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Complete School
Tale of

Harry Wharton & Co.

— BY —

FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Frank Nugent's Boundary.

CRASH!

"Phew! My only Aunt Georgina!"

The four juniors in Study No. 1 of the Remove Form at Greyfriars School stared at one another with looks of blank astonishment on their tanned faces.

"Phew!" gasped Frank Nugent again. "That's the fifth time that blessed window-pane's got smashed this term."

Harry Wharton, the curly-haired captain of the Remove, and leader of Study No. 1, glared across the room at his chum.

"You—you howling dummy!" he exclaimed. "What in the dickens did you want to go and make a beastly forward

drive like that for? I only lobbed the ball so that you would just touch it gently, and—and now we've got to fork out all round to get four-and-sixpence to have the window mended!"

Frank Nugent grinned.

"My hat!" he replied. "Didn't she go? That's what oiling a cricket-bat all through the winter does for you. Why, I didn't even feel the slightest tingle; and I reckon——"

"I say, you chaps!"

"And I reckon it's a jolly good omen for the coming season. If I can manage to make——"

"I say, you chaps!"

"Oh, shut up, Bunt!" snapped Frank Nugent. "I say that if I can manage to make drives like that——"

"Really, Nugent!" interrupted Billy Bunter the fat junior, who had once more plumped himself into the most comfortable armchair in the study. "I have got a suggestion to make; but if you will persist in bragging about what you think you are going to do now the cricket season is almost upon us, I——"

"Shut up, Bunter!" roared Frank Nugent.

"B-but I was going to make a suggestion."

"Don't, then; but dry up!"

"Very well, Nugent, if you don't mind catching pneumonia through sitting in a draught, and if Inky and Wharton don't mind doing their prep. with the wind howling through the broken window, and the rain splashing through, and——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And the papers getting blown all over the shop when——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"When we haven't——"

"Ha, ha! Dry up, Bunter!" laughed Harry Wharton. "By the way you're muddling on anybody would think that we had weather like they have off Cape Horn. You needn't take a small matter like a study broken window so seriously."

"Our esteemed fat friend takes it terrifically seriously," remarked Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, in the remarkable English he had not acquired at Greyfriars.

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly through his big spectacles at his study-mates.

"Very well," he said; "I suppose I must catch influenza and rheumatism, and suffer in silence."

Frank Nugent grinned.

"That's right, Billy," he exclaimed; "I thought you'd grow sensible one of these days. It's jolly nice of a fat, overfed porpoise to suffer in silence, isn't it, chaps?"

"Ripping!" replied Harry Wharton.

"Our august fat friend is most considerate," assented Hurree Singh.

Billy Bunter grunted.

"Well," he growled, "I suppose there's no getting away from the fact that the window has been smashed through Nugent's beastly carelessness?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Harry Wharton. "There's no getting away from that fact, is there, chaps?"

Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh shook their heads seriously, and there was a brief silence in the study as the fat junior in the armchair worked something out with paper and pencil.

"Four-and-sixpence is fifty-four pence," he muttered.

"Three into fifty-four goes—mm-m-m-m, eighteen times.

Eighteenpence is one-and-sixpence, so——"

"What are you mumbling about you fat, overfed porpoise?" interrupted Frank Nugent, making a pretended off-drive with his cricket-bat.

Billy Bunter looked up with a jerk from the piece of paper he had been scribbling upon, and blinked from one to the other of his three study-mates.

"I want one-and-sixpence from you, Wharton; and you, Nugent; and you, Inky." And Billy Bunter held out a fat, open hand.

"One-and-six?"

"Yes, Wharton; three's into four-and-six comes to one-and-six apiece. If you chaps shell out at once, I shall be able to get the pane put into the frame before prep. this evening."

"Oh-h!"

"Yes, Nugent," replied Billy Bunter; "and I think you ought to make it two bob each, so that I can call in at Mrs. Mimble's and get something to eat. That seems only fair if I am going to take all the trouble and time; and, besides that, I get fearfully hungry in this April weather."

"Two bob each?" howled Frank Nugent. "Why, you frabjous ass, four into four-and-six makes one-and-a-penny-ha'penny each!"

"Really, Nugent, if——"

"And that's all you're going to get, too, you greedy cormorant!" interrupted Frank Nugent. "Why, we all braced up when you broke it before! And when Wharton smashed it twice in one week we all pooled then. And when Inky shoved his head through when Carberry came in here with his beastly bullying, we all forked out our equal share then; or, rather, all except you, you overfed, flabby porpoise!"

Billy Bunter blinked in amazement.

"Really, Nugent!" he gasped. "What an extraordinary fit of jealousy and temper! I sincerely hope you are not going to be stingy over a small matter of two bob each?"

"Stingy?" roared Frank Nugent. "Stingy, d'you say? Why, how much are you subscribing towards the repair, eh?"

"I'm going to all the trouble of seeing that the man puts a piece of glass the right size in, and——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton.

"And—and I shall have to go down to the village, and ask Mitchell to send a man up from his shop."

"Well, I went the time you smashed it, dummy!" snapped Frank Nugent. "And then you didn't subscribe a beastly farthing to the——"

"Dry up, Frank!" interrupted Harry Wharton, with a laugh. "The window's smashed, and there's no getting away from the

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fact that we must have it mended. We three will sub one-and-six each this time, and Billy can see that the job is done properly."

Frank Nugent dived his hand into his pocket, and pulled out one shilling and sixpence.

"Here you are, porpoise!" he growled. "And mind you don't go and spend it on grub."

"Really, Nugent," he said, "I hope you can trust me better than that? Thanks, Inky; thanks, Wharton!"

Billy gazed lovingly at the silver coins in the palm of his hand.

"Whilst I'm down in the village," he said, "wouldn't you like me to lay in a few things? The cupboard's pretty bare to-day, chaps."

"Bare?" said Harry Wharton. "Why, there's two tins of sardines, and there's nearly a whole pie left; and we didn't finish up half those jam-puffs and macaroon biscuits we laid in for tea yesterday."

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

The Remove captain stared at the fat junior's flabby face, and then turned suddenly towards the study cupboard.

Click!

Harry Wharton turned the key, and Billy Bunter sprang to his feet with a look of alarm on his fat face.

"W-well, I'll be going along, you chape!" he said, with a gulp. "I think you're beastly stingy not——"

"My hat!" Harry Wharton turned round from the cupboard with a gasp of astonishment. "My hat!" he repeated.

"Gone!"

"Gone?" muttered Frank Nugent. "Why, what d'you mean, dummy?"

"Gone!" roared Harry Wharton. "Lifted! Cleared! Skedaddled! Eaten! Gorged in secret! Stolen!"

"W-why, what——"

"It's that fat bounder!" interrupted the Remove captain. "Every crumb has gone!"

"Really, you chape, it only stands to reason that a chap must have a little nourishment, and——"

"A little nourishment?" yelled Harry Wharton. "Why d'you call nearly a whole pie a little nourishment?"

"Y-yes, Wharton."

"And two tins of sardines?"

"Yes."

"And about nine jam-puffs?"

"Yes."

"And as many macaroon biscuits, you fat porpoise?"

Billy Bunter nodded his head nervously.

"Of course," he stuttered, "that isn't much for a chap who is putting on weight a bit; and I've always noticed that April weather rather tends——"

"You greedy cormorant!" roared Harry Wharton. "Get out of this study and down to the village!"

"But I was going to say that this April weather rather tends to——"

"Come on, chaps," exclaimed Frank Nugent; "help him out!"

"But—ow!"

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh sprang forward, and grabbed the fat junior by collar and sleeve.

"Come on!" sang out Harry Wharton, opening the study door with his disengaged hand. "One——"

"Cw! Leggo, you cads!"

"Two, three!" finished Harry Wharton. And Billy Bunter was taken off his feet with a jerk.

"Oh-h!"

Bump!

The fat junior of Greyfriars sat with a thump on the linoleum which covered the Remove corridor.

"Ow!" he roared. "I'm killed! I've broken my back in three places, and dessicated my neck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cads, I——" But the door of Study No. 1 was shut to with a bang, and Billy Bunter was left to himself to crawl painfully to his feet, and find his way down to Friardale village.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Deputation to Study No. 1.

"IT'S a beastly nuisance when we're running out of funds," said Harry Wharton, walking across the study to inspect the broken window.

"I'm fearfully sorry it happened, chaps."

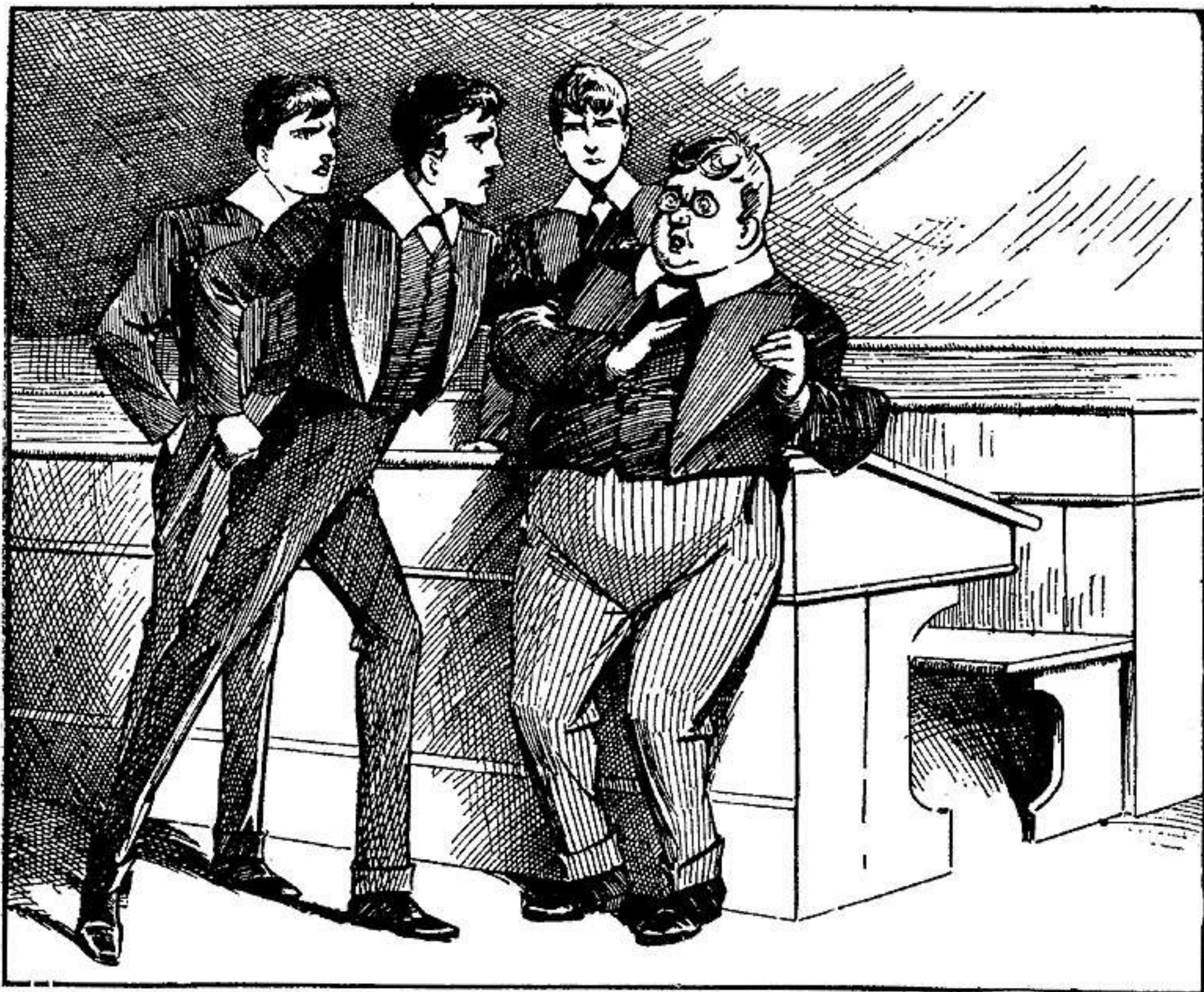
"But what on earth made you make such a terrific slog as you did?"

Frank Nugent grinned.

"Jolly tempting, you know," he replied. "And this bat is a perfect beauty. I tell you I didn't feel the slightest tingle when I made that whack."

"The whackfulness was terrific," laughed the dusky-faced Hurree Singh. "and the smashfulness was more terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"



"I didn't promise to vote for you, Bulstrode," said Billy Bunter. "I simply said 'Mum's the word,' you know."

"Look here, you chaps," laughed Frank Nugent. "I've got an idea. Don't you think that now the summer is coming on we might start a fresh-air craze?"

"A fresh-air craze?"

"Yes," replied Frank Nugent. "We might have the window-frame taken right out, and then——"

"You howling dummy!"

"And then I could practice my forward drives when it's too wet to go out to the nets, and——"

"You frabjous ass!"

"And we should save a good many four-and-sixpences."

"Fathead!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "D'you think we're going to sit in a study without a window in it?"

Frank Nugent nodded his head.

"Jolly healthy, you know," he said.

"What about the door?" growled Harry Wharton, sarcastically. "Wouldn't it be as well to have that off as well?"

The sarcastic tone was lost upon Frank Nugent, who at once replied enthusiastically:

"Yes, rather!" he said. "Let's take it off its hinges now. I bet the other chaps are the idea in an hour. It would be a jolly good leg-up for the study!"

"Ass! Do you think they'd all smash their windows——"

"No; but they'd take the frames out!" interrupted Frank Nugent.

"And do you think they'd take the doors off their hinges?"

"M'yes, they might!"

Harry Wharton grinned.

"You dummy!" he said. "I should hatch that wheeze in another month or two if I were you. It's getting towards summer; but we haven't got to the silly season yet."

"Silly season?"

"Yes, the dog days, or whatever you like to call them. Drag your wheeze out into the fresh air again then."

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NEXT
WEEK:

"WUN LUNG MINOR."

Frank Nugent snorted, and placed his cricket bat into its green baize wrap once more.

"Now we're all together," exclaimed Harry Wharton, after a pause. "it wouldn't be a bad idea for us to make out the team for next Saturday, would it?"

Frank Nugent looked up from his cricket bag.

"Next Saturday?"

"Yes, it's our first game, and Temple, Dabney & Co. want to fix up a game with us."

Frank Nugent stood upright, and whistled.

"Play the Upper Fourth on Saturday!" he said. "Us?"

Harry Wharton nodded his head, and pulled a chair up to the study table.

"My only topper!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "That's good news if you like. I'm jolly glad my bat's in good trim. I bet Bob Cherry will be wild when he sees what oiling a bat does for you."

"Bob Cherry?" muttered Harry Wharton. "Wild?"

"M'yes; I often advised him to shove some oil on his bat; but the howling fathead used to say: 'take a season's sport in the season it comes in' or some such piffle."

"The piffle of the esteemed Cherry was terrific; but let us put our heads knockfully together."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Harry Wharton. "That wouldn't help us much in getting out a cricket eleven, Inky!"

Hurree Singh smiled.

"Well, come along, my august Nugent," he said, "and let us greatly help our esteemed cricket captain."

"Right-ho, old son!" laughed Frank Nugent, shutting his cricket bag to with a snap. "I'm ready."

The three juniors seated themselves round the table, and Harry Wharton placed a piece of blank paper before him.

"May as well shove myself down first," he laughed. "And Nugent, Hurree Singh, Cherry, Tom Brown, Hazeldone——"

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS

"Mark Linley."

"Oh, yes, rather."

"Bulstrode had better have a game, too, although he is a beastly bully."

"M'yes, and then there's Micky Desmond and Morgan."

"Rather; shove those two down," said Frank Nugent.

"How many does that make now?"

"That's ten!"

"Well, it's a bit of a toss-up between Ogilvy, Treluce, or young Russell to make the eleventh man."

"Or the honourable Bunter!" added Hurree Singh. "If our esteemed fat friend stood up to the wickets pluckfully we——"

Bang, bang!

A couple of heavy kicks sounded on the study door, and the chums looked up with a jerk.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Billy has been jolly quick if he has been down to the village and back."

Bang, crash, bang!

"Come in, fathead!" roared Frank Nugent; "we don't want you to knock the beastly door down."

The handle was turned, and the study door slowly opened.

Harry Wharton & Co. waited.

"Come in, you—hallo, Bulstrode, it's you, is it?"

A big, muscular junior entered the room with a sullen kind of grin on his face.

"Yes, it's me, Nugent—and a few others. We've——"

"Get in Bulstrode, you ass!" came a chorus of voices from the corridor without. "How in the dickens d'you think we can follow you, if you don't?"

Harry Wharton & Co. jumped to their feet.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "What's all this about, Bulstrode?"

The bully of the Remove came further in, and a crowd of juniors were on his heels.

"It's all right," replied Bulstrode, "put that inkpot down, Nugent."

"Sha'n't!"

"Put it down and don't be an ass!" said Bulstrode. "We haven't come here on a study rag or anything like that."

"Oh—eh?"

"No, we haven't, so there's nothing to get aggressive about."

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Get on with it, Bulstrode," he said. "We're busy just now getting out the list for the Remove's first cricket match which I have fixed up with the Upper Fourth for next Saturday."

"Which you have fixed up?"

"Yes, of course," replied Harry Wharton. "I'm captain of the Remove Form, and it has always been left to me to fix any match I like."

Bulstrode nodded his head, and then grinned round at the crowd of juniors who now filled the study.

"It has always been left to you, Wharton," he said. "But things are going to be a bit different this term, aren't they, chaps?"

Skinner and Snoop—Bulstrode's two especial cronies—yelled out in agreement; but the rest of the juniors only murmured a feeble assent.

"A bit different?" muttered Harry Wharton. "Why, what on earth are you gassing about, Bulstrode?"

"We—we're a deputation!"

"Ha, ha!" roared Frank Nugent. "I thought you all looked something funny! Ha, ha, ha!"

The visitors to the study looked at one another sheepishly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Frank Nugent. "A deputation!"

Bulstrode's face went crimson as he heard a titter of laughter amongst his own supporters.

"Look here!" he snapped. "You chaps had better try and be a bit serious, because I warn you that this isn't any laughing matter."

"Yes, dry up, Frank!" said Harry Wharton. "And let us hear what these dummies have got to say for themselves."

"Right-ho, old son!"

Harry Wharton smiled grimly.

"Now then, Bulstrode," he said, turning to face the bully of the Remove. "Let us hear what you've got to say as spokesman of the deputation."

Bulstrode coughed, and cleared his throat.

"Go it, Bulstrode!" cried Skinner and Snoop in chorus. "Let him have it hot."

"Dry up," snapped the bully. "I'll give you a jolly good licking if——"

"Oh, get on with the washing!" interrupted Frank Nugent. "We can't stand a crowd of inky, grubby, crawling bounders in this respectable study much longer, you know."

"Well," growled Bulstrode, ignoring Frank Nugent's somewhat personal remark, "if you want to know what the deputation is for, I'll tell you."

Frank Nugent grinned exasperatingly.

"Well go on, Bulstrode dear," he said, "we're all ears."

"We've come here to tell you that we're sick of having Wharton as captain, and these chaps"—Bulstrode pointed with his thumb over his right shoulder at the crowd of juniors—

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"have asked me to take on the captaincy of the Remove cricket eleven. Of course——"

"Half a second!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "Name a few of the chaps who have asked you to captain the eleven."

Bulstrode hesitated.

"Go on, old son!" urged Frank Nugent. "Name 'em!"

"Very well!" snapped the bully. "There's Skinner, and Snoop, and——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the chums of Study No. 1.

"Well, look here," shouted Bulstrode, "all these chaps here who have come to support me with the deputation—what have you got to say to that—eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode rolled up his sleeves threateningly, and Harry Wharton noticing the bully's action held up his hand for his study chums to desist.

"Look here," he said, "if all you chaps are really keen on having a change in the cricket captaincy, of course I shall stand down. But——"

"No 'buts,' please!" snapped Bulstrode.

Harry Wharton ignored the interruption, and continued:

"I don't believe your supporters, Bulstrode, represent the Remove Form, so I shall only stand down for the time being and put myself up for re-election."

"I tell you that the chaps want me to skipper the team," said Bulstrode, "and I'm going to!"

"Well, I'm captain at present," replied Harry Wharton, with a smile. "so I shall call a meeting of the Form, and we can see what happens then."

"That's like your beastly cheek, Wharton!" snapped the spokesman of the deputation, "and for two pins I'd——"

"Are you fellows agreeable?" interrupted Harry Wharton.

Skinner's and Snoop's dissentient voices were drowned in the roar of assent from the deputation.

Many of the juniors had joined in just for the fun of the thing. Some of them, even, had already made up their minds to support Harry Wharton.

They all knew—every one of them—in their own minds, that Harry Wharton was the best player in the Remove Form, and besides being the best player he was the only junior in the Form who was capable of keeping a team together.

If Bulstrode did captain the team, then "luck help the team!" muttered the majority of them.

Skinner and Snoop, of course, were exceptions. They would support and pander to Bulstrode only so long as the bully treated them well. If he didn't treat them well, then would their support go against him.

Bulstrode frowned heavily as the echo of the deputation's roaring "Yes" died down, and he turned with a scowl at Harry Wharton.

"Well," he snapped. "When's the meeting to be held?"

The captain of the Remove Form smiled, and looked inquiringly at Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh.

"When will it be convenient to have a meeting, chaps?" he whispered.

"Let's send these kids about their business and talk it over."

"B-but they may as well know when——"

"No, why should they?" interrupted Frank Nugent. "Let us talk it over first, and then when we decide you can shove a notice up on the board."

"M'yes, that's not a bad wheeze," said Harry Wharton, and then turning to the deputation he continued:

"You chaps can buzz off now. I'll shove a notice up on the board for time and place of the meeting."

"Why can't you tell us now?" growled Bulstrode.

"Rats, get outside!"

"Three cheers for Bulstrode!" yelled Snoop.

And the deputation gave a roaring cheer, and one just as hearty when Frank Nugent appealed for the same for Harry Wharton.

"Hurrah!" they shouted, gradually working their way out into the corridor.

Bulstrode was the last to go, and he turned at the door and faced Harry Wharton & Co.

"You're going out on your neck this time, Wharton!" he growled. "The Remove's sick of your beastly bossing ways, and they're not going to have much more of it."

"Buzz off!"

"It's only because you're funky that you couldn't arrange a meeting at once!"

"Get out!" roared Frank Nugent, laying his hand on his heavy French Grammar.

"Oh, you shut up, Nugent!" snapped Bulstrode. "The first chap I'll have out of the eleven when I'm captain will be you, and then you'll laugh——"

"Git!"

"And then you'll laugh on the other——"

Bang!

The French Grammar flew through the air, and Bulstrode's head bobbed back into the passage.

Harry Wharton jumped across the room, and turned the key in the door.

"Good shot!" he said. "Now let's get to business!"

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THE THIRD CHAPTER. No Glass—No "Brass"!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. looked at one another in silence for some moments.

"What do you think about it, Harry?" said Frank Nugent, at last.

The leader of Study No. 1 shook his head with a rather despondent look on his handsome face.

"Our honourable chum must cheer upfully!"

Harry Wharton broke into a smile.

"Thanks, Inky," he said. "I was a fathead to get moody about it; but I should be jolly sick if they chucked me out of the captaincy."

