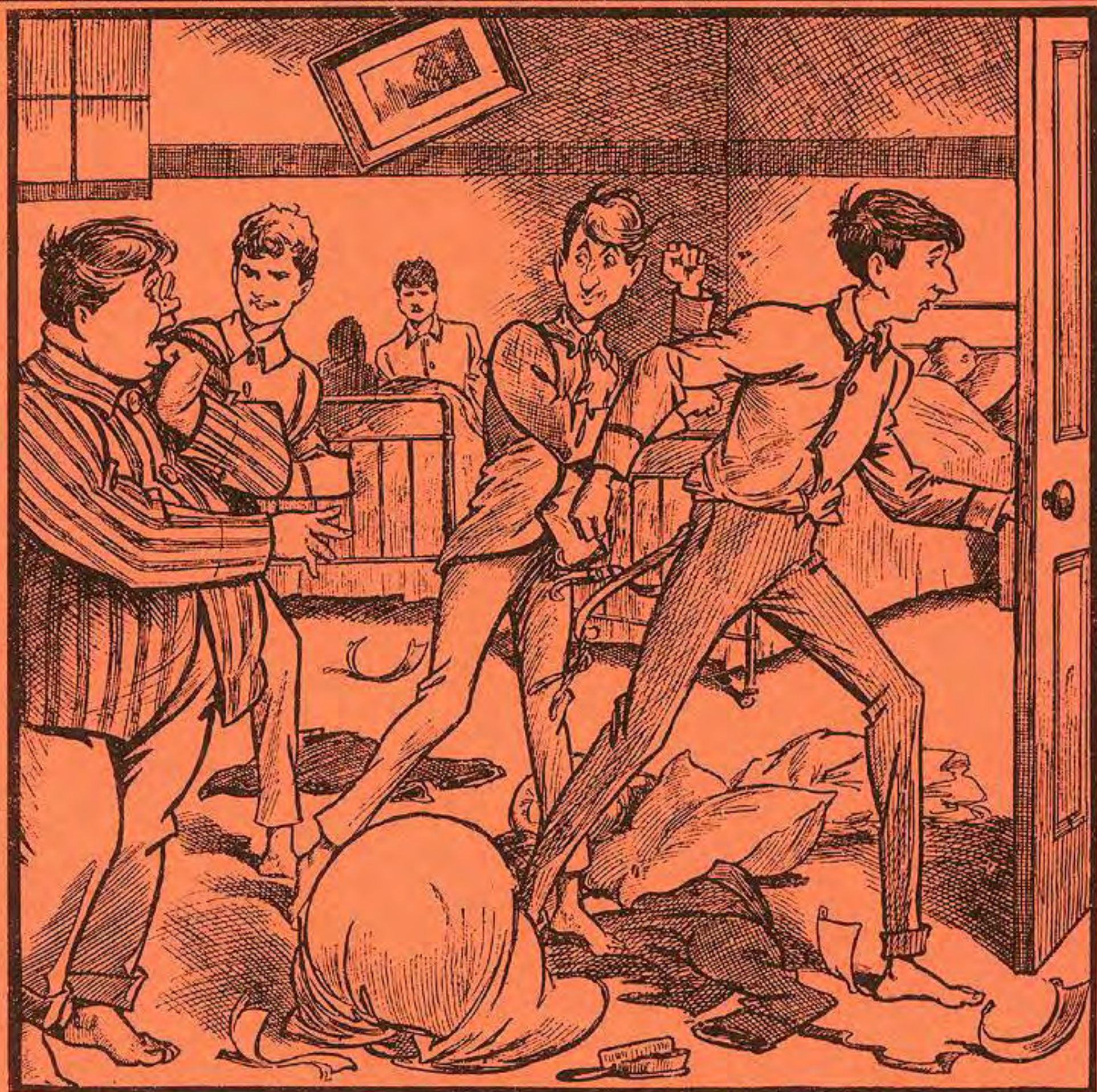


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THE FIRST CHAPTER. Not To Be Stood.

"I WON'T stand it!"

Billy Bunter, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, made that statement in a very loud voice, with a flush of indignation in his fat face.

The other fellows in the junior common-room at Greyfriars turned their heads to look at the fat junior. Billy Bunter was evidently in a state of great indignation. His face was red, and his little round eyes gleamed behind his big spectacles. He was waving a podgy hand in the air in his excitement.

