



# The Magnet <sup>1 1/2</sup>

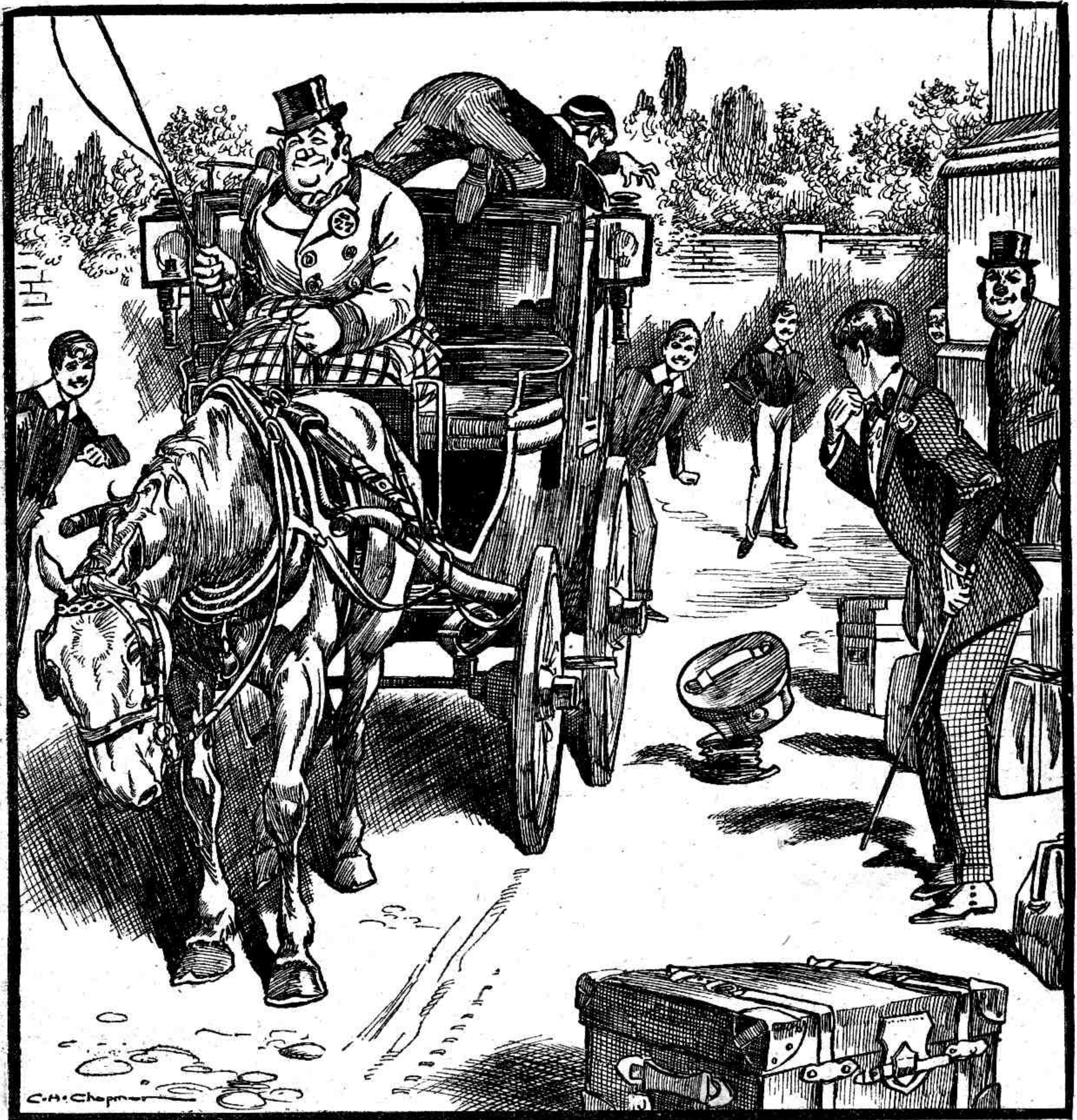
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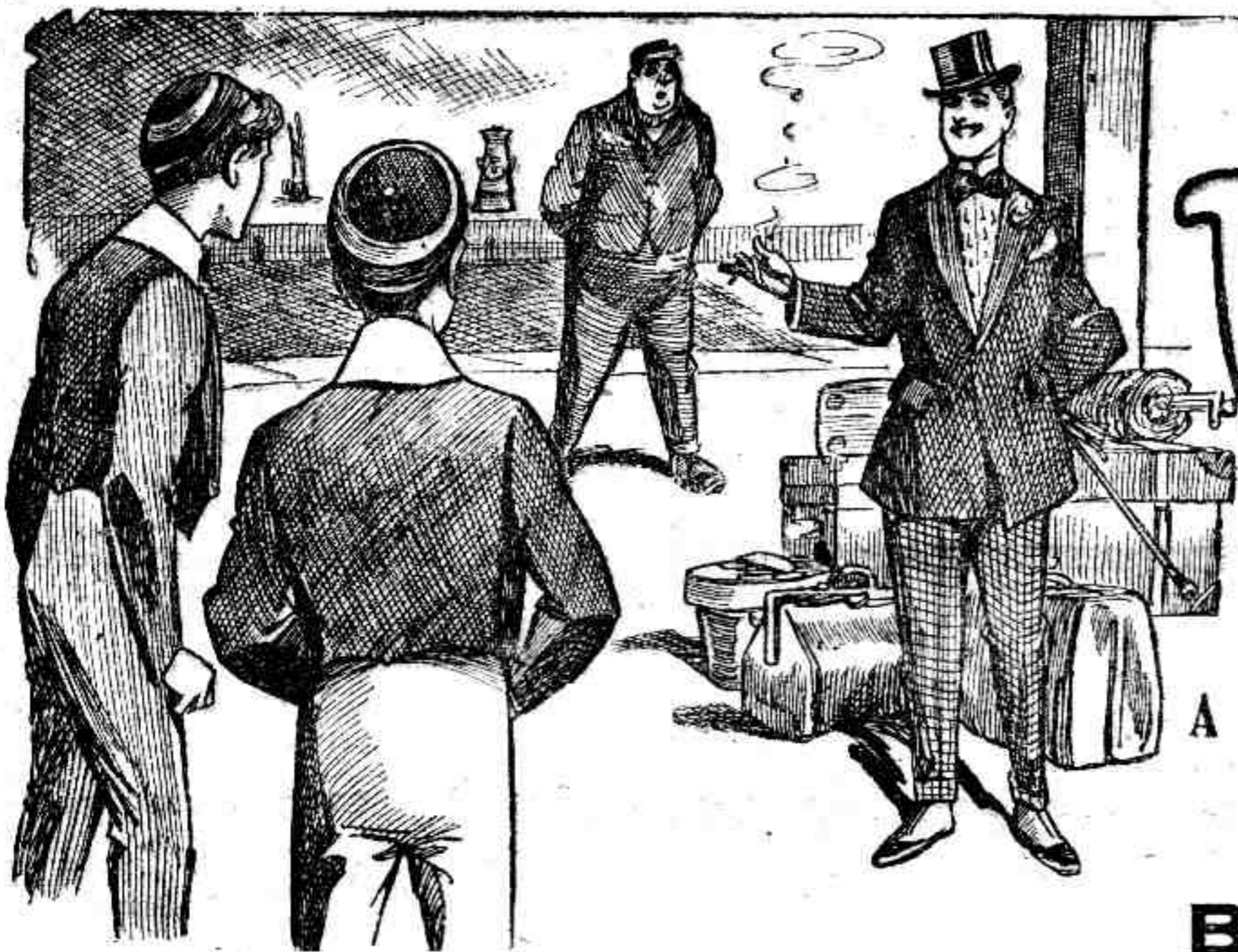
## WEGGIE OF THE REMOVE!



## BOB CHERRY CAUSES A COMMOTION!

(An Amusing Scene In the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.) 7-6-19





# Weggie of the Remove

A Magnificent Long, Complete School Story of HARRY WHARTON & CO.

AT GREYFRIARS.

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Exit Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows——"

"Oh, seat!" said Harry Wharton irritably.

The captain of the Remove was seated at the table in the junior Common-room, engaged in a game of chess with Frank Nugent.

Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Squiff were looking on, and, at frequent intervals, venturing their opinion of the game. They also threw in—free, gratis, and for nothing—what they considered to be helpful criticism. Wharton and Nugent called it something else.

"I say——"

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"Can't you see I've got Wharton tied up in knots?" exclaimed Nugent. "Give the poor chap time to think!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here——"

"We're looking, and we can't stand the strain any longer!" growled Johnny Bull. "Take your fat chivvy away and pawn it!"

"Oh, really——"

"Do you want to go out on your neck?" demanded Squiff.

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at the Removites.

"Beasts!" he said. "If you don't want to hear the great news——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "Postal-order turned up at last, complete with beard and side-whiskers?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Owl of the Remove glared.

"As a matter of fact, I'm expecting a remittance at any moment from my uncle."

"Which one?" asked Squiff. "Sir Fatted de Fitzbooters, or the merchant who keeps the Bunter Arms?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you fellows, I've got something jolly important to tell you."

"Well, buck up, then!" said Wharton impatiently. "Can't you see you're holding the game up, you fat idiot?"

Bunter paused impressively.

"A new fellow's arriving this afternoon!" he said.

There was a snort from the juniors.

"Is that your startling news?" said Nugent, with a snort. "I thought you were going to tell us that the ex-Kaiser had been lynched, or something."

"But this new fellow's coming——"

"Well, let him come!" growled Johnny Bull. "If he's anything unlike you, Bunter, he'll be made welcome!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose you obtained this priceless titbit of information by listening at Quelchy's keyhole?" said Squiff.

"Not at all! I happened to be down at Friardale Station after dinner, and I saw that a lot of luggage had arrived. Tons of it—miles of it! I should think this new kid must be a millionaire, or something. Anyway, he sent his luggage on in advance, and he's coming on by a later train."

"Br-r-r!"

The juniors turned again to the chess-table, and took no more heed of William George Bunter.

Billy Bunter glared at them.

He had some further news to impart to them, but, like the wicked people of old, they heeded not. The Owl of the Remove felt decidedly exasperated.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Oh, he's at it again!" groaned Frank Nugent.

"Look here——"

"Door or window?" asked Bob Cherry. "Choose your own exit!"

"I've got some jolly important news to tell you——"

Bob Cherry nodded.

"Yes," he said. "A new fellow is coming this afternoon, and he will be another horn of plenty in the way of loans, until he finds you out. That's why it's important to you, porpoise, but we're not a bit interested."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Seat!"

"But he's an extra-special sort of new boy, I tell you!" hooted Billy Bunter.

"He's the son of an M.P.——"

"Go hon!"

"And his pater's won the O.B.E.——" There was a chorus of groans at once.

"How did you know, Bunter?" asked Johnny Bull, in his blunt way.

Billy Bunter coughed.

"Ahem! I—I heard the Head tell old Quelchy, you know. The new fellow's name is Pye-Smith——"

"What!"

"Pye-Smith——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glared.

"What's the joke?" he demanded.

"You are!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"That's all. Good-bye!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the Removites.

"Why, you—you unpatriotic beasts!" he stuttered. "You—you——"

Words failed him. This miserable lack of enthusiasm on the part of Harry Wharton & Co. so astounded the fat

junior that he could only stand and gape.

Bob Cherry looked round.

"Not gone yet?" he inquired sweetly. "We shall have to speed the parting guest in a minute!"

"You—you rotter! You might stand the new fellow a feed when he comes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can see what the little game is now," chuckled Squiff.

"Sponging little worm!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Look here!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "My idea is to——"

"To prevail upon us to give you the cash wherewith to provide a feed in honour of Pudding-Smith——"

"Pye-Smith!" growled Bunter.

"Oh, any old thing!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I can see your little dodge, Bunter, but there's nothing doing!"

"Beasts!" howled Billy Bunter.

"Here's a new fellow coming to Greyfriars, and his pater's an M.P., to say nothing of an O.B.E.——"

"Oh, Beautifully Easy!" chuckled Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you refuse to give the fellow a decent welcome!" pursued Billy Bunter hotly. "The least you can do is to get in some extra supplies, and ask him to tea."

"If he's worth a tea, we'll stand him one," said Harry Wharton.

"But you've got to prepare the feed, you know!" said Billy Bunter eagerly. "Gimme thé tin, and I'll buy the grub and cook it——"

"Likewise scoff it!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"And—and there you are!" concluded Bunter, almost panting with his exertions.

"Are we?" said Nugent blandly.

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at the Removites.

"Well, you beasts," he said, "are you going to?"

Bob Cherry rose to his feet.

"Yes, Bunter, I think we are going to," he said.

"Oh, good!"

"Are you sure you'd like us to, Bunter?"

"Of course!" said Bunter. "It's up to you to do the decent thing—— Hi! Wharrer you up to, you rotter? Yaroooh! Yah! Ow!"

"I'm going to boot you out!" chuckled Bob Cherry, making a start in that direction. "Lend a boot, you fellows!"



Harry Wharton and the others cheerfully lent a boot.

Billy Bunter sent up a piercing yell of anguish as six boots clumped upon his fat person. He disappeared through the door of the Common-room like a stone from a catapult.

Biff! Thud!

"Yarooooh! Hellup!"

William George Bunter fled wildly. His voice floated along the passage as he went, and Harry Wharton & Co. grinned as they turned back into the Common-room.

"The fat toad!" growled Johnny Bull, in disgust. "Blow this merchant Pye-Smith!"

"And blow Bunter!" said Frank Nugent.

And upon that latter point, at any rate, the chums of the Remove were unanimous.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Taking Precautions!

"W HARTON! Quelchy wants you!"

Dicky Nugent of the Second poked his head in at the doorway of Study No. 1, delivered his message, and scuttled away again.

The other members of the Famous Five glanced inquiringly at Harry Wharton.

"What have you been up to, old scout?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Nothing very glaring, that I know of. I suppose I'd better go and see the Quelch bird."

Wharton made his way to Mr. Quelch's study.

The captain of the Remove was feeling slightly annoyed. He had been making arrangements for a scratch cricket-match for the afternoon, and Mr. Quelch's summons seem to portend that something more important than cricket was under way.

Wharton tapped on the study door, and entered.

"Ah, Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch, as Harry closed the door. "I should like you to do me a small service."

"Anything you like, sir!" said Harry cheerfully.

Mr. Quelch drummed with his fingers upon his desk.

"I am expecting a new boy to arrive this afternoon," he said. "He is due to arrive at Friardale by the three-thirty train. He has never been to school before, and I thought that you, Wharton, and a few of your friends in the Remove, might like to give him a reception."

"Oh! Ah! Ye-e-es, sir!" said Wharton, with a great effort to appear enthusiastic.

"Thank you, Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch. "The name of the new arrival is Pye-Smith, and he will, in all probability, be allotted to the Remove Form. I shall esteem it a favour, Wharton, if you and your friends will escort him to the school."

"You may rely on us, sir," said Wharton, with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling.

"That is very good of you, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch kindly.

Harry Wharton left the Form-master's study with a clouded brow.