"Especially if they get a beastly bully in to take your place," grunted Frank Nugent. "Half the chaps wouldn't play, and then the Remove would get beaten all round."

"But the chuckfulness won't be needful, my worthy chums," said Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton shook his head again.

"What about the crowd of chaps who formed the deputation though," he said. "If they voted for Bulstrode I should think he would just about get a majority."

"But if this is going to be done properly," said Frank Nugent, after a pause, "we must canvass the chaps in their studies, and try and get them to promise us their support at the meeting."

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What about the meeting? We must fix up a time and place for that, you know."

"M-yes."

"Let me see, to-day is Monday, and the Remove have got to play their first match on Saturday."

"Better have the meeting to-morrow evening then."

"Yes, that's the best time I think," agreed Harry Wharton.

"Where shall we hold it?"

"Here!"

"Too small."

"What about the class-room? Plenty of room there, and a table for a platform—and nothing much can get broken if there's going to be a row."

Harry Wharton grinned.

"That'll do rippingly," he said. "Now to get out a notice."

Frank Nugent opened the blotter on the study-table and took out a large piece of paper.

"This'll do," he said, "and if you will yell it out I'll write it down for you."

"Good egg! thanks."

Frank Nugent tested the nib and leant over the paper.

"Fire away!" he grunted. "I'm ready."

Harry Wharton cleared his throat.

"Notice," he commenced. "Whereas some dispute has arisen—got that?"

"M-yes!"

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

"Whereas some dispute has arisen regarding the captaincy of the Remove Form, a meeting of the whole Form will be held in the Remove Class-room at six o'clock on Tuesday evening to discuss the season's prospects, and to settle the present unfortunate dispute—got that, Frank?"

Frank Nugent continued writing for a moment or so, and then handed the pen across to Harry Wharton.

"Here you are," he said, "sign your name to that, and then it can be taken down and shoved up on the notice-board."

Harry Wharton smiled as he wrote his name at the foot of Frank Nugent's carefully-written notice.

"I'll go down," he said. "Shan't be a tick!"

"Well, buck up, the bell will be going in a few moments."

Harry Wharton blotted the notice carefully and hurried out of the study.

"I think I'll just have another look at my bat, Inky," said Frank Nugent. "You know she did go rippingly when that beastly ball went through the window. I should——"

"Tap, tap!"

"Hullo, come in!"

A smiling, sun-tanned face was put round the study-door.

"Hullo, hullo!" exclaimed the owner of the face. "All at home except the Owl?"

Frank Nugent grinned.

"Oh, is that you, Bob?" he said, "come in and I'll tell you some rotten news."

Bob Cherry's face went grave and he entered the study looking from Frank Nugent to Hurree Singh anxiously.

"Nothing bad, I hope, chaps?" he said. "Hullo! has—has somebody fallen through the window?"

"What?"

"Has—has Wharton, or somebody fallen through the window?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the joke?"

"Ha, ha! you dummy!" laughed Frank Nugent; "of course, nobody has fallen through the window. I did that with my little bat, I smashed the window!" he sang, to the tune of "Who killed Cock Robin?"

Bob Cherry grinned.

"You seem jolly happy about it," he said, "although you have to send out that fat porpoise of yours to try and rake up enough money to pay for it."

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EVERY
TUESDAY.

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ONE
PENNY.

"Money? Pay for it?" gasped Frank Nugent.

"Yes, Billy's so fat I haven't much pity for him; but he wants some, for he's been about half-killed in the last half-hour."

"Oh-h!"

"I should think he's been in every study in the corridor, asking for contributions towards the 'Broken Window Society,' as he calls it."

Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh exchanged significant glances.

"H-hem!" grunted Frank Nugent. "The 'Broken Window Society,' he calls it, does he?"

"Yes; but what's the bad news you were going to tell me?"

"It's nothing fearfully serious, because I think Harry'll get in all right, but——"

"Get in?"

"Yes; we had a deputation headed by Bulstrode about half an hour ago, and they want to chuck Wharton out of the cricket captaincy this term."

"Oh-h!"

"There's going to be a meeting to-morrow evening when the election will take place. Of course, Study No. 12 will canvass and work for Wharton?"

"Work for him?" replied Bob Cherry staunchly. "I should think we will. Why, didn't I belong to this study once?"

"Of course you did, dummy; but we didn't have room for your feet, so we had to fire you out."

Bob Cherry glowered.

"You didn't fire me out!" he growled. "It was old Quelch, who thought we were over-crowded. However, Wun Lung, Mark Linley, and myself are a jolly cosy little party in No. 12 now, and we're going to work to put old Harry in as skipper again."

"Good egg!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bob Cherry. "Fancy Bulstrode having the nerve to put up. It would be a different thing if they'd come along to me to put up as captain of——"

"You?"

"Yes, me; I should—hallo, what on earth is that awful row?"

A terrific yelling and a shuffling of footsteps could be heard in the corridor without, and the juniors in Study No. 1 looked at one another askance.

"It—it must be Bulstrode bullying some fag!"

"Yow!" came the yell from the corridor. "Yow, leggo; my ear's getting torn off!"

"Come along quietly then," came a second voice.

"My only silk topper!" gasped Frank Nugent. "That's Harry Wharton's voice."

"And Billy Bunter's hooting!" added Bob Cherry, with a broad grin on his face. "Now we shall be able to interview the treasurer of the 'Broken Window Society.'"

"Yow!" roared Billy Bunter, as he rapidly approached the door of Study No. 1. "Yow, leggo, you cad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Frank Nugent, flinging open the door. "Bring him in, Harry."

"Ow!"

"Shut up!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, leading Billy Bunter into the study by the ear. "We shall have the whole blessed school up here if you don't!"

"Yow! leggo my ear, you bully!"

Harry Wharton smiled grimly and led the fat junior of Greyfriars across the room.

"Sit down in that armchair!" he ordered. "And let us hear what you've got to say for yourself."

"You—you're a beastly bully, Wharton!"

"Oh, dry up, Bunt!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "Why haven't you been down to Friardale yet?"

"Friardale, Nugent?"

"Yes, Friardale, porpoise!" roared Frank Nugent. "You said you would go at once when we forked out four-and-six for the repair of the broken window."

"I didn't have time to go right down to the village," replied Billy Bunter, blinking through his spectacles. "I got a little way, though, and will go the rest to-morrow."

"Ha, ha, ha! you lunatic!"

"Really, Wharton, that's not a very decent thing to say to a study-mate, when we've got a stranger here."

Harry Wharton looked round the study in amazement.

"A stranger?" he repeated.

"Yes," replied Billy Bunter. "I don't know what Cherry must think of your beastly bullying. He used to keep you within bounds when he was in this study; but now——"

"Oh, ring off!" interrupted Bob Cherry. "The only thing I came down here for was to find out what Wharton's wheeze was over the 'Broken Window Society!'"

Billy Bunter blinked through his big spectacles.

"T—that wasn't exactly Wharton's wheeze, Cherry," he said. "It—it was mine, you know."

"Yours?"

"Yes. Ha, ha! jolly good idea, wasn't it? The chaps treated me in a rotten manner though, and——"

"Look here!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "Let us hear exactly what you have been up to, you fat bounder."

NEXT
WEEK:

"WUN LUNG MINOR."

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Really, Wharton, I haven't been up to anything."

"Then what's all this rot about the 'Broken Window Society' that I heard when I went down to the notice-board?"

"Rot, Wharton, did you say?"

The captain of the Remove Form frowned.

"Yes, rot," he said. "Why should you collect for the 'Broken Window Society'? Who are they? How did—"

"Are you only acting, Wharton?" interrupted the fat junior. "Because if you are you are doing it jolly well. I call it all beastly humbug on your part, and—"

"You—you cheeky sweep!"

"And I'm surprised you should behave like this," continued Billy Bunter. "I suppose you are not going to pretend the window isn't broken, are you?"

"You dummy!"

"And—and you know that if it has got to be replaced money must be found for the purpose. That is why I took up the treasurership of the 'Broken Window Society.'"

"But we gave you the money for the repair!" howled Frank Nugent. "Four-and-six, that's the sum we gave you! Four-and-six!"

Billy Bunter blinked nervously round the study for a way of escape. He didn't like the ferocious looks on his study-mates' faces!

"We gave you four-and-six," repeated Frank Nugent. "Where is it, I'll have my share back."

"Back, Nugent?"

"Yes, hand it over!"

Billy Bunter put his hand into his trouser pocket.

"I'll tell you what I will do, Nugent," he muttered desperately. "I'm expecting a postal-order by this evening's post, and I'll give you one-and-six out of that!"

"No, you won't!" roared Frank Nugent. "We've heard enough of that postal-order of yours which never turns up. I'll have my money back now, whilst the four-and-a-tanner is safe in your pocket."

Billy Bunter gave a sickly smile.

"You—you might just as well have it when my postal—"

"Shut up!" interrupted Frank Nugent. "Shell out my one-and-six, and when the window is actually shoved in again I'll pay up. I'm not the sort of lunatic to trust you with cash."

"Really, Nugent, I'm—"

"Come, out with it, you fat bounder!"

"The come-outfulness must be terrific!" added Hurree Singh. "My esteemed fat friend will dole out my money also, quickly!"

Billy Bunter fidgeted about in the armchair nervously.

"Shell out, dummy!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "I suppose you've got the money on you, considering it's less than an hour ago when we gave it you, and you haven't been down to the village."

"No, Wharton, I haven't been down to the village," replied Billy Bunter. "I told you I only got a little way when—"

"Pshaw!" scoffed Frank Nugent. "A little way! How far was that?"

"I—I got as far as Mrs. Mimble's, anyhow," replied Billy Bunter nervously.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent had taken a seat on the study table; but now they sprang to their feet with a wild yell.

"You got as far as the school tuck-shop!" roared Harry Wharton. "You've blued our tin!"

Billy Bunter shook with fright.

"You fat villain!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"R-r-really, you chaps, you—you make me so nervous that my spectacles might drop off, and then you will have to pay for them."

"Have you blued our tin?" roared Frank Nugent.

"Well, if you'll allow me to explain, Nugent, I'll—"

"Go on, then, explain."

"There's not much to explain," continued Billy Bunter. "When you chaps threw me out into the corridor I came over frightfully faint, and—and—"

"Go on!" roared Frank Nugent.

"And as Mrs. Mimble's laid in some ripping jam—er, I mean, and as Mrs. Mimble's is on the way to the village I—"

"You howling dummy, it's not even out of the school grounds!"

"B-but I had to go downstairs, and as you chaps had bullied me and made me feel giddy and faint I thought I had better just call in and get something to pull me together."

"Well, sal volatile doesn't cost four-and-a-tanner!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Sal volatile, Cherry?"

"Yes, you said you had to get something because you were feeling faint, and that's what is used for fainting people."

"B-but I had to buy something much more expensive than that."

"Cakes, I suppose?" roared Frank Nugent.

"Yes, I had a—"

"And buns?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mimble does—"

"And toffee and ginger beer, and lemonade, and chocolates,"

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too, I suppose," exclaimed Harry Wharton. "All with the money we subscribed towards the broken window!"

"The greedy sweep!" cried Frank Nugent. "Let's bump him for it!"

"The bumpfulness will be terrific," assented Hurree Singh. "Come on my worthy chums!"

Billy Bunter gave a howl as he was yanked out of the armchair by the four juniors.

"Ow, leggo, you cads!" he squealed.

"Ready, chaps!" cried Harry Wharton.

"Rather!"

"Then, go!"

Bump!

"Yow!" roared Billy Bunter.

"Bump! Bump! Bump!"

"And one for luck!" laughed Bob Cherry. "A present from Study No. 12!"

"Ha, ha, rather!"

The four juniors held Billy Bunter up in the air for an instant, and then simultaneously let go. Bump! The fat junior went to the floor of the study with a resounding thump, and he wriggled about as though he were on pins.

"Yow!" he roared. "Ow, gerooh! Yahooh! I'm killed, and my arms are broken in half a dozen places. Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter sat up and blinked indignantly at the laughing juniors.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Harry Wharton. "That'll teach you not to spend money that doesn't belong to you!"

"Rather!" assented Frank Nugent. "That'll teach the worm to be honest, I hope."

"You cads! I only—"

Clang, clang, clang! The school-bell tolled out for afternoon class, and interrupted anything further the fat junior of Greyfriars may have been going to say.

"Come on, chaps!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "We mustn't be late with Quelch; for if we get any lines we shan't be able to canvass the chaps."

Billy Bunter crawled to his feet.

"Canvass the chaps?" he muttered. "Why, what's that for, Wharton? What have they got to be canvassed for?"

"Tell you later, Bunt."

"B-but I—"

"Can't be did," interrupted Frank Nugent. "You might die of shock if we told you now."

Billy Bunter blinked in surprise.

"I say, chaps," he said. "Tell me now, it won't take a second, will it?"

"The bell's gone, fathead!"

"B-but—"

"Oh, come on," growled Harry Wharton; and he led the way out of the study, with a pile of books under his arm.

"The cads!" muttered Billy Bunter. And the fat junior hurried after his study mates, with a scowl on his fat face.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Harry Wharton & Co.'s Tactics.

MR. QUELCH, the Remove Form-master, did not observe any unusual lack of attention in his class during the afternoon's lessons, for the simple reason that the Remove, as a whole, had nothing particular on its mind. Harry Wharton & Co., and Bulstrode were exceptions. They certainly showed an amount of restlessness detrimental to their work; but Mr. Quelch did not pounce upon them.

"My only hat!" muttered Frank Nugent. "I wish old Quelch would buck up and finish."

Harry Wharton, who was sitting next to his study chum, lowered his head.

"Chaps don't seem to be very excited about it, do they?" he whispered.

Frank Nugent shook his head.

"They don't," he growled. "It's beastly apathy, that's what it is!"

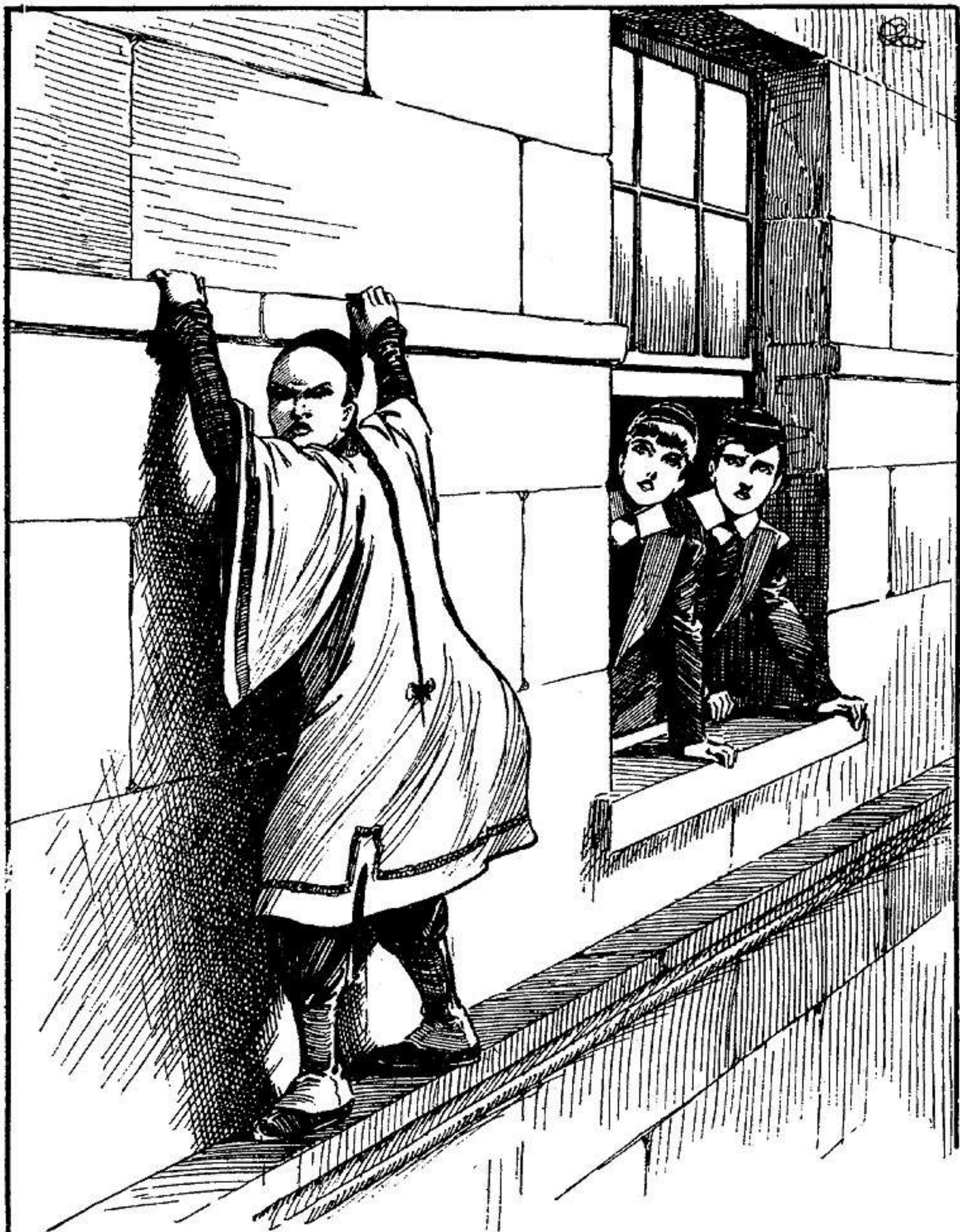
"That's what it is," assented Harry Wharton. "There's about half an hour more to go, so it wouldn't be a bad idea to send round notes to the chaps who are certain to support me, and ask them to meet in Study No. 1 ten minutes after class, would it?"

"Jolly good wheeze!" whispered Frank Nugent. "I'll help scribble a few of 'em out for you."

Fortunately for the two juniors Mr. Quelch did not call on them while they were writing out the invitations. Frank Nugent was finished first, and he passed his batch along the desk to Harry Wharton.

"D'you want any more?" he muttered. "There's five there, and if you pass round five more that—"

Tap, tap! Frank Nugent and Harry Wharton glued their eyes to their books as Mr. Quelch's pointer banged smartly on the table.



"Come back!" Bob Cherry and Mark Linley gasped out the words, but they were too late. "Me no savvy," murmured Wun Lung, reaching out his hand gingerly to test the crumbling ledge for his next move.

"There's a boy talking!" snapped the Form-master. "Don't let me hear him again!"

Frank Nugent grinned with relief at his lucky escape, and he left it to his study leader to distribute the invitations to the study meeting.

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NEXT
WEEK:

"WUN LUNG MINOR."

Harry Wharton waited for Mr. Quelch to relax his vigilance before he sent round the slips of paper; and he gave a sigh of relief as each recipient winked his eye or nodded his head as he received and read through the note. Harry Wharton had sent out ten, and the ten recipients, in consequence, wondered what

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

on earth the meeting had been called for. Some hoped it meant a lead. Others guessed the matter referred to the election of cricket captain.

At last! The bell for dismissal rang out, and Mr. Quelch released his class.

"You may all go excepting Bunter!" said the Form-master. "Bunter will remain behind and finish the imposition I gave him to do early this afternoon."

"Oh-h, sir!"

"Sit down, Bunter," snapped Mr. Quelch, as a rush was made by the rest of the Removites for the class-room door.

"B-but, sir, I'll be able to do my impot in the study" faltered Billy Bunter.

Nearly all the Removites had scrambled out of the class-room now, and Mr. Quelch stamped his foot angrily on the floor.

"You will do as you are told, Bunter!" he snapped. "So get on with your imposition immediately!"

And Billy Bunter blinked indignantly for a moment or two across the class-room at Mr. Quelch before he leant over his work.

Harry Wharton & Co. were the first to leave the class-room when Mr. Quelch had given the order for dismissal, and the three chums immediately rushed off to Study No. 1 to prepare things for the meeting of supporters.

Bob Cherry was out of the class-room door before they had gone ten yards down the corridor.

"Come back, you dummies!" he roared. "What's all this rot about—"

"Bring 'em along, Bob!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "It's about the cricket election."

"Oh-h!"

"Yes, bring the other chaps along in about ten minutes' time, will you?"

"Right-ho, old son!"

And Harry Wharton & Co. continued on their way.

"Whatee Hally sendee bound notes for?" murmured Wun Lung, the quaint little Chinese junior, catching hold of Bob Cherry's sleeve.

"Hallo, Wun Lung!" replied the leader of Study No. 12. "I want you—and you, too, Linley!"

Mark Linley, the lad from Lancashire, tucked a large pile of books snugly under his arm, and smiled.

"I'm afraid I can't join you just now, Bob," he replied. "Harry Wharton wants me to go along to Study No. 1, and—"

"Ass!"

Mark Linley stared at Bob Cherry in amazement.

"And I'm going to trot along to see him as soon as I have chucked these books in No. 12."

"Dummy!" snapped Bob Cherry. "I tell you I want you. Haven't I promised Harry Wharton that I would get the chaps together, and then all go along at the same time?"

"Oh, have you?"

"Yes, I have!" replied Bob Cherry. "And, here you are, New Zealand!"

Tom Brown, the New Zealander, grinned.

"Afraid I can't," he said. "I've got something on."

"Yes, I know!" snapped Bob Cherry. "But wait just a tick, and we'll all go along together. It'll— Here you are, Hazeldene! This way for the Remove captain's study!"

Hazeldene joined the group of grinning juniors, and Russell, Ogilvy, Morgan, and Trefusce soon followed on his heels.

Micky Desmond came wandering out of the Remove class-room with his eyes glued on the slip of paper Harry Wharton had passed across to him during the lesson.

"Shure," muttered the Irish junior, "the gosssoon writes more like a spider, an'—"

"Here we are, Desmond!" interrupted Bob Cherry. "This lot'll do."

Micky Desmond stared at the leader of Study No. 12 in surprise.

"Feeling all right?" he said.

"Yes, of course I am, dummy!" roared Bob Cherry. "Fall in, and we'll get along to Harry Wharton's study."

"B—but—"

"Come on!" interrupted Bob Cherry. "Don't stand there talking all night!" And he stamped off down the corridor at the head of the crowd of juniors.

"Shure, an' what's it all about?" shouted Micky Desmond, as they tramped up the stone staircase to the Remove corridor. "I wasn't able to read a line at all of Wharton's scrawl, an'—"

"Well, dry up now!" interrupted Hazeldene, "because here we are, and you'll soon be able to find out."

Bob Cherry stopped outside the door of Study No. 1, and brought his fist with a thump on the top panel.

Bang!

"Come in!" sang out Harry Wharton from within.

The door was flung open, and the crowd of juniors crushed their way into the study.

"Jolly good of you chaps to come along!" laughed Harry Wharton; "but, my only hat, how are you all going to fit in?"

"That's all right," replied Tom Brown, falling into one of the armchairs. "We shall be able to manage all—ow!"

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Morgan caught hold of the back of the chair, and pulled it back violently.

"Ow!" roared the New Zealand junior, kicking his legs frantically in the air. "Let go!"

Morgan grinned.

"Right-ho, old son!" he replied. "Anything to oblige."

The chair toppled over backwards with a crash, and Tom Brown rolled on to the floor.

"Yow!" he roared. "I'll give you a jolly—"

"Oh, dry up!" interrupted Morgan, jerking the chair upright. "I've bagged this."

