsover.  
 "Maori," said Trumper—"the latest thing in Maori."  
 Bolsover major stared at the Maoris. Still he did not recognise them.  
 "I didn't know Maoris were as black as that," he said.  
 "Oh, they differ!" said Trumper. "In New

Zealand they're a bit lighter, perhaps; but here they're quite dark—perfect brunettes."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.  
 "Bolsover, old man—"  
 Bolsover major jumped.  
 "I—I know that voice!" he stuttered.  
 "What on earth—"  
 "Koosh-woosh—boggley-woggley!" said Bob Cherry affably. "That's all the Maori I know, and I have to make it up as I go along."  
 "Bob Cherry!" gasped Bolsover.  
 "Keep it dark!" grinned Bob. "We're keeping it dark—very dark!"  
 "Oh, my hat!"  
 "And pass the word on to the chaps not to let on that the St. Jim's team is here, said Harry Wharton, laughing. "If Quelchly comes along, we don't want him to know anything about the Saints. He's to take them for a Courtfield team—see?"  
 "Oh!" gasped Bolsover. "I—I see! You—you fellows—you're got up— Oh, my hat! Blessed if I should have known you!"  
 "Mind you don't give us away, that's all. And pass the word to the other chaps," said Wharton.  
 "You bet!" chuckled Bolsover. "Ha, ha, ha! This beats the band! All right. Rely on me."  
 And Bolsover major hurried away to rejoin the other scouts and pass the word. The Removeites gasped when they heard it. Not one of them had recognised the Maoris, and it was pretty certain that Mr. Quelch would

not do so if he came along. And the secret was in safe keeping.  
 The ground was at a good distance from the school, and no other Greyfriars fellows were likely to come here, only the Remove scouts, and they were on their guard.  
 When Mr. Quelch arrived on the scene he would see what appeared to be a Courtfield team playing a Maori team, and, unless he was blessed with the gift of second sight, he would hardly suspect the real state of affairs. The fact that their own Form-fellows had not recognised them gave the Remove eleven a feeling of perfect security. They walked cheerfully into the field, and the crowd gave

the master of the Fifth. Whether he intended to look in at the Courtfield ground or not, whether he was suspicious of his Form or not, certainly his steps led him in that direction. He was discussing the war with Mr. Prout. He had a "Daily Mail" in his hand, and was illustrating his remarks by reference to the map printed there. Deep in "war jaw," he did not notice the crowd gathered round the football-ground for some time—not till he was quite close at hand. In fact, it was Mr. Prout who drew his attention to it.  
 "There seems to be some excitement here," the Fifth Form master remarked.



**THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAORIS!**—The black boy came up to Trumper and raised his cap. "Thumpy-thumpy, osg-osg, golly-wolly!" he said. "My hat!" gasped Trumper, shaking the black hand mechanically. Then he gave another gasp as the black boy bent forward and whispered: "Mum's the word, Trumper, old man!" (See Chapter 2.)

Zealand they're a bit lighter, perhaps; but here they're quite dark—perfect brunettes."  
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them a cheer as they lined up. Harry Wharton and Tom Merry tossed, and the kick-off fell to St. Jim's.  
 There were two or three hundred people round the football-ground when the ball rolled from Tom Merry's foot, and the match began in great style.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
 Mr. Quelch Looks On!**

**G**OAL!"  
 "Well kicked, Snowball!"  
 "Bravo, the Maoris!"  
 The black footballers were starting well. Harry Wharton had put the ball into the net in the first ten minutes, in spite of Fatty Wynn. There was a loud cheer for the Maoris.  
 They walked back to the centre of the field in great spirits. The Remove scouts in the crowd joined lustily in the cheering, but they were careful not to mention names. They cheered the "Maoris" like the rest.  
 "Go it, darkies!" roared Bolsover major.  
 "Play up, New Zealand!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "My hat!" murmured Hazeldene, looking round. "Here comes Quelchly! He has turned up after all!"  
 The players had re-started, and the black footballers had no eyes for their Form-master. But the Greyfriars fellows in the crowd were keenly interested in the approach of Mr. Quelch. The Remove-master was taking an afternoon stroll with Mr. Prout,

"Take the line Liege-Cologne—" said Mr. Quelch.  
 "Quite a large crowd!" said Mr. Prout.  
 "Eh? Yes, indeed!" said the Remove-master, looking towards the football-ground, and frowning. "It is a football match, I suppose. Ahem!"  
 A suspicious expression came over Mr. Quelch's face. Whether he had been suspicious before or not, he was suspicious now.  
 "I wonder—" he murmured.  
 "What are they shouting?" said the Fifth Form master, with a look of interest.  
 "Maoris! Some Colonial team, I presume. I should like to see them."  
 Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.  
 "I should like to see them also," he remarked. "I have a suspicion—ahem! Let us see them by all means."  
 The two masters approached the football-ground. Bolsover took off his hat with a polite salute.  
 "Come to see the Maoris play, sir?" he asked.  
 "Maoris!" repeated Mr. Quelch.  
 "A New Zealand native team, sir," explained Bolsover. "They're touring in this country, and they're playing a Courtfield team."  
 "Indeed!"  
 "Some of us have chuckled the scouting for a bit to watch the match, sir," said Bolsover. "Never seen a native Maori team before."  
 "Never, sir," said Hazeldene. "They seem

to play up jolly well, too. I wish Brown were here. He might be able to speak to them. Do you know Maori, sir?"

Mr. Quelch smiled.  
"No, Hazeldene; I am afraid that I haven't the slightest acquaintance with that language," he said.

"Some of them speak a little English, sorr," said Micky Desmond.

"Yes, I heard one of them speaking English—of sorts," said Bolsover major, with a nod.

"Their own language sounds awfully queer."

The Maori goalkeeper had caught sight of Mr. Quelch now. Mr. Quelch was at the Greyfriars end of the field, and he was looking curiously at the goalie. The Maori team were well advanced, attacking the enemy's goal. The goalie was temporarily unoccupied, as he was smiting his chest to keep warm.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch. "Although I have never seen a Maori, I certainly had an impression that they were lighter in complexion than this—somewhat like the Malays. What exceedingly striking—ahem!—colours they wear!"

"Naturally!" said Mr. Prout, with a sage expression. "The natural desire of the barbaric races is for bright colours."

"Quite so!" assented Mr. Quelch.

"When I was in the Rockies in '85—" Mr. Prout went on reminiscently.

"Hurrah! Play up, Darkies! On the ball!"

"Kick, you black bouncers—kick!"

"Oh, well saved!"

Fatty Wynn had sent out the ball again, but there succeeded a sharp tussle before the goal. The black goalkeeper continued to thump his chest.

"Probably they feel the sharpness of the climate here, after the more genial clime they are accustomed to in New Zealand," Mr. Quelch remarked. "Very fine and well-formed lads—quite athletic."

"Yes, ain't they, sir?" murmured Bolsover.

"Feeling cold—what?" called out Ogilvy to the black goalkeeper.

Bulstrode looked round, and grinned—a big grin.

"Shoosh, wacky, ish, boohoo!" he replied.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Tcky, chicky, hook-goo, woosh!" went on the black goalkeeper affably. "Snicky, krook, hook, wang!"

"I should like to know what that may mean," remarked Mr. Prout, who had listened to the goalkeeper's remark with deep attention. "A very interesting language—very! You observe that there are a great many consonants; the effect is somewhat harsh—very natural in a barbaric tongue."

"Very!" agreed Mr. Quelch.

"Here they come!" exclaimed Bolsover, as the St. Jim's team came sweeping down the field. "Courtfield are holding them well, sir!"

"Very fine lads!" said Mr. Prout, with a glance at Tom Merry & Co. "These are—ahem!—boys of the Courtfield County Council School, I presume?"

"Do their school credit, don't they, sir?" said Bolsover.

"Indeed they do—a very fine set of lads!"

"Indeed, yes," said Mr. Quelch. "They have played the boys in my Form many times, Mr. Prout. I do not remember their faces, but I know their colours very well. By the way, Bolsover, where are Wharton and the others?"

"I think they're seeing this match, sir," said Bolsover. "It's bit more exciting than scouting; don't often see Maoris play, sir."

"Yes, quite so."

The two Form masters, very much interested in the Maori players, stood there watching the match. Tom Merry & Co. were advancing now, and there was a sharp tussle before the Maori goal. The black goalkeeper was called upon to defend, and he defended very well, but the ball came in from the wing—from the foot of the St. Jim's outside-left—and just beat Bulstrode.

"Goal!" shouted the Saints.

"Goal, by gum!" exclaimed Bob Cherry breathlessly.

"Ah, they know that word in English, at all events!" remarked Mr. Prout.

"Chuck it out!" said Harry Wharton.

Then he caught sight of the two Form masters, standing close to the ropes, and near up to the goal.

"Hooshy-kooshy, gum!" he shouted to the black goalkeeper. "Lucky-nucky, hook!"

"Shamshoo-boosh!" called out the Maori captain.

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"Snooko-booko!" replied the goalkeeper, as he tossed the ball out.

"Lucky-nucky, hullaballo!"

And the Maoris went back to the centre of the field. The score was level now.

It remained level till Trumper blew the whistle for half-time. Then the teams had a well-earned rest. The way the black footballers had played up was a testimony to the energy of the native race of New Zealand, as Mr. Prout remarked.

"This is indeed a sight of which we may be proud, as Britons," said Mr. Prout sagely. "It is not so very many years since the Maoris were in arms against us, and now, behold the beneficent results of the British system of colonisation. The descendants of the noble savages who faced us in arms—ahem!—have taken up our national game, and even sent a team to our shores—ahem! It is a very inspiring sight, full of hope and promise for the future—ahem!—of the British Empire. Dear me, Bolsover, are you catching a cold?"

"N-n-no, sir," gurgled Bolsover. He had barely succeeded in turning a giggle into a cough.

"Your attire is somewhat scanty for standing about in cold weather," remarked Mr. Prout. "You should be careful not to catch a cold. I thought you coughed very violently!"

"Ahem! I'm all right, sir!"

The two masters, however, were getting a little cold in the feet, and they resumed their walk.

"We will return this way, and see the finish of the match," Mr. Quelch observed. "It is a very interesting occasion—very interesting indeed!"

"Decidedly so!" assented Mr. Prout.

"A very clear proof of the superiority of our system of colonisation over the German system, for instance," Mr. Quelch remarked, as they walked away. "The capture of the German colonies during the Great War was a great boon to the natives there, placing them under a more intelligent and civilised system of administration."

And they walked away, once more deep in "war jaw."

"Oh, my only Aunt Sempronia!" gasped Bolsover major, gurgling helplessly. "I—I couldn't have stood it much longer without bursting my buttocks! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the black footballers chuckled, too, as they watched Mr. Quelch disappear over the common. They had passed through the ordeal, and passed through it safely. And they lined up for the second half without a care on their minds.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Winning Goal!

TOM MERRY & CO. piled in in the second half with great energy.

But they found the black team "all there."

Harry Wharton & Co., in fact, seemed to be at the top of their form. And their great success in playing the match after all, after so many difficulties, had an exhilarating effect upon them, and they were in a winning mood.

The tussle was hard-contested, and fortune smiled first upon one eleven, and then on the other. Fatty Wynn, in the visitors' goal, was a tower of strength, and time and again he saved the shots sent in by Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Squiff. Bulstrode was good, too, though his defence was hardly equal to that of the Welsh junior from St. Jim's; but in Johnny Bull and Mark Linley the Removites had two strong and reliable backs, whose defence was thoroughly sound.

The Remove eleven played as well black as white—in fact, in the excitement of the game, they forgot all about their change of colour. But in the second half they were reminded of it. The game was hard and fast, and the players were very warm, and when Bob Cherry paused to wipe his brow on one occasion, he wiped away a streak of his complexion. A greyish bar across his forehead was the result, and if Mr. Quelch had been on the spot, and had observed it, there might have been trouble for the black footballers.

Fortunately he was at a distance just then. Harry Wharton grinned as he noticed it, and called out to his comrade:

"Bob, you ass, you're losing your complexion—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dab it on again before it's noticed," grinned the Bouncer.

"Phew!" ejaculated Bob. "Blessed if I thought of that. I gave it a touch up at half-time, too!"

And Bob retired to the dressing-room for a few moments to "touch up" his beautiful complexion.

The play went on, and so evenly were the teams matched that Bob's momentary retirement gave the enemy a chance, and they came swooping down the field. A hard tussle was going on before the Greyfriars' goal when Bob returned. The defence, hard-pressed, was forced to concede a corner. But the corner fortunately did not materialise. Bob, with a fresh daub of black on his manly brow, threw himself into the game again with great vigour.

The ball went to midfield, and the Greyfriars forwards advanced again, and there was a struggle on the halfway line. But Greyfriars were not to be denied, and they rushed for goal, and Fatty Wynn was called upon to defend again. But this time the fat Fourth-Former was found, for once, wanting. The ball went in from Squiff's boot, and a loud cheer from the crowd greeted the performance of the "Maori" inside-left.

"Bravo, darkey!"

"Hurrah! Goal! Hurrah!"

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, when the fat goalkeeper glumly tossed out the ball. "Bai Jove, you know, they are wathal in good form—what? Back me up, you fellows; we've simply got to beat them!"

"Yes, rather!" said Tom Merry grimly. "Put your beef into it, you chaps! Only twenty minutes more to go, and they're one goal ahead. Pile in!"

St. Jim's piled in with great energy; but that one goal behind was not easy to make up. The Greyfriars' defence was sound, and their attacks were fast and incessant. The minutes ticked away, and Greyfriars were still one ahead. Tom Merry & Co. exerted themselves to the utmost, putting all they knew into the game. But the Maoris were impenetrable.

The fight was fast and furious, with only ten minutes to go, when Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout were seen walking back towards the field.

"Here they come again!" murmured Bolsover. "Just in time to see Greyfriars win! If they only knew—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ah, I am glad we are here in time to see the finish!" Mr. Prout remarked. "How is the score now, Bolsover?"

"Two to one, sir," said Bolsover major.

"The Maoris look like winning, sir."

"Very good! Courtfield are playing hard, though."

"Courtfield? Oh—oh, yes, sir; they are, ain't they?"

"A very good match," said Mr. Prout wisely. "It is surprising and gratifying to see a team of Maoris playing a British game in this splendid manner. I should like to have a few words with their captain after the match."

"I was just thinking the same," remarked Mr. Quelch.

Bolsover's jaw dropped.

"They—they don't speak English, sir," he stammered. "That—that is, only a few words."

"Nevertheless, I should like to speak to them," Mr. Quelch observed.

Trumper was seen to look at his watch.

Tom Merry & Co. were attacking hard now, determined to equalise at least in the few minutes that remained. But the black footballers were playing up for all they were worth.

The struggle was hard and fast; but the minutes passed, and the Saints could not get the ball through.

Trumper's whistle went to his lips.

Pheep!

It was the finish.

"Hurrah!" roared the crowd. "The Maoris win! Bravo, darkies! Bray-vo!"

"Hip-pip-pip!"

The footballers, pretty nearly exhausted by the long and hard struggle, cleared off the field. Greyfriars Remove had won by two goals to one, after one of the hardest tussles they remembered.

They had played the St. Jim's match, after all, and they had won it, and their satisfaction was unbounded. The crowd cheered

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the victors loudly and heartily as they crowded off.

"Your match, Wharton," said Tom Merry cheerily. "Better luck for us next time. I must say you put up a topping game!"

"Yaas, wathah! I congwatulate you, deah boy!"

Bolsover major hurried into the dressing-room after the players. He was looking and feeling anxious. The footballers were rubbing themselves down, and the complexions of the Maoris were suffering in the process.

"Look out!" gasped Bolsover.

"What's the twouble, deah boys?"

"Quelchy there again?" asked Harry Wharton quickly.

"Yes, if he saw you like that—"

"He won't see us like this," grinned Bob Cherry.

"We've got plenty of complexion with us, and we're going to put some more on before we come out into view."

"Quelchy wants to see you."

"Wha-a-at!"

"My hat!"

"He—he suspects—" gasped Todd.

"Not yet. He wants to speak to the captain of the Maoris, that's all. He's outside now, with Prouty. If you're not jolly careful—"

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"Thanks for the warning!" he said. "We'll be on our guard. Mind you don't talk English, you chaps. Leave the jawing to me. And get into the brake as quickly as you can. Is the brake there, Bolsover?"

"Yes; it's ready in the road."

"We'll all go back to Courtfield in the brake," said Wharton. "We shan't be able to take you fellows to Greyfriars, of course; but I've arranged for a feed at the bunshop in Courtfield, near the station. You've lots of time before your train goes. We shall have to change at Lazarus' first. These giddy complexions attract rather too much attention."

"Yaas, wathah!" remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I twust you will not get bowled out wight at the finish, deah boy. It would be too wotten!"

The St. Jim's fellows changed and put on their coats. The Maoris had to remain in their footer rig, but they put on the coats they had borrowed from Mr. Lazarus, and the red-and-yellow caps on their fuzzy hair.

Bolsover strolled down to the brake. It would not have done for him to be seen in talk with the Maoris, who did not speak English.

"Ready, you chaps?" asked Wharton.

"Ready," said Bob Cherry. "Mind you only talk Maori."

"Ha, ha! All right."

And the footballers marched out.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER All's Well that Ends Well!

"HURRAH!"

Some of the crowd had lingered to watch the Maoris come out, and they gave them a cheer. The two Form masters of Greyfriars were there, too, and they looked with curious interest at the black footballers.

Mr. Quelch was speaking to Trumper. He had told the Courtfield referee of his desire to speak to the Maori captain.

Trumper showed no sign of his inward dismay. He nodded cheerfully.

"Certainly, sir! I'll tell their skipper when he comes out. I'm afraid they don't speak very much English."

Trumper hurried towards the black footballers as they came out.

"I say, Kalingalunga!" he exclaimed, addressing Harry Wharton.

"Koosh?"

"A gentleman from Greyfriars School wishes to speak to you—Mr. Quelch."

"Hari-kari-hop!"

Mr. Quelch raised his hat politely to the black footballers. They responded by raising their red-and-yellow caps. Then the team hurried on towards the brake with the St. Jim's fellows, leaving only Wharton to deal with his Form master.

Harry Wharton felt an inward tremor, in spite of his nerve. Close at hand, there was more danger of Mr. Quelch recognising his voice, if not his complexion.

But there was no suspicion in the Remove master's look. He was very cordial and affable.

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance," he said, holding out his hand. Wharton almost shivered. If he touched

Mr. Quelch's hand he had a horrid foreboding that some of his black would come off and leave a stain there. It was not to be thought of. But his wits worked quickly. As a Maori, he was entitled to have a unique and barbaric mode of greeting.

Instead of shaking hands with Mr. Quelch, therefore, he bowed to the ground three times in solemn succession.

Mr. Quelch regarded the performance with some surprise.

"Probably a Maori mode of greeting," murmured Mr. Prout. "Very curious and interesting!"

"Very!" murmured Mr. Quelch, as his hand dropped to his side. "I desire to congratulate you, my young friend."

"Osh-kosh, wooral, koosh!" said his young friend.

"You do not speak English?"

"Me speak English little bit—speak Maori good!" said the black footballer. "Hi-ki-nooral, koosh, kish, wop!"

"That means that he's glad to see you, sir," said Trumper. "I can make it out a bit now. I—I've heard some of it lately."

"I congratulate you upon your victory," said Mr. Quelch. "It is a great pleasure and satisfaction to see a Maori team playing in this country."

"Yashy, bash, kop, hop!"

"Does he understand me?" asked Mr. Quelch, with a rather perplexed look at Trumper.

"Oh, yes, sir, he understands! But he can't answer in English," explained Trumper.

"But Kalingalunga understands what is said to him."

"Koody, kashy, mash!"

"That mean's he's satisfied, sir," said Trumper.

"A very curious language," said Mr. Quelch. "If you are playing another match in this district, Kalingalunga, it would be a great pleasure to the boys of my school to come and see you."

"Hookey, cook, koosh!"

"In fact," said Mr. Quelch, with a really generous thought in his mind, "the boys of my Form—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars—would, I am sure, be very happy to arrange a match with your team, Kalingalunga."

Kalingalunga nearly choked. The idea of the black footballers playing a match with themselves almost overcame him.

"Boosh, looosh, crash!" he stammered.

"They're leaving Courtfield at once, sir," said Trumper. "This is their last day—ahem!—in this part of the country."

"Ah! Very well. Good-bye, Kalingalunga! I am very pleased indeed to have made your acquaintance," said Mr. Quelch kindly.

"Kedgy-wedgy, sloosh!"

And the black footballer salaamed solemnly three times before Mr. Quelch, and walked on after his comrades, who were already in the brake.

"A very interesting lad," said Mr. Quelch, as he started to walk towards Greyfriars with Mr. Prout; "somewhat singular, but very interesting. I am indeed glad that we have seen these very interesting Maoris."

The interesting Maoris were driving off to Courtfield at a good rate. They were anxious to get out of danger.

Some of the crowd, still interested in the black footballers, were following them; but Bolsover major, who had mounted into the brake with them, made the driver proceed at a gallop, and the followers were soon left behind.

The footballers chuckled as they drove into Courtfield. They had come through the last ordeal safely, and everything in the garden, as Bob Cherry said, was lovely.

And Squiff was the hero of the hour. The whole scheme had been Squiff's, and it had been a glorious success.

