

MEET William Wibley, the Greyfriars Schoolboy Impersonator, in . . . "THE BOY BEHIND THE SCENES!" Inside.

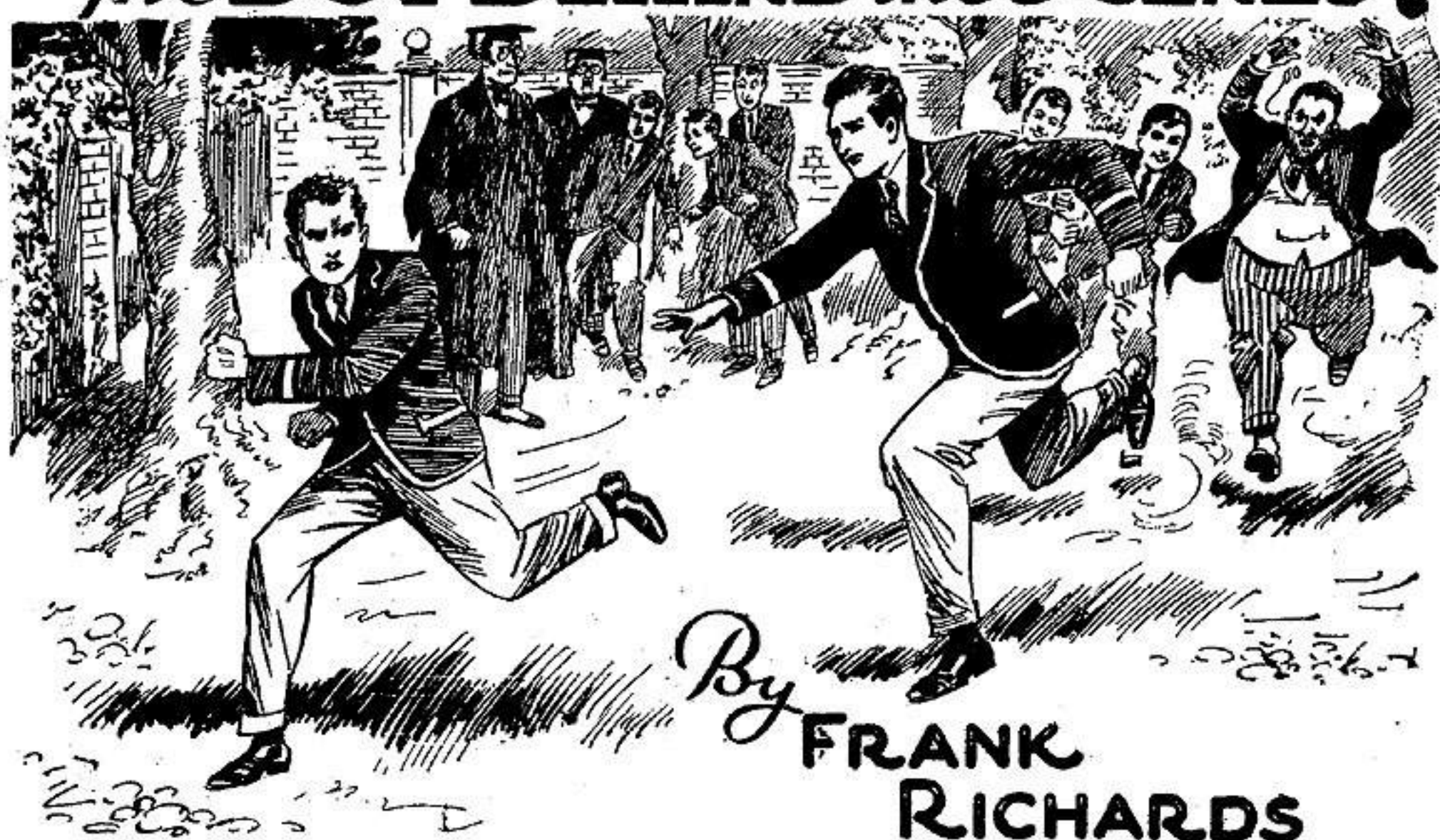
The Magnet^{2D}

*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



A FROG
For **FROGGY!**

The Boy BEHIND the SCENES!



By
**FRANK
RICHARDS**

STARRING HARRY WHARTON & CO. AND WILLIAM WIBLEY.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Peter Gets the Ink!

"THAT ass—" "Stop him!" Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry uttered those exclamations simultaneously.

They were sauntering under the old Greyfriars elms, in morning break. They sighted Peter Todd of the Remove suddenly.

For a moment they wondered what Toddy was up to.

His back was to them, and he was peering round the trunk of a massive elm. In his hands was a large garden squirt, about a foot and a half long. Inky drips from it told that it was filled, not with water, but with ink.

Apparently Peter was taking aim at something, or somebody, on the farther side of the tree.

The next moment they understood.

There was a bench on the other side of that elm. On the bench was seated the dapper figure of Monsieur Charpentier, the French master at Greyfriars School.

Mossoo was reading a French newspaper, in the shade of the spreading branches of the elm.

He sat with his back to the tree, and evidently had not the slightest suspicion that there was a Remove junior behind that tree, with a big squirt in his hands.

Peter Todd was taking aim when Wharton and Bob, coming along, spotted him.

His aim was at the back of the French master's neck.

Froggy was booked, in a few seconds more, to get about a pint of ink in the back of his neck—which undoubtedly would have surprised him very much!

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Inevitably he would have got it—had not Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, rushing forward together, grabbed Peter in time.

They grabbed him quickly—Wharton by the shoulder, Bob by the ear—and dragged him back.

"Oh!" gasped Peter, startled.

"You ass!" breathed Wharton.

"You fathead!" gasped Bob.

"Leggo!" hissed Peter. "You asses—you chumps—you fatheads—you swabs—you silly cuckoos—"

Wharton and Bob did not let go. Still gripping Peter by the shoulder and the ear, they hooked him away, and walked him off the spot.

Peter went. He had no choice about that. But he breathed rage as he went. Only one consideration prevented him from discharging the inky squirt at the two juniors who had collared him. He wanted the contents of that squirt for Mossoo.

"Will you leggo?" he hissed.

"No, ass!"

"No, fathead!"

"You meddling fatheads!" hissed Peter. "I'm going to get Froggy in the back of the neck! I'm going—"

"This way!" said Bob.

"Come on, you howling ass!" said Harry Wharton.

They did not stop till they were at a safe distance from the elm under which Froggy sat—still peacefully perusing his paper from Paris, and happily unconscious of his narrow escape.

Then Peter was released. He glared at them, half lifting the inky squirt.

"I've a jolly good mind—" he hissed. "Look here, you cheeky chumps, you're not going to stop me, see? Haven't we all agreed to keep on ragging Froggy to the end of the term for getting old Wibley sacked?"

"Yes—but—" said Harry.

"Oh, blow your butts!" snapped Peter. "If you funk it yourselves, leave it to me! If you're afraid of Froggy, I'm not!"

"We're not afraid of Froggy, fathead!" said Bob Cherry. "But—"

"Well, mind your own bizney!" snapped Peter. "What the dickens does it matter to you if I get Froggy with this squirt? Have you taken the little beast under your protection? Like your cheek! You were as keen as anybody; at first, on ragging him for getting Wibley turfed out of Greyfriars—"

"Oh, yes! But—"

"If you want to keep on butting, like a billy-goat, I've no time to listen to you! Gerrout of the way!"

"My dear ass—" urged Harry.

"Do you want what I've got in this squirt, you cheeky sweep? I'd jolly well let you have it, right in the chivvy, only I want it for Froggy! Will you get out of a fellow's way?"

"No, fathead! You are not going to squirt Froggy! Why, he would raise Cain all over the school if he got that—"

"Let him!"

"You'd be sacked, like poor old Wibley, if you were spotted—"

"I'm chancing that. Besides, I'm not going to be spotted. The little beast hasn't any eyes in the back of his head, has he? If he has, I've never noticed them. When he gets this ink, it will keep him busy, and I shall have lots of time to clear. Let me pass!"

"Now look here, Toddy—" urged Bob.

"Looks to me as if you've turned funky!" said Peter scornfully. "You can let Froggy off, if you like! I'm not going to. If you've forgotten that he got Wibley sacked, I haven't. I'll show the little beast whether he can

get a Remove man bunked, and nothing said!"

"But——" said Harry.

"But——" said Bob.

"Billy-goating again!" hooted Peter. "Shut up and let a chap carry on! Break doesn't last for ever! The bell will be going soon!"

"Take that squirt back to Gosling's shed, fathead, and chuck it!" said the captain of the Remove.

"You see, old chap——" said Bob.

"I don't!" contradicted Peter. "Mind your own bizney! Look here, if Froggy doesn't get this ink, you do! Want it?"

Peter lifted the big garden squirt, and took aim.

"Hold on!" gasped Bob.

"Stop it, you chump!" exclaimed Wharton.

They jumped away. For certain reasons, which Peter did not understand, they did not want the French master to get the squirt-full of ink! But still less did they want to get it themselves.

Peter grinned.

As the two juniors jumped away, he made a rush. In a split second he was past them and cutting towards the tree where Monsieur Charpentier sat. Evidently Peter was going to carry on—if he could. Peter Todd was a stickler.

"After him!" panted Wharton.

They tore in pursuit. Bob Cherry shot ahead of his comrade and grabbed at Peter before Toddy had covered half the distance to his destination. He got Toddy by the collar and jerked him back.

"Stop!" he panted. "You ass, stop! Stop, I say!"

Peter had to stop! But as he stopped, he turned, and the squirt let fly!

If Mossoo was not going to get it, Bob was—that was Peter's idea! He was asking for it, and he was going to get it!

And Bob assuredly would have got it had not Harry Wharton, in the nick of time, grasped the squirt and twisted it away from him.

He did not mean to twist the nozzle at Peter Todd. He only meant to twist it away from Bob. But he had to act in haste; and in point of fact, the nozzle of the squirt twisted right into Peter's face, as the inky contents shot out in a stream.

Splash!

"Ooooooooooh!" spluttered Peter.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob.

"Oh my hat!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Ha, ha!"

Peter Todd staggered. The squirt dropped at his feet. Peter, with both hands, clawed at ink. Ink smothered him. His face was as black as the ace of spades. His hair was drenched. Ink ran down his neck, and into his nose and mouth. He seemed nearly all ink!

"Nrrggh!" he gurgled. "Wurrgh! Gurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the two juniors. Certainly they had not meant Peter to get the ink. They were sorry, indeed, that he had got it. But they could not help laughing. Peter suddenly transformed into a black man, was comic to the view. They roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ooooooh!" spluttered Peter Todd.

"Ooooh! Look at me! Woooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I'll——" gurgled the enraged Peter.

According to Shakespeare, 'tis sport to see the engineer hoist by his own petard! But the engineer, in such circumstances, could not be expected to enjoy the sport. Certainly Peter Todd did not enjoy getting his own squirt of ink. He spluttered ink and fury. He

clenched a pair of inky fists, and leaped at the two yelling juniors.

They jumped away and ran.

They did not fear Peter's fists—but they did not want any of the ink! Peter was altogether too inky to touch!

Still yelling with laughter, they cut away into the quad.

Peter was left clawing and spluttering ink. Peter was a determined fellow, and absolutely determined to avenge the sacking of Wibley of the Remove—but probably, just then, he rather regretted that he had had the bright idea of getting Mossoo with a squirt of ink!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

To Fight, or not to Fight!

MR. QUELCH, the master of the Remove, threw open the Form-room door as the bell ceased to ring for third school.

The Remove took their places—with one exception.

Mr. Quelch, noting that exception, frowned. Quelch always looked grim if a fellow was late for class.

Punctuality is said to be the politeness of princes. There was only one prince in the Greyfriars Remove—Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur. But Mr. Quelch exacted the politeness of princes from all of them. Or else there was trouble!

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RINGING THE CHANGES!

One minute he's William Wibley, the expelled junior. Next minute he's Archibald Popper, new boy! No wonder he's got Greyfriars guessing!

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Peter Todd was the absentee. Peter really could not help being late. He had some washing to do. A pint of black ink required a good deal of washing, before a fellow was in a fit state to appear in class!

Peter, while his Form-fellows gathered in the Form-room, was in a bath-room, rubbing and scrubbing, scrubbing and rubbing, and breathing fury, ink, and steam! Soap and hot water were what Peter needed at the moment more urgently than instruction in Latin grammar.

Mr. Quelch glanced over his Form, frowned, and stepped to the door and looked down the corridor.

"I say, you fellows, where's Toddy?" whispered Billy Bunter. "I say, Toddy ain't here! Quelch looks shirty!"

Archibald Popper, the new junior in the Remove, chuckled.

"I think something's happened to Toddy!" he remarked. "I saw him cutting into the House as black as a nigger."

"So did I," said Johnny Bull. "He was smothered with ink——"

"Must have been larking with ink," said Frank Nugent. "What the dickens was he doing with ink out in the quad?"

Wharton and Bob Cherry exchanged a glance, and grinned. They knew what Toddy had been doing with ink in the quad.

"Poor old Toddy!" murmured Bob. "I suppose he's washing it off!"

"You fellows know anything about it?" asked Vernon-Smith. "I saw Toddy coming in—he was smothered in——"

"Well, yes; we saw it happen!" admitted Wharton. "Toddy looked rather inky! He had a—sort of accident with a squirt of ink."

"Silly ass!" said Bolsover major. "He was going to squirt Froggy—I helped him collect the ink for the squirt! Mean to say he got it over himself?"

"Sort of!" grinned Bob.

"Jolly good thing he did, then!" said Archibald Popper. "Why can't the silly fathead give Froggy a rest?"

"You shut up, you new kid!" growled Bolsover major. "We're not giving Froggy a rest, after he got old Wibley sacked. Wibley was a silly goat, but he was a Remove man——"

Mr. Quelch stepped back into the Form-room.

"Silence in the class!" he rapped. "Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" answered the head boy of the Remove.

"Todd is not here! Do you know why Todd has not come into class, Wharton?"

"I—I—I think he had an—accident with some ink, sir," stammered Harry. "He had to get a wash, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. "Very well!"

His look did not indicate that it was very well, however. Accidents will happen, certainly; but the Remove master did not approve of accidents or anything else keeping a fellow away from class.

Latin prose proceeded in the Remove Form Room. That lesson was for an hour; and a quarter of it had elapsed when Peter Todd arrived.

All eyes turned on him as he entered.

Peter's face was red with rubbing and scrubbing—also with wrath. Generally quite a good-tempered fellow, Peter looked anything but good-tempered now. He gave the captain of the Remove an almost ferocious glare as he came in.

"Todd!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes, sir! Sorry I'm late, sir——"

"You are fifteen minutes late for class, Todd!"

"I—I had an accident with some ink, sir!"

"You should not have had an accident with ink, Todd!" said the Remove master coldly. "You will take a hundred lines for being fifteen minutes late."

"Yes, sir!" said Peter, breathing hard.

He went to his place, giving the captain of the Remove another ferocious glare as he did so.

Harry Wharton gave him a cheerful smile in return—which did not seem to soothe the exasperated Peter.

"You wait till after class, you swab!" he whispered as he passed.

Evidently Toddy's thoughts were running on vengeance.

Peter sat down, and the lesson was resumed. There was some subdued whispering in the Form.

The juniors knew that Peter had had an accident with ink—only Wharton and Bob Cherry knew how. But in a few minutes a good many fellows knew! Toddy was simmering with wrath and indignation, and his indignation was generally shared by the fellows who learned what had happened.

Harry Wharton glanced round at a touch on his elbow, to meet the angry and indignant glare of Bolsover major.

"You rotten cad!" said Bolsover.

"Eh—what?" ejaculated Harry.

"Measly rotter! Barging in to protect that little beast Mossoo. You ought to be jolly well booted!"

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"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Rotten trick!" said Skinner. "Why couldn't you leave Toddy alone?"

"Sure, I'd punch your head if I was Toddy!" said Micky Desmond. "And, faith, he's going to, after class."

"More power to his elbow!" said Tom Brown.

"If there is any more whispering in this class," said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice, "the whole Form will be detained for one hour!"

Whispering in the Remove immediately ceased.

There was no more whispering; but every now and then Peter Todd's eyes turned on Harry Wharton with a gleam in them. Once, when Mr. Quelch's back was turned, he shook his fist at the captain of the Remove.

It was rather a worry to Wharton. He did not want to row with Toddy. But it was clear that there was going to be a row after class. It was clear, too, that the sympathy of the Remove was on Toddy's side.

It was two or three weeks since William Wibley of the Remove had been expelled from Greyfriars. But William Wibley was not forgotten. The Remove were keeping his memory green, so to speak, by ragging the master who had caused him to be sacked.

William Wibley's offence—serious enough in the eyes of the beaks—was not serious at all in the eyes of the juniors. He had "guyed" Mossoo—and why should he not? Skinner had remarked that if Froggy didn't want to be guyed, he shouldn't be a funny little ass. The Removites agreed that he shouldn't.

Why Harry Wharton & Co., suddenly and without explanation, had "chucked" ragging Froggy, the other fellows did not know. Other fellows, at all events, were not going to chuck it.

And when it appeared that they had not only chucked it themselves, but were barging in to make other fellows chuck it, it was natural for the Removites to feel indignant.

Expressive looks were cast on the captain of the Form, from all sides. Most expressive of all were Peter's looks.

Clearly, Peter Todd was only waiting for the Remove to be dismissed to get going on the trail of vengeance.

Dismissal came at last. The Remove marched out of the Form-room, and the Famous Five went into the sunny quad together.

Harry Wharton was not surprised when Peter came cutting across after them.

"Now, you rotter!" said Peter.

Harry Wharton backed away a pace or two, waving him off.

"Keep your temper, old chap!" he said amicably. "What's the good of rowing?"

"The rowfulness is not the proper caper, my esteemed and idiotic Toddy," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You see, old chap—" said Frank Nugent.

"You see—" said Johnny Bull.

"Cut it out, Toddy!" said Bob Cherry.

"You fellows can shut up!" said Peter. "I've come here for Wharton! I'm going to lick him! He's mucked up my jape on Froggy, smothered me with ink, and got me a hundred lines from Quelch! Think I'm going to stand it?"

The Famous Five exchanged glances. Really, they had to admit that Toddy had reason on his side. A fellow could not be expected to stand all that!

"I'll jolly well mop up the school with him!" said Peter. "You cheeky cad! I'll mash you like a potato! I'll

make your eyes as black as you made my face! Step behind the clins—"

"Oh rot!" said Harry. "Look here, Toddy, I'm not going to scrap with you!"

"Aren't you?" yapped Peter. "Well, you're going to be licked; and you can please yourself about the scrapping, of course. You get the licking, anyhow. Put up your paws!"

"My dear chap—"

"Oh, cut that out!" snapped Toddy. "Here goes!"

He jumped at the captain of the Remove, hitting out. There would have been a fight on the next moment; but the Co. collared Peter on all sides. Five pair of hands closed on him, and jerked him off his feet.

"You rotters!" roared Peter Todd, struggling. "Leggo! Is this what you call fair play? By gum—"

"Make it pax, old man!" said Harry.

"No!" roared Peter.

"I'm not going to fight you!"

"You are!"

"Oh, bump him!" said the captain of the Remove.

Bump!

"Oh, my hat! Oh crumbs! Yoo-hoop!" roared Peter.

Bump!

"Ow! Leggo! You cads—rotters—worms—sweeps—Yarooop!"

Bump!

"Urrrrrgh!" gasped Peter breathlessly.

He sat and gasped for breath. And the Famous Five walked into the House, and left him gasping.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Wibley Says No!

ARCHIBALD POPPER, the new junior in the Greyfriars Remove, stood before the glass in Study No. 1.

Standing there, watching his reflection, he dabbed at his face, touching up the complexion here and there.

Any fellow in the Remove who had seen him then might have been astonished. A Remove man touching up his complexion in front of a looking-glass was rather a phenomenon. But the study door was closed, and no eye fell on Archibald.

Archibald had his reasons. His complexion, as it happened, was not his own, and required touching up occasionally. Neither was his thick, wavy brown hair a natural adornment; neither were his heavy dark eyebrows.

Under that thick, wavy brown hair was hidden the close crop of William Wibley. Under those thick brows were concealed Wib's light eyebrows. And under that pasty complexion was Wib's own natural colour.

Archibald, as he dabbed, grinned.

The disguised schoolboy could not help wondering, every now and then, what Mr. Quelch would have thought had he known that William Wibley, expelled from Greyfriars, was still a member of his Form?

Of that extraordinary circumstance, Mr. Quelch had not the remotest idea.

Certainly he knew about Wibley's wonderful skill in amateur theatricals, and his weird gift for impersonation. He could not help knowing about that, as Wibley had been caught, made-up as the French master, impersonating Mossoo, and guying him for the entertainment of the Remove.

But that Wibley would even dream of staying on at the school after he was sacked, and that he had the amaz-

ing nerve to turn up there as a new boy, Mr. Quelch was not likely to guess.

Mr. Quelch knew that Sir Hilton Popper, of Popper Court, had intended to send his nephew Archibald to Greyfriars. He did not know that Sir Hilton had changed his mind on that subject; but, by a happy chance, Wibley did. Hence his present stunt.

Wibley, alias Popper, dabbed at his face, and grinned; but he ceased suddenly to dab and to grin as there was a bang at the study door, and it flew open.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!" roared Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five tramped in.

Archibald gave them a glare.

"Fatheads! You made me jump!" he grunted. "What's up?"

He could see that something was up. All the five were looking serious, and Harry Wharton specially so. A look of alarm came over Archibald's face.

The game he was playing at Greyfriars School was rather a risky one, as well as an extraordinary one. No fewer than eight fellows in the Form knew his secret—the Famous Five, the Bounder, his chum Redwing, and Billy Bunter. Seven of the eight were reliable in the matter of keeping a secret. One—Bunter—was extremely unreliable. Every day Archibald dreaded that Billy Bunter's tongue might have wagged a little too much.

"What's up?" he repeated. "Anything happened?"

"Yes," grunted Harry Wharton.

"Has that fat foozling freak Bunter been babbling?" hissed Archibald. "By gum, I'll burst him all over Greyfriars if he has! I stand the fat bounder tea every day in this study to keep him quiet. If he's been gabbling—"

"Blow Bunter!"

"Isn't that it? Then what's up? Has anything come out?" demanded Archibald.

"Not that I know of."

"Oh!" Archibald's face cleared at once. "That's all right then. Nothing else matters very much, old beans!"

"Doesn't it?" growled the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, no! This stunt will turn out all right, if only it's kept dark," said Wibley cheerfully. "Just wait till I catch Mossoo in a jolly good temper! Only a word from him to the Head, and the sack will be washed out. It would have worked before this all right, if the silly asses hadn't been keeping him hopping like a hen on hot bricks with all that fatheaded ragging. What's the good of waiting to catch him in a specially good temper, when every day he gets gum in his inkpot, or soot in his armchair, or rats in his desk, or something or other?"

"Look here—"

"You ought to put it down, as head boy of the Form," said Archibald warmly—"specially now you know how much depends on it."

