

Ructions at Greyfriars!

*A Complete Story of School
Life and Adventure*

By **FRANK RICHARDS**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bribing Bunter!

“ONE pound of sugar——”
 “Hallo, hallo, hallo!”
 “Half-pound of butter——”
 “Bunter——”
 “Quarter-pound of syrup——”
 “Look here——”
 “Pinch of salt——”
 “Bunter!” roared Bob Cherry. “Billy Bunter!”

Bunter of the Remove, did not heed. He was blinking through his big glasses at a fragment of crumpled and not over-clean paper, held in his fat fingers. And he went on:

“Add a little water——”
 “BUNTER!”
 “Two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, just before the toffee is done——”
 “You fat duffer——”
 “Pour into a clean, buttered pan——”
 Bob Cherry strode into No. 7 Study, and grasped Bunter by the shoulder. He gave the Owl of the Remove a vigorous shake.

“Bunter!” he roared.
 “Yaroooh!”

“Look here, Bunter——”
 “Leggo, you silly ass!” howled Bunter. “I’m busy! Can’t you see I’m busy? Leggo!”

“I want you——”

Billy Bunter jerked himself away.

“Never mind what you want, Cherry,” he said, “I’m busy just now. By the way, though, can you lend me a pound of sugar?”

“No!” growled Bob.

“Well, can you lend me half a pound of butter?”

“I’ll lend you a thick ear, if you like.”

“You see, I’ve got a jolly good recipe for making butter toffee,” explained Bunter, blinking at him. “It’s a good recipe—a really good one; but the trouble is, I haven’t any of the materials—excepting a little water. I can get that all right. I can manage the pinch of salt, too. But the sugar and butter, and syrup——”

“I want you——”

“Are you coming, Bob?” came Harry Wharton’s voice from along the Remove passage. “Isn’t Bunter there?”

“Yes, he’s here!” growled Bob Cherry.

"He's burbling about toffee. Look here, Bunter, I want you-----"

"It's simply rotten!" said Bunter, following his own train of thought. "Here I am with a jolly good recipe, and it's a half-holiday and I've got lots of time, but there's a shortage of materials. I can manage everything except the sugar, the butter, and the syrup."

Harry Wharton and Co. came along the passage, and looked into No. 7. Wharton and Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh were in Norfolks, and Bob Cherry was similarly clad. The Famous Five were evidently going for a spin that fine, sunny afternoon.

"Look here, Bunter-----" began Wharton.

"Oh, don't worry," said Bunter. "I can get the syrup from the housekeeper, I think. But what about the sugar?"

"We're going for a spin."

"I can't come, Wharton. I'm busy."

"Fathead! It isn't that. Mr. Prout has asked Bob to go down to the post-office for him-----"

"Well, let him go, and leave off worrying a fellow who's trying to think out a problem," exclaimed Bunter warmly. "The chief question is, the sugar-----"

"Bob can't go," explained Frank Nugent. "He's booked to come with us. We're going riding with the Cliff House girls. We want you-----"

Bunter paid some attention at last.

"Oh, if it's Marjorie and Co., I'll come," he said. "I shouldn't like to disappoint Marjorie. I know she won't enjoy it if I'm not there."

"You fat chump!" roared Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry-----"

"We want you!" howled Johnny Bull.

"Well, I'll come, only one of you will have to lend me a bike, mine's out of order. Bob can lend me his, if he's going on an errand for old Prout. Of course, it's understood that Marjorie will ride with me--none of you fellows shoving in, you know, and spoiling sport."

Bob Cherry made a movement towards Billy Bunter, but Wharton pushed him back in time. The chums of the Remove had come there to demand a service from Bunter;

and to begin by bumping him on the study carpet was certainly not judicious.

"Hold on, Bob!"

"Look here-----"

"Shurrup! Bunter, we want you-----"

"That's all right. I'll come!"

"We want you to go to the post-office instead of Bob-----"

"Eh?"

"You see, Bob's booked to come with us, only he can't refuse Prout. Form-masters have to be humoured. We want you to go down to Friardale instead of Bob. Everybody else has gone out-----"

"Well, of all the cheek!" exclaimed Bunter.

"It isn't much trouble," said Harry.

"You've got nothing to do this afternoon"

"I'm making toffee-----"

"Oh, bother your toffee!"

"I don't mind putting it off to look after Marjorie, if I can have Bob's bike," said Bunter. "If you choose to spoil Marjorie's outing, by leaving me out, that's your bizney. I'd just as soon get on with the toffee, as a matter of fact. Shut the door after you!"

"We want--you-----"

"Good-bye!" said Bunter.

"There's nobody else to go!" roared Bob Cherry. "I can't refuse to go for Prout, but I can tell him another chap's going. See?"

"Well, find another chap, and tell him. Ta-ta!"

"We want you-----"

"One pound of sugar!" said Billy Bunter, blinking at the recipe again. "I simply must have the sugar. The question is, whose sugar can I-----"

"Look here, Bunter-----"

"I say, you fellows, I wish you wouldn't keep on interrupting me," said Billy Bunter peevishly. "Where the sugar is to come from, is a mystery. Of course, I can't do without it. If you fellows were decent, you'd try to help a chap, when he's hung up for a pound of sugar."

"Look here-----"

"And then there's the butter-----"

"Will you go to the post-office for Prout?" roared Bob Cherry. "This blessed packet has got to be registered. You can take it.



“Come out at once, Bunter!” thundered the Fifth-form master. “Your well-merited chastisement, sir, awaits you!” (See page 21.)

We’re late already, owing to old Prout stopping me. Will you go?”

“I think I can manage about the syrup——”

“Bunter——”

“But the sugar,” said Bunter, blinking seriously at the exasperated juniors. “There’s the rub! What about the sugar?”

“My esteemed chums,” murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, “I have a wheezy good idea. Let us clubfully together collect our sugar, and bribe the excellent and disgusting Bunter——”

“Good!” exclaimed Wharton. “Bunter, you fat boulder, if you’ll take that packet down to Friardale and register it for Prout, you can collect what you want in our studies.”

“Oh!” said Bunter.

The fat junior seemed amendable to reason at last.

“Sure you’ve got as much as a pound of sugar?” he asked cautiously.

“Yes, among the lot of us,” grunted Bob Cherry. “Take the lot—if you’ll take the packet. Is it a go?”

Bunter nodded.

“It’s a go,” he said. “I’ll oblige you. Mind, I’m doing you a favour. I want that distinctly understood.”

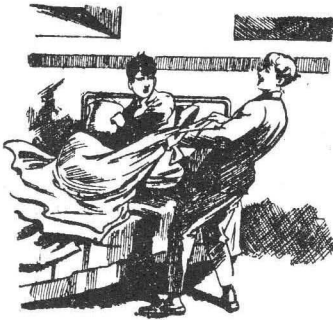
“Br-r-r-r!”

“The favourfulness is terrific, my worthy and ludicrous Bunter,” said Hurree Singh.

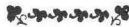
“Here’s the key of my study cupboard,” said Wharton. “Now, get off to Friardale at once, Bunter.”

THE
GREYFRIARS GALLERY
IN VERSE

By Dick Penfold



No. I: Bob Cherry



Who routs us out at half-past five,
And grimly bids us look alive,
Lest boots upon our shins arrive?

BOB CHERRY!

Who's had a cheerful grin since birth,
And always overflows with mirth?
Who plays the funniest japes on earth?

BOB CHERRY!

Who shines in many a footer scrum,
And leaves the goalie dazed and dumb
By hurling him to kingdom come?

BOB CHERRY!

Who stands before the stumps and hits
Till every window's smashed to bits,
And Quelch has ten thousand fits?

BOB CHERRY!

Who boasts a punch like Billy Wells,
And many a blustering bully quells,
Whilst all the gym. resounds with yells?

BOB CHERRY!

Who stands supreme in school and sport—
A really right-down ripping sort?
All Greyfriars makes the swift retort:

BOB CHERRY!

"All right."

"Come on, you fellows—we shall have to hustle now. You can cut in and tell Prouty that Bunter is taking his packet, Bob—he may see us jazzing off, and think it's forgotten."

"Right-ho!" said Bob.

The Famous Five, relieved in their minds now, hurried away. Billy Bunter blinked at the sealed packet on the table, and at the key—and it was the latter he picked up.

Harry Wharton and Co. sped downstairs—by way of the banisters; which was against the rules, but quicker. Four of them ran out for the bicycles, while Bob Cherry dashed away to Mr. Prout's study.

Mr. Prout was in his quarters, in conversation with Mr. Quelch, the Remove master. Mr. Prout, who was a great sportsman, was cleaning a rifle while he talked. Bob Cherry caught the words "grizzly bear," as he came breathlessly up to the door. The master of the Fifth was relating one of his ancient exploits, probably for the fiftieth time, and Mr. Quelch was bearing it with exemplary politeness and patience.

"Excuse me, sir——"

"He was within six feet of me," said Mr. Prout, blinking over his rifle at the Remove master. "Figure the position to yourself, sir—a grizzly bear within six feet, and my gun——"

"Excuse me, sir——"

"Really, Cherry——"

"Bunter is taking the packet to the post-office, sir, if you don't mind. He will bring you the receipt."

And without waiting for Mr. Prout to state whether he minded or not, Bob Cherry scudded away. A minute later, five merry juniors were cycling at a great speed for Cliff house school.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter's Way!

"BOIL very slowly," murmured Billy Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove was busy.

No. 7 Study, in the Remove passage, was warm—very warm. It was not a cold day,

by any means; and there was a good fire going: Billy Bunter was warm, too; his fat face was almost crimson in hue, and there were beads of perspiration on his plump brow.

But he did not flinch.

Had his task been a less important one, Billy Bunter would have rolled out into the quadrangle for a breath of fresh air under the shady old trees. But he was making toffee—with a view to eating it. It was not a time for slacking.

"Boil very slowly, and stir all the time," murmured the fat junior. "Groogh! It's warm! But it's going all right."

Bunter was warm; but Bunter was very happy.

He had obtained the supplies he needed from the studies of the Famous Five. He had obtained other supplies, too, that were not included in the bargain. A cake here, a bag of biscuits there, and a pot of jam somewhere else—all was grist that came to Billy Bunter's mill. He did not believe in wasting opportunities.

There was a glorious spread waiting for him at tea-time—an early tea-time. His study mates, Todd and Dutton, were out, and Bunter was not sorry for it; he hoped they wouldn't come in before tea. The Famous Five were going to have tea with Marjorie & Co., at Cliff House, so they were safely out of the way. Bunter was looking forward to an extra-special spread—with the home-made toffee to wind up with—to fill any crevice, as it were, that was left in his plump inside after he had disposed of the cake, and the biscuits, and the jam, and his other plunder.

No wonder a happy smile suffused his fat face, as he bent over the simmering toffee, and kept it stirred.

"And pour out into a flat, buttered dish!" murmured Bunter, blinking at his famous recipe through his big glasses. "That's all right! Lucky I was able to borrow that tin pan from Russell's study—lucky Russell was out. It was just what I wanted."

The tin pan, ready buttered, lay in the armchair, all ready for the toffee to be poured into it.

Billy Bunter blinked at the clock.

"Jolly nearly done!" he murmured.

He continued to stir while the toffee boiled slowly, according to instructions.

The delicate operation was completed at last.

Bunter lifted the frying-pan from the fire with great care, and poured the contents into the flat tin pan on the armchair.

The frying-pan was then shoved into the bottom of the cupboard. It would have been judicious to clean it at once; but Bunter was not thinking of that. Perhaps he thought that his study mates might as well clean it when they wanted to use it next time; or perhaps he did not think at all.

He blinked at the toffee in the tin pan with great satisfaction.

"Now it's got to cool," he murmured. "My hat! It's warm."

He crossed to the study window and opened it, and put his fat crimson face out into the fresh air.

Then he gave a start.

Far below, in the quadrangle, a portly figure was pacing to and fro; the figure of Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, with his hands clasped behind his back as he paced majestically.

Mr. Prout was apparently in a thoughtful mood.

"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated Bunter.

The sight of the Fifth-Form master brought back the packet to his memory. It still lay on the study table.

Bunter had been too busy making up his materials into toffee to remember the compact by which he had obtained the materials.

Mr. Prout's packet, which was to be registered, was not registered yet—it lay on the table where Bob Cherry had placed it. Bunter jumped back from the window, fearful of catching Mr. Prout's eye. By that time he certainly ought to have posted the packet, and taken the receipt to the Fifth-Form master—and he had forgotten all about it!

"Blessed lot of trouble about nothing," growled Bunter discontentedly. "What does he want his blessed packets registered for? Only some of his rot—I know that. I'd slip it into the letter-box, only he would make a fuss about the receipt—it would be like him. I suppose I've got to go down to the post-

office, and if the beast sees me going he'll ask me why I haven't been before. B-r-r-r-r!"

The fat junior peevishly picked up the packet, and slipped it into his pocket, along with the sixpence Bob Cherry had left to pay the postage.

He took another look at the toffee before he quitted the study.

It was beginning to set, and Bunter was satisfied. After all, he had to wait for the toffee to cool, and a walk down to Friardale would give him an appetite for tea—not that his appetite needed much improving.

He quitted the study at last, and went cautiously downstairs.

He did not want to meet Mr. Prout.

That gentleman attached much more importance to his registered packet than William George Bunter did; and it was very probable that he would cut up rusty if he found that it was not posted yet. That packet contained the design of something new in breech-blocks which the sporting Form-master had invented, and which he was submitting to an expert in London. If Mr. Prout had discovered that the packet had been left lying about Bunter's study for hours, a volcanic explosion would certainly have followed.

Billy Bunter blinked cautiously out of the doorway, and jumped back as he saw Mr. Prout pacing only a dozen yards away.

"Beast!" he murmured.

And the fat junior scuttled away through the house, and escaped by a back door. He quitted Greyfriars by the tradesman's gate, and hurried away to Friardale as fast as his fat little legs could carry him.

He was half-way to the village, when there was a whirr of bicycles behind him, and a bunch of cyclists came sweeping out of Westwood Lane into the road. Billy Bunter blinked round, and recognised Harry Wharton and Co., and Marjorie, Clara, Babs, and Mabs of Cliff House School.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Bunter!" exclaimed Bob.

"I say, you fellows——"

"You've been to the post-office?" asked Bob, slackening down.

"Just going!"

"Just going!" roared Bob wrathfully.

"Why, it's two or three hours since I gave you the packet. You fat slacker——"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Lazybones!" growled Johnny Bull.

"The lazybonefulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh.

"I say, you fellows, one of you can give me a lift on a bike to Friardale——"

"We're going by Redclyffe Lane to Cliff House," answered Harry Wharton. "Come on, you fellows."

"Look here, Bob, you can give me a lift——"

"How can I, when I'm going to Cliff House?" demanded Bob. "We've had our spin, and you've had time to go to the post-office half a dozen times."

"I've been making toffee and resting a bit, and I had to have a snack, and——"

"Oh, rats!"

The cyclists were pedalling on, and Bunter set his fat little legs into motion to keep pace.

"Look here, Bob Cherry," he howled.

"You can give me a lift on your foot-rests to the village. I'm tired."

"Bosh!"

"I think you're an ungrateful beast, Bob Cherry—after my taking all this trouble for you. Look here, you go to the post-office, and I'll have your bike. Marjorie would like my company better than yours—wouldn't you, Marjorie?"

"Not at all," answered Marjorie.

"Oh, really, you know——"

"Good-bye, Bunter!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Ta-ta!"

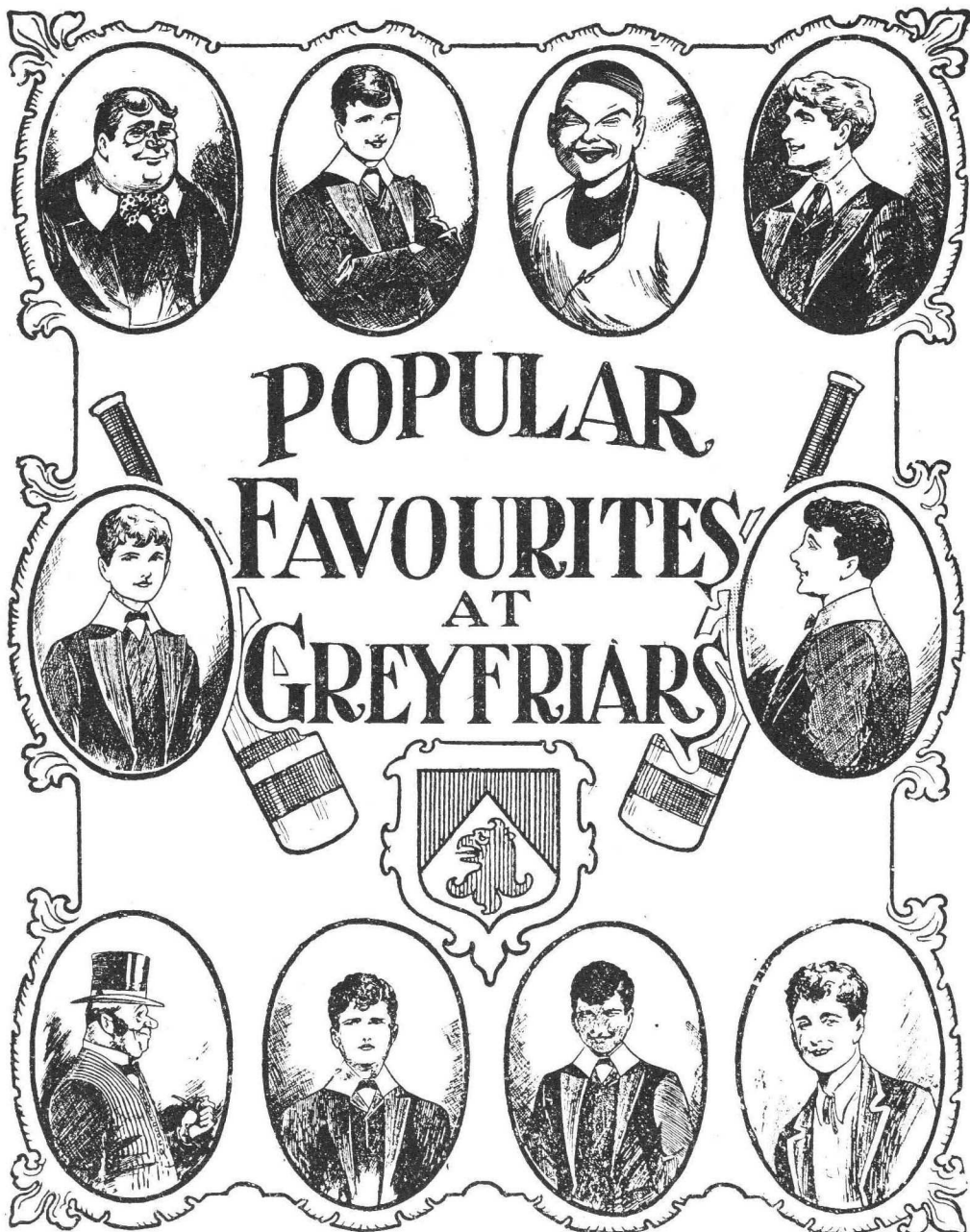
"Look here, I'm not going any further!" roared Bunter, in great indignation. "There's your blessed packet, Bob Cherry, and you can take it or leave it. I'm disgusted at you."