"I jolly well won't stand it!" shouted Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the matter now? Have they been cutting down your allowance of grub to only enough for two people?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Or has the order gone forth that you must wash your neck every morning?" asked Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars.

And there was a laugh.

Bunter snorted.

"I'm jolly well not going to stand it!" he said. "I think it's rotten! It's the limit! It's past the limit!"

"Your postal-order delayed again?" asked Frank Nugent sympathetically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors did not seem to take Billy Bunter's indignation very seriously. But the Owl of the Remove was indignant enough himself, and very serious indeed.

"It's old Quelch!" he snapped.

"Better not let our respected Form-master hear you call him old Quelch!" grinned Bob Cherry. "He mightn't like it."

"I don't care! I'm not going to stand it! I say, you fellows, you know I've had a study to myself for a long time—"

"Because nobody else wanted to dig with you," remarked Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter took no notice of that remark.

"I've had a study to myself ever since I declined to share Study No. 1 with Wharton and Nugent any longer—"

"Declined!" roared Nugent. "Why, we booted you out, you fat fraud!"

"Now they're going to shove three chaps in all at once!" said Bunter furiously. "And they're three freaks—rotten freaks!"

"That will make a total of four freaks, then," said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not going to stand it!" yelled Bunter. "I wouldn't mind if they put Mauleverer into my study—my pal Mauly—"

"Begad, I should, though!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. "But I'm not going to stand Dutton and the two Todds!"

"Well, it will be rather a collection," agreed Bob Cherry. "Still, you can't expect to have a study to yourself, Bunter. You've only had it so long because fellows always change out of it because they can't stand you. I dare say Dutton will get fed up with you, and get into other quarters."

"He's as deaf as a post!" roared Bunter. "I can't stand deaf people, and I'm not going to! And Alonzo Todd is coming back to Greyfriars, and he's bringing his cousin with him. And old Quelch says they're all to be shoved into my study. I told Quelch I wouldn't have it—told him plain!"

"Yes; I'll bet you did!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "I can just hear you telling Mr. Quelch that—I don't think!"

"I told him I wouldn't even consider it," said Bunter. "I said I was surprised at him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I'm not going to stand it! I think Quelch is an ass!"

A sudden silence followed Bunter's remark.

A form in cap and gown had appeared in the open doorway of the common-room—the form of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. Billy Bunter had his back to the door, and did not see the Remove master, and he was too short-sighted to observe the expression that had suddenly come over all the faces round him. Bob Cherry made him a hurried sign to shut up, but Billy Bunter did not see it.

"What we want is a new Form-master!" Bunter went on, as loudly as ever. "I'm fed up with Quelch! Simply fed up with him!"

The juniors gasped.

Mr. Quelch, in the doorway, stood like a statue. He seemed to be hardly able to believe his ears, and he was too overcome to move or speak. He simply stared at Billy Bunter's back, and the fat junior, in blissful ignorance of his presence, ran on:

"I told Quelch I wouldn't stand it, and I won't! If he insists on putting those freaks into my study I shall complain to the Head! I shall tell him plainly my opinion of Quelch! What are you making faces at me for, Nugent?"

"Oh!" murmured Nugent.

"You needn't wag your finger at me, Wharton," went on Bunter. "I'm in earnest. I shall tell the Head plainly what I think of old Quelch—the blessed old ass! I shall use my influence with the Head to get him pushed out of Greyfriars if he isn't jolly careful! I tell you I'm fed up with him!"

The frozen horror in the faces of the juniors struck even the Owl of the Remove at last, and he saw that their gaze was fixed upon the doorway. He swung round to see what was the matter. He almost fell down as he saw Mr. Quelch.

Mr. Quelch advanced into the room. He had recovered the power to move at last—and to speak. And he proceeded to speak, in a voice that sounded like the rumble of thunder:

"Bunter!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"What have you been saying, Bunter?"

"I, sir?" gasped Bunter. "I—I haven't been saying a word, sir! I—I haven't opened my mouth since I came into the room, sir!"

"You are—what do you call it?—fed up—with me—me!" shouted Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, no, sir! What I said was—ahem!—I—I said that we'd never had a Form-master at Greyfriars whom we—were respected so highly as we did you, sir."