"How can I put it down, fathead, when all the fellows are shirty about you being sacked, and they're making Mossoo sit up for that very reason?" said Harry. "All the fellows in the secret have chucked ragging Froggy. But the other fellows are keeping on—naturally. And they think we've chucked it out of funk—"

"Oh, never mind what they think!" said Archibald airily. "Just keep in mind how important it is for me to get back to the school. This stunt can't go on for ever. My father gave me leave to stay on, but, of course,

he doesn't know anything about this. He must think I've got leave. Well, suppose he wrote to the Head—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"He might," said Wibley. "In fact, anything might happen. I've got to get through, you know. This is no end of a lark, but it's jolly risky. Suppose I got spotted before I've got Froggy to come round. Is that what you fellows are worrying about?"

The Famous Five grinned.

Perhaps it was natural for William Wibley, in the peculiar circumstances, to be chiefly concentrated on his own affairs, and his own prospects. But, really, other fellows had their own

Wibley, and that you want us to give Froggy a rest. We understand, and Toddy doesn't. I'm not going to fight him. That's what we've come here to tell you. Toddy's got to be told."

Archibald looked alarmed again.

"Not a word!" he exclaimed. "You've all promised to keep it dark. Not a word to Toddy, or anybody else."

"You've got to tell him!" exclaimed Bob.

"I'll watch it!"

"Toddy will keep it dark, same as we're doing," said Nugent.

"The darkness will be terrific!" assured Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

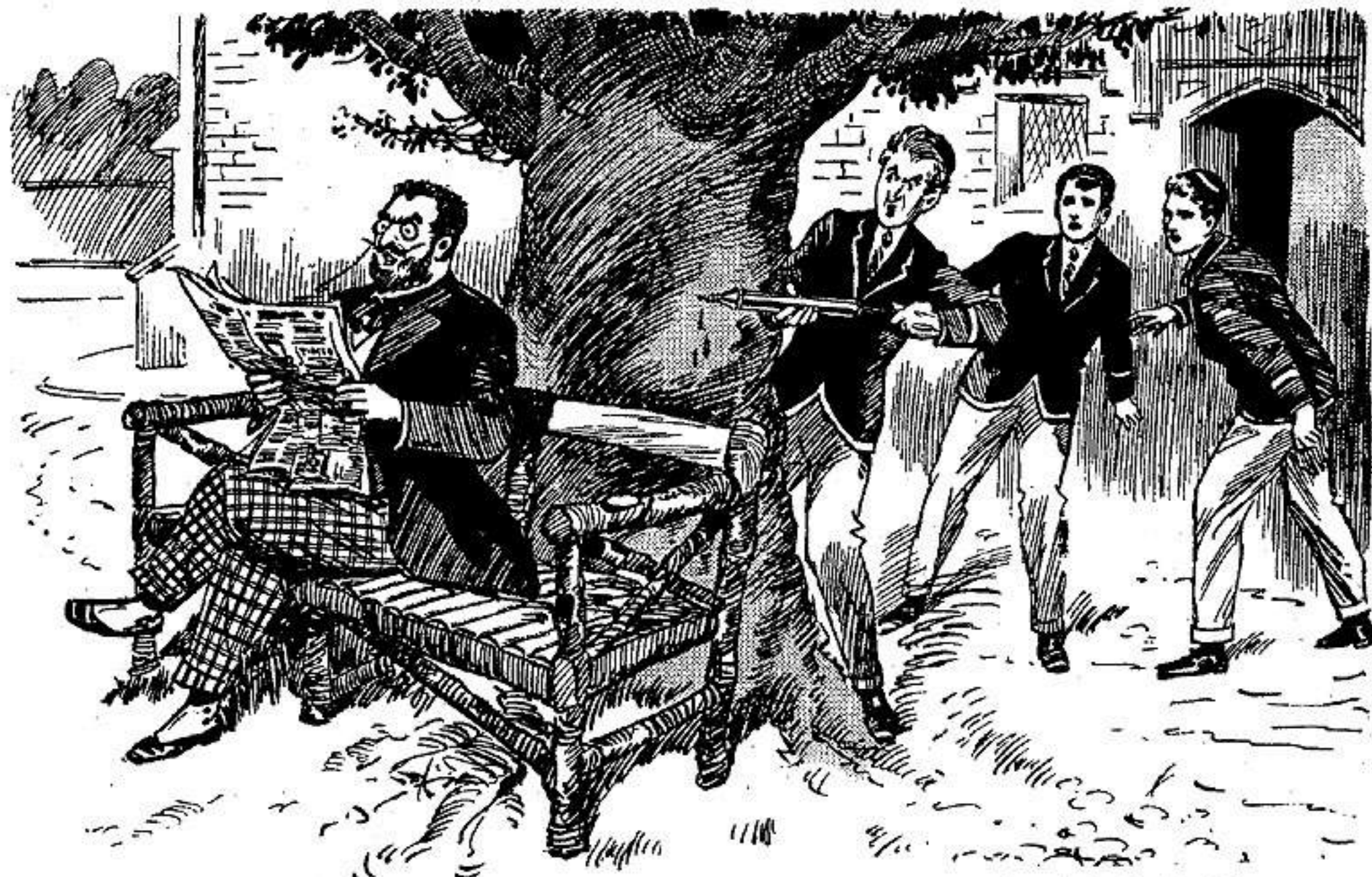
—my hair came off! Suppose Toddy punched my eyebrows off—"

"Well, then, let Toddy into the secret—"

"Rats!"

"You can't leave me landed like this!" roared Wharton. "Toddy's as mad as a hatter now, and he has a right to be! But if he knew—"

"He's not going to know!" said Archibald determinedly. "Too many in the secret already! That fat ass, Bunter, keeps me on the jump! I'm not having that bony ass, Toddy, keeping me on the jump, too! Look here, if you scrap with him, you'll knock him out all right! It may keep him quiet



Monsieur Charpentier sat with his back to the tree, reading a French newspaper, unconscious of the fact that there was a Remove junior behind that tree, with a big squirt in his hands. Peter Todd was taking aim, when Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, coming along, spotted him. "Ass!" breathed Wharton. "Fathead!" gasped Cherry.

affairs, too. Wib really was not the only pebble on the beach, though he often seemed to fancy that he was.

"I'll tell you what I'm worrying about, fathead!" said Harry Wharton. "I've got a row on with Toddy—"

"Oh, that ass!" said Wibley. "From what I hear, he was going to squirt Froggy with ink, and you stopped him. Jolly good thing you did. Mind, I don't mind Froggy being ragged. Once I'm safe back in the Remove, I'll rag him as soon as anybody, but just at present—"

"Could you possibly stop talking about yourself for a minute or two?" inquired the captain of the Remove. "Look here, we stopped Toddy—and he got the ink instead of Froggy."

"Good!" said Archibald heartily.

"That's all very well, ass, but naturally, he's wild!" snapped Wharton. "He wants to fight me for it."

"Well, let him. You can lick Toddy all right."

"I dare say I could, but I don't want to, ass. He's in the right. He's on Froggy's trail for getting a Remove man sacked. So should we all be if we didn't happen to know that you're

"He's got to know," declared Johnny Bull. "You can see that for yourself, Wibley, you ass!"

"There you go!" snapped Archibald. "Why can't you call me Popper? Toddy's a bigger fool than you are!"

"What?"

"If possible, I mean—"

"Why, you cheeky ass!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Every minute I expect one of you fatheads to blab it out," exclaimed Wibley, "and now you want me to tell another fathead. Too many fatheads in the secret already, if you ask me."

"Look here, do you think I'm going to fight Toddy for nothing?" demanded the captain of the Remove. "If you told him, he'd understand at once, and he would chuck ragging Froggy, same as we did—"

"And very likely call me Wibley before a dozen fellows! Don't be an ass!"

"Well, look here, you can take on the scrap, then!" said Harry.

"So I would, only I can't scrap in this outfit! Look what happened when I had a row with Smithy, before he knew

for a bit, too—and keep him off ragging! Might be a good thing, really!"

The Co. grinned, but Harry Wharton did not grin; he glared. He was booked for a fight with Peter Todd, unless Peter was let into the secret. Evidently Wibley was not going to agree to that. Eight fellows already knew that Archibald Popper was William Wibley; and that, in Wib's opinion, was exactly eight too many! Nothing would induce him to make it nine!

"Will you tell him?" roared Wharton. "No!" retorted Archibald. "I jolly well won't! And you won't, either, as you've promised not to! So shut up!"

"Well, I'm not going to break my promise," said Harry, "and if you won't tell him, you won't! But if you're going to land me in a scrap with Toddy, I'll jolly well bang your silly head for you, anyhow."

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Might knock a little sense into it!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Here, keep off, you silly clump!" exclaimed Archibald, as the captain of the Remove grabbed him by the collar

"Leggo! I'll mop you up—I'll—I'll—yaroop!"

Bang! Archibald's head smote the study table. Frantic yells rang through the study.

"Ow! Stop it!" howled Archibald. "You blithering ass, my hair's coming off!"

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

"Leggo! You dangerous maniac, leggo!" shrieked the disguised junior. He tore himself away from the captain of the Remove.

Harry Wharton stared at him, his exasperation changing to merriment.

Archibald's wavy brown hair was all on one side of his head now! On the other side was the close-cropped tallow-coloured hair of William Wibley, visible to all eyes! His aspect, with hair of two different colours on the two sides of his head, was extraordinary, and the Famous Five yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley jumped to the glass, grabbed at his wig, and proceeded to rearrange it. And the Famous Five, chuckling, left him to it.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Wrathy!

PETER TODD frowned. He was angry! He was very angry!

Had Peter been asked, like the prophet of old, whether he did well to be angry, Peter would have answered like the prophet, that he did! He was, in fact, intensely exasperated.

"The cheek of it!" said Peter for the umpteenth time.

Billy Bunter, on the other side of the tea-table in Study No. 7, did not answer. Bunter was too busy for speech.

Tom Dutton, the third member of Study No. 7, was teasing out with Lord Mauleverer up the passage. That was so much to the good, from Billy Bunter's point of view. It left a larger supply for Bunter.

Bunter was in a hurry to get through that supply. Tea was due in Study No. 1. Billy Bunter honoured that study every day with his fat presence at tea.

Even Bunter could not quite think that his regular visits brought joy or satisfaction to the fellows in that study! Indeed, they often glared quite inimically when the fat face and big spectacles of the Owl of the Remove looked in. Delightful as Bunter's company no doubt was, they seemed to have had enough of it there, if not a little too much.

But Archibald Popper, at least, had to stand it, unless he wanted Bunter to address him as Wibley in public—which he did not! And Harry Wharton & Co. stood it on Archibald's account.

Why they stood it did not matter much to Bunter—so long as they did stand it! And, so far, they did!

That was why Bunter was in a hurry now. He was going to tea in Study No. 1; but it did not even occur to him to leave his tea in Study No. 7 for that reason. He was parking one tea, in haste, before he rolled off to bag the other.

Peter Todd had had a cake from home that day. It graced the tea-table in Study No. 7. It was disappearing with great rapidity. When the last of it had disappeared Bunter was booked to disappear also. But not till then!

"The cheek!" went on Peter. "Backing out of it themselves—and barging in to make another fellow back out! I'll jolly well show 'em! I'm going on

ragging Froggy till his hair turns grey! See?"

"Mmmmmmmmm!" murmured Bunter. With his mouth full of Peter's cake, that was all the reply Bunter could utter at the moment.

"And I'll jolly well show Wharton whether he can bargo in and stop me!" said Peter, with gleaming eyes. "I can't make the chap out! Keen as anything on ragging Mossos when old Wibley was sacked! Now he's changed right over! Cheeky ass! I'll jolly well show him!"

Peter moved towards the door of Study No. 7.

Billy Bunter blinked round at him in alarm through his big spectacles.

"I say, Toddy, old chap!" Cake rather impeded Bunter's utterance. "Groogh! Urrggh! I say, hold on—stop a minute, Peter! I want to say—ooooogh!"

Bunter bolted a large mouthful of cake, gurgled, and resumed:

"I say, where are you going, Peter?"

"Wharton will be in his study now. I'm going there!" grunted Peter. "I'm going to mop up the study with him!"

"But—I say, hold on! D-d-don't be in a hurry, Peter! I say, they'll all be there, the whole five of them, and Wibley—"

"Wibley—"

"Oh! No! Of—of course not! Wibley isn't at Greyfriars now!" stammered Bunter. "I—I wonder what made me say Wibley?"

"Potty, perhaps!" suggested Peter.

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Any more bosh to babble before I go?" asked Peter politely.

"Hold on! Look here, I'm going there to tea!" gasped Bunter. "I—I can't go there to tea while you're kicking up a shindy, old chap! Wibley's got a jam-roll for tea—"

"Wibley?" yelled Peter.

"Oh! I—I don't mean Wibley, of course—"

"Are you right off your rocker?" asked Peter, staring at his fat study-mate. "A dozen times at least you've gabbled some rot about Wibley the last week, as if he were still in the school! Have you got Wibley on the brain?"

"I—I—you see—I mean—"

"Well, what do you mean?" snapped Peter.

"Oh! Nothing, old chap!"

"You blithering bloater—"

"Oh, really, Toddy! What I mean is, I—I'm not thinking about the jam-roll—I don't care much for tuck, as you know—what I mean is, they'll chuck you out—I don't want you to be chucked out on your neck, Peter! Leave it till after tea."

"And after tea, it won't matter if I'm chucked out on my neck, what?"

"That's it, old chap, exactly! I—I mean—"

"Yes, I know what you mean!" growled Peter. "You fat, frabjous, frowsy frog, I can't make out why those chaps let you stick them for tea in Study No. 1 every day. Anyhow, you can cut it to-day."

"But I don't want to cut it, old chap—I've been hurrying through my tea here, because I'm going to tea there!" exclaimed Billy Bunter warmly. "I say, Peter, don't go there kicking up a row now. Wharton won't scrap with you—they'll just boot you out on your neck—and very likely bump you, too, like they did in the quad—"

"Let 'em try it on!" said Peter grimly. "I'll call up all the Remove to see fair play if they do. We'll ship the whole study!"

"Yes, that's all very well, after tea—but—I say, Peter, leave it till after tea, old fellow! I tell you they've

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got a lovely jam-roll—you know Mrs. Mimble's big jam-rolls. Well, Wibley—"

"Wibley!" shrieked Peter.

"I—I mean Popper—"

"You mean Popper?" howled Peter.

"Yes, Popper—Popper got a whole jam-roll!" said Bunter. "I saw him getting it, at the tuckshop. I made a point of it, see? I told him plainly that I expected it. Well, look here, if you go kicking up a row—"

"You told Popper you expected a jam-roll for tea? And why the thump should that mop-headed new kid stand you a jam-roll?"

"Oh! I—I mean— I—I didn't tell him! That's what I meant to say," stammered Bunter. "You see—Wibley—"

"Wibley again!" bawled Peter.

"I—I—I mean—"

"Has old Wibley been back to the school, and have you seen him?" demanded Peter. "There was a yarn the other day that Mossos had seen him—he fancied that he'd seen Wibley in his study—"

"He, he, he!"

"What are you cackling at, you fat chump?"

"Oh, nothing! I—I haven't seen Wibley, of course! He's not at Greyfriars now, Peter! How could he be, when he was sacked two or three weeks ago? If you think he's in Wharton's study, you're quite mistaken, old chap."

"I don't think he's in Wharton's study, you blithering bandersnatch, as I know he isn't!"

"He, he, he!"

Peter gave his fat study-mate a glare, and pulled the study door open.

Billy Bunter jumped up from the table, and grabbed him by a bony arm.

"I say, stop, old chap!" he gasped. "Leave it till after tea! I say, Peter, I forgot to tell you, but Smithy said he wanted to see you in his study—"

"Let go, fathead!"

"I—I mean, Wingate told me to tell you to come down to his study! You'd better go at once, Peter! You can't keep the captain of the school waiting!"

Evidently Bunter was anxious for Toddy to keep the peace until the jam-roll in Study No. 1 was safely disposed of.

"Let go my arm, idiot!" yapped Peter.

"But I say, old chap, look here—ow! Leggo!" yelled Bunter, as Peter Todd, with his free hand, gripped him by a fat neck. "Oh! Ow! Oh crikey! Stop it!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter let go Peter's arm, as he sat down on the floor of Study No. 7. He sat hard and heavy, and roared as he sat.

Toddy tramped out, and marched down the passage to Study No. 1! Jam-roll or no jam-roll, Toddy was on the warpath—and Billy Bunter's only consolation was what remained of Toddy's cake!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery!

HARRY WHARTON, at the tea-table in Study No. 1, was, like Toddy in Study No. 7, frowning. He was worried.

Three or four times that afternoon he had dodged Peter Todd.

Peter was determined on a scrap—the captain of the Remove was resolved that there should be no scrap—if he could help it!

But really, it was far from pleasant to be dodging a fellow who was on the warpath. And it was clear that he could not dodge Peter permanently.

Letting Peter into the secret was the only way out of the difficulty. But that rested with Archibald. And Archibald was adamant on that point.

At the present moment Archibald, in contrast to the captain of the Remove, was looking very cheerful.

"Did you fellows notice Froggy in the quad?" he asked.

"Oh, blow Froggy!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I mean, he was looking merry and bright," said Archibald. "I fancy the time's getting ripe! I believe I should have been able to talk him over the other day when I tried it on; only a silly fathead had got him in a booby-trap, and made him fearfully ratty. I rather think—"

"It's all rot!" said Johnny Bull.

"You always were an ass, Wibley. You'd never have got sacked at all, if you hadn't been a silly ass. You're an ass to be sticking here, got up as a new kid. You're the biggest ass of all to think that you can catch Froggy in a good temper and talk him round. The little fool hasn't got over your guying him—and he won't get over it."

The Co. nodded assent to Johnny's remarks.

Archibald sniffed.

Archibald, at least, had confidence in his own stunt. Perhaps because it was his only chance he clung to it all the more.

But the Famous Five, though undoubtedly they wished Wibley luck, did not believe that there was anything in it. They could not help thinking that Wibley was led away by his own hopes; believing that he had a chance of "getting back," chiefly because he wanted to believe it!

It was true that a word from Mossos to the Head would probably induce that majestic gentleman to wash out Wibley's expulsion. But only Wibley believed that Mossos could ever be induced to utter that word. The little French master was kind-hearted and amiable enough; but he had been too deeply wounded and offended by having been "guyed" by the schoolboy actor.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not believe that Froggy would "come round;" though, for Wibley's sake, they hoped so. Wibley, on the other hand, was convinced that, if only the ragging by the Removites ceased, and Mossos was left in peace, he would catch him at a favourable moment, and the trick would be done.

"The best thing you can do," went on Johnny, "is to chuck it!"

Another sniff from Wibley.

"Well, I'm not chucking it!" he said. "The pater thinks I've got a chance of getting back here—and I'm not going home to tell him I haven't! I'm not going to be sent to another school while there's a dog's chance of getting back to Greyfriars! It will be all right in the long run! You'll see!"

"I hope so," said Harry. "But—"

"The hopefulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "but the butfulness is also great."

"If those chumps would leave off ragging Froggy," grunted Archibald, "that ass Todd, and Skinner, and Bolsover—and the whole set of silly fatheads. I've heard that that conjuring ass, Kipps, has got some stunt on! I've a jolly good mind to punch his head!"

The door of Study No. 1 opened, and Peter Todd stepped in.

The Famous Five all looked at him. Evidently Peter had come for trouble! Harry Wharton's frown deepened.

"Hallo hallo, hallo!" said Bob affably. "Come to tea, Toddy? Squat down! We've got a ripping jam-roll—"

"I haven't come to tea!" said Peter. "I've come to mop up this study with Wharton! You fellows can stand round and see fair play!"

"Wash it out, old man!" said the captain of the Remove, shaking his head. "Nothing to scrap about!"

"With gloves or without?" asked, Peter, unheeding.

"Neither, old bean."

The Famous Five all rose to their feet. Peter Todd came round the table, heading for the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, collar him and chuck him out!" said Johnny Bull.

"Hands off!" roared Peter, as the Co. closed round him. "You can't get away with this! I'll call all the fellows here, if you don't give me fair play!"

"Fathead! Are you going out on your feet, or on your neck?" asked Frank Nugent. "One or the other—take your choice."

"I'm going to—yaroooh!" roared Peter as he was suddenly up-ended.

"Ow! Leggo! Oh crikey! You rotters—yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As Peter refused to travel on his feet, he had to travel on his neck. Upside down, with his lanky legs in the grasp of the grinning five, he was led to the door.

He yelled frantically as he went.

"Yaroooh! Will you leggo! Call this fair play! Look here, you rotters—grooogh! Oh crikey! Leggo!"

"Come on, old bean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter's legs went doorward—and the rest of Peter had to follow.

His arms thrashed out wildly, his hands grabbing at anything he could hold on to. He caught the leg of the table, and it rocked. Cups and saucers slid off and crashed on the floor. The tea-pot slid—and the jam-roll rolled—and mixed with butter and milk on the carpet.

"Let go that table, you fathead!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Hook him away, Popper!" gasped Harry Wharton.

Archibald Popper, grinning, leaned over Toddy to unhook his grasp from the table leg. Peter had to let go; but he grabbed at Archibald instead, and dragged him over. He got him by his thick wavy hair!

"Oh!" howled Archibald. "Let go! Oh crumbs! Look out, you fellows! Leggo, Todd, you mad idiot! Oh crikey!"

But Toddy did not let go! He had something to hold on to now, and he held on. His fingers were twisted in Archibald Popper's wavy brown hair, and he held on hard and fast.

But the next moment, Peter gave a howl of amazement.

Archibald, jerking his head back, jerked it back without his brown hair! His hair was left in Peter's hand.

"Oh crumbs! That tears it!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Wha-a-a-t—" stuttered Peter.

He was released at once.

Frank Nugent jumped to the door and shut it, hastily. The uproar from Study No. 1 was already drawing fellows along the passage. No eyes were wanted to fall on Archibald in his present denuded state.

Peter sat up on the floor of the study, the brown hair in his hand, and an expression of almost idiotic bewilderment on his face.

For an awful second he had the impression that he had dragged Popper's hair out by the roots!

But it was not so bad as that!

Popper was uncommonly well-provided with hair. Under the crop he had lost he had another crop!

Peter blinked at him dizzily.

"Wha-a-t—" he stuttered. "What the thump—what the dickens—what the thunder—wha-a-at—"

"Oh, you chump!" howled Archibald. "Gimme my hair!"

"Your—your hair!" stuttered Peter. "Oh crikey! What the thump are you doing with two heads of hair?"

Archibald grabbed the brown wig from his hand.

Peter staggered to his feet. He watched the new junior, with dizzy eyes, as Archibald proceeded to stick the brown hair on again before the glass. His jaw dropped—he fairly gaped in his amazed bewilderment. He stared round at the Famous Five.

"Wha-a-a-t!" he gasped. "Look here, what's this game? Did you fellows know—yes, I can see you did! What does it mean?"

"You'll have to tell him now, Archibald!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Bother the silly ass!" snorted Archibald.

Peter Todd gasped. Even without the brown hair, Wibley was not recognisable; but it was clear, at least, that he was not what he seemed. It was clear, too, that the Famous Five knew that the new junior was in disguise.

Peter fairly goggled at Archibald as he replaced the wig before the looking-glass, sticking it on with the fixing-gum used in theatricals.

"Who—what—" stuttered Peter. "Look here, what does this mean? You'll jolly well have to explain this! What—"

"Tell him, Wib, you silly ass!" hooted Johnny Bull.

Peter jumped.

"Wib!" he gasped. "Did you say Wib?"