They stopped at Mr. Lazarus', and hurried into the little shop, and changed in Mr. Lazarus' back parlour; and the amount of washing that was required to get their complexions off was tremendous. But it was all off at last, and Harry Wharton & Co. resumed their native colour and their Scout garb, their other clothes not being obtainable. There was quite a little bill to be settled with Mr. Lazarus, but the Remove chums did not grudge it.

Tom Merry & Co. waited for them cheerfully until they were finished. The brake had been dismissed, and the whole party walked to the bun-shop. In that festive establishment they were joined by most of

the Remove Scouts, and about fifty fellows in all sat down to a tremendous feed. Upon the fat face of Fatty Wynn of St. Jim's there was a beatific expression. St. Jim's had lost the match; but from Fatty Wynn's point of view, at least, that loss was fully compensated for in the delights of the present moment. The Remove were doing the thing very handsomely.

The feast was at its merriest when a fat figure in Scout garb, extremely dusty, rolled into the bun-shop, and joined the feasters. There was a howl from the Removeites.

"Bunter!"

"Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, blinking at them through his big spectacles. "So this was the little game, was it? I jolly well knew you had something on! I've found you out, you see. So the St. Jim's chaps have come, after all. How do you do, Gussy, old man?"

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Bunter cheerfully took a seat.

"These bounders dodged me in the wood," he explained. "Thanks! I'll begin on that pie, Bob Cherry. But I'm a jolly good scout. I've run 'em down. Pepper and salt, Nugent! You can pass the pickles, Toddy. So that was the idea—to have the St. Jim's chaps to a feed instead of a football match, was it? Pass the potatoes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter blinked at the chuckling Removeites in surprise.

"Wasn't that the little game?" he demanded. "I knew there was something on when you dodged me in the wood. But you couldn't throw dust in my eyes. I'm a bit too sharp for that. I'll have some more of that pie."

Billy Bunter went on with his mouth full.

"Of course, I wasn't going to miss seeing my old pals from St. Jim's. In fact, I guessed from the start that you meant to make it a feed instead of a footer match, as the match was off."

"Go lion!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Oh, I'm pretty keen, you know!" said Bunter, with a chuckle. "By the way, have you heard the news? Pass the butter, Smithy."

"What's the news?" asked Tom Merry, laughing.

"There's a native Maori team in this town, and they've been playing a Courtfield team this afternoon," said Bunter. "I say, this is a ripping pie! I've heard all about it. I suppose you fellows missed that—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No; we were there!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Well, I didn't hear of it till I got into Courtfield just now," said Bunter. "I mean, I guessed all along that you fellows meant to see a footer match, as you couldn't play one, and have a feed afterwards. You can't take me in!"

The roars of laughter from the Removeites and the St. Jim's fellows somewhat surprised Billy Bunter. But they did not explain where the joke came in, and Bunter was left mystified. However, the chief business of the hour, for Bunter, was to make the most of the feed, and he quite distinguished himself, even Fatty Wynn regarding his performances with admiration.

Harry Wharton & Co. saw the St. Jim's team off at the station, with great goodwill on both sides, Tom Merry promising to turn the tables on them when they came to St. Jim's for the return match. The express steamed out of the station, and the cheerful Removeites walked home to Greyfriars.

Mr. Quelch met them as they came into the School House. He gave the crowd of Remove Scouts a kindly nod.

"I hope you have had a pleasant afternoon, my boys!" he remarked.

And the Removeites replied in a cheery chorus:

"Very pleasant, sir; thank you, sir!"

And they marched in merrily. Mr. Quelch had quite got over his annoyance with his Form, and he was very genial. But the heroes of the Remove could not help wondering what he would have said if he had known. But the Remove master was never likely to learn the secret of the identity of the Black Footballers.

THE END.

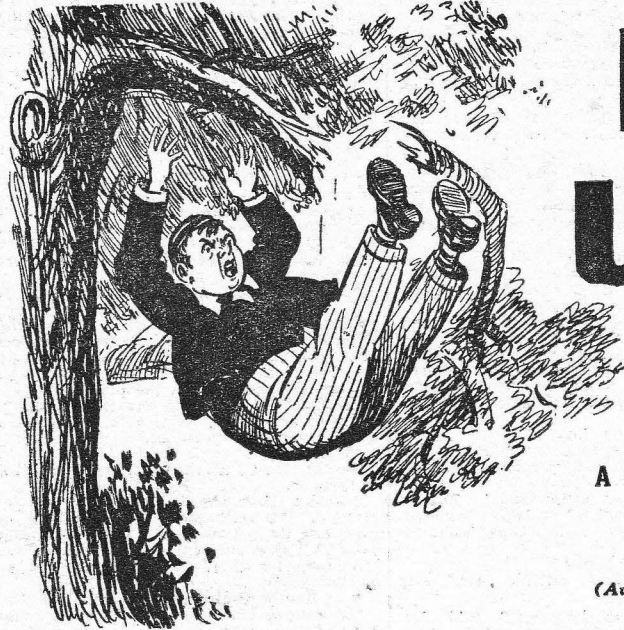
(Don't miss next week's top-hole story of Greyfriars School. It's great!)

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The Greatest Offer Ever Made in Football Competitions! See Page 2!

**THE STORY OF A PRECIOUS RECIPE!**

It was all through a recipe for apple-pies. Baggy Trimble intended to make his fortune at least with pies, and a little capital. But the latter had been expended on other things, so he had to find the apples. And that was how the whole thing started!

**APPLE-PIES AND MISFORTUNES!**

# BAGGY'S UNLUCKY DAY!

A Splendid Long Complete Story of Tom Merry  
& Co., and Baggy Trimble of St. Jim's.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

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

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Trimble's Precious Recipe!

**T**RIMBLE!

Mr. Lathom, the Fourth Form master at St. Jim's rapped out the name as his gimlet eye rested upon the fat figure of Baggy Trimble.

"Trimble!" he repeated.

Baggy Trimble started violently.

"Oh—ye-es, sir!"

"What are you doing?"

"N-nothing, sir!" faltered Trimble.

"Exactly!" exclaimed Mr. Lathom sarcastically. "You were not paying attention to the lesson!"

"Wasn't I, sir?" gasped Trimble. "I—I assure you, sir—"

"Enough!" rapped the Form master icily. "I will not have this inattention, Trimble. You will take a hundred lines!"

"Oh, crumbs—I—I mean, yes, sir—certainly, sir!"

Baggy Trimble groaned inwardly, and resumed his seat.

The Fourth were engaged upon English history, a lesson the fat junior heartily detested—in fact, Baggy Trimble detested all lessons with equal heartiness. On this occasion, too, there were far weightier matters passing through the fat junior's mighty intellect than English history.

"We will now resume," said Mr. Lathom grimly. "Kindly give me your attention, boys."

The Fourth Form master was in a particularly sharp mood that morning, and the warlike glint in his eye served to collect his pupils' thoughts when they were apt to stray, so to speak. The Fourth—with the exception of Baggy Trimble—listened with close attention to the words of wisdom falling from the lips of their learned Form master.

Mr. Lathom continued to expound his pet subject, calling at frequent intervals upon the juniors to answer various questions relative to the reign of Henry the Eighth. Only once did Mr. Lathom glance at Baggy Trimble, but the fat junior appeared to be giving his full attention to the subject in hand. In reality, he was engaged upon a totally different topic from English history.

The only point of interest to Trimble concerning the reign of the celebrated monarch, Henry the Eighth, was the fact that he was a great trencherman; Baggy's knowledge began and ended there. Occasionally the fat junior pulled a slip of paper from beneath his history book and swiftly scrutinised it. Having done so, he would

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direct his gaze full at his Form master with the air of solicitous inquiry upon a subject dear to his heart.

Mr. Lathom was quite impressed by Trimble's evident interest in the reign of so great a monarch as Henry the Eighth, and was sorry he had been severe with his fat pupil. With the idea of rescinding the hundred lines he had imposed, Mr. Lathom decided to put an easy question to Trimble. Having satisfactorily answered the question, he would withdraw the imposition.

"Trimble!"

Mr. Lathom's voice was quite genial.

"Er—yes, sir!" stuttered Trimble, blushing a deep crimson as he rose to his feet.

"How many wives had Henry the Eighth?"

"Ten, sir!"

"Ahem!" Mr. Lathom was somewhat taken aback. But he decided to give his enthusiastic pupil another chance.

"Eight," he corrected gently. "Tell me, Trimble, for what was Cardinal Wolsey noted?"

"Apple-pies," replied Trimble wistfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fourth.

Mr. Lathom was too flabbergasted for the moment to give utterance.

"What!" he thundered, at length. "Boy, how dare you be so ridiculous! Apple-pies, indeed! Come out here, Trimble!"

With a gasp of dismay, Baggy Trimble rolled from his place and confronted his Form master.

"I was foolish enough to think that you were giving me your full attention," rapped Mr. Lathom grimly. "It is evident, however, that I was mistaken."

"Really, sir," began the fat junior, "I was paying attention, and I—"

"Don't take refuge in falsehoods!" barked the Form master. "It will avail you nothing."

"But, sir—"

Mr. Lathom reached for his cane.

"Silence!" he thundered. "Hold out your hand!"

"Really, sir—"

"Hold out your hand!" persisted Mr. Lathom, taking a businesslike grip of his cane.

Reluctantly Baggy Trimble extended his right hand.

Swish!

"Yarooop!" howled the fat junior, doubling himself up like a penknife. "Yow-wow! Grooough!"

"Stop that unseemly noise, Trimble!" thundered Mr. Lathom.

"Yow—yes, sir!" groaned the fat junior.

"Your left hand," said the Form master grimly.

With still more reluctance, Trimble extended his left hand. As he opened the palm a slip of crumpled paper fell to the floor. Mr. Lathom's eagle eye spotted it in a moment.

"Kindly give me that piece of paper," he commanded.

The fat junior retrieved the slip of paper from the floor and handed it to Mr. Lathom.

"Bless my soul!" he gasped. "What on earth is the meaning of all this? Two tablespoonsful of sugar to every apple, the yolk of an egg beaten up. What—what is the meaning of all this? Explain yourself, Trimble!"

The Fourth looked at each other and grinned. They were enjoying the break in the monotonous hour of English history. Baggy Trimble, however, was not enjoying himself.

"That—that's my precious recipe, sir!" he faltered.

"Your what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fourth-Formers. "Mum-mum-my recipe, sir!" repeated Trimble. "It's the goods, sir!"

"The what?"

"The goods, sir—I mean it's a fine recipe, sir! I've discovered a new way of making apple-pies. That recipe, sir, is worth a fortune to me."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Lathom dryly.

"Yes, sir. If you like, sir," went on Trimble, warming to his theme, "I'll give you a half-share in it, sir."

"Boy!" Mr. Lathom appeared to be on the verge of an apoplectic fit. "How dare you!"

"Really, sir—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Lathom faced his class with a dark frown.

"Silence, boys!" he thundered.

The tittering died away on the instant. "You utterly stupid boy!" said the Form master, turning to Baggy Trimble again.

"So this is how you spend your time in class—evolving recipes for apple-pies?"

"Yes, sir," replied Trimble innocently. "I mean no, sir—certainly not, sir! Shouldn't dream of wasting lesson-time in such a fashion! I trust, sir, you will take my word!" he added, with dignity.

"Boy!" Mr. Lathom almost screamed the word. "You are an incorrigible young idiot! Hold out your hand!"

"But, sir—"

Mr. Lathom wasted no further time in words. He brought his cane into play upon

An Amazing Football Yarn in Next Week's Extra-Bumper Issue!



the ample shoulders of Baggy Trimble. The fat junior's yells echoed throughout the Form-room.

"Yow-wow—yaroooop! Yowp! Oh dear—grooough!"

"Now go to your place!" panted the master, at length. "And remember, Trimble, that the Form-room is not the proper place for evolving recipes for apple-pies!"

"Wow-ow!"

Baggy Trimble crawled painfully to his place. Mr. Lathom had wielded the cane with vigour, and the fat junior's shoulders were smarting. For the remainder of that lesson Trimble showed extraordinary powers of concentration upon the history of Henry the Eighth—even to the exclusion of such an important item as a new recipe for apple-pies.

But with the conclusion of morning lessons came a revived interest in his wonderful recipe.

"What's this blessed recipe you've got hold of?" inquired Jack Blake, as he ran into Trimble outside the Form-room door.

"It's the greatest ever!" said Trimble, with enthusiasm. "I'm going to sell a new kind of apple-pie for threepence a head. I can do it on that. Get the apples, and make the pastry myself. My new pies will knock those of Mrs. Mimble into a cocked hat!"

"Go hon!" grinned Blake. "I'll give you credit, though, you do know how to cook."

"I should jolly well think I do!" put Trimble. "But, I say, Blake, can I put you down for a dozen of my apple-pies when I've made 'em?"

"Right-ho, old fat bean!" said Blake. "I'll give them a trial."

"Good! That will be three bob," said the fat junior, making a swift mental calculation. "Hand it over."

"Eh?" exclaimed Blake. "Roll away, old barrel! I'll give you the three bob when I see the pies."

"Beast!" roared Trimble. "Mean rotter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grunting discontentedly, Trimble ambled into the Common-room. Tom Merry & Co. of the Shell were discussing the forthcoming footer match with Greyfriars, but they paused when they caught sight of Trimble.

"I say, Tom Merry!" said Trimble.

"Say on, fat tulip!" grinned the captain of the Shell.

"It's about those apple-pies I bought you yesterday."

"Well, what about them?" grunted Monty Lowther. "They were jolly fine. I've never tasted apple-pies like those before."

"Hear, hear!" agreed Tom Merry and Manners warmly. "They were prime!"

Baggy Trimble grinned.

"They didn't come from the tuckshop, Tom Merry," he said.

"Eh? Where did they come from, then?"

"My study!"

"What!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Your study? What on earth are you burbling about?"

"You see," said Trimble, with a complacent smile. "I made 'em."

"Gammon!"

"But I did," remonstrated Trimble. "You gave me five bob and asked me to go down to the village for some new apple-pies they had. Well, I've prepared a recipe of my own for apple-pies, and I wanted to try it out. I bought some flour and stuff and made those pies whilst you were on the footer field yesterday."

"My only hat!"

"Come off it!" grinned Monty Lowther.

"Try again!"

"But I tell you I did," exclaimed Trimble.

"You've just admitted that the pies were prime."

"So they were. But you jolly well didn't make them."

"I did. Honest Injun!"

"Well, my giddy aunt!" ejaculated Tom Merry. "If you're not pulling our legs, Trimble, you're worth your giddy weight in gold. A fellow that can make apple-pies like those we had deserves a gold medal."

"Hear, hear!" said Monty Lowther.

"I'm going to make a collection from the fellows," said Trimble, "so that I can buy a stock of apples and flour and sell the pies at threepence a time."

"A ripping idea!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"But I think we'll make the collection and go with you to buy the necessary. You wouldn't get any farther than the tuckshop if you had the cash."

"Oh, really, Merry!"

"It's a stunning idea, anyway," chimed in Lowther. "We'll get busy amongst the

fellows right away. They'll subscribe if they know that we're looking after their interests."

"That's so," agreed Tom Merry. "Let's put it to the fellows now."

And, leaving Baggy Trimble staring after them in deep disgust, Tom Merry & Co. left the Common-room.

"Beasts!" grunted Trimble. "Just as if I can't be trusted with a paltry sum of money! Never mind, I shall make a bit out of the deal, anyway."

And with that consoling thought Baggy Trimble rolled away to his study.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.  
The Fugitive.**

"S EEN, Trimble?"

Tom Merry asked the question of Herries of the Fourth at the door of the School House a few hours later.

It was a half-holiday, and most of the juniors were on the playing-fields.

"He's looking for you," said Herries. "Keep an eye on him, old scout. If our tame porpoise gets his paws on the cash subscribed by the chaps for these celebrated apple-pies it'll mean good-bye to our pies and cash into the bargain."

"Oh, you leave it to little me!" grinned Tom Merry. "Monty and I have collected a quid between us. I'll see that it's well spent. We have decided to recompense Trimble with the sum of five bob out of the giddy quidlet in return for his cooking. I'm looking for the fat boulder now."

"Tom Merry?"

The dulcet tones of Baggy Trimble of the Fourth floated along the corridor. A moment later Trimble himself appeared.

"Oh, here you are!" he grunted. "I say, Merry, old chap, have you got the cash?"

Tom Merry grinned.

"Don't you worry about that, old fat tulip," he said, bringing to light from his overcoat pocket a crisp pound-note. "I've got a quid. Five bob of it is yours—"

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Trimble. "Hand it over!"



**BAGGY AND THE BULL!** The hedge was not far away, and Baggy ran for it as hard as he could, with the enraged bull close on his heels. Suddenly he felt a jolt, and the overcoat of apples was wrenched away from his shoulders. (See Chapter 3.)

"When you've made the pies," concluded Tom Merry, "Come on, we'll go along to the village for supplies."

"Don't you bother to come, old chap," said Trimble. "Give me the cash, and I'll lay in the stock of apples, et cetera. Besides, old chap, you ought to be on the footer ground getting in a bit of practice for the match with Harry Wharton & Co."

Tom Merry winked expressively. "See any green?" he asked, indicating his eye. "Don't you bother about the footer, Baggy, my son. I'm taking a rest for this afternoon."

"Grunt!" Baggy Trimble did not seem to be overjoyed at the prospect of being accompanied on his shopping expedition by the captain of the Shell. A momentary gleam, however, shot into the fat junior's eye.

"I call it jolly mean of you not to trust me with a paltry quid. Five bob of that's mine too, by rights," he snorted. "Still, you always were a suspicious beast, Tom Merry. I mean, come along to the study, old fellow. Must get my coat."

Tom Merry good-naturedly accompanied the fat junior to his study. While Trimble was looking for his coat the captain of the Shell gazed out of the study window. He did not observe, therefore, the strange gleam that came into Trimble's eyes.

"I say, Tom Merry, you've got my coat on," exclaimed Baggy, indignantly pointing an accusing finger at the coat in question. "No wonder I can't find mine here!"

Tom Merry spun round. "You fat idiot," he roared wrathfully, "what are you burbling about? This is my coat."

"It isn't. You take it off and look at the tab inside," said Trimble, with equal warmth.

Tom Merry without more ado peeled off his coat and handed it, folded inside out so that the name could plainly be seen, to the indignant Trimble.

"Now, porpoise, whose name is written there?" roared Tom Merry. "Look at the—Here, I say, where are you going?"

No sooner had the fat junior's paws closed over the coat than he spun round with amazing agility for one of his bulk and sped out of the study, leaving Tom Merry staring open-mouthed in astonishment. But Tom Merry's astonishment was swiftly roused to activity and indignation as there came to his ears the ominous sound of a key being turned in the lock of the study door.

With a rush, the Shell junior jumped to the door and wrenched at the handle.

It did not budge. "The fat fool!" roared Tom Merry. "He's locked me in. What's his little game, I wonder? Trimble, you idiot, open this door at once!"

A faint chuckle sounded from the other side of the locked door, and then the scuttling of feet. Baggy Trimble was pelting down the passage as fast as he could go.

Tom Merry beat savagely upon the door, yelling at the top of his voice. It was swiftly borne in upon his mind that he had fallen into a cunning trap. For the overcoat Baggy Trimble had made off with contained the "quid" subscribed by the fellows of the Shell and Fourth for the purchase of the necessary articles for the making of Trimble's wonderful apple-pies.

Thump, thump, thump! The captain of the Shell banged the study door in the hope of attracting attention until his fists ached. But the Fourth Form passage was apparently deserted, most of the juniors being down at the football field.

"The fat rotter!" breathed Tom Merry, walking to the study window and gazing down in the quad below. "He's locked me in so that he can blow in our quid. I'll slaughter him! I'll—"

He broke off in an unintelligible murmur as he mentally measured the distance from the study window to the quad below. It was a sheer drop of sixteen feet, with no foot or hand hold to assist in the descent.

"Can't get out that way," grunted Tom Merry savagely, walking up and down the study like a caged lion.

Meanwhile Baggy Trimble had scuttled out of gates. He was going to do the shopping on his own. For the last few days the fat junior had been making inquiries of the villagers as to the price per sack of apples. Most of the cottagers had small orchards of their own, and were only too glad to

sell their fruit. Baggy had found one man whose price was fifty per cent. less than the majority of these small fruit-growers.

That price suited Trimble down to the ground.

"He, he, he!" he chuckled, as he rolled along the road. "I wonder what Tom Merry feels like? He won't be able to get out until the fellows come in from the footer. And I've got the giddy quiet! He, he, he!"

His fat hand closed over the crisp pound-note which he had found in Tom Merry's overcoat pocket. Incidentally, he was now wearing that same overcoat.

"Five bob for my trouble!" he muttered, as he rolled along. "Reckon I'll make at least ten bob. The mean beasts!"

The village tuckshop came into sight, and Baggy eyed the tempting display of comestible in the window with longing eyes. His mouth began to water.

"Think I'll have just a little snack," he muttered. "After all, ten bob of this quid will be mine when I've made the pies. It's only like having a sub in advance."

Thus satisfying his always easily accommodated conscience, the fat junior pushed open the door of the tuckshop and seated himself at the counter.

Five minutes after he had given his order the fat Fourth-Former was in his element. His jaws were moving with clockwork rapidity, and the dish of tarts, buns, and sundry other dainties disappeared in double quick time. They were speedily replaced by others which received the same fate.