And Bunter tossed the packet at Bob Cherry. It just missed Bob's head, and dropped into the road.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob.

Billy Bunter turned, and started back to Greyfriars. He felt that he had done enough—especially as he received such ingratitude in return.

Bob Cherry jumped off his machine, and picked up the packet.



Reading from left to right: Billy Bunter, Mark Linley, Wun Lung, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, John Bull, Mr. Gosling (porter), Harry Wharton, Hurree Singh, Robert Ogilvy.

“Bunter!” he roared.

The fat junior rolled on without answering.

“Bunter!”

Billy Bunter turned a corner, and vanished.

Bob Cherry was left with Mr. Prout's packet in his hand, and an extraordinary expression on his face.

“Well!” he ejaculated. “Of all the——”

“Come on, Bob!” called back Nugent.

“That fat villain has planted this rotten packet on me——”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. I shall have to go to the post-office now; I can't leave it stranded.”

“It's too bad!” said Marjorie. “We'll ride slowly, Bob, and you can overtake us.”

“That's right; get a move on,” said Harry.

“I'll catch you up at Cliff House, then,” said Bob.

He rode on to Friardale, packet in hand, while the rest of the party turned into the lane to Cliff House. And as he rode, he mentally promised William George Bunter all sorts of things when he returned to Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

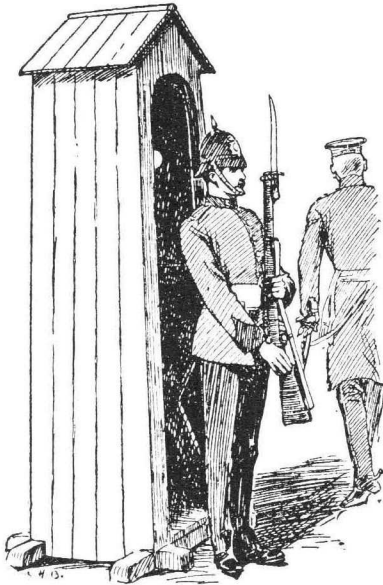
Right Behind!

MR. PROUT knocked at the door of No. 7 Study in the Remove, and threw it open, with a frowning brow.

Mr. Prout was annoyed.

It was five o'clock—quite three hours since

TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY



THE DEVONSHIRE REGT.
Sentry (presenting arms)



THE WILTSHIRE REGT.
Officer (undress)



THE GLOUCESTER REGT.
On Guard (reading orders)

“Look here, I’m not going any further,” cried Billy Bunter, in great indignation. “There’s your packet, Bob Cherry, and you can take it or leave it!” (See page 8).



he had handed his precious packet to Bob Cherry for the post. Bob had informed him that Bunter was taking it to the post-office; and naturally Mr. Prout expected Bunter to turn up with the receipt.

But Bunter hadn't,

Mr. Prout had thought of his packet several times, and he was getting anxious about it. As Bunter did not come to his study, he decided at last to go to Bunter's study. It was a case of Mahomet going to the mountain,

the mountain would not come to Mahomet.

Naturally Mr. Prout was annoyed, as he climbed the Remove staircase, and rustled along to No. 7. He was still more annoyed to find No. 7 Study empty.

“Bless my soul!” murmured Mr. Prout. “This is really too bad! I shall speak very severely to Bunter—and to Cherry. If my packet should be lost—”

The bare thought was dismaying to the inventive gentleman.

He looked angrily round the study. The table was laid for tea, which looked as if Bunter did not intend to be long absent. Mr. Prout decided to wait there till he came in.

He crossed the study to the armchair, and sat down.

The back of the big armchair was turned towards the window; and Mr. Prout was no longer blessed with the keen sight he had enjoyed in those great days when he had hunted the festive grizzly in the Rocky Mountains. He did not observe the large, shallow pan in

the armchair, and naturally, as he sank into the chair, he sat in the pan. Fortunately the toffee was getting cool by that time, though it had not hardened—and fortunately Mr. Prout's coat and gown interposed between him and the toffee-pan. Quite unaware of the disaster he had brought upon the fruit of Billy Bunter's labours, the portly gentleman settled down, and stretched out his toes to the fender.

Mr. Prout would have been booked for a long wait in No. 7 Study, if Bunter had not met the cyclists in the lane. As it was, however, the Owl of the Remove was hurrying back to Greyfriars, and he was not far away.

Billy Bunter came breathlessly up the stairs, and headed for his study, by the time Mr. Prout had reposed in his armchair for a quarter of an hour. Billy Bunter hoped to find his pan of toffee nicely set. It was nicely set by that time—quite firmly set, and attached to Mr. Prout's gown as if it were glued there.

The fat junior came rolling into the study, certainly not expecting to find Mr. Prout there. He jumped at the sight of the form-master in the armchair.

Mr. Prout gave him a stern look.

"Oh! You have returned, Bunter?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He blinked at Mr. Prout as if mesmerised.

He was thinking of the toffee.

Seeing Mr. Prout in the chair, he naturally expected to see the pan of toffee somewhere else—but he didn't. And the dreadful conviction forced itself upon him that Mr. Prout was sitting on the toffee!

Bunter stood rooted to the floor.

The Owl of the Remove was not a particular fellow; but even he did not quite care for toffee that had been sat on. And he was smitten with horrid misgivings as to what Mr. Prout might say—and do—when he discovered the toffee.

"I have waited for you," Mr. Prout was saying, "sixteen minutes by this clock, Bunter."

"Oh!"

"I understand, from Robert Cherry, that you had been entrusted with the packet for the post-office," said the Fifth-Form master.

"Oh! Yes! Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Very good. Did you post it immediately to catch the five o'clock collection from Friardale?"

"Nunno! I—I——"

"You have been very remiss, Bunter! Pray, why are you staring at me in that peculiar way, Bunter?"

"Was—was—was I, sir?"

"You were, Bunter—and you are!" snapped Mr. Prout. "Is anything the matter?"

"Nunno, sir! Oh, no, sir! Certainly not! The toffee——"

"What?"

"Nothing, sir! There—there isn't any toffee, sir, of course. Nothing of the kind in the study!" gasped Bunter. "I—I haven't been making toffee this afternoon, sir. It—it was some other fellow."

"I fail to understand you, Bunter. You really seem to me to be wandering in your mind!"

"Oh, sir!"

"Kindly give me the receipt for the packet, if it is posted at last!" snapped Mr. Prout.

"Bub—bub—bub——"

"Eh?"

"Bub—Bub—Bob Cherry's taken it, sir I—I met him, sir, and—and he insisted upon taking it. He—he thought it would be safer, sir."

Mr. Prout uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Pah! And where is Cherry now?"

"I—I think he's still out, sir."

"I shall speak very severely to Cherry. That packet was very particular—most particular. Its value is very great. Pah!"

Mr. Prout rose irritably from the armchair, and whisked to the door. Billy Bunter blinked into the vacant chair.

He anticipated seeing the toffee squashed over the pan and the chair. But it wasn't. The chair was quite vacant! Bunter gave a gasp. The toffee had "set" to the form-master's gown, and the pan had risen with him. Behind Mr. Prout, as he whisked to the door, went toffee and pan.

"What is the matter, Bunter?" Mr. Prout glanced back at the door, as Bunter

stood with horrified gaze fixed on the empty chair. "Eh? Oh!" stuttered Bunter.

"Have I left anything in the chair?" asked Mr. Prout, thinking that he had dropped a pocket-book or some such article, from Bunter's looks.

"Oh, no, sir! I—I wish you had—I—I mean, you haven't, sir—certainly not!"

"You are a very stupid boy, Bunter!"

"Oh, yes, sir—thank you, sir!" stammered Bunter, hardly conscious of what he was saying in his confusion.

Mr. Prout gave a sniff, and whisked out of No. 7. Billy Bunter rolled to the door after him, and blinked at the retreating figure of the form-master in horror and dismay.

Behind Mr. Prout shone a very bright surface—the outside of the toffee pan. It caught the sunlight from the windows of the Remove passage, and glinted cheerfully.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bunter.

Clang!

The toffee-pan, on the trailing gown, caught the banisters as Mr. Prout whisked down the Remove staircase.

Clang!

The Fifth-Form master stopped in great astonishment, and looked round him.

"Bless my soul! What is that?"

He whisked right round in his surprise.

Clang!

Mr. Prout jumped.

Click! Clank! Clang!

"What—what—what——"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Trouble for Bunter.

MR. PROUT stood transfixed on the Remove staircase, two steps from the landing. He was too astounded to move.

That weird metallic clinking and clanging followed his movements; and what was the cause of it was quite beyond the Fifth-Form master's comprehension.

Billy Bunter blinked at him from the doorway of No. 7 Study, in horror; wondering dazedly what was going to happen next.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "This—this is most extraordinary! I heard—I distinctly heard—a sound as of the impact

of metal upon some solid substance. It is most extraordinary."

The astonished form-master blinked round on the staircase, revolving upon his axis, so to speak, so as not to leave a spot unscanned. But nothing of a metallic nature met his inquiring eye—which was natural enough, as the toffee-pan turned with him, adhering to his gown behind.

"Extraordinary!" repeated Mr. Prout.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a sudden outburst of laughter on the lower stairs. Vernon-Smith, Redwing, and Squiff, of the Remove, were coming in to tea—and they sighted Mr. Prout above, with the glistening toffee-pan following him round as he revolved.

It was not very respectful to chortle; but the Removites couldn't help it. They chortled before they thought.

Mr. Prout glared down the staircase.

"Vernon-Smith!"

"Yes! Yes, sir!" murmured the Bounder.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, sir!"

"Are you playing some trick, Vernon-Smith?"

"I, sir?"

"Yes, you!" thundered Mr. Prout.

"Oh, no, sir! Certainly not."

"A trick of some kind is being played," exclaimed Mr. Prout. "A peculiar clanging sound——"

"Ha, ha——"

"Vernon-Smith! You are laughing again!"

"W-w-was I, sir?"

"I shall report this impertinence to your form-master, Vernon-Smith."

"Oh, sir!"

Mr. Prout whisked down the staircase in great wrath. The juniors stood respectfully aside on the next landing to let him pass. Mr. Prout whisked round the turn of the stairs, and there was a loud clang as his gown brushed the banisters.

"Bless my soul!"

The Fifth-form master spun round and caught Vernon-Smith by the shoulder.

"It was you!" he exclaimed.

"Eh! what—which——" stuttered Vernon-Smith.

"Undoubtedly it is you, playing a disrespectful trick," exclaimed Mr. Prout, "I shall take you to Mr. Quelch at once——"

"But I—I—I—what have I done?" gasped Vernon-Smith. "It's the pan sticking on your gown, sir——"

"What?"

"There's a pan sticking to you, sir," said Redwing.

"Impossible!"

Mr. Prout whisked round, and the three juniors suppressed a chortle as he did so. The portly form-master looked remarkably like a cat chasing its tail at that moment.

"I can see nothing of the kind, Redwing——"

"It goes round when you go round, sir," gasped Vernon-Smith. "Here it is, sir. It's stuck to you somehow."

He caught the whisking toffee-pan, and dragged it round to Mr. Prout. The Fifth-Form master gathered up his gown, and the toffee-pan—and gazed at the latter in bewilderment.

"What—what—what?" he stuttered. "How—how—how can that—that cooking utensil—have become attached to my—my gown?"

"You must have sat in it, sir," stuttered Redwing. "I think it's toffee in the pan, sir."

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Prout, "Bunter—disrespectful young rascal—wicked, impertinence—outrageous, practical joke—upon my word—Bunter——"

With those incoherent ejaculations, the Fifth-Form master rushed up the staircase again.

He remembered sitting in the armchair in Bunter's study—and that was evidently the only place where he could have gathered up the toffee-pan.

He had not the slightest doubt that he had been the victim of a practical joke. It certainly was very careless of Bunter to have left the pan of cooling toffee in the study armchair; but Mr. Prout was not disposed to attribute the action to mere carelessness. He was more inclined—at that moment of exasperation—to suspect that Bunter had deliberately delayed posting his

packet in order to inveigle him into the study—to sit in the toffee!

Billy Bunter saw the Fifth-Form master coming back along the passage at express speed. He did not wait for him to arrive. Bunter was not a very bright youth; but he was too bright to wait for Mr. Prout just then.

He gave the form-master one startled blink and fled.

"Bunter!" shouted Mr. Prout.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter; and he scuttled on up the passage.

"Stop!" roared the Fifth-Form master.

Wild horses would hardly have stopped Bunter at that moment.

He rushed on and scudded up the stairs to the top box-room. It was the only way of escape open to him.

Mr. Prout halted at the bottom of the little stair.

"Bunter!" he shrieked.

It was too undignified for Mr. Prout, wrathful as he was, to chase Bunter up and down staircase, and among the garrets. He stopped in the Remove passage, breathing stertorously.

"Bunter! Come back at once."

Bunter did not heed.

"Do you hear me, Bunter?"

No answer.

"Bunter! You young rascal! Do you hear me?" thundered Mr. Prout.

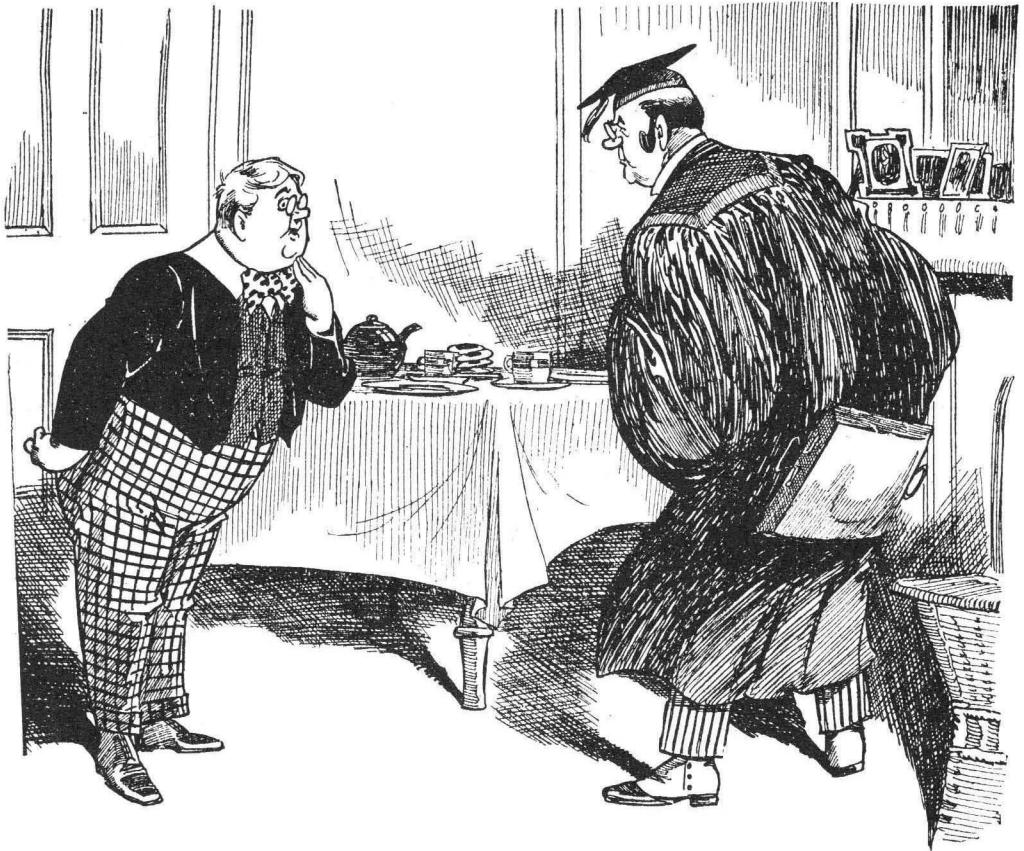
Like the celebrated Dying Gladiator, Bunter heard, but he heeded not!

Mr. Prout fumed in the passage; Billy Bunter had vanished, gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream.

A chuckle in the Remove passage recalled Mr. Prout to himself. Six or seven Remove fellows had come in to tea from the fields or the river; and they seemed greatly interested in Mr. Prout, and the semi-detached toffee-pan that swung behind him.

Breathing hard, Mr. Prout hurried away—toffee-pan and all. That article had to be removed from his gown at the cost of considerable trouble—in the privacy of his study.

It was half an hour later that Bunter emerged from the dusty recesses above, and blinked cautiously into the Remove passage. Mr. Prout was not to be seen. Bolsover major



“Have I left anything in the chair?” asked Mr. Prout, supposing that he had dropped a pocket-book or some such article, from Bunter’s look. Billy Bunter gave a gasp. The toffee had set to the Form-master’s gown, and the pan had risen with him. (See page 13.)

and Ogilvy were lounging in the passage, and the fat junior called to them :

“I say, you fellows! Has he gone?”