"Wibley, you silly fathead!" growled Archibald. "Now you know! Keep it dark! This means nine silly idiots in the secret! All the school will soon know, at this rate. Keep it dark, Toddy!"

"Wibley!" stuttered Peter, bewildered. "You ain't Wibley! Ain't you Popper? How can you be Wibley when you're Popper?"

"I'm not Popper, fathead, as I'm Wibley, ass! Popper never came to Greyfriars, after all—and I did! See, idiot! Now shut up, and mind you keep it dark!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Peter Todd.

He fell, rather than sat, into a chair, gazing at William Wibley, alias Archibald Popper, with distended eyes.

Peter was generally quick on the uptake; but he seemed to find it hard to assimilate the fact that Archibald Popper, the new fellow in the Remove, was William Wibley, who had been sacked from the school.

But he got it at last, and the bewildered amazement in his face gave place to a grin.

He understood now why the Famous Co. had ceased ragging Mossoo, and why they had tried to get other fellows to follow their lead. He understood, too, why Harry Wharton had refused to fight him.

"Oh crikey!" said Peter. "What a lark!"

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Where is Wibley?

DR. LOCKE, the headmaster of Greyfriars School, stood at his study window, looking out into the sunny quadrangle.

It was morning break, and crowds of fellows in the quad were under the eyes of their headmaster.

There was a letter in Dr. Locke's hand and a puzzled expression on his face. Every now and then he glanced at that letter, and every time he glanced at it his expression grew more pronounced.

There was a tap at the study door and Mr. Quelch entered.

Dr. Locke turned from the window to face the Remove master as he came in.

Mr. Quelch gave him an inquiring look.

"Trotter informed me that you desired to see me, sir!" he said.

"Quite so, Mr. Quelch! Pray be seated!" said the Head. "I have received a most extraordinary communication, relating to a member—a former member—of your Form."

"Indeed, sir!" said Mr. Quelch, in surprise. "No boy has left recently, with the exception of Wibley, who was expelled—"

"It is Wibley to whom I allude," said Dr. Locke. "This letter, Mr. Quelch, is from his father."

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"I understand, sir! Mr. Wibley desires to reopen the matter? No doubt it was a heavy blow to him—"

"It is not exactly that, Mr. Quelch. The amazing thing is that Mr. Wibley appears to have the impression that I have reopened the matter—"

"In what way, sir?"

"He writes as if his son were still at the school, by my permission!" said Dr. Locke.

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows.

"It is impossible, I presume, that Wibley has returned here, Mr. Quelch?" said the Head.

Mr. Quelch smiled faintly.

"It is scarcely possible, sir, that he can have done so, without being seen," he said, "and certainly he has not been seen here."

"You are, of course, sure of that?"

"Quite! Stay!" added Mr. Quelch. "A few days ago, sir, Monsieur Charpentier stated that Wibley had entered his study to speak to him. He stated that he found the boy in his study, and that he was about to bring him to you, sir, when Wibley ran out and escaped!"

"Indeed!" said the Head.

"Inquiry was made at the time, but no one else had seen the boy, and it appeared impossible that he could have entered the school unseen and unnoticed," said Mr. Quelch. "I was driven to the conclusion that Monsieur Charpentier had made some extraordinary mistake. He was, at the time, in a state of some disturbance and excitement, owing to a prank played by some junior."

Dr. Locke pursed his lips.

"Listen to what Mr. Wibley says on the subject!" he said.

He adjusted his glasses and proceeded to read aloud from the letter in his hand:

"I was, of course, greatly relieved and pleased when my son telephoned that it had been decided for him to remain for a time, while the French master considered the matter further. As more than a fortnight has since

elapsed, however, I should be very glad to hear the final decision."

"Amazing!" said Mr. Quelch blankly.

"Obviously, sir, Mr. Wibley is under the impression that his son is still here," said Dr. Locke. "The boy cannot have reached home."

"Obviously!" agreed Mr. Quelch.

"We need not fear that anything has happened to him," said the Head. "He must have made up his mind not to return home when he telephoned to his father that it had been decided for him to remain here."

"Quite so."

"But he is not here, Mr. Quelch—"

"Certainly not."

"Then where can he be?"

Mr. Quelch shook his head.

"I cannot imagine!" he said. "The boy is deliberately staying away from home, that is clear, after having given his father the impression that he was remaining at the school."

"An untruthful statement—"

"Um!" said Mr. Quelch. "That is somewhat perplexing, also. Wibley was a very thoughtless boy—very much given to absurd practical jokes, especially in connection with amateur theatricals. But he was a truthful boy. I should be very surprised, and very shocked, if it transpired that he had made a false statement, and to his father, too."

"But, otherwise, Mr. Quelch, if the statement was true, he must have remained here—"

"He certainly did not, sir. Wingate of the Sixth Form saw him off in his train at Courtfield the day he was expelled. He has not been seen here since, unless indeed Monsieur Charpentier did see him that day in his study, as he supposed. The explanation may be that he is remaining in the vicinity of the school."

"In communication, perhaps, with some of his friends in your Form, Mr. Quelch," said the Head.

"It is possible, sir. He was popular in the Form, and there has been very keen resentment at his somewhat hard punishment."

Mr. Quelch's tone implied that he rather agreed with the Remove boys on that point.

Dr. Locke coughed.

"His actions are outrageous, Mr. Quelch. I had no choice but to send him away at the French master's demand."

"Oh, quite, sir!"

"I hardly know how to reply to Mr. Wibley's letter. His son, certainly, is not here, and there is no question of the boy being reinstated at Greyfriars. I should be glad, however, if possible, to be able to tell him where the boy is—and possibly you may learn more on that subject from your Form."

"I will certainly question the Remove on the subject, sir."

Mr. Quelch left the headmaster's study with a very thoughtful brow. So far as he had thought of Wibley, since he had left, he had supposed that the expelled junior had gone straight home. At the same time, it was clear that Mr. Wibley supposed him to be still at Greyfriars. William Wibley, apparently, had disappeared into space since the day he was sacked!

When the Remove came in for third school that morning, they found their Form-master looking extremely grave.

Third lesson was geography; but Mr. Quelch did not proceed immediately with geographical instruction.



As Billy Bunter raced up the box-room stairs, Harry Wharton grabbed at a fat ankle. "Ow!" yelled Bunter. "Leggo!" "Down you come—ow! Wow!" The captain of the Remove broke off suddenly as a heel caught him on the nose.

He fixed his eyes on his Form, searching face after face; very little doubt existing in his mind that some members of the Form, at least, could have given him news of Wibley.

He was assured that Wibley had not made an untruthful statement to his father over the telephone. Therefore, as he had stated that he was remaining at Greyfriars, he was remaining.

As he could not—so far as Mr. Quelch knew—remain in the school, he must be close at hand; putting up in some lodging or other. In which case, it was very probable that he was in touch with some of his old friends. In which case, again, Mr. Quelch was going to know!

That keen survey of the Remove by Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes caused some uneasiness in the Form. Herbert Vernon-Smith wondered whether Mr. Quelch had heard anything of a Greyfriars junior dropping in at the Three Fishers. Skinner and Snoop wondered uneasily if he knew anything of cigarettes in a Remove study.

Billy Bunter, in a state of great trepidation, dreaded to hear that Coker of the Fifth had made a complaint about a pie being missing from his study. But the most uneasy of all was Archibald Popper. Archibald hardly breathed under the gimlet eyes of his Form-master.

"My boys!" Mr. Quelch broke a silence that was growing painful. "Before we commence the lesson, I have an inquiry to make. You have not forgotten that Wibley of this Form was expelled from Greyfriars a short time ago. It has now transpired that he did not return home. If any boy in this Form can give me information regarding Wibley's present whereabouts, I require him to do so immediately."

There was a general gasp from the Greyfriars Remove.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Nobody Knows Anything!

"OH!" gasped the Remove. "Oh crikey!" breathed Billy Bunter.

Archibald Popper sat with an expressionless face.

Two or three fellows glanced at him. They could not help it, at the moment. Billy Bunter blinked at him, with his little round eyes almost popping through his big round spectacles.

The Bounder winked at Tom Redwing. Redwing kept his eyes on his desk. Bob Cherry's eyes turned on Archibald—but he turned them away again at once.

Nine fellows in the Remove knew, only too well, Wibley's present whereabouts. He was sitting in his old place in the Form—if Mr. Quelch had only known. But Quelch, keen as he was, was not likely to guess that one!

He did not, in fact, pay any attention to Popper. Popper was a new boy, and he had not arrived till after Wibley had left.

Popper, therefore, was not likely to know anything about him.

Quelch's look was keenest at Micky Desmond and David Morgan, who had been Wibley's study-mates in Study No. 6 in the Remove. They, Mr. Quelch thought, were likeliest to know if Wibley was still hanging about Greyfriars.

But Micky and Morgan only looked astonished. Archibald had kept out of their way as much as he could, because they knew Wibley so well. They had had hardly anything to say to the new fellow, and certainly had not the remotest suspicion of his extraordinary secret.

Mr. Quelch waited a long moment for a reply. He did not get one. If any Remove fellow knew anything, that

fellow did not, apparently, intend to confide it to his Form-master.

"Desmond!"

"Oh! Yis, sir!" ejaculated Micky. "I must ask you directly, Desmond, whether you have seen Wibley since the day he was sent away from Greyfriars?"

"No, sir!" said Micky.

"You are sure of that, Desmond?"

"Yis, sorr! I thought he had gone home. I'd be glad to see him again but I haven't seen him."

"Morgan! Have you seen anything of Wibley since he left?"

"No, sir!" answered Morgan.

"I understand," said Mr. Quelch, "that you two boys were very friendly with Wibley, who shared your study when he was here?"

"Oh, yis," said Micky Desmond, "and sure we'd welcome him with open arms, sorr, if he came back. But he hasn't come back, that I know of."

"Is it quite certain, sir, that he did not return home?" asked the Bounder blandly, as Mr. Quelch paused.

"That is quite certain, Vernon-Smith. Dr. Locke has received a letter from his father, from which it appears that Mr. Wibley supposes him to be still at the school."

"Oh crikey!" murmured Archibald, under his breath.

"That he can be still at the school is, of course, impossible," went on Mr. Quelch. "It would not be possible for a boy to remain in concealment here. I cannot suppose so for one moment. Yet it appears that Wibley informed his father that he was remaining here. I cannot believe that he made an untruthful statement. The only conclusion is that he is remaining at hand. Wharton!"

"Oh!" gasped Wharton. "Yes, sir?"

"As head boy of this Form, Wharton, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1.539.

you must assist me in this matter, if you can," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh!" gasped Harry.

It was a fearfully difficult position for the captain of the Remove. He had promised Archibald to keep his secret. A promise could not be broken like a piccrust. He had to keep Wibley's secret. But how he was to answer his Form-master was a problem.

"There can be little doubt, in fact, no doubt, that the foolish boy has taken some lodgings near the school!" said Mr. Quelch. "As he has not gone home, and as he is not in the school, that is the only explanation. Are you aware of this, Wharton?"

"Oh! No, sir!"

"You do not know of any lodging that Wibley may have taken in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars?"

"No, sir! Certainly not!"

"Do you know whether Wibley entertained any hope of being allowed to return to the school, Wharton?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I think—in—in fact, I'm sure, that he hoped that Mossoo would—would forgive him, sir, and—and speak to the Head—"

"Did Wibley tell you this, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir!"

"That accounts, then, for his extraordinary action in remaining away from his home!" said Mr. Quelch. "Were you aware, Wharton, when he left, that he had such a scheme in his mind?"

"He said something of the kind, sir, the day he was sacked—I mean, expelled, but I thought it was only rot at the time."

"No doubt!" said Mr. Quelch. "Wibley was an extremely unthinking boy, and no doubt you did not take him seriously at the time."

"No, sir, not at the time," stammered Harry.

"But now, it transpires that he has actually carried out that absurd scheme," said Mr. Quelch. "I am assured that he is not far from the school, and it appears to me very probable that he would get in touch with former friends here. If you should learn, Wharton, that he has taken a lodging in Friardale or Courtfield, or anywhere in this neighbourhood, it will be your duty to apprise me of the fact immediately."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" murmured Wharton. "If—if I hear that Wibley is—is in any sort of a—a lodging near the school, sir—"

"Now," said Mr. Quelch, "I must put a question to the whole Form. Has any boy here seen Wibley, either in Friardale or Courtfield, since the day he left Greyfriars?"

"No, sir!" answered all the Remove.

Fortunately, they were able to answer that question. Nobody had seen Wibley in Friardale or Courtfield since he had left the school. Mr. Quelch did not ask them if they had seen him in the Remove Form Room. That question, if asked, would have been much more difficult to answer.

"And now," said Mr. Quelch, "a few days ago, Monsieur Charpentier stated that he had seen Wibley in his study. This was supposed, at the time, to be some strange mistake. In view of what is now known, however, I have no doubt that the foolish boy actually did call upon the French master, no doubt with the intention of making some appeal to him."

Mr. Quelch scanned his Form keenly. "He was not seen either to enter, or to leave," he said. "but he must, of course, have done both, as it appears, after all, that he was here. He must, I

think, have had assistance in order to do so unseen. Did any boy in this Form help Wibley to enter the school surreptitiously on that occasion, and help him to leave afterwards?"

"No, sir!"

The Remove answered as one man.

Again the answer was easy. Nobody, certainly, had helped Wibley to enter or to leave on the day he had tried his luck with Froggy—as he had neither entered nor left.

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch; and, with that, the matter closed, and geography started in the Remove Form Room.

But most of the Removites gave little heed to geography that morning.

The news that Wibley, sacked from Greyfriars, had not gone home, and was supposed to be still hanging about near Greyfriars, came as a startling surprise to the majority of the Form.

Nine fellows knew; but the rest of the Remove had not the slightest suspicion on the subject. They were surprised, keenly interested, and rather thrilled. Where was Wibley? Every fellow wanted to know—though no fellow had any intention, if he found out, of passing on the news to Mr. Quelch.

When the Remove were dismissed they went out in a buzz of excited talk on the subject.

"Old Wib was always rather a card!" chuckled Skinner. "But fancy sticking on after he was sacked! Where the dickens can he be?"

"Echo answers where!" said Hazel.

"The wherefulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Wib was always a silly ass," remarked Bolsover major; "but this is the limit, even for Wib!"

"I guess it's the bee's knee!" declared Fisher T. Fish.

"But where—" said Squiff.

"Oh where, Oh where can he be?" sang Bob Cherry. "Has anybody here seen Wib? You seen him, Popper?"

"Popper wouldn't know him by sight," said Hazel. "He went before Popper came. It was the same day, but Wib went in the morning, and Popper came in the afternoon, I remember."

"What was he like?" asked Archibald, with an air of casual interest.

"Well, not much to look at," said Skinner.

"Eh?"

"Rather an ugly mug—"

"What?"

"Face a bit like a hatchet and his hair the colour of tallow, light eyebrows, as far as he had any at all, and mouth like a coal-mine—"

"You cheeky ass! Better looking than you, I'll bet you!" snapped Archibald. And he stalked away, leaving Skinner staring in surprise, and Bob Cherry chortling.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A New One for Froggy!

KIPPS of the Remove came out of the House after dinner with a cheery grin on his face.

Several fellows came out with Kipps.

More joined him in the quad.

It was rumoured in the Remove that a fresh "rag" on Froggy was impending, with the schoolboy conjurer taking the lead in it. So, as Mossoo was in the quad, Kipps, when he came out with that grin on his face, became an object of general interest.

Monsieur Charpentier was talking to Mr. Quelch. A good many fellows

could hear what he said. Mossoo's squeaky voice rose when he was excited—and he was excited now. He gesticulated with both hands as he talked to the Remove master.

"Zat Vibley!" he said. "Zat mauvais garçon Vibley! Ze verree baddest of all ze bad boys in zis école! Smeect is bad, and Todd is bad, and Sherry is razzier bad—but Vibley vas ze verree baddest! He make himself up as one Frenchman ze most ridiculous, to make one mock of me! N'est-ce-pas?"

"Wibley was expelled for that offence, Monsieur Charpentier, and the matter is at an end!" said the Remove master coldly.

"But it is not at one end!" squeaked Mossoo. "Je vous dis, zat bad boy come back viz himself after. Is it not zat I see him in my study?"

"It certainly appears now that he called at the school that day," said Mr. Quelch. "But he must have left again immediately."

"Is it zat he go chez son père?" demanded Monsieur Charpentier. "Non! He go not chez son père! He have, vat you call ze sheek, to stay, and ze ozzers, zey are of assistance to zat bad boy—"

"The Remove boys know nothing of him, sir! I have questioned my Form on the subject!"

"I do not zink!" squeaked Mossoo. "I zink zat zay know! Oh, yes! Mais oui! Is it not zat zay rag, and rag, and rag, and make me ze hair to turn grey since zat bad boy Vibley he is expel? I zink so—yes! Zey know! Zey can tell if zey vish, so zat ze bad boy he may be dispatched to his home—chez son père!"

"I think not."

"Mais j'en suis sur!"

Mr. Quelch shrugged his shoulders slightly, and walked into the House. He did not as a matter of fact, like being buttonholed by an excited Frenchman in the quad, and he disliked extremely having Mossoo's hands waved at him while Mossoo talked.

"Mon Dieu! Mais, c'en est trop!" breathed Monsieur Charpentier, as he resumed his walk in the quad, without the company of the Remove master.

Mossoo was angry and indignant.

All Greyfriars knew now that Wibley had not gone home, and that he was supposed to be hanging somewhere about the school—apparently in the hope of somehow getting back!

From the sensitive little French gentleman's point of view, Wibley had insulted him in the most dire and deadly manner. He had made himself up as the French master, guying him before a laughing crowd in the Rag. Expulsion from Greyfriars was, in Mossoo's opinion, quite a light punishment for that dire offence?

And he was not, after all, gone!

Disregarding his sentence, he was sticking on—no doubt in collusion with the other young rascals in his Form, who were turning Mossoo's hair grey with ruthless ragging!

Mossoo's idea was that that "baddest" of all bad boys should be immediately found, severely caned, and sent home in charge of a prefect. He had no doubt whatever that Remove fellows could have told where to lay hands on him. Wibley's continued presence in the vicinity was, to Mossoo's mind, another insult to him personally. He fumed as he walked in the quad after Mr. Quelch had left him.

"Excuse me, sir!"

"Vat—vat is it, Keeps?" snapped Mossoo.

He was in no mood to be patient with any Remove fellow just then.

"You'll lose that frog, sir!" said Kipps meekly.

"Vat?"

"That frog, sir!"

Monsieur Charpentier stared blankly at Kipps. In his happy native land, Mossoo was accustomed to frogs as an article of diet, and he knew that there were many jokes on the subject, and that he was called "Froggy" by the juniors. But at Greyfriars frogs were never included in the menu. Had they been, Mossoo would hardly have carried them about with him. Certainly, there was no frog on his person, so far as he was aware. So he could only suppose that Oliver Kipps was being cheeky.

"Mais, mauvais garçon, vat you mean?" he hooted. "Zero is no frog—"

"There it is, sir!"

Kipps reached quickly to the French master's shoulder, and as he jerked away his hand, a frog was wriggling in the palm.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier, staring at it in bewilderment. "Vero zat frog he come from? I nevair see him before!"

"I say, you fellows, look!" yelled Billy Bunter. "I say, Mossoo had his supper in his pocket, and it got out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Du tout!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "I say zat I know not zat frog he is zere! I zank you, Keeps, for taking it off my coat! I know not how zat he jump on my coat!"

"Is that another, sir?" asked Kipps.

He made a motion of throwing the frog away under the elms. Remove fellows, who knew that the schoolboy conjurer was not likely to throw away his mechanical frog, could guess that he slipped it into his sleeve, though so

skillfully was it done that no eye could follow it.

But to Mossoo's eyes the wriggling thing was thrown away, and when Kipps jerked another from the back of his coat collar, he gave a squeal of horrified astonishment, never dreaming for a moment that it was the same frog!

"Ciel!" gasped Mossoo. "Zat is anoizzer! Am I smozzored viz frogs? Mon Dieu, vero zose frogs zey come from? It is vun choke—somevun has smozzored me viz frogs for one choke!"

"There's another—"

"Mon Dieu!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A crowd was gathering round the spot now.

Mr. Prout stared at Mossoo over the heads of the grinning juniors.

"Monsieur Charpentier!" he exclaimed. "This is— Really, sir, this is—is extraordinary! Is it possible, sir, that you have gone out catching frogs?"

"Mais non!" shrieked Mossoo. "I do not catch zem! I know not how zey come viz me! Keeps, look if zere are any more of zose frogs!"

"Behind your ear, sir—"

"Urrrrggh!"

"I've got it—here it is, sir!"

"Mon Dieu! Mais c'est affreuse—"

"Disgusting!" said Mr. Prout to Mr. Hacker. Perhaps he did not intend Mossoo to hear that remark. But Mossoo did hear it. "Collecting frogs, obviously for a meal—"

"His pockets full of them apparently!" said Hacker, with a sniff of disgust. "They must have crawled out—"

"Revoltig!" said Prout.

"Je vous dis I know nozzing of zis!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "Chez

moi, je les mange—I eat ze frog in France, mais ici—but here—non! Non, jamais! Jamais de là vie! I understand not—"

"There's another!"

"Ciel! Vero from he come, zen?"

"Pockets full of them!" grunted Prout. "The boy has taken at least six or seven off him—"

"Horrible!" said Hacker.

"Do not hurt those frogs, Kipps!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "The poor creatures have done no harm. You should not throw them away carelessly in that manner. They should be dropped into a pond—"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Kipps. He was not likely to drop an expensive mechanical frog into a pond.