Tom Brown glared as he saw the Welsh junior seat himself in the armchair.

"You boulder!" he roared, scrambling to his feet. "I'll give you—"

"Order, there!" interrupted Harry Wharton, springing on to the study table. "No rows, please!"

"B—but—but this boulder, Morgan, has—"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Frank Nugent. "We haven't met together to quarrel like a lot of Third Form fags."

"Of course we haven't," assented Morgan, settling himself back comfortably in the captured chair. "Never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

Tom Brown's face went crimson with indignation, and he was just about to open his mouth to explain matters to the crowded study as a whole, when Harry Wharton held up his hand for silence.

"Abem!" he said. "Are all you chaps quite comfy?"

"Rather!" shouted Morgan.

"I mean," continued Harry Wharton, "have you all got into the room all right?"

"Ha, ha! Yea, of course you duffer!"

"Well, that's good news. I'm afraid it's a bit of a crush for you. Hi, look out Russell! You're shoving the beastly table over."

Russell grinned.

"Sorry," he said. "These fatheads behind are pushing so."

"Right-ho!" continued Harry Wharton. "Don't shove so behind, chaps. I just want to make a little speech to you on the matter of the coming election. You all know by now, I suppose, that Bulstrode has been put up for the position of cricket captain in the Remove, and—"

"Rot!"

Harry Wharton smiled.

"Yes, I quite agree with you," he said. "And I just want to say a few words to you chaps, who, I feel sure, are going to give me your support."

"Rather."

"Bulstrode's principal nominators are Skinner and Snoop."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But, in spite of that, he managed to rake up a fair number of chaps to support him in the form of a deputation. Gentlemen!" roared Harry Wharton. "If all the chaps who came here with that deputation vote for Bulstrode he will probably get a majority."

"No!" yelled the crowd of juniors.

Harry Wharton nodded his head vigorously.

"Yes he will!" he roared. "If they vote for Bulstrode!"

Now, what I want you chaps to do is to canvass the uncertain ones in their studies. Point out to them in sensible argument what a jolly bad thing it will be for the Remove Form if they have a chap who is inclined to bully, as—"

"Inclined, did ye say?" interrupted Micky Desmond.

"Well, a chap who does bully as captain of the Remove cricket eleven would turn out a failure, and the Form would be let down."

"Rather!"

"Well, chaps—or—I mean, gentlemen—the meeting will be in the Remove class-room at six o'clock to-morrow evening, and I hope you will all turn up and vote for me then."

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Meanwhile, you must try and get the chaps—or some of them—who were in Bulstrode's deputation to change their minds."

"Not half!" roared the juniors.

"And now we will arrange things, and decide what studies each chap——"

Tap, tap!

A gentle knock on the study door interrupted Harry Wharton's speech, and the juniors looked at one another in surprise.

Tap, tap!

"Sounds like Quelchy," muttered Morgan, jumping up from the armchair, which he had captured from Tom Brown.

Tap, tap!

The knocking sounded more impatient, and Ogilvy and Treluce, who had been leaning against the door, edged away nervously.

"Come in!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, from the table.

The door opened slowly, and then a roar went up from the crowd of juniors.

"Bunter!"

The fat junior stood on the threshold, blinking through his big spectacles in amazement.

"Really, you chaps," he said. "W-what funny behaviour!"

"Oh, get outside!" snapped Ogilvy. "There isn't room for a blessed porpoise in here."

"Yes, we sha'n't be long, Billy," cried Frank Nugent. "Just stand out in the corridor until we've finished the meeting."

"Meeting, Nugent?"

"Yes, dummy. There's going to be an election to-morrow evening for the cricket captaincy."

"Oh-h!"

"My only fat aunt!" said Frank Nugent irritably. "Come along in, and don't stand 'oh-ing,' there."

Billy Bunter squeezed into the study, and, in consequence, the crush was worse than ever when at last Ogilvy, with an effort, shut the door.

"Phew!" gasped Hazeldene. "Billy must go outside. There isn't room for him in here."

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly.

"Really, Vaseline," he said, "I suppose a chap can come into his own study when he likes?"

"There isn't room, I—ow! Look out, Treluce! You're on my toes!"

"Well, get that fat bounder out!"

Billy Bunter gave a sickly smile.

"I'll tell you what I'll do you chaps," he said. "If you will make a sub round I'll go down to the tuck-shop until the meeting's over."

"Rats!"

"Really, Wharton, if I can't have a little respect shown me in my own study I sha'n't vote for you."

"What?" roared the leader of Study No. 1. "You won't vote for me? D'you mean to say you'd vote for Bulstrode before me?"

"Bulstrode?"

"Yes. He's putting up against me."

"Well, Wharton, I should like to support you because you're in my study, but——"

"Oh, get him out!" interrupted Treluce. "There isn't room to breathe now that fat, overfed porpoise has come in!"

"I'll certainly go out if you'll lend me five bob till this evening post comes——"

"Rats!"

"Then I sha'n't move!" growled Billy Bunter, planting his fat legs out with determination.

"Look here, chaps!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Let us just fix up the one or two remaining matters before——"

"Get that fat porpoise out first," interrupted Hazeldene. "There isn't room to breathe."

Ogilvy gave the fat junior a push towards the door.

"Go on, Billy," he said. "Out you go!"

Billy Bunter glared at the Scotch junior wrathfully.

"I'll stop in my own study as long as I like!" he growled. "But I don't mind going if one of you chaps will stand me a feed or lend me something on account until my postal order arrives."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, I shall vote for Wharton if——"

"If?" roared the juniors.

Billy Bunter nodded his head.

"Yes," he said, "if he treats me properly. But if he doesn't, I shall think the matter over, and——"

"The beastly sweep!" interrupted Tom Brown. "Let's have him outside!"

"Rather!" roared Bob Cherry. "Come on, chaps!"

Billy Bunter was lifted into the air, and Ogilvy flung open the door as quickly as he could, in spite of the crush.

"Out with him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go!"

Billy Bunter went flying through the door, and he landed on the floor of the corridor with a dull thump.

"Ow!"

"Come on, chaps!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Shut that door now you've got the bounder outside, and let's get on with the washing."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 116

EVERY
TUESDAY,

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ONE
PENNY.

"Right-ho, old son!" laughed Bob Cherry, shutting the door to with a bang. "He had to go—he simply had to go!"

Bob Cherry finished off his sentence in a semi-dramatic tone, and the crowd of juniors broke into a roar of laughter.

Bang, crash, bang!

Billy Bunter kicked the study door until it rattled violently.

"Go away!" cried Harry Wharton. "This is a meeting of my supporters, not of my wobblers!"

"Yah! You cads!" roared Billy Bunter.

But the meeting ignored him. And Harry Wharton explained in detail his scheme for canvassing the Removites.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bulstrode & Co.'s Tactics.

MEANWHILE, Bulstrode and his cronies had not been inactive.

"Of course," Harry Wharton's rival had said to Skinner and Snoop, "what the chaps want is a jolly good feed. That will get me more votes than anything."

Skinner nodded his head.

"That's the wheeze," he had replied.

"Just the thing to fetch 'em, Bulstrode," assented Snoop.

The bully scowled at his two cronies.

"Well buckle to, then!" he roared. "There's no time like the present, and we've got to lay the table and all that, haven't we?"

The two cronies jumped to their feet in alarm.

"Of course," they assented nervously.

And so Bulstrode's study was transformed into a banquetting chamber. The bully was never short of funds, and he had spared no expense. Many journeys had been made to and from Mrs. Mimble's, and now the study table literally groaned under the good things crowded on to it.

"My only tallest silk topper!" gasped Snoop. "What a ripping spread!"

Bulstrode sneered.

"It certainly ought to fetch 'em," he said. "I bet Harry Wharton won't make a show like this."

"No-o," replied Skinner. "I don't suppose he will."

Skinner knew that Harry Wharton was not the sort of fellow to cadge for votes in such a manner. He knew the leader of Study No. 1 would get the captaincy on his merits, or not at all.

"Well," cried Bulstrode, after a pause, "the thing now is to get all the chaps in the Remove we can to come along and join in the feed. You, Skinner, and Snoopey, just go along and look in all the studies but Nos. 1 and 12, and invite them to come along."

Bulstrode's two cronies walked across the study.

"Go on!" snapped the bully. "Get a move on!"

"Right-ho!" replied Skinner. "We sha'n't be half a tick." And the two cronies slammed the door of Bulstrode's study to with a bang.

"This'll fetch 'em," muttered Bulstrode to himself, giving a finishing touch here and there to the table. "And while I'm about it, I may as well promise them another one on a bigger scale if they make me captain of the——"

Tap, tap!

"Come in!" cried the bully, as there came a knock on the study door.

A nervous-looking face looked into the room.

"Oh, is that you, Ross?" said Bulstrode genially. "Come in!"

"Yes, Bulstrode, Skinner looked into No. 7 just now, and told us there was a feed on."

"Ah, that's right! Have you brought Prior, Wilson and Armstrong with you?"

"Yes; here they are!"

Four juniors entered the study, and Bulstrode bade them be seated.

"We can't start the feed yet, chaps," said the bully. "I'm expecting quite a crowd in."

The four juniors from Study No. 7 smiled nervously; but they did not have long to wait, for Skinner and Snoop had whipped Bulstrode's followers up in record time.

Hill, Cooper and Campion entered the study a moment or two after those from Study No. 7, and then Skinner and Snoop entered the room with Wardle, Couch and Mitchison on their heels.

"This is the lot, Bulstrode," said Skinner. "There seems to be something on next door, too."

"Oh, d'you mean Wharton's study?"

"Yes, when I passed the door I could hear somebody yelling out a speech."

Bulstrode scowled.

"Well, come on, chaps!" he said. "Make yourselves comfy round the table, and set to as soon as you like."

"Rather!" cried the juniors; and there was a rush for the chairs.

NEXT
WEEK:

"WUN LUNG MINOR."

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"There's room for two on the window-ledge!" shouted Bulstrode above the uproar; and Prior and Wilson immediately took advantage of the bully's suggestion.

Hazeldene, who shared the study with Tom Brown and Bulstrode, kept a large tuck-box in the room, and two of the guests now pulled this up to the table and utilised it as a seat.

"No room for you, Snoop!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "You'll have to do as well as you can standing up."

The sneak of the Remove Form grinned.

"Right-ho!" he replied, "I don't mind as long as I'm not left out of the feed."

"Start away, you chaps!" growled Bulstrode. "When you've got going, I've got something to say to you."

The general buzz of conversation stopped suddenly, and the juniors took Bulstrode at his word.

"Pass the sardines, Armstrong!"

"Coming over!"

"Thanks!"

The good things Bulstrode had laden the table with disappeared like magic, and the bully grinned to himself, knowing the harvest of votes he would gain as a result of his liberality.

"Here you are, Prior! Another jam-puff?" he said.

Prior nodded his head.

"Um-m-m, thanks!" he gulped.

"Pass another bottle of ginger-pop over, Couch!" cried Wilson.

And so the feed progressed, until the table at last showed signs of the calls it had had made on it.

Tap, tap!

Bulstrode rapped his knuckles on the corner of the table.

"Now then, chaps!" he cried, as the juniors ignored him.

I just want to say a word about the Remove cricket eleven."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Skinner; and the bully's guests settled down to listen.

"Of course," continued Bulstrode, "as nearly all of you who are here now as my guests supported me in the deputation to Wharton, you are aware that I am putting up as captain of the Remove cricket eleven."

"Hurrah!" roared the feasters, banging their fists on the table, and making every article thereon jump dangerously.

"You all know what a conceited, jumped-up, interfering beast the present captain is!"

"Rather!" roared Skinner and Snoop; but as the rest of the juniors did not agree with Bulstrode, they remained silent.

Bulstrode scowled.

"Well, anyway," he roared, "he never thinks of putting any of you chaps in the teams he captains, does he?"

"No!" yelled the juniors.

"Would I?" asked Bulstrode, in a wheedling tone.

"Rather!" cried Skinner and Snoop.

Bulstrode grinned, and brought his right, clenched fist into the open palm of his left hand with a smack.

"Of course I would!" he roared. "You'd all have a chance of showing what you could do if I had anything to say in the matter."

The feasters looked at one another significantly.

"Sounds all right," murmured Armstrong and Campion to one another.

"Every one of you here ought to be included in the first match of the cricket season," continued Bulstrode, his voice gradually rising. "But are you?"

"No!"

"Then why aren't you?" roared Bulstrode. "Why, because you allow a stuck-up prig like Harry Wharton to shove in all his friends! That's why."

Skinner and Snoop nodded their heads.

"Absolutely!" they assented.

Bulstrode saw that he must go stronger if he was to move his guests to enthusiasm, so he clambered on to his chair.

"You hold the remedy in your hands," he continued. "By voting for me at the meeting to-morrow night in the Remove class-room at six o'clock, you will oust Wharton."

"Rather!"

"And then when I'm captain of the Remove you'll all have a chance to play in the cricket eleven, and things will be livened up a bit. Why, what's Wharton done in the last three months?"

"Nothing!" roared the juniors.

"Quite right!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "He's done nothing, and in consequence the Remove's getting more like a Third Form than ever."

"Shame!" cried Armstrong. "It's a beastly shame, and what I—Hullo, what's that?" A dull thud sounded from the corridor without, and it was immediately followed by a yell. "What's that?" repeated Armstrong.

Bulstrode grinned.

"It's all right," he laughed. "Somebody's been chucked out of the meeting next door."

"Well, look here, chaps," continued Bulstrode. "If you all vote for me at the meeting to-morrow, and if I'm made the captain of the Remove Form, I'll stand one of the best feeds that has ever been given at Greyfriars. I've plenty of cash, and I

know my gov'nor would send me something when he heard I'd been made captain. The last time I went home he grumbled because I never seemed to shine in anything, so here's a chance for us to have one of the biggest spreads possible when—"

Tap, tap!

A gentle knock on the door interrupted the bully's speech, and Skinner had his hand on the handle in a second.

"Come in!" he cried, flinging open the door.

Billy Bunter, his face crimson, and looking dusty and indignant, peered into the study, and blinked round him in amazement.

"H-hallo!" he faltered. "Everybody seems to be having meetings to-day, and those beastly cads in Study No. 1 threw me out; and I've broken my foot, and two small bones in the neck."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter's eyes opened to their widest extent as he caught sight of the food which still remained on the study table.

"Hallo!" he said. "Got a feed on, have you? It's rather funny, because it's just what I feel like."

"You—you fat worm!"

"Really, Bulstrode, there's no need to talk like that, and—and if I don't have something to eat I shall probably faint."

"Get out!" roared the bully. "We don't want a beastly fat cormorant in our meeting."

"B-but I sha'n't vote for—"

"No, I know you won't," interrupted Bulstrode, clambering down from his perch, "and that's why you're going out on your fat neck."

"But I tell you I'm not going to vote for—"

"Dry up!"

"Of course, if you won't listen, it's not much good my talking, is it? So I may as well have some of this grub."

"Get outside!"

"Really, Bulstrode, I sincerely hope—ow!"

The Remove bully caught Billy Bunter's nose, and gave it a savage tweak.

"Get outside!" he roared. "We're not having any of Harry Wharton's spies in this meeting!"

"Ledgo! You are hurting by dose!"

"Chuck him out, Bulstrode!"

Bulstrode grinned as his supporters cried out in favour of Billy Bunter's dismissal.

"Open the door, Snoopey," he cried, "and stand clear!"

Snoop flung open the study door, and Bulstrode grasped the fat junior firmly by the collar and back of his jacket.

"Ow!" roared Billy Bunter. "Leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode swung the intruder round three times, and then released his hold. Billy Bunter went flying through the doorway, as he had some moments before when Study No. 1 ejected him, and he landed with a thump on the floor of the corridor.

"Yow, you cads!" he squealed. "I'll vote for Wharton, after all! Yah!"

Snoop slammed the door to with a bang as Bulstrode's guests roared with laughter.

"Come on, chaps!" laughed the bully. "This grub has got to be finished now, so polish it off!"

The rest the feasters had had while Bulstrode had inflicted his electioneering speech on them had been a welcome one, for now they attacked the remainder of the "feed" with renewed vigour.

"Phew!" gasped Armstrong at last. "I think that about does me!"

"Ditto!" granted Wilson. "It's been a ripping spread, so let's give three cheers for the founder of the feast!"

"Rather!"

The juniors jumped to their feet as one man, and the next moment a resounding cheer rang out.

Three times did they cheer, and Bulstrode flushed crimson with pleasure.

"Thanks, chaps," he said. "And don't forget what I said about another 'feed' if you make me captain. I notice you didn't cheer just now, Mitchison. I suppose you're going to vote for me to-morrow?"

"Of course he is!" cried Snoop.

Bulstrode scowled.

"If he doesn't he'll get a jolly good licking, that's all!" he snapped.

Mitchison mumbled something in a low voice, and then followed the rest of the party out to the corridor.

"Ta-ta, chaps!"

"Good-bye, Bulstrode, and thanks awfully for the feed."

"That's all right, Ross!"

Bulstrode shut the door of the study, and glared at his two cronies, who had remained behind.

"There's one or two I don't believe will vote for me!" he growled; "but we'll have to make them promise to-night in the dorm. And then if they don't, I'll give them all such a thundering hiding they won't recognise one another!"

Skinner sat down in an armchair.

"You're all right, Bulstrode," he said. "You'll win, I bet."



"Look!" roared Bulstrode. "You've got eyes, I suppose?" Skinner and Snoop peered over the bully's shoulders into the study. "Great Scott!" they muttered in chorus.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Day of the Election.

IF Harry Wharton & Co. had complained on the previous evening that the Remove juniors were not very enthusiastic over such an important event as choosing the Form captain, they had nothing to grumble at now the great day had arrived.

Every spare moment since the two rival meetings had taken place had been devoted by Harry Wharton and his chums to canvassing the uncertain voters.

But now that the time for the meeting was rapidly approaching, Harry Wharton & Co. felt uneasy as to the result.

Bob Cherry and Mark Linley had dropped into Study No. 1 to try and "buck the candidate up," as the Lancashire lad had said, and now the little party were seated round the table having tea.

"Phew!" whistled Harry Wharton. "It'll soon be over now, but I wish I knew what the result was going to be."

"You're going to get in, of course!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "Pass the cake across, Bob."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I hope I do, chaps, but our canvassing hasn't had very good results, has it?"

Hurree Singh shook his head.

"It's because our worthy rival has been playing the game lowfully," he said.

"M-yes, that's what it is," replied Mark Linley. "Bulstrode has been doing nothing but treat the chaps, and those that weren't having any he bullied."

"It's rotten, isn't it?"

Mark Linley nodded his head.

"Why," he continued, "there's that chap Mitchison, who I'm sure would support Harry—he practically said so in my hearing—but Bulstrode's crowd knocked him about so last night in the dormitory, and again after dinner to-day, that he's promised at last to vote for Bulstrode."

Harry Wharton went crimson with indignation.

"Isn't it rotten!" he said. "They've treated young Hill almost as badly."

"I think you chaps have treated me rather rottenly!"

"Oh, shut up, Bunt!"

Billy Bunter reached across the table, and helped himself to the two remaining jam-puffs.

"I think it's all jealousy on your part," he continued. "I've often noticed it, and when a decent, sporty-looking chap like me comes along you immediately make a dead set against him."

"Ha, ha! Dry up, you fat dummy!"

"It's beastly jealousy, that's what it is, Wharton, and—pour me out another cup of tea, Nugent!—and I've made up my mind to put it down."

"Good!" laughed Harry Wharton. "And, by the way, you fat cormorant, I had a postal order for ten bob this morning: but I had to send old Gosling down to Friardale about this beastly window Nugent broke yesterday."

"What about it, Wharton?"

"What about it?" roared Harry Wharton. "Why, I had to give old Gossy a bob for going, and the window cost me four and six."

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NEXT
WEEK:

"WUN LUNG MINOR."

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

Billy Bunter blinked across the table at his study leader.

"Really, Wharton," he said, "when I borrowed that money from you chaps yesterday I——"

"Borrowed?"

"Yes, I shall pay you back as soon as I get my postal-order, which I expect by this evening's post."

Harry Wharton snorted, and pulled out his watch.

"Hallo!" he said. "It's a quarter to six, we may as well be trotting along to the class-room."

Bob Cherry jumped to his feet.

"Wait half a tick," he said, "and I'll go along to No. 12, and fetch Wun Lung."

"Wun Lung!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Why in the dickens didn't he come along here to tea with you?"

Bob Cherry laughed.

"Oh, he's making some toffee, an' he wanted to get it finished."

Billy Bunter blinked through his big spectacles with anticipation. The fat junior knew what a marvellous cook the wily Chinese was.

"Ahem!" he coughed. "I'll just go along if you like, Cherry. It won't take me a moment."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really you chaps, I——"

"Ha, ha!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "Go along, Billy, and tell Wun Lung to hurry up."

"Certainly, Wharton."

"We'll go along to the Remove class-room, and you can join us there."

Billy Bunter trotted across the room, and down the corridor with a smiling countenance.

He held his nose up into the air as he approached Study No. 12, and gave a sniff.

"Sn-sniff, smells like that cocoanut-toffee Wun Lung makes," he murmured. And he gave a gentle tap on the door of Study No. 12.

"Hallo, whatee mattel?"

Billy Bunter gave a jolking smile as he opened the door, and then looked into the study.

"Oh, is that you, Wun Lung?" he said, forgetting at once the mission he had come on.

"Yes, Buntel," replied Wun Lung, looking up from a saucepan he was holding over the fire.

Billy Bunter entered the room, and sat on a corner of the study table.

"My word, Wun Lung," he remarked, "that stuff does smell ripping!"

"Me no savvy."

"I say that stuff—that toffee you're cooking, does smell ripping. It's given me an awful appetite, so I suppose you are going to let me have a taster?"

"Me no savvy."

Billy Bunter blinked with indignation at the Chinese's bland expression.

"Really, Wun Lung!" he said. "I sincerely hope you aren't going to be so beastly greedy as not to give me a taster of——"

"Hi!" interrupted Wun Lung, with a squeal. "Lookie out!"

Billy Bunter sprang off the table as the Chinese junior rushed towards him with the saucepan in his hands. Wun Lung snatched up a large, prepared pan from the table, and poured the contents of the saucepan into it quickly.

"Me neally too late," he murmured.

Billy Bunter's eyes glistened as he surveyed the pan of toffee.

"My only hat!" he gasped. "What a treat it looks!"

"M-yes, lookie vely nice; but not to be eaten now," said Wun Lung. "Me give Billy a taste when Wun Lung has voted fol Hally."

Billy Bunter bit his lips with vexation as he heard the clock in Greyfriars tower boom out six.

"Let's just have a taster, Wun Lung," he said. "And then we can scoot down to the meeting together."

"Me no savvy," murmured the Chinese. "Me goce to votee now."

"Then I sha'n't!" growled Billy Bunter. "I don't care a hang who is captain of the Remove! If it wasn't for a lot of beastly jealousy I should be, but as it is, I'll wait up here until you come back."

Wun Lung smiled, and took the pan of toffee off the table and put it into the cupboard.

"Me wantee lockee study dool, Buntel," he said.

Billy Bunter glowered at the smiling Chinese junior.