“Er—who?” asked Ogilvy.

“Old Prout!”

“Haven’t seen him for a dog’s age,” grinned Ogilvy. “You’d better not let him see you, either. I think he’s wrathy.”

“I—I say, he’s spoiled my toffee, you know,” said Bunter pathetically.

“Go and ask him for it,” suggested Bolsover major, with a chuckle.

“No jolly fear!”

“Are you going to let him keep your toffee-pan?” asked Russell, looking out of his study.

“Oh, I don’t mind. ’Tain’t mine,” answered Bunter. “It’s the toffee I’m thinking of. I suppose it’s spoiled; and I took no end of trouble with that toffee. There was a pound of sugar, and half a pound of butter, and a quarter of a pound of syrup——”

“And Prouty’s bagged the lot!” roared Bolsover major. “Ha, ha, ha!”

“Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at—I think it’s an awful waste. I shouldn’t care to eat it now,” said Bunter dolorously. “I’m going to let Prout keep it if he likes.”

“And the pan, too?” grinned Ogilvy.

“Oh, that doesn’t matter, as it isn’t mine!”

THE
GREYFRIARS GALLERY
IN VERSE

By Dick Penfold



No. 2: Billy Bunter



Who's always cadging for a loan?
Who says he's merely skin and bone,
Yet turns the scale at fourteen stone?
Why, BUNTER!

Who scoffed a dozen plates of ham,
Six doughnuts, and a jar of jam?
Then said, "How very thin I am!"
Why, BUNTER!

Who snores enough to shake the dorm,
Till heavy boots begin to swarm
Upon his frail and fragile form?
Why, BUNTER!

Who rolls out fibs so smooth and sweet
That Ananias can't compete,
And even Kaiser Bill is beat?
Why, BUNTER!

Who calls himself, with oily grace,
The scion of a noble race
(Which everyone has failed to trace)?
Why, BUNTER!

Who, when he's buried (Reader, sob!)
Will leave the man who does the job
A postal-order for a bob?
Why, BUNTER!

Lucky I only borrowed that, in case it don't turn up again."

"Nice for the owner," grinned Russell.

"Well, I can't help his troubles, can I?" argued Bunter. "You don't mind, I suppose, Russell?"

Russell stared.

"Not at all. Why should I?"

"Well, it was your toffee-pan, you know."

"What?"

"Still, if you don't mind, Russell, I'm sure I don't, so it's all right— Here, I say, wharrer you at? Yarooooop!"

And Bunter fled for his life again.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

No Volunteers.

HARRY WHARTON AND Co. came in cheerily as dusk was falling on Greyfriars.

The Famous Five had enjoyed their bike ride that fine afternoon. They had spun through green lanes, over hill and dale; and they had had a first-rate tea at Cliff House School—with a cake of Marjorie's own making, which was tip-top, as Bob Cherry emphatically declared. If it had resembled plaster of paris Bob would probably have considered it tip-top all the same—as Marjorie Hazeldene had made it with her own fair hands. But all the Co. agreed that it really was tip-top; and if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the quality of that cake could be considered as indubitably proved, for they had not left a crumb of it.

The chums of the Remove rode home from Cliff House in great spirits, and arrived at Greyfriars in a merry mood.

"You've got to see Prouty, Bob," said Harry Wharton, as they dismounted. "I'll take your bike to the shed—you cut off and deliver the goods. I shouldn't wonder if he wants his receipt by this time."

"My hat! I'd forgotten that," said Bob. "I suppose he won't mind my not having come straight back with it."

"Bit late to wonder whether he'll mind or not," grinned Nugent. "Take it in, and chance it."

Bob Cherry headed for the Fifth-Form master's study.

He was rather doubtful as to the reception he would get.

Of course, he was not to blame in any way. Bunter had agreed to take the packet to the post-office; and certainly he ought to have taken it. When it had been "planted" on Bob again in the lane, he had duly posted it—but then he was due at Cliff House for tea, and biking back to Greyfriars with the post-office receipt was not to be thought of. And Bob certainly didn't think of it. Besides, the receipt was safe enough in Bob's pocket; so what did it matter, anyway?"

Bob tapped at the Fifth-Form master's door; and a voice that seemed to have a knife-edge to it bade him enter.

Bob opened the door in a rather gingerly manner. Mr. Prout's tone was a sufficient indication that Mr. Prout was cross.

The Fifth-Form master was seated at his table, with a heightened colour and a frowning brow, at tea—a rather late tea. He had been rather busy with a gown and a toffee-pan for some time.

"Oh, it is you, Cherry!" he ejaculated, his eyes glinting at Bob over his glasses.

"Yes, sir. I—I've brought your receipt, sir," murmured the junior meekly.

"You may place it on the table."

Bob placed it on the table.

"Cherry!"

"Ye-es, sir."

"I requested you to take that packet for me to the post-office."

"I—I've done it, sir."

"After first leaving it to another boy——"

"Ahem! I—I—you see, sir——"

"You were perhaps not aware, Cherry, that that packet was of the greatest importance!" snapped Mr. Prout.

"Nun-no, sir!"

"Why, then, did you suppose that I wished it to be registered?" demanded Mr. Prout.

"I—I——" stammered Bob. As a matter of absolute fact, Bob hadn't supposed anything about it. But he did not like to tell Mr. Prout so.

"You have been careless, Cherry!"

"Oh, sir!"

"And wanting in proper consideration."

"I—I hope not, sir."

"It is useless to hope not, Cherry, when such is the fact. I have been anxious for the safety of that packet, the contents of which were of inestimable value."

"Were they really, sir?" stammered Bob.

"Nothing less, Cherry, than the design of an invention of my own——"

"Oh!"

"And you did not bring me the receipt for that packet till"—Mr. Prout glanced at the clock—"till after six o'clock."

"I'm—I'm sorry, sir——"

"That is all very well, Cherry, but it does not alter the fact of the matter. If you were in my Form, Cherry, I should punish you."

Bob Cherry was glad that he was not in Mr. Prout's Form.

"I trust," continued Mr. Prout, with a gleaming eye, "I trust, Cherry, that you were no party to the reprehensible trick Bunter played on me."

Bob jumped.

"Has Bunter—— Oh, sir—certainly not. I didn't even know——"

"Owing to this packet changing hands, Cherry, I was inveigled into Bunter's study, where the young rascal had placed a pan of toffee for me to sit upon——"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"I sat in the toffee, Cherry, and ruined my gown! I desire to know, sir, whether you were a party to that outrage?"

"Oh, no, sir. I never knew——" gasped Bob.

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Prout.

"But—but perhaps Bunter didn't mean you to sit in the toffee, sir!" Bob ventured.

"I have already told you, Cherry, that he did!"

"Yes, sir, b-b-but perhaps it was an accident—Bunter isn't likely to waste toffee if he could help it!" murmured Bob. That fact was self-evident to Bob Cherry, if not to Mr. Prout; and the junior felt bound to put in a word for the unfortunate Owl of the Remove.

"Have you come here to argue with me, Cherry?" thundered Mr. Prout, apparently not disposed to listen to reason.

"Oh, no, sir! Certainly not!"

"Then kindly do not do so. You may

leave my study. Find Bunter at once, and tell him to come to me."

"Very well, sir."

Bob Cherry quitted the study, glad to escape. He did not envy Billy Bunter his coming interview with the Fifth-Form master.

As Bunter was in the Lower Fourth, Mr. Prout was not properly entitled to administer punishment to him; but it was pretty clear that Mr. Prout was going to stretch a point in his own favour, in this instance.

Bob Cherry hurried up to the Remove passage, where he found his chums in No. 1 Study.

"Seen Bunter?" he asked.

"No—but we've heard about him," said Harry Wharton, laughing. Squiff was in the study, and he had evidently been relating the adventure of the toffee. "He's been in hot water."

"And Prouty's been in toffee," said Johnny Bull.

"Prout wants him," said Bob. "It seems that he's sat in Bunter's toffee, and he thinks Bunter put it there on purpose. He don't know Bunter if he thinks that fat bouncer would waste toffee on a form-master."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

A fat face and a pair of glimmering glasses blinked into the study. Billy Bunter gave the Famous Five a dolorous look.

"I say, you fellows, that toffee's been spoiled!" he said. "Under the circumstances, I think you ought to let me have a fresh lot of stuff. What do you think?"

"I think you'd better go and see Prouty!" grinned Bob Cherry. "He's just told me to find you and send you to him."

"Oh, dear! I—I say, does he look waxy?"

"Yes, rather."

"Blessed old Hun!" said Bunter. "He might be satisfied with spoiling my toffee, without wanting to lick a chap as well."

"He says you've ruined his gown."

"Bother his gown," said Bunter peevishly. "I know he's ruined my toffee. It won't be fit to eat now; and I shouldn't care to ask Prouty for it, anyway; under the circumstances."

"You'd better go to him," said Harry.

Bunter shook his head decidedly.

"I'm jolly well not going! He wants to lick me."

"'Tain't polite to keep a form-master waiting when he wants to lick you!" grinned Johnny Bull. "Buzz off."

"No fear!"

"You'd better go," said Bob seriously. "Prout will get waxier and waxier if he has to wait for you, Bunter."

"I—I say, you fellows, couldn't one of you go?" suggested Bunter. "As—as captain of the Remove, Wharton, it's really up to you, you know. Don't you think so?"

Wharton stared.

"What's the good of my going?" he asked. "Prouty doesn't want to see me."

"He wouldn't mind—he only wants to lick somebody because he's waxy," urged Bunter.

"You fat duffer! I had nothing to do with putting the toffee in the chair for him, had I?"

"Well, you could say you had."

"What?"

"You—you could confess, you know, in—a straightforward and—and manly way, and he might let you off, you know."

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton blankly.

"I think it's up to you," said Bunter, blinking at him. "After all I've done for you, too——!"

"You fat owl, what have you done for me?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—if you're going to be ungrateful——!"

"Suffocate him, somebody," said Wharton.

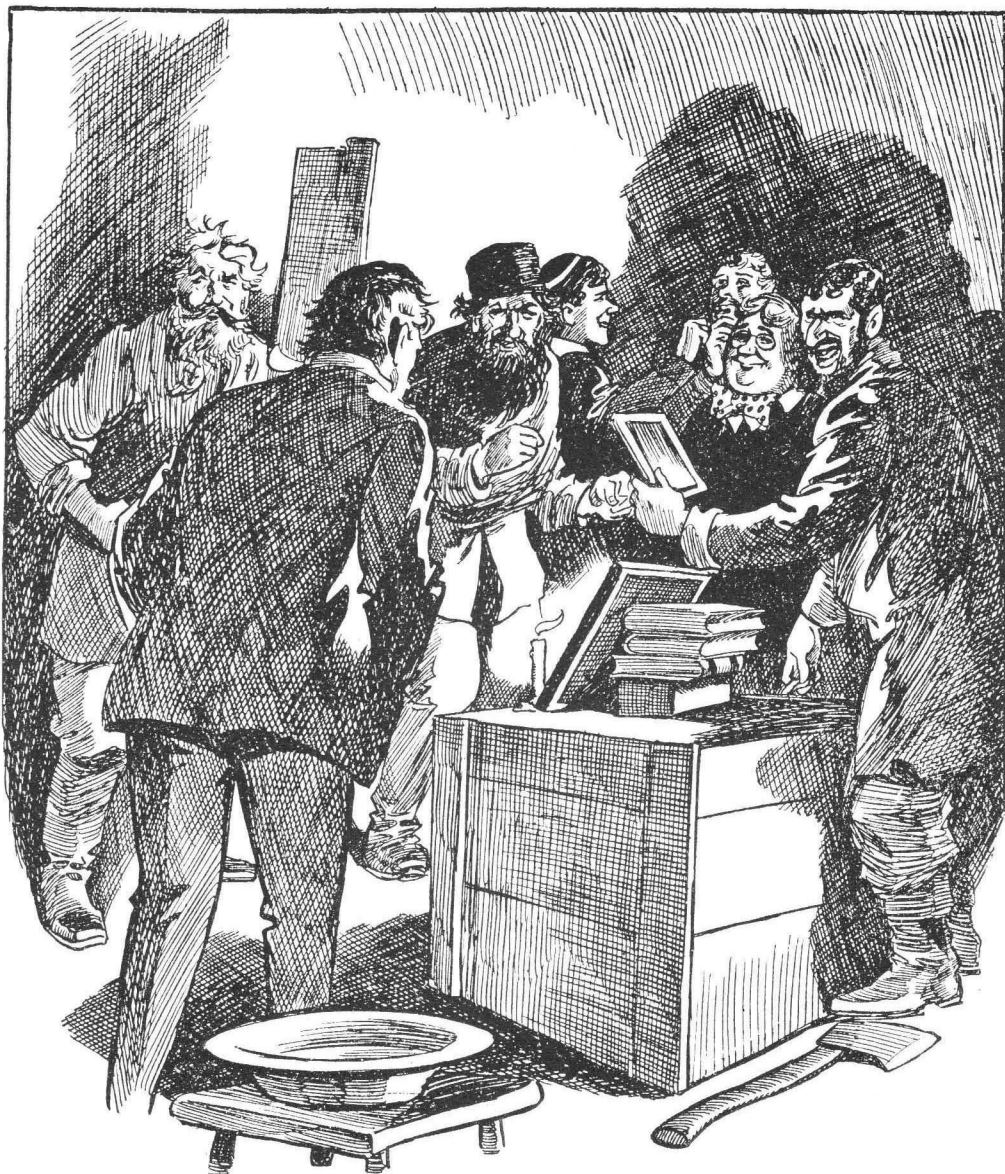
"Perhaps you'd care to go, Nugent—you're a good-natured chap, not a selfish beast like Wharton!"

"My dear man, I'm exactly just such another selfish beast, in this case," chuckled Nugent. "I'm not going to Prouty to tell lies and get a licking, to please you, you owl."

"Oh, really, Nugent! Perhaps you, Inky——"

"The perhapfulness is terrific," chortled the dusky nabob of Bhanipur. "The declinefulness is also great."

"I might have known that you'd be a selfish



The chums of the Remove-form could not help grinning, as they looked at one another. "What a set of pictures!" murmured Bob Cherry. (See page 31.)

rotter, Inky. What about you, Bull? "Can you lend me a cricket stump for five minutes, Wharton?" asked Johnny Bull.

You've got more pluck than these funky duffers--you're not afraid to face old Prout, are you?"

"Certainly; here you are."

"I—I say, Bull, wha-a-at are you going to do with that stump?"

"I'm going to lay it round a fat, cheeky owl," answered Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—oh, my hat—gerroff, you beast—oh, crikey!"

Billy Bunter dodged out of No. 1 Study. He departed hurriedly—but not in the direction of Mr. Prout's quarters. The inevitable meeting with Mr. Prout was to be postponed to the latest possible moment.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Prout Looks In.

"O H, crikey!"

No. 7 Study was at prep. when a hasty footstep sounded in the passage outside. To speak more correctly, Peter Todd and Tom Dutton were at prep.—and Billy Bunter was toying with his work—slacking even more than he usually did.

Bunter simply couldn't put his mind to prep. that evening. He was thinking of the catastrophe of the afternoon. It was not simply the loss of the toffee—though that was serious enough. But the angry face of Mr. Prout loomed before Bunter's imagination. He had not heeded Mr. Prout's invitation to his study—too much of the spider-and-the-fly bizney about that, he had told Toddy. But as he did not go to Mr. Prout, he expected that Mr. Prout would come to him—Mahomet and the mountain over again! He was not likely to give much thought to prep. under such harrowing circumstances.

And the heavy tread in the passage drew a dismayed ejaculation from him. He knew Mr. Prout's tread! Mahomet was coming to the mountain at last!

Billy Bunter jumped up.

"I—I say, Toddy, he's coming!"

Peter Todd looked up from his work and nodded.

"Looks like it," he agreed. "He was bound to corner you sooner or later, Bunter you can't dodge a form-master for ever. Grin and bear it!"

"You silly ass!" gasped Bunter.

"Better go through with it, and get it over," advised Peter Todd sagely. "After

all, a licking's only a licking. My only hat! Wharrer you up to?"

Billy Bunter dived under the table.

It was true, as Peter remarked, that a licking was only a licking; but possibly Peter was enabled to take that calm and detached view by the circumstance that he wasn't the fellow who was booked for the licking. Bunter appeared to take quite a different view.

A fat, dismayed face blinked up at Peter imploringly from under the edge of the table-cover.

"Don't let him know I'm here, Peter!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

There was a hand on the door. The table-cover dropped into its place, and the Owl of the Remove was hidden from view. Tom Dutton stared at it blankly. Tom Dutton was the only fellow in the Remove who hadn't heard the story of the toffee—and that was because he was deaf. Peter Todd was going to tell him, because it was quite a good story; but he hadn't told him yet—there was considerable physical exercise in telling Dutton a story.

"What's Bunter at?" asked Dutton.

"Shush!"

"Eh?"

Peter placed his fingers on his lips as the door opened and revealed the portly form and frowning features of Mr. Prout. Tom Dutton understood the sign, and was silent.

Mr. Prout came majestically in.

"Is Bunter here?" he demanded.

"Bunter?" repeated Peter Todd, to gain time. "D-d-do you mean Billy Bunter, sir?"

"I mean Bunter of the Remove!" snapped Mr. Prout. "Whom else should I mean, Todd? Don't be foolish!"

"Oh! You—you might have meant Sammy Bunter, of the Second Form, sir."

"I did not mean Bunter of the Second Form, Todd. I referred to Bunter of the Remove—your study-mate. I repeat, is he here?" thundered Mr. Prout.

Peter looked round the study, as if in search of Bunter.

"I don't see him here, sir," he answered.

Peter was greatly inclined to kick under

the table to reward the Owl for placing him in such an awkward position. But he was loyal to his study-mate, and he did not mean to betray the fat junior.

"Have you seen him lately, Todd?"

"I—I saw him at lessons, sir."

"Pah! I am not referring to this morning. Have you not seen him since lessons?"

Peter reflected.

"Yes, sir, I saw him about two hours ago——"

"Nonsense! Dutton, have you seen Bunter?"