"I say, you fellows, Mossoo's simply crawling with frogs—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I understand it not! I know not vero zose frogs zey come from! Je n'en sais rien! I am smotter viz frogs! Somevun smozzer me viz frogs for one choke—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

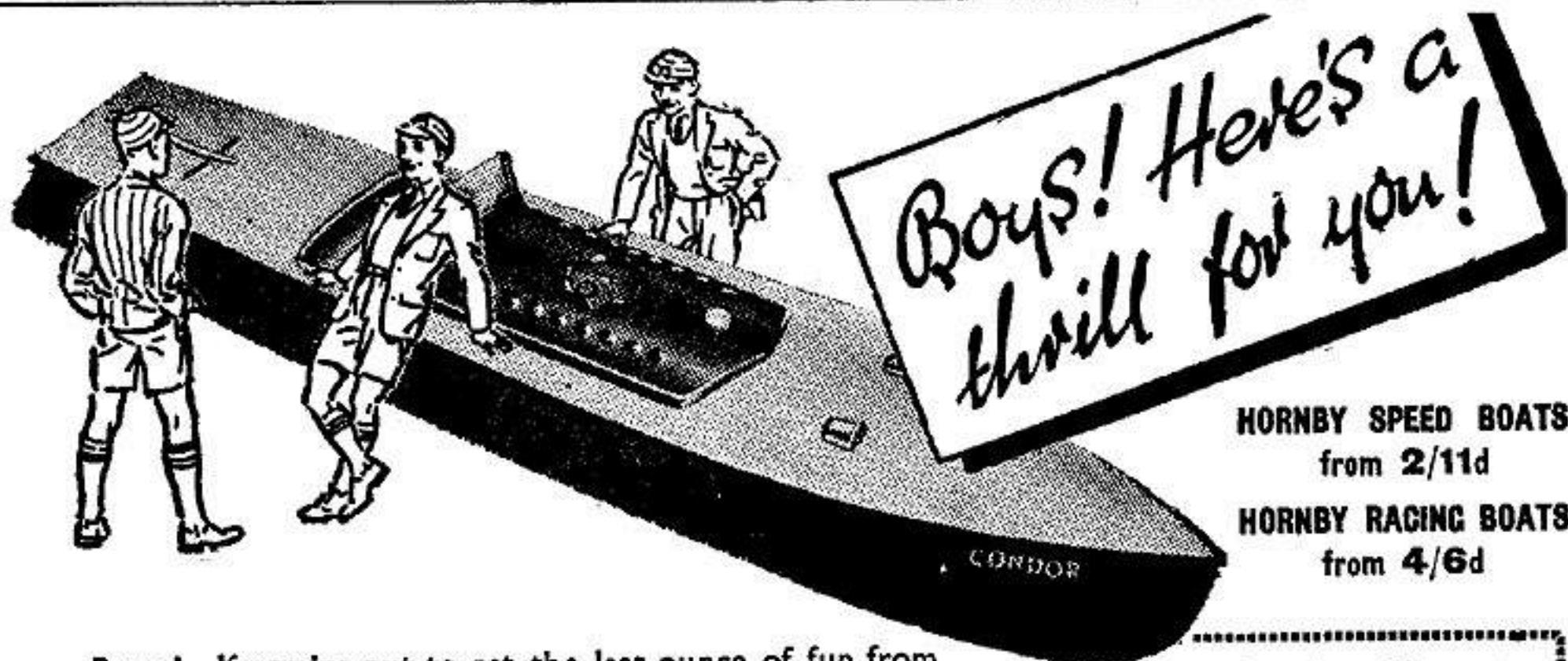
"I think that's the lot, sir!" said Kipps demurely. "Unless there's any more inside your clobber, sir—"

"Urrrrggh!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. Frog after frog had— apparently—been picked off him, and he had a horrible, crawly feeling all over him. "I go to change ze garments—I see if zere is more frogs—"

He rushed off to the House.

Yells of laughter followed him. However careful a search Mossoo made of his garments he was not likely to discover any more frogs—now that he was out of reach of the school conjurer! The juniors howled with merriment.

(Continued on next page.)



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Prout and Hacker walked away, sniffing.

"Disgusting!" said Prout.

"Revoltin'!" said Hacker.

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

And Kipps, with a cheery grin, slipped his mechanical frog into his pocket.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Whose Pie?

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

At tea-time William George Bunter, as usual, rolled in at the doorway of Study No. 1. The Famous Five were there, and Archibald Popper. The whole half-dozen answered Bunter together with the same injunction.

In the peculiar circumstances of the case Bunter had to be tolerated. But conversation from the fat Owl was superfluous.

Billy Bunter blinked at the half-dozen with a lofty and indignant blink through his big spectacles.

"I was going to say—" he began.

"Well, don't!" said Archibald crossly.

Archibald was rather perturbed by the announcement Mr. Quelch had made in the Form-room that morning. He had dreaded that Mr. Wibley might get into communication with the Head! Now Mr. Wibley had done so. Even the hopeful and confident Wib realised that his difficulties were much increased thereby.

"Oh, really, Wibley—" said Bunter.

"Shut up, you fat ass!" hissed Archibald.

"Well, you shut up!" said Bunter.

"I was going to say—"

"Speech may be taken as read!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The jawfulness of the esteemed Bunter is too terrific!" remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Oh, really, Inky—"

"Suppose you go and fill the kettle, Bunter!" suggested Nugent.

"I don't see why I should be asked to do everything!" said Bunter. "Look here, I was going to say you fellows make out that I never stand my whack in a spread! You needn't deny it—you jolly well know you do! Well, what about a pie?"

"Nothing about a pie!" said Harry Wharton. "Just shut up!"

"I mean, I'm going to stand the pie!" hooted Bunter. "I've tea'd in this study a few times lately! Well, now I've got a pie I'm going to whack it out—see? It's rather a decent pie—steak-and-kidney! I had it from Bunter Court this morning. Lots to go round. How about that?"

"Oh! Where's the pie?" asked Johnny Bull.

"I left it in the box-room! It's been there all day—quite safe," said Bunter. "I think one of you fellows might go and fetch it. I've parked it in Mauly's big trunk."

"What the thump have you parked a pie in the box-room for?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"And whose pie is it?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Mine!" roared Bunter. "I've told you it came specially from Bunter Court this morning. If Coker's lost a pie, or anything, I know nothing about it. How could I?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's all right!" said Bunter reassuringly. "I thought Coker might have said something to Quelch when he started jawing in the Form-room in third school. But it was only about

Wibley, after all. Not that it's Coker's pie, you know! So far as I know Coker never had a pie. I never heard him tell Potter and Greene that they'd have it for supper to-night! I'm not the fellow to listen to chaps when they're talking, I hope!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle whenever a fellow opens his mouth!" yapped Bunter. "I thought I'd better park it in a safe place, as Coker might think it was his pie if he heard about it. It happens to be a steak-and-kidney pie, same as his—one of those coincidences, you know. And you know what a fool Coker is! Bet you he would think I'd snaffled his pie if he knew."

"Safe bet!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, look here, you fellows, I'm whacking out that pie!" said Bunter. "You make out that I never stand my whack—well, that's a whopping pie, and enough to go round for the whole party. You go and get it out of Mauly's trunk, Bob."

"I don't think!" grinned Bob.

"Will you go, Wibley?"

"I'll bang your silly head on the door if you call me Wibley!"

"Well, look here, who's going to fetch that pie?" demanded Bunter. "For goodness' sake don't be such a set of lazy slackers. Anybody might think it was a mile up the passage to the box-room. Blessed if I ever saw such a lazy lot! Will you go and get that pie, Wharton?"

"Yes!" said the captain of the Remove. "And I shall take it back to Coker's study."

"What?" yelled Bunter. "You silly chump, think you're going to give Coker of the Fifth my pie?"

"No; Coker's pie."

"I tell you it's my pie!" howled Bunter. "It came specially from Bunter Court. I've got the label off it in my pocket now."

"Let's see the label!"

"Oh! I think I left it in my study! You can take my word for it, I suppose," said Bunter warmly. "It ain't every fellow that would offer to whack out a topping, whopping steak-and-kidney pie! I can tell you it's a ripper—you know those pies that Aunt Judy sends Coker—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean—I—I—I mean—"

"You fat brigand," said Harry. "You've pinched a pie from Coker's study, and there'll be a row when he misses it! I'll go and get it and take it back to him."

Billy Bunter glared at the captain of the Remove with a glare that might have cracked his spectacles.

"Why, you—you—you beast!" he gasped. "I offer to whack out my pie, and all you can do is to make out that I've pinched it from a Fifth Form man! Coker never had a pie! It wasn't in his study cupboard when I looked in break this morning. Besides, I never went to his study. I was out of the House all the time. It's my pie! Specially made by our French chef at Bunter Court. I'll show you the letter that came with it if you like."

"Show up!" grinned Bob.

"Only I've lost it, as it happens. I think you might thank a chap for offering to whack out a steak-and-kidney pie!" said Bunter indignantly. "There's such a thing as gratitude, though you fellows don't seem to have heard of it. Old Spokeshave—I mean, Shakespeare—says that a thankless serpent is sharper than a child's tooth! Talk about beastly ingratitude—"

Billy Bunter broke off and backed

into the passage as the captain of the Remove came towards the doorway.

"Look here, you beast, you're not going to bag my pie!" he hooted. "I—I'll go and fetch it myself, if you like! There!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"It mightn't get back where it belongs, if you did!" he answered. "I'll fetch it, old fat man!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

He turned suddenly and cut up the Remove passage towards the box-room stairs. Seldom did Billy Bunter move swiftly. But now his feet seemed scarcely to touch the passage floor. In moments of danger Bunter could put on speed; and this was a moment of danger—the steak-and-kidney pie was in peril!

"Stop, you fat ass!" exclaimed Harry.

Bunter flew! Wharton rushed on his track. Bunter reached the box-room stair, at the upper end of the passage, just as Harry Wharton reached Bunter. The captain of the Remove grabbed at a fat ankle whisking up the stair.

"Ow! Leggo!" yelled Bunter.

"Down you come— Oh! Wow!" roared Wharton, as Bunter's other foot kicked out.

A heel caught Wharton on his nose!

He gave a roar and staggered, releasing the fat ankle he had grabbed. Both his hands went to his nose.

Bunter did not delay.

Wharton, for a moment, was fully occupied with his nose. That moment was enough for Bunter. He flew up the stair, dashed across the little landing at the top, and shot into the box-room.

Slam!

Wharton heard the door slam above as he got going again. He careered up the stair after Bunter.

"You fat rotter!" he roared. "I'll burst you! I'll bung the pie down the back of your neck. I'll—"

Click!

The key turned on the inside of the door as he reached it.

The captain of the Remove dragged at the door handle.

"Beast!" came a breathless howl from within. "Yah! Rotter! Think you're going to pinch my pie! Beast!"

"I'll smash you!" roared Wharton.

"Yah!"

Thump, thump, thump! at the door. But thumping had no effect on a locked door!

"He, he, he! You can bang as long as you like, you beast, but you ain't going to have any of the pie! Yah!"

"Open this door, you fat freak!"

"Yah!"

"I'll burst you when you come out!"

"Beast!"

Thump, thump!

"He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton gave it up. He tramped down the box-room stair, with a hand to his damaged nose. Bunter was left in possession of the box-room—and the pie!

It was probable that Bunter was not going to leave the safe shelter of that box-room until his circumference was safely wrapped round the pie.

Harry Wharton went back to Study No. 1—where he had, at all events, the consolation of not enjoying Billy Bunter's company as usual at tea.

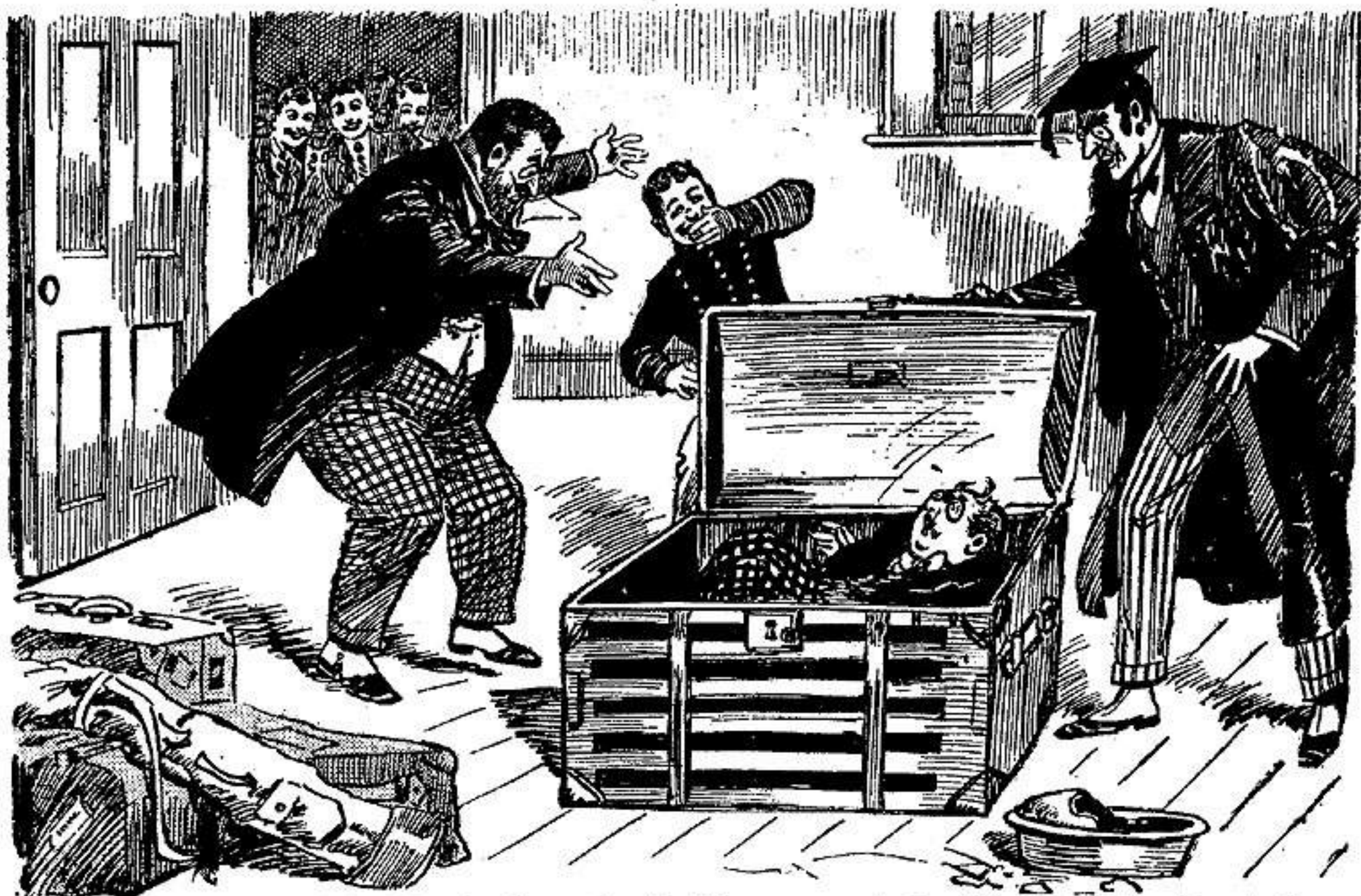
THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Mossoo Makes a Discovery!

"ZAT Vibley!"

Monsieur Charpentier breathed the words.

He stopped—as if thunder-struck at his discovery.



"Zat bad boy Vibley," exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier, "he hide someveres viz himself." Mr. Quelch, with a grim brow, stepped to the big trunk and lifted the lid. "Ooooh! I—I'm not here!" There was a startled squeak from within the trunk and the fat face of the Owl of the Remove blinked up, with terrified eyes, at the two masters.

The door of Study No. 1 in the Remove was shut. But the cheery voices from the study were quite audible in the passage.

Certainly no fellow in that study had the remotest idea that Monsieur Charpentier had come up to the Remove quarters.

The French master had no business there, and was seldom or never seen there. It was quite unusual for Froggy to be there.

But Froggy had his reasons on this occasion.

Mr. Quelch had been satisfied with the result of his questioning of the Form that morning. Monsieur Charpentier had not been satisfied.

Monsieur Charpentier was convinced that many, if not all, the Remove knew more about the missing schoolboy than they cared to tell their Form-master.

As a matter of fact, he was right, for there were nine fellows in the Remove who could have imparted information had the spirit moved them to do so.

Mossoo was in search of that information.

He could not call the Remove together in their Form-room. He could not send for Quelch's boys to his study to question them. Nevertheless, he was going to question them, and that was why he was there.

At tea-time the Lower Fourth were all, or nearly all, in their studies; and it was Mossoo's intention to go to study after study and question all the Remove in turn. And he had little doubt that he would succeed in eliciting information regarding that baddest of bad boys, Wibley, who had the astounding cheek to stick on somewhere near the school after he had been expelled for giving Froggy dire and deadly offence.

But, as it happened, Mossoo did not need to carry on with that round of

visits up and down the Remove studies. For, as he paused at the first study in the passage, he heard Wibley's voice!

He stood rooted as he heard it!

He knew that voice!

He had heard it often enough when Wibley was in the Greyfriars Remove and a regular member of the junior French sets. He had heard it since then, on one occasion—the occasion when the disguised junior had discarded his disguise, to try his luck in a plea to the French master. It was unmistakable—and he knew it at once!

"Mon Dieu!" breathed Mossoo. "Zat Vibley!"

It was really amazing.

That the expelled junior was somewhere near the school he knew, as Mr. Quelch and the Head knew. That Remove fellows had helped him to come and go, on the occasion of his visit to Mossoo's study, he was sure. But that the young rascals dared to bring an expelled fellow into the school and entertain him in their study was astounding.

Mossoo, of course, never dreamed that the expelled junior was a member of that study under another name. He never dreamed that Wibley, alias Archibald Popper, had turned up in the French sets unsuspected.

Wibley could disguise his voice as easily as his face. As Archibald Popper he adopted a rather high-pitched voice, nothing like Wibley's own.

But in the safe seclusion of his study it was natural that the disguised schoolboy sometimes forgot the part he was playing, and dropped unconsciously into his natural tones.

That, though Mossoo knew it not, was what was happening now!

The chums of the Remove were talking cricket. Frank Nugent was going to be in the team to play Jimmy Silver

& Co. at Rookwood. This was rather a catch for Frank, who, though he was the best chum of the captain of the Remove, did not often get a chance of playing for the school. All the Co. were glad that he had shown uncommonly good form of late, and justified his selection to play. But Archibald had another opinion.

Wibley, when a Remove fellow, had been a great gun at amateur theatricals, but not much use in games. Like many other fellows, however, he was not wholly satisfied to do what he could do, but fancied that he could do what he couldn't do. Now he was arguing hotly on the subject; and in his keenness quite forgot to use the voice he had adopted as Archibald Popper's!

And so it came to pass that Mossoo, rooted with astonishment outside the door of Study No. 1, heard the old familiar tones of William Wibley from within.

"Utter rot!" Wibley was saying warmly. "I don't claim to be a cricketer like Smithy or Bob, or you, Wharton! Or even that ass 'Toddy! But I could play Nugent's head off any-day!"

"If I were keeping wicket!" remarked Nugent. "You might do anything with a bat, old chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be a funny ass!" yapped the voice of William Wibley. "Look here, Wharton, if you've got the sense of a bunny rabbit, you'll give me a chance in the Rookwood match. The question is, have you the sense of a rabbit?"

"I'm not a rabbit, old chap!" said Wharton mildly. "You are——"

"What?"

"I mean, in cricket——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued on page 16.)

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(Continued from page 13.)

"Zat Wibley!" breathed Mossuo. "C'est la voix de Wibley—it is ze voice of Wibley! Wibley is zere! Mon Dieu! Zey bring zat Wibley, who is expel, into ze school viz zemselves, isn't it! Ze sheek of zat! But now I zink zat I catches zat Wibley!"

Monsieur Charpentier grabbed the doorhandle, turned it, and hurled the study door open.

He whisked into the open doorway, his eyes glinting, his little pointed beard almost bristling.

Wibley, if he was there, was fairly caught. There was no escape from the study, save by way of the door, and Monsieur Charpentier's dapper figure stood in the middle of the doorway.

There was a general exclamation in the study as the door burst open. All the half-dozen juniors jumped to their feet in surprise.

They stared at Monsieur Charpentier. Mossuo glared at them.

"Wibley!" he hooted. "Vere is Wibley? I see not Wibley! Is it zat he hide viz himself under ze table? Vere is zat Wibley? I demand to know!"

"Wibley!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Archibald.

Mossuo gesticulated in the doorway with both hands. He did not see Wibley in the study—as, naturally, he had fully expected to do when he hurled open the door. But that Wibley was there he could not doubt. His glinting eyes surveyed Wharton, Nugent, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Hurree Singh, and Archibald Popper. Wibley was not to be seen.

"Je vous dis, je demande—I ask you, vere is Wibley?" roared Monsieur Charpentier. "I demand to see zat bad boy! Zat verree baddest of bad boys! Zat garçon zat make ze mock of me, and is expel! He is here—and I demand to see him! Vere is Wibley?"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Wibley the Invisible!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. stood dumb.

They were quite taken by surprise.

It did not occur to them for the moment that Mossuo had heard Wibley's voice, and that the disguised junior, in the excitement of the argument about cricket, had dropped into his natural tones.

For two or three weeks Archibald had been an inmate of Study No. 1 in the Remove, unsuspected. So this was startling.

Mossuo gesticulated angrily in the doorway. He knew that Wibley was there. He could only suppose that the young rascal had dodged quickly out of sight when the door flew open. Under the table, or behind the tattered screen in the corner—anyhow, he was in the study! Froggy was absolutely certain of that.

"Ecoutez!" he hooted. "Je vous dis, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,539.

Vibley is here! Chez vous, Wharton, you verree bad boy! I take him to ze Head! Pas utile—useless zat he hide! I know zat he is here."

"But, sir—" gasped Harry.

"Only us in this tudy, sir!" said Bob. "Just us six, ir!"

"The sixfulness is the total, esteemed sahib."

"What—what makes you think Wibley is here, sir?" asked Frank Nugent.

"I hear him speak viz himself!" shrieked Mossuo. "Zink you zat I know not ze voice of zat bad boy? Mais oui! But yes! Parfaitement! Sa voix est ici, alors, Wibley est ici! If his voice is here, he is here. n'est-ce-pas? I demand vere is zat bad boy Wibley."

"Oh!" gasped Wharton. He understood now.

The Famous Five glanced at Archibald. It seemed to them at the moment that Wibley's game was up!

But it was not up, in Wibley's own opinion.

He realised that he had made a slip—never, of course, dreaming that a beak was within hearing. Really he could not afford to make slips in his peculiar position; but the fat was not in the fire yet.

"Did you say Wibley, sir?" asked Archibald, and his voice was now in the high-pitched tones of Archibald Popper, utterly unrecognisable as Wibley's.

"Mais oui—Wibley—zat bad boy Wibley—"

"What is he like, sir?" asked Archibald.

"Vat?"

"I'm a new chap here, sir, and Wibley left before I came," explained Archibald. "So, you see—"

"You must know vat he is like, Poppair, ze same as ze ozzers, as he is in zis study viz you."

"In this study, sir! There's nobody in this study, except us—"

"Zat is not true, Poppair."

"Oh, sir! On my word, there's us six fellows in the study, and nobody else, till you came in—"

"Vous osez—you dare to say zat?" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "Zink you zat you deceive me? Mais non! Wibley is here—je le sais bien! He hide viz himself under ze table—"

"There's nobody under the table, sir—"

"You can look!" suggested Johnny Bull.

"If there's any other fellow in this study I'll jolly well eat him!" declared Archibald.

"I vill call Meester Quelch if zat Wibley do not come out of vere he hide!" roared Monsieur Charpentier. "Here, Smeat!"

Vernon-Smith and Redwing had come out of Study No. 4, with a dozen other fellows from other studies, at the sound of Mossuo's excited squeak. A crowd of Removites were gathering round, wondering what was up.

"Yes, sir?" said Smithy.

"Go you and call Meester Quelch!" exclaimed Mossuo. "You ask him to come here toute de suite—at vunce zat is to say."

"Is anything the matter, sir?"

"Mais oui! Zat Wibley, who is expel, is in zis study, and hide viz himself, and heed me not!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated the Bounder.

"Wibley—here!" exclaimed Skinner.

"What rot!" said Bolsover major.

"How could he be here?"

"How, indeed?" murmured Peter Todd, with a wink at the Bounder.

"Is Wibley here?" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer. "Jolly glad to see the old chap again if he's here! Where is he?"

Archibald smiled out of the study.

"Monsieur Charpentier hasn't seen him, but he thinks that he heard his voice in this study," he explained. "We keep on telling him that there's only the six of us here—"

"Taisez-vous, Poppair!" yapped Monsieur Charpentier. "Smeat, vill you go at vunce and call Meester Quelch?"

"Only the six of you!" murmured the Bounder. "Oh, my hat!"