"Look here, Wun Lung!" he roared. "If you don't give me a bit of that toffee I shall vote for Bulstrode to be captain of the Remove!"

"Me no savvy."

"I tell you I shall vote against Harry Wharton if you don't part up with some of that toffee!"

Wun Lung's eyes gleamed dangerously as he looked at the fat junior of Greyfriars sitting on the study table, swinging his legs in the air.

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"Buntel votee against study chum?"

"Yes, if I don't have some of that toffee."

"Buntel votee for bully Bulstrode before Hally Wharton?"

"Yes!" roared Billy Bunter.

While Wun Lung had been questioning the fat junior, he had edged along to the opposite end of the table on which Billy was sitting.

"Buntel notee votee fol chum, then?"

"No!" roared Billy Bunter. "I tell you I sha'n't vote for Harry Wharton if—ow!"

The fat junior let out a terrific yell as Wun Lung suddenly lifted the table up, and he went sliding off to land with a thump on the study carpet.

"Ow, you cad! I'll——"

Wun Lung let the table down again with a crash, and glided round to where Billy Bunter lay wriggling on the floor.

"Me no savvy," murmured the wily Chinese junior, falling upon Bunter. "Buntel notee votee for chumee then goce in cupboard until allee ovel."

"You cad!" roared the fat junior. "Lemme gerrup!"

"Me no savvy."

"Ow!"

"Putee Buntel in cupboard until allee ovel," said Wun Lung, pulling the fat junior across the study by his collar.

Billy Bunter wriggled desperately as the Chinese junior unfastened the cupboard where Bob Cherry and Mark Linley kept their football boots and other sporting paraphernalia.

"You—you beast! Wun Lung, I shall suffocate and die for want of breath if you put me in there!"

"Me savvy," murmured the Chinese junior. "Buntel die if he no bleathes."

Bunter shook with fright, and he lost the power of his flabby muscles.

"Buntel goce in!" gasped Wun Lung, as he exerted himself to get the fat junior into the cupboard.

"Lemme out!" howled Billy Bunter.

"Me no savvy."

"You cad, Wun Lung! I shall——"

"Me no savvy," interrupted the Chinese junior. "Me not likee Buntel notee votee fol study chum."

"I'll vote——"

Wun Lung put his shoulders to the cupboard door, and got it to with a terrific effort, and as he turned the key in the lock it shut out all sound from the captive within.

Billy Bunter was a prisoner.

"Me buckee up," muttered Wun Lung, removing all signs of the desperate struggle that had taken place in the study. "Me notee miss votee for Hally Wharton."

Billy Bunter tapped desperately on the cupboard door, and with a smile Wun Lung tapped back.

"Buntel waitee a long time fol release!" he shouted through the keyhole. "Wun Lung votee fol Hally Wharton."

A muffled roar came from the cupboard. But Wun Lung ignored it, and slammed the door of Study No. 12 to with a bang.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Meeting.

"MY fatee auntie!" murmured Wun Lung as he approached the Remove Form class-room. "Vely gleet noise, mo thinkee."

The Chinese junior opened the door, and glided in unnoticed by the mass of shouting Removites.

Harry Wharton and Bulstrode were just climbing on to Mr. Quelch's table to the accompaniment of encouraging cries from their individual supporters.

"Wharton!"

"Yah! Bulstrode!"

Harry Wharton held up his hand for silence, but for some moments it was in vain. The Remove Form as a whole had not had any special excitement for a long time, and now they had a reason for it they determined to let themselves go.

"Three cheers for Harry Wharton!" roared Frank Nugent.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip-hip-hurrah!"

The uproar was terrific, and while the leader of Study No. 1 looked down at the yelling juniors with a smile on his handsome face, Bulstrode stood by his side with a grim scowl.

"Order!" shouted Harry Wharton. "Order, please!"

"Rats! Three cheers for Bulstrode, and a reformed cricket team!"

As Bulstrode's supporters responded to the appeal, Frank Nugent and his faction groaned and hooted as loudly as they could to drown it.

"Order!"

"Speech!" shouted Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton held up his hand for silence.

"If you chaps will dry up for a minute," he cried, "it'll give me a chance to say what I want to say."

"Yah!"

"Shut up, Skinner!" growled Bulstrode.

Harry Wharton smiled grimly as he saw the bully's crony go crimson in the face at the terse rebuke from his leader.

The crowd of juniors quietened down at last. "Chaps," cried Harry Wharton, "if we've got to come to a decision at this meeting as to who is to captain the Remove cricket team for the coming season, it won't be arrived at by a lot of wild yelling and shouting.

The audience looked at one another sheepishly. "If you'll just shut up for a few moments," continued Harry Wharton, "I'll suggest to you how this meeting should be carried out."

"Hear, hear!" "First of all, is everybody in the Remove Form here?" "Yes!" roared the juniors. "Is Wun Lung?" "Me savvy!"

Harry Wharton smiled down at the placid-looking Chinese junior, and Bulstrode muttered impatiently under his breath.

"Well," continued Harry Wharton, "now we can get on with it all right. I suggest that Bulstrode and myself should be umpires, and, of course, we will not vote."

"That's all right!" growled Bulstrode sulkily. "Well," said Harry Wharton, after a pause, "all I want you chaps to do is to think quite seriously of what you are going to do, because—"

"We have thought seriously!" interrupted Skinner. "And you're going out on your neck!"

Harry Wharton ignored the remark. "Because," he continued, "it is a serious matter. Once before Bulstrode was captain of the Remove, and—"

"Rotter!" roared Bob Cherry, and the meeting was in an uproar in a moment.

"Have him again!" yelled Snoop. "Ha, ha, ha!" "We want Wharton!"

Tom Brown jumped on to a desk, and commenced to sing a ditty to the refrain of "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

"And the birds in the air fell a-sobbing and a-sighing, When they heard of the death of poor bully Bulstrode."

"When they heard of the death of poor bully Bulstrode?"

Harry Wharton's supporters joined in with gusto, and the two candidates for the captaincy held up their hands for silence in vain.

The juniors yelled themselves hoarse before they desisted, and then, for some minutes, the rival faction sang the same ditty; but, naturally, to the detriment of Harry Wharton.

"Order!" roared the two candidates. And at last the juniors quietened down, and allowed Harry Wharton to proceed with his speech.

"Chaps," he said, "I have nothing more to say—" "Good egg!" "I have nothing more to say, but—" "Well, sit down, then, fathead!" interrupted Skinner again.

"Shut up!" cried Harry Wharton. "I say I have nothing more to say; but, in conclusion, sincerely hope you will re-elect me as captain of the Remove cricket eleven!"

"Rather!" roared his supporters. And, with a smile, the leader of Study No. 1 sat down on the table.

Bulstrode cleared his throat as the cheering of his rival's party subsided.

"Gents of the Remove," he began, "I have put myself up for the captaincy because you all know a change is wanted."

"Rot!" Bulstrode scowled at Bob Cherry threateningly.

"It is wanted," shouted Bulstrode, "and I promise you that if I am made captain of the Remove, I'll waken things up a bit."

"Good egg!" exclaimed Skinner. "Things have been beastly slow for a long time, and why?" "Yah!"

"Why?" continued the bully. "Because we have been bossed over by a stuck-up prig like Harry Wharton."

Bulstrode's voice was drowned in the uproar which followed, and once again pandemonium reigned supreme in the classroom.

The bully smiled grimly at the result his words had brought, and, seeing he would be unable to continue his speech, he sat down by the side of Harry Wharton on the table.

"My hat!" muttered the leader of Study No. 1. "What a shindy!"

The uproar was terrific, and Frank Nugent made his way through the struggling mass to his leader's side.

"Get up on the platform, Harry," he roared, "and as soon as there's a chance, take the vote!"

Harry Wharton nodded his head, and clambered up on to the table again.

"Order!" he shouted. "Shut up, and let's get on with the washing!"

"Order, order!" Those appealing for order added to the uproar; but at last there was silence again.

"Chaps of the Remove of Greyfriars," cried Harry Wharton, "will you put up your hands if you are in favour of Bulstrode being captain of the cricket eleven?"

"Rather!" Bulstrode's supporters waved their hands in the air frantically.

"You've got both arms up, Snoop, you little sneak!"

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exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Shove one down—and you, too, Ross!"

The two juniors grinned stupidly as all eyes were turned on them, and then dropped their arms to their sides.

Bulstrode and Harry Wharton from their coign of vantage counted the "ayes" carefully.

"Are you supposed to be holding yours up, Mitchison and Campion?"

"Of course, they are!" snapped Bulstrode.

"Let them answer for themselves," replied Harry Wharton.

"Now, then, Mitchison and Campion, are you hording up your hands in favour of Bulstrode having the captaincy?"

The juniors hesitated for a moment, and then stiffened their arms, which they had been half holding up.

"Y-yes Wharton!" they said together.

"Very well, then, I make the total in favour of Bulstrode twelve!"

Bulstrode nodded his head. "That's right," he said: "twelve."

The juniors were too excited to cheer.

"Now, then," cried Harry Wharton, "all those in favour of my continuing the captaincy of—"

"Hurrah!" yelled Frank Nugent. "Shove 'em up, chaps!"

A forest of hands were thrust into the air, and Harry Wharton smiled grimly as he counted out aloud:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—" "Cherry's got both hands up!" interrupted Bulstrode.

The leader of Study No. 12 glowered up at the bully.

"You cad!" he roared. "I haven't—and you know it!"

Bulstrode sneered.

"Pshaw!" he scoffed. "You wish you could, don't you?"

"Now, then, dry up, Bulstrode," said Harry Wharton.

"Let's get the counting over. Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve—"

Harry Wharton looked round excitedly, and the Removites held their breath.

"T-twelve!" muttered Harry. "Any more?"

Twelve! The two candidates counted again amidst breathless silence.

"It's twelve all!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, at last. "It's a tie!"

Bulstrode's face went white.

"My chaps put their fists up again!" he gulped.

The bully's supporters held up their hands without a murmur, and Harry Wharton's faction waited patiently whilst the two candidates recounted.

"Twelve!" snapped Bulstrode.

"Twelve!" echoed Harry Wharton.

The Removites looked at one another with perplexed looks on their faces.

"My only fat Aunt Georgina!" muttered Frank Nugent.

"My only tallest and shiniest silk topper!" gasped Bob Cherry.

A tie! The two rivals had not dreamed of such a result. It was a deadlock. Neither side could make a definite move.

"What are you going to do about it?" growled Bulstrode, turning to Harry Wharton.

"Do?"

"Yes; we can't both be captain of the Remove, you know."

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Well," he replied, "the only thing I can suggest is that we have another election in a day or two's time."

"Another election?"

"Yes; and in the meantime I shall carry on a campaign and try and induce some of the chaps to change their minds."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared half a dozen of Bulstrode's supporters.

"Yah!" cried Tom Brown.

Harry Wharton held up his hand for silence. It looked as though there was going to be trouble between the rival factions.

"Look here, chaps!" he cried. "I am still captain of the Remove, and I take this opportunity of announcing another meeting to take place in this class-room to-morrow at six o'clock."

"Hear, hear!"

"Under circumstances which I do not wish to refer to just now, I think it would be better to have a secret ballot—on the same lines as they do for the Parliamentary election, you know."

"Good wheeze!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"Each chap will have a paper given him with his name and study number on, and he will have to put a cross against either Bulstrode's name or mine."

"My hat, that's a jolly good idea!"

Harry Wharton smiled.

"So that nobody in the Remove will know which way a chap voted, I shall ask Wingate, as captain of Greyfriars, to check and count the votes for us!"

"Hurrah!"

Bulstrode clambered down from the table with a scowl on his face. He did not like this idea of his rival's at all. He knew

one or two of the juniors had voted for him because they feared the consequences if they had done otherwise. But this secret ballot idea of Harry Wharton's would protect those waverers, and he feared the result would be in his rival's favour.

He made for the door now, followed by his two cronies.

"Three cheers for Bulstrode!" roared Skinner, stopping at the open door. "Come on, chaps, hip, hip—"

"Hooray!"

Frank Nugent slapped Harry Wharton on the back with a resounding thwack.

"Jolly good!" he said. "Let's have three for Wharton!"

And as the Removites crowded out into the corridor three cheers were given for the leader of Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton & Co., and the three chums from Study No. 12, remained behind in the class-room.

"I'm jelly sorry you didn't get it, Harry," said Mark Linley kindly. "I believe most of those chaps who voted against you merely did so because they want a change—they didn't think what a rotten change it might be."

Harry Wharton nodded his head.

"That's what I think it is, Mark," he replied. "But I think the secret ballot idea of mine will show a different—Hullo, sounds like a cart-horse coming along."

Someone was tearing along the corridor in the direction of the Remove class-room, and making as much noise as half a dozen juniors in football boots would make on the stone floor.

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

"Who in the dickens is—"

"You cads!" A form streaked through the doorway, and then stopped dead.

"Bulstrode!" exclaimed Harry Wharton & Co.

"Yes," gasped the bully; "it's me, and I demand you have all the chaps back and have the vote taken again."

"What?" shrieked the astounded juniors.

"I say you're a lot of cads, and I demand a recount."

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Look here," he said. "if you'll let us know what you're talking about, perhaps—"

"Every chap in the Remove wasn't at the meeting!" interrupted Bulstrode.

"What!"

"Just as I got to my study, Skinner suddenly remembered that he hadn't seen that fat bouncer, Bunter, and when—"

"My hat!"

"And when I questioned most of the chaps, they all said Bunter wasn't in the class-room."

"My hat!" muttered Bob Cherry again. "Nor was he."

"I didn't see him!" said Harry Wharton & Co. together.

"Of course you didn't!" howled Bulstrode. "And I demand we have the meeting over again."

"Can't be did, old son."

"We must," roared Bulstrode. "It's only fair, especially if you cads have kept him out of it."

"Shut up!"

"Well, where is the fat gourmandiser?"

"Him vely gleady!" murmured Wun Lung, as the group of juniors looked at one another with puzzled faces. "Billy Bunter vely, vely gleady."

"Hullo, what's that, Wun Lung?"

"Me sayee that Billy vely gleady, Bob. He wantee eatee up toffee!"

"Oh—h!"

"Billy said he no votee at all, but stay in Study No. 12 and eatee toffee Wun Lung makee!"

"What's this!" roared the juniors.

Wun Lung smiled placidly.

"Bunter notee come out of study, so Wun Lung bundle him in cupboard, vely quick, so he not eatee toffee which—"

"My hat!" roared Wharton. "You've shoved him where, you heathen?"

"In Bob Chelly's cupboard outee way of—"

"He'll suffocate!" gasped Bob Cherry, springing across the class-room to the door. "Come on, chaps!"

"Rather!"

Harry Wharton & Co. dashed out into the corridor on Bob Cherry's heels, and Bulstrode and Wun Lung followed them.

"Buck up, Bob!" gasped Harry Wharton. "I only hope the fat kid's all right!"

Bob Cherry tore up the stone stairs to the Remove passage.

"So do I!" he gasped.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Is Discovered.

"HERE we are!"

Bob Cherry had retained his lead, and he flung open the door of Study No. 12 with a gasp of relief.

Harry Wharton and the rest of the juniors crowded after him.

"Listen!"

A rumbling sound came from the cupboard as the excited juniors held their breath.

"He's alive, anyhow!" muttered Bob Cherry, stooping down and turning the key in the cupboard.

The fat junior was squeezed in tight, and as soon as the pressure on the lock was released, the door flew open, and Billy Bunter rolled out like a jack-in-a-box.

Snore!

"My only hat!" gasped Harry Wharton. "The bouncer's fast asleep!"

"Grooh!" Snore, snore.

Billy Bunter lay on his back on the study carpet, and snored vigorously away with his mouth wide open.

Snore, snore, snore!

"What a horrible sight!" muttered Bob Cherry. "I bet he's dreaming about a feed."

"Grooh!"

Wun Lung glided across the study, and returned with a jug of water.

"Bunter wakoe up vely quick now, I tinkee."

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned as the Chinese junior held the jug of water over Billy Bunter's open mouth.

Snore, snore!

Frank Nugent stretched his hand out to stop Wun Lung; but he was too late.

"Grooh! Snore! Grooh! Gr-r-r! Ow!"

A steady stream of water left the jug, and flooded into the sleeping junior's mouth.

"Ow! Mm-m-m-m! Geroff!"

Billy Bunter sat up with a jerk, and then wriggled about frantically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooh! Ow! What is it?" howled Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! You cads, the bell hasn't gone yet?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotters, you've ruined my bed!"

Harry Wharton shut and locked the cupboard where Billy Bunter had been imprisoned.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bob Cherry. "Get up, you howling dummy!"

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Bulstrode swung the intruder round three times, and then released his hold. Billy Bunter went flying through the doorway, as he had some moments before when Study No. 1 ejected him, and he landed with a thump on the floor of the corridor.

"You beastly cads, I don't believe the bell's gone yet!"

"Bell?"

"Yes, Wharton, if you want to get up early you seem to think everybody else does."

"What do you mean, you fat porpoise?"

Billy Bunter sat up and looked around him in amazement.

"How did you chaps get me down here without waking me up?" he murmured.

"Ha, ha! You dummy!" laughed Bob Cherry. "Don't talk rot, Billy; but we're jolly glad to find you alive. I tell you, I was in a beastly funk before—"

"Alive, Cherry?"

"Yes, fathead. When Wun Lung told us he had locked you in the cupboard, I thought we should have found you suffocated."

Billy Bunter clambered to his feet.

"Oh-h yes," he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I remember now," said Billy Bunter. "That beastly, murderous Chinese heathen attacked me, and—and tried to hide my dead body in the cupboard."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter went crimson and blinked at the laughing juniors indignantly.

"It's quite true," he continued. "Wun Lung felled me to the floor, and then sprang on to me like a cat on to a rat!"

"Ha, ha! A worm, you mean, Bunt?"

"Really, Cherry, I suppose if you had been here when the crime took place, you would have run away?"

"Dummy!"

"Well," continued Billy Bunter, "when Wun Lung pounced upon me like a rat upon a cat—er, I mean, like a cat upon the rat—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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"Like a cat upon a rat, then!" snapped Billy Bunter desperately. "I flung out my hands and staved him off for—"

"Who, the cat?"

"I staved him off for nearly half an hour; but still he came on with murder in his eyes, and then we crashed to the floor."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. Bulstrode, however, did not join in, but sat down on the corner of the study table, with a sneer on his face.

"When we crashed to the floor," went on Billy Bunter, "we rolled this way and that. First I got on top, but at last Wun Lung's long fingers clutched me by the throat, and then all was dark."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mark Linley. "And then you woke up, Billy?"

"Buntel vely gleat liat, mo tinkoo!"

"Really, you chaps," said Billy Bunter. "This isn't any laughing matter, you know."

"I know that, you cormorant!" replied Harry Wharton. "Your being away absolutely lost me the captaincy."

"L—lost you what?"

"Lost me the captaincy for the time, dummy!"

Billy Bunter gave a sickly smile.

"What! Do you mean to say that Bulstrode has been made captain of the Remove?"

"No fear!" roared the juniors.

Harry Wharton explained to the fat junior what had happened at the meeting.

"So you see, you fat, over-fed porpoise," concluded the leader of Study No. 12, "your vote would have decided the thing at once."

"Yes, I see that, Wharton," replied Billy Bunter. "But anybody would think that you were anxious to have Bulstrode as captain of the cricket eleven."

"Bulstrode?"

"Yes."

"But—but you don't mean to say that you would have voted for Bulstrode, do you?" gasped Harry Wharton.

Bulstrode jumped to the floor expectantly.

"I don't think I should have voted at all, Wharton," said Billy Bunter.

"Not have voted?" cried the group of juniors.

Billy Bunter shook with fright.

"Well, you see, you chaps have treated me so rottenly just lately, that I have lost all interest in the Remove."

"You dummy!"

"It's this beastly jealousy, and—"

"Dry up!"

"And stinginess. Why, I have got frightfully thin lately, and I put it down to you chaps not treating me properly."

"Shut up!"

"I'm awfully faint after the terrible struggle with Wun Lung, and then the long imprisonment in the cupboard, so if you can lend me five bob until my postal order arrives, I'll—"

"You fat worm!" interrupted Bob Cherry. "We've heard enough about your blessed postal order, and you won't get a brass farthing from us."

"Really, Cherry."

Bulstrode put his hands into his trousers pockets and jingled some loose coins about.

"Coming down to the tuck-shop, Bunter?" he exclaimed.

The fat junior's eyes gleamed with pleasure.

"I sincerely hope you aren't joking, Bulstrode," he said.

"They say it's a dangerous thing to joke with a hungry man."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Frank Nugent. "It's a jolly sight more dangerous to joke with a fat, over-fed porpoise."

"Really, Nugent, I— Here, wait a second, Bulstrode!"

The bully of the Remove turned as he reached the study door.

"I'm going along to see Mrs. Mumble," he said. "Afraid I can't wait!"

Billy Bunter stumbled across the room.

"I'm coming, Bulstrode!" he cried, as the bully turned into the passage. "It's jolly ripping of you!"

And the fat junior ran after Bulstrode as fast as his fat legs would carry him.

"The greedy young bounder!" laughed Bob Cherry. "He'd toady to anybody if they'd stand him half a dozen jam tarts. I believe."

Harry Wharton looked at the leader of Study No. 12, with a frown on his forehead.

"That's rotten, chaps," he said. "Billy'll sell his vote for a good feed."

"My only aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I didn't think of that."

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"I didn't like the way Bulstrode grinned to himself when he jingled his rotten money about in his pockets," he said. "And I don't think Billy cares two pins about supporting a chap in his own study."

"But we'll make him!" growled Frank Nugent. "The rotten young sweep!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Let's get along to No. 1 now," he said, "and we will make out a plan of campaign. We can't rely on Billy Bunter turning the scale in our favour, anyhow."

The juniors nodded their heads.

"We'll make the esteemed Bunter sit upfully, if he does not vote for our august captain," exclaimed Hurree Singh.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Harry Wharton. "Come along, chaps!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

"Vote for Wharton."

HARRY WHARTON & Co. entered their study after dinner was over on the Wednesday, with grim looks of determination on their brows.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "They've shoved a fresh pane of glass in the window, I see."

"At last," laughed Harry Wharton. "A jolly good job they have too, or we should have had the rain in."

Hurree Singh looked through the window out into the school playing fields.

"The rain is terrific," he murmured. "Just look, my worthy chums."

"Good thing it is, Inky, we shall be able to devote the whole afternoon now to the election campaign without missing any practice in the nets."

Billy Bunter plumped himself down into the most comfortable armchair in the study.

"I sincerely hope you chaps aren't going to turn this place into the committee-room you were talking of doing last night," he said.

"Rate!"

"Really, Nugent, I don't know how you expect me to read this number of 'The Empire' Library, which has come out THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 116

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to-day, if we are going to have chaps in and out all the time."

"Dry up!"

"Look how the chaps kept on coming in yesterday," continued the fat junior of Greyfriars. "Last night I was hardly able to do any prep. and—"

"I'm not surprised to hear it!" interrupted Frank Nugent. "Considering you weren't in here more than twenty minutes; but in Bulstrode's study gorging for all you were worth."

Billy Bunter smiled reminiscently.

"I did do pretty well yesterday," he said. "Bulstrode treated me rippingly, and then Bob Cherry stood me twelve jam puffs and six sausage rolls, and—"

"Bob Cherry treated you?"