"What?"

"I—I was going to suggest to the fellows that we ought to get up a testimonial, or—or something, sir, to—to show what we think of you, sir," said Bunter feebly.

Mr. Quelch gazed at Bunter. When Billy Bunter began to fabricate, he could beat Ananias and Baron Munchausen and any American journalist hollow. Bunter's fibs were

most astounding; but they had the drawback that they could never possibly, under any circumstances, be believed.

"Bunter!" gasped the Form-master. "How dare you tell me such untruths! I heard every word you said, Bunter!"

"You—you've made a—slight mistake, sir," said Bunter. "I—I said that we were all very proud of you, sir, and—and liked you better than any other master in Greyfriars. The other fellows heard me. I—I appeal to them, sir."

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry.

"Bunter!"

"Ye-es, sir?"

"You will follow me to my study!"

"T-t-thank you, sir! If—if you don't mind, sir, I—I've got another engagement, sir. I—I want to get my study ready for the fellows, sir. I'm so pleased at your putting them into my study, and—and I want to get it nice and tidy for them, sir."

"Follow me at once, Bunter!"

And Mr. Quelch swept from the room with rustling gown. Billy Bunter stood rooted to the floor.

"Well, you've done it now!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Bunter.

"It's all right," grinned Bolsover major. "All you've got to do is to use your influence with the Head to get him the push, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tell him you won't stand it, Bunter," encouraged Vernon-Smith.

"You'd better follow Mr. Quelch, Bunter," said Wharton.

"He doesn't look as if he'd wait for you in a good temper."

"B-b-b-but he's going to lick me!"

"Well, rather! I don't suppose he's going to pat you on the back for calling him an ass," said Nugent sarcastically.

"I—I think I'll go out for a walk," murmured Bunter.

"Perhaps he'll forget all about it, and—and—"

Wingate, of the Sixth, entered the common room. He strode straight to Billy Bunter and grasped him by the shoulder.

"Mr. Quelch wants you," he said. "He's asked me to take you to his study. Come along!"

"I—I say, Wingate—"

"March!" said the captain. And he jerked Billy Bunter out into the passage with one swing of his powerful arm.

"Oh! I—I say, you know—you see—h'm!—I—I—I—I—"

Billy Bunter's voice died away in the passage.

His voice was heard a few minutes later in Mr. Quelch's study, raised in tones of wild anguish, and the burden of his plaint was:

"Ow—ow—ow—ow—ow!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

First Aid.

THE Greyfriars juniors were all interested to hear that Alonzo Todd, the Duffer of Greyfriars, was coming back to the school. Alonzo Todd had been away from Greyfriars for a considerable time, but he had visited Harry Wharton & Co. lately. His cousin Peter, who was Alonzo's double, had come with him on that occasion. Peter was exactly like Alonzo to look at—but not at all like him in anything else. Alonzo was a placid and long-suffering youth, painfully good-natured and dutiful; and Peter was a fighting-man of the first water. Fellows who had japed Peter in mistake for Alonzo had discovered their mistake in painful ways.

How the two of them would get on in the Remove was a very great question; but there was no doubt at all that there would be trouble. The chief trouble was to fall upon Bunter first, for the two new-comers had been assigned to his study. After his visit to Mr. Quelch's room, Billy Bunter came upstairs to the Remove passage, with his podgy hands tucked under his arms, and an expression of deep woe upon his fat face.

Mr. Quelch knew how to "lay it on" when it was deserved, and he had given the Owl of the Remove the caning of his life—as he undoubtedly deserved. Billy Bunter emitted a groan at every step, and he staggered into No. 1 Study, where the Famous Five were gathered round the tea-table.

At one time the Owl of the Remove had shared No. 1 Study; and the chums of the Remove had made no secret of their delight in getting rid of him. Bunter had a study to himself. New fellows had been put into it from time to time, but they had always contrived to change out. Billy Bunter was not a pleasant study-mate. As Tom Brown had remarked, it would take a millionaire to get on comfortably with Bunter.