"Eh? Did you speak to me, sir?"

"I certainly spoke to you, Dutton. I am looking for Bunter. I believe that the disrespectful young rascal is deliberately keeping out of my way," exclaimed Mr. Prout.

"Eh?"

"Bunter played a most disrespectful trick upon me this afternoon, and I am going to punish him with the greatest severity. Where is he, Dutton?"

"None at all, sir."

"What?"

"We haven't any."

"You haven't any what?"

"Mutton, sir."

"Mutton!" repeatedly Mr. Prout dazedly. "Mutton! I was not speaking to you about mutton, boy!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the deaf junior. "But we never have mutton in the study, sir. We couldn't very well cook it here."

"Bless my soul! If this is impertinence—— Dutton is rather deaf, sir," hinted Peter Todd.

"Oh! Ah, yes, I recall that fact! Dutton!" shouted Mr. Prout, "have you seen Bunter lately?"

"Are you speaking of Bunter, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, you do surprise me," said Dutton innocently. "Fat, if you like—but stately! My word! I've never heard anybody call Bunter stately before."

"Bless my soul! I did not say stately; I said lately!" shrieked Mr. Prout.

"Eh?"

"Have you seen Bunter? Do you know where he is at present?"

Tom Dutton looked still more surprised.

"I'm sure you're very kind, sir," he said. "I shall accept it with very great pleasure, sir."

"What—you will accept what?" shrieked Mr. Prout.

"Your present, sir."

"Mum-mum-my present?"

"Yes, sir, and thank you very much indeed!"

Mr. Prout blinked at Dutton, and Dutton looked cheerfully at Mr. Prout, apparently waiting for him to produce the present.

"Bless my soul!" said the Fifth-Form master.

He gave Dutton up, and turned to Peter Todd again.

"Todd, I am very desirous of finding Bunter. I supposed that he was in this study? Has he not done his preparation?"

"I think not, sir."

"Has he been here at all?" demanded the Fifth-Form master suspiciously.

"Ahem. I—I'll think, sir——"

"I should not be surprised if the young rascal is concealed somewhere in the room at this very moment," exclaimed Mr. Prout.

There was a gasp from under the table.

"Ow! I—I'm not, sir!"

"What?" Mr. Prout stooped to jerk up the table-cover. "You are there, Bunter."

"No, sir—not at all. I'm not here—oh, crumbs!"

"Come out at once, Bunter!" thundered the Fifth-Form master. "Your well-merited chastisement, sir, awaits you!"

"Yaroooh!"

"If you do not emerge immediately, Bunter, I shall thrust my cane under the table——"

"Yow!"

Billy Bunter rolled out from under the table. Mr. Prout made a grab at him—but the fat junior squirmed desperately and eluded him. He made a flying jump for the door.

"Bunter—stop—will——"

Whack!

Bunter did not stop; and Mr. Prout's cane caught him across his fat shoulders as he fled. There was a wild yell from Bunter as he vanished.

A PAGE OF PICTURE PUZZLES

For Boys and Girls who are clever with their eyes



PUZZLE - FIND THE FATHER .



PUZZLE FIND THE MIDDY



PUZZLE .FIND THE SWAN



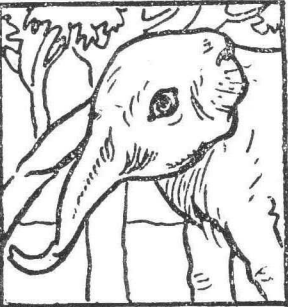
PUZZLE FIND TheCIRCUS CLOWN



PUZZLE - FIND TheFAT BOY .



PUZZLE .FIND THE FOX



PUZZLE FIND THE HARE



PUZZLE FIND TheMERRY MAN



PUZZLE FIND TheBOY

“ Boy ! Come back ! ”

Mr. Prout rustled wrathfully into the passage. Peter Todd closed the door after him, and gasped.

“ Poor old Bunter ! I'm sorry for him, if Prouty catches him now ! ”

“ What's the matter with Prout, Toddy ? ” inquired Tom Dutton.

“ Off his onion, ” answered Peter.

“ Onion ! He said mutton at first, ” said Dutton in surprise. “ I don't see why he should come to a Remove study for either. Do you, Toddy ? ”

“ Ha, ha, ha ! ”

“ And he said he was going to give me a present—and he didn't, ” said Dutton in perplexity. “ I'm blessed if I quite understand Mr. Prout coming to a junior study for onions and mutton, and talking about a present. I shouldn't like to think he had been drinking, but really—really— ”

And Dutton shook his head very seriously as he settled down to his prep. again ; and Peter Todd chuckled and followed his example.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Stunt !

“ I SAY, you fellows ! ”

Prep. was over in No. 1 Study, and Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had dropped in for a chat with Wharton and Nugent. The Famous Five were discussing baked chestnuts, when the door opened suddenly, and Billy Bunter entered, closing the door quickly behind him.

“ Amazing ! ” ejaculated Bob Cherry.

“ Eh ! what's amazing ? ” asked Bunter.

“ How did you know we had chestnuts ? ”

“ I—I didn't— ”

“ Gammon ! ”

“ Still, I'll have some, as you're so pressing, ” said Bunter. “ I'll help myself, if you don't mind. Thanks ! ”

Without giving the Removites time to state whether they minded, the Owl helped himself.

“ I say, you fellows— ” he recommenced, with his mouth full, “ I say, I'm in an awful scrape, you know. ”

“ Seen Prouty yet ? ” chuckled Johnny Bull.

“ Well, I've seen him, ” admitted Bunter ; “ I—I didn't stop to speak— ”

“ Ha, ha, ha ! ”

“ It's all very well for you to cackle, ” said Bunter, pathetically ; “ but I'm in an awful scrape. Prouty's hunting me like a wild tiger. He came to my study for me, and routed me out from under the table— ”

“ Ha, ha, ha ! ” yelled the Co.

“ Oh, don't cackle ! ” howled Bunter. “ It ain't funny—there's nothing whatever funny in this, that I can see. You fellows wouldn't like to have a fat old form-master after you with a cane, like a wild tiger in the jungle. I just dodged him, by the skin of my teeth, you know—and dodged into Wibley's study in time. Wib hid me inside one of his blessed costumes—his theatrical rot, you know ; and there was I stuck in a cupboard as stuffy as anything—nearly suffocated— ”

“ Ha, ha, ha ! ”

“ Funny to be nearly suffocated, ain't it ? ” hooted Bunter. “ I had to stick there while old Prout was rooting up and down the passage looking for me. He's just like a Hun—a wild Prussian Hun ! He actually thinks I stuck the toffee there for him to sit in—as if I'd waste good toffee on a silly old form-master— ”

“ Why not explain to him ? ” asked Harry Wharton, wiping his eyes.

“ He wouldn't listen—he started in with the cane the moment he saw me, ” said Bunter. “ He gave me a terrific lick, before I got clear. I'd rather try explaining to a wild Hun. Besides, he wouldn't believe me. People often don't believe what I say— ”

“ Go hon ! ”

“ It's a fact, ” said Bunter, sorrowfully. “ A truthful chap like me, you know—a fellow who couldn't tell a lie, like that chap who had a little hatchet— ”

“ Oh, my hat ! ”

“ Well, you've dodged him so far, ” said Bob Cherry. “ Keep it up, Bunter ! It's quite entertaining. You can keep it up till bed-time, anyhow. I don't quite see what you'll do if Prouty comes to the dorm. for you. ”

“ I say, you fellows—you might sympathise with a chap who's down on his

luck," said Bunter. "It's all your fault, Bob Cherry."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! How is it my fault?"

"If you'd posted old Prout's packet as he asked you, it wouldn't have happened at all."

"Well, perhaps it wouldn't," agreed Bob. "But if you'd gone to the post-office at once, as you agreed, it wouldn't have happened either. Prouty only came to your study because he hadn't got his precious receipt, I suppose. So it was your own fault, my fat pippin."

"After landing me in this awful scrape, you fellows, you might help a chap," said Bunter reproachfully.

"It seems to me that you landed yourself in it," said Harry Wharton. "But what can we do? We'll help you out if we can."

"The helpfulness will be terrific, my esteemed and disgusting Bunter, if there is anything doing," remarked Hurre Singh.

"Well, I made a suggestion—if one of you owned up to Prout—"

"Kick him out!" said Johnny Bull.

"I—I don't mean that—I—I've got another idea, and Wibley's agreed to help, if you fellows will play up!" exclaimed Bunter hastily.

"Give it a name!" said Bob. "If we can do anything, we'll do it—though you deserve a licking, you fat boulder. I've missed a cake and a pot of jam from my study, since I came in."

"If you think I'd touch your cake, Bob—"

"I jolly well do."

"Of course, I never even knew you had a cake, any more than I knew that Bull had a bag of biscuits," said Bunter. "I never touched either of them. Besides, it was only a measly small cake, with hardly any sultanas in it—not at all like the cakes I get from home."

"Well, my word!" said Bob.

"Not that I touched it—I wouldn't!" said Bunter. "I hope I'm a fellow to be trusted with the key of a chap's cupboard. But to come back to business, you fellows, I think it's up to you to help me out, after landing me in this fearful scrape—and Wib's willing to help. He said so."

"Well, if Wib's willing to help, I suppose

we can help," said Harry Wharton. "You don't deserve it, but we'll try. What do you want us to do?"

"Good!" said Bunter with great satisfaction. "It's a splendid idea I've got, really splendid—I thought it out for myself, you know."

"That doesn't argue much for it," remarked Bob. "But let's hear it. Blessed if I can see anything that we can do."

"Old Prout's in the quad now," said Bunter.

"Well?"

"He always takes his evening trot at this time," went on Bunter. "It's pretty dark in the quad—especially on the path under the elms where Prouty does his evening canter."

"Do you want us to waylay him and kidnap him?" inquired Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Nunno! Not exactly that—"

"Oh, good!"

"But it's a splendid stunt—really splendid! Wibley's going to help with the disguises."

"Disguises!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yes. I asked him, and he said he would. Wib's always ready for anything in the theatrical line, you know. He's coming here with the things."

"What on earth are you driving at?" demanded Wharton, in great mystification. "What do we want disguises for?"

"So that Prout won't know you, of course. You see, when you rush on him—"

"Rush on him!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Yes, when you rush on him."

"Rush on a form-master?"

"That's it—when you rush on him and seize him."

"S-s-sis-sis-seize him?"

"When you rush on him and seize him, he will take you for Bolsheviks."

"Bolsheviks!" howled Bob.

"That's the idea. You rush on him and seize him, and brandish a knife over his chivvy."

"D-d-do we?" gasped Wharton.

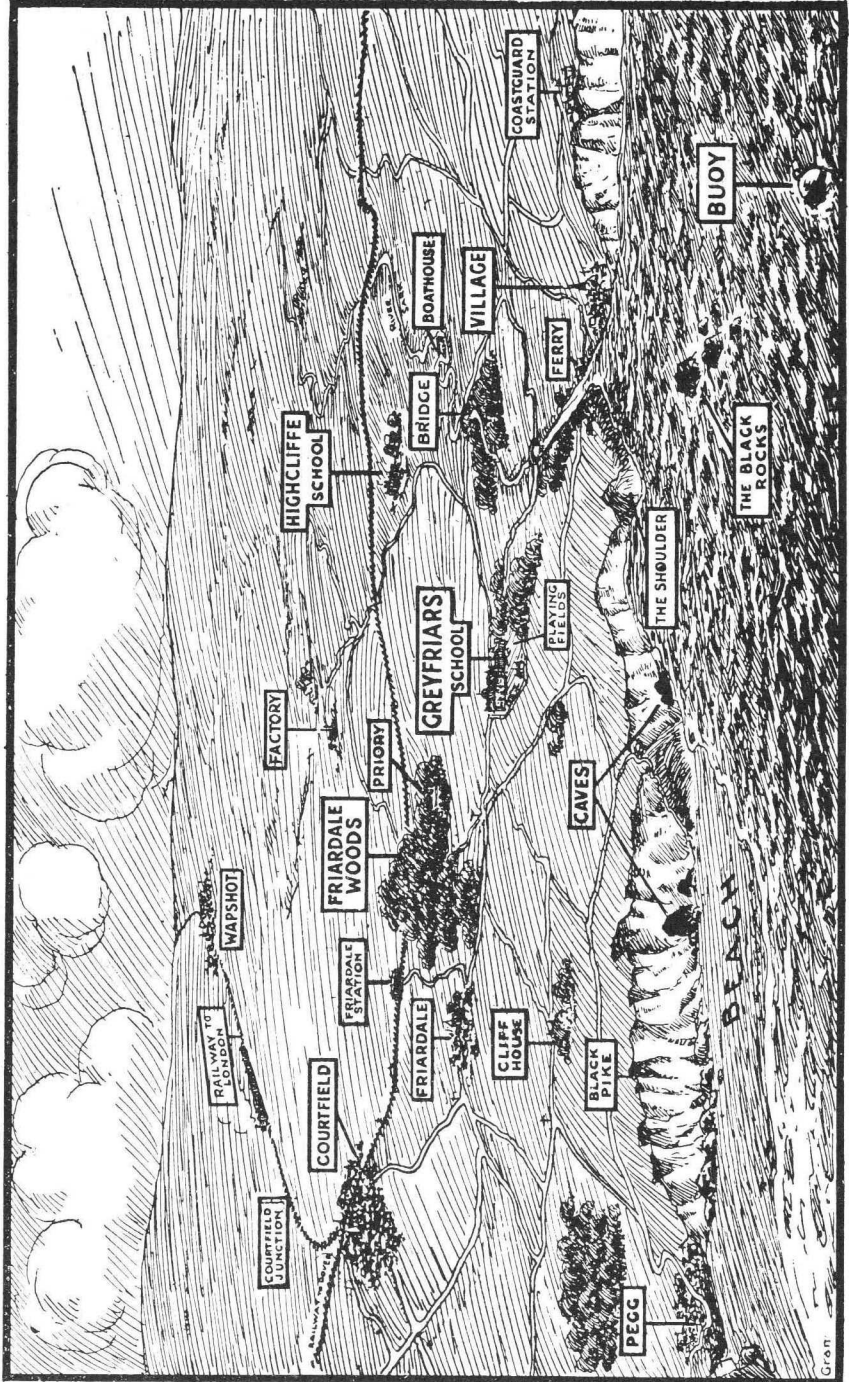
"I don't think!"

"And then I rush to the rescue," went on Bunter brightly.

"You—you—you rush to the rescue?"

"Yes—happening to be strolling in the quad, thinking of—of my lessons, I hear the

GREYFRIARS SCHOOL, KENT



A GENERAL PLAN OF SURROUNDING DISTRICT

row, and rush to the rescue. Scattering you fellows with blows right and left, I----”

“I’d like to see you do it!” roared Bob Cherry.

“Well, you will see me do it. That’s all right.”

“Scattering us!” growled Johnny Bull. “Why, you—you frabjous jabberwock, you couldn’t scatter a hutch of bunny rabbits.”

“Of course, you fellows will agree to be scattered,” said Bunter. “That’s in the programme. Seriously, of course, I couldn’t thrash the lot of you at once.”

“Not all at once?” ejaculated Wharton.

“Not more than two at a time, I think,” answered Bunter calmly. “I’m not a Hercules, you know.”

“He—he—he couldn’t thrash us more than two at a time he thinks!” babbled Bob Cherry. “Oh, my Uncle Christopher! Oh, my Aunt Belinda! Wake me up presently!”

“Of course, I sha’n’t really hurt you,” said Bunter reassuringly. “I shall simply knock you right and left.”

“I can see you doing it, I don’t think!” grinned Nugent.

“Of course, you’re to let me do it—that’s the programme,” said Bunter peevishly. “Hurled right and left by my gallant attack.”

“Ye gods!”

“You bolt for your lives, leaving me victorious. I raise Prout from the ground——”

“Are you going to take a steam-crane in your pocket?”

“Well, I help him up, you know, and he thanks me, with tears of gratitude in his eyes. See?”

“Oh, crikey!”

“That’s the stunt—to appeal to his gratitude,” explained Bunter, evidently quite satisfied with his marvellous scheme. “After I’ve rescued him from a gang of Bolsheviks, he can’t very well pitch into me, can he?”

“Bolsheviks!” repeated Bob Cherry dazedly. “And how are you going to account for Bolsheviks being at Greyfriars? Lenin and Trotsky don’t live here.”

“Oh, there are Bolsheviks in England, lots of them. Old Prout was at the meeting in Courtfield the other day, denouncing the Bolsheviks,” said Bunter. “Suppose some of

them heard him—well, they might come along one evening to give him a hiding. Besides, it won’t be necessary to account for them. You fellows will get your rig off, long before Prouty has got his second wind, if you bump him rather hard.”

“Oh!”

“It will remain a mystery where the ruffians came from, and where they disappeared to,” said Bunter triumphantly. “See? What do you fellows think of the stunt?”

Harry Wharton and Co. didn’t tell Bunter what they thought of his remarkable stunt. They couldn’t. They could only gasp.

The study door opened, and Wibley of the Remove came in with a big bag in his hand, and a business-like expression on his face.

“Here I am!” he announced cheerfully. “You fellows ready?”

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Reluctant Recruits.

HARRY WHARTON AND Co. blinked at William Wibley. That cheery youth was ready for business, though the Co. certainly were not. Anything was welcome to Wib if it gave him a chance of performing in his favourite line, and where anything in the nature of theatricals was concerned, Wib did not stop to think of the consequences. But the Famous Five did. The consequences of attacking a Form-master, even in the character of Bolsheviks, seemed likely to be a little too serious.

Wibley set his big bag on a chair, and opened it. He drew out a handful of false beards to begin with.

Billy Bunter blinked on with approval.

“Good!” he said.

“Look here, Wib——” began Wharton.

“I’ve got a pretty good assortment of things here,” said Wibley, “I can rig you up in great style. You needn’t be afraid that anybody will know you when I’ve finished. Your own paters and maters wouldn’t know you when I’ve done. Rely on me.”