"Y—yes, Wharton, he had me in Study No. 12, and said he hoped I would vote for you at the poll to-night."

"The dummy!"

"Really, Wharton, I thought it was jolly nice and thoughtful of Cherry; but Bulstrode certainly did me down better."

"Oh—h, and what did Bulstrode hope you'd do?"

Billy Bunter gave a sickly grin.

"He—he said he knew he could rely on a decent, sporty-looking chap like me to vote for anybody who promised to reform and brighten up a degenerate cricket eleven."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My word," continued Billy Bunter, warming to the subject. "He did stand me a ripping spread, I can tell you. It gives me an appetite to talk about it."

"You greedy cormorant!"

"Really, Nugent!" growled Bunter. "I don't like you talking like that about a study chum; and when Mitchison and Champion came into Bulstrode's study when I was eating, and said it made them ill to see me, Bulstrode got into an awful rage and chucked them out into the corridor."

Harry Wharton smiled.

"Doesn't he want them to vote for him, then, Billy?" he said.

"Of course he does, Wharton. Before he chucked them out he told them he'd give them both a frightful licking if they didn't vote for him."

Harry Wharton exchanged significant looks with Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh.

"Well," he said, moving the chair up to the study table.

"That won't do Bulstrode much good, if he's going to behave like that."

Billy Bunter looked up from his paper, and blinked in surprise at his study leader.

"Really, Wharton," he said. "Bulstrode says that I hold the swing of the pendulum in my hand, and whichever way I vote I shall decide the result."

"That's why Harry's going to get in, old son."

"But I haven't promised to vote for Wharton, yet, Nugent."

"You're going to though, Billy?"

"I don't know!" growled the fat junior. "You chaps have treated me so rottenly that—"

"Oh, dry up, you young cad!" interrupted Frank Nugent. "You haven't got a bit of honour in your beastly fat carcass!"

"The honourableness in the fat Bunter's worthy carcass is conspicuous by its terrific absence," added the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Billy Bunter snorted angrily, and settled himself down to the armchair.

"Now then, chaps," said Harry Wharton, after a pause.

"Let's get on with the washing."

"Rather!"

"First of all we will shove up a notice on the door so that any chap in the Remove who passes will be obliged to read it."

Harry Wharton dipped a paint brush into the ink-pot, and worked away on a large piece of paper for some minutes.

"How'll this do?" he said, at last, holding up the paper.

Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh read it out aloud. It was about the size of a newspaper contents bill, and was drawn out like this:

Removites	Vote Thus:
Bulstrode ..	
WHARTON ..	X

"My hat!" muttered Frank Nugent. "That's a jolly ripping idea, Harry! Shove it up on the door!"

"The idea is worthy of our esteemed chum," assented Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton smiled, and opened the door of the study.
"Chuck over four drawing pins, Frank," he said.
"Drawing pins?"
"Yes; they're in a box on that shelf over Bunty."
"Right-ho, old son."
Frank Nugent walked across the study and touched the fat junior on the shoulder.
"Out of the way for a second, porpoise!" he said.
But Billy Bunter was too engrossed in his reading, and he did not budge.
"Out of it, Bunter!" repeated Frank Nugent.
Still the fat junior did not move.
Frank Nugent grinned, and put his mouth close up to Billy Bunter's ear.
"Gerroutofit!" he roared.
Billy Bunter jumped into the air with a jerk.
"Ow!" he yelled, scrambling out of his chair. "W—what's up?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You—you cad, Nugent, you've made me strain the two most important muscles of the heart."
"Ha, ha!" laughed Frank Nugent. "You should have popped out when I first asked you."
"You cad!"
"Oh, shut up, dummy!" cried Harry Wharton from the door. "And let Nugent get those drawing-pins."
Frank Nugent jumped on to the arm of the chair and reached up to the shelf.
"Are these the things you mean in this little cardboard box on—oh—h!"
Frank Nugent finished off with a cry of alarm as the chair toppled over to one side under his weight, and the next instant he went crashing to the floor. The lid of the cardboard box came off in his fall, and the drawing pins went flying in all directions.
"Oh—h!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You set of cackling idiots!" roared Frank Nugent, sitting up. "There's a lot to laugh at when anybody nearly falls over a precipice."
"Ho, ho!" rumbled Billy Bunter. "You haven't fallen over a precipice, though! Ho, ho!"
"You porpoise!" roared Frank Nugent, gathering up some of the drawing pins. "I said when anybody nearly falls over a precipice."
"Ho, ho, ho!"
Harry Wharton put his hand up to his mouth to suppress his laughter; but it was in vain, and he gave a smothered yell.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Frank Nugent glared across the room.
"Oh, do shut up!" he snapped.
"Ha, ha!" laughed Harry Wharton. "I'm not laughing at the accident; but—but when you said you had nearly fallen over a precipice."
"Well, so I did!" growled Frank Nugent obstinately.
Billy Bunter wiped the tears of laughter off his spectacles and gave a sickly grin.
"Really, Nugent," he said. "It's you saying you nearly fell over a precipice when you only over-balanced on the armchair!"
"You howling fathead, dummy!" roared Frank Nugent. "When I said I nearly fell over a precipice, I meant that as an instance."
"An instance, Nugent?"
"Yes. If you chaps can laugh when anybody falls off an armchair I suppose you'd laugh when anybody nearly fell over a precipice."
"Of course I should, Nugent," replied Billy Bunter. "I should laugh with relief."
"What? When a study-mate had nearly fallen over a precipice?"
Billy Bunter nodded his head.
"You see, Nugent," he said. "If they had only nearly fallen over the precipice I should laugh; but if they had fallen over I—I—I should—well, I shouldn't laugh."
"Our esteemed fat friend would cry terrifically."
"Oh, no, I shouldn't, Inky. I—"
"Oh, dry up!" interrupted Frank Nugent, clambering to his feet. "We're wasting all the afternoon."
"But you must be corrected sometimes, Nugent."
"Dry up!" snapped Frank Nugent, walking across to Harry Wharton and handing him the four drawing pins which had brought about so much trouble in the obtaining.
Harry Wharton pinned the electioneering notice up.
"Looks jolly well, doesn't it?" he said.
Frank Nugent grinned.
"Ripping!" he assented. "Shut the door now, and then we can copy out some more like that and get the chaps to put 'em up on their study-doors."
"My hat!"
Frank Nugent looked at his study leader in surprise.
"My only hat!" repeated Harry Wharton. "It'll make him jolly wild!"
"Sit down a minute, old son," said Frank Nugent consolingly.

"We'll plaster the whole blessed place with 'em!"
Frank Nugent caught hold of Harry Wharton's arm and led him to a chair.
"It's the best thing to nip anything like this in the bud," he said, "so if you'll sit down quietly for a few moments I'll just trot along and get old Quelchey."
"Get old Quelchey?" muttered Harry Wharton.
"Yes. Sunstroke's a jolly rotten complaint and unless it's nipped in the bud, so to speak, it's likely——"
"You dummy!"
"I say it's likely to take longer in——"
"Dry up, you frabjous ass!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "Haven't I just thought of a wheeze?"
"Phew!"
"If we absolutely flood the chaps' studies—Bulstrode's included—with posters like the one I've shoved on the door it might get us more votes than any amount of canvassing."
"Jolly good!"
"Billy, just trot along to Bulstrode's study and see if Hazeldene and New Zealand are there?"
Billy Bunter blinked in amazement.
"Really, Wharton," he said. "You seem to order me about as though I was a Third-Form lad."
"Rais! It won't hurt you to look in next door, will it?"
"B—but I want to get on with this story."
"Don't be an ass!"
Billy Bunter developed a hurt expression; but ignored the remark and picked up the armchair which Nugent had over-balanced.
"Inky can look in for you," he said. "I've noticed lately that Hurree Singh has been awfully slack, and—ow!"
Billy Bunter jumped into the air as though he had been shot.
"Oh!" he roared, jumping about the room like a wild Indian doing a war dance. "Oh!"
Harry Wharton and Co. looked at the fat junior in alarm.
"What's the matter, Billy?" gasped Frank Nugent.
"Ow!"
"What is it, you dummy?"
"Ow! Drawing pins, you cads!"
Frank Nugent grinned.
"I—I'm awfully sorry, Billy," he said. "But you shouldn't have planted yourself down in that armchair without first of all looking."
"Ow! I shall die of blood-poisoning, and then all you chaps will be hanged."
"You frabjous ass!"
"You will, and I'm bothered if I'll take the trouble of voting for you then, Wharton!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You're a beastly lot of cads, and—and I think I shall try and get changed into another study."
Harry Wharton and Co. held out their right hands, with a yell of delight.
"D'you mean it, Bunty?" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "If you do, shake hands on it!"
The fat junior blinked down at the extended hands.
"I shall think about it at any rate," he growled. "This continual bullying can't be good for my constitution—in fact, a good many chaps have told me just lately that I'm getting thin."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"It's no laughing matter," continued Billy Bunter. "I don't suppose you would like to see me waste away to a——"
"Oh, dry up, you dummy!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "and just see whether Hazeldene and Tom Brown are in next door."
Billy Bunter hesitated for a moment.
"Very well, then," he said at last. "I will just look in, and perhaps Bulstrode will take me down to Mrs. Mimble's and give me something to revive me after the shock you cads have given me."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"He knows I never get any sympathy from you chaps—in fact he mentioned something about it last night."
Frank Nugent glared at the fat junior.
"Of course he would say so," he growled. "He'd say anything to a worm like you if he could get your vote."
Billy Bunter snorted.
"Now then, shut up!" said Harry Wharton. "Just you trot in next door and ask Hazeldene and Brownie to look us up."
And Billy Bunter trotted out into the passage.

ANSWERS

THE TENTH CHAPTER. Bulstrode's Suggestion.

TAP, tap!

Billy Bunter knocked a sharp rat-tat with his fat knuckles on Bulstrode's study door.

"Come in!" roared three voices.

Billy Bunter opened the door, and blinked nervously into the room.

Bulstrode, Tom Brown, and Hazeldene were writing away at impots they had had doled out to them during the morning's lessons, and as the rain had put a stop to all out-door sport of any kind, they were taking the opportunity of working off their punishments now.

They knew there would not be much work done later on when the election of the Remove captain was to take place, and so they were working extra hard.

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

Billy Bunter blinked in amazement as the three juniors did not look up from their work and welcome him.

"I say, you chaps!"

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

Billy Bunter came further into the study and re-adjusted his huge spectacles.

"I say, Bulstrode!"

No answer.

"Ahem, I say, Brown!"

Still no answer.

Billy Bunter stamped his right foot down angrily on the study floor.

"Really, Hazeldene," he growled, "I have spoken nearly half a dozen times."

Scratch, scratch, scratch.

The fat junior of Greyfriars blinked with indignation, and his flabby face went crimson.

"Of course if you chaps—oh—h!"

Bang!

Billy Bunter ducked his head just in time, and the heavy Greek lexicon which the New Zealand junior had suddenly thrown at the fat junior crashed to the floor.

"Well!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I've never seen such a beastly bad-mannered lot in all my life."

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

"Considering I've come—ow!"

Tom Brown was more successful this time, and Billy Bunter staggered back with a shriek as a French grammar crashed into his chest.

"Ow!" he roared, falling with a thump on the floor. "You rotters!"

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

Billy Bunter felt about for his spectacles, which had come off with the shock.

"You cads!" he exclaimed. "I dare say you've smashed my glasses and you'll have to pay me for a new pair."

"Hullo, what's that?"

Tom Brown threw down his pen and jumped to his feet.

"Who's that?" he cried. "Who spoke?"

"Dunno!" replied Hazeldene and Bulstrode in chorus, continuing to scratch away with their pens as though their lives depended upon it.

Tom Brown grinned.

"I thought I heard some fatheaded dummy say something."

"Didn't hear anything," muttered the two writers.

"Then there must be a rat in the study, or perhaps it was a worm turning. They say worms turn sometimes, don't they?"

"It was me!" growled Bunter, adjusting his spectacles, which he had recovered. "And you know it was, Brown."

The New Zealand junior looked everywhere but where the fat junior was sitting on the floor.

"There it goes again, Hazeldene," he said. "Did you hear it?"

Scratch, scratch, scratch.

"It is me, Brown, you rotter!" roared Billy Bunter. "And you know it is!"

Tom Brown walked across to the fireplace and looked up the chimney.

"M'm!" he muttered. "We must have got some strange insect in the study."

Billy Bunter clambered to his feet, his face crimson with indignation.

"I say it is me!" he roared. "Me—Bunter—and you are only trying to be funny!"

The New Zealand junior lifted the lid of the coal scuttle and peered in.

"I say, Hazeldene, old chap," he said, "can you hear a horrible noise?"

Hazeldene threw down his pen with a sigh of relief.

"Hullo, Brownie, what's that?" he cried. "A rotten noise, did you say?"

"Yes; it's either a rat or a worm."

Billy Bunter walked across the study, and swung Tom Brown round by the shoulder.

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"You cad!" he roared. "You know it's me, and you've known it all the time!"

The New Zealand junior stared at Billy Bunter in pretended surprise.

"Hullo, Bunter!" he said. "What on earth is the matter with you? Been taking a course of 'Sandow'?"

"No, you rotter!" roared Bunter. "You know I've been in this study for nearly a quarter of an hour now, and—"

"Then perhaps you've heard the horrible noise? What d'you think it was? I should put it down to a rat or a worm; but—"

"It was me!" shrieked the exasperated Bunter. "And you know it. Didn't you throw two books at me, you cad?"

"Two books?" muttered Tom Brown.

"Yes!"

The New Zealand junior turned to Hazeldene.

"Did I throw two books at Billy Bunter, Hazeldene?" he said.

Hazeldene grinned and stooped down and picked up the Greek lexicon and French grammar.

"I suppose you must have done, Brownie!" he replied.

"Unless Billy has been juggling with them himself."

"No, I don't think he has," laughed Tom Brown. "I seem to remember now. Didn't you come into the study when we were in the middle of our impots, Bunter?"

"Yes, I did!" roared the fat junior. "Harry Wharton asked me to come in and tell you and Hazeldene he wanted to see you in his study, and when I do—"

"Harry Wharton wants to see us?" cried the two juniors.

"Yes, and when—"

"Come on, Brownie!" interrupted Hazeldene. "Why didn't this fat, over-fed porpoise tell us before?"

"Food on the brain, I suppose; it often—"

"Come on!"

And Hazeldene put his arm through the New Zealander's, and the two hurried out into the passage.

Bulstrode threw his pen down with a growl as the study door banged.

"At last," he muttered. "Now to look the chaps up!"

Billy Bunter fidgeted uneasily as he blinked across the room at the Remove bully.

"I—I say, Bulstrode," he faltered, "where are you going to look the chaps up?"

"In the tuck-shop, Owl!"

"Can I come with you, Bulstrode?"

"Of course you can!" replied the bully. "That's where all the chaps who are going to vote for me are going to meet at four."

"Oh-h!"

"It's a final rally. The poll is going to open in the class-room at a quarter to six."

"Yes, I know that," murmured Billy Bunter. "It just gives us time for a snack, doesn't it?"

Bulstrode scowled.

"Come on, then!" he snapped. "Let's get down there quickly."

Billy Bunter ran after Bulstrode, and the two made their way downstairs to Mrs. Mimble's, the motherly old dame who kept the school tuck-shop.

The place was crowded with juniors when Bulstrode and Billy Bunter arrived, and the Removites gave a cheer as the candidate to the captaincy walked up to the counter.

Mrs. Mimble smiled.

"Good afternoon, Master Bulstrode," she said, and she nodded her head somewhat curtly to Billy Bunter.

The fat Removite was not a good spending customer of hers, although he was frequently in the shop getting other juniors to pay for him. Billy Bunter never had a farthing of his own, unless it was borrowed money. The only security he could offer to those silly enough to lend was a promise to pay back when he received his postal order. Needless to say, the postal order never turned up, so to lend money to Billy Bunter was altogether a bad bargain. Much better to give it him straight away, for the postal order was a phantom one.

Once he had received one, but as it was only for the sum of sixpence, and he had tipped the telegraph boy a shilling for bringing it over by special delivery he did not benefit much by it. Nor did Harry Wharton, who stupidly enough lent the fat junior the shilling tip before the registered letter had been opened.

Mrs. Mimble looked from Billy Bunter to Bulstrode.

"Can I get you anything, Master Bulstrode?" she said, as the cheering died down. "There's some nice raspberry-puffs come in this afternoon, and also some new sausage rolls and—"

"Oh, don't go so fast, Mrs. Mimble!" interrupted Billy Bunter. "It makes me feel faint to hear anybody gabble through a lot of tuck like that."

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

"It does really, and—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" snapped Bulstrode. "What I want to know is, are you going to vote for me in a few minutes?"

Billy Bunter looked mysterious.

"Mum's the word, Bulstrode, you know!" he said.

"Well," cried the bully, "are you other chaps?"

"Rather!"

"Then set to on those jam puffs to start with. It's all right, Mrs. Mimble; I'll square up with you."

The old dame smiled.

"Very well, Master Bulstrode," she said.

"You might hand over a bottle of ginger-beer to all the chaps in the Remove who are here while you're about it!"

"Thank you, Master Bulstrode."

Bulstrode looked on with a grim smile as the juniors who had promised to vote for him attacked the good things Mrs. Mimble supplied.

Mitchison, Campion, and Couch quietly hung back, and when they did eat anything they paid for it out of their own pockets.

The bully noticed this, and it set him thinking.

"Anything else, Master Bulstrode," said Mrs. Mimble breaking in upon his thoughts. "They've finished all those jam puffs!"

Bulstrode put his hand into his trousers pocket.

"Yes," he replied, throwing down half-a-sovereign on to the counter. "Don't go beyond that, though."

"Thank you, Master Bulstrode."

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed, and stuffing the last jam puff he had concealed from the rest of the juniors into his mouth, he pressed forward to the counter.

"Mm-m-m!" he gulped. "I'll have half-a-dozen of those rolls, and a tin of pine-apple and some of that nougat, and six bars of that milk-choc—"

"Oh, come out of it, you greedy sweep!" interrupted Armstrong, pulling Bunter away from the counter by his coat-ends. "You'll blue that half-quid in no time if you go on at that rate!"

Billy clutched hold of the counter.

"Leggo!" he cried. "Leggo, you cad!"

"Then don't be so beastly greedy!" snapped Armstrong, releasing his hold on the fat junior.

Mrs. Mimble placed the goods on the counter, and the Removites snapped them up, and there was a prolonged silence as they munched away.

After some time, Bulstrode tugged Skinner away from the counter.

"I want you and Snoopey to come along to my study," he said. "Buck up!"

"B-but let me finish—"

"Dry up, fathead!" interrupted the bully. "In a few minutes now the poll will be opened, and—and I've thought of a wheeze."

"Oh—h?"

"Yes; so, come along, and bring Snoopey with you."

"Right-ho, Bulstrode."

The bully of Greyfriars threw two half-crowns on to the counter.

"Here you are, chaps!" he said. "Gorge another five bobs' worth, and then make your way to the Remove class-room to give your vote for me."

"Hurrah!"

"Don't forget!" added Bulstrode. "A vote for me means a place for you in the Remove cricket eleven."

"Good egg!"

Bulstrode grinned, and, followed by Skinner and Snoop, made his way out of Mrs. Mimble's tuck-shop.

The two cronies fell into step on either side of him; but not a word was spoken before they reached Bulstrode's study door.

"Now we shall have to buck up!" growled the bully, turning the handle. "I think—My only hat!"

"What's up?" cried Skinner and Snoop.

"Look!" roared Bulstrode. "You've got eyes, I suppose?"

Skinner and Snoop peered over Bulstrode's shoulders into the study.

"Great Scott!"

The three Removites stared in amazement as they stood in the doorway. And well they might. When Bulstrode had left the room in company with the fat junior of Greyfriars the study looked as tidy as it usually did. It certainly was not one of the most comfortable-looking rooms, and, no doubt, if it was not for Tom Brown's and Hazeldene's influence, the study would have resembled a box-room more than anything else.

Bulstrode did not care a rap where he threw things, and there were more quarrels between the New Zealander and Hazeldene against the Remove bully because of this than for any other reason.

But now even Bulstrode received a shock, for the whole study was plastered with bills bearing the words:

"Vote for Wharton!"

They were stuck over all the walls. The words were written in soap on the study window-panes and on the large mirror over the mantelpiece. Bills had been stuck on the table and chairs. On the book-case and cupboards, and one had even been stuck on the coal-scuttle.

"My hat!" gasped the bully and his two cronies.

The three walked slowly into the study, and Bulstrode shut the door and turned the key.

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NEXT WEEK: "WUN LUNG MINOR."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

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ONE
PENNY.

"Who can have done it?" muttered Skinner. "I shouldn't—"

"Who?" roared Bulstrode, his face crimson with rage.

"Who, d'you say?"

"Y-yes, Bulstrode."

"Who?"

The Remove bully raised his voice to a hoarse roar, and Skinner and Snoop backed nervously.

"Who?" repeated Bulstrode. "Why, that beastly cad Harry Wharton, of course! Haven't you got the sense of a worm? Who d'you think would plaster up my study with bills bearing the words: 'Vote for Wharton' but the chap himself? Who do you think would, hey?"

"Wharton, of course, Bulstrode!"

"Good!" sneered the bully. "I'm glad to see you've got the sense of a crawling worm. Very glad!"

"Then—then I suppose they've done this to all the studies while we've been in the tuck-shop!"

Bulstrode scowled.

"Look here," he said, after a pause. "Unless we pull ourselves together it strikes me I shall get beaten. And I've thought of a wheeze to do Harry Wharton's crowd in the eye."

"Oh—h?"

"You see, twelve voted for me, and twelve for Wharton. If Billy Bunter had been at the meeting, he would have put one of us in with a majority of one."

Skinner and Snoop nodded their heads.

"Well, I think I have fed that fat porpoise up enough to get his vote, but there are three of our chaps who, I believe, will change their minds now Wharton's thought of this rotten secret ballot wheeze."

"Just the sort of thing a suspicious bounder like Wharton would think of," sneered Snoop.

"There are three chaps who voted for me at the meeting who are going to vote for Wharton this evening."

"Who are they?"

"Mitchison, Campion, and Couch," replied Bulstrode, in a whisper. "So, you see, if Bunter votes for me and I can keep three of Wharton's crowd away from the poll, I shall get in."

"Yes; but how in the dickens can you keep three of Wharton's chaps out of it all the time, Bulstrode?"

The bully sat on the corner of the study table.

"Listen!" he said. "This is my wheeze, and it only depends on Snoopey whether it's a success or not."

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Sees a Ghost.

SNOOP plumped himself down into an armchair.

"Depends on me!" he gasped. "Me?"

Bulstrode nodded his head, and grinned.

"Yes," he replied. "It all depends on you, Snoopey. I'm going to make you up so as to look like Billy Bunter, and—"

"What?"

Skinner and Snoop stared at the bully as he swung his legs under the table, as though he was a raving madman.

"Yes, Snoopey will be made up as Billy Bunter, and then he will go along to Study No. 12 and get Bob Cherry, that beastly factory-hand, Mark Linley, and Wun Lung to go along to the box-room under some pretext or another and—and then we'll have to lock 'em in!"