"Smeat! I tell you—"

"Go and call Quelch, Smithy," said Archibald cheerily. "Mossuo won't be satisfied till Quelch has searched the study and found that Wibley is not here."

The Bounder chuckled.

"Oh, all right!" he said.

He lounged away to the stairs, laughing.

Redwing stared at Archibald. Wibley's nerve, in the circumstances, amazed him. But William Wibley had never been short of nerve.

More and more Remove fellows gathered in the passage as the news spread. Most of them were laughing.

That the junior who had been expelled from the school could possibly be in a Remove study appeared impossible to all the fellows who were not in the secret. The excitable Mossuo had made some idiotic mistake—that was the general impression. For how could Wibley be there?

But Mossuo, at all events, had no doubts. Wibley was there in that study, and he was going to be searched for and rooted out by his Form-master. Mossuo was determined on that.

"Here comes Quelch!" called out Hazeldene, laughing.

Mr. Quelch's grim countenance rose into view on the Remove staircase.

Monsieur Charpentier whisked down the passage to meet him. On the Remove landing he gesticulated at the Remove master.

"Sair, zat bad boy Wibley is here!" he howled. "He is in zat study, ze study of Wharton, and all zose bad boys know zat he is zere, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"Vat? You say vat?"

"I said nonsense, Monsieur Charpentier!" said Mr. Quelch in the same grim tone. "It is impossible for the boy to be here!"

"Mais je vous dis—" shrieked Mossuo.

"I shall inquire into the matter, sir, as you request me to do so," said Mr. Quelch. "But I have not the slightest belief that Wibley is here. Where did you see him—or think you saw him?"

"I see him not—"

"I imagined so!"

"But I hear him speak viz himself—zink you zat I know not his voice? I say zat Wibley hide in zat study—"

"Very well, we shall see," said Mr. Quelch coldly, and he walked into the Remove passage, the French master whisking after him like an excited turkey.

Six juniors in Study No. 1 looked grave enough as their Form-master appeared in the doorway. Behind him Mossuo waved excited hands.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Is anyone concealed in this study?"

"No, sir."

"Is anyone here, excepting the six boys I see before me?"

"No, sir."

"You saw no one in this study, Monsieur Charpentier, apart from these six boys—Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, Bull, Hurree Singh, and Popper?"

"Mais non! But I hear—"

"If you are not satisfied, sir, the study

shall be searched!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "My boys, please remove that table!"

Harry Wharton & Co. lifted the table aside.

Monsieur Charpentier's eyes glinted at the revealed space. But there was no hidden junior crouching there. Wibley, certainly, was not under the table.

"Shall I move the screen, sir?" asked Archibald meekly.

"Please do so, Popper!"

Archibald lifted the screen from the corner.

Again Mossoo's eyes glinted at the revealed spot. Again they drew blank. Wibley was not parked behind the screen!

"Mon Dieu!" murmured Froggy. "Vere is zat bad boy?"

"Puzzle—find Wibley!" came a voice from the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What makes the old ass think Wib's here?" asked another voice.

"Oh, he's drunk!" answered another.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch put his head out of the doorway.

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "Who dared to make that remark?"

Whoever had made that remark did not mention the fact to Mr. Quelch.

Having silenced the grinning juniors with a glare, the Remove master turned back into the study.

"Are you satisfied now, Monsieur Charpentier?" he snapped. "You can see that there is no extraneous person here, I presume?"

"Perhaps Monsieur Charpentier would like to look in the cupboard, sir?" suggested Archibald.

"Nonsense, Popper!"

"Mais oui!" squeaked Mossoo. "I vill look. Ouvrez la porte, Poppair!"

Archibald opened the cupboard door. Mossoo glared in, but the cupboard was drawn blank. Nobody was hiding there.

"Echappe, done!" said Mossoo. "He escape viz himself! He run—he fly—he dodge—he vat you call bunk—while zat I speak to you on ze stair, Meester Quelch!"

"Wharton, did anyone leave this study while Monsieur Charpentier's back was turned for a few moments?"

"No, sir."

"Mais je crois—j'en suis sur—ze boy is not here, and zerefore it is certain zat zat boy he go—"

"Nobody's left that study, sir," said Peter Todd. "We should all have seen anybody who came out."

"Of course we should!" said Hazel.

"Nobody came out."

"Nobody, sir," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Are you satisfied now, Monsieur Charpentier?" asked the Remove master, with growing impatience and annoyance.

"Mais non! Jamais! Zat Vibley vas here, and now he is not here. He is run—he is fly—he is bunk! I demand zat he shall be founded and taken to ze Head! Zat bad boy zat make one mock of me—"

"He is not here!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"Et je dis, j'en suis sur!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "I demand ze search! He hide viz himself in some ozzer study—perhaps up zat ozzer stair. Je demande—"

"I will make a further investigation if you wish," said Mr. Quelch, breathing very hard. "Follow me, please!"

With a frowning brow, Mr. Quelch marched up the Remove passage, Mossoo whisking after him.

In Study No. 1, six juniors exchanged a rather breathless grin. The danger was over.

Study after study was looked into—im-

patiently by Mr. Quelch, angrily and scrutinisingly by Monsieur Charpentier. But there was no sign of Wibley. The Remove passage was drawn blank, and they stopped at the box-room stair at the end.

"Do you desire to search further, Monsieur Charpentier?" asked Mr. Quelch, very nearly at the end of his patience.

"Mais oui—ce petit escalier—up zat stair—"

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch, breathing harder than ever.

He rustled up the box-room stair, Mossoo at his heels, a grinning crowd of juniors watching them as they went. Mr. Quelch gripped the door-handle of the box-room.

To his surprise, the door was locked. He shook the door-handle, but the door did not open. Clearly it was locked inside. And from inside came the sound of a startled gasp and a hurried movement.

"He is zere!" squeaked Mossoo, in great excitement. "He is zere! Now we shall find him, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. He began to wonder whether Mossoo was, after all, right. It was plain, at least, that somebody was locked in that box-room.

Mr. Quelch rapped sharply on the panels.

"Open this door at once!" he thundered.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter in the Box!

BILLY BUNTER suppressed a squeak of terror.

Up to that moment Billy Bunter had been having what might really have been described as the time of his life.

Standing on the top of the big trunk belonging to Lord Mauleverer was a large pie-dish, which had contained a large pie.

Now it contained the remnant of a large pie.

The greater part of that large pie was safely parked inside William George Bunter.

Bunter had been busy for quite a considerable time, but as the pie grew smaller by degrees, and beautifully less, the fat Owl's efforts slowed down.

He did not leave off eating. It was against all Bunter's principles to leave off eating while anything remained to be eaten. But he slackened down; he toyed with steak-and-kidney and luscious crust.

It was a ripping pie! It was a gorgeous pie! Coker's Aunt Judy knew how to make and bake a pie! It was a dream of a pie! Bunter was not sorry, on the whole, that Study No. 1 had disdained to share a purloined pie. He was able to deal with it on his own, though it began to look as if even Bunter would have to leave a little.

But he was not going to leave any if he could help it. Slowly, but surely, he went on parking pie, till that sudden, startling interruption came at the door of the box-room.

He supposed, for a moment, that it was that beast Wharton again. That would not have worried him very much, as the door was locked. But the thunderous voice of Mr. Quelch sent thrills of terror through all his layers of fat.

It was Quelch banging at the door!

That meant only one thing to Bunter. Coker had missed that pie, and suspected the direction in which it had disappeared. He had laid his complaint

before the Remove master, and here was Quelch—after that pie!

Bunter was deeply thankful that the door was locked. Quelch could not get in through the keyhole.

With a chunk of kidney half-way to his mouth, Billy Bunter sat and blinked at the door in terror, and said no word.

Knock, knock!

"Boy, are you there?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh lor'!" breathed Bunter.

"Open this door immediately!"

Bunter gasped.

"Zat boy is zere!" came Monsieur Charpentier's voice. "Comme je vous ai dit, Monsieur Quelch—like as I have say—"

"Beast!" breathed Bunter. "Meddling little beast!"

It was not surprising that Quelch had taken up the matter. But it was no business of Froggy's. What the dickens did it matter to the French master if a pie was missing from a Fifth Form study, Bunter would have liked to know.

"Someone certainly is there," said Mr. Quelch. "Some boy has locked himself in this box-room. There is no doubt about that."

Mr. Quelch glanced down the short stair that led from the box-room landing to the Remove passage. A dozen fellows were staring up.

"Vernon-Smith! Redwing! Todd! Field! Do you know what boy is locked in this box-room?" he called out.

"No, sir," answered the Bounder.

"Never knew anybody was, sir," said Peter Todd.

"Someone is there, and he refuses either to open the door, or to answer," said Mr. Quelch. He turned to the door again and rapped on it. "Will you admit me this instant? Otherwise, the door will be forced!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

"Do you hear me?"

No reply.

Billy Bunter was blinking wildly round the box-room, through his big spectacles, for a place of concealment.

The lock on the box-room door was by no means strong. It was easy to force open, if it came to that.

Quelch's voice sounded as if he meant business.

Bunter blinked at the window. There was a jutting roof of a lower room under it, and Remove fellows clambered out that way on occasion. But the fat Owl had no taste for roof-climbing stunts, especially after parking an enormous pie. His glance did not linger on the window.

But in the room there was no hiding-place, unless he squatted behind some of the boxes and trunks, which did not seem very useful.

Then suddenly Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. He lifted the pie-dish from the lid of Lord Mauleverer's big trunk. Then he lifted the lid of the trunk.

That trunk was not merely large—it was huge! Curled up, there was room for a fellow inside.

Gasping for breath, Bunter packed himself in the big trunk, and drew the lid shut over him.

He was safely out of sight there. Quelch was not likely to look inside a trunk! At least, Bunter hoped so.

At any rate, it was his only refuge. The alternative was to be discovered in possession of Coker's pie.

Knock, knock, knock, came at the door!

"Will you admit me?" roared Mr. Quelch.

But his voice no longer reached

Bunter, with the lid of Mauleverer's trunk closed down over his fat head.

Half suffocated inside the trunk, the fat Owl of the Remove squatted and trembled.

"Zat Vibley he is zere!" squealed Monsieur Charpentier. "He is zere, and it is zat Vibley, ozzervise vy not he open ze door?"

"I almost think you are right!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "At all events, we shall ascertain. The lock shall be forced! Redwing, go and call Trotter here at once, and tell him to bring some tool to force a lock."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" Redwing scuttled away.

The two masters waited at the box-room door—Quelch frowning portentously, Mossoo jumping with angry excitement.

In the passage, at the foot of the box-room stair, the crowd thickened. Nearly all the Remove had gathered there before Trotter, the House page, arrived with hammer and chisel.

"It can't be Wibley—but who the dickens can be locked in the box-room?" said Skinner.

"In the box-room!" repeated Harry Wharton. He had come along from Study No. 1 with the Co. "Locked in the box-room! Oh, my hat!"

"Not Wibley?" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, no!"

"You know who it is?" asked the Bounder.

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"I know I chased Bunter there, half an hour ago, and he locked the door," he answered.

"Bunter! Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trotter went up the stair, hammer in one hand, chisel in the other, and a grin on his chubby face. The grin disappeared as he met Mr. Quelch's stern glare.

"Kindly open that lock, as quickly as possible, Trotter!" snapped the Remove master.

"Yessir!"

Bang! Clang, clang! Bang!

It was not much of a lock; and it did not resist long. Three or four clangs and bangs and it cracked open.

"Thank you, Trotter!"

"Yessir!"

Mr. Quelch threw the box-room door open wide. He strode into the doorway, and Mossoo peered in past his elbow.

"Zat Vibley——"

"No one is here!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch in astonishment.

He stared round among boxes and trunks. The window was shut and fastened. No one was to be seen among the boxes. But on the floor, much to Mr. Quelch's astonishment, stood a large pie-dish, with a remnant of steak-and-kidney pie in it.

"Someone has been here—he has—has been eating a—a—a pie!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"Zat Vibley——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell up the box-room stair.

Remove fellows were crowding up that stair. Six or seven faces grinned in at the box-room door.

"He is here—ze door vas lock—he hide someveres viz himself!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "Vere iz zat bad boy?"

Quelch's gimlet eyes scanned every corner of the room. No one was parked among the boxes and trunks. Obviously someone had been there—and was there still. But where?

Mossoo hopped about the room like an excited hen.

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Mr. Quelch, with a grim brow, stepped to Mauleverer's big trunk. It was the only receptacle in the room large enough to contain a hidden junior—and as the unseen one was nowhere else, he was there. The Remove master lifted the lid.

There was a startled squeak from within.

"Ooooooh!"

"Boy!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oooooh! I—I'm not here!"

"Zat Vibley!" squealed Monsieur Charpentier. "Did I not say zat he is zere! You find zat baddest of bad boys packed viz himself in a trunk, isn't it! Zat vicked Vibley——"

"It is not Wibley!" barked Mr. Quelch.

"Vat?"

"It is Bunter——"

"Mon Dieu!"

Mossoo stared blankly into the big trunk. He had been absolutely assured that William Wibley was run to earth. But it was not Wibley in the trunk. The fat figure squatted there was Billy Bunter's—and it was the fat face and big spectacles of the Owl of the Remove that blinked up with a terrified blink at Mr. Quelch.

"Buntair!" gasped Mossoo. "Zat is Buntair!"

And from outside the box-room came a yell:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Only Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER blinked up at Mr. Quelch, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles.

Mr. Quelch glared down at him.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

His last refuge had failed him. He had hoped that Quelch would not think of looking inside a trunk. Quelch had.

"Buntair!" gasped Mossoo. "But vere is Vibley?"

Snort from Mr. Quelch.

"Wibley is not here!" he snapped. "Wibley has not been here! It is this absurd, this ridiculous boy who was locked in the room! Bunter! Tell me at once what you mean by this extraordinary conduct?"

"Oh! Nothing, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Get out of that box at once!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Bunter crawled out of the trunk.

"Now explain yourself, Bunter! Why did you not open the door when I knocked, and called to you?"

"I—I—I——"

"Why did you hide yourself in that trunk?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I——"

"Zat Vibley——"

"I tell you, Monsieur Charpentier, that Wibley is not here! Bunter, has anyone else been in the box-room?"

"Oh! No, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Zen vy for he lock ze door?" demanded Monsieur Charpentier. "Vy for he keep zat door shut, sair?"

"You can see for yourself, Monsieur Charpentier, that no one is here but Bunter! Bunter, explain yourself at once! You——"

"It wasn't me, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"What? What was not you?"

"I mean, I never touched it, sir!"

"You never touched what?" roared Mr. Quelch.

"Coker's pie, sir."

"Kik-kik-Coker's pip-pip-pie!" stuttered Mr. Quelch. "In the name of all that is absurd, what is this boy talking about?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the landing.

Mr. Quelch glared round.

"Silence! Silence, I say! Now, Bunter, what do you mean? You locked yourself in this room, and disregarded my order to open the door! You attempted to conceal yourself in a—a trunk! If you are in your right senses, tell me what you mean by this extraordinary conduct!"

"I—I mean, I—I didn't, sir!" gasped Bunter. "It wasn't me, sir! You know what a fool Coker is,—the biggest fool at Greyfriars! I—I shouldn't wonder if—he ate the pie himself, and—and forgot all about it."

"The pie!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir! They always think it was me, if there's a pie, or a cake, or anything missing!" gasped Bunter. "As if I'd touch a fellow's pie! I never knew Coker had a pie! I never heard him mention it to Potter and Greene! If Coker says I had his pie, sir, he's making a mistake——"

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Quelch. He began to see light!

"One of his silly mistakes, sir," said Bunter eagerly. "I never went near his study in break this morning, and the pie wasn't in the cupboard. I think very likely he never had a pie at all. Anyhow, it wasn't this pie——"

"This pie?"

"Not this one, sir! It's rather like Coker's pie—but steak-and-kidney pies are very much alike! But this pie wasn't Coker's pie, sir—and if Coker's told you I had his pie——"

"Coker has said nothing to me, Bunter."

"Oh! Hasn't he?" gasped Bunter. "I—I thought——"

"Is it possible, Bunter, that you were so stupid, so obtuse, so crass, as to suppose that I was concerned about a—a—a pie?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crikey. Yes, sir! I mean no, sir!" stammered Bunter. "Wha-a-t did you want, sir, if—if it wasn't the pie?"

"You utterly absurd and stupid boy!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I was searching for Wibley, whom Monsieur Charpentier supposes to have entered the House——"

"Oh crikey!"

"I trust you realise, Monsieur Charpentier, that Wibley is not here, now that you understand this absurd boy's motive for locking the door!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"I zink zat bad boy is somever——"

"If you are not convinced, sir, you may proceed with a further search yourself; I wash my hands of the whole ridiculous matter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, follow me to my study."

"Wha-a-t for, sir?"

"I shall cane you with the greatest severity, Bunter, for having purloined comestibles from a senior boy's study."

"Oh lor'! But I never——"

"Follow me at once!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh lor'!"

Mr. Quelch rustled out of the box-room, and swept like a thunderstorm down the stairs, the Removites scattering before him. He swept away down the Remove passage, with Billy Bunter rolling dismally after him.

Not till he was gone did the Removites venture to chortle again. Then they yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was some minutes before Monsieur Charpentier descended from the box-room. He did not seem assured yet that Wibley was not there. He peered into every box, and he peered up the chimney before he finally left—and went frowning down to the Remove passage.

A roar of laughter greeted him.



"Descendez!" roared Monsieur Charpentier, glaring at the dusky space above the fireplace. "You hear me—you vicked Vibley! Come down viz you, ozzervise I beat you viz zis cane!" "Rats!" came—or appeared to come—from the chimney. "Go and eat frogs, Froggy!" "He, he, he!" cackled Bunter, the Greyfriars ventriloquist.

Quelch was not a man to be trifled with; but Mossos had no terrors for the Remove.

"Found Wibley yet?" roared Bolsover major. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silly old ass!"

"Go home and chew frogs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mon Dieu! I know zat zat Vibley he have been here viz himself!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier, his eyes flashing and his beard bristling with wrath. "All you bad boys know zat, and you are in ze choke togezzer viz yourselves! Je le sais bien!"

"Rats!"

"What's that Froggy doing in our passage?"

"Barge him out!"

"Hold on, you fellows!" exclaimed Harry Wharton hastily.

"Rot!" roared Bolsover. "Barge him out! He's no right to come up here! Barge him down the stairs!"

Monsieur Charpentier whisked along the passage to the stairs. A good many of the Remove looked very much inclined to act on Bolsover's suggestion, and barge him out. He had, as a matter of fact, no right in the Remove quarters.

An apple whizzed along the passage as he went. It thudded on the back of Mossos's head.

"Ciel!" gasped Mossos. He spun round, twittering with fury, and a whizzing banana caught him under the chin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've got some tomatoes in my study," exclaimed Bolsover major, "wait a tick!"

Bolsover rushed into Study No. 10. But before he reappeared with the tomatoes Monsieur Charpentier was gone. He had woken up a hornets' nest in the Remove, and he was anxious to

get out of it. He whisked away down the Remove staircase and vanished.

A few minutes later Billy Bunter came rolling home. He wriggled spasmodically as he rolled. Sounds of woe preceded him.

"Ow! Yow! Wow! Ow-wow-wow!"

Quelch, evidently, had not spared the rod!

"Had it bad, old fat man?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ow!" groaned Bunter. "Wow! I wonder where that bony old bean packs all the muscle! Wow! I told him I never had Coker's pie—ow! Wow! You fellows would hardly believe it, but he doubted my word—wow!"

"Not really?" gasped Bob.

"Yes, really, old chap! Wow! I told him there wasn't any pie in Coker's study this morning, and I gave him my word that I left it there—wow! But do you think he took my word? No fear! He said I was untruthful as well as unscrupulous! What do you fellows think of that! That's the sort of justice we get here! Ow! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Beasts! Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Wow!"

And Bunter rolled on to his study, wriggling and groaning—quite unable to see anything at which to cackle.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Toddy Knows How!

"WIB, old man——"
"Shut up, idiot!"
"I mean Popper——"
"If you mean Popper, say Popper, fathead!"

Peter Todd grinned.
Wibley, alias Popper, did not seem in a good temper that morning!

Hopeful as Wibley was, the previous day's events had rather dashed his hopefulness.

Now that his father was in communication with the Head, it looked as if trouble might blow along from the direction of home. But that was not the worst.

Mossos's proceeding had shown, only too clearly, that so far from having forgiven or forgotten the offence of the expelled junior, he was as wrathful as ever on that subject.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, as the poet has remarked. But even Wibley realised that there did not seem much to hope from Mossos. His scheme of catching the French master in a good temper, and making an eloquent appeal to him, had never seemed, to the other fellows, to have much in it. Now Wib himself was beginning to doubt whether there was much in it. His mere name seemed to be, to Mossos, rather like a red rag to a bull!

His only consolation was that he was still able to carry on, unsuspected, as Archibald Popper. So long as he was still at Greyfriars, the worst had not come to the worst, at all events.

Toddy, now that he was in the secret, was keen to help him in every possible way. Instead of scrapping with the captain of the Remove, he was heartily in agreement with Harry Wharton to back up poor old Wib. Froggy had no more ragging to come from Peter.

Instead of thinking out new rags on Froggy, Peter had been thinking over Wibley's peculiar problem, and trying to find a solution to the same. And Peter, who had a firm conviction that he was the brainy man of the Remove, fancied that he had, so to speak, put his finger on the spot.

"I've got an idea, old chap!" he said. Grunt from Wibley.

That grunt expressed, plainly, the estimation in which he held Peter Todd's ideas!

"Dash it all, Wib—I mean, Popper," said Peter, warmly, "when a chap's a silly ass, he ought to be glad to get a tip from a fellow with brains."

"Who's a silly ass?" hooted Archibald.

"You are, old fellow—the silliest ass going! Look how you guded Froggy, and got sacked! Look at this potty stunt of yours! Any fellow could tell you that there's nothing in it—but you can't see it! That's because you're a silly ass!"

Archibald gave Peter a look.

"If a chap didn't have to keep clear of scrapping, Toddy, I'd mop up the quad with you this minute!" he said.

"Keep your hair on!" grinned Peter. "I tell you, I've got an idea, and it might bring Froggy round. Like to hear it?"

"Oh, carry on!" grunted Archibald.

"There's one thing about Froggy—he's a grateful little beast," said Peter. "Do him a good turn, and he will feed from your hand. You remember what happened last week, when he got mixed up in a row with that broken-nosed blighter—that tramp that the police are looking for. I buzzed into the brute on my bike, and knocked him over, and saved Mossos from getting bashed. He was frightfully grateful——"

"What about it, ass?"

"It was all spoiled by that fat idiot Bunter, getting him in a booby-trap, and Froggy thinking I'd done it!" said Peter. "But there it was—he was fearfully grateful, and telling all Greyfriars what a splendid chap I was—until the booby-trap happened. Well, suppose you worked something of the same sort? Make him grateful, see?"

"You call that an idea?" asked Archibald.

"Yes, and a jolly good one!" said Peter.

"You priceless ass, is that tramp going for Froggy again, just when I want him to, and am I likely to be on the spot, on a bike?"

"Hardly! But there's more ways of killing a cat than choking it with cream. Suppose Froggy was attacked again—here——"

"Here?" repeated Archibald blankly.

"Here—right in the school!" said Peter firmly. "A couple of masked ruffians get him——"

"A kik-kik-couple of mum-mum-masked ruffians!" gasped Archibald.