“But——”

“Something hairy and dingy and wild—that’s Bolshevik style,” explained Wibley. “I’ll knock you off to a T.”

"We're not going to be made up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Eh?"

"You can take that rubbish away."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Wibley warmly. "What are you calling rubbish?"

Bob Cherry pointed to the bag.

"Ass!" said Wibley. "Fathead! Duffer! Chump! Why, these are some of the best props of the Remove Dramatic Society. You howling, frabjous chump——"

"I say, you fellows!"

"Look here," exclaimed Harry Wharton, in exasperation, "it's all rot! We're not going to do anything of the kind."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Then what the thump was I brought here for?" demanded Wibley wrathfully. "Here I've sorted out suitable props for Bolshies, and arranged the whole bizney, and now you tell me you haven't nerve enough to go through with the game. Look here——"

"Tain't a question of nerve, fathead. But——"

"Cold feet, what?" snorted Wibley.

"No!" roared Johnny Bull, "Bless your cheek! It's nothing of the sort."

"Then what is it?"

"We're not going to play the goat, and get a flogging all round from the Head for it, you silly ass."

"What did you arrange it for, then?"

"We haven't arranged it——"

"Bunter said——"

"I—I—I say, you fellows," stammered Bunter.

"Bunter said it was all arranged," snapped Wibley, "I've come here to fix you up. Now you tell me there's nothing doing. Br-r-r-r."

"Bunter, you cheeky clam——"

"I—I meant it was going to be arranged, you know," stammered Bunter, "and—and it is arranged now. Wharton's promised."

"Promised!" howled Wharton.

"Yes, certainly."

"I haven't promised anything of the kind. I——"

"You have!" roared Bunter, indignantly. "You said you'd do anything you could, didn't you?"

"Yes; but——"

"Well, you can do this."

"You fat duffer!" exclaimed Frank Nugent warmly. "We weren't thinking of committing assault and battery on a form-master, when we said we'd do anything we could."

"We never thought——" began Bob.

Bunter sniffed scornfully.

"Well, you should think, before you make promises," he answered. "You've promised now."

"We haven't!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"You jolly well have; and I hold you to it," said Bunter.

"I—I—I'll jolly well——"

"Here, you keep off!" howled Bunter. "I'm not going to lick you now, Bull. You've got to play up. You can't back out now. Don't be a funk."

"A—a—a funk! Why, I'll—I'll——"

Billy Bunter dodged round Wibley. Johnny Bull was looking quite dangerous.

"I say, you fellows, keep him off! I—I say, Wharton, you promised to help me out of my scrape, you know—and it was Bob landed me in it, wasn't it? It's up to you, and you know it is."

"But this stunt is all rot," exclaimed Wharton. "It's all bosh! How can we handle Prout—a form-master——"

"Easy enough," said Wibley, who evidently did not want to be disappointed. "I can make you up so that Prout won't know you from Lenin or Trotsky. You lie low under the elms, and jump on him suddenly. You mop him up, in the wink of an eye. It's easy enough."

"You crass ass," said Johnny Bull, "you're as big an idiot as Bunter! Suppose Prouty spots us?"

"He won't, if I make you up."

"But suppose he does?" hooted Johnny.

"What's the good of supposing the impossible? If I make you up, you can't be spotted," said Wibley confidently. "The fact is, I rather like the idea—it will be experience for me. Any experience of this sort is useful to a chap who goes in for private theatricals. I don't think you fellows ought to back out."

"Are you going to help?" asked Bob.

"I'm going to make you up."

"But in handling Prout——"

"That's not in my line. I simply come in as dresser," explained Wibley, "I can promise you a really artistic make-up, that would take in Lenin himself. If Trotsky met you, after I've done, he'd take you for his long-lost brothers."

"Oh, you ass!" gasped Bob.

"It's really too bad of you fellows to get funky, after all the trouble I've taken, and Wib's taken," said Bunter, plaintively. "I really thought you fellows had more nerve."

"You've got plenty of nerve, anyway, to ask us to play the goat in such a fatheaded way," said Harry, angrily.

"Well, you said you'd do what you could——"

"We can't do it! Handling a form-master is too serious. Why, it would mean a flogging all round, if it came out."

"And it would be bound to come out," said Nugent.

Wibley shook his head.

"Not unless you give yourselves away on purpose," he said, "I tell you, with my make-up, you could take in anybody. Lenin himself——"

"Oh, hang Lenin!"

"Or Trotsky——"

"Hang Trotsky!"

"Well, I dare say they'll both be hanged some day," assented Wibley, "but that's neither here nor there. The question is, are you fellows game enough to carry out the scheme?"

"We're game enough, but——"

"The butfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh, with a shake of his dusky head.

"I say, you fellows, it's as easy as falling off a form," urged Bunter. "You clear off as soon as I've rescued Prout, and you get your rig off in a jiffy and vanish. Nobody would think of connecting you with the Bolshevik ruffians who had attacked Prouty."

"Bolshevik rats! It's too idiotic."

"Prout would be no end grateful to me, and he would shake hands with me instead of giving me a thundering hiding," said Bunter. "Think of that!"

"I don't see that it matters if you get a thundering hiding."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Besides, how do you know he would be grateful?" demanded Wharton restively. "I haven't noticed anything specially grateful about old Prout. More likely he would be in a fearful wax, and he might take it out of you."

"Well, he would be bound to be grateful to a fellow who rescued him at the risk of his life," said Bunter. "Even form-masters have feelings, just like human beings. I'll chance that, if you'll play up. And you've as good as promised, too. I'm really relying on you fellows."

"Oh, rot!" said Harry uneasily.

"It would be rather a lark!" remarked Bob Cherry doubtfully. "If—if we got away without being spotted——"

"No end of a lark!" urged Wibley.

"Well, if it's such a lark, you can take a hand in it yourself," grunted Johnny Bull, "you can take the lead, Wib, and ask your study-mates to play Bolshevik. Rake and Morgan and Desmond will jump at the chance—I don't think."

"Oh, be reasonable!" said Wibley.

"Isn't that reasonable?" hooted Johnny Bull.

"The question is, are you fellows game?" snapped Wibley. "If you're not, say so, and I'll clear."

"The gamefulness is terrific, but——"

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull. "Suppose we agree——"

"That's right," said Bunter. "I'm glad you agree. Now——"

"I said, suppose we agree——"

"All right; and suppose we get on with it, instead of talking so much," said Bunter briskly. "There's an awful lot of jaw goes on in this study, I must say. You chaps talk too much."

"I say, suppose we agree," roared Johnny Bull; "then how are we going out of the house got up as Bolsheviks? Suppose we meet Quelchy, or the Head? Suppose we meet Wingate or Loder? Suppose——"

"You're supposing a thumping lot——"

"Well, there's something in that," admitted Wibley. "Better not make up here. We'd better get round to the wood-shed, and I'll



Five shadowy, shaggy-bearded, slouch-hatted figures rushed on Mr. Prout from under the trees. The rush was so sudden that Mr. Prout was taken utterly by surprise. (See page 34.)

make you up there. That's quite a valuable suggestion, Bull. Come on."

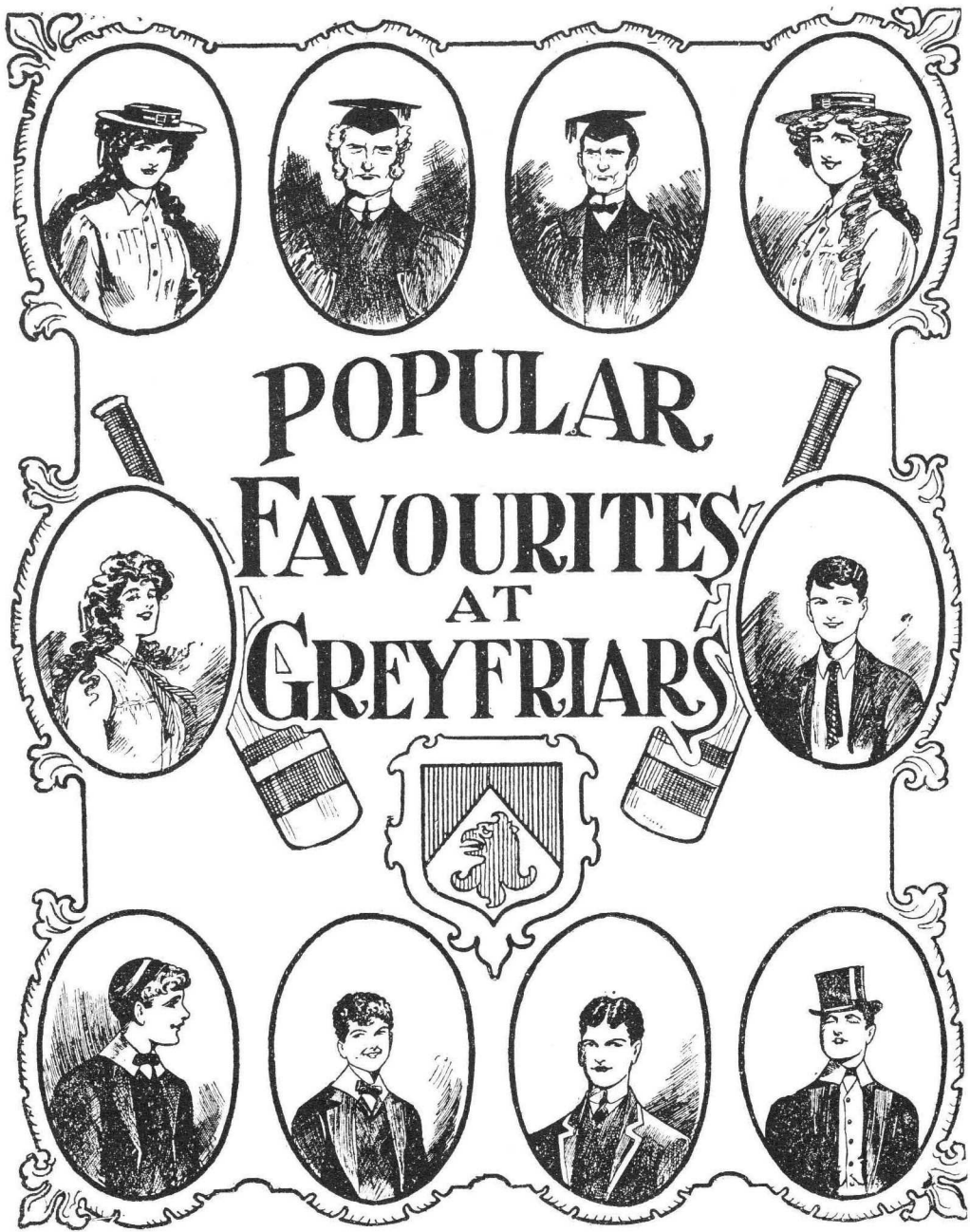
"Come on! Where?"

"To the wood-shed, of course, if I'm going to make you up there."

"But we haven't agreed—"

"Oh, I thought you had. I wish you'd make up your minds—life's short, you know," said Wibley sarcastically.

"I think it's all dashed rot!" growled Johnny Bull. "What does it matter if Prouty thrashes Bunter? It will do him good."



POPULAR
 FAVOURITES
 AT
 GREYFRIARS

Reading from left to right: Marjorie Hazeldene, Dr. H. H. Locke (Headmaster); Mr. Henry Quelch, Clara Trevelyan, Phyllis Howell, Dick Penfold, Dick Nugent, Peter Hazeldene, Lord Mauleverer.

"And he's asked for it," said Nugent.

"The askfulness was great."

"I say, you fellows, I'm relying on you, you know. I thought my old pals would stand by me," said Bunter reproachfully. "Have a little pluck, you know."

"You fat idiot!"

"And you've as good as promised—in fact, quite promised."

Harry Wharton made an impatient gesture.

"I think it's all rot," he said. "But I dare say we could pull it off. We have sort of half-promised that fat rotter——"

"Oh, really, you know——"

"We're game if it comes to that," continued the captain of the Remove. "Look here, I'm willing to put it to the vote. I'll play up if you fellows care to."

"That's right!" said Bunter. "Come on, then——"

"Oh, anything for a quiet life," said Bob Cherry. "Besides it will really be rather a lark."

There was a grunt from Johnny Bull, but he assented at last; and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh and Frank Nugent gave in their assent also. And the decision having been reached, the Famous Five followed Bunter and Wibley from the study—to make their preparations for carrying out Bunter's amazing "stunt."

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Amateur Bolsheviks.

A BIKE lantern and a candle glimmered in the wood-shed, while William Wibley unpacked his bag.

Wibley was quite enthusiastic.

He was looking forward to turning out five really artistic Bolsheviks, true to type; worthy followers of Lenin and Trotsky. It was an opportunity for exercising his peculiar gifts. Wibley thought of that and of little else. The fellows who were to play Bolsheviks naturally thought a little more. But they had consented now.

The Famous Five looked very restive, but they raised no further objections—having agreed.

As for Billy Bunter, he was purring with contentment.

He was going to escape a terrific licking, and he was also going to shine in the rôle of heroic rescuer. Bunter was picturing, in his fat mind, quite a dramatic scene, when Mr. Prout would shake him by the hand and thank him, in a voice full of emotion, for his devoted courage. Bunter had reason to be pleased with the prospect—which the schoolboy Bolsheviks hadn't.

Wibley was quickly at work.

There was no time to waste if Mr. Prout was to be caught before he finished his evening stroll in the quadrangle.

Mr. Prout's regular evening canter, as Bunter called it, generally occupied half an hour, or so, and he had already started.

Harry Wharton and Co. meekly followed Wib's directions. Over their own clothes they donned the garments Wibley had selected for them, as suitable for amateur Bolsheviks.

The additional garments gave them quite a bulky appearance, and they certainly looked a large size for schoolboys.

Wibley, with charcoal and grease paints, started work on their faces, and the difference he made in their looks was startling.

Five fresh young faces were changed into five swarthy, wrinkled visages that looked at least fifty years old.

The addition of shaggy beards and whiskers and moustaches completed the transformation.

The chums of the Remove could not help grinning as they looked at one another.

"What a set of pictures!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"I don't think Major Cherry would know you now—what?" remarked Wibley complacently.

"My hat! I think not."

"I say, you fellows, you do look a set of guys!" chortled Billy Bunter. "He, he, he! I should like to meet you lot on a dark night!"

"Kick him!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Here's your hats," said Wibley.

Five slouched hats were added to five shaggy heads, and Wibley rubbed his hands with deep satisfaction.

Whether the Famous Five looked like Bolsheviks, was a little difficult to decide, as

none of those cheery gentry had ever been seen at Greyfriars. But they certainly looked like a particularly reckless and ferocious set of ruffianly Anarchists.

"I think that will do," said Wibley. "Mind, you're not to speak while you're tackling Prouty. That would give it away. Unless you could speak a few words in Russian. That would add to the effect, of course. Any of you know any Russian?"

"No, ass!"

"I think I could manage a few words," said Bob Cherry. "Such as caskowski, buzzoff, gotsuchakoffski——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, you'll do splendidly!" said Bunter. "You look an awful lot of ruffians—much more so than usual——"

"What?"

"I—I mean, you'll do first rate. Now I'll get off, and keep an eye on Prout, ready to rush in when you handle him. Make a row when you tackle him, because I mustn't get too near him—he mustn't spot me before I rush to the rescue, or he might pile in with the licking at the wrong moment. Are you fellows ready?"

"Oh, we're ready."

"I'll get off, then."

Billy Bunter rolled out of the wood-shed, with a soft chuckle. Everything in the garden, so to speak, was lovely, from Bunter's point of view.

Wibley gave a few finishing touches to his artistic handiwork.

"Oh, that'll do," said Johnny Bull. "Let's get out."

"You'll scoot back here afterwards," said Wibley. "I'll help you off with the things. You can change, and wash your chivvies here, and then we'll all join in the crowd—there'll be a crowd, you know, as soon as it gets out that there's Bolshies in the quad——"

"I should say so!" grinned Nugent.

"We crowd round with the rest, and nobody's the wiser," said Wibley. "Easy as winking, you know. I'll wait here for you, and I'll have the soap and water all ready. Now you can get going."

The Famous Five got going.

They left the wood-shed, and disappeared

into the shadows, and Wibley watched them from the doorway till they vanished.

He turned back into the wood-shed, with a chuckle, greatly pleased. There was a tap in the shed, and Wibley proceeded to prepare for the ablutions of the Bolsheviks—which would have to be conducted rather hurriedly when the time came. He drew a basin of water, and placed soap and towels and scrubbing brushes and sponges in readiness.

He had just finished when there was a step in the wood-shed, and he spun round from the sink.

"Hullo, you back already! Oh, my hat!"

It was Gosling, the porter.

Gosling stared at Wibley, with grim suspicion.

William Wibley blinked at him.

Wibley had thought of a good many things—of nearly everything, in fact—but he had not thought of Gosling.

The light in the wood-shed had drawn Gosling's attention, as he was making his evening round, and he had naturally come there to investigate.

"Well, Master Wibley?" said Gosling grimly.

"Well?" stammered Wibley.

"P'raps you'll explain what you're hup to 'ere, at this time o' night," suggested Gosling, with sarcastic politeness.

"I—I—no reason why I shouldn't be in the wood-shed, if I want to," said Wibley, feeling deeply thankful that Gosling had not happened to come along there ten minutes earlier.

"P'raps—and p'raps not," said Gosling sourly. "Wot I says is this 'ere, you're up to some game 'ere, Master Wibley. I knows you. Wot are you droring that there water for?"