"My word!" gasped the bully's two cronies.

"There is no reason why we shouldn't be able to trap 'em as easy as winking."

"But—but how can I look like that beastly fat porpoise, Bulstrode?"

The bully laughed.

"Easily!" he said. "Especially as it's getting dull early to-day because of the rain, and when you go along to Study No. 12 in about a quarter of an hour's time they won't be able to notice the make-up at all."

"But what about having to look fat—and then there's the spectacles!"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Bulstrode. "We can manage all that rot alright! Skinner, you scoot up to the dorm, and bag Bunt's best suit of Eton's, and on the little shelf by the side of his bed you'll see the spare pair of glasses he keeps handy."

"Right-ho!"

"Bring a collar, boots—his Sunday outfit entirely."

Skinner nodded his head.

"I know," he replied, with a grin. "Shan't be a sec."

Bulstrode strode across the study as Skinner banged the door to with a bang.

"Just tear some of these beastly bills down, Snoopey," he growled, "while I dig out a box of make-up paints I've got in this cupboard somewhere."

Snoop jumped up from the armchair.

"All right, Bulstrode," he said. "But don't you think it would be better to make-up Skinner as Bunter? I—I don't think—"

"No, I know, so don't trouble to!" interrupted the bully from the cupboard. "You're going, and if you bosh the wheeze up you'll get one of the biggest lickings you've ever had in your life."

Snoop went a sickly green as he tore down the bills which Harry Wharton and Co. had plastered Bulstrode's study with.

The chums from Study No. 1 had not been idle while Bulstrode and his supporters had been in Mrs. Mimble's. They had, with help from Study No. 12 and Tom Brown and Hazeldene, plastered all the studies in the Remove passage with the electioneering posters containing the magic words "Vote for Wharton!" and, now that the time was rapidly approaching for the opening of the poll, Tom Brown and Hazeldene had remained in Study No. 1 for tea, while Bob Cherry, Mark Linley and Wun Lung had repaired back to Study No. 12 for tea.

Bulstrode clambered out of the cupboard with a hot and dusty face.

"I don't know who shoved the blessed box under all that rubbish!" he growled.

Snoop tore down a bill, and then joined the bully at the table.

"My hat!" exclaimed the sneak of the Remove. "That's a ripping make-up box, Bulstrode! Paint sticks and wigs galore!"

"Of course!" snapped Bulstrode. "Considering my guv'nor gave thirty bob for the thing I—"

Tap! Tap!

"Come in!" cried the bully, as there came a hasty knock on the study door.

Skinner came scrambling into the room, with a bundle of clothing tucked under his right arm.

"Had jolly good luck!" he gasped. "Didn't meet a soul coming back from the dorm."

Bulstrode grinned.

"Good egg," he replied. "Now we can get on with the washing. Here you are, Snoopey, slip on these trucks over your own, and pad yourself out as much as you can with Brown's blazer and—"

"Here you are!" interrupted Skinner. "I've brought down a pillow to help fill out."

Snoop sniggered.

"You might have brought down half-a-dozen mattresses while you were about it, Skinny!" he said.

There was silence in the study while the sneak of the Remove was assisted into Billy Bunter's massive Sunday suit. Bulstrode crammed the pillow in to help fill up the gap round the waist, and the waistcoat and jacket were put on over Snoop's own suit, and a blazer and a football shirt were used as fill-outs.

"My hat!" gasped Bulstrode. "That makes a bit of difference. Now for a wig and the glasses and a bit of grease paint!"

Skinner pulled out his watch excitedly.

"Buck up!" he said, hoarsely. "It's just on a quarter to, and it doesn't give us much time."

"Quarter-to-six!" muttered Bulstrode. "Why, the poll opens at a quarter-to-six!"

The bully grabbed hold of the bogus Bunter and dabbed the grease paint over his white, nervous face.

"W-what s-shall I s-say t-to t-t-them?" he stuttered.

"Oh, shut up quaking like that!" snapped the bully. "Go to the door of Study No. 12 and say that Wharton's sent you along to tell them to follow you up to the box-room and wait until he brings something up to them. Be a bit mysterious about it, and work that being hungry wheeze for all you're worth."

"Yes, Bulstrode."

The bully adjusted the wig which resembled Billy Bunter's hair in colour more closely than Snoop's natural hair.

"Shove the goggles on!"

Snoop took the spectacles, and then Bulstrode and Skinner stepped back to survey the bogus fat junior.

"My hat!" gasped Skinner.

"As like as two peas," added Bulstrode. "Excepting for the half-dozen folds round the collar."

"Oh, really, Bulstrode!" said Snoop, in Bunter's voice.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the bully. "Jolly good, Snoopey. Now you scoot along to Study No. 12. They're sure to be there—and don't you mess this wheeze up."

Snoop blinked through his big spectacles nervously, and Bulstrode and Skinner looked at one another in amazement.

Snoop was imitating the fat junior of Greyfriars in a wonderful manner.

"Ta-ta!" said Snoop, as he opened the study door. "I can hardly move in these bags."

Bulstrode and Skinner gave a smothered laugh, and Snoop stepped out into the passage.

He hesitated for a moment, and then walked slowly round the corner of the passage.

"I—I—I h-hope old Quelchy doesn't come along!" he muttered to himself. "If he—"

The bogus Billy Bunter stopped dead!

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He had reached the head of the stairs which were half way along the corridor when he heard someone coming up, breathing heavily.

Snoop looked wildly around him.

Should he dodge into one of the studies until the way was clear?

"I might find someone in, and then there would be a row," he muttered.

The person coming up the stairs was almost at the top now, and then Snoop pulled himself together.

"I'll chance it," he said desperately.

He walked slowly on and as he reached the head of the stairs the panting person coming up stepped into the passage.

"Oh-h!"

Snoop staggered back, but it was not he who cried out in amazement. It was the real Billy Bunter.

"Oh-h!" repeated the genuine fat junior of Greyfriars. The two stared at one another for a moment in stupefaction.

"Oh-h!" muttered Billy Bunter, after a pause. "It's—it's my g-g-g-ghost."

Snoop smiled grimly to himself, and blinked at the trembling Billy Bunter.

"Eh-h-h-h!" hissed Snoop. "Br-r-r-r!"

Billy Bunter flopped against the wall.

"S-s-spare me!" he gasped. "S-s-spare me, please, Mister Ghost!"

Snoop threw his hands out before him in true ghostly fashion, and Billy Bunter gave a wild shriek.

"Ow!" he yelled. "Ow! Help!"

"Br-r-r-r!"

Snoop advanced slowly, his hands extended, and Billy Bunter looked wildly around him.

"Br-r-r-r!" moaned the disguised Snoop. "Flee, thou fat varlet!"

Billy Bunter gave a terrified shriek in reply, and then turned and stumbled down the stairs for all he was worth. He kept to his feet for the first dozen all right, and then he stumbled.

"Ow!"

Bump, bump, bump!

The terrified junior went rolling down the stairs like a ton of bricks, and Snoop hurried on along the passage with a grin on his made-up face.

"My hat!" he muttered. "What a stroke of luck he turned funky!"

The disguised junior walked boldly up to Study No. 12, and gave a gentle tap with his knuckles on the door.

"Come in, fathead!" roared a voice. "Or wait half a mo, and we're coming out."

Snoop bit his lips with nervousness and opened the door.

"Hallo, Bunt!" cried Bob Cherry. "What do you want?"

Snoop entered the study, and gave a sigh of relief as he saw that the juniors had not taken the trouble to light the gas for tea; but had partaken of the meal in the gloaming.

"I've come along for Harry Wharton, Cherry," he said.

Bob Cherry laughed.

"I bet I know what it is," he said. "He wants us to get down to the class-room to give our votes. Come on, Mark and Wun Lung."

Snoop blinked through his spectacles in alarm as the three study mates pushed their chairs back and stood up.

"B-but Wharton wants you chaps to go along to the box-room," said Snoop. "He—"

"The box-room?"

"Yes, Cherry; he's got a wheeze on against that cad Bulstrode."

"That cad did you say, Bunt?" laughed Mark Linley. "I'm surprised at you saying that after the amount of grub he's stood you."

"Really Linley, I don't—"

"Dry up, you fat bounder!" interrupted Bob Cherry. "And let's hear more about the wheeze."

Snoop blinked away through his big spectacles in Billy Bunter's characteristic manner.

"I-I'm awfully faint, Cherry," he said. "And I see you haven't quite finished those cakes."

"Ha, ha! you beastly cormorant!" laughed the leader of Study No. 12. "Get those down, and lead the way to Harry Wharton. You'll have to buck up, because we want to get down and vote."

"Y-yes, of course, Cherry," replied Snoop, helping himself to the cakes which Wun Lung held out to him.

There was a silence in the study for a minute or so, save for the munching sound which the bogus Billy Bunter made in eating the cake.

"Buck up!" said Bob Cherry impatiently, at last.

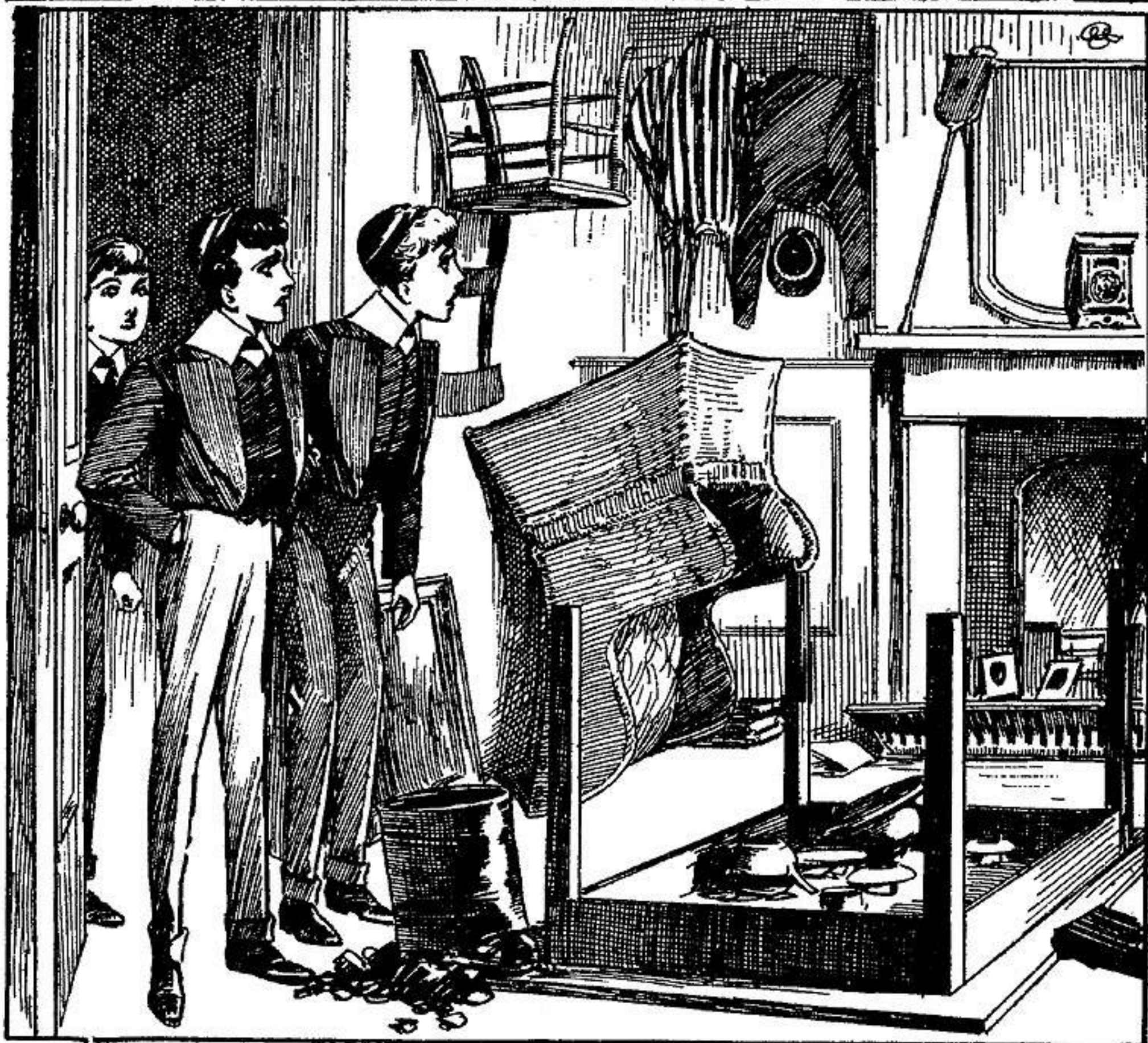
"Min-m-in!"

"Billy Bunter vely gleedy beast, me think?"

"Really, Wun Lung, I don't think you ought to say that to a guest."

"Me notice say that, but me think Bunter a gleedy beast a like samee."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry and Mark Linley.



Three startled exclamations came together, as Gordon Gay, Jack Wootton, and his minor stared at their study.
(An amusing incident in the grand, long, complete school tale of Gordon Gay and Co., contained in "The Empire Library," now on sale. Price one halfpenny.)

"You cads!"

"Ob, shut up, Buntly!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "And why in the dickens are you in your Sunday best?"

"Sunday best, Cherry?"

"Yes; you're togged up to the skies—what's the wheeze?"

Snoop went crimson under his make-up.

"Important occasion, Cherry," he said. "There's not an election every day, you know."

"You're sorry for that, I should think."

"W-hy, Cherry?"

"Well, you've done pretty well out of it, Buntly," laughed the leader of Study No. 12. "Only because you hold the scale in the balance with your beastly vote, though."

Snoop gulped the last morsel of cake down, and grinned.

"I'm ready, chaps," he said.

"At last! Lead the way, Fatty Macjampuff!"

Snoop stepped out into the corridor nervously. If any of the juniors from Study No. 1 should happen to be about it would ruin the wheeze; and the sneak of the Remove did not like to think of what would happen to him then.

He trotted along as well as he could in Billy Bunter's stride; but he found it very difficult with such a bulky article as a pillow in his trousers.

"Get a move on!" laughed Bob Cherry, giving the bogus Billy Bunter a dig in the ribs.

"Ow!" cried Snoop.

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NEXT
WEEK:

"WUN LUNG MINOR."

"Shut up, and don't waddle along like an old duck, you porpoise."

Snoop led the way along the corridor, and then up the stairs. Bob Cherry and Mark Linley talked in whispers as they followed. Wun Lung brought up the rear.

"What's Harry's wheeze, I wonder?" whispered Bob Cherry.

"Can't understand it at all," replied the Lancashire lad. "I should have thought he would want us in the Remove classroom."

"M-yes; he must have got some wheeze on, or he wouldn't have sent this porpoise along to fetch us right up here."

Snoop staggered upstairs with the greatest difficulty.

"Go it, porpoise!" laughed Bob Cherry. "You shouldn't eat such a blessed lot of grub."

The bogus Bunter turned with a sickly grin. He wanted the three juniors from Study No. 12 to get in front of him, as the padding Bulstrode and Skinner had filled him out with was beginning to shift. Fortunately it was getting quite dark in the building now, so the chums of Study No. 12 followed unsuspectingly.

At last Snoop gained the top of the flight of stairs with a gasp of relief.

"Come on!" he whispered to Bob Cherry. "Quietly does it."

Bob Cherry laughed softly.

"Quietly?" he said. "I like that, Buntly, considering you've come up the stairs like a winded hippopotamus."

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Really, Cherry, I——"

"Besides, what have we got to go quietly for right up here? there's never anybody about here, fathead!"

Snoop nodded his head.

"I know that," he said. "But Harry Wharton told me specially to tell you to be careful how you went."

"Oh-h!" whispered Bob Cherry. "Get on with the washing!"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Trapped!

"THIS way, then!" said Snoop, turning off to the left.

Bob Cherry and his chums still followed unsuspectingly, and Snoop was beginning to feel confident of success.

He stopped outside the door of the box-room, and put his ear against it, feeling for the key at the same time.

"Ss-h!" he whispered.

The juniors listened intently.

"They're in there," said Snoop. "I think I can hear them."

"Good egg! Come in, chaps!"

Bob Cherry opened the door, and Mark Linley and Wun Lung followed him in.

"Here we are, Harry, old son!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"What's the whooze?"

Snoop laid his hand on the key.

"Come out of your burrows!" said the leader of Study No. 12, as there was no response to his first question. "And let's know what the blessed——"

"Ha, ha!"

The bogus Billy Bunter gave an excited laugh, and the next instant he had slammed the door shut.

Bang!

Click, click!

He turned the key frantically, and Bob Cherry and his two study mates were trapped!

"Here!" roared Bob Cherry. "What are you doing, you fat beast?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Open the door!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Snoop's laugh sounded strange in the old deserted part of the Groyfriars building; and as the imprisoned juniors heard it they made a frantic attack on the door.

Bang! Crash! Bang!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Crash! Bang!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang, bang, bang!

"Open this door, you howling, frabjous fat dummy!"

"Of course I will!" shouted Snoop.

There was a pause for a moment or two.

"Go on, then, open it!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Snoop laughed.

"Of course I will," he replied. "After the election is all over!"

There was a yell from the three juniors imprisoned in the box-room.

Bang! Crash! Bang!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Open this door, Bunter!"

"After the election is all over, Cherry, dear!"

"You fat dummy!" howled Mark Linley. "If we don't get out Harry Wharton will lose the election."

"Ha, ha! Yes, I know that! Ha, ha!"

Crash! Bang! Crash!

Snoop tapped back, and the kicking ceased at once.

"Good-bye, Cherry!" shouted the sneak of the Remove, disguising his voice to Billy Bunter's tone. "I'm going down to vote now."

Bang! Bang!

"Good-bye, Linley!"

Crash! Bang! Crash!

"Good-bye, Wun Lung!"

"You vely gleat beast, Bunter!" cried the Chinese junior.

"Me given you a vely gleat licking!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the disguised sneak of the Remove walked hurriedly away from the imprisoned juniors.

"Bulstrode ought to be jolly thankful for what I've done," he muttered, waddling down the stairs. "It makes him certain of getting the captaincy; but I suppose he'll start his beastly bullying again as soon as he gets into power."

Snoop stepped into the Remove passage, and walked boldly along in the direction of Bulstrode's study.

"Hi, Bunter!"

The bogus Billy Bunter stopped dead as a junior came rushing excitedly towards him. It was Frank Nugent! Snoop shook with fright as the junior from Study No. 1 approached him.

"Hi, Bunter!" cried Frank Nugent. "How in the dickens did you get up here?"

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"Up here, Nugent?"

"Yes!" roared Frank Nugent. "Didn't I leave you in the class-room telling the chaps how many ghosts you had seen?"

Snoop gave a sickly grin, and blinked at his questioner stupidly.

"Didn't I?" repeated Frank Nugent. "Then, how in the dickens did you get up here?"

"Really, Nugent, there's no need to shout like that. I—I came up here to look for Bob Cherry!"

Frank Nugent frowned.

"Where in the dickens can they have got to, Bunter?" he said. "I can't understand Bob and Mark—or even Wun Lung—keeping away on such an occasion!"

Snoop grinned to himself.

"They—they must have got some jape on," he said.

"Jape!" shouted Frank Nugent. "Jape, did you say, you fat, over-fed porpoise? Why, I suppose you'll suggest in a minute that they've gone to hunt for that blessed ghost of yours!"

"P-perhaps they have, Nugent."

"Pshaw!" snapped Frank Nugent. "Out of the way, you fat porpoise, and let's find them."

Frank Nugent strode down the passage, and Snoop slipped into Bulstrode's study like a streak of lightning.

"My hat!" he gasped. "Fancy Frank Nugent not spotting me!"

The sneak of the Remove tore off his borrowed clothing as quickly as he could. "My hat!" he repeated. "Just fancy. I thought the game was properly up then. Ghosts! Ha, ha, ha!" The sneak of the Remove sat down in an armchair, and roared with laughter. "Ha, ha, ha! I suppose that fat beast has been telling the chaps what a fearful ghost he saw in the corridor!"

Snoop stood up, a transformed junior. His plumpness had completely disappeared. The pillow and the extra coats lay in a pile on the floor of the study. He snatched off the wig, and bundled the whole pile away into the cupboard. "Better rub all this beastly stuff off my face, I suppose," he muttered; and he rubbed Bulstrode's paint off with a borrowed handkerchief. "That's better," he said. "I'd——" The junior stopped short in his muttering as the study door was flung open.

"Hallo, Snoop!" cried Frank Nugent, looking into the room. "I suppose you don't know where Bob Cherry, Mark Linley, and Wun Lung are, do you?"

"Bob Cherry?"

"Yes, have you seen them?" snapped Frank Nugent.

Snoop shook his head. He was too staggered by the junior's sudden entry to reply.

"Why can't you say so, you frabjous ass?" growled Frank Nugent; and he banged the study door to with a bang.

"My hat!" gasped Snoop. "What a narrow squeak! I think I had better go down to the beastly class-room, and shove in my vote."

And Snoop stepped out into the passage. He had done his work well for the bully. He didn't trouble to think how unscrupulous he had been in doing it, however.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Minute!

"THAT'll tickle 'em up!" Frank Nugent entered Study No. 1 with a broad grin on his face; and as Harry Wharton, Hurree Singh, Tom Brown, and Hazeldene followed him in, he threw himself into the most comfortable armchair. "That'll tickle 'em up!" he repeated.

"The tickling up will be terrific, my esteemed friend," assented the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"My hat!" laughed Harry Wharton. "Should jolly well think it will. Especially old Bulstrode!"

Frank Nugent grinned.

"Didn't his study look a treat," he said. "That plastering-up wheeze of yours was a jolly good one, Harry, old son."

"It'll remind 'em which way to vote, anyhow."

Tom Brown looked at his watch.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "It's a quarter-past five!"

"Quarter-past?" gasped the juniors.

"Yes; we shall have to buck up and have tea."

"Rather! Come on, chaps!"

Harry Wharton flung open the cupboard, and commenced to lay the table-cloth.

"Shove the kettle on, Inky."

Hurree Singh put the kettle on the oil-stove, and by the time the kettle was boiling Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent had laden the table with eatables. There were two tins of sardines, a dishful of pastries, bread-and-butter and jam, and a large Genoa cake.

"You make the tea, Frank," said Harry Wharton; "you can brow the best pot."

Frank Nugent laughed.

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"I can't beat the porpoise," he said.
"Ha, ha! Where is Bunter this afternoon? Haven't seen or heard him since he sat on that drawing-pin."

"Bulstrode has got a meeting of his supporters in the tuck-shop," replied Tom Brown, drawing a chair up to the table. "And I bet we can count Bunter as one of his supporters when there's a feed on."

"Rather!"

"Get into it, chaps," laughed Harry Wharton. "We can't spend much time over tea to-day."

"No; pass the sardines, Inky?"

"Yes, my worthy friend, coming over."

"Thanks. Why was Bob Cherry so keen on grubbing on their own to-day, Harry?"

Harry Wharton smiled.

"Said something about living on us lately, or some such rot," he said.

"Dummies!" muttered Frank Nugent.

The juniors did not speak for some time; but ate away steadily, and the table soon showed signs of the calls it had had made upon it by the five hungry Removites.

"Have any more, chaps?" said Harry Wharton, at last.

"Not for me, thanks!"

"Full up!"