"Yes. Suppose they get him, say, in the old Cloisters—that's a rather solitary spot. You happen to be on the scene, rush to the rescue, knock them out, and save Mossos, just as I did the other day—see?"

"Does it run in your family?" asked Archibald.

"Eh—what?"

"Insanity!"

"You cheeky ass!" said Peter. "Is that how you thank a chap for trying to help you out of a scrape, when you can't help yourself for toffee? I tell you, it's a winner. The little ass would be fearfully grateful, just as he was when I did the trick—and how could he refuse to let you off? He couldn't!"

"Have you got a couple of masked ruffians in your waistcoat pocket?" asked Archibald. "Nice, good-tempered ruffians that will let a Lower Fourth chap knock them out?"

"Oh, don't be an ass! I'm going to

be one of them, and Wharton or Smithy will be the other. We're both bigger than Froggy; and with coats and mufflers and masks on, we shall be all right."

"Oh!" said Archibald.

He looked thoughtful.

"We get him to the Cloisters, somehow," said Peter. "That's a detail. Two of us get up as masked bandits. You're on the spot—not as Popper, of course, but as Wibley. Wibley rushes in and saves him. How's Mossos to know that the whole thing ain't genuine? It was genuine enough with that broken-nosed tramp that time. We'll make him think we're friends of that man, Huggins, coming to bash him for setting the police after the nosey sportsman. He will take that down like milk."

"Oh!" repeated Archibald, still more thoughtfully.

He was beginning to see possibilities in this.

"We'll let you knock us out, of course," went on Peter. "That's part of the game. We run for it, and you stick by Mossos—the boyish hero—the gallant lad who faced fearful odds to help the beak who had got him sacked."

"Oh crikey!"

"After that, I tell you, Froggy will feed from your hand. Instead of wanting to scalp you, you will be his cher Wibley. I was his cher petit Todd till that idiot Bunter mopped the soot over him. You'll be his cher petit Wibley—see?"

Archibald chuckled.

"He won't want to turf you out again—more likely to kiss you on both cheeks. You can stand that, in the circumstances."

"Toddy, old man, this is a winner!" breathed Archibald. "You're not by any means the fathead you look, old chap. Why, the silly little ass was squeaking gratitude all over the school that time you stopped the tramp from bashing him. This will set him squeaking again—with me as the happy man. If this works, why, he will take me by the hand and lead me to the Head to be forgiven! It only needs a word from him. Toddy, it's a winner!"

Peter Todd smiled complacently.

He had no doubt that it was a winner. Toddy had great faith in his own intellectual powers.

"Let's put it to Wharton," he said.

"Let's," agreed Archibald.

They found the captain of the Remove, and put it to him.

Harry Wharton stared at them blankly when he heard. His breath seemed to be rather taken away.

"Good wheeze—what?" asked Peter.

"Oh fine!" gasped Wharton. "We shall both get sacked for collaring Froggy in the Cloisters—if we get him there at all. I suppose that doesn't matter? We can take the same train as Wibley."

"Now don't be an ass!" admonished Peter. "It's an absolute winner. We simply can't get spotted. Mossos won't have a suspish. He will be oozing gratitude over Wib, same as he was oozing it over me last week. He can't ooze gratitude over a chap and boot him out at the same time. You'll play up?"

"Oh!" gasped Harry. "Yes, I'll play up! I'll help, if there's a chance of seeing Wib through. But——"

"Wash out the buts. It's settled," said Peter. "We've got all the stuff we want in the property-box of the Remove Dramatic Society. We sneak

the coats and mufflers and masks and things into the Cloisters, and park them there. After class, we sort of stroll off, and disappear, and put on the outfit."

"But——"

"Wibley parks himself in some quiet corner without his Popper outfit. He waits till we've got Mossos, and then rushes in——"

"But——"

"Easy as falling off a form," said Peter airily. "I mean to say, you know jolly well that you have to come to Study No. 7 for really brainy ideas. This is one of my best."

"I wonder what your worst is like?"

"Now, look here——"

"Oh, all right; I'll play up!" said Harry. "If it works, I've no doubt that Froggy will be weeping with gratitude all over Wibley. If it doesn't——"

"It will," said Peter.

"Chance it, anyhow," said Archibald.

And Harry Wharton, though with many inward doubts, agreed to chance it.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Spot of Ventriloquism!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

The Famous Five, just before class that afternoon, were talking in the quad, when Billy Bunter rolled up with a fat grin on his face. Immediately the five shut up like oysters.

They had been discussing the remarkable stunt that was to be carried out after class that day. Wharton had confided it to the Co.; but it was going no farther. Such a stunt could not be kept too dark. The Co. were prepared to lend all the aid they could, though they certainly did not bank on success so confidently as Peter, the originator of the big idea. Bunter, least of all, was to hear anything on the subject; and sudden silence fell on the Famous Five as he rolled into the offing.

"I say, look out for some fun in French this afternoon!" grinned Bunter. "I say, it's no end of a rag on Froggy!"

"You fat ass!" said Harry. "Haven't we all agreed to chuck ragging Froggy, to help old Wib out?"

"Well, that's all very well," said Bunter. "But it was all through that little beast that I was copped in the box-room yesterday. Quelch gave me six. I don't see letting him off. Besides, Wib's idea is all rot, and you know it as well as I do. Froggy will never let him off. And Bolsover says——"

"Never mind what Bolsover says."

"Well, I do mind—see!" Bunter pointed out. "Bolsover says he will lend me five bob till my postal order comes, if I get away with it."

"You!" ejaculated the Famous Five, staring at Bunter.

There were reckless raggers in the Remove; but William George Bunter was hardly the man to figure as a bold, bad ragger.

Bunter chuckled, a fat chuckle.

"Yes, me. You see, I can do it, and nobody else can. You know what a wonderful ventriloquist I am——"

"I know what a fat, frabjous, frowsy frump you are, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, really, Wharton! You see, that old ass, Froggy, has got Wibley on the brain now," grinned Bunter. "He fancied he had run him down in the Remove yesterday. He seems to
(Continued on page 22.)

CALLING ALL "MAGNETITES" TO JOIN UP WITH—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE



A TOUR OF GREYFRIARS.

(The Boathouse.)

(1).
Beyond the playing fields is seen
The cool and placid river,
Which flows through woods of deepest
green,
Where rushes bend and quiver;
And here's the boathouse, with its raft,
Which flies the Greyfriars colours
Above a little fleet of craft—
The racing shells and scullers.



(2).
It's good to push off from the shore
In cricket shirts and flannels,
To sit and wield a hefty oar
Along the river's channels.
A crowd of Greyfriars men afloat
Will greet you when you're rowing,
And there is Coker's (empty) boat,
But Coker— There's no knowing!

(3).
The boathouse stands on wooden piles
Above the heaving billows;
You'll see its roof with cheerful tiles
Half-hidden in the willows.
The River Sark is sheer delight
To all the fellows present;
To us the boathouse is a sight
Worth thinking of as "pleasant."

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

JOHNNY BULL

(The Yorkshire member of the Famous
Five.)

B is for BULL—a redoubtable Johnny,
Burly and blunt and beefy and bonnie;
Yorkshire grit has made him famous;
We admire him. Who shall blame us?
He's a little heavy-handed,
And his speech is rather candid;
For he's never quite succeeded
Where a tactful word was needed.



But he's staunch and true in action;
And his pluck's a great attraction.
Johnny sometimes blows the cornet,
Till his schoolmates cry, "That's torn
it!"
And they seize his head and thump it,
Till he puts away his trumpet.
So to Johnny, brave and clever—
Hail! And may he live for ever!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

19 days. It doubled its size every
day.



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

JUDGE WANTED.—The Remove
have a vacancy for a fellow to judge a
contest to pick the ugliest fellow in the
school. Free feed offered to the judge
if he survives the interview with the
winner!

Fisher T. Fish believes in taking
things as they come—provided they
don't come to too much!

Mr. Prout recently called Greyfriars
"a temple of learning." Mr. Capper
has offered to show him a Temple of
the other kind.

The people of Weymouth were glad
to hear that Coker is going there for a
holiday. It gives them another excuse
to use their Coronation flags.

PUZZLE PAR

A water lily in the pond in
the Head's garden grew so fast
that it doubled its size every day,
and in 20 days it had entirely
covered the pond. How long
did it take to cover half the
pond?

Answer at foot of column 2.

Why is Ogilvy like a donkey?
Because when he goes home to Scotland
he stands on his banks and braces.

How was it that Bunter's apple pie
had a right side, but no left side? It
was all right, so there was none left!

What's the difference between Coker
and his studymate? One's potty, and
the other's Potter."

Percival Spencer Paget of the Third
claims to have blue blood in his veins.
That makes it difficult to know whether
he's been trying to cut his head off, or
just spilling ink on his collar.

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS Tea at Highcliffe

(1).
At Highcliffe School they have a lot
Of queerly sorted types,
For some are good and some are not
And some are merely snipes;
While one or two of them are said
To be a lot of— (CENSORED!—ED.).

(2).
Frank Courtenay is a decent pal;
The Caterpillar, too.
But Ponsonby & Co. are—well,
Perhaps it wouldn't do.
The Editor is looking grim,
And I must not fall foul of him!

(3).
We're sometimes asked to tea, you
know,
With Courtenay and his chums;
But Bunter isn't asked, although
He nearly always comes.
He takes a chair, he takes a look,
He takes a lot—and takes his hook!

(4).
When Ponsonby is round about
We try to be polite;
Although we'd rather punch his snout,
It would not do to fight
As guests, it's up to us, of course,
To treat the rotter with resource.

(5).
We all enjoy the study teas
At Highcliffe with our friends,
And pleasant afternoons like these
Do much to make amends
For all the rows we've had with Pon
For trying his low dodges on.

ANOTHER TOUR NEXT SATURDAY—MAKE A NOTE OF THE DAY!

expect to see Wibley round every corner now. Well, we're going to make him believe that Wib's in the class-room."

"Wha-a-at?"

"With my wonderful ventriloquism, you know—"

"You fat chump! Wib will be in the class-room—at least, Popper will," exclaimed Nugent.

"I know that, fathead! But suppose Mossoo hears a voice cheeking him, and thinks that Wib is hidden in the class-room somewhere—what? He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Jolly funny, and I dare say you could do it with your putrid ventriloquism," he said. "But chuck it, all the same. No more ragging for Froggy."

"Rot!" said Bunter independently. "After all, the little beast did get a Remove man sacked. He ought to have it. I'm not going to do this because Bolsover's offered to cash my postal order, of course. I hope I'm above such considerations. But it's up to me to make that little beast sit up!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There goes the bell!"

"Look here, Bunter—"

"Rats!" said Bunter.

And he rolled away for Class-room No. 10, where the Remove were taking French with Monsieur Charpentier that afternoon.

A good many of the Form were grinning as they went in. Most of the Form were as keen as ever on avenging Wibley's disaster by ragging Froggy. And they were looking forward to what was going to happen in the French class that afternoon.

Mossoo's extraordinary idea—as it seemed to most of the fellows—that the expelled junior had ventured to enter the school, had caused Bolsover and his pals to think of this wheeze. It was easy to enlist the services of the fat ventriloquist. Cashing his celebrated postal order was an inducement that Billy Bunter could not possibly resist. Moreover, the Greyfriars ventriloquist was always keen and eager to show off his wonderful powers in that line.

Archibald gave the fat junior a glare as he took his place in class. But Billy Bunter did not heed Archibald.

Monsieur Charpentier was not looking amiable that afternoon. He did not seem to have recovered from the happenings in the Remove passage the previous day.

The Famous Five received a very black glance from him. It was those cheery youths, as Mossoo believed, who had brought Wibley into the school the day before to tea in their study. How Wibley had got away undiscovered, he did not know; but he was certain that the sacked junior had been there. Which was a deep offence to Froggy, and placed the Famous Five in his black books.

Mossoo did not fail to spot the grins reflected from face to face in his class, and to suspect that another rag was on. He was in no mood to tolerate a rag patiently.

"Silence in ze class!" he rapped. "Sherry, you shuffle ze feet! Take feefty lines! Bull, you speak to Smeat! Take feefty lines! Wharton, I zink zat you vhisper to Buntair! Take feefty lines! Buntair, you vill also take feefty lines."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You vill not answer ze master back, Buntair! Take one hundred lines!"

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his

spectacles. Really, he could not help Wharton whispering to him.

Wharton had whispered to him to chuck up the intended ventriloquial rag. Fifty lines was his reward. He did not whisper again.

"I vill keep ordair in zis class!" snapped Monsieur Charpentier. "Zis class shall not be one garden of ze bear! No! Je vous dis, I say to you, if zere is disorder in zis class, I call ze headmaster to speak viz you! Already zere is one Remove boy expel—perhaps zere will be ozzers, if you do not behave! Zerefore, prenez garde—take you ze care!"

Billy Bunter gave a little fat cough. The Remove grinned with anticipation.

"Cheese it, Froggy!" came a voice that did not seem to come from the class.

Monsieur Charpentier gave a bound.

He knew—or fancied he knew—that voice!

He had—or fancied he had—heard it at the door of Study No. 1 in the Remove the previous day.

"Vibley!" he gasped. "Is zat Vibley here?"

He stared round the class-room.

Billy Bunter winked a fat wink at the grinning juniors.

Bunter, who could do nothing else, could ventriloquise in the most remarkable manner. If a voice had anything at all distinctive about it, Bunter could reproduce it with wonderful exactitude.

Wibley's natural voice was a little distinctive. It was pitched in a much lower key than Archibald's. It was not musical—some of the Remove fellows, in fact, had compared it to the filing of a saw, while others thought that it sounded like a frog in distress. Anyhow, whatever it was like, it was easily recognisable—and so exact was the fat ventriloquist's imitation of it, that some of the juniors wondered whether William Wibley really was in the room.

Monsieur Charpentier grabbed a cane from his desk, and his eyes fairly glinted round the class-room.

Wibley, he was assured, had visited the Remove studies the day before. Now, it seemed, he was visiting Mossoo's own class-room. Such unexampled impudence called for the direst punishment.

"Vere is zat Vibley?" exclaimed Mossoo. "Zat bad, sheeky boy is here—but vere is he viz himself?"

"Find out, Froggy!" came the voice.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" roared Mossoo. "Zis is not for to laff! Vere is zat Vibley? I vill zrash him viz zis cane, and take him to ze headmaster after. I demand to know vere is zat Vibley."

"Go home and chew frogs!" came the voice.

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

This time the voice seemed to come from the back of the class. Mossoo, breathing fury, rushed round the class brandishing the cane.

He peered among the desks. Innumerable legs of desks, and legs of juniors, met his view—but no hidden junior crouching out of sight. Crimson with wrath and perplexity, Mossoo peered and peered, while the Removites howled with laughter. This, in the general opinion, was better than French irregular verbs—much better!

"Fatheaded old Froggy!" came the voice again. It was Wibley's to the life, this time it seemed to proceed from behind the master's desk.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. He rushed back to his desk, brandishing the cane.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, Bunter, you fat idiot!" hissed Archibald.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

"You shut up, Popper!" snapped Bolsover major. "Mind your own bizney, you cheeky ass!"

"Frowsy old Froggy!" came the mysterious voice. "How many frogs have you got in your pockets to-day?"

"Ma foi!" gasped Mossoo.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Vere is zat Vibley? Vere is zat sheeky garcon? I zrash him ven zat I find him! Vere is he?" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier.

He pranced round his desk. But no one was hidden behind the desk. In amazement and fury, Mossoo glared round the class-room.

"Vere are you, rascal?" roared Mossoo. "You vicked Vibley, vere you vas?"

"Go home and chew frogs, old French bean!" came the voice, and this time it seemed to proceed from the fireplace.

Mossoo cut across to the fireplace. In the summer there was, of course, no fire there; and the big, old-fashioned chimney was easy enough to climb—for and this time it seemed to proceed from no other imaginable hiding-place in No. 10 class-room—and Mossoo did not doubt, now, that he had cornered the unseen one.

"Ah! You are zere, rascal!" he roared. "Dans la cheminee—n'est-ce-pas! You are in a chimney, isn't it? Now I find you, petit scelerat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Remove, as Mossoo bent his head and glared into the dusky space above the fireplace. Even Archibald chuckled.

"Descendez!" roared Monsieur Charpentier. "You hear me—vous ecoutez! I know verree vell zat you hide in one chimney. Descend! Come down viz you, vicked sheeky garcon! Ozzervise I beat you viz zis cane!"

"Rats!" came—or appeared to come—from the chimney. "Go and eat frogs, Froggy!"

"C'en est trop!" gasped Mossoo; and, leaning under the chimney, he lashed up with the cane—nothing doubting that the hidden junior was there to take the swipe.

In his wrath and excitement, he rather overlooked the fact that a swiping cane was liable to have a disturbing effect on the soot.

He was reminded of that the next moment, however.

There was a rush of disturbed soot from the chimney as the cane swiped—and a black cloud descended on Mossoo as he leaned below. He popped back with a gasping howl, smothered with soot, coughing and sneezing wildly; and from his class came a yell that rang far beyond Class-room No. 10.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Haunted!

"O H crikey!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The door of Class-room No. 10 opened, and Mr. Quelch stepped in.

His first grim glance was cast at the hilarious Remove. Then, as he saw Monsieur Charpentier, he started violently.

Mossoo was clawing soot and snorting and gasping.

Mr. Quelch gazed at him, almost like a man in a dream.

"Monsieur Charpentier, what has happened?" he exclaimed.

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

Even the arrival of their Form-



For a split second Billy Bunter blinked at the two masked ruffians, then, with a terrified yell that woke all the echoes of the old Cloisters, he turned and fled. "Ow! Help! Yow! Help!" he yelled frantically. Terror seemed to lend the fat junior wings. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the mossy flagstones as he headed for the quad.

master could not restrain their merriment at the sight of the French master grappling with the soot.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Monsieur, what has happened? Surely no boy of my Form has dared to—"

"C'était Vibley!" shrieked Mossoo. "It was Wibley?" repeated Mr. Quelch. "Wibley! What can you possibly mean! Wibley is not here!"

"Dans la cheminée!" "In the chimney!" repeated the Remove master. "Did—did—did you say in the—the—the chimney, Monsieur Charpentier?"

"Mais oui!" gasped Mossoo. "He hide in ze chimney, and he speak words of ze most sheeky, and he zrow down ze soot on me ven zat I look for him! I am smozzer! Regardez moi!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the Removites. Mossoo's impression was that Wibley, hidden in the chimney, had pitched that soot down on him!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter. "He, he, he! I say, you fellows—he, he, he!"

"Will you be silent?" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Monsieur, it is impossible that a boy can be hidden in the chimney—quite impossible! It is extraordinary that you should fancy, repeatedly, that Wibley has entered the school. The thing is quite impossible for—"

"But he is zere!" shrieked Mossoo. "I go to beat him viz ze cane, because he do not descend, and he zrow down ze soot! Look at me, sair! I am black—I am verree dirty—regardez!"

"Wharton!" "Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Harry.

"Is anyone hidden in that chimney?"

"I—I think not, sir! I—I'm sure not! I—I think Mossoo disturbed the soot with his cane, sir!" gasped the captain of the Remove.

"That is much more probable!" said Mr. Quelch. "For what reason, monsieur, do you suppose that Wibley is here?"

"I hear him speak viz himself—I hear zat voice zat I know verree vell—he call me names—he call me Froggy—"

"It is some extraordinary error, sir! Yesterday you supposed that you heard Wibley's voice in the Remove studies—now you suppose that you have heard it here! Really, Monsieur Charpentier—"

"But I hear!" shrieked Mossoo. "All ze garçons, zey hear him speak from ze chimney! Demandez, donc!"

"Did any of you hear anyone speak from the chimney?" demanded Mr. Quelch, looking at the Form.

"From the chimney—no, sir!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh! No, sir!"

"We never heard a sound from the chimney!"

"Not a sound, sir!"

"You see, Monsieur Charpentier, that there is a mistake!" said Mr. Quelch soothingly. "Obviously it is impossible—"

"He is zere! I say zat he is zere! You zink zat I mistake myself—zat I me deceive? Non, monsieur! Zat vicked Vibley hide in zat chimney, for to sheek me, and call me Froggy—he tell me to go and chew ze frog—"

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips and stepped across to the fireplace.

The Removites watched him breathlessly as he stooped. They were rather interested to see whether he would get any soot in his turn.

But Mr. Quelch prudently did not put his head under the chimney. He did not want a shower of soot.

"Is anyone there?" he called. "If someone is hidden there, answer me at once!"

There was no sound from the chimney.

The Greyfriars ventriloquist sat tight. He was not likely to carry on in the presence of Mr. Quelch.

"No one is there, Monsieur—"

"Zat Vibley is zere!" roared Monsieur Charpentier, and he rushed to the chimney, bent, and put his head under again.

This time, however, he did not lash with the cane. No doubt once bitten, he was twice shy. He glared into the dusky space.

"Well?" snapped Mr. Quelch, as Mossoo, after a long and earnest survey of the dim interior, gave an angry snort.

"It is too dark zere to see anyzing, but zat Vibley he is zere, j'en suis sur—"

"Wharton, kindly fetch a flash-lamp from my study! You will find one on the book-shelf."

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Harry Wharton hurried out.

Under Mr. Quelch's grim eye, the juniors strove to suppress their merriment while he was gone. But it was not easy. Gurgles and giggles escaped continually.

The captain of the Remove returned with the flash-lamp. At a gesture from Mr. Quelch he handed it to Mossoo.

"Now, sir, you may satisfy yourself that there is no one in the chimney!" said the Remove master.

"Mais j'en suis sur, and I tell you, sair, zat I vill now see zat vicked Vibley, now zat zere is light!"

Monsieur Charpentier turned on the flash-lamp, and bent under the chimney again. He flashed the light up into the sooty recesses. Ancient brick-work, caked with ancient soot, met his view! But there was nothing in the shape of a hidden schoolboy!

"Well?" rapped Mr. Quelch, as THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,539.

Mossoo withdrew his head at last with utter perplexity in his sooty face.

"He is not zero!" gasped Mossoo. "I zink I am haunt! I hear ze voice of zat Vibley, but he is not zero! Peutetre—perhaps he climb out of ze top, on ze chimney-pot—"

"Absurd!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Zen I am haunt—"

"Monsieur Charpentier, you are in a shocking state, with—with soot—I suggest that you leave your class to me for the present, and—"

"Mais oui! I zink I go vash!" said Mossoo. "But I zink zat zat vicked Vibley get out of ze chimney-pot, parceque—because zat I know zat he vas in ze cheminee! Of zat I am verree certain! Ozzervise I am haunt!"

Mr. Quelch barely repressed a snort of impatience.

Monsieur Charpentier left the classroom—he really was in need of a wash. There was no more hilarity in that classroom. Mr. Quelch's expression did not encourage hilarity.

Neither were there any more mysterious voices! Whether William Wibley was, or was not, within the walls of Greyfriars School, his voice was heard no more!

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Getting Going!

"WHARTON, old chap—"

"Buzz off!"

"I say, Toddy—"

"Hook it!"

"Look here, you beasts—"

"Get out!" snapped Archibald Popper.

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at the three.

He was unaware of the matter of deep import on the minds of those three members of the Remove. They were about to proceed with carrying out Toddy's wonderful wheeze for getting Wibley righted.

But there was, in point of fact, a matter of deep import on Billy Bunter's fat mind. He was thinking of tea.