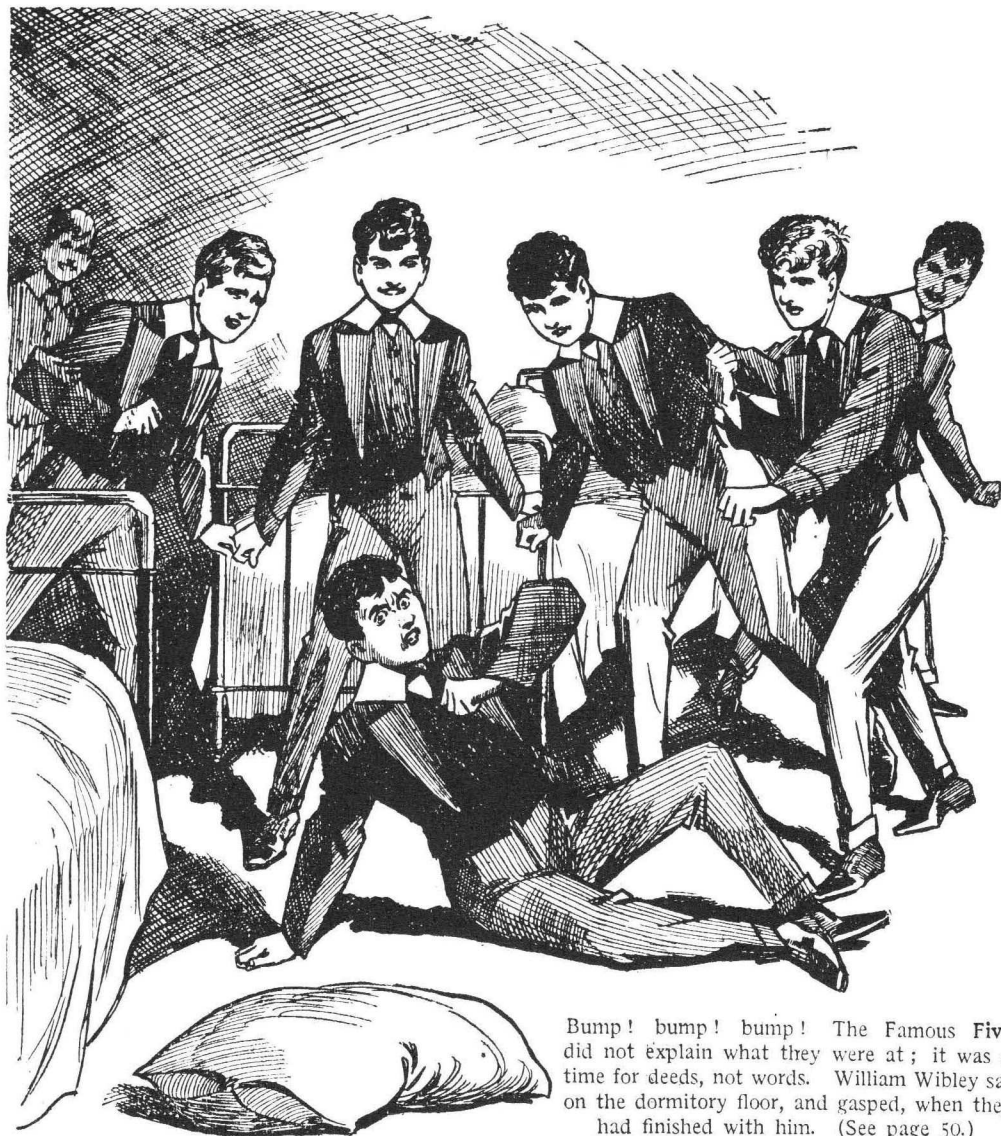
"Why shouldn't I?"

"Going to wash 'ere, p'raps?" suggested Gosling, in the same vein of sarcasm.

"Perhaps!"

"And wot's all this 'ere?" continued Gosling, with a nod towards the grease-paints that were still in view on the bench close at hand.

"Ahem!"



Bump! bump! bump! The Famous Five did not explain what they were at; it was a time for deeds, not words. William Wibley sat on the dormitory floor, and gasped, when they had finished with him. (See page 50.)

"P'raps you'd rather not explain, Master Wibley, what you're up to 'ere."

"Well, it isn't your bizney, is it?" remarked Wibley.

"P'raps, and p'raps not. It's my business to report yer," answered Gosling sourly. "I knows that! You can explain to Mr. Quelch,

Master Wibley, and if there ain't any 'arm in it, why, you're all right, ain't you?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wibley.

"P'raps you'll be so kind as to come to Mr. Quelch with me now," went on Gosling, with grim humour.

Wibley drew a deep breath.

“The—the fact is, I—I’ve been doing some—some practice at make-up, Gossy,” he said. “No harm done, you know. By the way, I believe this half-crown is yours, Gossy.”

Gosling’s horny hand closed on the half-crown, and he grinned faintly. He hesitated, but no doubt he argued it out in his mind that a half-crown was a half-a-crown, for he turned to leave the wood-shed. Wibley almost gasped with relief to see him go.

But as Gosling passed through the doorway, there came a sudden, terrific uproar from the direction of the quadrangle—and Gosling halted, rooted to the ground.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Bolshevik Atrocity!

MR. PROUT ambled gently along the path under the elms, his hands folded behind his back, and a thoughtful expression on his face.

Probably he was thinking of those exciting old days when he had hunted the festive grizzly in his native lair—glorious old days upon which Mr. Prout loved to dwell, in thought and in conversation.

Indeed, those old days were more glorious now than they had been at the time, for Mr. Prout’s memory was enriched by the passing years, and his ancient exploits grew more and more heroic and startling seen through the mists of time.

He was not thinking of Bunter. He had not forgiven Bunter, by any means; but he had given up looking for the elusive fat junior. He intended to drop in at the Remove dormitory at bed-time, when he was sure of finding Bunter. Meanwhile, the owl of the Remove was dismissed from his mind.

Mr. Prout, as he paced majestically up and down the shadowy path between rows of dark trees, was fighting ancient battles over again. From the Rocky Mountains his active mind wandered to the Russian steppes, where he had also played Nimrod in those old days when the centuries numbered only nineteen. Russian steppes brought Bolshevism to his mind—and Mr. Prout frowned. Mr. Prout stood very sturdily for law and order, and he was down on Bolsheviks with

a tremendous down. He had attended meetings, and addressed meetings, in denunciation of Trotsky and Co.

Anyone observing Mr. Prout’s plump face just then might have been very much entertained. The frown was succeeded by a smile—a tender smile—and Mr. Prout glanced up at the stars. Certainly Mr. Quelch, if he had been on the spot, could have guessed the Fifth-form master’s thoughts at that moment, for Mr. Quelch had been the recipient of Mr. Prout’s confidences on the subject of a certain lovely Russian countess, into whose dark eyes, as Mr. Prout expressed it poetically, he had gazed, and found them all too beautiful—or as the Removites would have described it, to whom Mr. Prout had given the glad eye!

Mr. Prout had reached that poetical stage in his reflections, when there was a sudden stir under the dark trees.

The next moment, lovely Russian countesses and everything else were jolted out of Mr. Prout’s mind, as five shadowy, shaggy-bearded, slouch-hatted figures rushed on him from under the trees.

The rush was so sudden that Mr. Prout was taken utterly by surprise.

Before he knew what was happening, he was grasped on all sides, and rushed off his feet.

Bump!

“Oh! Ah! Yooop! Whoooop!”

The Fifth-form master plumped on the ground and spluttered.

Over him loomed shaggy-bearded ruffians.

Hands grasped him on all sides as the astounded form-master floundered and spluttered and gasped.

“Good heavens! What—what—”

“Seize him!” came a deep, bass voice.

“Help!”

“Chop off his headski!”

“Bless my soul! Release me! Who—what—yaroooh!”

“Where’s the knifovich? Bolsheviki biski wiski!”

“Help!”

Mr. Prout hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels.

He rolled on the ground, in the grasp of



“The gallant lad is wounded!” exclaimed Mr. Prout. “Lean on my arm, Bunter—let me support you, my boy! Bless my soul! Only to think that a few hours since, I was about to inflict corporal chastisement upon this noble boy!” (See page 38.)

many hands, bumped and rumped and flustered and breathless.

The hoarse ejaculations of the ruffians who had seized him struck terror to his soul.

Among those remarkable ejaculations the

word “Bolsheviki” struck him, and it made him realise into what terrible hands he had fallen.

“Help!” shrieked Mr. Prout. “Police! Help! Yaroooooh!”

"Bolsheviki booshki wooshki!"

"Cut his head offski!"

"Gimme the dynamitavich."

"Help! Yaroooooh! Help!" roared the Fifth-form master. "Police! Help! Leggo! Yarooooop!"

A fat form loomed up in the shadows.

A pair of big spectacles glimmered through the gloom.

It was Bunter rushing to the rescue.

"Look outski! Here comes somebodyovich."

"Help!"

"I'm coming, sir!" shouted Billy Bunter valorously.

And he came.

Considering that the Bolsheviks were five to one their retreat was rather inglorious.

But they did retreat.

As Bunter rushed into the fray the shaggy ruffians rushed out of it.

Bunter—no doubt with the idea of making the scene more realistic—hit out at them with his fat fists, and there was a fiendish yell as one of his drives caught a Bolshevik under the ear.

A drive with Bunter's weight behind it was no joke.

The hapless Bolshevik reeled over Mr. Prout, and fell on him, just as the Fifth-form master was seeking to rise, and flattened him to the earth again.

A gasp of anguish escaped from Mr. Prout as he was flattened.

"Groogh! Help! Oooooop!"

"Yow!" roared the Bolshevik. "Oh, my hat!"

Four Bolsheviks were running under the trees, and the fifth scrambled off Mr. Prout in a hurry.

The Fifth-form master made a clutch at him—the fighting instinct of the old huntsman was roused now—and grabbed the Bolshevik by the beard.

Mr. Prout would certainly have secured a prisoner, but fortunately the beard and the Bolshevik parted company.

The beard remained in Mr. Prout's hand, and the Bolshevik jumped at Bunter.

"Yaroooh!" howled Bunter as the shaggy ruffian—not quite so shaggy now that Mr.

Prout had shaved him, as it were—grasped him hard. "Leggo! You silly ass! Yooooop."

Pommel, pommel, pommel!

"You fat idiot!" hissed the voice of Johnny Bull. "Wharrer you punch me for? Take that, and that!"

Mr. Prout scrambled breathlessly up.

"Help!" he roared. "Is—is that you, Bunter? Hold him. I am coming to your aid."

The Bolshevik released Billy Bunter as if the owl of the Remove had suddenly become red-hot.

As Mr. Prout clutched at him he darted among the trees and disappeared.

"Yow-ow-ow!" came from Bunter.

"Oh, dear! Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Help! Bolsheviks—actually, Bolshevik ruffians! Help!"

There was not much need for Mr. Prout to shout now. The uproar had been heard all over Greyfriars.

Doors and windows opened on all sides, and lights flashed and gleamed into the dusky quadrangle. Inquiring voices shouted from all directions.

"What's the row?"

"What the thunder ——"

"Help!"

"Ow, ow!"

Mr. Prout continued to roar, and Bunter to howl. Amid the shadows of the quadrangle five Bolsheviks were fleeing for their lives.

The drama had been enacted, the gallant rescue had been performed, and it only remained for the Bolsheviks to vanish from the face of the earth and for the Famous Five of the Remove to return to existence.

There was no time to lose, and Harry Wharton & Co. ran hard to get quite clear before the gathering crowd arrived on the scene of the Bolshevik outrage. They swept round the corner of the schoolhouse at a distance from the building, and headed for the wood-shed.

"Hold on, we're not all here!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Who's missing?"

"I'm coming!" came a voice from behind, the voice of Johnny Bull. "I only stopped to punch Bunter."

"You ass!"

"Well, he punched me!"

"Where's your beard?"

"Blessed if I know, unless Prout's got it! He grabbed me. That fat idiot Bunter fairly planted me on him."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Buck up!" panted Wharton. "We've got to get clear—quick! There'll be a search. Buck up! Into the wood-shed—quick!"

The breathless five rushed on to the wood-shed.

There was a sudden collision in the gloom and a howl.

"Ow! Who's that? Oh, my eye!"

"Gosling!" stuttered Nugent.

"Oh, crikey! Bunk for it!"

The juniors, in utter dismay, scattered and fled. The wood-shed was barred as they had run into Gosling almost in the doorway. It was cruel luck just as they had been so successful.

They ran for the darkness, but they reckoned without their host, in the shape of Gosling. Gosling, startled by the uproar, and terrified by the sudden appearance of five shaggy ruffians, was backing away; but as the ruffians ran Gosling gave chase. It was Gosling's duty to deal with those ruffianly invaders of the school precincts, and, as they were running, Gosling felt himself as brave as a lion.

"Stop, you raskils!" yelled Gosling valiantly.

"Put it on!" gasped Wharton.

"You bet! Oh, my hat!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh stumbled in the dark and fell on his knees. He jumped up, and, as he did so, Gosling ran into him from behind. The nabob of Bhanipur sprawled forward on his face, with a gasping yell, and Gosling sprawled over him.

"Got one of 'em, anyhow," gasped Gosling. "'Elp! 'Elp! 'Elp!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Heroic Bunter!

"BUNTER! My brave lad——"

"Oh, sir!"

"Are you hurt, my gallant fellow?"

"I—I think I've been shot, sir——"

"What?"

"I—I mean stabbed——"

"Bless my soul! Help!"

Wingate of the Sixth rushed up, with a bike lantern gleaming in his hand. The alarm was general now; juniors, seniors, and masters were turning out on all sides. The Head himself was in the doorway of the school-house, looking out into the dusky quad with startled eyes.

"What is it?" gasped Wingate.

"Help!"

"But what—what——" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, coming up breathlessly.

"They are gone!" gasped Mr. Prout, blinking round ferociously. "The ruffians have made off. It is well for them—had they remained, I would have——"

"The—the what?"

"The Bolshevik ruffians——"

"Bub-bub-bolshevik ruffians!" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir; I have been attacked by savage Bolsheviks——"

"Mr. Prout!"

"By savage Bolsheviks, sir—irreclaimable ruffians, sir—here in the quadrangle of Greyfriars——"

"Impossible!"

"Sir!"

"Really, Mr. Prout—what you say is—is—is——" Mr. Quelch paused and blinked at the Fifth-Form master's flushed and excited face. He knew that Mr. Prout was a temperate man, as a rule, but he could not help wondering whether the form-master had not, for once, been indulging in the cup that cheers and also inebriates.

"I repeat, sir, that I have been attacked by Bolsheviks, and that the ruffians are still at large, within the walls of Greyfriars," exclaimed Mr. Prout, warmly. "Bunter, who gallantly came to my help, has been stabbed——"

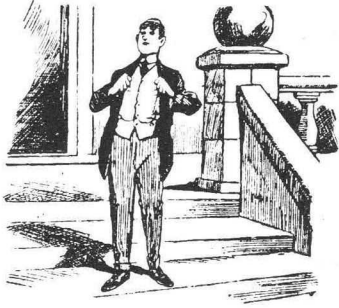
"Good heavens! Bunter——"

Billy Bunter gave a deep groan. He was a little hurt; Johnny Bull was a hard hitter. But there really was no occasion for that deep groan, save for dramatic effect.

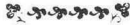
However, it produced its effect.

THE
GREYFRIARS GALLERY
IN VERSE

By Dick Penfold



No. 3: Horace Coker



Who seeks to take the world by storm,
And thinks he's ruler of his Form
In class, and playing-field, and dorm?
Why, COKER!

Who grinds out poems by the yard,
And really is a comic bard?
Who'd benefit by "six months' hard"?
Why, COKER!

Who once played footer in his pride,
And caused amusement far and wide
By netting for the other side?
Why, COKER!

When Aunt's "tips" come on the scene,
Who sits before a spread serene
With one who's Potty, one who's Greene?
Why, COKER!

Who keeps his schoolmates bright and gay
By spelling "captain" with a "k"?
Who gave the "Koker Kup" away?
Why, COKER!

Who really is a mighty man?
Who japes Removites (when he can)?
Who leaves George Robey "also ran"?
Why, COKER!

"The gallant lad is wounded," exclaimed Mr. Prout. "Lean on my arm, Bunter—let me support you, my boy! Bless my soul! Only to think that, a few hours since, I was about to inflict corporal chastisement upon this noble boy——"

"Bunter! Bring your light here, Wingate, please! Where are you wounded, Bunter?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I——"

"I see no trace of blood," said the Remove master drily, as he examined the heroic youth in the lantern-light. "Kindly tell me precisely where the wound is situated, Bunter."

"I—I think the knife must have missed me, after all, sir," said Bunter. "I—I struck the villain a fearful blow at the same moment, sir, and—and the knife must have passed between my arm and my body, sir."

"Oh!"

"I—I felt it pass, sir—a gleaming, flashing blade——"

"What a terribly narrow escape," exclaimed Mr. Prout. "I am thankful it is no worse. Bunter—my brave lad——"

"Oh, not at all, sir," said Bunter modestly. "Any fellow would have done it, sir."

"Possibly!" said Mr. Quelch, who was not nearly so romantic an old gentleman as Mr. Prout. "But what exactly did you do, Bunter?"

"I rushed to the rescue, sir——"

"What?"