Bunter staggered into No. 1 Study, and sank down in the armchair. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh were having tea in the study; and they went on with it calmly, apparently

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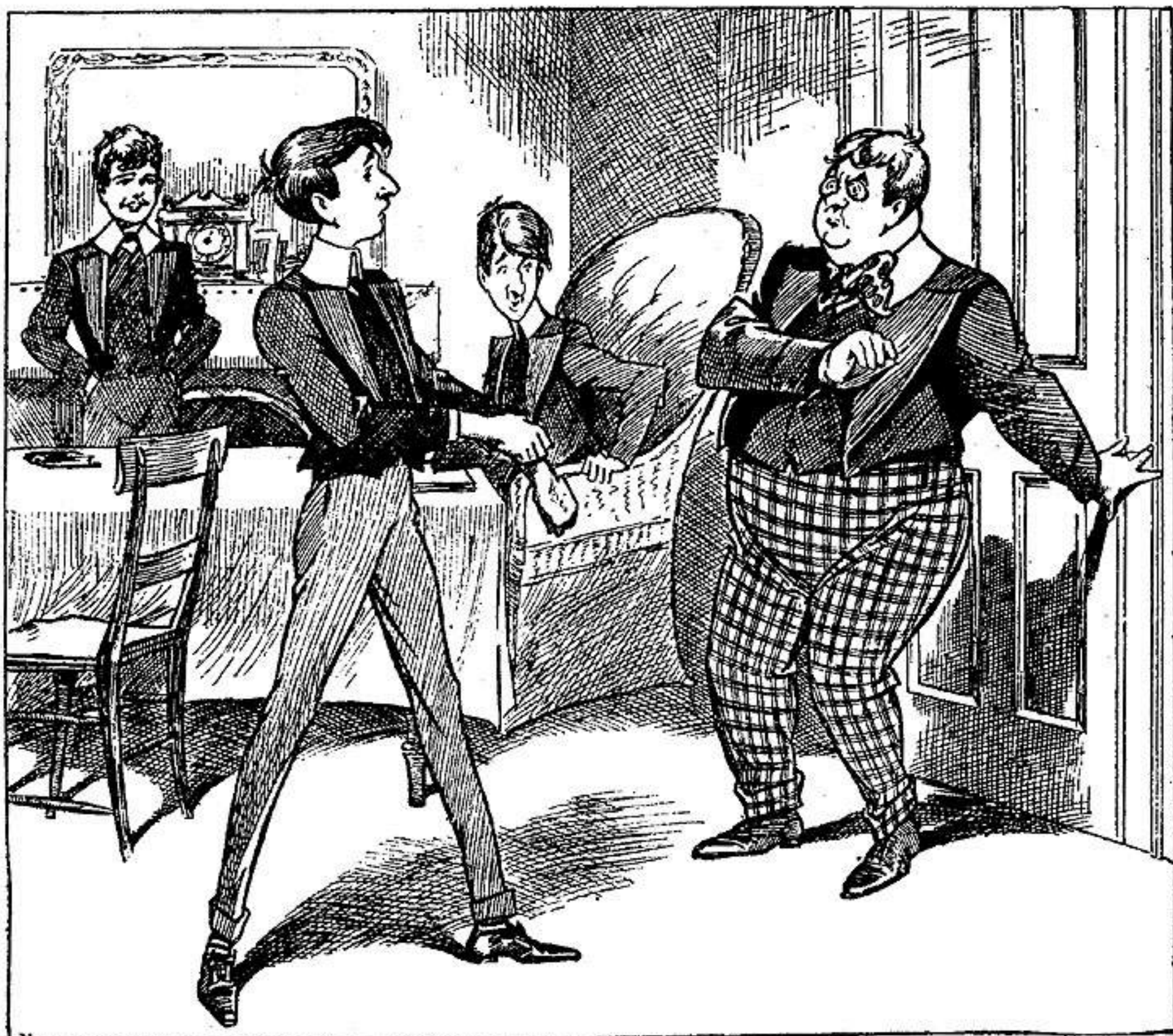
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"Who's head of this study?" demanded Peter, pushing back his cuffs in a business-like manner. "Ahem, you are!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—what I really meant to say was, that I want you to be head of the study. I—I—I thought of that immediately I heard that you were coming to Greyfriars." (See Chapter 7.)

ignorant of the fact that the Owl of the Remove had entered.

"Speaking of the cricket eleven—" Bob Cherry remarked.

Bunter gave a deep groan.

"The first match will be with Redcliffe," said Harry Wharton. "I fancy we shall beat them. You see—"

Groan!