At tea-time, what should a fellow

think of but tea? It was difficult for Billy Bunter to comprehend that any fellow could possibly be thinking of anything else. Such a fellow, in Bunter's opinion, could hardly be quite in his senses!

Deeply concerned with this important matter, Billy Bunter did not buzz off, hook it, or get out. Tea was tea!

"Look here, don't be silly asses," he said. "I'll come. If you've got shopping to do, I'll help. What are you getting for tea?"

As the three were going away from the House, Bunter's natural conclusion was that they were heading for the school shop, to get something for tea. What other destination could they possibly have at such a time?

"Buzz off, you fat bluebottle!" hooted Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Boot him!" grunted Archibald.

"Oh, really, Wibley—"

"Shut up, you fat wasp!"

"Well, you jolly well boot a chap, and I'll jolly well yell Wibley all over the shop!" declared Bunter. "I don't want any cheek from you, see? I wonder what Froggy would say, if he knew—"

"Quiet, ass!" said Harry Wharton.

"Well, what about tea?" asked Bunter. "I'd rather tea in the study, but if you're going out, I'll come. Is it a picnic?"

"No, ass!"

"Well, if you're going to the shop—"

"We're not! Buzz off!"

"Where are you going, then?" asked Bunter. "Look here, what's on?"

The three were not likely to tell Bunter where they were going, or what was on. Bunter was superfluous. It was necessary for Bunter to disappear. Peter was equal to the occasion.

"Look here, Bunter, if you'd like to do some shopping—" he said.

"Certainly, old chap!" said Bunter at once.

Not always an obliging fellow, Bunter was always prepared to oblige in that way.

"Well, cut up to the study—I've left

a note in the table drawer," said Peter. "Get anything you like so far as it will go."

"Right-ho, old fellow! Leave it to me," said Bunter. "You don't want any change out of the note?"

"No!"

"Good!"

Billy Bunter rolled into the House at once.

The three juniors resumed their way—two of them rather in a state of surprise. Peter Todd was not a wealthy fellow, neither was he careless with cash. Leaving notes in a table drawer, and giving Bunter a free hand for expenditure, was quite unlike him.

"That will keep Bunter busy for a few minutes!" remarked Peter. "Come on, and let's get out of sight."

"Blowing a ten-shilling note on tuck will keep even Bunter busy for more than a few minutes, I should think," said Harry.

"Tain't a ten-shilling note."

"Well, you ass! Are you going to let Bunter blow a pound note?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove in astonishment.

"Tain't a pound note."

"Not a banknote!" gasped Wharton.

"No; not a banknote."

"Then what the dickens is it?"

"It's a note from the bootmaker in Courtfield," answered Peter cheerfully. "He's got my boots to repair, and he's sent me a note to say they're ready."

Wharton and Archibald stared at Peter; then they roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter can blow that note, if he likes—and if he can get anybody to take it!" said Peter. "I don't want any change out of it! I've told him to get anything he likes, as far as it will go! I don't think it will go very far."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Unaware of the nature of the "note" that Toddy had left in the table drawer in Study No. 7, Billy Bunter lost no time in getting to that study.

Meanwhile, the three juniors lost no time in getting to the old Cloisters.

The ancient Cloisters of Greyfriars were partly in ruins. The spot was a good distance from the school buildings and little frequented.

Fellows like Skinner and Snoop sometimes sneaked along there for a quiet smoke unobserved by masters or prefects. But interruption was not probable—and, anyhow, it was the best spot that could be selected, within the precincts of the school, for carrying out Peter's scheme.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here you are!"

Bob Cherry was already on the spot. He was waiting there; nobody else was anywhere at hand.

"Here we are!" grinned Peter. "Get going, you men!"

Behind a mass of ancient ivy a bag had been parked earlier in the day. Bob pulled it out and opened it.

Harry Wharton and Peter Todd proceeded to dress for their part. The bag was packed with "properties" of the Remove Dramatic Society.

They put on shabby coats that reached nearly to their knees and crammed rough cloth caps on their heads. Then two black masks were affixed over their features.

When that transformation was completed they looked like anything but Remove fellows of Greyfriars.

Anyone who had spotted them might have wondered who and what they were, but certainly never would have guessed that they were members of Mr. Quelch's Form!

They looked, in fact, two extremely

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dangerous ruffians; which was exactly how they wanted to look.

Bob Cherry chuckled as he gazed at them.

"You'll do!" he remarked. "By gum! It will make Froggy jump when you pounce on him."

"Make him frightfully grateful to be rescued, I should think!" said Peter Todd.

"Mind he doesn't yell, though! If anybody got here—"

"That's all right! We bag him and dab a paw over his mouth!" said Peter. "Then we hiss into his ear that we're going to bash him for setting the police after our pal Huggins. He will take it down like milk."

"Then I rush in just in time to stop the bashing!" said Archibald. "I'd better punch you fellows a bit hard to make it look natural—"

"You'd better not punch me hard, you fathead," said Harry Wharton—"unless you want some unrehearsed effects to follow."

"Look here, you ass, I shall have to knock you down—"

"You'll get knocked down if you do!"

"If you're going to spoil the whole thing—" snorted Archibald.

"I am—if you start knocking me down!" said the captain of the Remove emphatically. "We'll take the alarm and bolt—that will be near enough."

"It would look more convincing if I knocked you spinning—"

"We'll chance it without that!"

"Look here—"

"Shut up, Wib, old man!" said Peter. "You talk too much, old chap! Get that Popper outfit off—you've got to be Wibley!"

Archibald's wavy brown hair and thick, dark eyebrows were packed into the bag. In a few minutes William Wibley was himself again. He changed his school jacket for a light tweed one from the bag, and made a few other little changes. Archibald Popper vanished, leaving William Wibley in his place.

"All ready now?" asked Bob.

"Yes—we've only got to park ourselves in cover!" said Peter. "Your bit is to get Mossoo here! He'll jump at it when you go and tell him you've seen Wibley here. He's got Wibley on his nervous system now, and he will simply leap at a chance of nailing him and lugging him off to the Head."

"Dead cert!" grinned Bob. "He's in the quad now—I saw him talking with old Prout before I came here—"

"Don't speak to him before Prout, of course! You've got to catch him alone—he's got to come alone—"

"I understand, fathead! Think I'm going to call all Greyfriars here? I'll get Froggy on his own."

"This is going to be a winner," said Peter. "Wibley's supposed to have hiked along, taking a look at the dear old school and all that, you know. As he wouldn't be admitted at the gates he hiked in this way. That accounts for Wibley being on the spot. They can take all that for granted. By a coincidence, two pals of that broken-nosed Johnny are mooching about, looking for a chance to get at Mossoo. They get him—and then Wibley, regardless of danger, rushes in with reckless pluck and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Drives them off—rescues Mossoo—and there you are!" said Peter. "Froggy nearly wept with gratitude over me the other day—he will quite weep over Wib. I can see him leading his cher Wibley off to the Head to be pardoned!"

"If it works—" said Harry.

"It will work, fathead!"

"Oh, all right! Get going, Bob!"

Wibley parked himself behind one of the old stone pillars. The two masked ruffians parked themselves behind another at a little distance. Bob Cherry, grinning, walked away, leaving the spot apparently solitary.

He sauntered into the quad, with an eye open for Monsieur Charpentier. All that remained was for Bob to do his bit—and send Mossoo, so to speak, like a lamb to the slaughter. That Mossoo would jump, with both feet, at a chance of collaring Wibley was certain. It was an absolutely certain inducement to get him where he was wanted.

Mossoo was still in the quad, in conversation with Mr. Prout—or, to be more exact, the Fifth Form master was in conversation with him. Prout, as usual, was doing all the talking.

Bob loafed at a little distance, waiting for his chance. He could not give Mossoo the news in Prout's presence—it was only too probable that Prout would have gone with Mossoo, which would, of course, have spoiled the whole thing. He had to wait till Prout left off talking.

Waiting for Prout to leave off talking with rather like waiting for a river to flow by.

Monsieur Charpentier was suppressing yawns and shifting from one leg to the other, and from the other to the one, and still Mr. Prout went on talking. Prout, in fact, seldom left off talking to one victim till another appeared in sight!

Fortunately for everybody concerned, Mr. Quelch came out of the House, and Prout, bestowing a friendly nod on Mossoo, rolled away to give Quelch the benefit of his still unexhausted conversation.

Monsieur Charpentier turned to walk towards the House.

Bob cut in! Now was his chance!

"If you please, sir—"

Mossoo glanced at him.

"Vat is it, Sherry?" he asked.

"I thought you might like to know, sir, that I've seen Wibley—"

The name was enough! Mossoo jumped like a startled turkey!

"Wibley!" he exclaimed. "You have see zat Wibley? Mon Dieu! You have see zat Wibley in ze school, Sherry?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Vere you see him, Sherry?" exclaimed Mossoo. "Dites-moi—tell me at vunce vere you see zat bad boy—"

"In the Cloisters, sir! Right at the other end, near the old tower—"

"Zat bad boy! He climb in over ze vall, zen! Mais oui! I zink! Ma foi, zis time I catches him, isn't it! I zink!"

It worked like a charm. Mossoo fairly flew. His coat-tails whisked behind him as he rushed off in the direction of the Cloisters.

Bob Cherry chuckled. He had done his bit—and it had worked! All was going well—as far, at least, as Bob knew!

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Shock for Bunter!

"**B**EAST!" hissed Billy Bunter. Standing at the table drawer in Study No. 7, the fat Owl of the Remove blinked at the note in the drawer.

Toddy had spoken the truth; he had left a note in that table drawer. But a note from the Courtfield bookmaker had little interest or use for Billy Bunter. He blinked at it with a devastating blink.

"Beast! Pulling a fellow's leg!" hissed Bunter. "Getting shut of a fellow just because they don't want a fellow to tea! Cads!"

It was too thick, in Bunter's opinion. He had treated that fellow Wibley well—not only keeping his secret for him, but giving him the pleasure of his company every day to tea in his study. This was his reward.

Bunter saw it all, of course!

His fat leg had been pulled, simply to get shut of him. They were tea-ing out, and were going to leave him behind. That was why he had been sent up to the studies on a fool's errand.

It was all clear to Bunter. That fellows could be thinking of anything but tea at tea-time, naturally did not occur to him. They were going to tea at the shop, or out of gates, and leave him out—after all he had done for them. But were they? Not if Bunter could help it!

He rolled out of Study No. 7, and hurried down the stairs. In the quad he blinked to and fro through his big spectacles.

Wharton and Toddy and Popper were not to be seen. But he had expected that. They had cleared him off, while he went.

He rolled across to the school shop.

They were not there.

He rolled out again.

"I say, Skinner," he said, "seen Wharton?"

"Lots of times!" answered Skinner.

"Beast! I mean, do you know where he is now, old chap?"

"Certainly!" answered Skinner.

"Well, where is he?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"In his clobber!" answered Skinner affably.

"Beast!"

Bunter rolled on in search of more accurate information, leaving Skinner grinning.

No member of the Famous Five was to be seen. Johnny Bull, Nugent, and Hurrec Singh, as a matter of fact, were at the nets, putting in some cricket practice with a view to the Rookwood match. Bob Cherry, at that moment, was in the Cloisters, with his friends. Billy Bunter blinked to and fro with an exasperated blink. If it was a picnic, and the beasts had gone out of gates, he was done. He feared it.

He rolled down to the gates. There he found comfort—Gosling had not seen them go out.

He rolled back.

By that time Bob Cherry had come away from the Cloisters, and was standing leaning on an elm, waiting for the termination of Mr. Prout's conversation with Mossoo.

But the short-sighted Owl of the Remove did not see him there—neither did Bob give Bunter any heed. He was not interested in Bunter.

Bunter, more and more exasperated, rolled back to the House. Only too clearly, the beasts were dodging him; and that meant a spread from which he was to be left out. He was jolly well going to show them!

Lord Mauleverer was loafing in the doorway of the House, and Bunter gave him an anxious squeak.

"I say, Mauly—"

"Yaas?"

"Have those beasts gone in?"

"Haven't seen any beasts, old fat man—I mean, only one!" said Mauly.

"Which one?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"You!"

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter.

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"Look here! Has Wharton, or Toddy, or Popper gone in?"

"Haven't seen them!"

Bunter turned back from the doorway. They were still out of the House—but where? He blinked to and fro, and squeaked again, as Hazeldene came along.

"Seen Wharton, Hazel?"

"Eh? I saw him about a quarter of an hour ago," answered Hazel. "He was with Toddy and that new chap."

"Where did they go?"

"Didn't notice! I think they were going towards the Cloisters when I saw them," answered Hazel carelessly, and he went into the House.

That was enough for Bunter. The old Cloisters, of course—that was where they were going to have the spread, leaving Bunter out!

Bunter rolled off to the Cloisters. Like Iser in the poem, he rolled rapidly. He grinned as he rolled. He had run the beasts down at last.

The old Cloisters looked as lonely as usual, as the fat Owl rolled along under the ancient arches. But Billy Bunter was not to be deluded by an aspect of solitude. It would be like the beasts to dodge him, if they heard him coming.

"I say, you fellows, where are you?" yelled Bunter. "I say, I jolly well know you're here! I say—"

A suppressed exclamation behind one of the pillars caught his fat ear.

Grinning, he blinked round that pillar.

The next moment the grin left his fat face, as if wiped off by a duster. He uttered a yell of consternation and terror.

His eyes almost bulged through his spectacles at the sudden, startling sight of two masked ruffians behind the stone pillar.

For a split second he blinked at them—then, with a terrified yell that woke all the echoes, he turned and fled.

"Ow! Help! Yow! Help! Wow! Help!" yelled Bunter frantically, as he ran.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped one of the masked ruffians. "That fat idiot—"

"Oh crikey!" stuttered the other. "Stop him!"

They rushed after Bunter.

The fat Owl gave one terrified blink over a fat shoulder. Terror lent him wings, as he saw the two masked ruffians in pursuit. He fairly flew. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the old mossy flags, as he headed for the quad. He raced! He whizzed! And as he whizzed, he let out ear-splitting yell after yell:

"Ow! Help! Yarook! Help! Save me! Yoo-hoop! Help!"

He burst headlong out of the Cloisters. He did not see a running figure coming from the opposite direction. He was quite unaware of Monsieur Charpentier, till he crashed!

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Hard Pressed!

"THAT ass—"

"That dummy!"

"What on earth brought him here?"

"Goodness knows!"

"The game's up!"

Two masked ruffians peered out from the Cloisters. They had hoped to bag Bunter and keep him quiet—but the terrified fat Owl had been too quick for

them. Peering out, they saw him mix up with Mossco.

Mossco had been moving fast. So had Bunter. They had met with a terrific impact. Harry Wharton and Toddy had only just time to leap for cover.

Bunter was the heavier of the two. Mossco had the worst of the collision. He went over backwards, as if a cannon-ball had hit him. Over him went Bunter, sprawling.

Under Bunter, Mossco squirmed and shrieked. Over Mossco, Bunter rolled and roared.

STOP PRESS.

As this issue goes to press startling news reaches us that Archibald Popper, now at Greyfriars, may be an impostor. Sir Hilton Popper, well known to all Greyfriars fellows, declares: "My nephew has gone to sea. I know nothing about a boy of the name at Greyfriars. I am coming to the school immediately to clear the matter up!"

It is understood that the Headmaster, Doctor Locke, and Mr. Horace Quelch, M.A., are taking no definite steps until he arrives.

Interviewed by our representative, Form-captain Wharton stated on behalf of the Famous Five: "We're standing by Wib—I mean Popper—whatever happens. I don't think I'd better say any more."

Added Archibald Popper: "Sir Hilton is barmy. He doesn't know what he's talking about!"

The next issue of the MAGNET, with full details of these amazing allegations, is eagerly awaited.

Look Out For FRANK RICHARDS' Great New Story, "WIBLEY WINS THROUGH!"

Two or three dozen fellows were already heading for the spot, startled by the wild uproar. Mr. Quelch's long legs came striding—after him rolled the portly Prout. Wingate of the Sixth cut ahead of them. Coker, Potter, and Greene of the Fifth came on at a run. A crowd of other fellows popped up from all sides.

Swiftly the two masked ruffians backed into cover.

The game, obviously, was up. Mossco had been coming—but that unspeakable

idiot, Bunter, had barged in first and spoiled everything.

The programme, so carefully mapped out, could not be got on with now—with a swarm of Greyfriars fellows heading for the spot—among them two masters!

That wonderful scheme had to be scrapped—and scrapped quick!

"Ow! Help! Look out! They're after me!" yelled Bunter, as Mr. Quelch grasped him by the collar and dragged him up.

Monsieur Charpentier staggered to his feet.

"Urgh! Nom d'un nom! Urgh!" he spluttered.

"What has happened?" boomed Prout. "What—"

"Burglars!" howled Bunter. "Burglars, or—or bandits! They—they got after me! Oh crikey!"

"Nonsense, Bunter!"

"Ow! They did! They had knives, and—and revolvers! Yarook!"

"Monsieur Charpentier, what—"

"Zat Vibley!"

"Wibley!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Zat Vibley, he is here! I know not vy for Buntair he run like one fou, but zat Vibley—"

"Absurd!"

"On verra!" yapped Monsieur Charpentier, and he rushed on—amid a couple of dozen Greyfriars fellows of all forms.

Two alarmed ruffians in masks were cutting back through the Cloisters, as fast as they could go!

Not only was the game obviously up, but no time had to be lost, if Wharton and Toddy were not to be caught in their remarkable get-up.

They tore off the masks and caps, and jammed them into their coat-pockets as they ran; then, still running, they tore off the coats.

They were heading for the obscure corner where the bag was parked behind the ivy. But they quickly realised that there would be no time to pack their outfit away in the bag.

Footsteps already echoed behind them among the old pillars and arches.

"What's up?" Wibley, with a startled face, met them. "What—"

"Hook it!" panted Peter. "The game's up! They're coming—"

"But what—"

"Cut!" gasped Wharton. "For goodness' sake get out of sight, you ass! Hunt cover somewhere, you fathead!"

"I've got to get to the bag! I've got to change back! I've got to make up as Popper—"

"No time, ass! No time, idiot! No time, fathead! Cut!" shrieked Wharton. "You'll be spotted in a tick! Quelch—and Prout—and Wingate—half Greyfriars—"

"Bunk!" hissed Peter Todd.

Wibley stood blinking at them. He realised that the game was up—but his idea was to make a swift change back into Archibald Popper.

It would have taken the schoolboy actor only minutes! But he had not even one minute!

His friends realised that, if Wib did not! They grasped him, spun him round, and started him off.

"Run!" hissed Wharton.

"Hide!" hissed Peter.

"Oh, all right! Just like you fellows to muck up the whole thing!" yapped Wibley. And he ran.

So far from there being time for the schoolboy actor to make a change, there was not even time for Wharton and

Peter to get at the bag and pack in their outfit. They crumpled the coats quickly and shoved them out of sight in the thick ivy.

It was all they could do. Then they turned to face the crowd that came whooping up the Cloister.

"Wharton! Todd!" Monsieur Charpentier squeaked on his top note. "Vat you do here? Vere is zat Wibley?"

"Is Wibley here?" exclaimed Wingate of the Sixth, staring at the two flushed, breathless juniors. "What has happened here, Wharton? Have you been larking with that young ass, Bunter?"

"Vere is zat Wibley?"

"Is anyone here, Wharton?" Mr. Quelch came up. "Bunter has been frightened by someone—some trespasser, perhaps—a tramp, possibly—"

"I—I haven't seen anything of a tramp, sir!" gasped Harry.

"Zat Wibley—"

"Monsieur Charpentier thinks that Wibley is here, Wharton! For what reason I cannot imagine—"

"Sherry he say so!" shrieked Mossoo. "Sherry say zat Wibley is here, and zat he see him."

"Oh! That alters the case!" said Mr. Quelch. "Wingate—Gwynne—Coker—please search—"

Wharton and Peter exchanged a sickly look.

Bob had carried out his part of the game. News of Wibley had brought Mossoo rushing to the spot. But, as it had turned out, that was the very worst thing that could have happened! For there was no denying now that Wibley had been there.

The name of Wibley was repeated on all sides. Nobody believed that Billy Bunter had seen burglars or bandits in the Cloisters. Burglars and bandits were altogether too improbable. But if Bob Cherry had said that he had seen Wibley there, there was no doubt about that.

"Wibley!" exclaimed Coker. "That young ass who was sacked—"

"Find him at once, if he is here!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"What effrontery!" boomed Mr. Prout. "What unparalleled effrontery to enter a school from which he has been expelled—"

"Hallo!" roared Wingate of the Sixth. "Who's this?"

A figure darted from behind a stone pillar and ran. A dozen pairs of eyes turned on it as it went.

"Wibley!" yelled a dozen fellows.

"Wibley!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Zat Wibley!" squealed Mossoo.

"Upon my word!" gasped Prout.

"Unparalleled effrontery—"

"Secure that boy!" shouted Mr. Quelch. "Wingate, secure him!"

Wingate was hot in pursuit.

Wibley had been rooted out, and he was running. Hard on his track ran the captain of Greyfriars.

Fast after Wingate came a swarm of other fellows—Mossoo among them, waving both hands in frantic gesticulations.

Harry Wharton and Peter Todd stood staring. They could not help Wibley now. In his own proper person, known to all eyes that fell on him, there was the expelled junior—running, with a perfect swooping on his track!

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Peter.

"Go it, Wib!" yelled the Bounder.

"Silence, Vernon-Smith!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Take a hundred lines! Wingate, secure that boy—"

Wibley, hardly a yard ahead of the prefect, made a bound at the ivied wall that gavo on the lane outside. He scrambled up in frantic haste.

(Continued on next page.)



COME INTO the OFFICE, BOYS - AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

MAURICE SHARMAN, who writes to say how anxiously he looks forward to the MAGNET every Saturday, asks which member of the Famous Five was the first to join Greyfriars. Evidently Maurice is not aware of the fact that our companion paper—the "Gem"—is at present running a series of yarns dealing with the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., otherwise he would not have raised the question. Frank Nugent can claim to be the oldest junior at Greyfriars as he was already at the school in the very first yarn which, incidentally, dealt with the "coming" of Harry Wharton. Next came Bob Cherry, then Hurree Singh, and finally Johnny Bull.

The above paragraph will no doubt interest "Flight-Sergeant," of the Royal Air Force, who informs me that he finds it impossible to secure the "Gem" and asks if yarns featuring Tom Merry & Co., of St. Jim's, are still appearing therein. Certainly they are, my R.A.F. chum—and going strong, too! I cannot understand why you should have any difficulty in obtaining a copy of the "Gem" as this all-school-story paper is on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls. Maybe I shall hear from you again, later?

A long and most interesting letter comes from Alexander Jack, of Falkirk, Scotland, who in his humorous way says that as Scots have the reputation of being mean, he is living up to it by filling up every inch of his notepaper. Would I consider a man of 24 years of age as being childish for reading the MAGNET?—asks my Scots chum. Not at all, "Jock." I have had hundreds of letters from readers who have been reading the MAGNET since the very first number which appeared over 29 years ago. Jock is looking rather ahead, for he suggests that Harry Wharton & Co. should spend next Christmas in Scotland. Not a bad idea, either. I will see what Mr. Frank Richards has to say about it. No, Jock, as I have already stated previously, there is no room for a "Pen Pals" column in the MAGNET. The special cover-to-cover stories and our shorter features take up all the available space. A column of this nature is a feature of our Companion Paper, the "Gem."