"Excuse me, Master Trimble," said the young lady behind the counter, "but are you aware that you have consumed fifteen shillings' worth of pastries and ginger pop?"

"Eh? Have I really?" muttered Trimble weakly. "Are you sure you haven't made a mistake, miss?"

"Quite sure, sir!" With an expression of alarm creeping over his shining countenance, the fat Fourth-Former tendered the pound-note, receiving in due course five shillings change.

Gasping painfully for breath—for Trimble had eaten not wisely but too well—the junior slid off the stool and rolled out of the shop.

Taking the road to St. Jim's, the fat Fourth-Former racked his brains for a suitable "yarn" to account for the loss of the pound-note. With only five shillings in his pocket he could hardly hope to buy enough supplies to feed a host of hungry juniors with apple-pies. There was flour, butter, eggs, sugar, and apples to buy. And each subscriber to the common fund expected a pie for every sum of threepence he had contributed.

"Oh, lor!" groaned Trimble. "I shall have to tell the chaps that the wind blew the pound-note out of my hand. Or I could say that a gang of ruffians waylaid me—that sounds feasible. That's it—a gang of ten ruffians set about me and demanded my money. I laid six of them on the ground, howling, when the seventh chap hit me on the head and stunned me. When I came to I found that my pockets had been rifled."

Reflecting thuswise Trimble continued on his way undecided really which tale he would stick to to account for the missing pound-note. Suddenly he recollected that a fellow who receives a blow over the head which stuns him usually bears some mark of the blow. Then, again, the story about the wind having blown the note out of his hand was a good one, with the exception that that particular afternoon there was hardly a breath of wind. The fat Fourth-Former remembered that in time.

"Oh dear!" groaned Trimble. "Tom Merry & Co. are such disbelieving rotters that they wouldn't take my word."

Still racking his brains for a plausible yarn, Trimble suddenly chanced to look upward. A heavily-laden apple-tree caught his eye. He stopped.

"My hat!" he murmured. "The very thing! Why shouldn't I help myself to some of these apples?"

To think was to act on this occasion—at least, with Baggy Trimble.

With a run and a jump he clutched at the top of the wall that bordered the lane, and scrambled over into the orchard of Colonel Peppersniff, a retired old Army officer, who had taken up his abode in Rylcombe just recently.

His heart beating a trifle faster than usual, the St. Jim's junior halted for a moment

and listened intently. Save for the rustling of the leaves on the trees, all was still.

"Good!" muttered Trimble. "My word, there's a hefty apple-tree over there! Absolutely falling over with fruit. It would be doing the colonel a good turn to pick those apples."

Peering to right and left of him, Baggy Trimble softly made his way over to a fine old apple-tree, whose ripe fruit fairly made his mouth water to look at. Whipping off Tom Merry's overcoat, the fat junior made an improvised sack of it, and then commenced to pick the apples.

He had been engaged upon this pleasant task for about a quarter of an hour, when a slight movement close at hand caused him to tremble violently. Then—

Crack!

The sharp report of a rifle echoed across the grounds.

"Ow!" mumbled Trimble, shivering like a fat jelly. "The keepers are after me! Oh dear!"

Gathering up the overcoat which he had utilised as a sack, and which was literally full of ripe apples, the junior took to his heels and ran in the direction of the wall over which he had originally climbed.

Before he could reach it, however, another sharp report rang out. This time it seemed to come from the direction he was making for.

Crack, crack, crack, crack! A regular volley of shots rang out across the stillness of the grounds.

Baggy Trimble stopped dead in his tracks, trembling like a leaf.

"Yow-wow!" he gasped. "The brutes! Firing at a harmless chap like me! Groooh!"

Crack, crack!

The fat Fourth-Former jumped three feet in the air as two more reports thundered through the air. Taking to his heels, Trimble ran for dear life, taking an entirely different direction. Where it led to he cared not. His one concern was to get out of the line of fire of the keepers whom he reckoned to be chasing him. Unconsciously, he still hampered his progress with the heavy overcoat full of apples, but in the fear that possessed him the fat junior was insensible to the weight he carried.

Striking off at a tangent from the apple-tree, he raced at top speed for an open field beyond. Even as he reached the hedge, however, three more shots crackled out.

Crack, crack, crack! "Oh dear!" moaned Trimble. "They've surrounded me, the rotters!"

Panting under his exertions, his breath coming in great spasms, the St. Jim's junior halted once again. Then his eye rested on a tree close at hand that appeared to be easy enough to climb.

Recalling the fact that he still carried the sack of apples, Trimble placed them under the tree, and commenced to climb. By dint of much tearing and scratching, he managed to perch himself on a bough just six feet from the ground. Drawing in great gulps of air, the fat junior listened intently for sounds of his pursuers.

Crack! A single shot rang out from close at hand, and Trimble shivered, unconsciously ducking his head. A crunching sound of footsteps made his ears tingle with apprehension. The keepers had tracked him!

Peering through the foliage, Trimble saw a man, dressed like a keeper, carrying a shotgun, with a dog at his heels, merge into view.

"Keep there, Bob!" said the man, patting his dog on the head, and instructing it to wait beneath the tree in which Trimble crouched in fear and trembling. "We'll find him! Only wounded him, I think. Pity the master didn't get him outright!"

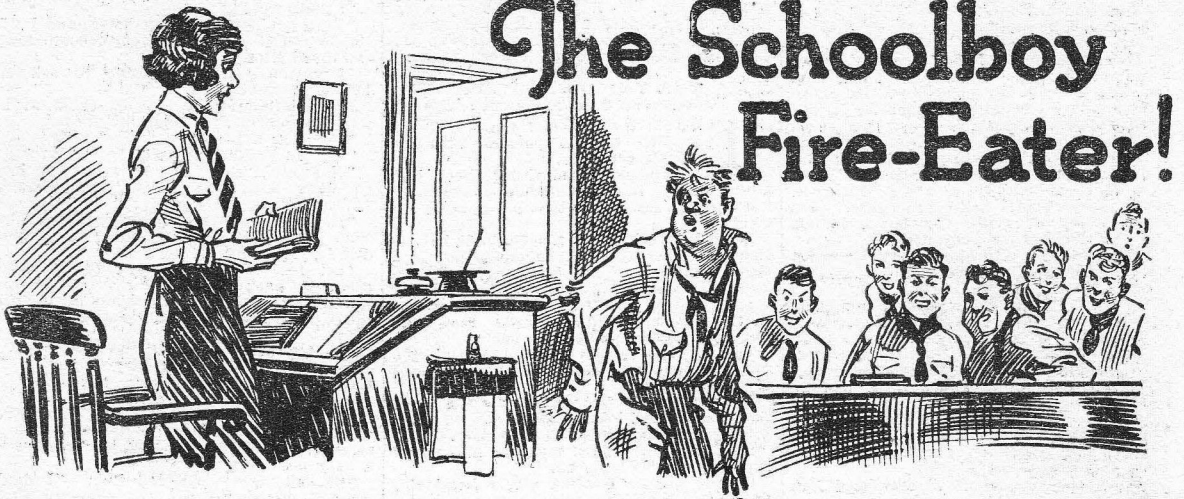
Trimble suppressed a groan just in time. "The callous brutes!" he muttered to himself. "He wishes the master had killed me! The police ought to know about this. Groooh! And that blessed dog waiting for me to come down! Oh, lor!"

Perspiration was beginning to pour off the fat junior's face in streams, despite the coldness of the early evening; but as the minutes went by into half an hour, and the half an hour into an hour, Baggy Trimble began to shiver, not only with fright, but with cold. It was quite dusk amongst the thickly wooded grounds, and, although

(Continued on page 27.)

ANOTHER ROARING, FULL-OF-PUNCH BACKWOODS TALE.

SAY, HAVE YOU MET FRANK RICHARDS? Our school in the Backwoods Yarns are the rage of the season! Everyone knows the Cedar Creek chums. They are fine boys—good sportsmen, and real good horsemen. Their adventures are read all over the world—and people are just crazy over them. This week's yarn is greater than ever!



# The Schoolboy Fire-Eater!

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The Warrior's Return!

"WHERE'S Chunky?" murmured Frank Richards.

"Lost, stolen, or strayed!" answered Bob Lawless, with a grin. "He's not in class!"

Frank Richards glanced round over the class as Miss Meadows entered the school-room at Cedar Creek.

Chunky Todgers, who should have been there with the rest, was conspicuous by his absence.

The Canadian schoolmistress' eye noted the absence of Chunky Todgers at once.

"Todgers is not here. Do you know where he is, Richards?"

"No, ma'am!" answered Frank.

"I believe Todgers usually rides to school with you, Lawrence. Did he leave Thompson with you this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Tom Lawrence. "He left the trail to have a look at the greasers' shack on the creek—"

"The what?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"I—I mean the Mexicans," said Lawrence.

"There's a Mexican crowd settled on the creek, and Chunky wanted to see their shebang—I—I mean their cabin. I thought he was coming on behind; but he didn't."

"Very well," Miss Meadows frowned, but she said no more, and lessons began.

A good many glances were cast towards the door at intervals by the members of Miss Meadows' class.

The Canadian schoolmistress was a stickler for punctuality, and Chunky Todgers was likely to meet with a warm reception when he did arrive.

But for some time there was no sign of Chunky.

The first lesson ended, and the second was nearing its end, when footsteps were heard in the porch.

"Here comes Todgers!" murmured Bob Lawless.

"Something's happened to his pony, then," said Frank.

There had been no sound of hoofs outside, and it was evident that the hapless Chunky had arrived on foot. All eyes were turned to the doorway to see him enter.

The door swung open, and a fat figure appeared in view. And there was a general exclamation from all the class:

"Great Scott!"

Miss Meadows seemed petrified as she fixed her eyes upon Chunky Todgers.

Chunky generally presented a fat and comfortable appearance, and his plump face was always sunny. But now there was a change. He was smothered with mud from head to foot, his hat was gone, his fat little nose was swollen to nearly twice its usual size, and there was a dark ring round one of his eyes, which blinked painfully. He was

gasping in a spasmodic way as he limped into the school-room.

"Todgers!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Yow-wow!" was Chunky's reply.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Oh dear!"

"You are late, Todgers—"

"Yow!"

"And what do you mean by presenting yourself at school in that state?" exclaimed Miss Meadows angrily.

Chunky gave a groan.

"I—I couldn't help it, Miss Meadows! I—I didn't get like this on purpose—I didn't, really!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Todgers, where have you been?"

"I—I—"

"You have been fighting!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"I—I guess—"

"Who have you been fighting with?" asked Miss Meadows severely. "One of the Hillcrest boys, I suppose?"

"Nope! It—it was a pesky greaser!" groaned Chunky Todgers. "I—I thought I could lick him, as he was a greaser. But I—I couldn't!"

"I guess he looks as if he couldn't!" murmured Bob Lawless.

Chunky Todgers' statement was really superfluous. His appearance was a pretty plain proof that he had not had the best of the combat.

"Am I to understand, Todgers, that you began the quarrel?" asked Miss Meadows, very severely.

"Nope!" gasped Chunky. "I—I guess I didn't exactly begin it, ma'am. I—I hit him on the nose."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The next boy who laughs will be caned!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "Todgers, you are a bad boy!"

"I—I feel bad!" mumbled Chunky.

There was no doubt that Chunky felt bad, though not in the sense which Miss Meadows used the word.

"You are not in a fit state for lessons, Todgers. You may go to the kitchen and bathe your face. And do not return until you have made yourself a little more respectable."

"Yep!" groaned Chunky.

And he limped out, followed by grinning glances from his schoolfellows.

"I guess poor old Chunky has woke up the wrong passenger!" murmured Bob Lawless.

"Fancy old Chunky starting as a warrior, and getting left like this!"

"Silence!"

The lessons were resumed, and it was nearly time for morning classes to be dismissed when Chunky Todgers put in an appearance again and sat down at his desk.

He was looking cleaner and more tidy, but

his fat face was quite a picture, with the swollen nose, and the damaged eye quite black by this time.

And he was evidently suffering severely.

He groaned as he sat down, and he groaned several times afterwards, and mumbled painfully to himself. Chunky's first essay in the role of a fighting-man had ended disastrously.

There was a great deal of curiosity in the class to learn the particulars of Chunky's heroic combat, but questions could not be asked at present. The Cedar Creek fellows had to restrain their curiosity until the school was dismissed.

But as soon as Miss Meadows gave the word, and the schoolboys marched out, Chunky was surrounded by an inquiring crowd in the playground.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Tough Customer!

FRANK RICHARDS tapped the dolorous Chunky on the shoulder, and the fat schoolboy blinked at him grimly.

"Tell us all about it, Chunky," said Frank encouragingly.

"Yow-ow!"

"We've had that!" remarked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess it's all very well for you fellows to cackle!" said Chunky, with sorrowful indignation. "I've been through it, I guess! Who'd have thought that a pesky greaser could have put up a fight like that? Why, he simply waded in and lambasted me!"

"But what did you fight about?" asked Beaucure.

"Well, I went round to look at their shack," said Chunky. "There's two of them, you know—Old Man Diaz and his son. Young Diaz was moseying about, and I spoke to him. I just asked him if he was going to school."

"No harm in that," said Frank.

"And—and he said he was; so I told him he'd better go to Hillcrest, as we didn't want pesky greasers at Cedar Creek. No harm in that, was there?"

Frank Richards frowned.

"Like your cheek!" he exclaimed. "You had no right to insult him!"

"Well, he's only a greaser, you know, and—"

"Fathead!"

"Then he called me names," said Chunky. "I wasn't to be called names by a greaser from Mexico, you can bet!"

"What did he call you—a fat gopher?" asked Bob Lawless.

"Blessed if I know! It was in Spanish, but it sounded awful!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So I hit him on the nose," continued Chunky. "Anybody would! And then—Ow! Yow! Wow!"

"Well, what happened then, you doughty warrior?"

"Why, he just sailed into me!" groaned Chunky. "Knocked me right and left, and rolled me in the mud! And Old Man Diaz stood there, grinning like a lynx all the time! And—and when I got up—"

"You thrashed him?"

"Nunne, I lit out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what could I do?" roared Chunky. "And the beast had my pony, and held him, too, and he's got my pony now. He called after me that I could come back for it, but—but I didn't go back."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I want a fellow to go and fetch that pony for me," said Chunky Todgers. "I had to hoof it to school. I—I say, Richards, you're rather hefty with your fists. You might mosey along and give him a hiding, and you can ride my pony back."

"Why should I give him a hiding, you fat rascal? You seem to have been to blame all through."

"It's up against Cedar Creek, me being licked by a greaser," pleaded Chunky.

"Serve you jolly well right!"

"Ow! Wow!"

"We might ride over and get the pony," said Bob Lawless. "Young Diaz has no right to keep that."

"I guess you can leave it to me," said Eben Hacke. "I'll go over for you Chunky. I'll get the pony, and I'll lambast young Diaz till he can't walk!"

"What the thunder for?" exclaimed Bob Lawless.

"He's thrashed a Cedar Creek fellow, hasn't he?"

"Chunky asked for it."

"I don't care a continental red cent! He's only a greaser, anyhow," retorted Hacke in his most bullying tone. "I've licked greasers enough when I was at home in Dakota, I can tell you. I'll make a picture of him!"

"And with that the bully of the lumber school strode away towards the corral for his horse."

"Br-r-r!" growled Frank. "Hacke's a bully. But I suppose it's not our business."

Eben Hacke rode out of the gates with a grin on his face. The bully of the lumber school was quite pleased with this opportunity of distinguishing himself, and it was certain that the unfortunate greaser was booked for a very severe handling if the burly Hacke was able to give it to him.

Towards dinner-time a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows were gathered round the school gates, looking for the champion's return. There was plenty of time for Eben to ride to the Mexican's shack on the creek and return for dinner, and the thrashing of the greaser was not expected to take him long.

"Hallo! Here he comes!" exclaimed Bob Lawless, as there was a clatter of hoof-beats on the trail.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Eben Hacke rode up to the gates, and his aspect brought a roar of laughter from the Cedar Creek fellows.

His look was much changed since his ride. He fell rather than dismounted from his horse, and held on to the saddle for support with one hand, while he dabbed his nose with the other. And he blinked dolorously at the grinning crowd.

"Well," roared Bob Lawless, "have you licked him?"

"Oh, Jerusalem!" groaned Hacke.

"Did you slaughter him?" chuckled Frank Richards.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Hacke stumbled in at the gate, leading his horse, without any further reply. But it was pretty clear that he had not bestowed the promised "lambasting" on the Mexican. The lambasting had happened, but it was Eben Hacke who had been the recipient thereof.

Bob Lawless chuckled explosively.

"Oh dear! And he hasn't brought my pony!" groaned Chunky Todgers. "I shall have to walk home! Oh dear!"

"Serve you right, old chap!"

"And serve Hacke right!" said Frank Richards. "What did he want to pitch into the Mexican for? But Chunky must have his pony. We'll ride over and see Diaz after dinner."

"And lick him?" asked Chunky Todgers eagerly.

"No. What is there to lick him for?"

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"Well, he's lambasted me, and he's lambasted Hacke—"

"And serve you both jolly well right! I dare say he's quite a decent chap. He's a pretty tough customer, anyway."

"No doubt about that, I guess," grinned Bob Lawless. "But don't worry about your pony, Chunky. We'll get that, at any rate."

And after dinner Frank Richards & Co. saddled their horses and rode away up the Thompson trail to visit the Mexican shack.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Ricardo Diaz at Home!

"T HAT'S the galoot, I guess."

Bob Lawless pointed with his riding-whip.

The chums of Cedar Creek had turned out of the Thompson trail and were following a rough track that led towards the creek.

Near the creek was a roughly-built habitation of lumber and logs, in the middle of a small clearing. A lad of about their own age, with a swarthy face and hair in long black ringlets, was chopping wood near the shack. Close by the chums recognised Chunky Todgers' well-known mount.

The Mexican youth glanced up at the sound of hoof-beats among the charred roots of the clearing.

He rose to his feet as he saw the three riders, and stood looking at them with sharp black eyes that seemed to scintillate.

Frank Richards & Co. regarded him rather curiously as they rode up.

Chunky Todgers was not a very formidable opponent, but Eben Hacke was quite a fighting-man, and the fellow who had thrashed the bully of the lumber school was naturally an object of interest.

The young Mexican was well built, rather slim than sturdy, and as lithe as a panther. His swarthy face was handsome in its dark Spanish way, but the expression on it was not exactly prepossessing.

"Hallo, young 'un!" was Bob Lawless' greeting as he drew rein.

"Buenos dias!" answered the Mexican civilly.

"By gum! What does that mean, Franky?"

"Good-morning," said Frank Richards, with a smile.

"Oh, good! Good-morning, young 'un!" said Bob. "Don't you speak English? Blessed if I know how Chunky got on with you in Spanish!"

"Si, si, seniorito," answered the Mexican. "I speak English, certainly. We are from the States—los Estados Unidos."

"You're young Diaz?" asked Bob.

"I am Ricardo Diaz."

"Poppa at home?"

"He is at Thompson," answered Ricardo Diaz, watching the three chums curiously.

"Do you want to see my father?"

"Nope. We've called for a horse—that pony," said Bob, pointing towards the tethered fat pony.

Ricardo Diaz shook his head.

"He belongs to Chunky Todgers, of our school," said Frank Richards. "You seem to have had a row with Chunky this morning?"

"The fat fool!" said Diaz.

"Ahem! Well, you've no right to keep his pony, you know."

"I am keeping it till he returns to ask for it," answered Diaz, with a grin. "Then I shall give him another thrashing."

Frank Richards frowned. He was prepared to be quite civil to the Mexican, but he found himself already feeling an antipathy towards Ricardo Diaz.

"You won't do anything of the sort!" he said sharply. "You've had a scrap with Todgers, and you seem to have had the best of it. I dare say he was to blame. But that's the end of it."

"It is not the end of it," answered Diaz coolly. "I shall keep his pony till he comes back for it."

"We've come to fetch it."

"You may go again."

"Do you mean that you won't give it up?" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"That won't make much odds," said Bob Lawless angrily. "It's Chunky's pony, and we're going to take it away with us. See?"

"I shall stop you."

"I guess you'll get hurt if you try," answered the rancher's son disdainfully.

"I haven't come here, to look for trouble with you, Diaz, but if you want it you won't have to ask for it long."

Bob rode towards the sapling where the

pony was tethered, and cast off the trail-rope.

Then he caught the pony's rein.

"Come on, you chaps!" he said. "We're finished here."

Diaz ran forward.

"Let that pony alone!" he shouted.

"I guess not!"

"Then get down off your horse, and I will thrash you as I thrashed your schoolfellow," exclaimed Diaz.

"I reckon you won't have to ask me twice," answered Bob promptly.

Frank Richards stopped his chum as he was dismounting.

"Hold on, Bob—"

"Let go, Frank, you ass!"

"Hold on, I say. You haven't come here to fight with the fellow," said Frank.

"What's the good, anyway?"

"Hasn't he asked me, you jay?" growled Bob. "Do you think I'm going to be bulldozed by a pesky greaser?"

"Let him alone," answered Frank pacifically. "Chunky was in the wrong, and so was Hacke, and the chap has lost his temper. There's nothing for us to quarrel with him about."

Bob hesitated.

There was something very irritating in the Mexican's sneering look, but Bob contrived to restrain his wrath.