The other members of the Famous Five met him in the passage.

They greeted their chum anxiously.

"Gated?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No."

"Licked?" inquired Nugent.

"No."

"Had a lecture?" suggested Johnny Bull.

"No."

"Then what the merry dickens are

you mooching about with a face like a boot for?" demanded Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton grunted.

"Cricket's off!" he said briefly.

"Oh crumbs!"

The faces of the others lengthened at once.

"Wherefore this thushness?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Quelchy wants us to go along and meet this fellow Pye-Smith this afternoon!" said Wharton. "He arrives at Friardale at three-thirty, and he's never been to school before. Quelchy wants us to take him to our bosoms. So we've got to go and meet him, and show him the ropes!"

"My hat!"

"Fancy wasting our afternoon chaperoning a precious idiot with a name like nothing on earth, and a cheap O.B.E. for a pater!" snorted Nugent. "Where's Quelchy's sense?"

Harry Wharton smiled ruefully.

"Can't be helped!" he said. "I've promised Quelchy, and I can't go back on

Wharton Select Set will stand the chance of a game!" sneered Skinner.

"Yes, rather!"

Harry Wharton handed over the captaincy of the scratch team to Squiff, and the Famous Five proceeded out of the gates.

A fat figure came rolling up to them.

"I say, you fellows—"

The Famous Five glared at the Owl of the Remove.

"About that feed—"

"Vamoose!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, you know! It's up to you to bring the new fellow in to tea!" said Bunter. "He'll be famished after his long railway journey. What are you going to do about it, Wharton?"

At that moment Harry Wharton spotted Peter Todd crossing the Close. Peter was crooked for cricket that afternoon, as the result of a sprained ankle. He limped up to the Famous Five as Harry Wharton sang out to him.

"Will you do us a favour, Toddy?" asked Wharton.

"Any old thing!" said Peter Todd.



"Viscount Alonzo, come forth!" said Bob Cherry. "Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith—the Viscount Alonzo Todd!" Reginald was simply bubbling over with admiration as he shook hands with the astonished Alonzo. (See Chapter 6.)

it now. Besides, this fellow Pye-Smith may turn out to be one of the best."

"On the other hand, he may not!" grunted Johnny Bull. "A new kid is usually a snare and a delusion!"

"Well, it's only a scratch match this afternoon," said Wharton. "We'll give some of the other fellows a chance to play. You fellows will come along to the station with me, I suppose?"

"I suppose so!" growled Bob Cherry.

"But—"

"But it's rotten!" said Frank Nugent emphatically.

"The rottenfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh. "We shall miss the blissfulness of the esteemed cricketful game!"

"All for the sake of a new kid!" grunted Bob Cherry. "I seldom resort to strong language, but I really feel like saying 'Bother!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The news that the Famous Five were cutting cricket that afternoon in order to meet the new boy came as a pleasant surprise to many members of the Remove.

"Perhaps somebody outside the

"This fat fraud wants to get tea ready for us."

"Oh, really!" expostulated Bunter.

"And I think we'll let him."

"Good!" murmured Billy Bunter, his little round eyes fairly gleaming behind his spectacles.

"But we'd like you to keep a brotherly eye on him, Toddy, and see that he doesn't scoff all the grub before we get back."

Peter Todd grinned.

"With the greatest of agony!" he said.

"I'll fix Bunter all right!"

Billy Bunter glared at Peter Todd, and then blinked at Harry Wharton.

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Dry up!" snapped Wharton. "What's the state of the exchequer, you fellows? I've got five bob."

Bob Cherry turned out his pockets, and grunted.

"Waistcoat button, one, for the use of, as they say in the Army!" he said.

"I've got a tanner!" said Johnny Bull.

"Two bob, here," said Nugent.



"What about you, Toddy?"

"Broke to the wide!" said Peter.

The Removites looked hopefully at Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Inky was generally in funds, and the present occasion proved to be no exception.

"I shall be most happy to contribute the quidful Bradbury, my esteemed chums," he said.

"Oh, good!"

The pound note was duly handed over.

"We can get quite a ripping spread with this little lot," said Wharton, with satisfaction.

Billy Bunter extended a fat hand.

"Gimme the cash!" he said eagerly.

Wharton ignored the fat junior, and handed the money to Peter Todd.

"Look here—" spluttered Billy Bunter.

"You can do the cooking, Bunter," said Harry Wharton. "And if you make a good job of it we'll let you stay to tea. That's a fair bargain."

"I—I won't!" howled Bunter. "I want the money!"

"All serene," said Peter Todd cheerfully. "Farewell, porpoise! I'll get young Wun-Lung to cook the stuff for me."

And he limped away.

Billy Bunter scuttled off in Peter's wake.

"Hi! Wait for me, Toddy, you beast!" he exclaimed.

"Your last chance, barrel," he said.

"Are you coming?"

"Yes," mumbled Bunter.

"Then put a jerk on!" said Peter briskly.

And he walked away in the direction of the tuckshop, Billy Bunter rolling along beside him.

The Famous Five, having made due preparations for entertaining the stranger within the gates, tramped off to the station to meet the stranger himself.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Something New in New Boys!

"SISTER ANNE, do you see anything coming?" asked Bob Cherry.

A puff of smoke in the distance heralded the arrival of the train.

The Famous Five left the chocolate-machine on Friardale platform, and watched the train as it came in sight round the bend.

"Now for his giddy Highness Reginald Pudding-Smith!" said Nugent. "Wonder what the beggar's like?"

The train rumbled to a halt.

Harry Wharton & Co. regarded the opening carriage doors curiously. They were on the look-out for a schoolboy in Etons.

"Can't see the chap!" murmured Bob Cherry. "But— Oh, my sainted aunt! Look what's arriven!"

The Removites glanced in the direction indicated.

As they gazed their eyes and mouths opened in astonishment.

"Mum-mum-my hat!" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"What on earth is it?" gasped Nugent.

The chums of the Remove were simply flabbergasted at what they saw.

A youth descended from the train, and he stood on the platform regarding the station and the people with an air of languid curiosity.

He was a curious youth. In fact, to the Greyfriars juniors he seemed a curiosity altogether.

He was the average height of a lad of fifteen years, but his face had an older look.

The new arrival wore a glossy top-hat which scintillated in the sunlight.

This beautiful topper was set back upon its owner's head so that it displayed to advantage a remarkable curly and exquisitely arranged head of hair. Moreover, the hat was perched sideways at an angle of about thirty degrees, and this gave the wearer a very jaunty appearance.

This remarkable new boy was attired, not in Etons, but in a fashionable suit of blue serge, with a pattern of dazzling white stripes.

The trousers were beautifully creased; the waistcoat was low cut, so that an ample front of fancy shirt was displayed; and the jacket was waisted, so that it fitted its wearer's form tightly.

From the breast-pocket peeped a gaudy yellow silk handkerchief with embroidered edges. And in the buttonhole was a beautiful red rose.

As if this were not enough, the new boy sported a pair of dainty white spats over his shining patent-leather boots.

His hands were gloved in yellow chamois, and he carried a silver-knobbed cane.

His collar was a soft one, and made of the same material as his shirt.

He was of the knuts knutty. He was no less elegant in appearance than the celebrated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of St. Jim's.

Harry Wharton & Co. blinked at him, "Ye gods!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Is—is it real?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"D-d-do I sleep—d-d-do I dream—do I wonder and doubt?" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Is things really as they seem, or is visions about?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The top-hatted and spatted individual blinked at the Greyfriars fellows as that peal of laughter rang out.

As no other person emerged from the train who could in all possibility be a schoolboy, the chums of the Remove surmised—correctly, as it happened—that this stylish young knut was no less a person than Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith, the new Removite.

"He's seen us," said Johnny Bull. "I—I wonder—"

"It must be the chap," said Wharton.

"But—"

"What a fearfully swanky merchant!" said Frank Nugent.

"The swankfulness of the immaculate and ludicrous stranger is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh.

At that moment the amazing new boy extracted a cigarette from a silver case and lit up.

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Another disciple of Aubrey Angel," he said.

The Famous Five stepped up to where the stylishly-dressed youth was smoking and lazily swinging his silver-knobbed cane in the air.

The new boy removed his cigarette, and regarded the juniors quizzically from his light-blue orbs.

"Haw!" he remarked, by way of greeting.

Harry Wharton coughed.

"Excuse me," he said. "Are—are you for Greyfriars?"

The knut nodded.

"Yaas, I am undah that impwession, old bean!" he remarked languidly.

Bob Cherry seemed to experience a good deal of difficulty in keeping his face straight.

"Ahem!" said Wharton. "Your name is Pye-Smith, I take it?"

"Yaas. Your pwesumption is quite cowweet, old top!" drawled the other, taking a further pull at the cigarette.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at Reginald Pye-Smith. The idea of his

coming to Greyfriars in that awful attire simply staggered them for a moment.

"We—we are from Greyfriars," stammered Wharton. "We—we came along to meet you, at our Form-master's request, to—to welcome you to the Remove."

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith grinned.

"Haw!" he remarked. "Thanks, awfully, old bean! Much obliged, don'tcherknow. Doooid sportin' of you, I'm suah! To tell you the twuth, deah boys, I was just wondewin' how the mewwy dickens I was to get to the confounded college, y'know. Such a feahfully borin' journey from town, by jingo! Beastly faggin'—you wouldn't believe it! Haw! Jolly thoughtful of you fellahs to come an' meet me, begad! And who, may I pwesume to ask, have I the—haw!—pleasuah of addwessin'?"

Harry Wharton & Co. regarded Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith in growing amazement.

The captain of the Remove awoke from a day-dream with a start. He looked hard at Pye-Smith.

"I'm Wharton, the captain of the Remove Form. I understand you are booked for the Remove?"

"Weally, you know, I couldn't tell you!" drawled Pye-Smith. "But how the mewwy dickens are you, Horton, old bean?"

He extended a delicately-gloved hand, which Harry Wharton took rather gingerly. He gave it a shake, and dropped it with a cough.

"Chahmed, I'm suah!" grinned Pye-Smith. "And are these boundahs your fwiends, Horton? Intwoduce them, pway!"

Harry Wharton laughed. His impression of Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith was not a favourable one, but the novel ways of the new boy amused him.

"This is Frank Nugent," he said, motioning Frank forward. "This is Johnny Bull. And this is Bob Cherry."

Bob winked slyly at his chums.

"How-de-do, Weginald?" he lisped, in a faithful imitation of Pye-Smith's aristocratic accent. "Pleasuah, I assuah you!"

And he gave the gloved hand of Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith such a wrench that Reginald staggered back with a gasp.

"Yooooop!" he ejaculated. "Gwoogh! Jewwy, you beastly wuff boundah—"

"Chewwy!" corrected Bob, grinning.

"Well, Chewwy, then!" moaned Pye-Smith. "Bai Jingo, that hurt, Jewwy—Weginald, don'tcherknow!"

"Did it really?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ow! The dickens it did!" mumbled Reginald.

"Oh, bai Jove!" bleated Bob Cherry penitently. "I'm awfully, beastly sowwy, Weginald, don'tcherknow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The other members of the Famous Five roared. Bob Cherry's humorous imitation of Reginald's aristocratic lisp struck them as being extremely funny.

Reginald Pye-Smith blinked indignantly at Bob Cherry.

"I believe you did that on purpose, Chewwy, you boundah!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Cheer up, Pye-Smith!" he said. "Let me introduce you to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur."

Reginald Pye-Smith stared at Inky.

"Nun-Nun-Nabob?" he murmured.

"Yes," grinned Wharton. "An Indian prince, you know."

Pye-Smith's aristocratic face became wreathed in smiles, and he sprang forward and clasped the grinning nabob's dusky hand with brotherly affection.

"Haw! Bai Jupitah!" exclaimed Pye-Smith. "This is a vewy gweat pleasuah, I assuah you!"



Hurree Singh chuckled as he shook Reginald's slim hand.

"The delightfulness of being introduced fully acquainted with the esteemed and ludicrous Pye-Smith is truly terrific!" purred the nabob.

Pye-Smith's eyes opened wide. Perhaps it was Inky's weird and wonderful English which surprised him most of all.

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Reginald at last, regarding Inky with awe and delight. "You are not weally an Indian nabob, are you—er—Curry—Jam—"

"Hurree Jamset Ram Singh!" murmured Inky.

"Haw! Er—yes!" said Reginald. "Bai Jingo, my deah nabob! A weal, live nabob—what?"

"The nabobfulness of my unworthy self in my own esteemed and honoured country is terrific!" grinned Inky.

Reginald Pye-Smith fairly beamed.

"How beastly wippin'!" he said enthusiastically. "I may now numbah you, my deah nabob, among the distinguished circle of my acquaintances in the Woyalty an' nobility, bai Jove! Haw! I weally had no idea there were weally such—haw!—distinguished personages at Gweyfwiahs!"

The Removites chuckled.

"Deah me!" said Pye-Smith, still regarding Hurree Singh in deep admiration. "I shall weally have to w'ite to my patah, don'tcherknow, an' tell him what a doocid select set of fellahs there are at Gweyfwiahs, to be suah!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Oh, Huwwee Singh is only one of them, I assuah you!" he bleated. "F'winstance, I am highly connected myself."

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith fairly beamed.

"Weally!" he said. "So am I!"

"Yaas," said Bob Cherry, winking at his chums. "My gweat-uncle—Sir Stonay Chewwy—was Pwime Ministah of Iceland some yeahs ago!"

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Pye-Smith.

"Yaas," continued Bob cheerfully, pulling the susceptible leg of the new boy. "When the beastly wah bwoke out, don'tcherknow, they sent him as Bwitish Ambassadah to Timbuctoo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove chuckled.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Reginald.

"Haw! But I do!" said Bob Cherry solemnly.

"My deah old beans," said the new boy, "I shall weally have to w'ite to my patah, don'tcherknow, and tell him what a weally wippin' school Gweyfwiahs is! Quite out of the wun of othah schools, bai Jove!"

Bob Cherry took Reginald's arm affectionately.

"Come along, Reginald—may I call you Reginald?" he asked sweetly.

"Gwoooogh! Ah! Yes!" gasped Reginald. Bob Cherry was whirling him along at a very undignified pace indeed.

"There's a cab waiting outside, Weggie!" said Bob Cherry. "This way, deah old fellah!"

Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh followed, grinning broadly.

The way the humorous Bob was pulling the leg of the gullible Pye-Smith struck them as being really rich. They reflected that if Bob were allowed his head, so to speak, there would be some extremely humorous developments that afternoon.

"Portah!" bawled Bob Cherry, when they had passed the astonished ticket-collector and emerged into the station-yard. "Portah! Call a cab!"

"Yessir!"

The old station hack was accordingly

summoned from the horse-trough in the High Street of Friardale, and Bob Cherry bundled Reginald neck and crop into the ancient vehicle.

Whilst Reggie, very much flustered with his rough handling, and gasping for breath, was sorting himself out on the seat, and setting his tie straight, Bob Cherry turned and winked at his grinning chums.

"Not a word!" he chuckled. "I've captured the giddy fish, and we'll have some sport with it this afternoon. Tumble in, quick! Wight away, dwivah!"