Now for a few

REPLIES IN BRIEF

to readers' inquiries:

D. Clark (Bradford).—Sorry I can't oblige. There is no room for this feature in the MAGNET owing to our cover-to-cover stories.

Ronald Mason (Oxford).—Were I a betting man my money would be on Bulstrode and Bob Cherry. The answer to your second question is Billy Bunter. And by a big margin, too!

Harold Baldwyn (B'ham).—I agree with what you say. But, then again, it wouldn't do for us all to think alike, would it?

William Hope (Sussex).—You are certainly right about Bob Cherry heading the list of "fighting" men in the Remove. Next in order of merit come Harry Wharton, Mark Linley, Richard Russell, Peter Todd, and Tom Redwing.

Miss Lilian Wingfield (Hensfield) and R. Clark (Tonbridge).—Frank Richards is no relation to the person you mention.

Derek Luckin (Balham, S.W.).—There are more than two hundred scholars at Greyfriars. The Forms are as follows: First Form (more commonly known as the "babes"), Second Form, Third Form, Remove or Lower Fourth, Upper Fourth Form, Shell Form, Fifth Form, and Sixth Form. There are eleven masters—including the headmaster.

"Magnetite" (Oxford).—Owing to the extra-long school stories of Greyfriars, there is no room for any new features in the MAGNET.

Paul Coling (Purley).—Back numbers of the MAGNET as far back as 1933 are unobtainable from our Back Number Department. Sorry and all that, Paul.

Alec Kitroeff (Alexandria).—The characters and place names you mention are fictitious.

Having got that little lot off my chest, I guess I'd better put you wise as to what is in store for next Saturday. The cover-to-cover story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled:

"WIBLEY WINS THROUGH!"

By Frank Richards

is the real goods. Only by a series of miracles has William Wibley, in the guise and name of Archibald Popper, escaped detection at Greyfriars, which he is supposed to have left for ever. In his peculiar position there is danger, every day and every hour, of something coming out. Unless he can get Monsieur Charpentier to overlook what has happened his goose will be cooked! And this Wibley proceeds to do. Although his method of bringing this about doesn't go according to programme—it gets there just the same. You'll enjoy this tip-top yarn, chums, just as you will the shorter features, all of which are bang up to standard! Be wise and order your copy of next Saturday's MAGNET right now.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,539.

"Stop!" panted Wingate. He grabbed a whisking leg. "He's got him!" gasped Peter. But Wingate had not quite got him. Wibley, with his free foot, kicked out backwards, and Wingate caught the heel on his waistcoat. He staggered—and Wibley scrambled over the ivied wall out of reach. For a moment he sat astride there, panting, in full view of a swarm of eyes—then he dropped on the outer side, and was gone!

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Bumps for Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows!" Five ferocious glares were concentrated on Billy Bunter as he blinked into Study No. 1 in the Remove.

The Famous Five had gathered there for a rather late tea. They had not, perhaps, expected too much from Toddy's stunt—having no very high opinion of ideas from Study No. 7. Still, it was a sad sell! There had been a happy prospect of success—but for the barging in of Billy Bunter!

The only solace was that Wibley had got clear. Otherwise, he certainly would have been sent home in charge of a Sixth Form prefect, and handed over to the keeping of Mr. Wibley!

Where he was now they did not know—somewhere outside Greyfriars. His name, of course, was on every tongue in the school.

Even Mr. Quelch had to admit that it was not a delusion of Mossoo's this time—the expelled junior was not only hanging on in the vicinity, but he actually had penetrated into the school, and had been seen there by scores of eyes!

Which was very annoying to Mr. Quelch—though no doubt he would have been much more annoyed had he been aware of certain circumstances, which certain members of his Form had no intention of mentioning to him.

The chums of the Remove had no doubt that, before calling-over, Wibley would climb back into the Cloisters, unpack the bag in the ivy, and resume the identity of Archibald—and turn up to answer, in Hall, to the name of Popper.

Had all gone well, as planned by the hopeful Peter, he might have answered there, in a reinstated state, to the name of Wibley. But all had not gone well. All had gone wrong—owing to the fat and fatuous Owl, who was now blinking in at the study doorway. For which reason, the Famous Five glared at Billy Bunter as if they could have bitten him.

"So you're here!" said Bunter. "If you haven't had tea yet, all right! I say, you fellows, I was looking for you everywhere! I say, I went to the Cloisters to look for you, and I can tell you I had a jolly narrow escape!"

"You benighted bandersnatch—" began the captain of the Remove.

"You preposterous porpoise—" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, really, you know! I say, Quelch

doesn't believe that I saw two masked villains in the Cloisters," said Bunter. "Nobody else saw them, so far as I can hear—but I jolly well did! They were crouching there you know and they sprang at me like tigers—"

"You potty, pernicious piffler—"

"A pair of the most awful ruffians," said Bunter. "One of them had a knife—I think it was a bowie knife—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"The other had a revolver—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! They rushed at me, and I barely escaped with my life!" said Bunter. "I don't know why they were there, or what they were up to, but I jolly well saw them!"

"What did you butt in at all for, you piffing porpoise?" demanded Wharon.

"Eh? I was looking for you, of course! I knew that it was a spread you—"

"A spread?"

"Yes, I jolly well knew why you were dodging a fellow, and—"

"Oh, bump him!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows— Here, you leggo!" yelled Bunter, in wrath and indignation. "I say— Yarooooop!" Bump!

Wun Lung Kidnapped From Greyfriars!

You simply musn't miss the thrilling early adventures of the Chinese boy of the Remove! Read

"The GREYFRIARS CHINEE!"

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"Why, you beasts—"

Bump!

"Ow! Leggo! Wharrer you getting shirty about, I'd like to know? I jolly well wasn't going to be left out of the spread, and if you think I was, I can jolly well say— Yaroop! Oh crikey!" Bump!

"Ow! Beasts! Wow! Rotters! I say—" Bump!

"Yoo-hooop!"

Billy Bunter sat and roared in the doorway of Study No. 1. The celebrated Bull of Bashan, famed for his roaring, had nothing on Billy Bunter at that moment.

"Now," said Bob Cherry, drawing back his foot, "all kick together, and see if we can lift him right across the passage!"

"Go it!"

Billy Bunter did not wait for the Famous Five to "go it." He squirmed out of the doorway, bounded to his feet, and tore up the passage.

The door of Study No. 7 opened, and shut with a slam!

Peter Todd, in that study, looked at Bunter. He looked at him expressively. He had been waiting to see Bunter! He was anxious to see him! He had a cricket stump on the table, all ready!

"Oooooogh!" gasped Bunter breathlessly. "Oogh! I say, Toddy— Ooogh! I say, those beasts in Study No. 1— Ooogh! I've been bumped — Gooogh!"

"They bumped you, did they?" asked Peter.

"Eh? Yes! I say—"

"Hardly enough—what?" asked Peter, picking up the stump. "What you really want is scalping, and then something lingering, with boiling oil in it! You ought to be slaughtered, slain, and spificated! But I'll do the best I can with this stump!"

"Why, you beast— Keep off!" yelled Bunter, in surprise and alarm. "I say, Toddy— Oh crikey! Help!"

Swipe!

"Beast! I say—"

Swipe!

"Oh lor'! Oh crumbs! Keep off, you mad ass!"

Swipe!

Billy Bunter dodged wildly round the study table. After him rushed Peter, swiping. He leaped for the door. After him leaped Peter, still swiping. He tore the door open, catching another swipe. He bounded into the passage, a last swipe catching him as he bounded!

He did the Remove passage to the stairs at a good 60 m.p.h.

"That's not the lot!" roared Peter. "There's more to come! Come back when you want the rest!"

Bunter vanished.

It was past tea-time—long past. But Billy Bunter, for once, was not bothering about tea. Not for a dozen teas, one after another, would he have ventured back into the Remove passage just then. Bunter vanished—and stayed vanished!

"Popper!"

"Adsum!"

Mr. Quelch was calling the names in Hall. When he came to the name of Popper, Archibald's high-pitched voice answered, as usual, from the ranks of the Remove!

Harry Wharton & Co. glanced round at Archibald. There he was—Archibald once more, and bearing no resemblance to the junior who had been hunted over the Cloister wall. He closed one eye at them.

They grinned.

They could not help wondering what Mr. Quelch would have thought and done could he have guessed that William Wibley, whom he had last seen scotting over a wall, was there in Hall under his gimlet eyes!

Fortunately, Mr. Quelch was not likely to guess!

THE END.

(Next week brings this great series to a smashing climax in a story you will find it difficult to forget. It's called: "WIBLEY WINS THROUGH!")

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THE SHIPWRECKED TRIPPERS!

Another Instalment of
"DOCTOR BIRCHEMALL'S BOARDING-HOUSE!"

—Dicky Nugent's Ten-Smiles-a-Minute Serial.

"Aho! there, me harties!" rasped Kaptin Saltspray when he joined Jack Jolly & Co. on the porch of Bella Vista a couple of days later. "Anything wrong this morning? You're looking mitey blue!"

Jack Jolly & Co. turned red. The sun was shining brightly on Sandyville-on-Sea. But gloom rained amongst the chums of St. Sam's.

The cost of staying at Doctor Birchermall's boarding-house had gone up every day, and now that the end of the week had come it had got them down! But they couldn't very well explain that to their nautical fellow-boarder, so they tried to muster up an air of cheerfulness for the old sea-salt's bennyfit.

"Nunno, sir, there's nothing wrong!" said Jack Jolly. "We're as happy as sandboys!"

"Then join me on the beach at eleven this morning, and we'll go for a sail!" beamed Kaptin Saltspray. "See you later, you yung lubbers!"

"Half a minnit, sir—"

But the kaptin had rolled away. And Jack Jolly, who had been going to tell him that they hadn't the price of a boat trip between them, grinned refully.

"It's all very well talking about going for a sail," he said, "but we happen to be already on the rocks!"

"Perhaps he means to pay for us," said Frank Fearless hopefully. "Of course, we don't want to sponge, but if there's a chance of putting anything on the slate—"

"Nothing doing, Fearless, as far as I'm concerned, anyway!" broke in a voice from the hall at that instant. "Mite I remind you that you haven't paid this morning's bills yet?"

"Oh crums!"

It was Doctor Birchermall who

stood in the doorway. To the fellows who were used to seeing him in the somber cap and gown he wore during term-time, he looked rather a funny sight now, for he was dressed in a white apron and dust-cap and carried a broom in his hand. Jack Jolly & Co. couldn't help laughing as they looked at him.

"Ha, ha! Eggscuse our larfter, sir, but you don't half look commical!" grinned Jack Jolly. "About the bills, sir—"

"Well, what about them?" wrapped out the Head.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait a little, sir. The fakt is—ahem!—we're broke to the wide!"

The Head's eyes narrowed.

"I have told you before, Jolly, and I now repeat, that I do not understand slang eggpressions. Do you, by any chance, intend to convey to me that you are short of oof?"

"Short 'duzzent describe it!" sighed the kaptin of the Fourth. "We haven't a bean between us sir!"

There was a dull thud as Doctor Birchermall's broom dropped from his nerveless hands. With arms akimbo, he glared wolfishly at his youthful guests.

"Well, of all the ordassity!" he cried in a voice that shook with emotion. "Here have I been working my fingers to the bone to keep you in luxury and idleness—and now you can't pay your bills! You—you bilkers!"

"Bilker yourself, sir!" cried Frank Fearless hotly. "If you hadn't wacked on so many extras we'd have had munny to spare. It's all your fault for being such a swindler!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Silence!" roared Doctor Birchermall as Jolly and Merry and

Bright supported their pal's protest. "How dare you add insult to injury? For two pins I would send for the perlice and have you all clapped into gaol!"

Then a crafty, cunning eggspression came into the Head's skollarly face.

"But a better plan than that suggests itself to me," he added, stroking his beard thoughtfully. "I know what I'll do. I'll make you work for your keep. You shall become the servants of Bella Vista!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"The servant problem has hitherto been my great difficulty," grinned the Head. "Try as I may, I cannot get good domestick servants for half-a-crown a week. You shall solve the problem for me!"

"Grate pip!"

"Jolly! You will do the break-fast washing-up! Fearless! You will scrub the steps! Merry and Bright! You will do out the bedrooms! Get bizzzy, boys!"

With these words, the Head tore off his cap and apron and picked up a comic paper and cheerfully flung himself into an armchair in the porch.

Jack Jolly & Co. stared at him almost speechlessly. They could hardly believe that the man who had been rooking them right and left from the moment they arrived at Sandyville would turn them into meenials at a minnit's notiss like this!

But Doctor Birchermall meant what he said right enuff; and the Fourth Formers' first feelings of revolt soon changed when they saw him preparing to wave his paper to a policeman on beat who had just come into site.

him. But he doesn't quite agree that Coker rescued him.

What he says

—by the way, Potter and Greene say it, too—is that he was perfectly safe where he stood. The ledge happened to be the end of a cave that led back through the rock up to the top of the cliff. And he could get back whenever he wished!

Blundell quite agrees that there was an exciting rescue. BUT IT WASN'T COKER RESCUING BLUNDELL—IT WAS BLUNDELL RESCUING COKER!

So that's that!



No. 253.

EDITED BY HAR. WHARTON.

August 14th, 1937.

"All right, sir! You win!" said Jolly, grimly. "We came down to Sandyville for a rest—not for arrest! We'll work for our keep!"

"And I'll keep you at work!" retorted the Head, with a leer. "Get bizzzy, you lazy yung raskals!"

It was a bit thick! There was no mistake about that. Jack Jolly & Co. had brought away with them quite enuff munny to provide them with a ripping hollerday. But the Twister of Bella Vista had taken the lot before they were half-way through—and now, to complete his fowl work, he had turned them into domestick servants!

No wonder Jack Jolly & Co. went about the work allotted them with grim, rebellious faces! No wonder their thoughts turned to weights and means of escaping from the Head's klutches!

It was Fearless who spotted the way to freedom. Stopping in the hall for a minnit, as he bore a pail of steaming water towards the steps, he told the rest of the plan.

Fearless had no intention of letting Doctor Birchermall make an ass of him; and he spoke to his chums in a horse whisper.

"Let's do a bunk, you fellow!" he said. "Let's get away from this boobying boarding-house boulder!"

"I'd like to, for one," said Jack Jolly readily. "But where can we bunk? We shan't be able to go far without munny!"

"That's just where you're wrong, old fellow!" whispered Fearless. "If we do a bunk in a boat, there's nothing to stop us sailing round the world in it!"

"Grate pip!"

"But where do we get our boat?" asked Merry.

Frank's answer caused his pals eyes to gleam with interest.

"From Kaptin Saltspray!" he said. "Haven't we got an appointment to meet him at eleven?"

"Right enuff, old chap!" grinned Jack Jolly. "If we turn up on the beach, it's ten to one in doesn't he'll have a hired boat waiting for us! And if he eggpects us to pay, he'll just be unlucky!"

"Eggactly!" nodded Fearless. "In that case, we shall have to turn ourselves into pirates—and sail away under the skull-and-crossbones!"

"Oh crums!"

The ordassity of the skeem, they took the Fourth Formers' word away; but it made a grate appeal to their advencherous spirits and none of them hesitated for a moment when Jolly asked who was in favor.

Their hearts beating with renewed hoap and their eyes gleaming with eggitement, Jack Jolly & Co. returned to their meenial task.

At five minnits to eleven, Jack Jolly gave the signal for revolt. He

threw away his tea-towel and strode boldly into the hall.

"Up the rebbls!" he cried, fiercely.

Immejately, there was an answering clatter of footprints, as Merry and Bright came galloping down the stairs to join him.

Immejately after, there was a loud bellowing from the direction of the front door. Rushing out on to the step, the chums of the Fourth were just in time to see Fearless emptying a pail of dirty water over Doctor Birchermall's head.

"Well done, Fearless!" larfed Jack Jolly.

"Britons never shall be slaves!"

"Hear, hear!"

Leaving the Head to extricate himself from the pail, the Co. rushed down the steps of Bella Vista. Like champions on the cinder-track, they tore down the street on their way to the golden sands of Sandyville—and freedom!

SHIPWRECKED!

"All aboard, me harties!"

Kaptin Saltspray greeted the rebbls with that cheery remark. As he spoke he pointed his horny hand to a trim little sailing-boat that was waiting at the water's edge.

The chums drew up breathlessly and eyed the boat with eager interest.

"Anything to pay, sir?" inquired Jack Jolly.

"Shiver me timbers! You're my guests, aren't you?" rasped the old sea salt. "I hired the 'Sawey Sue' to give you boys a

treat—free, grattis and for nothing! All aboard!"

Jack Jolly & Co. wasted no more time. Jolly galloped up the plank leading to the deck of the "Sawey Sue," and Merry and Bright and Fearless followed close on his heels.

"Hold fast, lads!" bawled Kaptin Saltspray.

He gave the boat a mitey push that sent it gliding into the mitey deep, and followed it up with a dizzy cartwheel that landed him on the boat feet first and drew a



wistle of admiration from the chums of the Fourth.

Jack Jolly & Co. began to breathe freely again, thinking that they had escaped the Head's klutches.

But they breathed freely too soon! Before they had time to hoist the mainsail and get clear of the shore, a bearded figger came dashing across the sands, making a B-line for the "Sawey Sue!"

"Full steam ahead!" yelled Jack Jolly.

But he was too late. Another instant, and Doctor Birchermall reached the water's edge and took a flying leap.

SPLASH!

"Yaroo! Help! Reskew! Lawunch a lifeboat!"

GREYFRIARS TOP DOG IN PIER CONTESTS! Says Tom Brown

When it comes to carnival contests on the pier, Greyfriars is peerless!

I've collected news of Greyfriars successes all round the coast and, believe me, Greyfriars chaps have scooped prizes in all directions.

For instance, Bunter simply walked away with the prize for the most athletic-looking figure in a bathing costume. The booby prize, of course!

On another occasion Bob Cherry was an easy first in the Biggest Feet competition (junior section). I am told that there were many promising entrants, so Bob's was no mean feat!

At a popular resort in Scotland, Ogilvy beat all comers at pillow-

fighting on a greasy pole over the bathing-pool. Shrewd critics who were present predicted that he will win national honours at this exciting sport.

Mark Linley won a tap-dancing contest at Blackpool. Dicky Nugent won a second for balloon-bursting on the Margate jetty. Temple was singled out as the Beau Brummel of Bournemouth Pier.

Finally, Bolsover gained full honours in a competition at Torquay to find out who could pull the ugliest face.

But perhaps that shouldn't count. He entered under the delusion that it was a Male Beauty contest.

Doctor Birchermall had failed to reach his objective completely. Instead, he had landed in the water with a splash that fairly swamped the "Sawey Sue"; but, unfortunately for our heroes' hoaps of escape, his beard had caught in the painter and he was towed along in the wake of the boat!

"Splice me mainbrace! It's our landlord!" yelled Kaptin Saltspray. "All hands, on deck! Haul him in, there!"

"I, I, kap'n!"

Jolly and Fearless leaned over the gunwale and grabbed the Head's beard. They gave a long pull and a strong pull and succeeded in hawling him up out of the water on to the deck of the sailing-boat.

Doctor Birchermall was in the very dickens of a temper. His eyes rolled and his face worked convulsively as he stood up to allow the sea-water to pore off him. A grate noddid vein stood out from his forehead.

"You infamously yung raskals! How dare you try to escape!" he cried. "Mark my words, I'm going to make you rue this day! Kaptin Saltspray! To enable me to hand these yung bilkers over to the perlice, I order you to return to the shore!"

It was Kaptin Saltspray's turn to glare now.

"Sink me! Who's giving orders on my ship?" he roared. "You may be the boss of Bella Vista, but let me tell you that I'm the kap'n of the 'Sawey Sue'! Hoist the mainsail!"

"I, I, kap'n!" grinned Jack Jolly & Co.

They gladly obeyed the command. The mainsail was hoisted and the "Sawey Sue" began to move through the water at a spanking pace. Doctor Birchermall fairly danced with rage. He made a dash for the wheel, which Kaptin Saltspray was handling.

"We're going back!" he cried feverishly, giving the wheel a vishus twist.

"We're not!" retorted the kaptin, turning it back again.

In the eggitement nobody noticed that they were drawing near the dredded sandbanks that lay a couple of miles off the beach at Sandyville. But they woke up to it at last—when it was too late!

There was a sudden grinding sound and the ship gave a violent, spasmodick lurch that knocked them all spinning.

An instant later the "Sawey Sue" settled down on her side and the waves started rolling over her. And an aggerised howl of fear went up from Doctor Birchermall.

"Help! We're shipwrecked!"

(Don't miss the last thrilling instalment of this laughable serial in next week's number!)

H. SKINNER Answers the Question... WHERE DO BEAKS GO IN THE SUMMER TIME?

Where do beaks go in vacation time? Probably you think they put on their best Sunday toppers and retire to solemn and secluded country houses to read the classics and play an occasional game of croquet.

You're miles out! I've bumped into several old fossils during vac time and I know!

Our one - and - only Quelchy spends his days

paddling in the briny—with his gown tied round his waist and his spring-sided boots tied round his neck, and his mortar-board set on his head at a jaunty angle!

Prout tries to reduce his weight by donkey-riding and beach-tennis.

Hacker—believe it or not—goes to race-meetings, disguised in a bowler hat and a loud check suit.

Capper goes for charabanc trips, wearing a comic paper hat and a cardboard nose.

Wiggins and Twigg, wearing khaki shorts and open-neck shirts, pedal wildly through the countryside on a tandem.

Lascelles hangs around fun fairs, going for occasional rides in dodgem cars and playing pin-table with frenzied enthusiasm.

There! I was almost forgetting the Head—that grave and dignified scholar who guides the destinies of our Alma Mater. (Excuse me while I gulp!) The Head, if you want to know, spends his vac. building sand castles—neatly disguised as an infant in a little sailor suit so that he won't be disqualified from winning kids' sand castle contests!

It all sounds incredible, doesn't it? But you're quite safe in believing it. Anybody who knows me will tell you what a reputation I've got for telling the truth!

(Quite right there, Skinner! We know you—and we can assure anybody that your reputation is that you've never even started telling the truth yet!—Ed.)

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COKER TO THE RESCUE!

Exciting Scene on Cornish Coast

News reaches us of an exciting rescue on the Cornish coast, where Coker has been staying in the same seaside village as his fellow Fifth Former, Blundell.

Describing the incident to a "Greyfriars Herald" reporter, Coker said that if it hadn't been for him, Blundell would have been killed for a cert. He found him clinging perilously to a narrow ledge of rock half-way down the cliffs—a position from which it was obviously impossible to move either up or down without slipping and being dashed to death on the rocks below!

How he had got there, Coker didn't know. All Coker knew was that he raided a coastguard's hut near by and took some rope, then got Potter and Greene to lower him down the cliff face to

the rescue of Blundell! What happened exactly after that Coker can't quite remember; the buffeting he received from the elements and the rugged rocks over which he was lowered must have slightly affected his consciousness. But one thing about which he is quite certain is that he rescued Blundell from a position fraught with fearful peril!

Blundell's version is slightly different. He admits that Coker came down the cliff face to rescue



was an exciting rescue. BUT IT WASN'T COKER RESCUING BLUNDELL—IT WAS BLUNDELL RESCUING COKER! So that's that!