"The fullupfulness is terrific!"

Harry Wharton grinned.

"Come on, then," he said, pushing back his chair. "Let's get down to Winny's study."

"What?"

"Let's get down to old Wingate's study, and ask him to come to the Remove class-room."

"B-but haven't you asked him yet?"

"Of course I have, dummy," laughed Harry Wharton. "I asked him before class this morning, and he's quite keen."

"Good egg!"

Harry Wharton led the way down the corridor, and gave a gentle knock at the door of the captain of Greyfriars study. Tap, tap!

"Come in!" cried Wingate.

Harry Wharton opened the door, and put his head into the room.

"I've come to remind you about the Remove election, Wingate," he said. "Are you ready?"

Wingate—the best-liked fellow in Greyfriars School—jumped to his feet, with a hearty laugh.

"Oh, yes!" he cried, "I'm ready, kid."

"Good, will you come down now?"

Wingate walked across his study with a pleasant smile on his handsome face.

"Lead the way, young 'un," he said.

The party fell into step.

"It's jolly good of you, Winny, old son," said Harry Wharton, as they neared the Remove Form class-room.

The Greyfriars captain smiled.

"That's all right, kid," he replied. "I only hope you get in. It's not good morally, having a chap who is always bullying as a cricket captain, and that's what it will be if that chap Bulstrode gets in."

"Our esteemed chum is going to get in rompfally!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"Jolly glad to hear it then!"

"Here we are," said Frank Nugent, flinging open the door of the class-room. "It wants another five minutes before the poll is due to open, so we can draw out the ballot papers."

"That's right, kids," laughed Wingate, taking his place at Mr. Quelch's table. "Buckle to!"

Harry Wharton & Co. sat down at their desks, and there was silence as they each drew out the ballot papers. Each paper had a Removite's name and study number on, and underneath, in alphabetical order, Bulstrode and Harry Wharton's names, with a division ruled out for the marking of the cross. All that Wingate would have to do, would be to hand over the ballot paper as each Removite applied for one, and after the cross had been made, the paper would be put in the table drawer.

The poll was to close sharp at a quarter-past six; and after Wingate had counted the votes, and declared the result, he intended to destroy the ballot papers. Thus the election would be quite secret, and neither candidate would know whom each junior had voted for.

"Finished, chaps?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, at last jumping to his feet.

"M-yes!"

The four juniors threw down their pens simultaneously.

"I've done my—Hullo, here they come!"

Frank Nugent held up his hand for silence, and the juniors heard a confused shuffling of feet approaching the Remove class-room.

"Is Bulstrode going to get in?" a voice from one of the party came floating down the corridor.

"Yes!" roared the rest.

"Is Wharton downhearted?"

"Yes!"

Wingate smiled as he saw the juniors going crimson with indignation.

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ONE
PENNY.

"That's all right, kids," he said. "That's only the other side, you know."

The party in the corridor had reached the Remove class-room now, and they crowded in excitedly.

There was much shouting and cheering for some minutes, and then a roaring cheer went up from his supporters when Bulstrode came striding into the room, with Skinner at his heels. The bully scowled at Harry Wharton.

"Hullo!" he growled. "Nice day, isn't it?"

"Ass!"

"Better lock the door of Study No. 1 when you're not in it," added Bulstrode. "I shan't forget the trick you played on me this afternoon, you know."

"Oh-h?"

"No, I shan't, and I think you're going out on your neck this time, Wh—"

"Now then," interrupted Wingate, looking at his watch. "It's gone a quarter to six, and I declare the poll open!"

"Hurrah!" roared Bulstrode's supporters.

"Well, you can come up one at a time, and I will give you a ballot paper, which you will mark at this table."

"That'll do 'em in the eye!" interrupted Frank Nugent.

Bulstrode strutted up to the table, and Wingate handed over his ballot paper to him; and as the bully marked a cross against his own name, and threw the folded paper into the table drawer, Wingate ticked off the voter's name on a list he had made out for this purpose.

"Go on, chaps," laughed Bulstrode. "Vote solid!"

"Rather!"

Skinner went up, followed by Ross, Prior, Wilson, Armstrong, and Hill. Harry Wharton bristled with impatience as he took his place after Hill. Frank Nugent gave him a hearty smack on the back as he followed him.

"Cheer up, old son!" he cried. "We're going to get you in all right. I—Hullo, here comes Micky Desmond with a crowd!"

The Irish junior came striding into the class-room with Russell, Ogilvy, Morgan, and Trelice at his heels.

"Shure, and we've come to vote!" cried Micky Desmond.

"Good egg!"

A steady stream of juniors filed up to the table, and they each marked their cross against the name they favoured, and threw the papers into the drawer at Wingate's side.

Cooper, Champion, Wardle, Couch, and Mitchelson gave their votes. Those were the five both candidates were uncertain of.

Who had they voted for?

If they had put their cross against Harry Wharton's name, then the leader of Study No. 1 was certain of the captaincy. If they had voted for Bulstrode, then the whole thing depended on Billy Bunter's vote.

Bulstrode ran his eyes over the group of Removites, and then he looked out at the crowd of Third Formers and others who were watching the proceedings with evident interest from the corridor. The bully's face was white with excitement.

"Bunter!" he shouted.

"Ha, ha!" roared the crowd in the corridor. "Here he comes!"

The fat junior of Greyfriars came tearing along the corridor, yelling for all he was worth.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help!"

The crowd in the passage opened to let him through into the class-room.

"Help!" roared Billy Bunter. "Ow!"

The Removites stared at the terrified-looking fat junior in amazement.

"Shut up!" ordered Wingate. "I can't allow you to make that beastly noise."

"Ow! Ghosts! I've seen my ghost!"

"Ghost?"

"Help! Yes; it was in the Remove passage at the top of the stairs!"

"Ass!"

Billy Bunter plumped down on to one of the forms, and blinked around him in terror.

"Keep him off!" he gasped. "Don't let him get at me!"

"Dry up, you dummy!" muttered Frank Nugent.

"I—I—I promise not to eat so much in future if you'll keep it off!" cried Bunter.

The Removites looked at one another significantly.

"Must be something in it," muttered Harry Wharton, "or he wouldn't say anything so rash as that."

The astounded Removites nodded their heads in agreement.

"Must be!" they murmured.

"Oh-h-h!" shuddered the terrified fat junior. "It was on the top of the stairs in the Remove passage, and it held out its hands to grasp hold of me."

"What?"

"And—and I was nearly snatched away to eternity——"

"To where?"

NEXT
WEEK:

"WUN LUNG MINOR."

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS

"To eternity, Russell. But I managed to fling myself away just in time, and I crashed down the stairs with—with the ghost floating along just out of reach, and then I tore along here!"

"My hat!"

"It was a fearful monster," continued Billy Bunter; "and I don't know how it is that I am alive."

"Pshaw!" sneered Bulstrode. "You've been eating too much, you fat overfed—er I mean you must have been feeling faint, Buntie."

Billy Bunter shook his head.

"No, I don't think it was that, Bulstrode," he replied. "I've done pretty well this afternoon, and—"

"Then why in the dickens didn't you come here with the rest of the chaps when they left Mrs. Mimble's?"

"I—I was just going up to Cherry's study."

Harry Wharton looked round him excitedly.

"Bob!" he muttered. "My only hat, they haven't come down yet!"

Bulstrode set his teeth hard.

"Great Scott!" he muttered, under his breath. "I wonder if Snoopey has succeeded in getting 'em up in the box-room."

Skinner tugged at the bully's sleeve, and drew him aside.

"Shall I go up to the study and see if it's all right?" he whispered.

"No!"

"Perhaps Snoop will want helping out of his togs."

"Shut up!" hissed Bulstrode. "D'you want to give the blessed show away?"

"B-but—"

"Dry up, I tell you!" interrupted the bully. "Whatever happens now, we mustn't budge out of this room until the result's declared. If Wingate got to know of this wheeze we should be 'outed' for the rest of the term."

Skinner nodded his head in amazement.

"Very well," he said; "it's Snoop's own look out, so I don't care if he—"

"Ssh!" interrupted Bulstrode. "Wharton's looking over here, so shut up."

Skinner and Bulstrode made their way into the thick of the crowd.

"I don't think there's any wheeze on, Harry," said Frank Nugent. "I suppose old Bob must have forgotten the time."

"Then somebody must scoot up to No. 12 and haul him along!"

"I'll go!"

Frank Nugent pushed his way through the crowd of juniors and tore along the corridor, and then up the stairs to Study No. 12.

"It's seven minutes past six," said Wingate, "and there are still five more chaps to vote."

"Five?"

"Yes, Wharton," replied Wingate. "I said five. Bob Cherry, Mark Linley, Wun Lung, Snoop, and William Bunter."

"Go on, Buntie!" said Bulstrode. "Go and give your vote."

Billy Bunter had been recounting his experience of his meeting with the ghost to an incredulous group of juniors, and he looked up as the bully of the Remove spoke, with a terrified expression on his fat face.

"Ow!" he muttered. "I—I thought it was the ghost again!"

"Ass!" snapped Bulstrode. "Go and give your vote!"

Billy Bunter shook his head.

"I—I don't think I can now," he said. "You see, my nerves are so frightfully upset that—"

Bulstrode yanked the fat junior out of his seat.

"Go and vote!" he roared. "Haven't you promised?"

"Promised, Bulstrode?"

"Yes; you promised to vote for me, so now go and do it."

Billy Bunter shook with fright.

"I didn't promise," he said. "I simply said 'Mum's the word,' you know."

Bulstrode gnashed his teeth.

"Go and vote!" he muttered. "Go on! D'you want me to lose the fight?"

Billy Bunter shuffled up to the table, and Wingate handed over the ballot paper. There was a hush in the class-room as Billy Bunter leaned down and put the cross.

Who had he voted for?

Wingate looked at the ballot paper in surprise as he threw it into the drawer. Harry Wharton had explained to the captain of Greyfriars how it seemed as though they were to depend on the fat junior's vote, and that is why Wingate looked pleasantly surprised just now.

"Ten past six," he cried, "and still four more to vote!"

Bulstrode looked round him excitedly.

The crowd of juniors out in the corridor gave a laugh.

"Here's another one!" they cried.

Snoop came running into the class-room with a flushed face.

"Go on, Snoopey!" roared Bulstrode. "Go and vote solid!"

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The sneak of the Remove grinned as he was pushed up to the table.

"I'll see to that!" he squealed. "Not half!"

Wingate handed over the ballot paper, and Snoop marked it and threw it into the open drawer.

"Three more only," he said, "and three more minutes."

Harry Wharton went white to the lips.

"They've been trapped!" he muttered. "But—but I don't see how they can have been!"

Nugent came rushing into the class-room.

"I can't see a sign of 'em!" he gasped. "Has Bunter?"

"Bunter?"

"Yes; I—"

"What's that?" cried the fat junior.

"Did you see Bob Cherry, or Mark Linley, or Wun Lung?"

"Really, Nugent, how—"

"Oh, shut up, you beastly porpoise!" snapped Frank Nugent. "Did you see them, Snoop?"

The sneak of the Remove grinned.

"No, I didn't!" he said.

Wingate jumped to his feet.

"Three more votes to be polled," he cried, "and one more minute before the poll closes!"

One minute! Harry Wharton & Co. looked round them wildly.

"We're done!" muttered the leader of Study No. 1. "Nothing will get 'em here in one minute!"

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Wun Lung's Bravery.

BANG! Crash! Bang!

The imprisoned juniors in the box-room kicked and kicked until their toes ached.

"It's no good," exclaimed Bob Cherry, at last; "that fat-headed, obstinate porpoise won't take any notice."

"Him vely wicked scoundrel!" muttered Wun Lung. "Me thinkoo Buntel goneo."

Mark Linley looked at his two study mates gloomily.

"He has gone, I think," he said. "And Harry will lose the election."

A small window afforded the box-room a little light; but now it was difficult to see across the room.

"What's the wheeze, Wun Lung?" said Bob Cherry, as the Chinese junior glided across to the window.

"Me havee a look outee, Bob."

The leader of Study No. 12 and Mark Linley joined Wun Lung, and the three juniors looked down from the small window on to the rain-soddened Close of Greyfriars.

"Bit dull, isn't it?" muttered Bob Cherry. "Still raining, too."

Wun Lung craned his neck to look along the building.

"Me thinkoo I can doee!" he murmured to himself.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Bob Cherry angrily. "It makes me sick to think how we've been trapped—and by a chap in Harry Wharton's own study, too."

"I'll give him such a licking!"

"And so will I!" added Bob Cherry.

"Bob soonel havee votee, though?"

"Of course I would, Wun Lung!" said the leader of Study No. 12. "If we don't get to the Remove class-room by a quarter-past six Harry will get beaten as sure as eggs are eggs."

"And Bulstrode madee captain?"

Bob Cherry nodded his head.

"You chapee's wantee getee in votee as much as Wun Lung?"

"Of course, dummy!" roared Bob Cherry and Mark Linley in chorus.

Wun Lung smiled, and pulled back the latch of the small window. It opened outwards, and it creaked strangely as the Chinese junior pushed it open.

"Shut that blessed window!" cried Bob Cherry. "It's pretty cold up here as it is."

"Bob closee window aftel Wun Lung has gonee out, I thinkoo."

"Gone out?" gasped Mark Linley.

Wun Lung nodded his head.

"Me goee along ledge, and clawl into window along thelo. Then Wun Lung open the dool, and Study No. 12 votee, aftel all."

"What?"

Wun Lung smiled placidly, and placed his knee carefully on to the window-ledge.

"Me lettee Study No. 12 votee, aftel all."

Bob Cherry grabbed hold of the Chinese junior by the shoulder.

"You howling dummy!" he roared, his face deathly white.

"Do you know what would happen to you if you—if you fell from this height?"

Wun Lung looked down on to the Close again.

"Me fall a big wallop!" he said. "P'haps me notee bouncee, eithel."

Bob Cherry and Mark Linley gasped at the Chinese juniors' coolness.

"Chelly, let go!"

"What?" roared the leader of Study No. 12, finding voice at last. "Me, let go?"

"Me savvy."

"Let you go and break every bone in your body?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Not if I know it, kid!"

"You not wantee Hally to be captain of the clicket, then?"

"Of course I do, you dummy."

"Then lettee Wun Lung go," replied the Chinese junior. "Me gettee you two out quitee safe and sound."

"But I—"

"Me no savvy excuses."

"But I say it can't be done," cried Bob Cherry. "Why, it's twelve yards at least to the window, and—and the risk is twenty to one that you fall."

"Me no faller."

"But supposing you did?" whispered Bob. "Why, Mark and I would be branded as mur—"

"Me think you want Bulstrode captain if you no lettee me go."

"You dummy! I—"

"Do you really think you can do it, Wun Lung?" interrupted Mark Linley.

"Wun Lung do it on his headee."

"Ha, ha! You dummy! I mean, do you—"

"Me tellee you chaps Wun Lung havee to buck up if we voice in time."

Bob Cherry pulled out his watch.

"My only hat!" he gasped. "It's gone five past six, and that only leaves us another ten minutes at the most."

"Then Wun Lung must chance it!"

Bob Cherry stared at the Lancashire lad aghast.

"He can't!" he cried. "He mustn't! We'll get them to have another election. We must tell them that we were tricked—tricked—by a beastly foul move."

"Then we should be the laughing-stock of Greyfriars."

"I don't care a rap about—here, come back you dummy, Wun Lung!"

While the two juniors had been talking, the Chinese lad had crept softly on to the window-ledge again, and now, as Bob Cherry cried out, he had taken a grip on the ledge which ran round the building, from one top window to another.

"Come back!"

Bob Cherry and Mark Linley gasped out the words, but they were too late.

"Me no savvy," murmured Wun Lung, reaching out his hand gingerly to test the crumbling ledge for his next move.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Just look at him!"

The two juniors put their heads out of the window, and spoke in hoarse whispers in case their voices should unnerve the daring Chinese lad.

Wun Lung moved along slowly but surely. It seemed as though each movement of his took hours to the two anxious lads at the open window; but, instead of that, they were seconds.

"Half-way," muttered Mark Linley. "Heaven help him for the next half!"

Wun Lung stretched out his hand for another move, and a piece of stone broke away in his hand, and it went falling through the air, landing with a "thuck" on the gravelled Close below. Wun Lung stopped for a moment only.

"Phew!" muttered the two juniors.

The Chinese junior went along doubly careful after that, and he got nearer and nearer.

"He's going to do it! He's going to do it!" murmured Bob Cherry. "My hat! He's going to do it, after all!"

Wun Lung held out his hand for his last move.

"Done it!" gasped Mark Linley. "Look!"

The Chinese junior had gained the window, and the next moment he had thrown up the lower sash of the window.

"Hurrah!" cried the two juniors. "It's not latched!"

They scrambled back into the box-room as they saw Wun Lung clamber in.

"We shall do it!" shouted Bob Cherry excitedly. "There's another minute!"

"Only a minute?"

"Yes, come on."

Bob Cherry and Mark Linley flew to the door, and kicked on its panels impatiently.

Bang, bang!

"Allee light!" came Wun Lung's voice. "Me savvy!"

Click! Bob Cherry turned the handle as Wun Lung turned the key, and the door was flung open.

"Hurrah!" roared the three juniors. "Done it!"

"Well played, Wun Lung!" cried Mark Linley, giving the Chinese junior a resounding thwack on the back. "You're a brick!"

"Ow! Me no savvy! Me vote for Hally!"

"Yes, come on, kids!" cried Bob Cherry. "We may do it!"

The three juniors broke into a run, and turned down the stone staircase.

"I'll race you!" cried Mark Linley, leaping past Bob Cherry at the foot of the stairs.

And the chums of Study No. 12 tore along in the direction of the Remove class-room for all they were worth.

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ONE
PENNY.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. The Captain of the Remove.

"ANOTHER minute!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent stared at one another with hopeless expressions on their usually cheery faces. The rest of the Removites in the class-room held their breath, as they watched Wingate studying his watch.

"Where can old Bob have got to?"

Frank Nugent shook his head despondently.

"And Mark Linley—I'm surprised at Mark letting me down like this!"

"Half a minute," exclaimed Wingate. "And three more votes to be polled."

The crowd of juniors both inside the class-room and outside in the corridor caught their breath. They all knew—or, rather, thought they knew—what the result would be if the three didn't come in time to vote.

"It's all up," sighed Harry Wharton. "I can't understand it at all. You're sure you looked everywhere likely, Frank?"

Frank Nugent nodded his head.

"Yes," he replied. "I think they must have been trapped; but then Bulstrode and his crowd have been in here all the time, and from what I can get out of the chaps they've all been in the tuckshop all the afternoon."

"I can't understand it at—"

"Hurrah!"

A junior in the crowd gathered in the corridor raised a squealing cheer, and the Removites looked towards the door excitedly.

"Hurrah! Here they come!"

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

Harry Wharton clutched hold of Frank Nugent by the sleeve spasmodically.

"It's Bob!" he gasped.

"Bob?"

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

"Stand back, you chaps!" roared Mark Linley's voice.

"Stand back!"

A yell of excitement rang out from Harry Wharton's supporters.

"Hurrah!" they roared.

Mark Linley streaked through the mass of juniors in the passage, and then into the room.

"In time?" he gasped.

Wingate smiled grimly, and handed out the ballot-paper to the breathless Lancashire lad.

"Here you are," he said. "There's another ten seconds to go yet."

"Hurrah!" roared the crowd, and the next instant Bob Cherry, pulling Wun Lung by the arm, staggered into the room.

"Too late, Harry?"

"No; here you are," cried Wingate. "Take these ballot-papers and mark your cross."

"Thanks!" And the three breathless chums of study No. 12 leant over the table and marked their crosses, and then threw the ballot-papers into the open drawer.

"That's the lot," said Wingate. "You were only just in time, kids!"

"Yes, we were tricked, and locked in the box-room at the top of the building."

"Oh-h?"

"If it wasn't that Wun Lung had done a deed of bravery, which no other chap in Greyfriars would have dared to do!" cried Bob Cherry, raising his voice, "we should be in that box-room now!"

Bulstrode clenched his fists with anger as he glowered at the trembling Snoop.

"Yes," continued Bob. "Wun Lung travelled from the box-room window to the window at the top of the landing by hanging on to the stone ledge which runs round the building."

"My hat!"

"Phew!"

"I've never seen such a marvellous thing in all my life!" said Bob Cherry. "And it's a wonder Wun Lung is still alive!"

"Me no savvy," murmured the Chinese junior, making an attempt to get out of the crowded class-room.

"You stop here," laughed Harry Wharton. "We want to hear a bit more about this."

Snoop went a sickly green colour.

"They'll—they'll kill me!" he moaned to himself.

"Who tricked you in this beastly, unsportsmanlike fashion, Cherry?" said Wingate.

"Bunter!"

"Bunter?" roared the juniors. And the word was repeated in a roar by those in the corridor.

"Yes, that fat porpoise!" cried Bob Cherry. "He's a beastly traitor! And if I was Harry Wharton I'd have him hoofed out of Study No. 1!"

Billy Bunter jumped to his feet, and blinked stupidly at the Removites.

NEXT
WEEK:

"WUN LUNG MINOR."

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Did you say me, Cherry?"

"Yes, you young cad!"

"Me?" gasped Billy Bunter. "Me? D'you mean to say that I tricked you? That I locked you in the box-room? That—"

"Yes!" interrupted Bob Cherry and Mark Linley in chorus. "Bunter get a vely gleat hiding!"

The fat junior of Greyfriars went crimson with indignation. "I sincerely hope you chaps don't believe this yarn," he said.

"Why, I can prove an alley-mode!"

"An alley what?"

"An alley mode!" shouted Billy Bunter. "A-l-l-e-y-m-o-d-e." The Removites looked at him in amazement.

"I can prove it," continued Billy Bunter. "From half-past two to half-past three I was in Study No. 1; half-past three till a quarter to six I was in—in Mrs. Mumble's, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And then I saw a ghost—and then I came here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He means an alibi!" laughed Wingate. "I wondered what on earth he meant by alley-mode."

Bob Cherry glared at the indignant Bunter.

"That yarns all rot!" he said. "I suppose you want us to believe that you didn't come into Study No. 12, and tell us that Harry Wharton had sent you to tell us to go up to the box-room?"

Billy Bunter snorted angrily.

"And I suppose you're going to tell us you didn't lock us in the box-room?"

"I didn't!" roared Billy Bunter. "It must have been my ghost!"

"Your ghost?"

"Yes. The ghost which stopped me at the top of the stairs, and—"

"My only aunt!"

Frank Nugent interrupted the fat junior with a startled exclamation.

"My only aunt!" he repeated. "I believe I can see through the whole wheeze!"

Harry Wharton tugged at his study mate's sleeve excitedly.

"Hullo!" he said. "What's this?"

"Half a second, Harry," replied Frank Nugent. "Just let me ask one or two questions aloud."

"Go on, then."

"Listen, chaps!" cried Frank Nugent. "Will you tell me if Billy Bunter left the class-room after he came here with his yarn about having seen a ghost?"

"Of course, I didn't, Nugent."

"Shut up, and let some of these other chaps answer me."

"No!" roared the Removites. "Of course, the fat porpoise has been sitting here telling us this rot about the ghosts."

"Are you quite certain?"

"Yes!"

"Then was Snoop here?"

"Snoop?"