"Pass the jam," said Johnny Bull.

Groan!

"Here you are," said Nugent.

Bunter sat up in the chair, and blinked furiously at the unconscious juniors. He knew that they must have heard him. But there did not seem to be any sympathy going.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Try the bananas, Inky," said Wharton hospitably. "We got them in specially for you."

"The thankfulness of my esteemed self is terrific, my worthy chum!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "Pray pass the august bananas!"

"I say, you fellows!" roared Bunter.

Then the juniors looked round.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in surprise. "Here's Bunter!"

"You knew I was here, you beast!" growled Bunter. "I—I say, you fellows, I—I think I'm going to faint!"

"Then get into your own study," said Nugent. "We can't have you fainting here."

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"I—I haven't the strength to get to my own study."

"Well, you can faint in the passage, if you like," said Harry Wharton. "There's no rule against that."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You can't expect to be allowed to go round fainting in other fellows' studies, Bunter," said Bob Cherry. "Be considerate."

Bunter groaned deeply.

"I—I think I should revive if—if I had something nice—very tasty—to eat!" he moaned. "Give me a tart—quick!"

"Any hurry?"

"I—I'm fainting!"

"Well, look here, faint quietly, and you can faint here," said Nugent generously. "You can have the armchair all to yourself till you recover. Only, don't make a row about it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter gave another deep groan, and relapsed into the armchair, with his eyes closed. The juniors grinned at one another. They knew Bunter! The Owl of the Remove made so many demands upon their sympathy that the stock had run out, as Bob Cherry put it. They knew perfectly well that Bunter was attempting to "spoo" them, and they were not to be spoofed this time.

"Poor old Bunter!" murmured Bob Cherry. "He's fainted, you see. We ought to do something for him. Jolly lucky we've learned first aid as Boy Scouts! Lend a hand."

The juniors gathered round Bunter. Bunter lay back in

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the chair and breathed feebly. Certainly he looked as if he were in a faint.

"Burnt feathers revive fainting people," said Nugent, "but we haven't any. I wonder if a burnt cork would do?"

"Try!"

Nugent scorched a ginger-beer cork in the fire, and approached Bunter. The fat junior opened the corner of one eye and blinked at him. Then he gave a wild yell as the warm cork was jabbed over his face.

"Yaroooooh!"

There was a long black mark over Bunter's fat face from the burnt cork.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He's recovered already!"

"Ow! You beasts!"

"No, no; that's only feverishness," said Nugent. "He isn't fully recovered yet. He requires some more burnt cork. You can see that it's efficacious."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Hold him while I attend to him," said Nugent.

"What-ho!"

"Yaroooh! Ow! Leggo, you beasts! Yoop!" spluttered Bunter.

But the kind-hearted juniors insisted upon attending to him. They grasped him firmly, while Nugent scored over his fat face with the burnt cork. Billy Bunter struggled vainly in their grasp. He was very soon looking like a Christy minstrel, and his little round eyes blinked furiously from a darkened face.

"There! Now he's better," said Nugent. "I think he can get up."

The grinning juniors released Bunter.

Bunter certainly could get up. He bounded to his feet with a yell.

"Ow! You beasts!"

"My dear Bunter—"

"Groo! Beasts! Rotters! Yah!" roared Bunter.

"Is that what you call gratitude?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"You might still be in a faint if we hadn't rendered first aid."

"Ow! Yow!"

Bob Cherry sighed.

"Bunter was always an ungrateful rotter," he said. "Still, I'd always look after a chap in a faint. If he faints here again we'll revive him with cold water—just swamp it over him, you know. That's the best way."

"Good egg! Do you feel faint now, Bunter?"

"Ow! Yow! Beasts!"

And Billy Bunter rolled out of the study. The juniors chuckled, and sat down to tea again. There was a roar in the passage as the fellows there sighted Bunter with his blackened face.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, looked into the study.

"What on earth's happened to Bunter?" he exclaimed.

"He fainted," Nugent explained. "We revived him by rendering first aid."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter retreated to the dormitory to wash the burnt-cork off his face. He did not return to No. 1 Study. It was evident that there was nothing to be done with the heartless and unsympathetic persons there.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Queer Quartette.

"IT'S rotten!"