And, Reginald's innumerable boxes and trunks having been secured upon the roof and the dickey of the cab, the cabby whipped up his prehistoric horse, and the station hack of Friardale rumbled and rattled along the High Street and into the lane leading to Greyfriars School.

As Frank Nugent whisperingly confided to Harry Wharton, whilst Bob Cherry was busily engaged in "telling the tale" to Reggie, there were high old times in store!

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Bob Cherry Has Some Fun!

"MY heye!"

Gosling, the school porter of Greyfriars, gazed with amazed and bleary eyes out of the window of his little lodge beside the school gates.

The station hack had just rattled up the drive and come to a standstill outside, and several Greyfriars juniors were alighting. Gosling recognised Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove. But the individual who accompanied the Removites struck the worthy Gosling as somewhat queer.

"My heye!" ejaculated Gosling.

He rolled towards the door of his lodge, and gazed without.

The sight of a schoolboy in tight-fitting lounge-suit, "splash-me" bow, patent boots, and white spats greeted the amazed and startled eyes of Gosling.

Gosling surveyed Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith, and rubbed his eyes.

"My heye!" said Gosling again, like one in a dream.

A lurking doubt obsessed his dazed brain that this was an apparition consequent upon an overdose of the contents of the gin-bottle and upon a too scrupulous economy with water to accompany the aforesaid beverage.

Gosling was astounded.

Bob Cherry, having placed the gullible Reggie in the care of the Nabob of Bhanipur, climbed upon the dickey of the cab, and proceeded to unload Pye-Smith's luggage.

Bob Cherry lugged up a large suit-case, and held it poised in the air for a moment.

Whether by accident or design, that suit-case came whirling down all of a sudden, and smote the shiny topper of Reginald amidships, and sent it spinning in the air.

"Yawooogh!" roared Reginald Pye-Smith, making a frantic grab at his whirling topper.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Greyfriars fellows, quite a crowd of whom had by now crowded round the gates to stare at Reginald and wonder.

"Look out!" yelled Bob Cherry. "They're coming! I—I can't stop 'em!"

A hatbox came hurtling down from the top of the cab, and, falling right on top of Reginald's topper, crushed it like a concertina.

Scrunch!

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Harry Wharton & Co.

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith stopped short, and blinked down in horror and consternation at the remains of his once lovely topper.

"Oh, cwumbs!" he gasped. "By Jupitah! That's done it!"

It had done it. In fact, it had done it in!

Reggie picked up his topper and gazed at it dolefully. That topper, alas! as a topper, was no more. As a flower-pot it might have come in useful, but as an article of headgear it was utterly impossible.

"Oh deah!" groaned Reginald Pye-Smith, blinking up at Bob Cherry, who was perched upon the dickey of the cab. "How weally vewy clumsy of you, Wobert!"

"Wobert" looked down from the dickey with such an elaborate expression of penitence and sorrow upon his rugged features that it sent the crowd simply into hysterics.

"Pway accept my sincerest wegweft and apologies, my deah Weginald!" he bleated. "Weally, I'm shuah it happened so suddenly! The—the beastly things slipped fwom my hands, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith blinked round upon the hilarious crowd.

"Bai Jingo!" he said, addressing Harry Wharton. "What are those wude fellahs laughing at—eh, Horton?"

"Oh—Ha, ha!" gurgled Harry Wharton. "They—they're laughing at Bob's stupidity, you know! Ha, ha, ha!"

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

Reginald Pye-Smith waved his silver knobbed cane in the air, and addressed the crowd.

"Pway do not laugh at my fwieid Chewwy, my deah fellahs!" he chirped. "I am shuah it was not poor Wobert's fault. Wobert, my deah old bear, I forgive you!"

"Oh, thanks awfully, Weginald!" lisped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob climbed down from the dickey.

"Portah!" he called.

Gosling stared at Bob.

"Portah!" repeated Bob Cherry.

"My heye!" gasped the amazed Gosling.

"I say, portah!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gosling remained like one in a dream.

All these strange happenings confused him, and it required some time for him to think.

"Deah me!" said Reginald Pye-Smith, peering quizzically at Gosling. "What evah is the mattah with the man? I say, portah, deah boy!"

He gave Gosling a jab in the solar plexus with his cane. This woke Gossy from his day-dream with a start.

"Portah!" roared Bob Cherry.

Gosling seemed to choke something back in his throat.

"T-torkin' to me?" he gurgled.

"Yaas," replied Bob Cherry cheerfully. "I say, portah, will you have the goodness to have these—er—bags of my fwieid Pye-Smith taken up to the Wemove dormitory?"

"My heye!" gasped Gosling.

"And, portah, heah's sixpence for youahself!" chimed in Reginald, depositing a small silver coin in the horny palm of the outraged porter.

Gosling gasped again.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the crowd.

"Shall I pay the cab-dwivah, Horton?" inquired Reginald Pye-Smith.



"I—I've paid him!" gasped Harry.  
 "Good!" said Bob Cherry heartily.  
 "Then let us entah the august bounds of Gweyfwiahs, Weginald, deah boy!"

He linked arms with Pye-Smith, and bore him away. The crowd made room for them to pass. Harry Wharton and the others, choking with laughter, followed up behind.

The boys of Greyfriars stared at Reginald Pye-Smith and his strange "get-up."

"My only summer bonnet!" ejaculated Bulstrode, as he caught sight of the outrageous suit and the white spats. "What ever is it?"

"Faith, an' it's an appyrition, entoirely!" gasped Micky Desmond.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Another guy!" yelled Dicky Nugent of the Second, who, with a crowd of his fellow young rascals, had turned up in force to see the fun.

"Yah!" hooted Tubbs. "Gaze at it—and drop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. happened to be strolling off the cricket-field as Bob Cherry and Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith strolled into view.

Cecil Reginald Temple, the shining light of the Upper Fourth at Greyfriars, stopped short in amazement.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Temple.

"L-look at that, you chaps!"

"Just look at it!" murmured Fry.

They looked at it, and they gaped.

"Wh-what is it?" muttered Temple dazedly.

"It looks like a blinking tailor's dummy!" remarked Fry.

"Oh, absolutely!" said Dabney.

Temple, Dabney & Co. blinked.

Cecil Reginald Temple was looked upon as a bit of a "knut" at Greyfriars. Indeed, Temple of the Upper Fourth was rather proud of his aristocratic mien.

But this strange apparition now floating across the old quadrangle of Greyfriars was something entirely new to Temple. He blinked at Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith in utter bewilderment as that cheerful youth came up in company with Bob Cherry.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry breezily, catching sight of Cecil Reginald Temple. "Here's Lord Cecil!"

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith blinked at Temple. Temple blinked at him.

"What did you say, Wobert?" inquired Reggie.

"That fellah," said Bob Cherry solemnly, "is Lord Cecil Reginald Temple, Bart. He belongs to the Uppah Fourth!"

Reginald Pye-Smith beamed at the amazed Temple.

"Haw!" he chirruped. "How do, youah lordship? An unexpected pleasuah—what? I hope I see you well, youah lordship!"

"Oh!" gasped Temple of the Upper Fourth blankly.

Reggie grasped his hand, which Temple mechanically allowed to be effusively shook.

"Bai the Lord Harry!" chirped the cheerful Reggie. "I am so doocid glad to make youah acquaintance, don'tcher-know, Lord Cecil!"

"Mum-my hat!" stuttered Temple.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the crowd.

Bob Cherry, lest the effect should be spoilt, grasped Reggie's arm.

"Come along, Weggie!" he said. "We shall be late for tea!"

"Vewy well, Wobert!" said Pye-Smith. "Haw! I shall look forward to seeing youah lordship latah—what?"

And, bowing gracefully to the astounded Cecil Temple, Reginald

Aubrey Pye-Smith strolled away, beaming with smiles, with the grinning Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the crowd.

Temple, Dabney & Co. stared after the retreating form of Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith. Fry and Dabney were grinning, but Temple was astonished and bewildered.

"The—the cheeky little monkey!" gasped Temple at last. "The—the burbling ass! Dud—does he think he's having a game with me?"

"Har, ha, ha!" yelled the Greyfriars fellows.

Temple made a threatening movement in the direction of the retreating Pye-Smith, but Fry detained him.

"Leave the poor beggar alone, old man!" he said. "He can't help it, you know!"

Temple gave a snort of disgust, and suffered himself to be led away by his faithful henchmen to the tuckshop.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Dicky Nugent, as his major came up with Johnny Bull.

"Say, Franky, what's that guy of a merchant you've dug up? Surely he isn't coming here?"

"He is!" grinned Frank Nugent.

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Dicky Nugent. "Say, kids, what's this school coming to?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry bore his cheerful idiot of a ward up the steps of the School House, and into the Hall.

"You'll have to see Quelch," he said.

Reggie blinked inquiringly at Bob.

"Who—who's he?" he asked.

"Oh, he's our Form-master, you know!" said Bob carelessly. "You'd better go to see him before having tea."

"Form-mastah—eh?" said Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith, with a chuckle.

"Weally, I've nevah met one of those cweatuahs before. I've always had a pwivate tutah, you know!"

"Weally!" grinned Bob.

"Yaas," said Reggie. "But I suppose tutah and mastah amount pwactically to the same thing—what?"

"Pwactically!" said Bob Cherry.

Reginald Pye-Smith chuckled.

"Haw! I'll soon polish the boundah off, then!" he said. "Show me wheah he is, an' I'll be with you again in two ticks, bai Jupitah!"

"B-but—" said Bob Cherry.

"I know how to tweek those tutah people!" said Reginald airily. "They want dealin' with with a firm hand, don'tcher-know! Once you let 'em get the uppah hand of you, you're done for, but—"

"But Quelch's an awful old bird!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Wot!" said Pye-Smith. "He's only a beastly paid servant, bai Jove! Show me to his woom, my deah Wobert!"

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"This way, Weginald!"

And he led Reginald Pye-Smith up-stairs.

Harry Wharton tapped him on the arm as they stood at the end of the passage, in which the Remove-master's study was situated.

"I say, Pye-Smith," said Harry quietly, "you'd better not start any monkey-tricks with Mr. Quelch, you know. He's strict!"

Pye-Smith gave a haughty laugh.

"Haw! I know these mastah fellahs!" he remarked. "They are beastly infewior fellahs. Bally commoners, bai Jove! They're no class, you know!"

The Removites stared.

"I'll see the deuced mastah, you chaps!" said Reginald. "Which is his woom?"

"There you are, Weggie!" said Bob

Cherry.

And Pye-Smith walked towards the Remove-master's study door.

Harry Wharton & Co. surveyed each other as Reggie went.

"The—the burbling ass!" said Harry Wharton. "If he starts any of his superior tricks on Quelch there'll be ructions!"

"Not half!" said Johnny Bull. "But let the fool rip, Harry. There'd be a row over his giddy clobber, anyway!"

"Serves him right!" said Frank Nugent. "Let him rip!"

And the chums of the Remove warned Reggie no more, but "let him rip." They chuckled silently as he tapped at the door of Mr. Quelch's study.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### A Surprise for Weggie!

"COME in!" said Mr. Quelch.

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith opened the study door and sailed in.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, stared in astonishment at Reginald.

"Dear me!" murmured Mr. Quelch.

Reggie's loud suit of serge and stripes dazzled his eyes for the moment, as also did the shirt-pattern, the "splash me" bow, and white spats of the new-comer.

Mr. Quelch started violently. He could hardly believe his eyes.

"Haw!" remarked Reginald Pye-Smith, by way of a beginning.

Mr. Quelch shot bolt upright.

"Wh—who are you?" he murmured dazedly.

Reginald Aubrey stuck his hands lazily into his trousers-pockets and gave a languid sniff.

"I am Weginald Aubrey Pye-Smith, the new pupil!" he said haughtily.

Mr. Quelch gasped.

"Pye-Smith!" he muttered. "You—you're the new boy?"

"You are cowwect!" replied Reggie insolently.

Mr. Quelch's brow became black, and his lips tightened.

"Boy!" he thundered. "When you address me, kindly address me as 'sir'!"

"Oh, bai Jupitah!" ejaculated Reginald.

"And take your hands out of your pockets, Pye-Smith!" said Mr. Quelch, in concentrated accents.

"Eh?"

"Take your hands out of your pockets!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Reginald gave a jump, and did so.

Mr. Quelch's steely eyes glinted as he surveyed Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith.

"Now, Pye-Smith," said Mr. Quelch icily, "what do you mean by entering my presence—by appearing at this school—in that—that ridiculous attire?"

Reginald Aubrey stared.

"Widicrous attiah?" he echoed.

"What d'you mean?"

Mr. Quelch's eyes glinted.

"I said ridiculous attire, Pye-Smith!" he said. "And I repeat, Pye-Smith, how dare you!"

"Look heah, my man—"

Mr. Quelch nearly jumped clean out of his chair.

"Wha-a-at!" he gasped.

"Look heah, my man!" said Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith disdainfully. "I suppose that, in view of the fact that I pay my own tailah's bills, I am entitled to weah what I like—what?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I wegard it as distinctly out of place for a mastah to cwiticise his pupils' clobber, bai Jove!" said Pye-Smith.

Mr. Quelch gasped at Reginald. He had begun to wonder, at first, whether this was a dream, or harsh reality.

"Boy!" rumbled Mr. Quelch, and his



voice was like unto that of approaching thunder. "Are you mad?"

Reginald Aubrey stared at the Remove-master.

"Mad?" he echoed. "Wathah not, bai Jingo!"

"Then you are an audacious idiot, sir!" shouted Mr. Quelch.

"Weally, my deah sir—"

"Don't argue with me, boy!" hooted Mr. Quelch, now justly enraged. "How dare you, Pye-Smith, enter this room in that ridiculous attire, and then attempt to browbeat me in that impertinent manner!"

"I—I—"

"Have you taken leave of your senses, boy?"

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith stared aghast at the incensed Remove-master. This storm was not quite what he had expected. It was a new experience for him to be thus spoken to by a "common mastah fellah."

"Your impertinence is unprecedented, Pye-Smith!" grated Mr. Quelch. "I have never heard of a parallel in all my days! I have a good mind to administer severe chastisement!"

"Ow! Begad!" gasped Pye-Smith. "Pway calm yourself, my deah, good sir—"

"Wha-a-at?" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

"Don't get excited, I implore you!" said Reginald Aubrey, quite oblivious of the lurking flame that was burning in the eye of Mr. Quelch. "I assuah you, Mr. Welch, that I had no intention to apeah insolent, bai Jingo! Weally, youah display of angah shows a most unweasonable spiwit—"

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch.

"And, my deah sir," went on Pye-Smith, "I object to being called names, and if you persist, I shall w'ite to my patah about it, don'tcherknow. He is an M.P., and mixes with those in high athrowity, bai Jove! I positively object to 'bein' bullied, Mr. Welch! Please undahstand that!"

Mr. Quelch rose from his seat.

There was a peculiar expression upon his face, which anybody but a crass idiot like Pye-Smith would have interpreted as a danger-sign.