"Seeing Mr. Prout attacked by Bolsheviks, sir——"

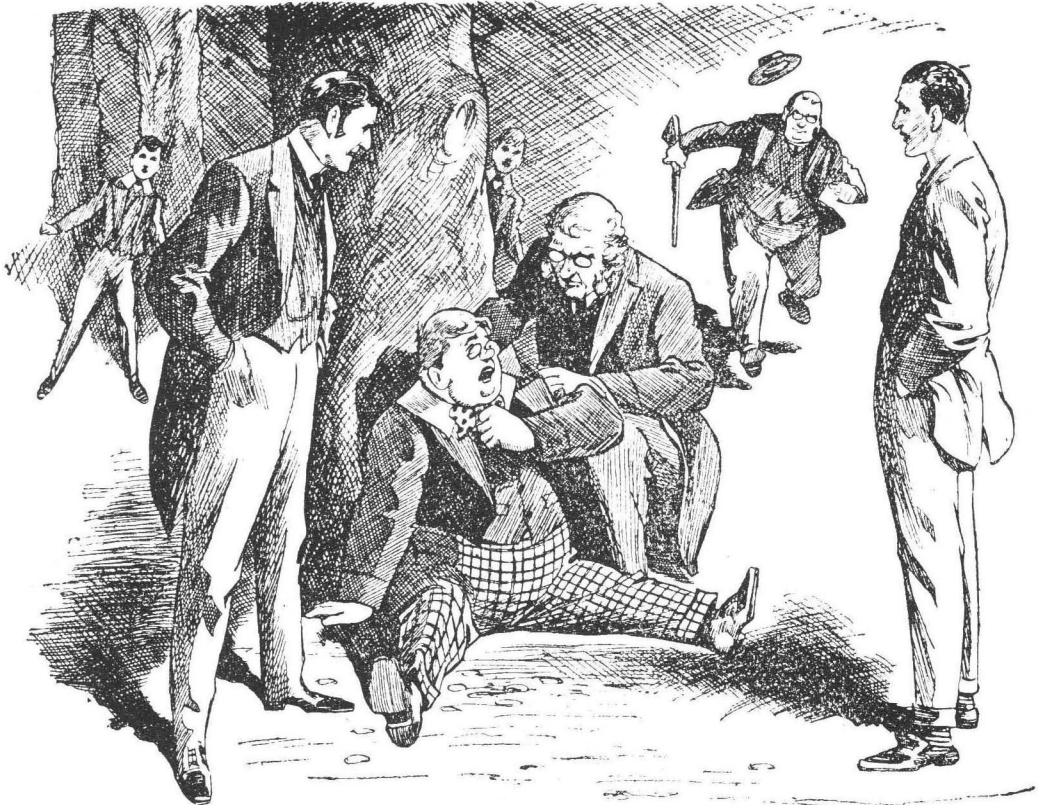
"Nonsense."

"Not at all nonsense, Mr. Quelch," exclaimed the Fifth-Form master, hotly. "Bunter's statement is exactly correct. I was attacked by Bolsheviks, and they are still at large. At any moment they may fire upon us, if they are armed with automatic pistols, as these miscreants generally are. We are wasting time, sir——"

"But——"

"They must be sought for at once, sir, and seized!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "But we must be armed—armed! I will fetch my rifle——"

"Mr. Prout——"



“What ever is the matter?” demanded Dr. Locke. “Bolsheviks, sir!” howled Billy Bunter. Mr. Quelch was about to speak, when from the distance beyond the school-buildings came a husky yell. (See page 40.)

“There is not a moment to be lost, sir!” thundered Mr. Prout. “Do you wish to see Greyfriars the scene of massacre and bloodshed, sir?”

And Mr. Prout rushed off to the school-house for his famous rifle. Mr. Quelch devoutly hoped that he would not be able to find his cartridges. If he did, it was only too possible that there might be bloodshed and massacre at Greyfriars.

“Shall we—ahem!—hunt for the Bolsheviks, sir?” asked Wingate, with a cough.

“Not just yet, Wingate—Bunter had better tell us precisely what has occurred,” said the Remove master drily. “I really fail to see how Bolsheviks could be in the school quadrangle, or why they should be here. Bunter, you say you saw Mr. Prout attacked——”

“By a gang of blood-thirsty Bolsheviks, sir,” said Bunter.

Billy Bunter was swelling with importance now. There was a crowd round him, and all eyes were on Bunter. The Owl’s original idea had been to earn Mr. Prout’s gratitude, and thereby escape a licking; but he realised now that there was the chance of a lifetime for reaping glory.

Bunter had always been a hero in his own eyes; and he was quite willing to be a hero in the eyes of all Greyfriars.

“How did you know they were Bolsheviks?” inquired Mr. Quelch.

“Oh! I—I——”

“Well, Bunter?”

“They—they—they were talking in Russian, sir,” stammered Bunter.

"Are you acquainted with the Russian language, Bunter?"

"Nunno, sir."

"Then how do you know they were speaking in Russian?"

"It—it—it sounded like Russian, sir—like—like a cat sneezing, sir."

"Oh! And you came to help Mr. Prout—"

"I rushed on them like a lion, sir."

"Indeed! That was not what I should have expected—from my knowledge of you, Bunter."

"W-w-wouldn't you, sir?"

"I should not, Bunter. How many were there of these ruffians?"

"Five, sir."

"And what happened when you rushed upon them?"

"They—they ran, sir."

"Very extraordinary. I fail to see why five desperate ruffians should run away from you, Bunter."

Some of the onlookers were grinning now. It was pretty clear that Mr. Quelch did not take a dramatic view of the affair at all.

"They—they were frightened, I—I suppose, sir," said Bunter. "I—I'm rather a dangerous fellow, sir, when my blood's up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, please. I really fail to see—what is it, Temple?"

Temple of the Fourth was holding up something he had picked from the ground. Mr. Quelch blinked at it in the light.

"It's a false beard, sir," said Temple.

"Bless my soul!"

It was Johnny Bull's beard which Mr. Prout had grabbed off and dropped. Mr. Quelch gazed at it blankly. This was an indubitable proof that someone—Bolshevik or not—had been there, and that the whole affair was not a hallucination of Mr. Prout's.

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Bunter. "The silly ass—"

"Bunter, what did you say?"

"N-n-nothing, sir."

"It is certainly an artificial beard, such as is used in private theatricals. I believe," said Mr. Quelch, inspecting Temple's trophy.

"The—the ruffians may have been in dis-

guise, sir," ventured Bunter. "If—if they were Lenin and Trotsky—"

"Don't be foolish, Bunter."

"Oh, sir!"

There was a rustle, and the crowd made way for the Head.

"Whatever is the matter?" demanded Dr. Locke. "Mr. Prout has just rushed past me. He called out something, but did not stop."

"Bolsheviks, sir," said Bunter.

"What?"

Mr. Quelch was about to speak when from the dark distance beyond the buildings came a husky yell.

"'Elp! 'Elp! 'Elp!"

The Remove master started.

"That's Gosling!" exclaimed Wingate.

"Perhaps he's got them," exclaimed Coker of the Fifth.

"Oh, crikey!" stuttered Bunter.

"'Elp!"

Wingate was already dashing off, and after him went Coker and Temple, and a crowd. Mr. Quelch stood nonplussed, wondering whether Mr. Prout's amazing tale was well founded after all.

"Bless my soul!" said the Head. "This is—is—is—"

There was a rapid clatter of footsteps, and Mr. Prout rushed up, rifle in hand, with a bloodthirsty gleam behind his spectacles.

"Now I am ready for them!" thundered Mr. Prout. "What—what—what is the matter, Quelch?"

"Kindly turn that rifle in another direction, Mr. Prout."

"'Elp!" came a husky roar from the distance.

"Ha! Gosling, they are attacking him. To the rescue!" shouted Mr. Prout.

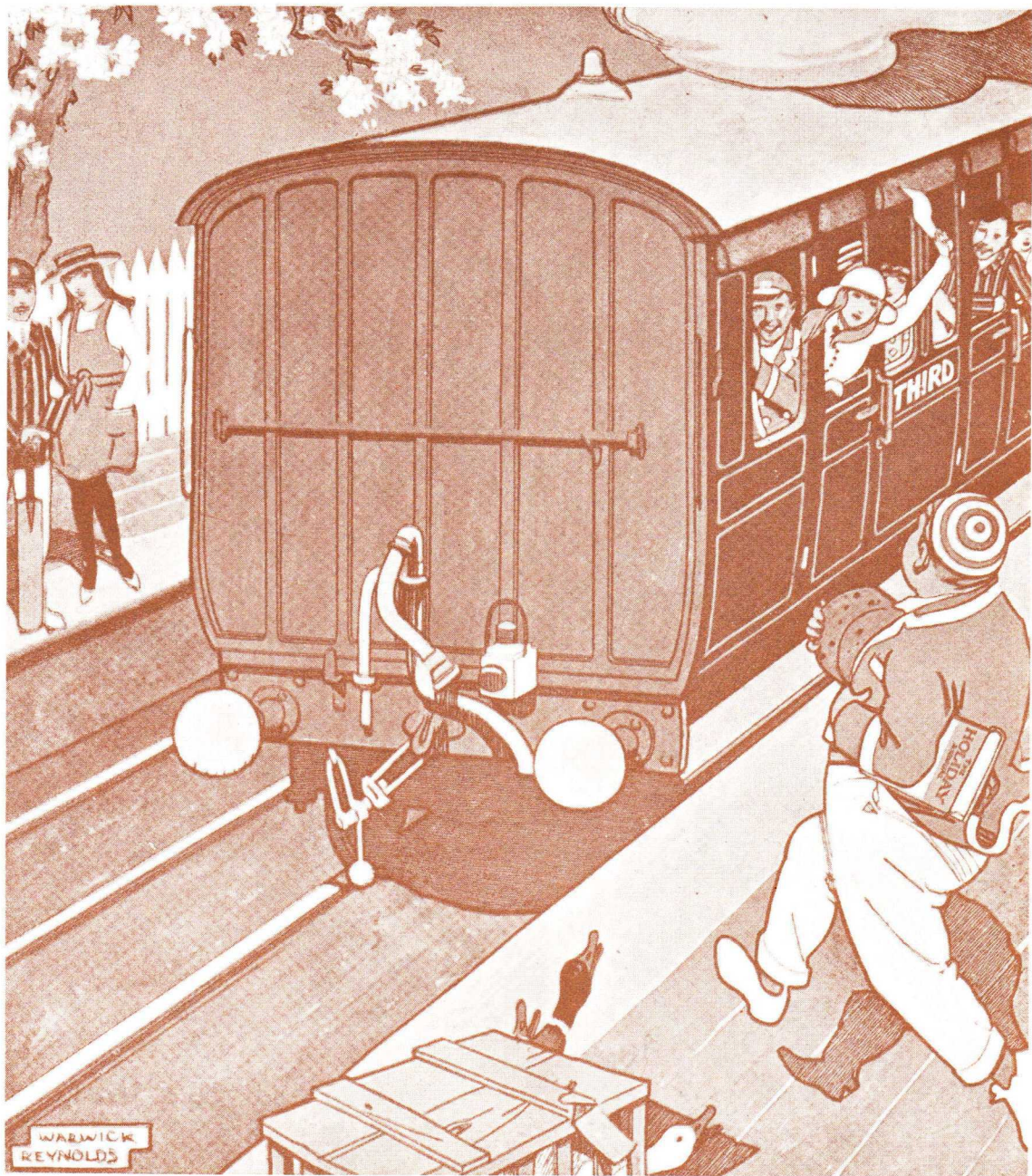
And he sped away with his rifle ready.

"I—I—I hope there will not be an accident!" gasped the Head.

"It is most extraordinary! I do not understand."

"'Elp! 'Elp!"

The Head and Mr. Quelch hurried after the rescuers. They were almost wondering whether it was a dream, or whether Lenin, Trotsky, and Co. had really descended upon Greyfriars in force.



FATTY WYNN IS LEFT BEHIND!

(See "THE WANDERING SCHOOLBOY")



PRESS DAY IN THE OFFICE OF "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."



"Well, Master Wibley?" said Gosling grimly. "Well?" stammered Wibley. "P'raps you'll explain what you're hup to 'ere, at this time of night?" suggested Gosling, with sarcastic politeness. (See page 32.)

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Prisoner!

"HERE they are!"

"'Elp!"

"We're coming!"

"Stick to him, Gosling!"

"Play up!"

The rush of the rescuers surrounded Gosling and his prisoner, who were struggling on the ground.

Had the captured Bolshevik produced a knife or an automatic pistol, as a captured Bolshevik might have been expected to do,

Gosling would certainly have let him drop like a hot potato. But the Bolshevik didn't. He struggled to escape, and in the struggle Gosling made the discovery that he was a good deal bigger and stronger than his prisoner. So Gosling held on to him valiantly, and yelled for help as he held on.

Help came very quickly, which was unlucky for the helpless Bolshevik. Four fleeing juniors had discovered that one of the party was missing, and were turning back, and from another direction William Wibley was about to cut in to the rescue. But rescue was impossible, as Wingate, Coker, Temple, and two

score more fellows rushed up with bike lanterns gleaming, and surrounded the struggling pair.

Wibley dodged into the wood-shed again in blank dismay. And Harry Wharton and Co. backed out of the circle of light equally dismayed.

"Who's missing?" gasped Wharton.

"Inky, I think."

"Inky!"

"It's poor old Inky!" stuttered Bob Cherry.

"Gosling's got him. What awful luck! And now——"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Keep out of sight!"

That was all the unhappy Bolsheviks could do now. They could not charge through fifty fellows and rescue the unfortunate nabob of Bhanipur. But what was going to happen now was an appalling thought.

Round about Gosling and his prisoner the crowd surged in wild excitement. There was no doubt as to the truth of Mr. Prout's amazing tale now. For here was the Bolshevik—a shaggy, dingy, frowsy-looking ruffian, struggling in the grasp of Gosling the porter.

His struggles ceased quickly enough as Wingate and Coker grasped him, and then so many hands were laid upon him that there was hardly room for another finger.

"All right now, Gosling."

"Ow! I've got him!" gasped Gosling, pumping in breath. "He give me a 'ard fight. But I've got him!"

"Hurray!"

"There was others—a dozen or more!" spluttered Gosling. "A whole crowd of 'em—savage-looking brutes, too—jest like this one."

"Hold him!"

"Better knock him on the head!" exclaimed Coker of the Fifth. "Anybody got a club? Better stun him. Safer."

"Yaroooooh!"

"Hallo, he's found his voice!" said Temple.

"Better knock him clean on the head——"

"Let him alone, you ass," said Wingate, "we've got him safe enough. Put him on his feet."

The Bolshevik was dragged up.

"Hallo! Here comes Prout!"

"Look out! He's got his gun!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Mr. Prout came dashing up. The Fifth-Form master was his old self again now—once more the valiant Paul Prout of early years, who had tracked the grizzly in his lair, and whose gun had been so great a terror to the wolf and the bear as it was now to the Greyfriars' fellows.

"Is that one of them?" thundered Mr. Prout.

"We've got him, sir——"

"Surrender, ruffian—yield, Bolshevik scoundrel!" roared Mr. Prout. "One movement, and I will blow out your brains!"

"Mind that gun!"

"I say, keep that gun away!"

"I hope to goodness it's not loaded!"

"Where are the others?" demanded Mr. Prout. "There were four others—as rascally and handdog as this ruffian!"

"They seem to have got away!"

"I will search for them—I will hunt them down, like vermin! Give me your lantern, Wingate! Follow me!"

Holding the lantern aloft in his left hand, and with the rifle in his right, Mr. Prout started. Some of the fellows followed him—but they kept well behind. The Bolshevik peril was not the greatest peril there.

Wingate and Coker, grasping the prisoner by the arms, marched him off to the school-house, with a dozen fellows round them. In the light from the big doorway they met Mr. Quelch and the Head—and Billy Bunter! Bunter's jaw dropped at the sight of the prisoner.

"What—what—who is this?" exclaimed the Head.

"One of them, sir," said Coker of the Fifth. "Shall I knock him on the head, sir?"

"Certainly not, Coker. Bless my soul! What a dreadful looking character," said the Head.

"A most abandoned looking ruffian!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I got him, sir!" said Gosling. "They was rushing at the wood-shed, the 'ole gang of 'em, sir!"

"Dear me! What could they have wanted in the wood-shed?" ejaculated the Head, in

surprise. "Surely they could not have intended to steal the faggots?"

"Why, he's larfing!" exclaimed Gosling.

The prisoner had certainly grinned for a moment.

"We'll give him something to laugh for, soon," said Coker, tightening his grip on the captured Bolshevik.

"They bunged right into me sir," went on the porter.

"They—they what, Gosling?"

"Bunked into me, sir—bified into me, I mean. I collared this cove, and the others 'ooked it," said Gosling.

"Bring him into the house, Wingate."

"Certainly, sir."

"He must be well guarded till the police can be called in."

"Why, he's larfing agin!" exclaimed Gosling, in angry astonishment.

"Come on, you cheeky villain!" said Coker.

The Bolshevik was marched into the house. The Greyfriars fellows, in a buzz of excitement, followed him in. Mr. Prout loomed up from the quadrangle, with a look of bitter disappointment on his face. He was not carrying the lantern now—he had a peculiar hairy bunch in his hand, and his rifle under his arm. He held up the bunch before the Head's astonished eyes.

"What—what—what is that?" ejaculated Dr. Locke.

"False beards and whiskers, sir," said Mr. Prout. "The scoundrels were in disguise."

"Oh, crikey!" murmured Bunter.

"They must have discarded their disguises, and fled from the precincts of the school," said Mr. Prout. "I am sorry they got away. I found these by the wall—in a heap. Had I sighted them I should certainly have shot them dead!"

"Ow!"

"Pray be silent, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, frowning.

"I should have regarded it as justifiable homicide, under the circumstances," said Mr. Prout, ferociously. "I should have winged them, sir, with as little compunction as if—"

"Yes, yes, certainly. But——"

"This ruffian will doubtless reveal where his associates may be found, when he is in the hands of the police," said Mr. Prout, glaring at the captured Bolshevik, who was still helpless in the grasp of Wingate and Coker. "He will be charged with attempted murder—they were attempting my life when Bunter so gallantly rushed to my aid! Bunter—where is Bunter? You need not go away. Bunter."

"Oh! Oh, really, sir!"

"This gallant lad, Dr. Locke, dashed to my rescue, while I was struggling in the grasp of these lawless ruffians!"

"Bless my soul!"

"Bravo, Bunter!" chirruped Squiff of the Remove.

Billy Bunter was not swelling now. He was waiting in anguish for the real identity of the captured Bolshevik to be revealed. Bunter's "stunt" did not seem now quite so ripping to its hapless originator.

"As the other ruffians were in disguise," continued Mr. Prout, "doubtless this rascal is also disguised. Perhaps you will ascertain, Mr. Quelch, while I keep my rifle ready, in case he should resist."

"Oh! Certainly!"

Mr. Quelch stepped towards the prisoner, whose shaggy face betrayed the most lively apprehension at his approach. The prisoner had not uttered a single word so far. The Greyfriars' fellows wondered whether he could speak English. As a matter of fact, they would have recognised his variety of English at once if he had spoken.

The Remove master was stretching his hand towards the prisoner's shaggy beard, when he stopped and uttered an ejaculation.