Billy Bunter made that remark as he looked into his study later in the evening. There was a junior in the study—Tom Dutton of the Remove. Dutton had his books on the table, and was working, and he did not look up as Bunter came in. Bunter made noise enough; but Dutton was deaf. It was a great misfortune for Dutton—and a great misfortune for the other fellows. Tom Dutton was very touchy on the subject of his deafness, and he was persuaded that he was only a trifle hard of hearing. And, as he was something of a fighting-man, it caused trouble sometimes when he misunderstood what was said to him.

"Rotten!" growled Bunter again.

He slammed the door, and Dutton heard that, and looked up.

"Hallo!" said Dutton affably. "I'm in this study now, Bunter."

"Yes, I can see you are, blow you!" said Bunter.

"Eh?"

"I can see you, you fathead!"

"Yes, I'm feeling very well, thanks," said Dutton. "Kind of you to inquire. I hope we shall get on all right here,

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Bunter. Don't try to borrow any money of me, that's all. I hear the two Todds are going to be here with us."

"I don't like the idea," said Bunter.

"Eh?"

"I think it's rotten!"

"No," said Dutton, "I haven't any cotton. What do you want cotton for?"

"I didn't say I wanted cotton, fathead! I said it was rotten!" bawled Bunter.

"You don't cotton to it," said Dutton, with an air of comprehending. "Well, I don't know that I want Alonzo here myself. He'll be a lot of trouble."

"No more trouble than you are, you deaf ass!" said Bunter.

"Speak a little louder," said Tom Dutton. "I'm not deaf, you know, so long as you speak clearly. You have a way of mumbling, Bunter."

"Look here, you get out of my study!" said the fat junior.

"I don't want you here. You can go and dig with Wharton and Nugent if you like."

"I'm certainly not going to lend you my bike. You can't ride."

Bunter gasped.

"Will you clear out of this study?"

"Yes, it's the rain," said Dutton.

"What!" shrieked Bunter.

"It's the rain made the roads muddy."

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Bunter. "How's a chap to talk to a giddy post like that? I say, Dutton, you can stay here if you like, but I shall expect you to contribute to the study funds. Have you got any cash about you now?"

"There isn't much room here to dash about," said Dutton in surprise. "And if you start it I shall jolly well stop you, I can tell you that."

Bunter put his head close to Dutton's, and bawled:

"I say, I'm expecting a postal-order, Dutton!"

"I hope you'll get it," said Dutton. "I wish you wouldn't shout close to my ear, though. I'm not deaf."

"The postman hasn't come yet."

"Yes; I dare say it's going to be wet."

"Will you lend me five bob till my postal-order comes?"

"Eh?"

"Will you lend me five bob?"

"I think you're off your chump!" said Dutton. "How can I put the kettle on the hob when there isn't any hob in the grate?"

"Will you lend me five bob?" screamed Bunter.

"Oh, no; I won't!"

"Then you can clear out of here."

"I certainly wouldn't lend you any money for beer if I could spare it—and I can't. You're not going to sponge on me, Bunter."

"Look here—"

"Don't shout. I don't like it."

"Get out of this study!"

"Who's muddy?"

"I'm not going to have you in this study!" yelled Bunter.

"Oh, I see," said Dutton, getting up, and pushing back his cuffs. "You're going to cut up rusty about my coming here?"

"Yes, I am."

"All right! Come on!"

"Oh, I say!" Bunter backed round the table as Tom Dutton sparred at him. "I—I say, Dutton! I—I—"

"Come on, you funk!"

"I—I was only—it was only a joke!" gasped Bunter, retreating round the table in great dismay. Billy Bunter was not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

"Oh, I'm a moke, am I?" said Dutton angrily. "I'll jolly soon show you whether I'm a moke or not. Put up your paws!"

"I didn't say you were a moke!" wailed Bunter. "Ow! I said it was a—ow!—joke!"

Tap! Tap!

Dutton's left and right landed upon Billy Bunter's fat countenance, and the Owl of the Remove sat down on the floor, raising a cloud of dust from the carpet.

"There!" said Dutton. "Now you be careful before you call a fellow a moke again."

"Ow, ow!"

"Shut up that row!" said Dutton, sitting down again.

"Yow! I'm hurt! Yow!"