"Frank's right, Bob," said Beauclerc. "Leave the kid alone. After all, he's a stranger in this section, and he hasn't had a very civil reception."

"Oh, all right!" grunted Bob. "I don't want to handle him, if you come to that. Let's vamoose the ranch, then."

"You shall not take the pony!" exclaimed Diaz.

"Stop me, if you can!" answered Bob disdainfully.

Diaz caught at the reins, and Bob, as he came closer, grasped him by the collar of his rough shirt and spun him round.

Bump!

The Mexican sat on the ground, with a loud concussion and a louder yell.

Bob Lawless chuckled and set his horse in motion, leading Chunky's fat pony with him as he went. Frank Richards and Beauclerc rode after him.

Ricardo Diaz scrambled to his feet, shaking a dusky fist after the chums of Cedar Creek.

He shouted after them as they rode away; but, as he shouted in Spanish, the meaning of his remarks was a deep mystery to them—which was, perhaps, fortunate.

His voice died away behind in a couple of minutes as Frank Richards & Co. rode back to the Thompson trail.

"Pretty specimen, I must say!" growled Bob Lawless. "The galoot seems like a pesky wild-cat! Never met such a fire-eater!"

"Never mind! We've done with him!" answered Frank.

Bob Lawless grunted, evidently not quite satisfied in his mind with having left the youth from the Sunny South unlicked.

Chunky Todgers was waiting for them at the school gate, and his plump face brightened at the sight of his pony.

"Here you are, fathead!" said Bob Lawless, tossing the reins to Chunky. "I guess you'd better give that greaser a wide berth after this, Chunky! You've woke up a blessed wild-cat!"

Chunky Todgers nodded. He was already aware of that, and it was quite certain that Chunky would not go looking for trouble at the Mexicans' shack again.

The affair soon passed from the minds of Frank Richards & Co., and they forgot the existence of Ricardo Diaz. But they were destined to be reminded of him ere long.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### The New Fellow!

"B Y gum! The greaser!" murmured Bob Lawless.

It was a week later, and Frank Richards & Co. had arrived at the lumber school one sunny morning a little later than usual. They came hurriedly into the school-room, where the rest of the class were already assembled.

There was a new face in Miss Meadows' class.

The chums knew it at once—the dark, handsome Spanish face of Ricardo Diaz, the son of the Mexican settler.

(Continued on page 16.)

**SPECIAL "WEATHER" NUMBER!**



# 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. 145.

Week Ending October 13th, 1923.

**IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!**

By Billy Bunter.

My Dear Readers,—“What I like about your Weekly,” writes a korrespondent, “is the masterly manner in which you handle all sorts of subjects. You publish special numbers dealing with very ordinary subjects, yet you have a knack of making them interesting, and often exciting.”

You can see what my friend means. Being such a brainy editor, I can invest even the most commonplace topkicks with glammer and romance. I can make something out of nothing, so to speak. It might well be said of me, “He touches nothing that he does not adorn.”

So when you see that this number deals with a most mizerable subject—the weather—don't give a snort of annoyanse and throw the paper aside in deep disgussed. Me and my four fat subbs can write of the weather in a most bewitching and attractive way. We can write of weeping skies in a manner that will make you laugh, and we can write of sunny scenes in such a clear way that you won't be in a fog.

I have been thinking for a long time that we ought to bring the Clerk of the Weather into the limelight. He is a very unpopular person. He turns on the tap when we particularly want a fine day, and he gives us bright sunshine when the farmers are praying for soup. He is a most fickle and perverse gentleman, is the Clerk of the Weather; but my Weekly deals with all sorts and conditions of people, and the Weather Clerk must now take his turn.

When you have read this number pass it on to your pals, and watch them eggplode with larfter while they read it. They will make up their minds to take the POPULAR every week. Not bekwasse of the stories by the Richards-Clifford-Conquest combine. Not bekwasse of the serial. Oh, dear no! They will take it in for the soul purpuss of reading the bright and breezy supplement, which is added by

Yours sinseerly,  
YOUR EDITOR.

Supplement 1.]



*What Weather Suits You Best?*

Some like heat, and others cold and others sunshine. The varied preferences of the St. Jim's fellows are given below.

**TOM MERRY.**—Give me a bright, sunny day, and I'm happy. Wet days are the deadliest enemies of open-air sport. Besides, they cause acute depression, and make a fellow feel that life's not worth living. Some people revel in storms, but it's the brilliant sunshine that always makes Tom Merry!

**ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY** (in an interview).—“It's no use my pwe-tendin' that I love wet days. I considah that the wain simply vuins a fellah's clobbah. Many a time I have gone out to attend some function, an' I've been dweessed in my Sunday best. The wain has come down in towntwents, an' my beautiful appawel has been dwenched. Give me a nice sunnay day, when a fellah can wear a smart suit an' a silk toppah with impunity!”

**JACK BLAKE.**—I like the extreme cold, when all the ponds are frozen over and we can indulge in the grand sport of skating. There's a keen nip in the air on such occasions, and it feels good to be alive! Hot days make you feel languid and listless, but a spell of cold, dry weather acts as a real tonic. Hurrah for the joys of skating!

**BAGGY TRIMBLE.**—I don't like cold weather, bekwasse it always gives me an enormous appetite, which I never have the means of satisfying. When you wake up on a cold morning you feel as if you could eat half a duzen rashers of bacon and a simmieler number of fried eggs. But when you get into the dining-hall you find yourself restricted to one mouldy rasher and only two eggs. Weather that makes you ravvenously hungry is simply awful, in my opinion.

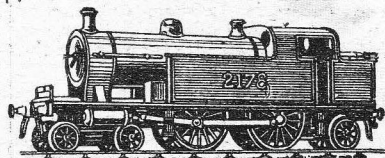
**EPHRAIM TAGGLES.**—I can stand any weather except; damp and wet, which gives me the room-attics something cool. I can always tell when it's going

to rain. I gets stabbing, shooting pains all over my anatomy. I wish the Head would give me a day off every time it rained, so that I could sit and toast my feet at the fire in my cosy parlour. But no such luck! I has to carry on through storm and shine, with never a rest for my pore tired feet. The life of a porter isn't all roses, nor yet a bed of honey—not by no means!

**CURLY GIBSON** (Third Form).—A hail and harty chap like me can stick any sort of weather. I don't care if it snows pink ink! I like the sunshine, but I don't dislike the rain. I enjoy the heat, but I don't despise the cold. The Clerk of the Weather can turn the tap on and off as he chooses, but he won't stop me from sniling.

**FATTY WYNN.**—The sort of weather that suits me best is the cold, crisp winter weather. Nothing delights me more than to keep goal for the St. Jim's junior eleven on a day when the ground is as hard as iron and there are icicles hanging from the crossbar! But footer in the rain—ugh! The least said about that the better. Dry weather is a dream and a delight, but wet weather is an abomination worse than all the Plagues of Egypt put together!

DO YOU WANT ONE OF THESE FINE MODEL LOCOMOTIVES?



(See page 2.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 247.

**More Fun and Laughter This Week! Have You Heard the Latest Joke?**



## A Weather Prophet's Diary!

By Tubby Muffin.

It's not all milk and honey being a prophet, this diary will show you that.

### MONDAY.

"What's it going to do to-day?" asked Jimmy Silver.

I glanced out of the dormitory window, and surveyed the skies.

"We're going to have some soup!" I said.

"In that case," said Jimmy Silver, "I shall cancel the picknick I proposed to have this afternoon. No good having a picknick if its going to rain cats and dogs!"

So he cancelled the picknick. And—would you believe it?—it turned out a bright, sunny afternoon. The conditions were ideal for an outdoor feed; but Jimmy Silver had cancelled it. He was simply furious with me. "Call yourself a weather prophet?" he said scornfully. "You said we were going to have some soup."

"So we did," I replied. "We had soup for dinner!"

And then, seeing the expression on Jimmy Silver's face, I fled for my life!

### TUESDAY.

It was rather chilly this morning, so I predicted that we should have some snow. The fellows were awfully bucked, and a big snowfight was arranged between Classics and Moderns. But the snow never snow after all; and I was given a severe bumping by my indignant schoolfellows!

### WEDNESDAY.

There was a sharp frost this morning. This led me to believe that all the ponds and lakes in the district would be frozen over. I told the fellows my belief, and they arranged to spend the half-holiday skating. But alas! It thawed in the afternoon, and when they went down to Coombe Pond, there wasn't the tiniest bit of ice to be seen! Rezzult—another bumping for poor me.

### THURSDAY.

Jimmy Silver had to go over to Latham to do some shopping. The weather looked rather doubtful. "Shall I take a raincoat, Tubby?" he asked. "Of course not!" I replied, remembering what had happened on Monday, when I predicted a wet day and it turned out fine. "It's going to be a glorious day—bright sunshine, blue skies, and all the rest of it."

Jimmy Silver took me at my word. He went without a raincoat, and when he got halfway to Latham, it started to pelt in bucketfuls! Poor old Silver was soaked to the skin. I went through the mill!

### FRIDAY.

I said we were going to have a terribul thunderstorm to-day, with lots of forked lightning. The fellows were properly scared. They covered their mirrors with cloths, and didn't dare to

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venture out of their studies. But once again I failed as a weather profit. There wasn't a flash of thunder, and not a single boom of lightning!

### SATURDAY.

After all my mizzerable failures as a weather profit, I didn't dare to predict what the weather was going to do to-day. And it's a good thing I didn't, for we had every conceivable sort of weather. It snow in the morning; it blew in the afternoon; there was a thunderstorm this evening; and the sun shone when it ought to have been setting.

## THE MIDNIGHT RIDE

By Dick Penfold.

Stormy the night, and the skies are black.

Gaily doth Coker ride;  
Greene's on the carrier at the back,  
Potter hangs tight at the side.  
Onward they go at the midnight hour,  
Coker is driving with all his power.

Though danger's near  
He knows no fear,  
While his motor-bike leaps on its mad career!

Loudly the clock in the school tower chimes,  
Bearing a warning twelve separate times:

"Coker, beware! Coker, beware!  
Danger is near thee, beware,  
beware! beware!

Beware! Beware!  
Many brave hearts have been mixed  
with 'spare parts,'  
So beware! Beware!"

What of the bike and the travellers three?

There is no trace or sign!  
Through the darkness it rushed,  
straight into the sea—  
Into the foaming brine!  
Coker crawls out, like a rat half-drowned,

Presently Potter and Greene are found.  
But the mad machine  
No more is seen:  
It lies in the ocean-bed, slimy and green!

Loudly the clock in the school tower booms,  
Bidding the trio return to their rooms.

"Coker, beware! Coker, beware!  
Prout knows you're out, so  
beware! beware!

Beware! Beware!  
Breakers of bounds may expect  
swishing sounds,  
So beware! Beware!"

## MY WEATHER FORECAST!

By Sammy Bunter.

### MONDAY.

There will be sudden showers locally. I intend to turn the hosepipe on young Tubb! There will also be a flood—of tears!

### TEWSDAY.

The atmosphere will be thunders to-day. Mister Twigg will discover that I haven't written the thousand lines he gave me last week! He will lam me, I eggspect, in which case there will be sudden squalls!

### WENSDAY.

This evening the fags will hold their Grand Konsert in the Common-room. It's bound to be an awful "frost"!

### THURSDAY.

The wind will start getting up to-day. But I don't know what time it will go to bed! A ferce storm will also rise; but I have no information as to when it will retire! It will also snow, I eggspect; but that's snowbody's bizziness, eggsept the Clerk of the Weather's!

### FRIDAY.

I antispitate that it will pour with rain to-day. If this is so, we shall all be pouring over our books indoors!

### SATTERDAY.

I'm in rather a fog as to what will happen to-day. I've never mist being korrekt in my forecasts as yet; but I'm in a haze as to the Weather Clerk's intenshuns to-day. Dew think we shall get some rain? If so, it won't be fair. Or shall we have sunshine? In that case, it will be jolly fine! I think if I predict snow, rain, hale, sunshine, fog, mist, thunder, wind, storm, tempest, a heat-wave, and a cold snap, I'm bound to be somewhere near the mark!

(You're a rotten profit, Sammy! I'll wager you a bag of doe-nuts that not a single one of your predictions will come trew!—Ed.)



## FREE MASK FOR YOU!

This screamingly funny mask of Larry Semon is **FREE** inside this week's issue of **FILM FUN**. There will be another topping mask in each of the next three issues of this great paper. Don't miss them! Give your news-agent a regular order for—

# Film Fun

Every Tuesday, 2d.

[Supplement II.]

Never Be Down in the Dumps! Always Read the "Weekly" Weekly!



A Thrilling, Dramatic, Breathless, Hair-Raising Story of a Midnight Shipwreck.

By Dicky Nugent.

**B**OOM!  
Dick Dauntless, kaptin of the Fourth Form at St. Sam's, sat up in bed as that sound greeted his gaze.

Other sounds were visible, too. For it was a wild night. The wind whistled and shrieked and roared and groaned around the old towers and turrets of St. Sam's. The old elms in the quadrangle were bowed down, as if with grate grief. The dormitory windows creaked and rattled, and the whole building fairly rocked on its feet, so fierce was the storm.

Boom!  
Once again that sollum sound rang through the silense of the night.

Dick Dauntless turned pail. "That's the minute-gun down by the shore," he muttered. "There's a ship in distress—stranded on the rox, most likely!"

Dick lost no time in rousing his two chums, Jack Jolly and Sammy Stubbs. "Tumble out, you fellows!" he eggclaimed. "There's a shipwreck! I keep hearing the minute-gun. Let's come and see if we can save a few lives."

The three chums scrambled into their clothes, and dashed out of the dormitory. They went down the stares six at a time, and rushed along the passidge.

There was a window at the end. Dick Dauntless opened it at the bottom, and the juniors got through into the quad.

"Few! What a night!" panted Jack Jolly.

"Just hark at the lightning!" gasped Sammy Stubbs.

"And look at that awful thunder!" said Dick Dauntless. "In all my fourteen years on this plannit, I've never known such a night! Pity the poor sailers stranded on the rox!"

"We must save them!" cried Jack Jolly. "Many brave harts are asleep in the deep already; and we don't want these poor beggars to share the same fate."

"No jolly fear!"  
"Come on, chappies!" shouted Dick Dauntless.

As they rushed through the quad bricks and slates and chimibly-pots fell all around them. The storm was doing grate havvock.

But they did not falter. The wind lifted them clean off their feet against the school wall.

When they had climbed over the school wall a thunderbolt fell and just

missed Jack Jolly's head. Dick Dauntless was struck by lightning; and Sammy Stubbs was struck by the cool way in which his chum behaved. Sammy himself stopped a flash of forked lightning a minnit later.

But they did not falter. On they went, sholder to sholder, through the blinding storm. And the minute-gun kept booming out its sollum warning.

When Dick Dauntless & Co. reeched the rocky shore the storm was so fierce that they could hardly keep their feet. But they didn't lose their heads.

"What's the trubble?" inkwired Dick of a bearded fisherman.

"There's a terribul shipwreck, sir!" he said. "A skooner has run on to the



The lifeboat had to make several perilous journeys across those angry waters.

rox. It is feered that all hands will be lost—and a good many arms and legs into the bargin!"

"Has the lifeboat been put out?"

"Nunno, sir!"

"Why not?"

"No boat could live in such a sea!"

said the old fisherman, shaking his head.

Dick Dauntless and his chums rushed off to the lifeboat-station. They found the members of the crew gathered together, their faces pail, their lims trembling.

"You cowards!" cried Dick. "Why don't you put out to the wreck? There are valewable lives at steak!"

"But—but the seas are mountane high!" said the kaptin of the crew. "If we dared to put fourth on them we

should be drowned in a second, as I said at first."

"But what of the poor stranded, shipwrecked sailers?" said Dick. "Are they to be left to perrish? Screw up your curridge, man!"

The kaptin mumbled something to the effect that he had mislaid his screw-driver.

Dick Dauntless turned to his chums.

"We must man the lifeboat ourselves, you fellows," he said. "Come on!"

The three juniors picked up the lifeboat as if it was no heavier than a gravy-boat, and took it down to the water's edge.

Far out at sea were the crool rox, on which many a gallent ship had been hurled to destruction. And on the rox was the wrecked skooner. The juniors could see her crew clinging to her like so many ants.

The plucky schoolboys put the timid lifeboatmen to shame. They hopped into the boat, and took a cupple of oars apeace, and rowed strongly to the scene of the wreck.

The lifeboat was in danger of destruction at any minnit; but it weathered the storm grandly.

"Heeve-ho, me harties!" cried Dick Dauntless. "We'll save the crew of the skooner, or perrish in the attempt!"

Jack Jolly and Sammy Stubbs rowed their hardest. They eggpected every moment to be their last, but they did not falter. The spirit of the old sea-doggs was in them—the spirit of Rally and Drake, Cromwell and Nappoleon, and other gallent sea-kaptins.

At last they reeched the wreck, and the crew of the stranded skooner gave a grate shout of joy and releef.

"We'll take the wimmen and children first!" cried Dick Dauntless.

"There aren't any," was the reply.

"We're all mails."

"Very good. We can row you to the shore by installments—a duzzen at a time."

The lifeboat had to make several perrilus jerneys across those dark and angry waters.

Dick Dauntless & Co. worked like heroes. And they did not paws until they had saved every man jack of the skooner's crew.

Next day they were prezzented with gold meddles by the Head, and there was a whole day's holliday at St. Sam's to sellybrate the pluck and gallentry of Dick Dauntless and his chums.

"FOOTBALLERS' NAMES"—Wonderful New Competition starting next week!

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS IN PRIZES!

LOOK OUT FOR IT!

**"THE SCHOOLBOY  
FIRE-EATER!"**

(Continued from page 12.)

Diaz glanced up as they came towards their desks, and his black eyes glittered for a moment, but he took no other notice of them.

Evidently Diaz was a Cedar Creek fellow now.

It was not a specially pleasant discovery to Frank Richards & Co. to find the fellow whom Bob described as a "pesky wild-cat" in their class at Cedar Creek. Frank Richards glanced at Diaz once or twice during morning lessons.

The Mexican was very quiet and attentive, and was plainly making quite a good impression upon Miss Meadows.

Frank Richards thought about the matter that morning, and after lessons he communicated the result of his cogitations to his chums. When the boys and girls left the schoolhouse Diaz went into the playground by himself. His society was not sought by the others.

His fustical prowess inspired a certain amount of respect, but he was foreign—and, anyway, greasers were not popular in the Thompson Valley. Frank Richards' glance followed him as he came out with his chums.

"Fancy that galoot being here!" Bob Lawless remarked. "Look at Chunky—going around to keep out of his way as if he would bite! Blessed if he doesn't look as if he might bite, too!"

"I've been thinking about that chap," said Frank.

"No reason why a fellow shouldn't be civil to him," remarked Beauclerc.

"Just what I was thinking," said Frank. "If we're decent to him the other chaps will follow our example, and he'll soon begin to feel at home."

Bob grunted.  
"He's a pesky greaser!"

"Well, we ought to give him a chance, anyway," urged Frank.

"Right you are! Go ahead! I'll fold him to my manly chest and weep over him if you like!" said Bob sarcastically.

"Well, let's get along and speak to him, by way of a beginning."  
"Go ahead!"

The three chums followed Diaz, who had gone to the school gates and was looking out at the timber, with a moody brow.

It was very probable that the new boy felt lonely and out of place at Cedar Creek; and his sulky moodiness was not the way to get on friendly terms with his schoolfellows.

The frank, cheery young Canadians were not likely to understand the moody, irritable, haughty temper of the swarthy foreigner.

There was something repellent, too, in the reserved dark face and the glitter of the hard black eyes.

Diaz gave the trio a sulky look as they joined him at the gates, and moved farther away. They followed him.

"Hold on, Diaz, old scout!" said Frank Richards in his cheeriest tone. "It was rather a surprise, seeing you here this morning."

"Not a pleasant one, either!" sneered Diaz.

"Ahem! You're welcome at Cedar Creek! How do you like the place?"

"I do not like it!"  
"Oh!"

"I do not like Gringos!" went on the new boy sulkily.

"What the thump is a Gringo?" murmured Frank Richards.

"American," said Bob, with a smile. "But

we are Canadians, Diaz, which is really a most superior article."

"It is all the same to me!"  
"Then I guess you've got a lot to learn! Have you brought your horse with you?"

"I have no horse."  
"But you ride?" asked Frank.

"Si, si! I am a Mexican!"  
"Then I'll tell you what. One of us will lend you a horse, and we'll have a ride before dinner," said Frank.

"I do not want you to lend me a horse!"  
"Oh, my hat!" murmured Frank.

The task of getting on good terms with the sulky Mexican was turning out harder than Frank had anticipated. Bob Lawless grinned. He was quite interested in watching Frank's attempt to get through the reserve of the new boy.

Frank was rather nonplussed.

"We were going to split some logs for Mr. Slimmey before dinner," remarked Bob Lawless.

"Blessed if I hadn't forgotten!" said Frank. "Will you come and lend us a hand splitting logs, Diaz?"

"No."

"Ahem! The fellows generally take turns in splitting logs for the school fires, you know."

"Is that a rule of the school?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then I shall not do it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Frank Richards gave it up at that. The new boy was rather too much for him.

"Come on, you chaps!" he said.

And the three chums walked away to Mr. Slimmey's cabin, leaving the new boy to his own devices. Bob Lawless chuckled as they went.