Setting his teeth, Mr. Quelch reached across his desk and grasped a stout cane.

Reginald Aubrey's eyes opened wide as he saw this latter exploit on the part of Mr. Quelch.

It was some moments before Mr. Quelch spoke, but when he did speak, there were storm-signals on his brow.

"Pye-Smith—boy!" grated Mr. Quelch. "You are an insolent scoundrel, sir!"

"Weally—"

"An insolent scoundrel, sir!" hissed Mr. Quelch in concentrated accents. "Your impertinence is abominable, Pye-Smith! In all my career I have never met a more depraved and foolish young wretch than you, sir!"

"Oh, bai Jupitah!" gasped Pye-Smith. He was floored.

Mr. Quelch grasped his cane.

"Pye-Smith," he said, fixing Reggie with his gimlet eyes, "it is not my usual custom to administer punishment to a pupil upon his first day at the school, however aggravating his conduct; but you, sir, have exceeded the limits of my endurance. You have been guilty of base insolence and disrespect, and I deem it a much-needed lesson to you that I should punish you accordingly. Pye-Smith, I shall cane you. Hold your hand out!"

"Oh cwumbs!" exclaimed Pye-Smith, in alarm. "Look heah—"

"Hold out your hand!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Reginald Aubrey blinked in dismay at Mr. Quelch, but Mr. Quelch's steely look froze him to the core.

"Hold out your hand, Pye-Smith," repeated Mr. Quelch, quietly but ominously.

Reggie ventured his hand forward timidly. Mr. Quelch raised the cane, took careful aim, and brought it down—

Swish!

"Yawwoogh!" howled Reginald Aubrey.

"The other hand!" grated Mr. Quelch.

Swish!

"Wow-yow! Yawwoogh!" wailed poor Reggie, dancing a jig upon the Remove-master's carpet.

"There!" said Mr. Quelch, laying down his cane. "The punishment I have administered is manifestly insufficient, Pye-Smith, but as you are new to this school, I trust that it will be a severe lesson to you, and that, in future, you



Swoosh! A deluge of sooty water swept from the garden syringe and fell over Coker's tea-table, and over Coker, Potter, and Greene, in a miniature cascade. "Yaroooooh!" howled Coker. (See Chapter 9.)

will maintain respect and deference to your superiors."

"Yah! Ow!" moaned Reginald, the tears streaming from his eyes. "You—you beastly boundah! That hurt, you know!"

"I fully intended that it should hurt, Pye-Smith," said Mr. Quelch frigidly.

"Yowp!" gurgled Reggie. "I shall weally have to w'ite to my patah, and tell him what a feahful beast you are—"

Mr. Quelch grasped his cane again.

"What?" he thundered.

"Ow! Bai Jove!" moaned Reggie. "I—I won't tell my patah!"

Mr. Quelch pointed to the door.

"Go, Pye-Smith!" he said sternly. "And before I see you again this evening, you will kindly attire yourself in a suit of Etons, and a linen collar and tie. Go, Pye-Smith! And may this interview be a lesson to you!"

Moaning dismally, Pye-Smith went.

Mr. Quelch sank limply into a chair as this surprising new pupil of his left the room.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### The Study No. 1 Reception.

"HARD lines!" said Bob Cherry sympathetically.

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith had limped into the passage, and was telling his tale of woe to the fellows who were crowded there.

Reginald Aubrey sucked his fingers dolefully.

"I—I don't like Mistah Welch!" he moaned. "I wegard him as a beastly wottah, bai Jingo!"

"Never mind!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Go upstairs with Inky, and bathe your hands, and have a change, and then come with us in Study No. 1. You'll show Weginald the dorm, Inky?"

"The pleasurefulness will be terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Come alongfully, my worthy Pyeful-Smith!"

And Reggie suffered himself to be piloted upstairs to the Remove dormitory. He left the fellows downstairs in convulsions.

"Serve him right!" growled Johnny

Bull. "He'll soon get some of his idiocy knocked out of him!"

"Ha, ha! But I reckon he'll have a bit of a rough time, Johnny!" chuckled Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"I'm going to have some fun," he said. "You chaps go along and see about tea, whilst I go about my business!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at him.

"What business?" inquired the captain of the Remove.

Bob Cherry winked.

"Business connected with some fun at tea-time," he said. "I'm going to hold a reception."

"A wha-at?"

"A reception!" said Bob Cherry, strolling away. "So-long, chaps!"

And he disappeared down the passage.

Harry Wharton and the others went along to Study No. 1.

A savoury smell of cooking sausages, bacon and eggs greeted their nostrils as they entered that famous apartment.

Peter Todd was there, and so was Billy



Bunter. Bunter was hot and perspiring. He was also yelling, for at the moment that Harry Wharton & Co. entered Peter Todd had hold of his ear.

"Yarcogh! You beast, Toddy!" wailed Bunter. "Woogh!"

"Hallo!" said Harry Wharton. "What's the rumpus?"

"Caught the little burglar shoving a sausage into his trousers-pocket," grinned Peter Todd, giving Bunter's ear another and final wrench. "The fat fraud thought I wasn't looking, for once! I'm just teaching him that it's wicked to pinch sausages."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yowp! You beast, Toddy!" groaned Bunter from the fender. "I refuse to cook any more!"

"Right-ho!" grinned Peter. "Clear out, Bunter!"

"Oh, really!" spluttered Bunter hastily. "What I really meant to say was, that I—I refuse to cook any more sausages. They—they're all done, Toddy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get on with it, then, porpoise!" said Peter Todd.

Billy Bunter got on with the cooking of the tea in honour of Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith, the new Removite.

"What's the new kid like, Wharton?" inquired Peter Todd.

"Oh, a regular baa-lamb!" chuckled Frank Nugent. "Bob's having him on a bit of string properly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leave those tarts alone, Bunter!" growled Johnny Bull, who had his eye on Bunter.

"Oh, really——"

"Keep him hard at it!" grinned Peter Todd. "I don't believe he's had a mouthful since dinner."

"You know I haven't, Toddy, you beast!" said Bunter pathetically.

Footsteps sounded in the passage outside, and Bob Cherry appeared, and behind him came Reginald Aubrey.

Reggie had got over his caning. He had also changed his clothes. He now wore a suit of Etons, and a linen collar, but he still retained his bow, his fancy shirt, his patent boots, and white spats. His hair, too, was beautifully curly and bright.

"Here we are, Weggie!" said Bob Cherry. "I have acquainted the fellahs of the Remove of your coming, and the elite and the nobility wish to be presented to you."

"Haw! Bai Jupitah!" remarked Reggie, beaming.

"Yaas," said Bob Cherry, cheerfully. "They'll be along in a minute. Oh, hallo! Here's Toddy!"

Toddy was looking surprised. Bob winked at him.

"Allow me to present you to Petah Todd, Weggie!" said Bob Cherry solemnly. "He is the nephew of Sir Sweeney Todd Huntah, the eminent lawyah!"

"Aw, weally!" said Reginald, shaking hands effusively with Peter Todd. "Nephew of the eminent lawyah, bai Jupitah! I know him! So does my patah!"

"My hat!" gasped Peter Todd, who now heard of "Sir Sweeney Todd Hunter" for the first time in his life.

"You—you know him?"

"Yaas," said Pye-Smith. "So does my patah. My patah is an M.P., you know, and an O.B.E., and he knows ewevybody of distinction and good position in this county, you know."

"Oh!" gasped Peter Todd.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Oh, Buntah!" said Bob Cherry. "This," said the humorous Bob, indicating the perspiring Owl of the Remove, "is the Most Honourable William Anti-

pon Buntah, son of Sir Spoofoah Buntah, of the memorable line of the Buntah de Buntahs, who fought at the famous Battle of Battersea Bridge——"

"Oh, I say, Cherry——" began Billy Bunter warmly.

Reginald Aubrey clasped Bunter's hand in brotherly affection.

"How-de-do, my deah Buntah?" he chirped. "I—— Oh! Bai Jupitah!"

For Bunter's hand was dirty and greasy from his exploits in the region of the fender, and some of the dirt and grease became transferred from that fat hand of Bunter's to the small and delicate hand of Pye-Smith.

Reggie pulled out a cambric handkerchief and rubbed his hand.

"I—I say, Cherry!" mumbled Bunter in astonishment. "What's the little game, you beast?"

Bob Cherry smiled sweetly at Bunter.

"This is Pye-Smith, Buntah!" he said. "He, like yourself, has many titled relations."

"Oh, bai Jove!" chirped Reggie. "Have you got titled relations, Buntah?"

"Not half!" said Billy Bunter, with a fatuous smirk. "My pater——"

"His pater got the Order of the Bath!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Weally!"

"Yaas. And so did his brother Samuel—the Noble Order of the Bath and the Bwush!"

"Deah me!" said Reginald Aubrey. "How delightful to know somebody who has weal blue blood in them! Buntah, you and I shall be gweat fwriends."

"What-ho!" chirped Bunter. "I'm a well-educated chap, I am, Pye-Smith!"

"Oh, call me Weggie!" bleated Pye-Smith.

"Ahem! Charmed, er—Reggie!" gasped Bunter.

Even the Owl of the Remove was surprised at Pye-Smith's gullibility.

There was a tap at the door, and Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, looked in.

"Ha, come in, marquis!" said Bob Cherry.

Vernon-Smith came in, and bowed to Reggie of the Remove.

Reggie stared at the Bounder.

"Marquis Vernon de Smith!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "A scion of one of Normandy's most famous families, Weggie!"

Reggie's eyes opened wide, and he gazed in awe and deep admiration at the grinning Bounder.

"Haw! A marquis, bai Jupitah!" gasped Reggie. "I hope I see you well, my deah marquis?"

"Oh, most remarkably well!" grinned the Bounder.

Just then there came another tap at the door, and the door opened to exhibit Lord Maulverer of the Remove being shoved inside Study No. 1 by Squiff.

"Oh, come right in, Mauly!" called Bob Cherry. "This is Lord Mauleverer, Weggie. He, also, belongs to the Remove!"

"Oh, begad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer, as he caught sight of Reggie.

The cheerful Reggie made a solemn bow before Lord Mauleverer.

"An honah, I assuah you, youah lordship!" he bleated.

"Begad!" gasped the slacker of the Remove. "I—I say, what's the game, you ass, Squiff?"

"Sh-sh-sh!" hissed Squiff, winking at Bob Cherry, who winked back. "Get out, Mauly!"

And Mauly got out, much to his lordship's relief. Mauly did not like being pulled from his downy couch to interview strangers.

"Come along, Alonzo!" called Squiff along the passage.

Alonzo Todd, the Duffer of Greyfriars, blinked at Squiff.

"Really, Field——"

"Agree to everything the new boy says, Alonzo!" hissed Squiff. "He's not quite sane, you know, and you must humour him!"

"Oh dear!" said Alonzo.

"Forward, Alonzo!" said Squiff.

And he pushed Alonzo Todd into Study No. 1, where Bob Cherry's "reception" was taking place.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, as Alonzo Todd staggered into the room. "Here comes Viscount Alonzo!"

"Viscount Alonzo!" gasped Reggie, blinking first at Alonzo and then at his cousin Peter.

"Viscount Alonzo, come forth!" said Bob Cherry. "Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith—the Viscount Alonzo Todd!"

Reginald was simply bubbling over with gratification and admiration as he shook hands with the astonished "Viscount" Alonzo Todd. As for the Duffer himself, he was quite bewildered.

"I'm shuah I have met you befoah, my deah viscount!" said Reggie, smiling fondly at Alonzo Todd. "Weally, this is an unexpected pleasuah!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Alonzo Todd.

"Ye-es, I remember—er—— My dear fellows, I—I must go!"

And Alonzo Todd went.

The "viscount" skipped out of Study No. 1 very much disturbed in mind and spirit.

Read

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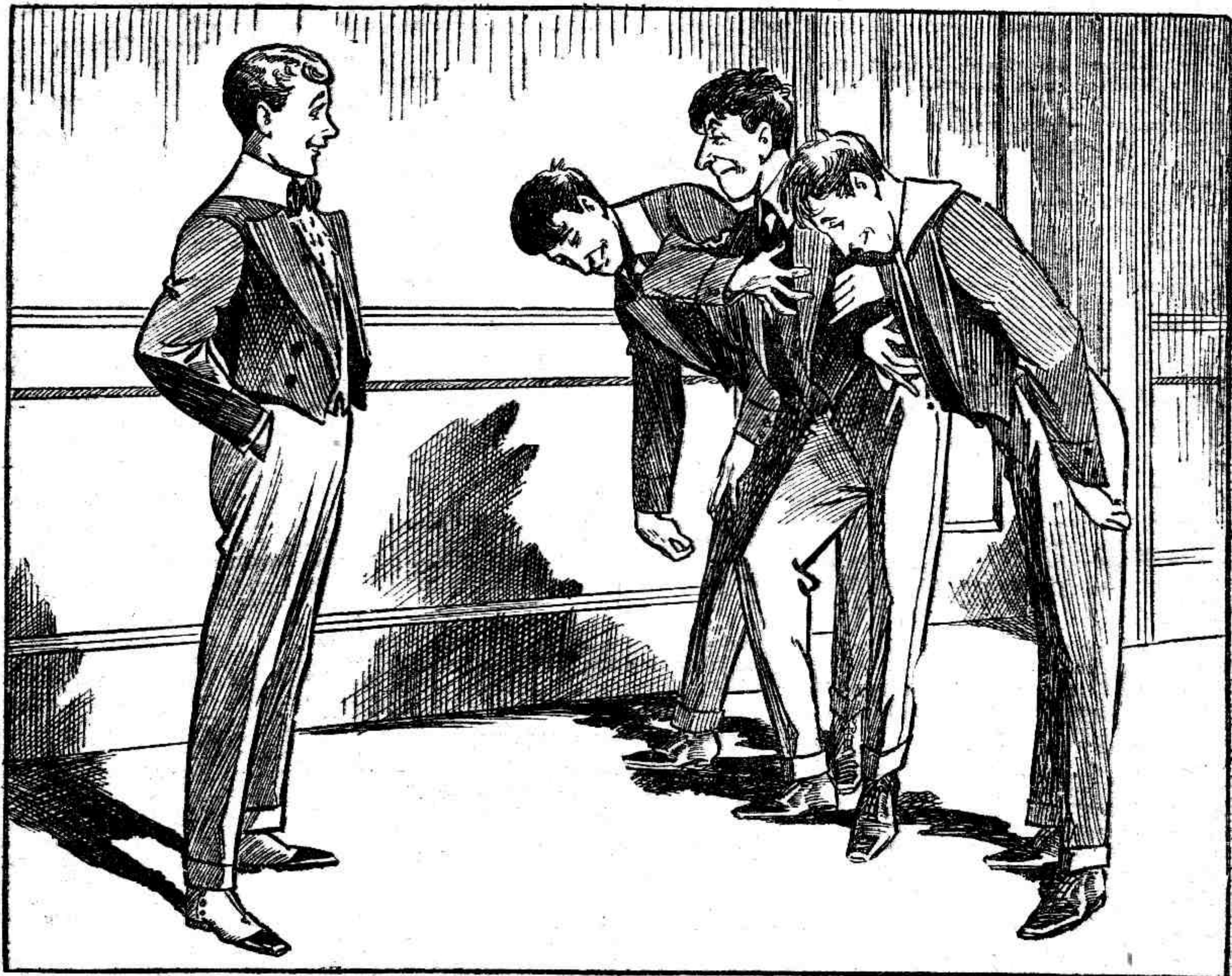
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**"THE GEM."**

Out This Wednesday.