"Dear me! What is that—what is that poking in my back?"

"Merely the muzzle of my rifle, Mr. Quelch."

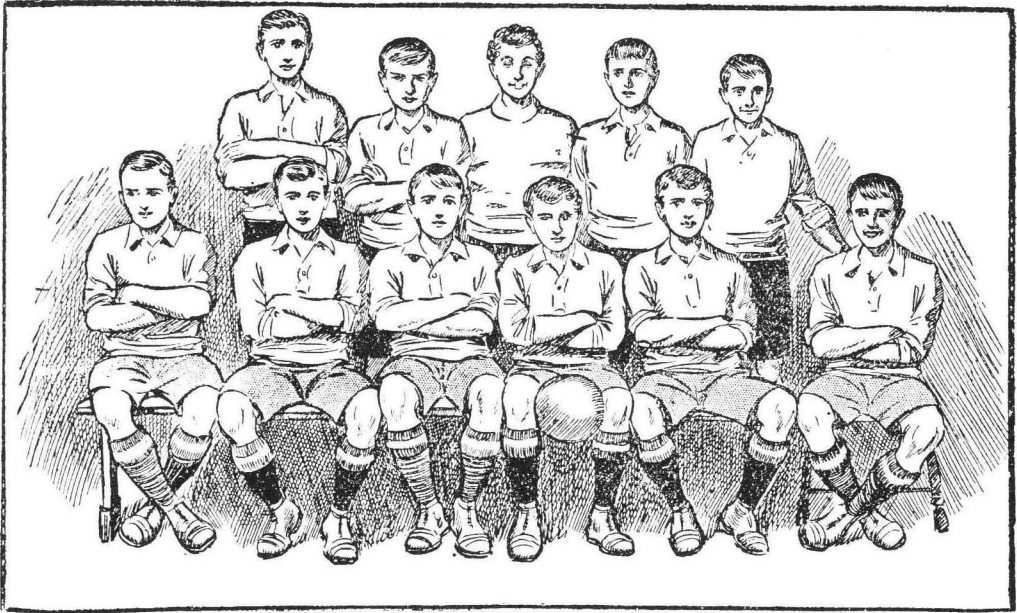
"Wha-a-at!"

"My dear sir, there is no danger—my finger is very sure on the trigger. I should not be likely to press it by accident."

Mr. Quelch was spinning round like a spinning-top while Mr. Prout was speaking. He did not wait for him to finish.

"Mr. Prout, I insist upon that dangerous

THE REMOVE FOOTBALL TEAM



BY ONE WHO IS IN IT!

Our footer team's a perfect dream,
 Applaud it, heart and soul!
 Away with "blues"! We'll never lose
 While Bulstrode keeps the goal!

The backs are Brown, of great renown,
 And Bull, a ripping sport;
 And side by side, when sorely tried,
 They hold the giddy fort.

The half-back line is really fine,
 There's Peter Todd and Cherry,
 And Linley, too; a noble crew
 That's always making merry.

The forwards shoot with fearless boot,
 What splendid chaps they are!
 When Wharton plays, in awed amaze
 We watch that brilliant star.

Another strain of this refrain
 Might make you look quite blue, gents.
 But mind you prize, and don't despise
 These ardent lines of Nugent's!

BY ONE WHO IS LEFT OUT!

Our crackpot team's a perfect scream,
 It makes you roar with mirth.
 Such hopeless freaks cause endless shrieks.
 Oh, wipe them off the earth!

The backs are Brown, a stupid clown,
 And burly, blustering Bull;
 Try how I may, I cannot say
 Which is the bigger fool!

The half-back line no words of mine
 Could faithfully describe:
 With Peter Todd, so quaint and odd,
 The funniest of the tribe!

The forwards play in such a way
 To make the angels weep:
 And Wharton's game is simply tame.
 Oh, send me off to sleep!

This ghastly crew, so sour to view,
 Will never come out winners.
 So learn the truth, oh, Greyfriars youth,
 Of these remarks of Skinner's!

firearm being removed!" he exclaimed, in great excitement.

"Really, Mr. Quelch!"

"I refuse, sir—I distinctly refuse to be at the risk of being, sir, shot through the body! I refuse most emphatically!"

"Pooh—my dear sir! Pooh!"

"Is your rifle loaded, Mr. Prout?" asked the Head, mildly.

Mr. Prout gave a start.

"Why—bless my soul! I—I fear not. I—I remember now—in my haste, I forgot to load it—most unfortunate!"

There was a chortle from somewhere.

"I do not regard it as unfortunate—not at all," said Mr. Quelch, tartly. "I greatly prefer your rifle unloaded, Mr. Prout—very greatly."

And reassured now, the Remove master turned to the prisoner again. That unhappy Bolshevik blinked at him with apprehensive dark eyes—and outside the big open doorway four juniors with smudgy faees looked in, also apprehensive. The Remove master grasped the Bolshevik's shaggy beard, and it came off in his grasp.

A smooth and youthful chin was revealed—and to the astonishment of all beholders, it was of a darkish bronze colour.

"An Asiatic!" exclaimed Mr. Prout, "a Russian Asiatic, of course—the miserable doctrines of Bolshevism have spread among the Asiatic races. Doubtless he is a Georgian—or a Circassian—bless my soul, the ruffian is actually grinning at me!"

Another jerk from Mr. Quelch, and the whiskers and moustache came off. And then, in spite of the grease-paint, it could be seen that the face was a boyish one, and that there was something decidedly familiar in it.

"What—what—who are you?" gasped Mr. Quelch. "It is a boy—an Indian boy! I have seen your face before—why—it is—is—is it possible that you are Hurree Singh, of my Form?"

"What!" roared Mr. Prout.

There was a howl of amazement.

"Hurree Singh!" ejaculated the Head.

"Boy!"

"And then the prisoner spoke—not in Russian.

"Esteemed sahibs—"

"Ha, ha! It's Inky!"

"Inky! Oh, my hat!"

"Silence!"

"Esteemed sahibs, the sorrowfulness is terrific. It is my excellent and ludicrous self, and from the bottom of my heart I offer profound and inestimable apologies!"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

All Up!

"H A, ha, ha!"
It was an irresistible roar of laughter. The Greyfriar's fellows roared, and yelled, and howled. The discovery that the terrible Bolshevik was Hurree Janset Ram Singh, of the Remove, was too much for them. They shrieked.

Mr. Quelch did not laugh—nor the Head. Neither did Mr. Prout. But they were the only ones who didn't. Everybody else seemed to be in a state verging on hysterics.

"Hurree Singh!" repeated the Head dazedly. "What—what—what does this masquerade mean, boy?"

"Boy!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "You—you—!"

"Wretched trickster!" thundered Mr. Prout. "You—you—you—it—it—it is a—a—a practical joke! A—a—a practical joke—on—on—on me!" Mr. Prout was volcanic at that moment. He stuttered and he stammered, breathless and furious. "Boy! Rascal! How dare you?"

"Esteemed and ridiculous sir," began the nabob meekly.

"And the others!" stuttered Mr. Prout. "The other Bolsheviks—I mean the other ruffians—that is to say, the other persons—they were also juniors, I presume—bless my soul!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout looked at the prisoner—he looked at the hysterical crowd—and he looked at his rifle. His plump face became crimson. He rustled away hastily, trying to keep the rifle out of sight as much as possible. That rifle really seemed rather out of the picture now.

"Silence!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "How dare you laugh? Wingate, I am surprised at you! Coker, if you cannot behave yourself——"

"Sorry, sir. Ha, ha——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! As for you, Hurree Singh!" Mr. Quelch grasped the dusky junior by the shoulder, and shook him. "Boy! What does this mean?"

"The sorrowfulness is terrific, esteemed sahib. It is simply a small stuntfulness."

"Wha-a-at?"

"My heye!" murmured Gosling. "My heye! 'Urree Singh! Then it's heasy to guess who was the others, Mr. Quelch, sir."

"Ah! Very probably," said the Remove master. "Wharton and the rest, I have no doubt. Hurree Singh, is that the case?"

The nabob did not answer.

"Dr. Locke, the boy will doubtless answer you."

The Head had been gazing as if spellbound at the revealed nabob. He found his voice at last.

"Hurree Singh! Who were your associates in this rascally trickery?"

"The namefulness of the esteemed persons is not the proper caper, most respected and ludicrous sahib," said the nabob, firmly.

"I command you——"

But there was no need for the Head to command. Four smudgy-faced juniors pushed through the crowd. The hapless Bolsheviks had removed their Bolshevik attire in the quad, tossing it away, and they had left their beards and whiskers where Mr. Prout had found them. They had made an attempt to wash their complexions off in the fountain—not with complete success. Now that the game was up, the Co. were prepared to take their share of the gruel. William Wibley, no doubt, would have shown up alongside them—but just then Wibley was excitedly hunting under the trees for his theatrical props.

Wibley was breathing fire, flame, and fury as he hunted for trousers and coats and slouched hats, and beards and whiskers. And he was not thinking of anything else. If Lenin, Trotsky and Co. had actually appeared at

Greyfriars, Wibley would probably have gone on collecting up his theatrical properties.

But Wibley was not wanted. Harry Wharton and Co. pushed their way through the grinning crowd, and joined Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The nabob gave them a dolorous look.

"I am sorrowful, my esteemed chums," he murmured. "The excellent and rotten Gosling caught me bendfully, and I could not get awayfully."

"Can't be helped," grunted Johnny Bull.

"It's all the fault of that fat idiot," growled Bob Cherry, with a glare at Bunter.

Billy Bunter was standing rooted to the floor. His fat brain was undergoing unaccustomed exercise. He was trying to think out how he was to get clear of this, somehow. He was not so much distressed by the exposure of the Bolsheviks, as by the awful probability that he would have to share their punishment, as well as the punishment due from Mr. Prout. For it was clear, even to Bunter, that it would not be any use making an appeal to Mr. Prout's gratitude now.

Mr. Quelch's eyes had often been compared, by his boys, to gimlets; but they had never looked so much like gimlets as they did now, as they were fixed on the Famous Five.

They almost seemed to bore holes into the hapless juniors.

"So you were Hurree Singh's associates in this outrage—Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, and Bull," said Mr. Quelch.

"Ye-e-es, sir," murmured Wharton.

"You attacked Mr. Prout—a Form-master——" exclaimed the Head.

"Not exactly attacked, sir," stammered Wharton. "We—we—we——"

"We—we——" stammered Nugent.

"It—it was only a stunt, sir," groaned Bob Cherry. "We didn't hurt Mr. Prout, sir. We wouldn't have hurt him for worlds!"

"A stunt! What do you mean? What is a stunt?" said the Head testily. The reverend Head of Greyfriars was not well posted as to the latest American imports.

"A—a—a wheeze, sir," gasped Bob. "We—we did it to—to save Bunter, sir——"

"What! What had Bunter to do with it?"

"Nothing, sir!" chimed in Billy Bunter.



"What—what—who are you?" gasped Mr. Quelch. "It is a boy—an Indian boy! I have seen your face before—why—it is—is—is—is it possible that you are Hurree Singh, of my form?" (See page 45.)

"Nothing at all, sir. I never knew anything about it. Wharton will bear me out in that."

"Why, you—you——" stuttered Wharton.

"I hadn't the faintest idea of it!" howled Bunter. "The fact is, sir, I was in the dormitory at the time."

"In the dormitory?" repeated the Head.

"Yes, sir. Having a bit of a headache I went up to the dorm to lie down——"

"I understood that you were on the spot, Bunter, and that you went to the help of Mr. Prout when he was assailed——"

Bunter jumped.

"I—I—I mean, sir——"

"Well, what do you mean?" exclaimed the Head.

"I—I mean——" Bunter gasped. "I—I mean I—I rushed to the rescue, sir, like a—a lion——"

"You have just stated that you were in the dormitory at the time. Is it known where Bunter was, Mr. Quelch?"

"Bunter was certainly on the spot," said the Remove master.

"Then what do you mean, Bunter, by stating that you were in the dormitory at the time?"

"I—I—I meant that I wasn't in the dormitory at the time, sir," gasped Bunter.

"What?"

"That—that's what I really meant to say, sir. I—I hope it's quite clear now, sir," stammered the Owl of the Remove.

"Bless my soul! The boy seems to be as obtuse as he is untruthful," said the Head. "Wharton, explain this extraordinary affair to me at once. You may be silent, Bunter."

"Oh, really, sir——"

"Silence!"

Billy Bunter quavered into silence, and Harry Wharton proceeded dismally to explain.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Very Happy Ending.

DR. LOCKE listened with a stern brow to Wharton's recital.

But the sternness of his brow relaxed a little as the captain of the Remove proceeded.

Even Mr. Quelch looked a little less severe.

As for the crowd of fellows in the hall, they grinned, and suppressed their merriment with very great difficulty.

The extraordinary "stunt" was almost too much even for the gravity of the headmaster.

"Upon my word!" said Dr. Locke, at last.

"This is—is—is—— Well, upon my word! You made a disrespectful assault upon a Form-master, Wharton. I am willing to believe that you did not intend to hurt Mr. Prout, and that you did not mean to be disrespectful—but that is what it amounts to."

"We—we—we're awfully sorry, sir," murmured Wharton.

"I have no doubt that you are sorry,

Wharton, especially in view of the punishment it will be my duty to inflict——"

"Oh!"

"But—but—how could you be so utterly absurd as to adopt so very ridiculous a disguise? You are surely aware that there are no Bolshéviks in this country! I have never, never heard of such an utterly hare-brained trick. The only possible extenuation of your conduct," added the Head severely, "is that you appear to have acted in this unheard-of-manner to save a schoolfellow from punishment."

"Yes, sir!" gasped Wharton.

"Bunter——"

"It wasn't me, sir."

"What?"

"It wasn't, sir, I assure you! Wharton's making a mistake. I didn't know anything about the matter at all. They'll all tell you so, sir, if you ask them," gasped Bunter.

The Head glanced at the Famous Five. They were grimly silent. If Bunter chose to dodge his share of the licking, they would not give him away; but certainly they were not going to speak untruthfully to shield him. That was asking rather too much.

"You knew nothing of it, Bunter?" said the Head sternly.

"Nothing at all, sir! Not a word! I—I—I'm shocked at them—surprised at them, sir."

"They appear to have acted as they did on your account, Bunter."

"That's their look-out, sir! I wasn't there—I never suggested the idea, and I never said that Wibley would make them up as Bolshéviks. I wasn't in the wood-shed while they were making up. Was I, Wharton?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Indeed! How do you know these boys were making up in the wood-shed, Bunter, if you were not there?"

"Oh, I—I didn't, sir! I didn't know! That's what I meant, sir—I never knew anything about it. As for downing old Prout——"

"What?"

"I—I mean Mr. Prout! As for downing old—Mr. Prout on my account, that's all bunkum, sir—I—I mean, it's all my eye! Prouty—I mean Mr. Prout, wasn't going to



Billy Bunter—no doubt with the idea of making the scene more realistic—hit out at the shaggy ruffians with his fat fists, and there was a fiendish yell as one of his drives caught a Bolshevik under the ear. (See page 36.)

pitch into me—he never sat in the toffee at all——”

“Sat in the toffee!” repeated the Head blankly.

“No, sir. He never sat in the toffee, and he never suspected that I put it in the chair on purpose, and he hasn’t been chasing me up and down all the evening, looking for me with a cane——”

“Bless my soul!”

“And—and I never thought of appealing to his gratitude for rescuing him from the Bolsheviks, sir—really, you know. Never thought of such a thing! Besides, I wasn’t there!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Bunter! You are a most untruthful boy——”

“Oh, sir! Me, sir?”

“These foolish lads seem to have acted in a thoughtless and reckless manner for your sake, and the suggestion appears to have come from you—a suggestion worthy of your stupidity!” exclaimed the Head. “You will follow me to my study—all of you!”

Harry Wharton and Co. moved dismally after the Head as he rustled away. Dr. Locke glanced back.

“You also, Bunter!”

“Me, sir!” gasped Bunter. “Wha-at for, sir? C-c-c-can’t I go now, sir?”

“Follow me!” thundered the Head.

“Oh!” gasped Bunter.

And he followed.

We will draw a veil, as a novelist would say, over the painful scene that followed. It was a

very painful scene. The Head felt that it was his duty to administer a severe lesson—and he did his duty well. The unhappy schoolboy Bolsheviks thought he did it rather too well. Especially Bunter. The Owl of the Remove was looking as if he did not find life worth living, as he crawled from the Head's study, after Dr. Locke had so well done his duty.

In the corridor, six gasping juniors met Mr. Prout. Five of them passed him unheeded—the sixth dodged in vain. Loud yells from Billy Bunter followed the Famous Five—falling upon unsympathetic ears. The Head had considered that Bunter had enough, but Mr. Prout did not seem to think he had had enough—and he gave him some more. It was only too evident that Bunter had made a mistake in counting upon Mr. Prout's gratitude.

“Yow-ow-ow-wow!”

Thus William George Bunter, as he rolled into the Remove dormitory. The Removites were there—grinning, with five exceptions. The Famous Five did not feel like grinning just then. They groaned.

“Yow-ow-ow-wow! I say, you fellows!

I'm suffering awful pain!” groaned Bunter. “Ow, ow! First the Head, and then Prout. Fancy Prout, you know, after the way I rushed to rescue him! Ow-wow-wow!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Ow, ow, ow!”

“You fat rotter!” exclaimed Bob Cherry wrathfully. “I think you've had enough, or I'd mop up the dorm with you for your blessed stunt! As for that idiot Wibley—— Hallo, hallo, hallo——”

Wibley came into the dormitory—late and wrathful. He rushed up to the Famous Five.

“You silly chumps——”

“What?”

“I can't find half the things—my props—my theatrical props—lost—can't find half of them, you silly chumps! Yarook! Wharrer you at? Leggo! Oh, my hat!”

“Bump! Bump! Bump!”

The Famous Five did not explain what they were at; it was a time for deeds, not words. William Wibley sat on the floor and gasped when they had finished with him. That was his reward for his share in the ructions of Greyfriars.



The End