"He does seem rather a hard case!" said Frank ruefully. "He's got his back up, I suppose."

"Blessed if I see that it matters!" yawned Bob.

And the chums of Cedar Creek settled down to splitting logs until the bell rang for dinner.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**A Fight to a Finish!**

**"Y AROOOOGH!"**

That loud roar of anguish fell upon the ears of Frank Richards & Co. as they came towards the schoolhouse for dinner.

It was the voice of Chunky Todgers.

"The merry Mexican again!" said Bob Lawless.

Chunky Todgers was wriggling in the grasp of Ricardo Diaz, who had him by the collar and was shaking him like a very fat rat.

The hapless Chunky seemed like an infant in Diaz's grasp, and he was yelling dismally as Diaz shook him with savage energy.

Frank Richards ran up quickly.

"Let Todgers alone!" he rapped out.

Diaz, with a sneering look, continued to shake the unhappy Chunky, whose teeth were rattling together as he shook.

Frank's brows knitted, and he strode at the Mexican and grasped him by the shoulder.

"Let go!" he snapped.

And as Diaz did not obey, Frank exerted his strength and fairly wrenched him away from Chunky.

The Mexican spun away, panting, and tore himself loose from Frank's grasp. He looked like a wild-cat about to spring as he turned on Frank Richards.

Frank faced him coolly.

"Now, what's the row about?" he asked.

"Mind your own business!" growled Diaz.

"Well, this is somebody's business, you know! What have you been doing, Chunky, you fat boulder?"

"I haven't been doing anything!" wailed Chunky. "He said I looked at him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless. "Diaz, old scout, a cat may look at a king, you know."

"And I didn't look at the beast!" gasped Chunky. "Besides, I can look at anybody I like, can't I? A blessed greaser—"

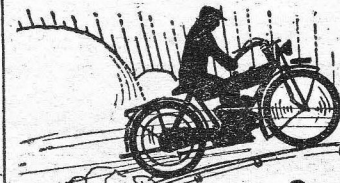
Diaz made a stride towards him, and Frank Richards interposed.

"Stand aside!"

"Rats!"

The Mexican clenched his hands hard.

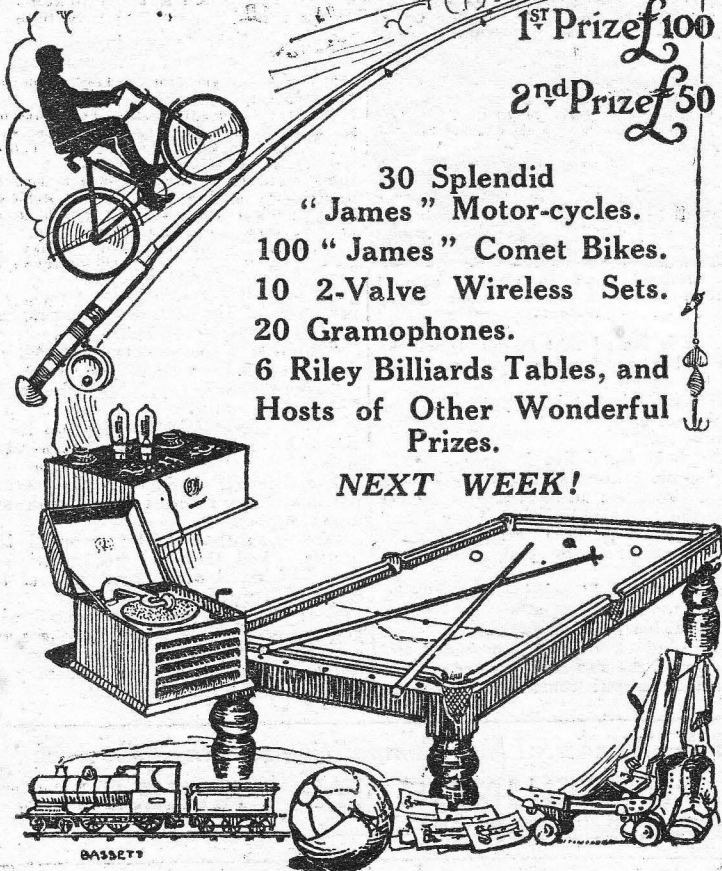
"If you're looking for trouble, you can tackle me—not Chunky," said Frank Richards quietly. "But you'd better learn to keep your temper in hand, Diaz."



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**NEXT WEEK!**





"You fellows coming in to dinner?" shouted Tom Lawrence, across the playground. "The bell's stopped."

"We're coming!" Chunky Todgers had already started, and Frank Richards & Co. followed him. The Mexican schoolboy, with a black brow, followed more slowly.

After dinner, when the Cedar Creek fellows were coming out of the lumber schoolhouse, Diaz touched Frank Richards on the arm. Frank looked at him.

"You will meet me after lessons, in the timber?"

"Certainly, if you like."

"I shall wait for you."

"I won't keep you waiting," answered Frank disdainfully.

And he turned his back on the Mexican and joined his chums.

His appointment with the new boy did not worry Frank Richards much during afternoon lessons. He had quite a clear conscience on the subject, for he had certainly done his best to get on good terms with the new fellow. If Diaz preferred bad terms and fistcuffs, that was his business.

"Better leave it to me, Franky," Bob Lawless remarked, when the chums came out after dismissal, and headed for the gate, instead of the corral as usual. "The greaser is rather hefty, you know."

Frank Richards laughed.

"I think I can handle him," he answered. "And if I can't, I don't see how you could, Bob."

"Why, you ass?"

"The news seems to have spread," said Beauclerc. "It looks as if we're going to have half Cedar Creek on the scene."

Quite a little army of fellows were following the chums as they went out of the gates. Evidently they did not mean to miss the fun. Ricardo Diaz strode along by himself, after one glance at Frank Richards.

There was a grim and surly expression on the Mexican's face. He had chosen to disdain the olive-branch and to keep on fighting terms with the chums of Cedar Creek; and it was evident from his look that he anticipated another easy victory. But on that point it was very probable that he was making a miscalculation.

Diaz stopped under the timber near the creek, out of sight of the school. There was to be no risk of interruption.

Frank Richards & Co. stopped also. The red sunset gleamed down between the trees on an interested crowd. Chunky Todgers' fat face was beaming. He had faith in Frank Richards' fistical powers, and he hoped that all his sufferings were going to be avenged at last.

"Give him a jolly good lambasting, Franky!" he murmured in Frank's ear, as they stopped.

"I'll do my best, Chunky."

"Are you ready?" broke in the angry, sullen voice of the Mexican.

Frank Richards threw off his hat and jacket.

"Ready!" he answered.

"Go it!" said Bob Lawless.

The Cedar Creek fellows stood round in a thick ring as Frank Richards and the Mexican faced one another.

There were no rounds and no timekeeping. Ceremonious usages were little known in the Thompson Valley. The two schoolboys toed the line, and the fight began.

The Mexican, with a sneering grin on his swarthy face, came on quickly and savagely, and Frank Richards gave ground. There was no doubt that Diaz was strong and active and had courage, and he had picked up some knowledge of boxing during his sojourn in "los Estados Unidos." And he was full of confidence and savage determination.

Frank Richards lost ground step by step, and his chums began to look rather serious. But Frank was taking the measure of his opponent, and as Diaz came recklessly on, all attack and no defence, Frank's retreat suddenly ceased, and he piled in with great energy. Diaz found himself suddenly stopped, and before he knew what was happening, Frank's right was planted full upon his dusky nose, followed up by the left on his chin.

The sudden shock sent the Mexican spinning, and he crashed into the grass. There was a shout from the eager ring of schoolboys.



**A COWARDLY BLOW!** Frank Richards dropped his hands at last. "Have you had enough, Diaz?" he asked. "You have been beaten, and you know it!" The Mexican's reply was a sudden spring, and his dusky fists dashed into Frank's unprotected face. (See Chapter 5.)

"Bravo!"

"Well hit!"

Diaz lay in the grass, gasping. He raised himself on his elbow and glared dazedly round him.

Savage anger flashed in his black eyes as he looked at the circle of grinning faces. He scrambled to his feet, and, without waiting to take breath, rushed at his adversary.

"Look out, Franky!"

"Go it!"

But Frank Richards was looking out. The fight was hard and fast, and more than once Frank had to give ground, and more than once the rapid, dusky fists crashed upon his handsome, flushed face. But the Mexican schoolboy was getting much more punishment than he gave. One of his eyes was closed now, and his dusky nose was streaming red. His strength was ebbing from his furious exertions, but with savage resolution he continued the fight.

Frank was showing a good many signs of damage, but he was cool and steady, and he knew that he was winning. The Mexican gave ground now again and again, till he had been driven right round the ring, and now he was defending himself feebly.

Frank Richards dropped his hands at last. "That's enough, Diaz," he said.

"You are beaten, then?" panted the Mexican.

Frank laughed breathlessly.

"No. You are beaten, and you know it. Chuck it."

The Mexican's reply was a sudden spring, and his dusky fists dashed into Frank's face before he could recover his guard. Frank Richards staggered back; but he recovered himself almost at once, and, with a grim look on his bruised face, pressed his opponent hard. It was a fight to a finish now, and the finish was a hard one for Ricardo Diaz.

He stood up as long as he could, till a drive straight from the shoulder sent him crashing to the earth. He lay gasping for breath, and sank back again into the grass after an attempt to rise.

"I guess his goose is cooked!" remarked Eben Hacke.

The Mexican made another fierce attempt to rise, but he sank back again from sheer exhaustion. It was clear that his "goose" was cooked, as Hacke expressed it.

Bob Lawless helped Frank on with his jacket. The fight was over. The Mexican's black, burning eyes watched him from the grass, a good deal like a snake's.

"You look a bit damaged, Franky, old scout," remarked Bob Lawless, surveying his cousin.

"I feel more than a bit damaged," answered Frank. "Let's get down to the creek and bathe my face. It wants it."

The crowd broke up, and the Mexican was left alone, still lying in the grass. He was utterly spent by the efforts he had made and kept up beyond his strength.

When Frank Richards & Co. came back from the creek to fetch their horses the Mexican schoolboy was still lying where they had left him. Frank Richards glanced at him as he passed, and paused.

He came towards the Mexican, who looked up at him with burning eyes.

"Let me give you a hand," said Frank. "It's all over now, Diaz; no need to bear malice. I'll help you home, if you like."

Diaz struck his hand aside. Without a word he staggered to his feet and limped away through the timber. There was no forgiveness in the breast of the defeated, savage Southerner.

Frank Richards shrugged his shoulders.

"Come on, Franky!" said Bob.

And the chums of Cedar Creek led out their horses and mounted, and rode away on the homeward trail. As the clattering hoofs rang down the trail a swarthy face looked after them from the timber, and a dusky fist was shaken. Frank Richards had made an enemy who was not likely to forget.

THE END.

("The Outcast of Cedar Creek!" is the title of next week's roaring Wild West yarn. Don't miss it.)

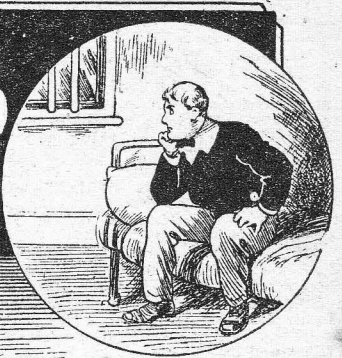
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**"IF BILL GOES, I GO, TOO!"**



# A Brother's Loyalty!



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**OWEN CONQUEST.**

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**  
**Trouble for Two!**

**"HELP!"**

Carthew of the Sixth lifted up his voice and shouted with the full force of his lungs.

There was no response.

It was not the first time Carthew had shouted. He had belloved for help several times, and he was purple in the face with his vocal exertions.

The unpopular prefect was not in danger of drowning; nor was he being attacked by anybody. At the same time, the position in which he found himself was far from pleasant.

Carthew was securely strapped to a bed in the Fourth Form dormitory at Rookwood.

He was a helpless prisoner, and he was likely to remain so. For on this particular afternoon nearly everybody was out of doors. And the playing-fields were situated at some distance from the Fourth Form dormitory.

Carthew struggled and writhed, in the faint hope of being able to break his bonds; but the straps held him fast. Prometheus chained to his rock would have had a better chance of getting away than Mark Carthew had.

"Confound those two louts!" muttered the prefect savagely. "They shall pay dearly for this!"

The "louts" he referred to were the two new boys—Bill and Bob Berkeley.

Although they had been at Rookwood only a few days, the newcomers had succeeded in making things very lively. They were fellows of gigantic stature and development, and they were fully a year older than Jimmy Silver & Co. But Bill Berkeley was somewhat lacking in scholastic ability, and he had been placed in the Fourth. Bob, who could have got into a higher Form had he chosen to do so, preferred to remain with his brother.

The new boys had had several skirmishes with Carthew of the Sixth. And the latest one had resulted in Carthew being roughly handled.

Carthew had given the Berkeleys a thousand lines apiece, and cancelled their half-holiday—a thing he had no right to do.

The two brothers had wanted to go to Greyfriars to play football for Jimmy Silver's eleven, and in order to carry out their object they had found it necessary to overpower Carthew and strap him to the bed.

Bill and Bob Berkeley were both now at

THE POPULAR.—No. 247.

Greyfriars, covering themselves with mud and glory; while Carthew was writhing in his bonds in the Fourth Form dormitory.

The time passed very slowly for the prisoner. His position was far from comfortable, and he was cramped in every limb.

"Help, help!"

Carthew shouted until he was husky. At last there was a sound of approaching footsteps, and Carthew drew a deep breath of relief.

He had been heard! Somebody was hastening to his rescue!

But Carthew counted his chickens before they were hatched.

He had certainly been heard—by Algy Silver and Lovell minor, who had just come in from the footer-field. But when the two fags took a peep, in turn, through the key-hole of the dormitory door and saw Carthew's sorry plight, they made no movement to rescue him.

Carthew heard muttering voices outside the door. He gave a snort of impatience.

"Buck up, there!" he shouted. "I'm strapped to a bed, and I want you to come and let me loose!"

Algy Silver and Lovell minor exchanged glances. And they grinned. They had suffered a great deal in the past at the hands of Carthew of the Sixth, and they did not see why they should help him now that he was in a fix.

"Don't stand jawing there!" cried Carthew in tones of exasperation. "Come and unfasten these straps!"

"Rats!" retorted the two fags in chorus, taking care to disguise their voices so that Carthew should not recognise them.

The prefect nearly choked with rage.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Find out!"

"If you refuse to help me I shall report you!"

There was a chuckle from beyond the door. "How can you report us, when you don't know who we are?" said Algy Silver in gruff tones.

There was a pause. "I believe I know who you are!" said Carthew, at length. "I can tell by your voices! You are Peele and Gower!"

"Try again, old top!" said Lovell minor. Carthew was utterly nonplussed. He could only make guesses as to the identity of the two fellows outside the door, and his guesses were very wide of the mark.

Presently, to his dismay, he heard the sound of retreating footsteps.

"Come back!" he shouted wildly.

But all that came back to Carthew was the sound of a gay chuckle:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carthew continued to writhe in bondage. He envied the skill of those men who got their living by being tied up in knots and then extricating themselves. He wondered how on earth they managed it. It could not be by sheer strength, for Carthew had exerted his strength to the utmost without making any impression on the tightly fastened straps.

The afternoon dragged slowly by. And Carthew's feelings towards the two new boys, Bill and Bob Berkeley, became almost homicidal. He mentally promised them all sorts of pains and penalties as soon as he got hold of them.

It was late in the afternoon when Carthew's release came.

Bulkeley of the Sixth happened to hear a distant shout, which appeared to come from one of the dormitories, and he hurried upstairs to investigate.

Carthew's voice guided the captain of Rookwood to the Fourth Form dormitory.

Bulkeley gave a violent start when he caught sight of his schoolfellow strapped to the bed.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "How long have you been trussed up like this, Carthew?"

"All the afternoon!" groaned the unhappy prefect. "Let me loose, for goodness' sake!"

With deft fingers Bulkeley loosened the straps.

"Who is responsible for this, Carthew?" he asked.

"Need you ask?" growled Carthew. "Those confounded new chaps are the culprits! They strapped me to this bed so that I shouldn't be able to prevent them going to Greyfriars to play footer!"

Bulkeley looked grim.

"This is a serious matter!" he said. "They must be made to learn that they can't lay hands on a prefect with impunity! I'll send for them as soon as they come in—"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" snapped Carthew. "This is my affair, Bulkeley!"

"Oh, very well!" said the Rookwood captain, shrugging his shoulders. "How do you propose to punish them?"

"I shall haul them up before the Head, of course!"

"Well, I must say it will serve them right!"

**Our Rookwood Stories Are Read All Over the World!**

Carthew got off the bed and stretched his cramped limbs. His face was dark with anger. He, a high-and-mighty prefect, had been overpowered and strapped to a bed by a pair of new boys. It was altogether unheard of! And there were breakers ahead for the brothers Berkeley.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Flogged!**

**"H**ERE they come!" In the autumn dusk a laden charabanc swung into the school gateway.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were on board, and they were looking very merry and bright.

The eager crowd which had awaited the return of the footballers scarcely dared to hope that Rookwood had done anything better than draw with Greyfriars. For the latter on their own ground were one of the toughest junior teams in the South of England.

"How did it go, you fellows?" asked Kit Conroy, as the footballers clambered down from the charabanc.

Jimmy Silver's face was radiant.

"We won!" he said.

"What?"

"One goal to nil!" said Lovell. "Greyfriars had three parts of the play, but they couldn't get past our defence! The two Berkeleys put up a glorious game at full-back. And towards the end Bill Berkeley got our goal with a long shot!"

"Spare my blushes!" said Bill, as the crowd surged round to congratulate him. There was quite a lively demonstration in the old quadrangle.

Not for many moons, so to speak, had the Rookwood eleven forced a win at Greyfriars. And Bill and Bob Berkeley came in for a great ovation.

It was Bill who had scored the all-important goal—the goal that had won the match—and he was promptly hoisted on to the shoulders of his schoolfellows and borne in triumph through the quad.

Bill's weight was so considerable that those who carried him nearly collapsed under the strain.

But they were soon relieved of their burden.

Carthew of the Sixth came striding across the quad.

"Put that fellow down!" he commanded. The juniors obeyed.

Big Bill Berkeley was dumped on to his feet. He regarded Carthew coolly.

"Hope you've had a pleasant afternoon?" he said.

Carthew scowled.

"You and your brother will come with me to the Head—at once!" he rapped out.

Bill and Bob offered no resistance. Nor did they attempt to plead with Carthew to let them off. They followed him as meekly as lambs.

"There's going to be trouble, Bill!" muttered Bob. "But we're quite ready to face the music—at least, I am!"

"Same here!" said Bill.

The procession wended its way to the Head's study. Jimmy Silver & Co. gazed after it rather anxiously. They were concerned for the fate of the two new boys.



**BOB BERKELEY.**

Handling a prefect was a serious matter, and the Head was not likely to take a lenient view of it.

Carthew tapped on the door of the Head's study, and the deep voice of Dr. Chisholm bade him enter.

The trio stepped into the study, the two brothers looking quite unabashed and at their ease.

"Well, Carthew?" said the Head.

"I have to report these two boys to you, sir, for outrageous conduct."

"Indeed! What have they done?"

Carthew told his story, and he made things as black as possible for the Berkeley brothers. In fact, he exaggerated more than a little.

The Head's face grew very grave as he listened. And the frown that he bestowed upon the two delinquents was truly terrifying. But Bill and Bob stood perfectly still, and did not turn a hair.

When Carthew had told his story the Head pondered over it for a while. Then he spoke.

"You yourself are far from blameless in this matter, Carthew. You had no right to cancel these boys' half-holiday. There is a limit to your powers as a prefect. You also awarded a thousand lines to each of these boys. That, surely, was excessive?"

"They were fighting in the dormitory, sir," said Carthew, "and I considered that the punishment fitted the offence!"

The Head frowned.

"To award a heavy imposition and to cancel a half-holiday was a very harsh punishment, Carthew. I must request you to act with more justice and equity in future."

Dr. Chisholm then turned to the culprits. "You have behaved abominably!" he said. "It appears that you attacked Carthew and overpowered him and strapped him to a bed. To lay hands upon a prefect is a most heinous offence. What have you to say for yourselves?"

Bill looked at Bob, and Bob looked at Bill, but neither spoke.

"Ah! You have nothing to say in extenuation of your conduct," said the Head. "But for the fact that you are new to our ways and laws, I should consider the advisability of awarding you a severe public flogging. However, you are new boys, and I will spare you that indignity. You will be flogged here and now."

Carthew's eyes gleamed with malevolent triumph.

"Shall I wait, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Carthew. I wish you to take each of these boys upon your shoulders."

The Head produced a fearsome-looking birch rod from his desk.

"Berkeley major!" he said sternly.

Bill Berkeley was heaved with great difficulty on to Carthew's back. He flung his arms round the prefect's neck and hung on grimly. Carthew began to wish that Bill was several stones lighter. He groaned beneath his burden.

"Swish, swish, swish!"

The Head wielded the birch with tremendous vigour. Bob Berkeley, looking on, likened the Head to the village blacksmith swinging his heavy sledge.

Jimmy Silver & Co. heard the sounds of execution, as it were, from the quadrangle. But they heard no other sounds—no yelps of anguish, no howls of pain. Bill Berkeley had a thick hide, and it would have taken more than this to make him squeal.