"Yes. Had Snoop been in here to vote?"

Wingate turned to Frank Nugent.

"No!" he said. "Snoop was not here, then?"

Frank Nugent smiled grimly, and pushing his way through the mass of Removites, stopped opposite Snoop.

The sneak of the Remove shook with fright.

"What—what are you staring at, Nugent?" he faltered.

"At your neck!"

Snoop shook with fright.

"M-my neck, Nugent?" he gasped.

"Yes. And I've seen what I expected to see, so you can own up to the whole crowd now what sort of game you've been playing!"

"What rot are you talking about?" shouted Bulstrode, in mere bravado.

Frank Nugent's eyes gleamed dangerously.

"There's no rot about it!" he replied. "I accuse this snivelling, quaking sneak of having made up as Billy Bunter, and of tricking the chaps of Study No. 12 up to the box-room!"

The Removites stared at one another in amazement.

"Now, own up, Snoop!" cried Frank Nugent.

"I—it wasn't me, you c-c-c-chaps!" faltered the sneak.

"Don't you believe it!"

Frank Nugent thrust out his hand, and grabbed Snoop's collar off with a sudden wrench.

"Then what's all this grease-paint doing on your neck?" he cried.

Snoop went as white as chalk.

"I didn't do it!" he shrieked. "It wasn't me! It was all Bul—it was all somebody else's doing!"

"Bulstrode!"

The Removites muttered the bully's name in surprise. They didn't think even he would play such a game.

"Shure, and let's chuck them out!" roared Micky Desmond.

"Don't let's have the spalpeens in here!"

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"Rather!" roared the Removites. "Bump the cads out!"

"Order!"

Wingate banged his fist down on the table authoritatively, and the juniors paused.

"Order!" roared Wingate. "I won't have any disorder in this class-room! I have counted the votes, and after I have given you the result, Bulstrode and Snoop will go straight to my study, and I shall give them both a licking for the low, unsportsmanlike trick they have tried to play against their opponents."

"Good egg!"

"Now, if you will shut up, I will give you the result of the election."

The Removites in the class-room, and the crowd in the corridor were as silent as mice. Wingate cleared his throat.

"Bulstrode has polled eight votes, and Wharton has polled nineteen, so—"

"Hurrah!"

A terrific cheer drowned the captain of Greyfriars' voice, and the class-room was in an uproar.

Wharton nineteen votes! The leader of Study No. 1 was amazed.

"That means that Billy Bunter and five of the chaps Bulstrode imagined were his supporters have voted for me!" he roared into Frank Nugent's ear.

"Yes, it wouldn't have mattered if Bob, Mark, and Wun Lung hadn't turned up!"

"Hurrah!"

"Three cheers for Harry Wharton!"

Wingate smiled grimly as he looked down at the cheering mass of juniors. And he smiled more grimly still when he observed Bulstrode and Snoop pushing their way through the crowd to the door.

The bully of the Remove was staggered by the huge majority his rival had got.

"I wonder who voted against me?" he muttered to himself. But Bulstrode was never to know, for Wingate destroyed the ballot-papers, as he had promised to do.

A merry supper party had met in Study No. 1 after the election result.

Harry Wharton had got leave from Wingate to hold a reception as late as half-past seven in his study, and the chums had invited the juniors from Study No. 12, Tom Brown and Hazel-dene, and Micky Desmond and Russell.

A splendid spread had been put on to the table, and, in spite of the overcrowded state of the room, the juniors had never enjoyed a feed more.

The table was almost depleted of the good things now, and, with a smile, Harry Wharton rapped his knuckles on the table for silence.

Tap, tap!

"Dry up, chaps!"

The juniors quietened down.

"Gentlemen," said Harry Wharton, rising to his feet, "I want to thank you for the splendid support you all gave me during the election."

"Rot!"

"It was a jolly anxious time, but, thank goodness, it's all come right in the washing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Although, as it has turned out, it wasn't altogether necessary to run such a terrible risk, I want to thank Wun Lung for the unselfishness he displayed in the brave act of climbing from the box-room window to the landing window."

"Hurrah!"

"Me, no savvy!" cried Wun Lung. But his voice was drowned by the juniors' cheering. Even Billy Bunter joined in. The extraordinary amount of food he had put away made him as enthusiastic as the rest.

Harry Wharton held up his hand for silence.

"Chaps!" he cried. "let's drink to the good fortune of the Remove cricket eleven for the coming season!"

And the merry party in Study No. 1 jumped to their feet, and drank the toast in ginger-beer.

THE END.

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STANLEY DARE

The Boy Detective

INTRODUCTION.

Stanley Dare, the Boy Detective, having rescued a lad named Tom Winfield from the Thames, into which he had been flung by would-be assassins, becomes interested in the case. He journeys from London to Launceston, Tasmania, where Tom Winfield lives, and there meets his old friend, Professor MacAndrew, who offers to assist him to trace young Winfield's unknown assailants. The three are travelling in the bush together when Tom Winfield is kidnapped by three rascally associates named Silas Warner, Luke Bastable, and Jim the Tracker. Warner wants Winfield to be put out of the way by Bastable, but Jim the Tracker will not agree to this. Consequently, the treacherous Warner offers Bastable £600 to kill Jim the Tracker first.

The Raid of the Wolves' Den.

"I'll think about it," interrupted Bastable. "An extra six hundred would certainly be worth handling."

This cold-blooded miscreant was ready to take the life of an associate if he was paid a sufficiently high sum to do so; but, as it happened, none knew this better than Jim the Tracker, and in that knowledge lay his safety. That astute and cheerful sinner was not to be caught napping.

"I thought I had finished that accursed young detective," pursued Silas Warner, after a short pause; "but I got wind, before I reached here, that he had got out of the trap. I shall never be able to show my face in Launceston again now."

A savage light gleamed in Luke Bastable's eyes, and he clenched his hands until the nails dug into the flesh.

"I've got a score to settle with him," he hissed; "and I hope I sha'n't have to leave it unpaid when I quit the country. But, as he ain't likely to pay us a visit here, I shall have to hunt him out."

"You don't know him," cried Warner. "You don't know his capabilities, his ingenuity, his cleverness—"

"Well, you've not seen such a great deal of him."

"I've seen more than you have," continued Silas Warner; "and I've learnt more about him than you have learnt. He is out here in a strange country, but he seems already as much at home in it as though he had lived here all his life. He has agents watching our movements, and we are not safe anywhere. Curse him, a thousand times! Even here, where you think we are so secure, he might appear at any moment. You don't—"

He stopped abruptly, and the word that he was about to utter froze upon his lips. His eyes were fixed upon some object behind Luke Bastable, for he was staring straight over that individual's head. Whatever it was that he saw, it seemed to hold him in a spell, powerless to move or speak.

Luke Bastable sprang to his feet and swung round, to find himself face to face with Stanley Dare.

Bastable's surprise was certainly as great as Silas Warner's, but, unlike the lawyer, there was no fear mingled with it. Instead, he gave vent to an exclamation of malignant satisfaction.

"You're not quite so smart as Lawyer Warner seems to think, Mr. Detective Dare!" he cried. "It's a fool's trick to walk right into the wolves' den, but I'm glad you've done so all the same, as it will save me a lot of trouble."

"It will save you, or prevent you from committing another crime," said Dare calmly. "But your list is already so long that you will not escape the gallows."

"Well, the list is not complete," replied Luke Bastable, in an unusually quiet tone of voice.

There was a second's pause. Flinders looked up from his job of wood-cutting, but Jim the Tracker sat motionless, still apparently absorbed in cleaning up his rifle.

Then, with a sudden, rapid movement, Luke Bastable reached behind him for his revolver. An oath escaped his lips. The weapon was no longer there.

"I've been tricked!" he yelled. "If I knew the hound that—"

"Keep silence!" commanded Stanley Dare. "The game is up, Luke Bastable!"

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NEXT
WEEK:

"WUN LUNG MINOR."

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton
& Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

He raised a whistle to his lips and blew shrilly on it three times, with an appreciative pause between each sound.

The signal was answered from the crags, and at different points men in uniform suddenly appeared as if they had risen from the earth. They were the police from Campbell Town.

No sooner did Silas Warner catch sight of them than, with a yell of dismay, he made a wild dash for a cleft in the hills, through which he could gain one of the paths that led across the swamps.

His mad rush was so sudden and unexpected that when Stanley Dare leaped forward to interrupt him he was bowled clean over by the force with which the lawyer butted against him, although Warner was no more conscious of what he had done than an animal driven mad by fear would have been.

Taking advantage of the mishap to the young detective, Luke Bastable darted across the open space towards a solitary pine-tree, to which Tom Winfield was secured by having his hands manacled behind it.

A shot rang out on the hillside. One of the police-officers had fired at the running form of the lawyer, but had missed him. The bullet flattened itself against a boulder of rock.

As Stanley Dare scrambled to his feet again Flinders snatched up his revolver with the intention of putting a bullet through him before he could get his own weapon levelled. But a voice, with an aggressively cheerful ring in it, even amid the wild turmoil that had disturbed the quietness of that secluded hollow with such startling suddenness, called upon him to put his weapon down.

"Drop your weapon," cried Jim the Tracker. "Drop it, Flinders! I have you covered!"

He was still sitting on an up-ended candle-box, but his rifle was at his shoulder now, and as he glanced along the barrel, his keen eyes, that seemed at that crisis, when every man was in deadly earnest, to be twinkling with amusement, met those of his one-time associate.

Flinders tossed his revolver to the ground with a savage curse.

"So it's you we've got to thank for this!" he growled.

"Not at all," replied Jim the Tracker briskly. "Give credit where credit is due. It's Stanley Dare that's arranged this little surprise for you, and until this minute he's had no help from me worth mentioning. The game's played to a finish, Flinders, and you're safer without a weapon."

But the game was not quite finished. Luke Bastable held one last trump card, which he meant to play.

His voice rang out defiantly.

"Hold up there, every one of you!" he shouted. "If you raise a weapon against me, or if you come a step nearer to me, I'll send this knife into the heart of young Winfield. It's his life or mine now, and it's for you to choose between us!"

It seemed that, although he was surrounded by foes, he was still master of the situation. He was kneeling by the side of Tom Winfield, who looked haggard and wearied, as though he was tired of fighting against fate, and cared little what the issue might be. In his hand was a keen-bladed knife, which he held threateningly within an inch of Tom's breast.

The police came to a halt, for they knew enough of Luke

Bastaple to know that he would keep his word, even though his own life might pay the forfeit the next minute.

Professor MacAndrew, who was by the side of the police-sergeant, glanced round the circle in search of Stanley Dare. But he was nowhere to be seen. The police-sergeant also noted his absence.

"What has become of Mr. Dare?" he said. "I saw him a couple of minutes ago."

"I'm thinking ye'll see him again verra soon," replied the Scotsman. "I dinna ken whaur he is the noo, but I ken weel his methods, and he's no in the habit of hiding himself at a creetical moment. He'll be upsides wi' yon villain, tak' my word for it; so if ye'll tak' my advice ye'll just parley wi' the fellow ta' gain time."

"See here, Bastaple," called out the sergeant; "you'd better stow that game and give yourself up, for we're bound to get you sooner or later, even if we let you off now."

"Don't make any mistake about that," replied Luke Bastaple. "You've got to listen to my terms. If you don't so much the worse for this lad here. It's his life that hangs in the balance more than mine."

His evil eyes roved round the camp, and then all at once a startling change came over his face.

"Where's that young detective?" he cried. "Let him show up. If he's trying to play any tricks I'll drive the knife home. Let him show himself, I say!"

There was a tense silence. No one moved. Every man there held his breath. Stanley Dare remained invisible.

"I'll give him till I count six to show himself," pursued Bastaple. "If he don't show then, young Winfield will have come to his last second of life."

He raised the knife a little, and commenced to count:

"One—two—three—four—five—"

There was a flash and a sharp report from behind a boulder not fifty yards away from him. The knife flew out of his grasp, and he uttered a cry of rage and pain. Stanley Dare leaped up into sight now, with a smoking revolver in his hand.

"Don't move, Luke Bastaple," he cried, "or you are a dead man!"

The police climbed down from the crags and ran across the flat. Two minutes later Luke Bastaple was a prisoner.

Tom Winfield was released, and kind hands tended him, for as Dare had fired the shot which saved his life he lost consciousness. Flinders was secured, but Jim the Tracker was not arrested, for he had rendered good service.

On the previous night Stanley Dare and Watoonga had penetrated to the camp, and Jim the Tracker, aroused from his sleep, had been much surprised to see the young detective by his side. Dare had hoped to be able to release Tom Winfield then, but he found that would be impossible without endangering his client's life.

However, he had a long interview with Jim the Tracker out of sight and hearing of the others, and convinced that easy-going individual—who was not altogether bad at heart—that it would be better from all points of view if in the future he threw in his lot with honest men. He did not ask him to betray his comrades, for, indeed, there was no need for that, but simply that, when the critical moment arrived, he would have his rifle ready to prevent murder being done.

Jim the Tracker promised, and we have seen how he fulfilled his trust.

Watoonga had been despatched to follow Silas Warner, and after an absence of an hour his dark, lean form was seen on the brow of a hill.

"Quick, master!" he cried. "Come quick, or you no see him any more!"

He evidently referred to the lawyer. Stanley Dare, the sergeant, and a constable followed the black as he turned and made his way down the outer side of Broken Hill towards the swamps.

Reaching the edge of the foul quagmire, that stretched for a considerable distance in front of them, Watoonga led the way along the narrow, zigzag path for a matter of two hundred yards. Then he stopped and pointed away to his left.

At first Stanley Dare could not make out anything except the tufts of rushes which grew here and there in the treacherous green-scummed morass. Then, not twenty yards from the path, he saw, to his intense horror, a white face just on a level with the surface of the awful, quivering mire. It was the face of Silas Warner, but distorted by a look of such frightful terror that for many a day afterwards it haunted the young detective's dreams.

"He miss the path," said Watoonga simply.

"We must try and save him!" cried Dare.

He made a step towards the spot as he spoke, but the next instant he had sunk almost to his waist in the mire which shook in soft, quivering undulations all around him. Had the police and the native not been there to drag him out he would never have set his foot upon firm land again.

"It is useless, Mr. Dare," exclaimed the sergeant, in an awe-stricken voice. "No power on earth can save him. The marvel is that he has got out so far without being sucked under at once."

Ten seconds later the face had vanished. In his last extremity of fear the lawyer had evidently lost consciousness, for no sound escaped his lips. It was a merciful oblivion, for he was thus spared the awful agony of horror that must have been his had he retained consciousness to the last.

In the heart of the great swamp, down in the foul slime of the morass, Silas Warner lies for ever buried.

Luke Bastaple and Flinders were safely lodged in prison awaiting trial, Tom Winfield and the professor had returned to Launceston, but Stanley Dare had to go over to Melbourne to complete his investigations, for it was in Melbourne that he hoped to find out something of the past records of Silas Warner.

Jim the Tracker accompanied him, for he knew as much about the manner of life of the late lawyer as any man. Nine days elapsed before Stanley Dare rejoined his friends in Launceston, and the case was then complete. He had good news for Tom Winfield, who, very much to his own surprise, now learnt for the first time that on attaining his twentieth birthday he would inherit property valued at two hundred thousand pounds.

It was this property that Silas Warner had been scheming to get into his own hands, and for which he was ready to aid and abet the crime of murder.

Briefly the facts of the case were these:

The property consisted in shares in two gold mines situated in the Coolgardie district of Western Australia. They had belonged to a distant relative of Tom Winfield, a somewhat eccentric individual, who refused to make a will, but who shortly before his death had all the shares legally transferred to Tom, and all the documents, including the share certificates, placed in the care of Silas Warner, whom he trusted absolutely.

The instructions given to the lawyer were that the property

was not to be handed over to Winfield until he was twenty years of age, but as he had no idea that he would inherit a penny piece from this relative, Silas Warner determined to secure the property for himself.

This, however, he could only do in the event of Tom Winfield dying before he reached the age of twenty, and to that end the villainous lawyer engaged the services of Luke Bastaple to put the young Colonial out of the way.

(Another long instalment of "Stanley Dare, Detective," in next Tuesday's number of "The Magnet" Library.)

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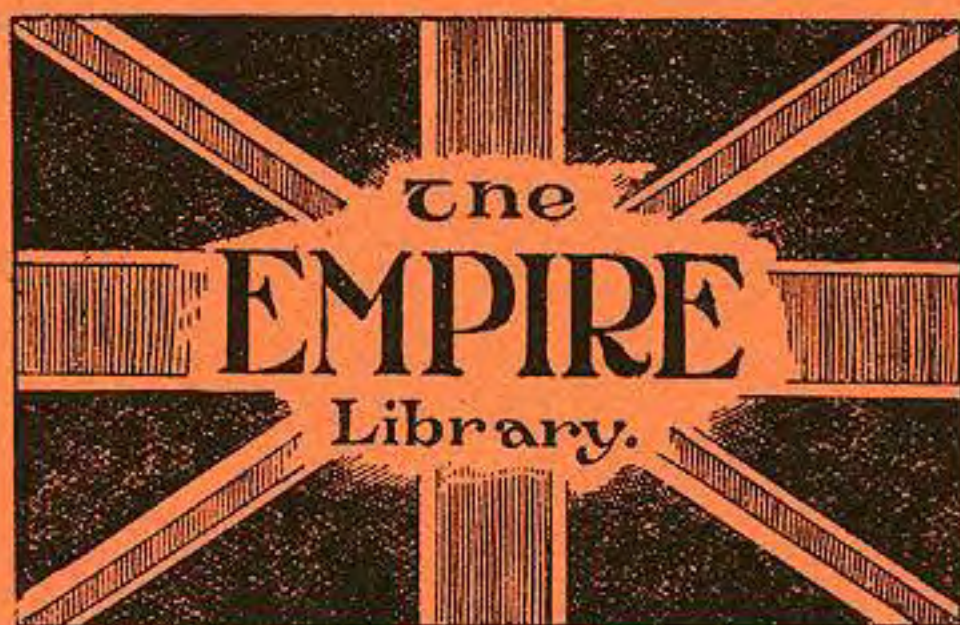
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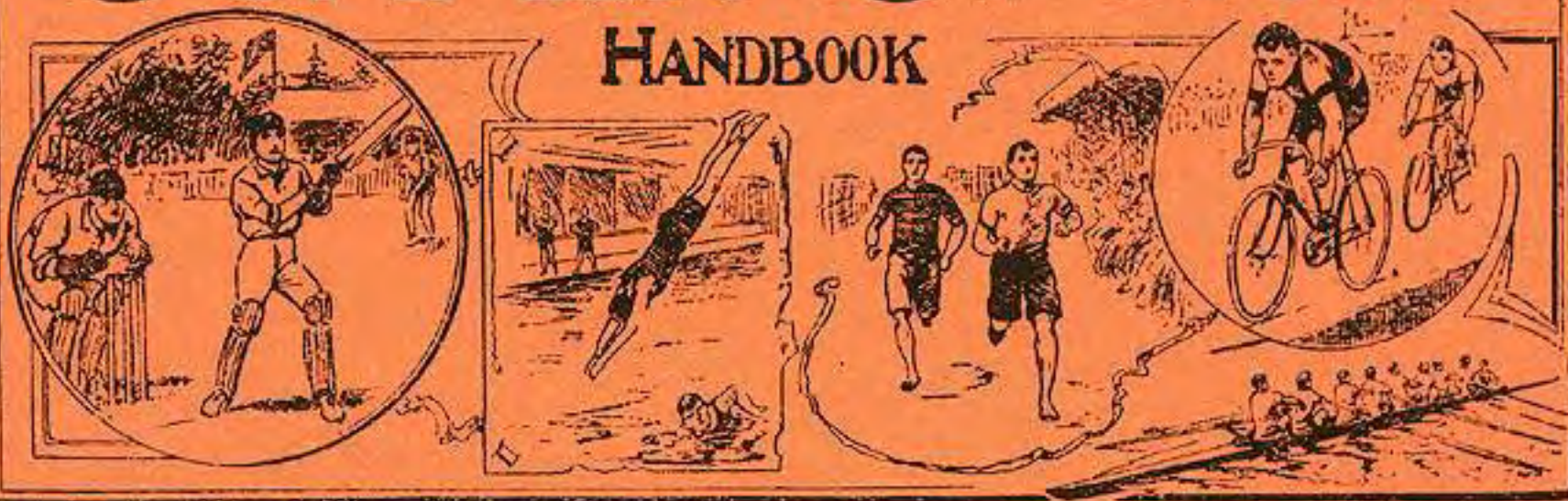
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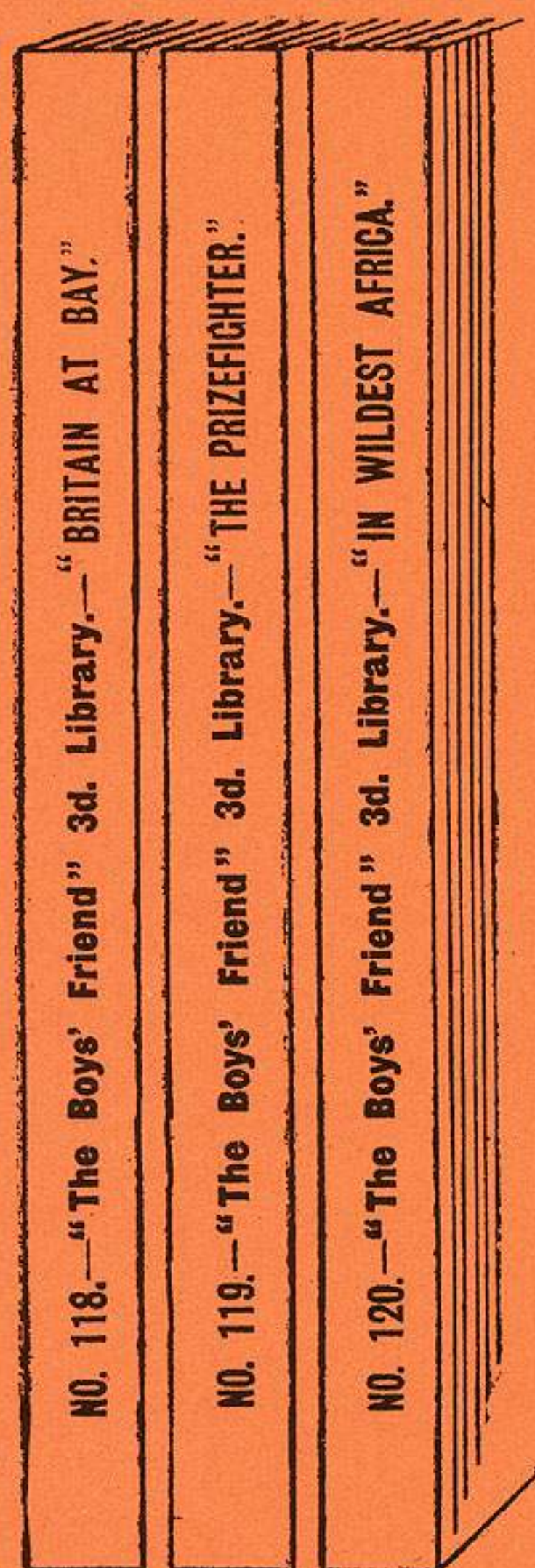
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