Skinner, Snoop, and Stott bowed low before the new boy. "Hail!" said Skinner. "Hail!" said Stott. "Hail!" repeated Snoop. (See Chapter 8.)

That was not the end of Bob Cherry's "reception."

Wun Lung, the Chinese Removite, was introduced as "Prince" Wun Lung, and the little Oriental greatly impressed Reginald Aubrey.

To anybody but a cheerful idiot like Pye-Smith it must have appeared remarkable what a number of distinguished personages the Remove Form at Greyfriars contained. There were several "honourables," and not a few dukes and lords, according to Bob Cherry.

And Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith took it all in.

The Remove Form simply bubbled over with merriment at the simplicity of the self-proud Pye-Smith, and the Junior School as a whole made a standing joke of Bob Cherry's "reception" in Study No. 1.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Rift in the Lute!

"TEA'S ready!" said Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry's mock "reception" was over, and the occupants of Study No. 1 settled down to tea.

The study was crowded. The Famous Five were there, and, of course, so was Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith. The Bounder and Squiff and Delarey remained to tea; and, what with Peter Todd and Billy Bunter, Study No. 1 was full to overflowing.

The guest of the occasion was seated between Bob Cherry and Billy Bunter.

Reginald Aubrey was extremely pleased with himself. It was a source of great gratification to him to know that he, the son of an M.P. and an O.B.E., was properly recognised as a person of importance at Greyfriars. And what pleased Reggie most of all was the "high class" set of fellows there were in the Remove—so the humorous Bob Cherry had made him believe.

There was quite a merry party in the study of the captain of the Remove.

The table was loaded with good things. Peter Todd had expended the money entrusted to him to good advantage, and, moreover, it was all there—thanks to his vigilant watch upon the porpoise of the Remove.

Billy Bunter had already started. He had been engaging Reginald Aubrey in a long conversation upon the score of his titled relations until tea was announced to be ready, and then Bunter forgot to talk. He had other and more important things to think about.

Reggie insisted that Bunter should sit next to him—otherwise, in all probability Bunter's place would have been upon the fender, or the window-sill, or the coal-scuttle.

Billy Bunter wired into that feed as if he had been without food for a month. Having been kept under strict surveillance by the watchful Peter, Bunter determined to make up for lost time. And he did.

"Bai Jove!" gasped Reginald Aubrey,

as he watched Billy Bunter's wonderful gastronomic performance.

The Removites chuckled. "Bunter's hungry!" explained the Bounder. "You see, he is such a sportsman!"

"Weally!" "Yes," replied the Bounder. "He is heavy-weight champion of the Remove." "Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glared up at Vernon-Smith, but his mouth was too full to reply.

"More tea, Weggie?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Yaas, please!" said Reginald Aubrey. "Wathah weak, if you don't mind, Wobert."

"Certainly!" said Bob.

He lifted the teapot. All would have been well had not Bob's attention become suddenly riveted upon the ceiling. But, in gazing up at the ceiling, Bob Cherry lowered the spout of the teapot, and the hot, boiling tea came surging out and poured down upon the knees of Reggie.

"Ow! Yah! Yawooogh!" shrieked Reginald, dancing to his feet.

The contents of the teapot simply drenched poor Reggie's legs.

"Yowp! Ow, ow, ow! I'm scalded!" wailed Reggie.

Bob Cherry blinked in horror at the havoc he had wrought.

"Oh, deah!" gasped Bob Cherry. "How beastly unforch!"

Reginald Aubrey groaned and mopped at his trousers.



"Ow! I'm scalded, bai Jove!" he groaned. "Wobert, you clumsy boundah!"

Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent, the latter choking with laughter, assisted Reginald to mop the tea from his trousers, and at last Reginald took his place at the table once again.

He eyed Bob Cherry very gingerly, however.

Harry Wharton offered to pour out the tea.

"Sugar, Weginald?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Yaas, please," mumbled Reginald. Bob sugared the tea.

Reginald Aubrey lifted the cup to his lips and took a draught. As he did so he let out a yelp of surprise, and then commenced spluttering and gasping.

"Yowp! Oh! Ow-yow!" spluttered Reggie.

"What's the matter, Reggie?" inquired Harry Wharton.

"Yah!" gasped Reggie. "That beastly tea—there's salt in it!"

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled, whilst Bob Cherry's face lengthened.

"Oh, Jemima!" groaned Bob. "What evah is the mattah with me this aftahnoon? I—I must have put salt in the tea instead of sugah!"

Reginald Aubrey glared homicidally at the cheerful Robert.

"Wobert," he said in measured accents, "I wegahd you as a fwaud and an impostah, bai Jupitah!"

"Eh—what?" gasped Bob.

"You did that on purpose, Chewwy, you beast!" said Reginald. "I wefuse to have anythin' more to do with you!"

"Oh, I say!" said Bob Cherry in elaborate dismay. "Weggie—"

"Pway do not call me Weggie," said Pye-Smith with asperity. "I wegahd you as a wude and wuff fellah, and I wefuse to have anythin' more to do with you, bai Jupitah! Yah! I shall w'ite to my patah about this!"

"Look here, Weggie—" remonstrated Bob.

Reginald raised his hand.

"Enough, Chewwy!" he said. "Henceforth I am done with you, bai Jove! I weally intend to w'ite to my

patah about you, and tell him what a wude fellah you are. My patah is an M.P.—"

"So's my uncle!" said Bob.

"Nevah mind," said Reginald. "My patah, too, is an O.B.E. He was an instwuctah in the Gwamaphone Bwanch of the Intelligence Department!"

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled.

"Weally, Pye-Smith—" said Bob Cherry.

"Haw! Not anothah word!" said Pye-Smith severely. "I wefuse to speak to you any moah, Wobert Chewwy!"

With which, Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith stuck his nose in the air, strutted towards the door, and left Study No. 1 in high dudgeon.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at each other as he went. Peter Todd chuckled.

"My eye!" he said. "What a merry merchant! And do you mean to say that it's coming into the Remove?"

"Rather!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "But I say, though, what a pity old Weggie rumbled me!"

"Ha. ha. ha!" roared Harry Wharton and the others.

"Never mind," said Bob Cherry. "We'll have some fun yet, never you worry!"

And the Famous Five and Peter Todd returned to their tea, and vied with Billy Bunter in making the spread look sorry for itself.

### THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

#### Duping the Duffer!

"HERE comes the new merchant!" chuckled Harold Skinner.

He, with a crowd of other Removites, was standing at the end of the Remove passage as Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith stalked from Study No. 1.

Skinner nudged his two henchmen, Snoop and Stott, and together the three walked up the passage and approached Reggie.

As Reggie stopped, and surveyed them inquiringly, Skinner, Snoop, and Stott halted.

Skinner placed his hand to his heart and bowed low unto the ground. Stott

also made a deep and solemn bow, and Snoop followed suit.

"Hail!" said Harold Skinner.

"Hail!" repeated Stott.

"Hail!" said Snoop.

Reginald Aubrey stared at this exploit on the part of Skinner & Co. in great surprise.

"Haw!" he gasped. "Bai Jupitah!"

Skinner & Co. returned to the vertical.

"Haw!" said Pye-Smith in bewilderment. "Wh-what does this mean?"

Harold Skinner bowed again reverently.

"The Three Extraordinary Emissaries of the Noble Brotherhood of Junior Grand Moguls of Greyfriars salute thee!" said Skinner, in a deep voice.

"Oh, bai Jove!" exclaimed Reggie wonderingly.

"We, the Three Extraordinary Emissaries of the Junior Brotherhood of Grand Moguls of Greyfriars have heard that ye are of the noble and famous line of Pye-Smith—"

"Oh, wathah!" said Reggie promptly.

"My patah is an M.P., you know!"

There was a queer chuckle from the "Three Extraordinary Emissaries," and a ripple of laughter from the crowd at the end of the passage.

"So we have heard!" said Skinner solemnly. "The paternal parent has attained a right noble degree of honour in the land, and, moreover, is one of the noble gathering of this our England's House of Commons—"

"Bai Jove!" said Reggie.

"Therefore," said Skinner impressively—"therefore, the Noble Brotherhood of the Junior Grand Moguls of Greyfriars have been pleased to extend unto thee the right hand of fellowship, and invite thee to enter into their most noble Brotherhood, and be one of the Junior Grand Moguls of Greyfriars!"

"But," said Reggie in perplexity, "what are they, y'know?"

"The Noble Brotherhood of the Junior Grand Moguls of Greyfriars," said Skinner impressively, "is a noble and antique society whose traditions are sacred to this noble school of Greyfriars. Their rulers are jealous rulers, and the exclusive membership of the Brotherhood constitutes the most distinguished and elite of the members of the Lower School."

"Haw!" said Reggie Pye-Smith, his eyes opening wide.

"Members of the Nobility and Royalty only are admitted," said Skinner. "But the Noble Brotherhood of Junior Grand Moguls recognise thee as one of them, and would welcome thee, Pye-Smith, to join them!"

"Of a truth!" said Stott.

"And verily!" murmured Snoop.

And the three Removites again bowed low before Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith.

"I—I say," said Reggie, in deep gratification, "awise, you know!"

Skinner & Co. arose.

"We welcome thee to Greyfriars, O Reginald Pye-Smith!" said Skinner solemnly. "And we offer thee fellowship of the Noble Brotherhood of Junior Grand Moguls of Greyfriars. Wilst accept the honour?"

"Weally, I—I—"

"To belong to the Noble Brotherhood of Grand Moguls is to be one of the elite and most exclusive set of the school!" said Skinner.

"Verily!" said Stott.

"And in good sooth!" said Snoop.

"Therefore," said Skinner, "wilt thou join the Noble Brotherhood, Pye-Smith, and partake of its sacred and time-honoured institutions?"

Reginald Aubrey beamed at Skinner.

"Weally, don'tcherknow," he said, "I shall be much delighted—what?"

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The Three Extraordinary Emissaries bowed again.

"Then follow us unto the Council Chamber!" said Skinner. "Come ye hither and follow the Three Extraordinary Emissaries, who have been specially directed by the Grand Master of the Moguls!"

Skinner, Stott, and Snoop gathered their gowns behind them, and led the way down the passage.

Wondering mightily, and very pleased at all this respect and deference shown to him by this unknown select society of Greyfriars, Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith followed the three "Extraordinary Emissaries."

The crowd at the end of the passage made way.

Unbeknown to the gullible Pye-Smith, this was a magnificent practical joke which was being perpetrated upon him by Skinner & Co. of the Remove!

The juniors of Greyfriars smiled hugely as Reginald Pye-Smith followed Skinner, Snoop, and Stott upstairs.

"Halt!"

Harold Skinner uttered the command in a deep voice.

He and Snoop and Stott had conducted Reginald Aubrey upstairs, and now they halted outside the door of the Rag.

Skinner turned to Reggie.

"Yonder is the Council Chamber of the Noble Brotherhood of Junior Grand Moguls!" he said impressively. "As a new brother, thou shalt be initiated according to the customs and traditions of the Brotherhood!"

"Oh, yaas, bai Jove!" said Reggie.

"Then," said Skinner, "in the presence of the Grand Mogul, thou shalt be blindfolded!"

"Oh, bai Jupitah!"

"Art thou willing?" hissed Skinner.

"But—"

"Or will ye turn back, and revoke the coveted membership?" demanded Skinner.

"Oh, no!" said Reggie hastily. "I—I'll be blindfolded!"

Skinner winked at Stott, and drew a large handkerchief from beneath his gown, with which he blindfolded the unsuspecting Reggie.

"Thine eyes are darkened," said Skinner deeply. "Enter ye, then, into the Council Chamber!"

And he thrust open the door of the Rag and bundled Reginald Aubrey inside.

Four juniors were in there, grinning. They were Bolsover major, Hazeldene, Trevor, and Wibley of the Remove.

Wibley rose to his feet as Reggie entered.

"Secure the portal!" commanded Wibley in furious accents.

Snoop shut the door.

"Behold!" cried Wibley. "Here comes a new brother—is he not?"

"He is!" said all the others together.

"His name is Pye-Smith?"

"It is!"

"Then shall he be called the Young Brother Reggie, for he is but newly born into the Brotherhood!" said Wibley.

His companions chuckled.

"Young Brother Reggie," commanded Wibley, "hearken ye unto the voice of the Grand Mogul of the Noble Brotherhood of Junior Grand Moguls of Greyfriars!"

"Oh, yaas, bai Jove!" gasped Reggie wonderingly.

"And obey ye his commands!" said Wibley severely.

"Oh deah! Yaas!" said Reggie.

"Dost thou desire to become initiated into this noble Brotherhood?" demanded Wibley.

"I do!" replied Reggie.

"Then repeat this code anthem after me," said Wibley. "O!"

"O!" said Reggie.

"Wa-ta-na."

"Wa-ta-na!" stuttered Reggie.

"Siam!" said Wibley.

"Siam!" chirped Reggie.

"Now, repeat that quickly three times!" said Wibley.

Reggie made a start, and then rattled off the "code anthem" quite quickly:

"O-wa-ta-na-Siam!"

"Oh, what an ass I am!" chuckled Hazeldene. "The—the silly-born idiot!"

Reggie did not see it, however. He chirruped out the "anthem" right merrily.

"Good!" said Wibley, when Reggie finished. "The first test is over. Young Brother Reggie, thou hast passed!"

"Oh, begad!" said Reggie.

"The next—and last—test for thee to do," went on Wibley, "is for thee to scent the Brotherhood Chamber."

"Eh?"

"Thou shalt take the Sacred Syringe, and scent the Brotherhood Chamber!"

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said Wibley. "Brother Solomon, hand up the Sacred Syringe!"

Bolsover major, referred to as "Brother Solomon," cheerfully handed up a garden squirt, which had been borrowed from Mimble, the gardener.

Wibley took the "Sacred Syringe" and carefully filled it with soot and ink and water from a pail upon the floor.

Then Wibley handed the squirt, duly filled with dirty water, to Reggie.

Reggie, being blindfolded, saw not. So he took the "Sacred Syringe" in all good faith.

"Take ye the Sacred Syringe, which contains the Sacred Scent," said Wibley in a deep, impressive voice, "and hearken carefully unto me."

"Oh, yaas!" said Reggie.

"Thou shalt follow the guide that will be provided thee," said Wibley, "and thou shalt walk from the door of this chamber fifty paces unto the right, and shalt take the second turning on the left. Therein lies the sacred Brotherhood Chamber, and thou shalt, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Brotherhood of Grand Moguls, tap three times, open the Chamber portal, and throw in the scent from the Sacred Syringe."

"Bai Jupitah!" murmured Reggie.