Six times the birch descended, and Carthew was well-nigh throttled by the time the ordeal was over, for Bill Berkeley's strong fingers had pressed against his windpipe.

It had been as big an ordeal for Carthew as for Bill. And the prefect was mightily relieved when the castigation was over.

Now came Bob's turn. He faced the flogging without flinching, and displayed Spartan fortitude.

The Head's arm was quite limp by the time he had finished.

"Let that be a lesson to you, Berkeley major and minor!" he panted. "You must understand that to attack a prefect is almost as serious an offence as that of a soldier striking his superior officer. If there is any recurrence of this conduct I may find it necessary to expel you!"

The brothers looked rather startled at this. They felt that there was bound to be a recurrence, for they were at loggerheads with Carthew, and were pretty certain to run foul of him on some future occasion. However hard they tried to avoid him they would



**BILL BERKELEY.**

be unable to help running into him at some time or other.

The Head laid aside the birch.

"You may go," he said, "and I trust you will lay my words to heart."

The two brothers withdrew, and Carthew followed.

"I haven't finished with you yet, my beauties!" muttered the prefect under his breath. "The Head's flogging didn't hurt you. I could see that. But you looked a bit sick when he threatened to sack you from the school. And sacked you will be if I can find ways and means to bring it about!"

Having uttered this threat, Carthew strode away to his own quarters.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**A Night Adventure.**

**"I** THINK we ought to celebrate our win at Greyfriars."

Thus Jimmy Silver.

Bulkeley of the Sixth had long since extinguished the lights in the Fourth Form dormitory, but nobody was asleep.

The juniors had plenty to talk about. The great victory at Greyfriars and the feud which had sprung up between Carthew and the new boys formed the chief topic of conversation.

"That's a topping wheeze, Silver!" said Tubby Muffin. "A midnight feast is the proper caper."

"But where's the tuck coming from?" asked Lovell.

"Somebody will have to nip down to the village and knock up Mother Maloney," said Jimmy Silver.

Mother Maloney was an ancient dame who kept an equally ancient shop in the village of Coombe. She was patronised a good deal by the Rookwood juniors, and she was willing to serve them at any hour of the day or night.

Nobody, however, seemed to relish a trip to the village.

A storm had sprung up at dusk, and it was now raging with fierce intensity.

The wind whistled and howled around the old turrets and towers of Rookwood, and the dormitory windows rattled and shook.

Even Jimmy Silver, fearless and adventurous though he was, preferred his snug bed to the raging elements.

"Who's going to volunteer to go down to the village?" asked Newcome. "Don't all speak at once!"

They didn't. In fact, nobody spoke at all. "A'raid it's a wash-out," said Jimmy Silver at length. "A midnight feast would be top-hole, but it's the question of fetching the grub. Nobody seems desperately anxious to break bounds in this storm."

Bill Berkeley heaved himself out of bed. Jimmy Silver peered inquiringly at him through the gloom.

"I'll go," said Bill. "It isn't a very palatable job, but, dash it all, we ought to celebrate that win."

"Do you know where Mother Maloney's shop is?" asked Raby.

"Yes."

"I'll come with you, Bill," said Bob Berkeley.

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"No, that's all right, Bob. You stay where you are."

"But you won't be able to manage the hamper on your own."

"Rats!"

Bill Berkeley insisted on going alone. There was a whip-round in the dormitory, and the funds were handed to Bill.

"Mind you bring plenty of doughnuts!" was Tubby Muffin's parting injunction as Bill left the dormitory.

The hour was late, and there was nobody on the prowl so far as Bill could judge. Most of the masters and prefects were in the arms of Morpheus.

With the aid of his electric torch Bill Berkeley found his way to the usual place of exit—the box-room window. He raised the lower part, and a fierce gust of wind blew full into his face. The window rattled as if it would break.

Bill clambered through the aperture and dropped down into the quad. Then he closed the window behind him, and battled his way towards the school wall. The wind roared in his ears as he went.

"Joye, it's a wild night!" he muttered. "Still, there's not likely to be anybody about, that's one blessing."

He scaled the school wall without difficulty, and tramped along the dark and storm-swept lane to the village.

There was not a soul to be seen, and Bill Berkeley gained the village without mishap.

Lights twinkled here and there, but for the most part the inhabitants had retired for the night.

Mother Maloney's little shop was in darkness. There was no doorbell, so Bill beat a tattoo with the knocker.

A nightcapped head appeared at the window overhead, and a croaking voice became audible.

"Who is there?"

"It's all right, ma'am," said Bill. "It's only a Rookwood fellow!"

"Lawks a mussy! Which you oughtn't to be out at this hour o' the night, an' in such a storm, too!"

"I want some tuck," said Bill.

This was not the first time Mother Maloney had had that request made to her in the middle of the night by a Rookwood fellow.

"I'll be down in five minutes," she said, "an' then I'll sarve ye."

"Oh, good!"

Bill Berkeley waited patiently, and presently there was a shuffling of feet and a shooting back of bolts.

Mother-Maloney, robed in a thick dressing-gown, and with her hair in curling papers, appeared at the door and ushered Bill into the little shop.

The business was then transacted. Bill was a stranger to the old dame, but she knew by his cap that he was a Rookwood fellow. He put down his money, and she bustled about and made up a hamper for him.

All sorts and conditions of tuck were crammed into the hamper. It was really surprising what a variety of good things Mother Maloney kept in her little emporium.

Bill thanked the dame profusely for her trouble. He knew that Mother Maloney was running a big risk in serving him at that hour of the night. If it came to the Head's knowledge, her shop would have been placed out of bounds to Rookwood fellows.

The hamper was heavy, but Bill was strong—quite a young Hercules, in fact. He shouldered his burden without much difficulty, and, bidding Mother Maloney good-night, he set off with the spoils.

The storm was still raging furiously as Bill Berkeley tramped back to Rookwood.

At one spot the withered branch of a tree lay right across the road. Bill set down his hamper and heaved the branch out of the way, in case some passing motorist or cyclist might run into it. Then he resumed his journey.

"I shan't be sorry to get back to Rookwood," he muttered. "This blessed hamper's beginning to feel like a ton weight."

He tramped on doggedly. The hedges on either side of him shook and swayed as he went, and the great trees groaned by reason of the fury of the gale.

Bill was within a few hundred yards of the school gates when he saw what appeared to be a huddled shape lying by the roadside. The sight gave him quite a start.

"What the thump—" he murmured.

When he drew near to the huddled form

he lowered the hamper to the ground. Then he took out his electric-torch, and flashed it towards the still shape.

Then a sudden cry escaped him:

"Carthew!"

It was indeed Carthew of the Sixth who lay there—so still and white that Bill Berkeley's first fearful thought was that the prefect was dead!

Instantly Bill dropped on to one knee beside the prostrate form. He tore open Carthew's collar; then he sounded his heart, and was relieved to find that his fears were groundless.

Carthew was unconscious, and apparently hurt; though how he had come by his injury was a mystery.

Bill saw that the prefect's coat-sleeve was torn, and that an ominous red patch marred the white shirt underneath.

"He seems to have a nasty gash in the arm," muttered Bill. "Wonder how he came by it? But it's no use wasting time wondering. I'd better get him back to the school."

Leaving the tuck-hamper where it was, Bill Berkeley exerted his great strength and lifted the prefect in his arms. He could not have carried him a great distance, for Carthew was no light-weight; but the gates of Rookwood were not far distant.

Bill staggered slowly along with his human burden. And Carthew showed no sign of regaining consciousness.

It would be impossible to lift the prefect over the school wall. Bill found it necessary to ring the bell and summon Mack, the porter.

It seemed an eternity before Mack answered the summons. But at last he came shuffling out of his lodge, in dressing-gown and slippers, and with a lighted lantern in his hand.

Mack peered through the bars of the gate in blank astonishment.

"My heve!" he ejaculated. "Master Berkeley! Wot's appened?"

"Unlock these gates!" panted Bill.

Mack slowly complied with the command. "Carthew's hurt," said Bill briefly. "I'd better bring him into your parlour. Can't carry him right up to the school. I'm just about whacked!"

Mack led the way with the lantern, and Bill Berkeley bore his burden into the parlour of the porter's lodge.

Carthew was set down on to the sofa, and Bill flung himself into a chair, panting from his exertions.

Mack stood in the offing, so to speak, looking rather scared. He stood the lantern on the table, and scratched his head.

"Wot I says is this 'ere—" he began.

Bill Berkeley waved his hand towards the door.

"Better go and fetch a master!" he said.

There was such an imperative ring in Bill's voice that Mack found himself obeying at once. He shuffled away, with the intention of rousing Mr. Manders.

A quarter of an hour passed.

Bill Berkeley waited, with growing impatience, in the little parlour. The light of the lantern gleamed on his face, which was white and troubled. He was concerned for Carthew. Much as he disliked the prefect, Bill would never have wished him harm.

At last came the sound of footsteps.

Mr. Manders came into the little room, followed by the scared-looking Mack.

With the arrival of the Housemaster, Carthew came back to consciousness. He opened his eyes, and stared about him in a dazed sort of way. It took him some moments to grasp where he was and who was present.

"Carthew!" said Mr. Manders, stepping towards the sofa. "How came you to be in this condition? Why, you are hurt—and badly! There is an abrasion on your arm which will have to receive prompt attention."

Carthew groaned.

"Before we assist you to the sanatorium," said Mr. Manders, "pray inform me how you came by this injury."

Carthew was silent.

"Surely you can remember what happened before you became unconscious, Carthew?" said the Housemaster.

"I remember it perfectly, sir."

"Then pray tell me the facts."

Carthew raised a feeble arm from the sofa, and levelled an accusing forefinger at Bill Berkeley. He said no word, but his

dramatic gesture was more eloquent than any words would have been.

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Manders. "Are you trying to tell me, Carthew, that this boy, Berkeley major, was responsible for your injury?"

Carthew nodded his head.

"He perpetrated a savage attack upon you?"

Again Carthew nodded.

Bill Berkeley stood rooted to the floor. For a moment the room seemed to revolve around him. He knew that Carthew of the Sixth was a cad and an outsider, but he had not dreamed that the prefect would go to such a length as this.

The steely eyes of Mr. Manders were fixed upon Bill.

"What have you to say, Berkeley major?" he asked coldly.

"I—I—it's sort of knocked me all of a heap, sir!" stammered Bill. "Of course, Carthew is lying—not exactly by word of mouth, but by nods and signs. He suggests that I attacked him in the lane, which is a lie—an infamous lie—and Carthew knows it!"

"Calm yourself, Berkeley," said Mr. Manders, "and give me your version of what occurred."

"Very well, sir. I broke bounds to-night to go down to the village—"

"For what purpose?"

"I can't tell you that, sir. But it wasn't for any dishonourable purpose. I was coming back to the school, when I saw Carthew lying unconscious about five hundred yards from the gates. So I picked him up and brought him in. How he came to be unconscious, he alone knows. But it wasn't at my hand."

Mr. Manders looked very stern.

"You have had trouble with Carthew, I believe, Berkeley?"

"Yes, sir."

"You defied his orders, and strapped him to a bed in the Fourth Form dormitory, and were flogged by the Head in consequence?"

"That's so, sir."

"Then it looks to me, Berkeley, as if you have taken this opportunity of being revenged upon Carthew," said the Housemaster. "You encountered him in the lane, and attacked him. You evidently went too far, and became alarmed at what you had done. So you brought Carthew here, that he might receive attention."

Bill Berkeley strongly denied having attacked Carthew; but his denial fell upon deaf ears.

Carthew's version of the affair was that he had seen Berkeley breaking bounds, and had followed him. In the lane, Berkeley had suddenly turned upon him, and attacked him with some instrument that could not be seen in the darkness.

Carthew's story sounded quite feasible, and Mr. Manders accepted it. Naturally, a prefect's word carried more weight than a Fourth-Former's.

"You will remain here, Berkeley," said the Housemaster sternly, "while I assist Carthew to the sanatorium. You will keep an eye on this wretched boy, Mack, and see that he does not get away."

"Werry good, sir," said Mack.

Carthew was able to rise to his feet with difficulty, and Mr. Manders proffered his arm, and assisted him from the room.

Bill Berkeley remained in the little parlour. He was fairly staggered by the turn events had taken. He had not dreamed that Carthew would incriminate him in this way. But Carthew, hating Bill as he did, had not scrupled to lie in order to get him into trouble.

Mr. Manders returned presently to the parlour.

"You will come with me, Berkeley," he said. "I cannot take you before Dr. Chisholm at this hour; but you shall spend the remainder of the night in the punishment-room, and you will be dealt with in the morning."

Bill followed the Housemaster without a word. They fought their way across the dark quadrangle in the teeth of the gale, and entered the school building together.

Through several winding corridors they went, and up a flight of stairs.

Mr. Manders halted outside a stout door, and produced a bunch of keys. He unlocked the door of the punishment-room—Nobody's

Study, as it was frequently called—and ushered Bill Berkeley inside. Bill found himself alone in the bare, gloomy apartment. The door slammed in his face; there was a shooting of bolts, and the retreating footsteps of Mr. Manders died away down the corridor.

**THE FOURTH CHAPTER.  
The Shadow of Expulsion.**

**T**IME he was back!" said Jimmy Silver.

He was referring, of course, to Bill Berkeley.

In the Fourth Form dormitory the fellows were eagerly awaiting the return of Bill. But a long hour passed, and there was no sign of him.

"Hope he hasn't been collared by one of the beaks," said Lovell uneasily.

"Same here," said Tubby Muffin. "I'm jolly hungry!"

"Dry up, you greedy cormorant!" growled Jimmy Silver. "What does your hunger matter, compared with Berkeley's safety?"

"Something must have happened to him," said Arthur Lovell.

"I tell you what. I'll go down to the Close and see if he is coming," volunteered Jimmy Silver.

"Good idea!" said Newcome. "I'll come with you."

"Right you are!"

The two juniors lost little time in getting on their trousers, and in a few moments were moving cautiously down the dark corridor leading to the stairs.

Jimmy Silver led the way down the stairs and along another passage. All was in darkness and very quiet. Suddenly the captain of the Fourth Form stopped, and Newcome, following in the rear, knew that he had suddenly stiffened. He had heard a faint sound near at hand. Was it a beak on the prow? Jimmy Silver bent forward and strained his ears in the pitch blackness. The sound of someone moving to and fro and the low murmuring of a voice came to their ears. The two juniors looked at one another in profound astonishment. For the sound of the footsteps and voice came from the direction of the punishment-room.

Jimmy turned and felt his way to the door of Nobody's Study. He halted outside and bent an ear to the keyhole. The sounds were more distinct. Someone was in the punishment-room! Who was it?

The junior knocked softly on the panel. There was a pause, and the footsteps ceased. Then a voice from inside said:

"Who is that?"

The two in the passage uttered simultaneous gasps:

"Berkeley!"

"Hallo! Who is there?" repeated the voice of Berkeley inside the room.

"Is that you, Berkeley? I'm Jimmy Silver," whispered Jimmy Silver, recovering slightly from his astonishment. "What are you doing in there?"

"Staying here for the night, so it seems!" was the ironic reply.

"What's happened?" asked Jimmy. "Did one of the beaks collar you?"

"No. I went down to Mother Maloney's and got the grub, and was bringing the hamper back to the school when I came across Carthew of the Sixth lying unconscious in the roadway."

"My hat!"

"He seemed to be pretty badly hurt, so I carried him into the porter's lodge and sent for Mr. Manders. I simply had to do it, in the circs. Well, old Manders turned up in his dressing-gown just as Carthew came round."

"And what happened then?"

"Manders asked Carthew how he came by his injury, and Carthew trumped up a yarn to the effect that I pounced upon him in the lane and attacked him."

"Great pip!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "And Manders swallowed Carthew's yarn?"

"Yes. It was a prefect's word against mine, so you can guess who came off best. So here I am until the morning!"

There was a pause.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Newcome, speaking for the first time.

"What can I do now and at this time of the night?" asked Bill. "The best thing for you two chaps to do, if there are two of you there, is to get that grub—I've left the hamper in the lane, about five hundred



**BERKELEY'S STARTLING DISCOVERY—WHO IS THE CULPRIT?—** When Bill Berkeley drew near to the huddled form, he lowered the hamper to the ground. Then he took out his electric torch and flashed it towards the still shape lying in the ditch. A sudden cry escaped him. "Carthew!"

(See Chapter 3.)

yards from the school gates—and finish it off."

Jimmy Silver was looking quite upset.

"Dashed if I feel like feeding and making merry while you're stuck in the punishment-room!" he said.

"Rats! You're not to worry about me! I shall be all right! Don't leave the hamper where it is, after I've taken all the trouble to drag it up from the village. Get it now! Sorry I sha'n't be able to join you in the giddy celebration! But mind you make the most of it! And tell my brother not to worry about me! Good-bye!"

"All right, we'll do that," said Jimmy Silver. "Keep your pecker up, and we'll see what can be done in the morning! Cheerio!"

Jimmy Silver turned to his chum.

"Come on! We must get that hamper, as Bill says!"

It was not long before the two left the school, and, by great luck, they managed to locate the hamper in the lane and bring it safely back to the dormitory.

A crowd of fellows surrounded them on their return.

"What's happened, Jimmy Silver?" inquired several voices in chorus.

Jimmy Silver passed on the story of Bill Berkeley's adventures, and there was a buzz of amazement in the dormitory.

Feeling ran very high against Carthew of the Sixth. It was quite obvious to the juniors that Carthew had lied to Mr. Manders in order to get Bill Berkeley into trouble.

Bill had not been at the school very long, but Jimmy Silver & Co. knew that he would never make a cowardly attack upon a prefect in the dark. Bill Berkeley was open in all his ways. He had faults in plenty, but he would never have taken a mean advantage of anybody. Although possessed of a giant's strength, Bill never used it unfairly. That had been proved on the football-field and elsewhere.

Bob Berkeley was greatly worried on account of his brother. He knew that Carthew was simply longing to bring about Bill's downfall, and he feared that the Head might accept Carthew's story just as Mr. Manders had done.

But Bill had insisted that no one should worry on his account.

It was well past midnight when the hamper was unpacked, and the juniors gathered round to do justice to its contents.

Bob Berkeley took no part in the feed. He was not in the mood for revelry just then. His thoughts were all for Bill.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were not wildly happy, either. The misadventures of Bill Berkeley had cast a gloom over the proceedings.

The only fellow who really enjoyed the feed up to the hilt was Tubby Muffin. It would have taken a good deal to put Tubby off his feed. Certainly the misfortunes of others would never have done so.

It was about as solemn a spread as had ever taken place in the Fourth Form dormitory. The jam-tarts seemed to have lost their flavour, and the cream-buns, which usually melted in the mouth, seemed dry and unappetising.

The juniors turned in at length, and one by one they dropped off to sleep.

But there was one fellow who did not sleep a wink that night.

Bob Berkeley tossed restlessly on his bed, wondering what the morning would bring forth.

"If the Head believes Carthew's story, Bill will be fired!" he muttered. "It's rotten! I wish I could do something to help. It wouldn't be any use seeing Carthew. No amount of persuasion will ever make a hopeless liar speak the truth! Poor old Bill!"

Bob Berkeley was far more concerned about the matter than Bill himself. For the latter had thrown himself on to the bed in the punishment-room, fully dressed, and was

now sleeping peacefully, as if all was right with the world.

In reality, however, all was far from right. For over the head of the slumbering Bill hung the shadow of expulsion.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Good-bye!

**N**EXT morning there was a general assembly in Big Hall.

The Rookwood fellows filed into their places, looking more solemn than usual.

Jimmy Silver & Co., in particular, seemed to have lost all their breezy boyishness.

There were others who looked solemn, apart from the fellows. Mr. Manders looked as if he were attending a funeral. And the Head, when he made an impressive entry into Big Hall, looked very solemn indeed.

Dr. Chisholm made a sign to Bulkeley of the Sixth.

"Kindly fetch Berkeley major from the punishment-room," he said.

The captain of Rookwood withdrew, returning in a few moments with Bill.

If ever a fellow looked innocent of a serious charge, Bill Berkeley did. He carried himself erect, and his eyes met those of the Head without wavering.

But Dr. Chisholm was not to be deceived by looks. He imagined that Bill was being brazen.

"Berkeley major," said the Head in stern tones, "you stand before me on a very grave charge. At a late hour last night you committed a dastardly assault upon a prefect of this school."

"That's not true, sir," said Bill quietly.

"I wish I could believe you," said the Head. "But I have questioned Carthew, who now lies in the sanatorium, and he has satisfied me that you had a grudge against him and were seeking an opportunity of doing him an injury. Your opportunity came last night, and you took full advantage of it. You came upon Carthew from behind, and struck him down."

"That's a lie!"

The voice of Bob Berkeley fairly rang through the crowded hall.

Dr. Chisholm frowned.

"Be silent, Berkeley minor!"

Bob's face was white with indignation. He forgot where he was, forgot the respect that was due to such a pompous personage as the headmaster of Rookwood, forgot everything save that his brother's reputation was being torn to tatters.

"I won't be silent! You sha'n't stop me

from saying what I want to say. You speak of my brother as if he's a cad and a cowardly cur! He's never struck a blow in the dark yet, and he never will. He's not that sort. This is a trumped-up charge against him, and it's Carthew's doing!"

Bob paused. He was panting, and his hands were tightly clenched.

The Head frowned, and his frown rivalled that of Jove of old.