"Brother Ananias, wilt thou be our young pilgrim's guide?" asked Wibley deeply.

"I wilt!" replied Skinner, with a chuckle.

"Then lead him forth!" commanded Wibley. "Young Brother Reggie, follow ye after thy Brother Ananias, and do even as he commands thee!"

"Oh, yaas wathah!" said Reggie, grinning beneath his bandage. "Then will it all be ovah?"

"It will then all be over!" said Wibley gruffly.

The other occupants of the room chuckled stealthily.

"Follow me!" said Skinner.

And, grasping the "Sacred Syringe" full of sooty and inky water, the unsuspecting Reginald Aubrey followed Harold Skinner from the Rag.

When they had gone, Bolsover major, Hazeldene, Trevor, and Wibley fell upon each other's necks and wept salt tears of merriment.

"The—the howling jossor!" gasped Wibley. "Oh, the burbling jabberwock! And—and he—he's going to squirt that muck in Coker's study!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the "Noble Brotherhood."

But Reggie heard them not. He was well on his way to the Council Chamber—or, in point of hard fact, the study of Horace Coker of the Fifth!

#### THE NINTH CHAPTER.

##### Rough on Coker!

TAP, tap, tap!

Horace Coker was having tea with his study-mates, Potter and Greene, when those three mysterious raps sounded upon the study door.

"Hallo!" said Coker, in surprise. "What the—"

But ere he could proceed the study door was flung open, and a strange figure stood revealed in the doorway.

It was a strange junior, with a bandage over his eyes, holding aloft a garden syringe, which Potter recognised as belonging to Mimble.

Coker, Potter, and Greene sat back in their chairs and gasped.

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith saw not. In the innocence of his gullible heart he believed this was the Brotherhood Chamber of the "Grand Moguls" of Greyfriars.

And he was here to scent the Brotherhood Chamber with the contents of Mimble's garden squirt.

He held the "Sacred Syringe" aloft and grasped the plunger.

Coker, Potter, and Greene stared at this exploit and gasped. It had not dawned upon them that they were to have a severe dosing of sooty water in a trice!

But they were to have, and they had it!

Swoosh!

A deluge of sooty water swept from the garden syringe and fell over Coker's tea-table, and upon Coker, Potter, and Greene in a miniature cascade.

Swish!

"Yaroooh!" howled Coker, dancing to his feet and mopping his face. "You—you young hooligan! Wharrer you at— Yarooogh! Gug, gug!"

For the Sacred Syringe swept round again, and Horace Coker caught a mouthful.

Coker, Potter, and Greene gazed at the marauder, and there was homicide in their hearts.

"You—you villain!" howled Coker, gouging soot and water from his eyes. "Look what you've done! I—I'll scalp you!"



"Oh, bai Jupitah!" gasped Reginald. It dawned upon him that there was something wrong.

He tore the bandage from his eyes and blinked into the study.

Coker, Potter, and Greene blinked at him.

Horace Coker shook his fist. "You—you young lunatic!" bellowed Coker. "Lemme get at you! I'll skin you!"

And he made a dash at Reggie. Reggie was not so soft as to overlook the fact that Coker was dangerous. He saw that to remain in the "Brotherhood Chamber" would be suicidal; so as Horace Coker rushed at him, brandishing his fists, Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith gave one yelp of terror, dropped the "Sacred Syringe," and fled.

Horace Coker stamped after him, and there began a regular Marathon down the Fifth Form passage.

"Grooogh!" moaned Potter, as he wiped his ears and his eyes out. "I hope Coker catches the maniac and gives it to him hot!"

"If he doesn't, I will!" gasped Greene, whose hair, collar, and shoulders were simply drenched.

Coker, however, was making good progress.

Skinner, Bolsover, Wibley, and the others were congregated at the end of the Fifth Form passage, with quite a crowd of Removeites, when Reginald Aubrey dashed down the passage, howling.

Horace Coker sped hot upon the fleeing Reggie's track.

"Yawwoogh!" screamed Reggie. "Hellup!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the crowd.

"Stop him!" roared Coker. "I'll flay the young sweep when I cop him!"

But the crowd made room for Reggie to pass.

He dashed out of the House and into the quadrangle, and Coker followed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Skinner. "Cokey didn't like the Sacred Scent!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the young idiot been up to?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Squirting dirty water at poor old Coker!" chuckled Skinner. "And Coker's after his blood! Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton frowned.

"You've been up to some rotten trick, Skinner," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner. "Reggie did it of his own free will!"

"Anyway," said Johnny Bull, "let's find the bounder before Coker annihilates him!"

The Famous Five dashed into the quadrangle, and a crowd of fellows followed.

Sounds of weeping and wailing and anthems of sorrow smote their ears as they gained the neighbourhood of the gymnasium.

Coker had just caught Reggie, and was booting him across towards the fountain.

"There he is!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Rescue, Remove!"

But the chums of the Remove were too late.

Coker grabbed Reggie in the rear, and lifted him like a sack. Then he hurled him headlong into the basin of the fountain.

Splosh!

"Yawwoogh! Yah! Gewwugh!" shrieked Reggie, as his head disappeared beneath the water.

The Famous Five arrived just in time to catch a glimpse of Reggie's white spats stuck out and gesticulating wildly above the surface of the water in the fountain-basin.

"There!" panted Coker, glaring truculently round. "That'll teach you to play

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monkey-tricks on me, you young sweep!"

And, pushing Reggie into the water again as that hapless youth endeavoured to climb out, Horace Coker bestowed an emphatic snort upon the crowd and strode angrily away.

"Ha, ha, ha!" sobbed Bob Cherry. "Poor old Weggie! He's wet, bai Jupitah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Harold Skinner.

The crowd gazed at Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith as he crawled out of the water, and roared.

The dandy of the Remove looked so absurdly ridiculous that they couldn't help it.

Reggie scrambled out upon terra firma, and, gouging water out of his eyes, he groaned most dismally. He looked a sorry spectacle indeed.

"Gewwugh! Yowp! Bai Jupitah!" he moaned. "I'm ddowned!"

Bob Cherry, although forsaken by Reginald but a brief half-hour ago, staggered up and grasped him.

"You ass, Reggie!" he said, eliminating the accent. "What the thump have you been up to?"

"I—I scented the Bwotherhood Chambah, don'tcherknow!" moaned Reggie. "But I appear to have entahed the w'ong woom, bai Jove! Gwoogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Wibley of the Remove. "He scented poor old Cokey instead!"

"But what do you mean?" inquired Harry Wharton, in perplexity. "What brotherhood chamber?"

"Of the—the Gwand Moguls, y'know!" mumbled Reggie.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Skinner & Co.

Harry Wharton understood that there had been some jape on.

So did the crowd, for they simply yelled—especially when Wibley and Bolsover major explained their little jape.

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned.

"Well, Reginald, you absolutely take the cake!" said Harry Wharton. "You burbling ass! They've been fooling you!"

"Oh, bai Jupitah!" gasped Reggie.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry, shedding salt tears of merriment. "Kim along, Reggie, before you catch cold! Oh, my only summer bonnet!"

And, weeping with laughter, Harry Wharton & Co. bore the luckless dupe of Skinner's humour up to the Remove dormitory.

Outside, when the tale of the "Noble Brotherhood of Grand Moguls" was told, Greyfriars roared.

The sound of the laughter reached Reggie as he rubbed himself down and changed his clothes.

"Oh, bai Jove!" he groaned. "I shall weally have to w'ite to my patah about this! Gwoogh!"

And for the rest of the day the standing joke at Greyfriars School was the humorous exploits of "Weggie" of the Remove.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Passing of Weggie!

"MY only aunt!" Skinner of the Remove uttered that exclamation in astonishment. Early the following morning, while hanging about in the gateway of Greyfriars, Skinner had encountered the small boy who brought the morning papers to the school. He had commandeered Mr. Quelch's copy of "The Times" in order to take it along to the Form-master's study, thereby making a good impression.

Skinner was so frequently in the Form-

master's black books that he hoped Mr. Quelch would thaw when he beheld this voluntary act of kindness on his part.

The cad of the Remove had glanced casually at the front page of the paper, and an announcement in the "Agony Column" had arrested his attention.

"My only aunt!" said Skinner again. For this is what he saw:

"MISSING FROM HOME!—REGINALD AUBREY PYE-SMITH, who left his father's London residence on Wednesday in order to proceed to Greyfriars Secondary School, Yorkshire, has not arrived at that establishment. Acute anxiety is being felt by his parents. Any news of the missing boy will be gratefully received by Percival Pomfrey Pye-Smith, M.P., O.B.E.—Box S.O.S. 13, 'The Times.'"

For a moment Skinner could do nothing but gasp.

The amazing paragraph knocked him all of a heap, as it were.

It was quite clear what had happened.

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith had come to the wrong school!

Instead of proceeding to the secondary school in Yorkshire, as his fond parents intended, he had come to Greyfriars in Kent!

"My hat!" murmured Skinner.

"Quelchy will have several sorts of a fit when he sees this!"

And he hurried along to the Form-master's study.

"Come in!" called Mr. Quelch, in response to Skinner's knock.

"I've brought your morning paper along, sir," said Skinner meekly.

"I am much obliged to you, Skinner," said Mr. Quelch, taking the paper.

Skinner paused in the doorway.

"Ahem!" he began.

Mr. Quelch settled down in the arm-chair and commenced to read.

"Ahem!" said Skinner again.

The Form-master looked up.

"You have a bad cold, Skinner?"

"Nunno, sir! I—I thought—ahem!—that is to say—"

"Well, Skinner?"

Mr. Quelch's tone was so sharp that Skinner thought he had better come to the point.

"There's something in the paper that will interest you, sir," he said. "It's in the Agony Column, sir."

"The—the what?"

"I—I mean, the Personal Column. There, sir!"

And Skinner indicated the paragraph concerning Pye-Smith.

Mr. Quelch, when he read it, was no less staggered than Skinner had been.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured.

"Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith! That is the name of the new boy, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch reflected for a moment.

"Very well, Skinner," he said at length. "I will deal with this matter."

And Skinner departed, to acquaint his schoolfellows with the surprising news.

When the Remove were assembled for morning lessons Mr. Quelch beckoned to the new junior.

Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith stepped out from his place.

"Haw! You want me, Mr. Welch?"

"Yes," said the Remove-master. "It appears that a great mistake has been made—a mistake which is almost without parallel in my recollection. To which school did your father intend to send you, Pye-Smith?"

"To Gweyfwiahs, bai Jove! Gweyfwiahs Secondawy School, to be pwe-cise."

Mr. Quelch gasped.



"But this—this is not a secondary school!" he almost shouted.

"Eh?"

"This is a public school. You appear to have come here in error, Pye-Smith. It was intended that you should go to the Greyfriars Secondary School in Yorkshire."

"Oh, cwumbs!"

"The notification that you were coming must have been addressed to the wrong place," Mr. Quelch went on. "Your father intended that you should go to the Yorkshire school, and the fact that you did not do so has caused him the keenest anxiety."

"Gweat Scott!"

"I will consult Dr. Locke about the matter at once," said Mr. Quelch.

There was a buzz in the Form-room when the Remove-master had gone.

"My hat!" said Bolsover major. "The silly young ass doesn't belong here at all!"

"Thank goodness!" said Harry Wharton fervently.

Reginald Pye-Smith looked utterly dazed.

"Bai Jove! I seem to have put my foot in it this time—what?"

"You have!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Both feet, in fact. You've caused the old folks at home to shed briny tears about you."

"Oh dear!"

"Well, you're much better suited for a secondary school than a real one," said Nugent.

"In fact, a kindergarten would be nearer the mark!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Yes, rather!"

Mr. Quelch swept into the Form-room a few moments later.

"You will pack your belongings at once, Pye-Smith," he said, "and return to your home. Your father has been wired to expect you."

"Then—then I'm not stayin' here?" faltered Pye-Smith.

"No; and I cannot help thinking that Greyfriars is to be congratulated on its lucky escape," said Mr. Quelch.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, boys! Pye-Smith, you will go and pack your things at once. A cab has been ordered to convey you to the station."

Like a fellow in a dream Reginald Aubrey Pye-Smith quitted the Form-room.

Half an hour later a rumbling of wheels in the Close showed that he was taking his departure.

"It's the best thing that could have happened," whispered Harry Wharton. "We didn't want the Remove turned into a lunatic asylum!"

And the rest of the juniors agreed.

They had looked their last upon that amazing "knut" and simpleton, Weggie of the Remove!

THE END.

(Don't miss "BILLY BUNTER'S BANK HOLIDAY!"—next Monday's grand complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., by Frank Richards.)



# Goggs, Grammarian

By Richard Randolph

## SYNOPSIS.

Johnny Goggs comes to Rylcombe Grammar School from Franklingham, in company with Trickett, Blount, and Waters.

Goggs is a ju-jitsu expert, a clever impersonator, and the organiser of many brilliant japes. He leads an expedition of Grammarians to St. Jim's, and in a night raid the occupants of the Fourth Form dormitory are securely gagged and bound.

(Now read on.)

## At Dead of Night!

Each Grammarian had accounted for his victim. More than a dozen of the Fourth lay gagged, and fastened hand and foot. The loops in one rope went round wrists, and were then drawn tight. Those on the other were drawn upon legs, and there was no necessity to pull them taut.

And all had been done without awakening more than one or two of those not included in the first batch.

"Wharrer marrer?" asked Percy Mellish drowsily. And the next moment Lane fell upon Mellish, and that youth was effectively prevented from saying anything else for a while.

"I say, there's something up! Blake, Herries—"

That was Digby. But Dig's speech was cut short by the two Woottons, and in a moment Dig lay bound and helpless, like the majority.

There was some little trouble with the last batch, for they had for the most part been awakened before their turn came. But they could not get on to what was happening, and before they began to understand they had shared the fate of the rest.

"Good!" said Gordon Gay breathlessly.

"Better than good!" answered Goggs.

Jack Blake struggled somehow into a sitting position, and glared in wonderment at Goggs. It was plain that he had recognised his voice.

"Yes, it is I, my dear Blake—John Goggs, alias Phelim O'Hoggarty—very much at your service!"

A gasp came from behind the gag of Blake, and it was not from him alone that stifled murmurs of surprise proceeded. Every

Fourth-Former there had heard those words, and only a few of the least quick of them failed to understand.

Goggs here! Goggs and Phelim O'Hoggarty one and the same!

It was a complete spoof—one of the biggest spoofs the Grammarians had ever played at the expense of St. Jim's.

For few doubted why Goggs was there. Phelim O'Hoggarty had merely pretended to arrive at St. Jim's as a new boy in order that he might let in the Grammarians to play this little game of theirs. They might very possibly have managed an entry without him, but there was a so much greater chance for the complete success of the raid if they had a confederate within the walls.

Goggs took a risk, of course. But the risk was not a tremendous one. Johnny Goggs was known to Mr. Railton and the Head; they might both have been surprised at his coming uninvited to the school, but neither would have taken a severe view of his conduct; and, of course, the St. Jim's juniors could not have given away his real errand.

A spoof—a complete spoof!

"Will you kindly allow that I take the gag from the mouth of Blake, my dear Joyful?" asked Goggs politely.

"Do as you like. But keep D'Arcy muzzled, for any sake! We can't wait till the morning before we move along to operate upon the Shell."

An inarticulate murmur of resentful protest came from behind the gag of the Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Goggs removed Blake's gag.

"I regret that at the moment I cannot shake hands with you, my dear fellow," he said as he did so. "I hope to have that pleasure later, however."

"Oh, you blessed spoofer! You wily villain!" snorted Blake, half angry and half amused.

"You admit, then, Blake, that you and the rest of the dormitory are fairly dished, diddled, and done?" asked Frank Monk, grinning.

"We've got to admit it," replied Blake. "But you duffers could never have done it without Goggles, here, and Goggles belongs

to us more than he does to you. We knew him before you did."

"Pardon me, Blake, but I am now Goggs, Grammarian," said Johnny blandly.

"Well, you've scored over us, anyway," said Blake. "Did I hear you say that the Shell hadn't been dealt with yet?"

"That's right, whether you heard us say it or not," answered Gordon Gay.

"Go and do them, then! For the sake of fair play and common decency don't let Tommy and the rest off! We shall never hear the last of it if you don't get them as well as us."

"You will not interfere?" asked Goggs.

"How can they, duffer?" said Wootton major.

"My meaning was that possibly they might consent to be put on their parole not to give the game away if we released them at once," Goggs replied.

"Zey vill be safer if zey stay tied oop," said Mont Blanc.

"Sure, yes. What's the good of letting the bounders off with just a minute or two?" agreed Nicky O'Donnell.

"Oh, I say, you might as well do it!" urged Blake. "I'm not kicking—it's no blessed use doing that. I'll give my parole all serene, and I'm pretty sure the rest will, too. Try Gussy to start with."

Wootton minor whipped the gag out of the noble mouth of Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, bai Jove! Oh, weally, I have a vevy gweat mind—"

"My hat! What a delusion! D'Arcy thinks he has a great mind!" gasped Gay.

"A vevy gweat mind to shout an' let the Shell fellows know. Blake, I would not have cweditid you with being so base as to betway your own side in this mannah! I weally considah that a warnin' is—Groooh! Wha—Gurrrrrgggg!"

Wootton minor had slapped the gag back.

"Come on! Let's leave them to it," said Wootton major.

"I am of opinion that it would be far safer to take their parole," Goggs said. "We cannot spare anyone to stay with them, and if we leave them behind alone it is only necessary for one to get free in order to release the rest. Then, if our task in the

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other dormitory was not completed, we might find ourselves in the awkward position of being between two fires."

He stopped, and looked at Blake in a questioning way. But Blake could not answer him. Only a mutter that was wordless, yet eloquent, came from behind the gag of Blake, which Gay had put back.

"Come on!" said Gay. "You're too merciful, Goggles. It might be safer to accept their paroles; but, if you ask me, it's jammier to leave them to it!"

### The End of the Raid!

"WELL, of all the silly asses!" snorted Clive.

"Who's a silly ass?" demanded Levison warmly. "You're as much in it as I am, I suppose?"

"I meant myself," said Clive. "But you're no better. And Ralph here is the worst of the three of us!"

"But not quite so bad as these sweet specimens of Grammarians, who knew that Goggs was among them, an' yet thought that they would be allowed to let on to us what was in store," Cardew said.

"Goggs is an absolute knock-out!" said Levison. "I'd never have thought that anyone could put it over me like this. Wonder what he's up to?"

"He's going to let our rotters in, and they're going to put all you silly asses through it," Larking explained sulkily.

"On the whole, Ernest, dear boy—takin' everythin' into consideration, Sidney, old gun—we're not so badly off in bein' out of that," remarked Cardew.

"Well, we're getting ours," said Clive.

"Not so sure about that," Levison demurred. "Will you fellows just let me get at the door? I won't absolutely guarantee that I can pick the lock; but I don't mind betting five to one that I can do it in under ten minutes!"

"Done with you—in Brazil nuts, dear boy!" replied Cardew. "Will you Grammar School—er—gentlemen—it is better to be courteous, even at the cost of failure in literal adherence to facts—kindly move aside an' allow room for the labours of Levison the Locksmith?"

Larking and Snipe, who were in the way, moved grudgingly.

"You might drop that tone, Cardew," said Carpenter resentfully. "We are just about fed up with it."

But to that Cardew deigned no reply.

"Light a match, Clive!" ordered Levison.

"I've my pocket torch," answered Clive.

"Oh, good! Now we sha'n't be long!"

The lock on the woodshed door was quite a simple one. Levison did things to it with his penknife, which included a corkscrew and one of the little implements for the removal of stones from horses' hoofs.

"I'm only just ticklin' it up now," he said. "But I fancy you'll hear it click in a minute or two. Ah! There she goes!"

Levison had done it. Perhaps even he did not know exactly how; but that was of small consequence.

He was about to push open the door when Cardew said:

"One moment, Ernest, dear boy! Are we releasing our little friends here, or are we not?"

"Oh, may as well let them go!" said Clive.

"It was not your opinion that was asked, Sidney. You have a pernicious habit of buttin' in of which you should really try to—"

"See here, Cardew—"

"Now, now! Do not suffer your angry passions to rise because you have been chidden. What do you think, Ernest?"

By the light of Clive's torch Levison contemplated the three Grammarians with disfavour.

"They're a rotten crew!" he said. "But I think we may as well let them clear out. After all, it wasn't really our fellows who put them here. Goggs tricked them into that. They are really his prisoners, and I don't see anything in keeping his prisoners for him."

"You can't now the door's open. Try it on, and we'll jolly soon show you!" snapped Carpenter.

"If you mean that you want a rough house, much as my objection to violence of any kind is, I think I may say that we are ready to accommodate you," said Cardew blandly.

"Not worth while," Levison said. "Let 'em go."

Larking pushed towards the door. But Cardew thrust him back.

"After your superiors!" he said. "Sidney, please come last, an' see that these—er—gentlemen do not rob Taggles of any wood."

"Rats!" returned Clive.

"We'll make you pay for this, Cardew!" hissed Larking furiously.

"Have I offended you?" inquired Cardew, as he hurried off with Clive and Levison.

Less than five minutes later the three reached the Fourth Form dormitory. By that time the Grammarian trio were well on the road to their own school, fuming as they went.

At the door of the dormitory Levison & Co. halted.

Something was wrong in there—they were sure of that at once.

Queer sounds were coming from the beds—not such sounds as sleepers make. Some of the gurgling and gasping might have been the unconscious work of heavy snorers. But the only heavy snorer among the Fourth was Baggy Trimble, and Baggy certainly could not have made all that row.

Levison bent over the nearest bed, which chanced to be that of Harry Hammond.

"He's gagged!" he exclaimed. "The Grammarians have been here!"

"Did you imagine they had come to visit the Head?" asked Cardew, as Levison pulled the gag out of Hammond's mouth.

The practical Clive turned at once to another bed, and performed the same kind office for Digby.

"My 'at!" gasped Hammond.

"One of the ancestral hats, so to speak?" inquired Cardew.

For Harry Hammond was the son of Hammond, of Hammond's High Hats fame.

"Silly ass! They fairly 'ad us! They are—"

"Don't take the gag out of Gussy's mouth yet," were the first words Dig spoke, breaking in upon Hammond. "It doesn't really need any explaining, and Gustavus will take all night explaining it if he gets half a chance."

"Get this thing off my 'ands!" said Hammond impatiently.

"Those Grammarian bounders are in the Shell dorm, giving Tom Merry and the rest of them a dose of the same medicine," went on Dig. "It's a fine chance to nab them, if we only hurry up and get the rest loose."

"Festins lente," answered Cardew. "Hasten slowly, mes enfants! Why should not Tommy an' Co. go through it, even as you have gone through it? Echo answers 'Why?' Lowther would say that Echo should answer 'It'; but I sincerely trust that by this time Lowther is incapable of sayin' anythin'. I should be very sorry if the dear Montague escaped the kindly attentions of the enemy."

"How did you come to escape them?" asked Blake, who was now freed.

"The wise an' wide," replied Cardew, "by which I mean, of course, Levison an' myself—Clive merely profits by our extreme width an' wisdom, havin' none of his own—have methods of their own of avoidin' such humiliations as this!"

Levison, Clive, Hammond, Digby, and Blake were all busy releasing others; and as the others were released they in turn got busy also. But Cardew did not trouble to lend a hand. He lounged against the foot of a bed, hands thrust deep into trousers-pockets, and watched the rest at work in the moonlight.

The hum of voices which arose was quite loud enough to reach the ears of the raiders in the adjoining dormitory.

"Shush!" said Blake warningly. "If we're going to do anything, this blessed row is dead off. Shush, you silly asses!"

"Weally, Blake, I considah that aftah—"

"Oh, hang it all; somebody's been and let Gussy loose!" groaned Dig.

"Bai Jove, Digbay! I—"

"Shurrup, idiot!"

"I uttahly wefuse to be called an idiot, Hewwies—"

"Do you fellows know that that chap Goggs is in this?" asked Blake of the rescuers.

"Do we know that Queen Anne is dead?" returned Cardew. "Surely you do not imagine that the identity of O'Whathisname with Goggs was hidden from such keen eyes as those of Levison an' myself? I say nothin' of Sidney—"

"But I've got something to say about you,

old top, and that is that Goggs dished you as completely as he did anyone!" struck in Clive. "Why, he must have gagged you and shoved you into the woodshed with about a dozen fellows looking on—Herries and Gussy and Mulvaney among them!"

"Sure, an'—"

"I am not Cardew's keepah—"

"Serve Cardew jolly well right!" growled Herries. "He swanks too much!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Blake. "Fairly done in the eye this time, Cardew!"

"Do you really think so, Blake? Now, it seems to me that the fellows who were with me were much more completely taken in than was I. What is there to prove that I did not take up my quarters in the woodshed for a brief space in order to enjoy the improvin' conversation of Larking, Carpenter, an' Snipe?"

"And got Goggs to gag you so that you couldn't talk back, I suppose?" said Lumley-Lumley.

"Oh, come on!" said Blake impatiently. "What's the use of standing here listening to Cardew's rot?"

A long file of pyjama-clad forms followed Blake out of the dormitory.

Cardew leisurely brought up the rear.

Blake turned the knob of the door. The knob turned easily enough; but the door did not open.

"I say, you in there!" he called softly.

"Go away!" came back the voice of Gordon Gay. "We're busy!"

"The bounders have fixed up something in front of the door!" said Roylance.

A chuckle came from Cardew.

"You fellows evidently do not yet know thoroughly the dear Goggs!" he said. "His watchword is 'Efficiency,' first, last, and all the time. Trust Goggs, an' you will not get left!"

"Seems to me," said Durrance, grinning, "that you trusted him and got rather badly left."

"Now that, dear cousin George, is unkind—almost brutal!" answered Cardew softly. "You have no more tact than Sidney; an' less than that no man could have. By the way, Blake, has it occurred to you that frantic efforts to get that door open are really wasted?"

Blake, Herries, and as many more as could get near it, were shoving hard at the door, while those behind pressed on them, causing quite a jam in the passage.

"Ugh! Stop it, you silly fatheads! You're squashing us!" cried Blake. "What do you mean, Cardew?"

"Simply that after they have finished with Tommy & Co.—whether directly after or a little later is of small consequence—the Grammarian miscreants will take their departure. They have not come here to stay—not even O'Goggs—blessed be his name! When they go we take them on the hip, an' mighty shall be the slaughter!"

The crowd drew away from the door a bit.

There was sense in what Cardew said. Sooner or later, it seemed, the raiders must come through that door. It was not at all worth while to break it down in order to get at them.

"Yooop! Help, you fellows—help!"

The voice came from inside, and the tones were those of George Alfred Grundy.

"It sounds a bit as if Grundy were being put through it in some extra-special way!" remarked Roylance.

But it was not that. It was only that Grundy had managed to break loose from the bonds about his arms, and to remove his gag.

"Hellup!" came from him. Then: "Ow! Gurrngggg!"

The gag was back, that was evident.

It was also evident that the raid upon the Shell dormitory had been as effective and as successful as that upon the Fourth.

Had it failed, or had it met with merely partial success, there would have been sounds of scuffling. But there were no such sounds. There were gaspings and gurglings from the victims, and low-toned chortlings from the triumphant raiders—that was all.

"Well, I can't say I'm sorry Tommy and the other Shellfish have got it in the neck, as we did!" said Blake. "But now that they've had it I want to get at those bounders!"

"They are bound to come out," said Digby. But he said it a trifle doubtfully.

Like many of the rest, he had a notion that Goggs might still have something up his sleeve. Gordon Gay was by no means an



opponent to be despised; Frank Monk and the Woottons and Carboy were all hefty antagonists; but Goggs was given a place above them all in the estimation of these fellows.

"By gad, though!" said Cardew suddenly. "I've just thought of somethin'!"

"What is it?" asked Durrance.

"Sure to be something dashed silly!" growled Herries.

"Not particularly, I fancy," said Cardew.

"Does it happen to have occurred to any of you geniuses that—"

He paused.

"Oh, go on, fathead!"

"That the Shell dormitory has windows?" finished Cardew.

"My hat! I don't hear any voices in there now!" said Julian.

"Sure, an' I haven't heard them ever since they stopped!" agreed Mulvancy minor.

"Be quiet, you silly chumps, and let a fellow listen!" snapped Blake.

All listened. Gurglings and gaspings were still to be heard; but the sound of voices had ceased.

"Try the door, dear boy!" suggested Cardew languidly.

Blake pushed again. The door began to give, slowly but surely. Herries put his strong shoulder to it, and it gave yet more.

There was still resistance; but it was now a resistance that could be overcome without much difficulty.

He dragged away a washstand, and the rest trooped in after him.

Through a wide-open window flowed in the cool night air. Blake rushed to that window.

He and those who followed were just in time to catch a last glimpse of the raiders as they stole away in the shadows.

"What's this?" snapped Blake.

He dragged at a rope, which crossed the window-ledge, and was fastened to the head of a bedstead. Attached to the rope by a pin was a half-sheet of paper.

So bright was the moonlight that he was easily able to read the words upon it. He read them aloud:

"Ta-ta, friends all! You may keep the rope as a memento. We have no further use for it at present. I hope to give you a look-in, under a flag of truce, one day before long.

"JOHN GOGGS, ALIAS PHELM O'HOGGARTY."

"Who's won the wager, Tommy dear? We have!"

"Who are top dogs? We are!"

"Who pays for the feed? You do!"

"Cheerio!"

"GORDON GAY."

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"The cheek of the bounders!" growled Herries.

"Just look at these fellows!" chortled Clive.

Every fellow in the Shell dormitory had succumbed. Tom Merry, Talbot, Manners, Lowther, the great George Alfred, his henchmen, Gunn and Wilkins, Kangaroo and Dane and Glyn, Gore, Skimpole, and all the rest—all had been gagged and bound.