"Will you be silent, Berkeley minor?" he thundered. "You are beside yourself. If you persist in making these interruptions I shall have you ejected from the Hall!"

Bob subsided. He had no wish to be taken away from his brother at such a crisis.

"It is not my intention to prolong this painful case," said the Head. "The evidence against Berkeley major is overwhelming. If he did not inflict this injury upon Carthew, then who did? That is a question which he is unable to answer. He has no possible answer to give. It is well known that he was at loggerheads with Carthew, and I have Carthew's own testimony that it was Berkeley major who struck him down."

"Carthew lied, sir," said Bill.

"Silence, wretched boy! Do not make your case worse by insinuating that one of my prefects has descended to base falsehoods. I am fully satisfied of your guilt, and the only possible punishment, in the circumstances, is your immediate expulsion from this school!"

A solemn hush followed the Head's words. The hush lasted fully a moment, and then there was a sudden commotion at the back of the hall, and Bob Berkeley left his place and advanced down the gangway, coming to a halt at his brother's side.

"If Bill goes, I go, too!" he exclaimed.

Bill turned swiftly upon his brother.

"Get back to your place, Bob, you idiot! Why should two suffer instead of one?"

Bob stood his ground.

"They're not going to sack one without the other," he said. "We're not going to be parted—not if I know it!"

The Head frowned.

"Very well, Berkeley minor," he said grimly. "You shall have your wish. You shall be expelled together!"

There had been plenty of drama in Big Hall that morning. But there was more to come.

Tupper, the page, came in with a visiting-card, which he handed to the Head.

Dr. Chisholm's frown deepened. He was not in the humour to receive visitors at that moment. But when he saw the name on the card was that of Dr. Raymond, a

medical practitioner at Latcham, he suspected that the visit might be urgent.

"Show Dr. Raymond in," he said.

Tupper saluted respectfully, and went to the door and ushered the doctor in.

"I hope my visit is not ill-timed, sir," said Dr. Raymond as he advanced to greet the Head. "The fact is, one of your boys was injured late last night on the road, and I am anxious to know how he is progressing."

"The injury is not serious, I am thankful to say," said Dr. Chisholm. "At the same time the attack made upon Carthew was brutal and unprovoked."

"Attack?" echoed the doctor, looking bewildered. "I do not understand you, sir. I alone am responsible for the boy's injury, and I can assure you it was quite an accident. Since you appear to be in the dark, I will explain. I had a very urgent case to attend to in the middle of last night. It was a matter of life and death, and I had to hasten with all speed to the house of my patient. I was exceeding the speed-limit in my car, little thinking that there would be any pedestrians on the road, especially as a fierce storm was raging at the time. However, one of your boys—a senior boy, judging by the glimpse I got of him—happened to be walking along, about five hundred yards from the school gates, and I ran him down. My car did not pass over him; it simply grazed his arm and threw him clear."

"I knew that I had not killed him, so I hurried on to my patient, intending to return later and minister to the boy whom I had knocked down. But when I returned to the scene of the accident the boy was not there, so I concluded that he had been found and assisted back to Rookwood. I am pleased to learn that his injury is not serious."

The doctor's story caused quite a buzz in Big Hall.

Everybody was fairly staggered.

It was quite clear now that Bill Berkeley was in no way responsible for Carthew's injury. It was equally clear that Carthew had lied.

The Head asked Dr. Raymond to accompany him to the sanatorium. There, Carthew was cross-examined and forced to admit that he had been knocked down by the car, and that there was no question of Bill Berkeley having attacked him.

"Why did you lie to me, Carthew?" demanded the Head sternly.

"I—I must have been in a sort of delirium, sir, and didn't realise what I was saying," said Carthew.

The Head did not accept this explanation.

"I am satisfied, Carthew, that you lied in order to get Berkeley major into trouble," he said. "That was a disgraceful thing for a prefect to do. You will be deprived of your office for a month! You will also consider yourself severely reprimanded. I came very near to committing a miscarriage of justice. But for Dr. Raymond's timely arrival, both Berkeley major and his brother would have been expelled. You have behaved abominably, Carthew! When you have recovered from your injury I shall expect you to make a public apology to Berkeley major."

The Head then returned to Big Hall, and Bill Berkeley was completely vindicated of the charge which had been brought against him. The expulsion was cancelled, and the Hall rang with cheering, for both the Berkeleys had become great favourites.

But the time soon came when the two brothers of giant stature had to bid good-bye to Rookwood. Their father had taken up an appointment abroad, and he proposed to take his two sons with him.

It was rather a sad day for Jimmy Silver & Co. when the parting came. They would miss the two brothers immensely, especially on the football field, where they had performed doughty deeds of valour.

However, the parting had to be, and the chums of Rookwood put as brave a face on it as possible. They gave Bill and Bob a tremendous send-off, and half the school accompanied the burly youths to the station.

The Berkeley brothers were soon out of sight, but not out of mind; for their brief but exciting career at Rookwood would be talked about for many weeks to come.

THE END.

(There will be another splendid long story of Rookwood, entitled "The Missing Schoolboy!" in next week's grand issue.)

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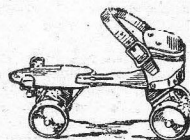
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# THE LEAGUE OF SEVEN!

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THE MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE.

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- DICK TREVOR**, a young adventurer, who has just joined the conspirators.
- CAPTAIN DAVENTRY**, Lavender's right-hand man.
- GILBERT**, a little man with a big heart.
- PETER POUCH**, an old soldier who has been in many battles.
- NED POUCH**, a friend of Dick's, who has a wonderful knack of getting into trouble.
- TRAVERS**, a soldier of fortune, who has thrown in his lot with Monmouth.

HOW THE ADVENTURE STARTED!

It was in the year of 1685 that the Duke of Monmouth made a bid for the throne of England, and landed his few followers at Lyme Regis in the month of June. The band of conspirators, the League of Seven, who had plotted for many months for the cause, had left the mystery house in London and journeyed down to Dorset to meet the coming duke. The news of the rising reached Whitehall very quickly, and Lord Churchill gathered his drilled legions about him, ready to march upon the advancing rebels. The two armies met at Bridport, and later at Bridgewater, and then Sedgemoor. Dick Trevor and his comrades had been in the thick of the fighting, and had been very fortunate to come out unscathed. Sir Anthony Trevor, his uncle, had been plotting to get rid of his nephew for many days with the help of his rascally underling, Colonel Mike Burke. But Dick had escaped from these perils without a scratch, aided by an Anabaptist named Martin Hart. The battle at Sedgemoor is terrific, ghastly. The rebels are defeated, and the Duke of Monmouth captured. The League, now reduced to six in number—for Travers has been killed in action—escape, and make their way to the coast. After many thrilling adventures they manage to reach London, and find lodgings in an inn near the Tower. They are holding a council one evening, endeavouring to find some means to rescue the duke from his prison, when two people enter a room next door. Peering through a curtain, Lavender sees Sir Anthony Trevor and the public executioner, Jack Ketch, in conversation. It appears that Ketch has agreed to help Trevor escape for a certain sum of money. The rascal, not wishing to let his victim out of his clutches, locks him in an attic above the conspirators' room. The League have overheard the whole plot!

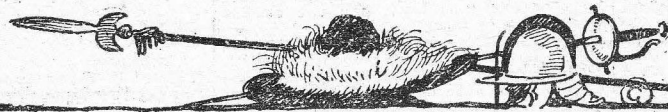
(Now read on.)

Dealing with a Rascal!

THE tired drawer still slept, and the tavern was empty. "Peter!" whispered Harry Lavender, pushing his head through the curtain of the alcove. "Hush! Not a word! Our time will come!" And the sergeant's head dropped once more on to his arms as heavy footfalls sounded above, and a door was banged violently. They heard the rascal waiting—no doubt with his ear to the keyhole—and then he came down again, step by step. A huge grin of satisfaction was on his face, and he strode down the long room with a roll in his gait. "A stroke of luck, Jack Ketch!" he said aloud. "A few more such windfalls, and your fortune is made!" He stopped opposite to Peter Pouch, and regarded him with his head on one side. "Ah, if you were but another of these rebels instead of a drunken sailor, marry, my boots were full of gold to-night!" he chuckled. "The boot is on the other leg!" said Peter Pouch, springing upon him, knife in hand. The sergeant's enormous grip deprived him of all power of sound, and the knife-point gave him a prod in the thick of the arm that made him writhe. "Step this way, Master Ketch!" said Peter, leading him into the alcove. "We have need of you."

Ned had procured a candle from the outer room, and it was a strange scene in the little curtained recess. The conspirators sat in a circle about the table, and the public executioner sat beside them. Peter's knife very visible in a fist that knew how to drive it home if such a course were necessary. "I think," whispered Harry Lavender to Daventry—"I think there are possibilities here!" Whereat Daventry nodded, and the spirits of the conspirators rose. "Don't venture to raise your voice above a whisper, you ruffian," said Lavender, "otherwise you die! But answer my questions truthfully! You have orders to behead the Duke of Monmouth?" "I have!" replied Jack Ketch. "We are going to save him from your hands. You understand? How can we gain access to his cell?" "It is impossible!" faltered the wretch.

"I swear it cannot be done without an order from the King!" "Have you no friends among the warders? We pay well for all services rendered." And the captain shook a purse of gold before the hangman. Ketch gasped, and rolled his eyes wildly. "Sir, a thousand would not gain you sight of him, and ten times that sum could not give you speech!" he said earnestly. "Then we must try another method," said Lavender, still more sternly than before. "You are a paid servant of the Crown of this realm, Master Ketch. You must aid us, and you shall, or the desirable post you fill with so much grace will be vacant before the sun rises!" "Heavens!" groaned the wretch, the sweat rolling from his forehead. "I can do nothing! Indeed, I cannot raise a finger!" "You can help rebels to escape," said Harry Lavender, pointing to the ceiling, whence came the sound of Sir Anthony, pacing backwards and forwards like a caged jackal. "No, no! I shall hand him over to justice!" protested the miserable wretch. "Worse and worse, Master Hangman! First you would rob your bird, and then betray him! Now listen to me, for much hangs upon a proper understanding of my words." And Harry Lavender's brows met in a black line over the bridge of his strong nose. "You are a man of considerable cunning, as we have heard to-night. Who we are matters not to carrion like you. But I swear solemnly, upon the word of an officer and a gentleman, that, unless you assist us in this undertaking, the King shall know of your dealing with the man upstairs, and you will most assuredly hang!" Ketch was livid with fear, and his condition would have been pitiable to behold but for the brutal nature of the fellow and the scene they had so recently witnessed. "I was wrong!" he cried. "I will do anything to make amends, but I cannot help the duke to escape! Think of it, dear gentlemen all! I am but a poor executioner! I have my duties to perform, and I am known to be as merciful to those who come under my hands as it is possible to be! You drive me too far! You do not understand!" "Peace, fool!" said the relentless Lavender, raising his clenched fist, and letting it fall, with an expression of disgust. "Whether we understand or no, get this into your understanding—the moment you THE POPULAR.—No. 247.



Will the League Rescue the Duke of Monmouth? See Next Week!

raise the axe to strike Monmouth you will be shot from a distance. All has been prepared. Resolute men are even now loading firearms that never miss. You cannot escape, and though they find twenty curs to take your place, each will fall in his turn!"

Ketch closed his eyes, and slavered at the corners of his hideous mouth.

He seemed upon the point of fainting. The man who had dealt out death to scores of his fellow-creatures had not the courage to face the dread penalty himself.

"What can I do?" he said, after a moment of very intense silence, broken only by the pacing above them. "What is it you wish of me?"

"Delay the execution—disappear—become suddenly ill on the scaffold—delay—delay—delay!" said Lavender, punctuating his words by as many blows upon the table, until Daventry laid a warning hand upon his arm.

"That will I do most willingly!" faltered the wretch. "But the duke will die, all the same. Nothing will stay it. The King wishes it—hates him—always has hated him! And I say again, the duke will die!"

"We will leave that matter for the present," interposed Daventry quietly. "All you have to remember is that the moment you pick up your accursed axe you will cease to exist—and that is something for you to dream about!"

The executioner buried his face in his hands.

"There is one way by which you may save your miserable skin," said Harry Lavender. Ketch looked up sharply.

"You must have many acquaintances among the vermin that frequent the scaffold and the gallows-tree," went on the captain thoughtfully. "Canst get fifty of you fellows to join in the cry of 'Long live Monmouth'? They shall have a crown a head if they shout loud enough."

Ketch became very intent, and his shifty eyes sparkled.

"Master," said he, with great assumption of earnestness, "I could find you not fifty, but ten times that number. In short, a few gold-pieces distributed among some half-dozen men I could bring to you, with promise of more if they did their work, would rally half the thieves in London to your side."

Lavender and Daventry looked at each other, and then at Peter Pouch.

"I say, that promises better than any plan we have had yet," said Peter—"always provided that this scoundrel plays fair."

"As for that," chimed in Ketch, "these gentlemen can see for themselves. Let them meet me at Mother Rattrap's hostelry below the Tower at an hour before midnight to-morrow, and there I will have Long Nathaniel, the Romany; Simon Hammerfist, Kit Mag, and the little Welsh cutpurse, Evan Pritchard, each one of whom has but to put the word round among his companions to muster nigh upon two thousand folk of sorts; all food for the rope, truly, but men of muscle, who would lose their souls for a gold jacobus!"

"And think you these gentlemen would trust themselves in such company with you for a guide?" said Peter Pouch scornfully. "Mother Rattrap's is naught better than a murder-hole at the best of times!"

"My life is precious to me, and they hold it under their hands!" retorted Ketch, who had not forgotten Peter's grip, nor the point of his knife.

"That's the truest word you have spoken to-night!" said the sergeant.

The conspirators drew aside to the end of the recess, and discussed in whispers; and when they drew to the table again, Lavender spoke.

"To-morrow night, at eleven of the clock, we will be at the place you name," he said. "Attempt any treachery, and it will avail you nothing, for not only will you lose your life by a carbine-ball, but, should that fail, we shall have a packet prepared for instant transmission to the King, in case we should not reappear at sunrise. Now go, and have no fear that we shall fail you at the rendezvous."

Ketch bowed low, and left the tavern, and the morning was once more breaking over the city of London as the conspirators followed him.

The river glided coldly, and Dick shivered a little. Everything was dingy and cheerless in that place, and at that hour; and when

THE POPULAR.—No. 247.

Peter had carefully examined the various alleys that surrounded the tavern, they fled back by a winding route to their lodging on Tower Hill.

"What think you of affairs?" said Dick Trevor to Ned Pouch, as the two lads rolled themselves in their cloaks to snatch a few hours' slumber.

"Master Richard," was the reply, "I don't like it a bit, and that hangdog hangman is going to betray us!"

### The Happenings at Mother Rattrap's!

WHEN the two lads awoke it was noon, and the three elder men were evidently but newly come in from some quest, for they sat at the table and recounted their various doings.

Dick, still tired with the fatigue of Sedgemoor and its consequences, felt no inclination to rise, but lay listening. And the tidings seemed to be more hopeful.

Peter Pouch had mustered thirty stout fellows, who would distribute themselves through the crowd round the scaffold, and raise a cry of rescue.

Daventry had gathered news that the common folk were openly in sympathy with the unfortunate duke, and that the feeling was steadily growing; but Harry Lavender's intelligence was the most important of all.

His old company of the Guards was to be on duty, and were "Monmouth" to a man.

Dick Trevor and Ned Pouch sprang up at this news, and Harry Lavender laughed aloud for the first time for many days.

"Ay," he said, "they have not forgotten my teaching! And were I still at their head we would surround the duke with a bristle of bayonets that should guard him safely to the quayside! As it is, I have done something. And Jimmy Arbuthnot, who has the company now, promises to aid us if we can but make stir enough."

Their conversation was interrupted by a loud hammering without, and they hurried to the window.

Workmen were busy putting up the scaffold. For a long time no one spoke, and they stood watching the crowd of onlookers—sailors from the port of London, loafers from the taverns, citizens, and apprentices, all attracted by the spectacle, and all betraying sympathy, as was evident by the hush, broken only by the clash of timbers and the ceaseless hammering of the carpenters.

As they stood in the window, a man slouched along beneath them, and glanced furtively up.

"Master Ketch," said Peter, with a click of his tongue. "He points us out to that thin dog in the black coat and breeches, who goes off with a nod of the head. We are no longer safe here if that scoundrel plays us false!"

"I will after him, and join you at the water-stairs," said Ned.

And before they could speak he had slipped away from the room.

The conspirators filed out a few moments after, and made their separate ways to a landing-place hard by Tower Wharf.

Five minutes later Ned arrived, walking briskly.

"Yonder man entered a coach in East-cheap, and to the driver he cried, 'White-hall,'" whispered Ned. "What may that mean?"

"That we will take a turn upon the river," said Harry Lavender. "Ho, boat! A pair-or for Wapping, my lads!" he cried.

And instantly half a dozen rowers were clamouring for their custom.

The tide swirled blackly under the arches of London Bridge.

A ship's boat, managed by four stout sailors, pulled silently past the gloomy Traitor's Gate, and swung with the gurgling ebb towards a red glow that danced on the water.

"'Tis Mother Rattrap's!" said Peter Pouch, in a low voice, "and a bad trap to get out of as any in the City. Easy, lads! Let her float alongside this wharf with as little noise as may be."

The boat grated against the mouldering piles of a disused quay, and two cloaked figures rose in the stern.

"Remember," whispered Harry Lavender, "if all is not well, come in on the instant. If I cry, 'The moon!' row for your lives, and we must take our fate."

He pressed Dick's hand, as did Daventry, and the two men climbed on to the quay.

"Peter!"

"I am here, captain, and begin to wish I were anywhere else!" replied the sergeant, drawing his sword beneath his cloak.

Pew!

The whistle was not far away, and they could just make out the figure of Master Ketch beckoning them from the shadow of a tall wooden building.

Peter Pouch was a few yards behind the two officers, and he looked sharply at the red-curtained window of the inn which lay on his right.

It was quivering on the shrine of an inlet in a long, wavy pathway of dancing gleam, and Peter saw that the inlet divided the wharf from the hostelry.

A broad plank crossed it, and again Peter looked sharply at the red curtain!

As he passed the plank he stooped down; and, with a powerful motion of his great hand, he slid the end of it along the slippery quay, until it rested upon it by the breadth of two fingers only.

"I think," muttered Peter Pouch, "that we may see things presently, unless I am going blind!"

A stride or so brought him to the others, who stood at the corner of an empty warehouse, speaking in low voices.

"They are all here but the Welsh cutpurse, your honours," said Ketch. "There was a suspicious man in the inn, so they deemed it better to come here. Will you be good enough to enter? There is one step, and we have a lantern within."

"What we have to say can very well be said here," interjected Harry Lavender. "Let your friends come out on to the quay. I go no farther!"

Ketch sprang aside with a coarse laugh.

"No farther than yonder fortress!" he cried. "Lads, here be these fine gentlemen, and they shall have a fine welcome!"

At his cry, the open door of the wooden shed was suddenly illuminated by a flaring torch, and six men leaped forth, armed with hangers.

"Down with your arms, rebels!" cried a black-visaged fellow of gigantic stature.

"Ho!" said Harry Lavender calmly.

His right arm shot forward, and Long Nathaniel, the Romany, rolled over—dead!

"Warily! There are more to follow!" said Daventry.

"Ah, Sim Hammerfist, I know you of old!" said Peter Pouch.

And straightway they closed, hand to hand, in fierce fight.

Ketch whistled shrilly, and the door of Mother Rattrap's house burst open.

Twenty ruffians rushed out and headed for the plank, and Peter lifted up his mighty laugh—not because he had at that moment hamstringed his adversary by a slash across the left leg, but because there came from the shine of the water inlet a scream of terror and an unctuous splash!

The plank had overset, and three men sank for ever into the immemorial mud!

"Where is the villain Ketch?" cried Daventry.

And a mocking laugh replied out of the darkness.

A bolt fell from the socket of a wooden gate, and there came the rush of many feet.

Peter Pouch caught Lavender in his arms.

"Hurt, captain?"

"No; the old wound."

The sergeant lifted him like a feather, and ran back to the quay-side.

"Ah, good lads, and not before we needed you!" panted Peter, lowering the wounded man into the boat. "Where is—"

"Here!" said Daventry, springing down into the sternsheets, followed by the bulky sergeant, whose weight caused the boat to rock like a leaf.

"This way. They cannot escape!" came the hoarse voice of Ketch, as a flare of torches and flash of steel poured along the wharf.

Then a chorus of rage broke from the baffled ruffians bending at the wharf's side, and a lull as they listened for the sound of oars.

A fog was rolling over the water, and out of it came a voice of peculiar solemnity.

"Remember, Ketch," it said, and the fog rendered it hollow as a funeral bell, "when you lay your hand upon that axe, you die!"



**"By Order of the King!"**

**H**IST! We are out of danger, since none can see in this fog," said Harry Lavender, who had come to his senses again, and lay on Peter Pouch's cloak in the stern of the boat.

The men ceased rowing, and the craft glided noiselessly into the shelter of a creek on the south side of the Thames.

"Where are we?"  
"On the Surrey side, about a quarter of a mile below London Bridge," replied one of the seamen.

"Then here let us wait and sort our cards, for the game is going oddly, and 'tis a turn of the ace whether we win or lose."

The conspirators drew together and conversed in whispers.

"What think you of the man Ketch?" said Daventry. "Will he carry it through, or have we still a hold upon him?"

"Hold we have none!" said Lavender bitterly. "Our chance, as I make it, lies in my company declaring for Monmouth, and our friends in the crowd swaying the mob in his favour. Then with a bold dash we may succeed in carrying him away to the water, and so to Holland."

Peter Pouch shook his head in the darkness.

"I have a plan!" said Dick Trevor, speaking for the first time.

"Out with it, boy!" cried Daventry. "I have come to a good opinion of your judgment in most things."

"Ay, say on!" said Harry Lavender.

"'Tis this," said Dick, speaking very deliberately. "Last night you told us that you had procured a permit for one person to visit the duke—a favour granted by the Earl of Sunderland."

"Yes, the rascal!" said Harry Lavender. "Had things gone otherwise with us, Sunderland was to have declared for Monmouth, and had been promised a high post. But what of the order? 'Tis useless, since one man can do naught in those grey walls."

"You are wrong, captain," whispered Dick. "One man may do what a hundred could not accomplish."

"How? What do you mean?"

"This," replied Dick. "One man may come to have speech with his grace, and, once inside, who is to tell whether he comes forth again? A peruke is a peruke, and a cloak covers a multitude of sins!"

"Zounds, boy, you would—"

"Enter the Tower, change clothes with the duke, and before they discover aught you would be at Thames mouth and in safety!"

A momentary silence fell upon them at this bold suggestion.

"Madness!" exclaimed Peter Pouch, with a growl like a bear.

"The thing is impossible!" said Captain Daventry.

"Hold," said Harry Lavender quietly. "The idea hath its points, and were I but recovered from this cursed wound I would make the attempt."

"I know not how to gain entrance," said Dick; "but, once past the sentinels, and I warrant me 'twere easy. I am unknown, and if the pass is good there should be no difficulty."

"And when they find you—supposing the duke has escaped—what think you will happen?" grunted Peter Pouch.

"They will scarce kill me; and I should hold imprisonment light if I saved his Grace."

"Dick," said Harry Lavender, seizing the boy's hand, "the pass is good, since it bears the King's name; and a plague on my wits that this same idea had not occurred to me ere this! Men"—and he leaned forward towards the sailors, who had been sitting motionless—"canst find the stair hard by the Tower gate?"

"Ay, that can we, if your honour wishes it!"

"Then fall to with all the caution in the world, so that it shall seem that we come down the river from Whitehall!" said Lavender.

And the boat rocked as they pushed out from the creek and dipped their oars.

The fog hung thickly over the river, and the tide was falling.

It was silent as the tomb, and the first sound that broke the muffled stillness was the rush of the water under the arches of the quaint old bridge.

**JACK KETCH BETRAYS THE CONSPIRATORS.**



Suddenly the door of the shed opened and six armed men poured forward into the path of the League. "Down with your arms, rebels!" roared a voice. Harry Lavender's rapier flashed in the sudden gleam of light. "Back, men!" he cried. "We have been betrayed!" (See page 24.)

Harry Lavender drew Dick towards him and put a paper in his hand.

"You are about to perform a deed of heroism, my boy!" he whispered. "Should it succeed, it may be long ere we meet again, for we go into exile, and you—you will taste the misery of a prison. Beside which, if you are recognised afterwards as Dick Trevor, they may hang you for a rebel. Art equal to the undertaking? Have you weighed sufficiently what it means?"

"I have thought of everything, Lavender," replied Dick Trevor, "and I will risk all to save him. But if the duke should chance to get clear?"

"Bid him make straight for the water-stairs, and scrape thrice with his foot. We shall hear, and embark him instantly. Remember, Colonel Scott commands the guard within, and you must show no fear under his eye."

"I know not what it is to fear," replied Dick simply.

Harry Lavender's grasp upon his shoulder told all that the captain's lips refused to utter, and at that moment one of the seamen whispered:

"The steps are here!"

Dick had put on Ned's yellow peruke, and drew his blue cloak about his face.

Each in turn pressed his hand silently, and Dick stepped over the gunwale on to the landing.

"Hallo!" quoth the sergeant of the guard, as a rapping fell upon the outer wicket of the Tower gate. "What, in Heaven's name, have we here?"

He took a horn lantern from the guard-house and strode across the yard.

"Well, what would you have at this time o' night?" queried the sergeant gruffly. "There is no admittance until morning."

"You are wrong, sir," said a clear voice without. "I have his Majesty's warrant in my hand, and I think 'tis a key that should open all gates."

"The King's warrant? Oh, that alters the case somewhat!" said the gruff sergeant,

recognising the voice was that of a gentleman. "But I must ask your honour's leave to call the colonel, and he must e'en bring the lieutenant out o' bed before we can admit you. I will return in as short a space as is possible."

And the footsteps could be heard clattering away in the stillness.

Dick's heart beat high, for he was now embarked on a desperate business, and he stood in the shadow of the gate, muffled in the river mist, listening.

It seemed an eternity, though 'twas but a few moments, before the sergeant came back, accompanied by his officer, and a tiny lattice was opened, through which the sergeant flashed his light.

"Your name and business, sir?" demanded Colonel Scott.

"My name matters not, sir. My business is speech with the Duke of Monmouth," said Dick. "If you know the King's writing, you will see that I have authority here."

And he passed the paper through the opening.

The colonel took it and perused it carefully.

"Bring the bearer of this into the presence of the Duke of Monmouth, the interview to be not longer than of one hour's duration. The bearer shall leave his sword without the duke's lodging. (Signed) JAMES R."

The colonel nursed his chin in his hand, and turned the paper over several times.

The signature was in the King's neat handwriting, set about with little flourishes, just as you may see it at the foot of Monmouth's death-warrant to-day.

"Sir, it seems to be in order; but we have rules to observe, and the lieutenant of this fortress has alone the power to give you entrance. I pray you tarry a few moments till I carry this to him myself."

Again the boy waited, his heart pumping prodigiously now, and he heard the sergeant set his lantern down on the stones within,

and could tell that he remained there by the occasional shuffle of his feet.

Presently there came the quick tread of square-toed shoes upon the cobbles, and a jangle of keys.

"Unlock the wicket!" said a sharp voice. The gate was opened, and a pair of keen eyes took stock of the cloaked figure.

"Enter, sir, and give me your sword!" said the Lieutenant of the Tower. "I ask not your name, knowing well that his Majesty must have had his own reasons for its exclusion."

But as he took Dick's rapier his gaze fell on the fighting lions graven on the blade, and he touched Colonel Scott's arm.

"Trevor!" he whispered in the colonel's ear. "The mystery is explained, though, I faith, I thought that friendship a thing of the past."

"'Tis the nephew, not the uncle, man!" replied the colonel in the same tone, as the sergeant closed the wicket with a clang. "Lights, there!" said the lieutenant. "I must carry this young gentleman to the duke myself, though 'tis a pity to disturb his last slumber."

Under archways that rang to their tread, past motionless sentinels, whose coarse, red coats and heavy muskets showed for a moment in the glare of the links, by the dark opening of the Traitors' Gate, where the night tide was lapping with a dismal splash on the stone steps, Dick walked as in a dream, and not a word was spoken until

they had climbed a narrow stair, and came to a pause before a doorway guarded by two men.

"Wait!" said the lieutenant. And he drew forth a key, turned the lock, tapped upon the oak panel, and went in.

A dim light shed itself upon the stone passage, and from the room came the murmur of voices.

The lieutenant thrust his shoulders into view and beckoned. Dick entered, doffing his beaver as he did so. The lieutenant bowed as he withdrew, and closed the door, and Dick was in the presence of the doomed man.

The duke sat at a table, upon which were strewn some papers and materials for writing, and he looked inquiringly at his visitor, not recognising him in his partial disguise.

Raising a warning hand, Dick removed the yellow peruke, and advanced to the table.

"Your Grace, I am Richard Trevor, and there is a merry moon to-night!"

"Dear lad!" cried the duke. Springing from his chair, he shook him warmly by the hand.

The Dawn Breaks.

"SIT ye down, boy!" said Monmouth, after a pause. "How and why are you in this place?"

"I am come with the King's pass in my hand, and I come to save your Grace."

Monmouth smiled.

"'Tis none too soon, then, since I am to die to-morrow—nay, to-day, is it?" And he glanced at a watch upon the table. "But surely this is madness! If you are recognised you will hang for a rebel. James never forgets, and never forgave in his life!"

"As for that, I know not," said Dick. "I am here, and none know me, since I have only been in London for one night before I returned this time; and Dick Trevor is not so important a person that his Majesty should concern himself as to his whereabouts when all is in the dust."

"Ay, the dust," said Monmouth moodily, fixing his dark eyes on the guttering candles before him. "My mad folly will bring many a true heart low, an' 'tis my bitterest thought."

"This, saving your Grace's pardon, is no moment for sad reflections," said Dick, leaning forward. "I have one hour to be with you, and at the end of it you can walk forth to freedom, and good friends have provided for your safety."

Monmouth's face, which was lined and haggard, assumed a smile as he looked at the lad.

"Nay, I am not without hope, Richard," he said. "I had one shaft left in my quiver, and I shall hit the mark truly. Even now there has gone a letter to the King which contains matter of such import to him that I doubt not for a reprieve. The rogue, my Lord of Sunderland, would tremble did he know the gist of my message, and I have the promise of a brave soldier that it shall reach his Majesty safely."

It is a matter of historical fact that a letter, revealing the earl's double-dealing, was despatched by Monmouth to James, and had the King received it, there's little doubt that the execution would have been postponed.

Unfortunately, the captain who had charge of it delivered it into Sunderland's own hands to give to James, and it never reached its destination.

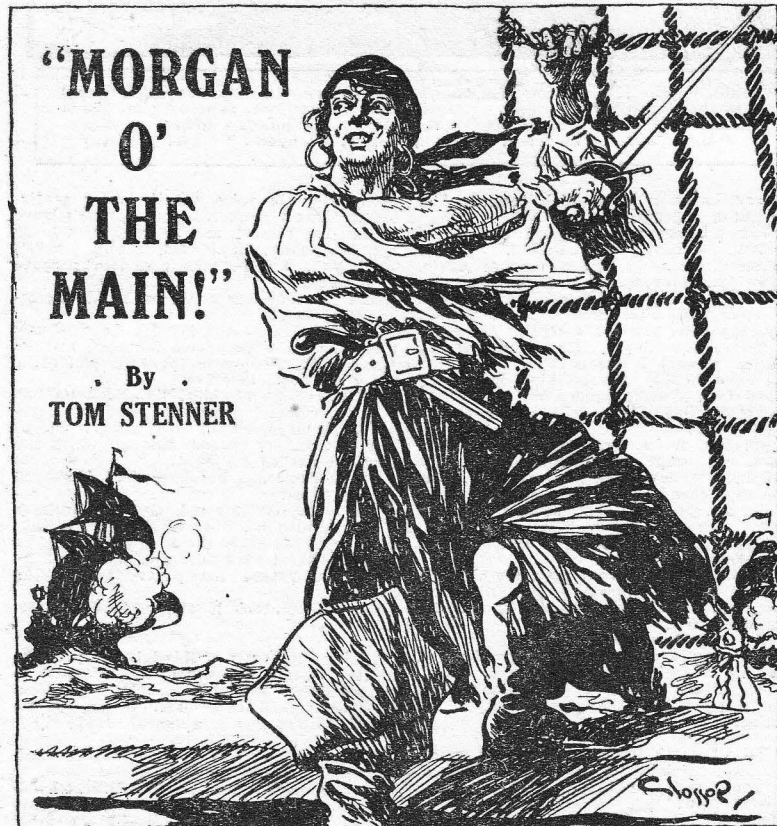
"But, as you have an hour to spend with me, tell me first how goes it with our friends? What of Lavender and Davenport, and the rest of our brave band, who dared so much for my sake, and fought so well?"

Dick told all he knew, which was little enough, save where it concerned their own fortunes. But the duke plied him with many questions, as a man will who is about to go upon a long journey.

(To be continued.)

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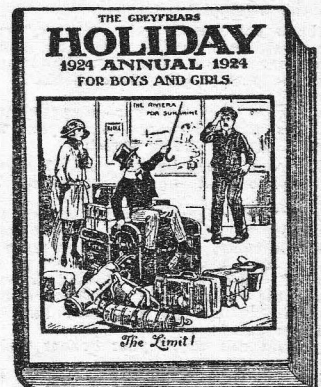
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**BAGGY'S UNLUCKY DAY!**

(Continued from page 10.)

Trimble could hardly define the outline of the dog, he was certain that it still remained on guard at the foot of the tree. A dark shadow there told him of its presence.

"Oh dear!" he moaned. "How long am I going to remain up here? Groooogh! I shall be late for call-over. Wow-wow! There's one consolation, though—those rotten gunmen have moved off!"

As a matter of fact, the sound of rifle-fire had ceased over an hour since, but Trimble had been too frightened to notice the fact. His arms were beginning to ache, and there was a terrible cramp in his legs.

But worse was to follow. The bough of the tree upon which he sprawled was beginning to creak and groan under such an unaccustomed weight. Suddenly there was an ominous creak, and then—

Crack!  
The bough of the tree snapped in twain, and, amidst a mass of foliage, Baggy Trimble pitched headlong to the ground below!

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.  
Out of the Frying-pan—**

**"W**OW!"  
Among a twisted mass of leaves and branches appeared the head and shoulders of Baggy Trimble. He had partly broken his fall, as he had kept a hold of the big bough that had snapped asunder, but for the moment the egregious junior really believed that he had broken every bone in his body.

"Yow-wow-wow!" he roared. "My back's broken! My leg's fractured! Yow!"

A little examination, however, revealed the fact that, bar a few superficial bruises, the fat Fourth-Former was still intact. Struggling out of the foliage, Trimble tenderly caressed himself. Then his eyes alighted on the dark patch which for over an hour he had fondly imagined was the silhouetted figure of the dog called Bob. In reality, it was Tom Merry's coat, stuffed with apples!

"Well, I'm blowed!" grunted Trimble disgustedly. "Sitting up there for over an hour in fear of a dog and it turns out to be a blessed overcoat! That rotten dog must have made off without my seeing it. Brrr!"

Feeling much easier in his mind now there was no dog to be afraid of, the junior picked up the overcoat stuffed with apples, shouldered it, and crept silently away. Owing to the darkness, he was not sure of his direction, and after a quarter of an hour's walking found himself in a spacious meadow lined with hedges.

"Which is the blessed way?" he grunted dismally.

Looking round him with wide-open eyes, Trimble tried to locate himself. Suddenly there was a movement behind him. The St. Jim's junior wheeled swiftly. And then he gasped.

There, not more than three feet away from him, was a full-sized bull, its head up-lifted suspiciously.

"Ooooh!" exclaimed Trimble.

The bull lifted up its head still further and bellowed angrily. That was enough for Trimble. With a frightened yell, he took to his heels as if all the fiends in creation were after him. With another terrific roar, the bull gave chase. Trimble, looking over his shoulder as he ran, gasped with fright.

The bull was thudding at his heels.  
"Help!" panted Trimble, running for dear life. "Help!"

The bull roared above the junior's frantic cries, and ran on, head lowered, ready for

an opportunity to toss its victim. A hedge was not far away, and Trimble ran for it as he had never run before in his life.

And the enraged bull, snorting and bellowing shrilly, thudded on behind.

"Help!" shrieked Trimble.  
Crash!

The fat Fourth-Former suddenly felt a sharp jolt from behind, and the overcoat containing the apples which he carried over his shoulder, sack fashion, was torn from his grasp. Looking wildly over his shoulder, Trimble saw the enraged bull trying to extricate its horns from the overcoat, at which the animal had charged, and endeavoured to toss. Roaring and snorting in turns, the frenzied brute only succeeded in enveloping its whole head in the inoffensive overcoat.

"Thank heavens!" panted Trimble, as he ran on. "That coat saved my life!"

Looking wildly for an avenue of escape, the fat junior saw only the tall hedges skirting each side of the meadow.

"Grooogh!" he murmured. "I shall have to jump for it!"

Spurred on by the thought that the bull, once ridding itself of the overcoat, would continue the chase, Baggy Trimble, with a run, endeavoured to jump the hedge. It was disastrous.

There was a rending and tearing of garments, and the fat junior found himself sprawling in the middle of the hedge amongst a host of sharp brambles that pierced his fat hide.

"Yowp!" he groaned. "Wow-wow!"

Gingerly feeling his way, Trimble slid down the hedge, and landed in the Ryleombe road, safe at last from the bull! He was about to make off for St. Jim's, when he saw a uniformed keeper carrying a brace of pheasants over his shoulder, whilst at his heels trotted a dog.

And Trimble recognised the dog as "Bob." Slowly it dawned upon the junior that the shots which had frightened him into the belief that he was being chased by the keepers were nothing more or less than the shots of a party of sportsmen who had been out pheasant-shooting on the colonel's estate.

"Well, I'm blowed!" grunted the St. Jim's junior morosely. "And I've missed call-over for nothing after all! And the blessed apples and Tom Merry's overcoat have gone west! Wow!"

But worse was to follow. For when Trimble arrived back at the school he found a pressing invitation to Mr. Lathom's study awaiting him. That learned gentleman commented upon Baggy's disgraceful and torn appearance, and followed up his remarks with a licking—the penalty for missing call-over.

Moaning pitifully, Trimble left the master's study, and bumped into Tom Merry, who was in a fearful rage. The captain of the Shell had remained locked in the study until five o'clock. The juniors returning from the footer field and hearing his cries, had released him.

Baggy Trimble endeavoured to elicit the sympathy of his Form-fellows by telling them the story of his escapade—with a few embellishments—but the juniors, strangely enough, were far from sympathetic.

To conclude a day of misfortunes, Baggy was severely bumped—in lieu of the apples, as Monty Lowther cheerfully put it.

And, needless to say, all thoughts of reviving his Form-fellows' interest in his wonderful apple-pie recipe faded into the background.

Still moaning, Baggy crawled to his study, bewailing his lot. And the burden of his plaint was:

"Yow-wow! Beasts! Groooogh!"

THE END.

(There will be another topping tale of St. Jim's next week.)

**A "GO-ANYWHERE" MOUNT!**

All about our Splendid Prize Motor-cycles.

**I**N view of our remarkable offer of thirty fully-equipped motor-cycles, in addition to hundreds of other magnificent prizes, in our Great New Competition, readers will be eager to learn further particulars of these machines. For, of course, there are motor-cycles and motor-cycles; some are very much better than others. Well, readers can rest assured that the machines offered in this wonderful competition are the very best that money can buy. They are genuine 2½-horse-power "James" motor-cycles, made by the James Cycle Company, of Birmingham, one of the oldest firms in the motor-cycle industry. These machines are listed by the James Company at £50 net cash. Each machine is fully equipped in every way, including lamp, horn, and licence-holder. It will not be necessary for the lucky winners to pay one penny-piece for extras of any sort—the machines will be presented to them ready for the road in every respect.

The two-stroke engine, rated at 2½-horse-power, is of the simplest type, proved by exhaustive tests to be the best and most suitable engine for hard and continuous service. The actual power developed by it is considerably in excess of its rated horsepower of two and a quarter, and, in conjunction with the two-speed gear, is sufficient to take one rider—or even two—over any roads in Britain and for the longest tours with the greatest of ease. This particular type of engine—the two-stroke—is particularly suitable for the motor-cycling novice, as it embodies the minimum of moving parts; valves and valve-springs, which are always potential sources of trouble, are eliminated, the gas being admitted and ejected from the cylinder by means of ports, which are uncovered in turn by the piston itself. This is the least complicated and most reliable system, used on the majority of modern motor-cycles.

The 2½ "James" is light enough to afford easy handling and perfect control at all times, but not so light as to be uncomfortable or unsafe, as very light machines sometimes are. The kick-starter and easily-manipulated clutch make starting and stopping and manoeuvring in traffic matters of the greatest ease. The footboards are sprung, as well as the saddle, to obtain the maximum of riding comfort. It would be an easy matter to ride 200 miles a day without undue fatigue on the 2½-horse-power "James."

Running costs are always a matter of interest to the prospective motor-cyclist, and it may safely be said that it is impossible to obtain a real serviceable go-anywhere mount which costs less to run than the "James." An outlay of half-a-crown would comfortably cover the expenses of a run of 120 to 150 miles. What other form of transport can give equal service for a like amount, to say nothing of the joy of humming along the open road?

No motor-cyclist, whether he be a beginner or an old devotee of the pastime, could possibly wish for a better mount than the 2½ "James"—the "go-anywhere" mount. The chance represented by the competition—announced elsewhere in this issue—in which no less than thirty of these magnificent machines are offered to readers, is one that simply no one can afford to miss. Without the least exaggeration, it may be called the chance of a lifetime!

(Turn to page 2 for the illustration of the "James" 2½.)

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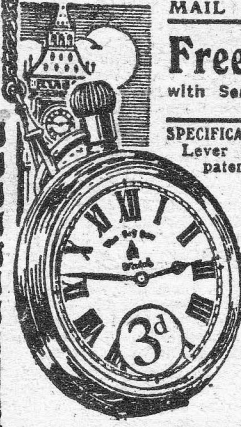
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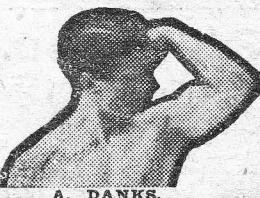
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