Their eyes goggled and glared in the moonlight; their gurglings took on a deeper note. They would have begged for release; but none had a voice wherewith to beg, or hands free to lift in piteous appeal.

"How do you like it, Tommy?" asked Blake cheerily.

"The correct question is, I believe, 'Is that the way you like it done, dear boy?'" gibed Cardew.

"Bai Jove! We weally must release them, Blake!" protested Arthur Augustus. "Tom Mewwy is in positive agony, an' I am quite suah that Gwunday is suffewin' the most excruciatin' tortures of mind."

"Let 'em suffer!" answered Blake. "They've fairly got it this time! Good old Shellfish! Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, lettin' us all down by being taken in like this?"

"Considewin' that the vewy same thing happend to us—"

"Shut up, D'Arcy, you silly idiot!" snapped Kerraish.

"I entially wefuse to shut up, an' I shall be compelled to administrah to you a feahful thawashin', Kewwnish, if you— There you are, Tom Mewwy!"

"If that silly chump hasn't been and gone and let Thomas loose!" exclaimed Digby.

"Yaas, of course! I—"

"Thanks, Gussy, old pal!" said Tom Merry. "Oh, it wouldn't have been any good your tryin' that yarn on us, Blake. We know that you went through it before we did. It was the first thing those bounders told us after they had got us all fairly trussed up."

(Continued on page 16.)

# The Editor's Chat.

The Companion Papers are:

THE MAGNET. THE GEM. THE BOYS' FRIEND. CHUCKLES. THE PENNY POPULAR.  
Every Monday. Every Wed. Every Monday. Every Friday. Every Friday.

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS.

## OUR GREAT WHITSUN WEEK NUMBER!

On Monday next a Grand Holiday Number of the MAGNET Library will appear. I asked Mr. Frank Richards to write an extra-special story by way of a Bank Holiday attraction; and he has given of his best in

### "BILLY BUNTER'S BANK HOLIDAY!"

The story describes how Harry Wharton & Co. go over to St. Jim's to play a holiday cricket-match. Billy Bunter, hoping to extract many fine feeds from the school where he stayed for a season, resolves to go with them. Mr. Quelch resolves otherwise. However, Billy Bunter defies his Form-master, and an unexpected stroke of good luck enables him to make the journey to St. Jim's, where he causes a big upheaval! Mr. Quelch follows hot on the trail, and

### "BILLY BUNTER'S BANK HOLIDAY!"

does not prove such a rosy time as the fat junior anticipated. Humour and sport are the outstanding characteristics of this yarn; and I have no doubt that the Whitsun Number of the MAGNET Library will be strongly in evidence at the seaside, and at other places where Magnetites choose to revel in the charms of Bank Holiday.

## A BREATHLESS SUGGESTION!

### Who Will Back It Up?

A few weeks ago I published in the "Boys' Friend" a letter from an ardent reader, who made the following daring but fascinating suggestion:

"Could not a big sort of Annual be published from the office of the famous Companion Papers, in which really long, complete stories of all the famous schoolboy Co.'s could appear—that is, Harry Wharton & Co., Tom Merry & Co., and Jimmy Silver & Co.? I am sure everyone would welcome a really fat volume on these lines. I think we could promise you a record sale for it if you would oblige us with it, Mr. Editor."

Following this comes a long and chatty letter from W. M., of Sheffield. Space does not permit me to publish it in full, but here are some extracts therefrom:

"Dear Mr. Editor,—I am quite in agreement with the suggestion of 'An Ardent Boy Friend,' as noted in your Editorial recently; and I am even more enthusiastic. I have no shadow of doubt whatever that there are hundreds of others, keen readers all, who agree and applaud likewise.

"But why restrict it to the three premier authors—Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, and Owen Conquest? Could not other favourites be included—Sidney Drew, Prosper Howard, etc.?"

"And, of course, to round off the stories in the Annual, there would certainly be an Editorial Greeting, and some of Mr. G. R. Samways' verse, which many have missed since the 'Greyfriars Herald' sank beneath the waves.

"Of course, there is plenty of scope; and please don't forget: A coloured cover, imposing and jolly-looking; and add the verses of the author of 'Favourite Friends in Fiction,' 'Greyfriars Lyrics,' 'St. Jim's Jingles,' etc. The price, of course, will be a minor consideration to you when you remember what fabulous prices are being offered for 'School and Sport,' 'The Boy Without a Name,' etc.

"Think of the tremendous hit our favourite authors made with 'School and Sport,' 'Rivals and Chums,' 'Through Thick and Thin,' 'After Lights Out,' 'Frank Richards' Schooldays,' 'The Feud at Rookwood'—then

heap all the cash and joy and praise gained from those all together, and you'll see the Annual's promised success.

"And don't forget to include Phyllis Howell, Cousin Ethel, and Marjerie Hazeldene in the Annual!"

First of all, let me thank W. M. most cordially for his letter. I do not think I remember any reader who has shown such a keen insight into the history of the Companion Papers as this shrewd Sheffield correspondent. I should be very glad, by the way, to receive W. M.'s full name and address, so that I can write to him personally.

With regard to the suggested Annual, I must confess that such a scheme appeals to me very much. Whether it will make a similar appeal to my readers the ensuing weeks will show.

I want everyone who is interested in this gigantic project to write and tell me exactly what they think—whether they would like such an Annual to be published; what they would like it to contain; what they think it ought to cost, etc., etc.

Of course, I should flatly decline to consider such an enormous scheme unless I had, at the commencement, the whole-hearted support of all my boy and girl chums. I should not dream of persuading that brilliant and distinguished trio of authors—Frank Richards, Martin Clifford, and Owen Conquest—to give themselves up to this tremendous task if I thought their labour would be in vain.

The production of a Bumper Annual of this sort would mean long days and nights of strenuous toil; but it shall be undertaken, cheerfully and promptly, if only my readers will signify, in the usual manner, their enthusiastic approval. If they feel they cannot do this, then the whole scheme must be swept aside as impracticable. But something tells me that my chums will approve, and that for many mornings in succession I shall proudly survey a bulging postbag.

Write to your Editor now!

## BOXING FOR BOYS!

Much water has flowed under the bridges since Stanley Hooper, Flyweight Champion of Essex, first came into my sanctum. I have had many a pleasant chat with him since; and these chats have left me strongly of the opinion that what Stanley Hooper doesn't know about boxing isn't worth knowing.

This famous boxer takes a personal and sympathetic interest in the work of the Companion Papers. He is at present conducting a personal course of lessons in boxing; and he tells me that he is willing to send his interesting and instructive book, "The Science of Boxing," price 7s. 6d., to any readers of the Companion Papers at the greatly reduced sum of 3s. 6d. This is a concession of which, I feel sure, full advantage will be taken.

Those of my chums who wish to perfect themselves in the noble art of self-defence should apply for this wonderful book direct to Stanley Hooper, E.F.C., 47, St. Ann's Road, Notting Hill, W. 11.

## STEP FORWARD, JOHNNY!

### News Wanted of a Missing Chum!

Will John Godfrey Robinson, who seems to have vanished off the face of the earth, kindly make his present whereabouts known to his old chum, Stanley W. Diaper, of 128, Fortune Green Road, West Hampstead, London, N.W. 5.

Any reader of the Companion Papers who is at present connected with the absent Johnny will be doing a fellow-reader a good turn by bringing this paragraph to his notice.

H. A. H. (YOUR EDITOR).



"Not all of us," said Cardew. "Levison an' I, accompanied by Clive—but no credit is due to Clive, naturally—escaped the base indignity."

"Yes—locked up in the woodshed all the time, weren't you?" retorted Kangaroo, whom someone had now set free. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"That fellow Goggs is the very outside edge!" chimed in Talbot. "I'm sure this blessed scheme was of his contriving."

"Hallo, Talbot!" said Cardew. "Has your head appeared above the surface? But what of the rest? Have all gone under for good? Shall we hear no more the gentle voice of Grundy, the accents sweet an' low of Gore, the mellifluous tones of Racke, the—"

"You dashed rotters!" howled Grundy. "You wouldn't come to the rescue; that was bad enough! But to leave us tied up like that, and to taunt us— My word, let me get at you, that's all! I'll make you sit up for it!"

"Tha-a-anks, but I think not, Grundy," replied Cardew, yawning. "I have had all the excitement that my delicate constitution will stand for one evenin', an' I do not propose to sit up for anyone. I'm off to bye-bye. Who travels the same road? Good-night, all of you!"

And the Fourth cleared out.

### But Not the End of the Night!

LARKING & CO. were in a very unpleasant frame of mind as they trudged back.

Their attempts to score off Goggs had been frustrated again, and they had been covered with confusion.

But what rankled most of all was the open contempt of Cardew.

"I'll put it across that swanking bouncer yet!" fumed Larking.

"I'm with you there, old chap," said Carpenter. "I never did like Cardew, and I certainly don't love him any better after this."

"Well, if you ask me, there's more in getting home on Goggs," snarled Snipe. "And the rest of them, too. Gay and Monk and all that gang are every bit as bad as Cardew—worse!"

"All very well to talk about getting home on them," answered Larking. "Question is, how are we going to do it?"

"Oh, I know a way!" leered Snipe. "A dashed good way. And the beauty of it is that it's dead easy to work it at once."

"What is it?" demanded Larking.

"Lock them out!"

"Whew!" whistled Carpenter.

"Dashed good notion!" exclaimed Larking.

"Oh, I don't know, old man. It's a bit thick. There are ways of getting at an enemy that are fair enough, and there are other ways that are dead off," said Carpenter. "I can't help thinking that that kind of thing would be above a bit off."

"Growing squeamish?" sneered Larking.

"Carp's always being taken that way," put in Snipe, with an unpleasant grin.

"Oh, you dry up, Snipey! Look here, Lark, everybody who goes out after bed-time uses that same way out. It's a kind of general secret, and to me it doesn't seem quite the square thing to play tricks with it. You don't want to bring the beaks into this, I suppose?"

Left to himself, Carpenter had quite a decent notion of the square thing, and quite a decent disposition to do it.

But he hardly ever was left to himself. And Larking's was the stronger will. A

dodge that Carpenter would at once denounce as off when Snipe suggested it took on new colours to him when Larking's support was given it.

So it was now.

"It isn't a question of bringing the beaks into it," replied Larking. "I'm not saying I should kick against it if it was. But you must see for yourself that it isn't. They're all in bed and asleep. What we shall do will only make sure that there shall be no bed and no sleep for the merry firm of Goggs, Gay, Tag, Rag, and Bobtail to-night!"

"Well, if that's all," said Carpenter, "I don't mind. It won't hurt the bouncers to spend a night out in weather like this, and it ought to teach them that they aren't the only fellows who can play tricks."

"Goggs locked us all in; we'll lock them all out!" Snipe said gloatingly.

"That window's easily forced with the blade of a knife, you know," objected Carpenter, after a moment's hesitation.

"Are any of the others?" asked Larking.

"No. At least, I don't think so. The catches are different. Don't you remember that night when we got through and found the Form-room door locked on the outside, and had to go back and try all the others? No blessed luck! Someone came down and opened the door after we'd chucked up gravel at the windows."

"Well, if the other windows can't be opened, we can easily make sure that this one shouldn't be. It only needs a couple of long screws and the trick's done."

Carpenter did not argue any longer. He felt vaguely that the trick was not fair. It was unfair even in a way that their treachery of earlier in the evening had not seemed to him.

There they were acting against the enemy. It was true that they had gained the information which enabled them to act by discreditable means. But it was easy enough to think of that as part of the campaign.

This was different. The Form-room window as a way out was a secret common to all the more adventurous spirits of Rylcombe Grammar School.

To play tricks with it was like poisoning wells in warfare. Even the enemy had his rights. Against even the enemy there were limits to what one might decently do. And, disguise the fact as they might, Larking & Co. knew very well that the result of their projected trick might be the catching out of Gordon Gay & Co. by someone in authority.

But the deed was done. Snipe found screws and a screwdriver, the window-sash was screwed down, and the three went up to Dormitory 29 to bed.

Larking and Snipe were quite chirpy now. But Carpenter was gloomy and morose.

Fully three-quarters of an hour elapsed between their going to bed and the return of the raiders.

They came back full of spirits, but dog-tired.

Over the wall they dropped, one after another, and filed across the quad to the window of their own Form-room.

It was not the only window to that room, but it was the one always used on such occasions as this, because the catch yielded so readily to persuasion. Even if anyone came along, found it unlatched, and fastened it, that did not matter. A knife-blade would put all right.

"I shall be jolly glad to get into bed," yawned Frank Monk, as they halted under the window.

Gordon Gay tried to push up the sash. "Somebody's latched it," he said. "Lend me a knife, one of you fellows. I don't want to break the blade of mine."

Lane obliged with a knife the blade of which was already broken, and the catch was pushed back without any difficulty.

But still the sash refused to budge.

"Let me try, Gay," said Bags.

Bags tried, Monk tried, Wootton major, Wootton minor, Carboy, Donaldson—all tried, while the rest offered them advice, and began to get very impatient.

"It's no go!" said Gay at length. "Some cad must have fastened it up to keep us out."

"Cads!" corrected Carboy. "And it's dead easy guessing who they were!"

"Now, then, Goggs," said Wootton major, "you're the brainy one. Have you any suggestion to make?"

"Certainly I have," replied Goggs meekly.

"What is it, then?"

"I suggest that, if we really cannot get in we must stay outside."

"Idiot!" snorted Gay.

"My dear Joyful, I do not think that what I said was in the least idiotic. If we cannot get in it follows logically that we must stay outside."

"That be hanged for a tale!" snapped Wootton major. "We're simply bound to get in, some way or another!"

"I am delighted to hear it," replied Goggs.

Then they stood and stared at one another in the moonlight.

It was all very well for Jack Wootton to say that they were bound to get in; but, unfortunately, saying that, however resolutely, did not help them to do it.

"We might chuck gravel at the dormitory windows," said Donaldson, rather doubtfully.

"I don't see much use in asking to get it in the neck," Gay replied.

In the bright moonlight that dodge did really seem a trifle like seeking for trouble. Whoever took upon himself the risk of throwing up gravel at the windows must chance being seen; and if one was seen all would be caught.

"Would it not be possible to get upon the roof?" asked Goggs.

"What would be the giddy use of that?" returned Carboy.

"Sure, I've heard of a night on the tiles, but I wouldn't have been after thinking that it was in your line, Goggles," remarked Nicky O'Donnell.

"Oh, dry up, you fatheads! If Goggs says 'roof,' Goggles has some reason for saying 'roof,'" said Bags. "What's the wheeze, old bird?"

"Is there not a skylight?" inquired Goggs.

"Yes, of course," replied Gordon Gay.

"It's queer you should have thought of that when we didn't, as you've been here only five minutes or so. But we've got to get on the roof before we can get at the skylight, and even then we may find it fastened."

"I do not think that the problem of reaching the roof should present any insuperable difficulty," said Goggs.

"Except that it can't be done," answered Frank Monk, with a grin.

"I think I can make it clear to you that it is possible of accomplishment," said Goggs. "I have noticed a tree at the back which should be of some assistance to us, I consider. Let us go round there."

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