There was a knock at the door, and it opened. Two juniors

ANSWERS

with smiling faces presented themselves. They were so exactly alike that it was difficult to tell one from the other. They had lanky faces, prominent noses, mild-looking eyes, and hair in queer little tufts. Dutton looked at them, and recognised Alonzo Todd and his cousin Peter; though which was Peter and which was Alonzo it would have puzzled him to tell.

"My dear friends," said Alonzo, "I'm so pleased to get back to Greyfriars. I have missed you all very much in my long absence. You know my cousin Peter, Dutton?"

"Eh?"

"Ah, I was forgetting—Dutton is deaf, Peter. You must raise your voice somewhat when you address Dutton. This is my cousin Peter, Dutton, my dear fellow."

"No, you needn't bellow," said Dutton. "I'm not deaf."

Peter Todd grinned. When he grinned he was much less like Alonzo. There was something very knowing about Peter Todd's grin.

"He doesn't sound deaf, does he?" said Peter. "Hallo, Dutton! Glad to make your acquaintance! Have you had tea yet?"

"I never do," said Dutton, frowning.

"Never have tea?" said Peter, in surprise.

Dutton shook his head.

"Never," he said. "And if the Head gets to hear of your doing it, you'll get into a row, I can tell you! I warn you, as a new fellow, as you don't know the ropes."

Peter Todd looked astounded.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he said. "Is it against the rules to have tea here, 'Lonzy?"

Alonzo shook his head.

"Certainly not, my dear Peter. I think Dutton must be labouring under some misapprehension. Have you had tea yet, Dutton?"

"I never do," repeated Dutton. "You ought to know that it's against the rules to bot."

Peter Todd burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! I didn't say bot—I said have you had tea yet, you duffer?"

"Eh?"

"Oh, I give him up!" said Peter. "Is that Bunter on the floor? Have you had tea yet, Bunter, my fat darling?"

"No," said Bunter, getting up and dusting himself. "I'm willing to do the cooking, if you fellows like to stand a study brew. You're welcome to this study—jolly glad to see you back at Greyfriars. I should stand you a feed myself, by way of welcome, but I've been disappointed about a postal-order. I don't mind fetching the things, if you hand me the money."

Peter Todd grinned again; but the innocent Alonzo dived his hand into his pocket.

"You are really very kind, Bunter. Pray change this sovereign. I authorise you to expend five shillings for tea. Pray be careful of the change."

Bunter took the golden coin with alacrity.

"Wait for me here!" he said.

And Bunter darted out of the study. In one minute he was in the school shop, making purchases—and devouring them.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Bunter Gets the Tarts.

HARRY WHARTON came along the Remove passage, and looked into No. 7 Study. Peter and Alonzo Todd and Dutton were there. Peter was showing signs of impatience. He was hungry after his journey, and Bunter had been gone ten minutes, and there was no sign of him yet. Wharton shook hands with the two juniors.

"Glad to see you," he said. "Will you come into our study to tea. We've had tea, as a matter of fact, but there's some left. I didn't know you'd arrived till just now."

"Thanks," said Peter Todd. "Bunter's gone to fetch something for tea. Alonzo gave him a quid to change."

"He is quite a long time," said Alonzo.

Wharton laughed.

"You won't see the quid again," he said, "and you won't see Bunter till it's gone. You'd better come into No. 1 to tea."

"My dear Wharton, I'm sure Bunter will not squander a sovereign that does not belong to him. That would be dishonest."

The captain of the Remove chuckled.

"Bunter will manage it," he said. "Come along!"

"Right-ho!" said Peter. "I'm hungry."

"My dear Peter——" began Alonzo.

"Come on!"

"Perhaps I should go after Bunter. It was perhaps injudicious to place temptation in his way. Uncle Benjamin says——"

"Never mind Uncle Benjamin now," said Peter. "I'm hungry. This way!"

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EVERY
MONDAY.

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ONE
PENNY.

And he dragged his cousin after him to No. 1 Study. Frank Nugent and Bob Cherry were there, and they shook hands with the two Todds, without knowing which was which. No. 1 Study were in funds that day, and the tea-table was still inviting, though five fellows had made a good tea there. Nugent jammed the kettle on the fire.

"Well, this does look like old times, my dear fellows," said Alonzo, looking round the cosy study with great approval.

"Seems like old times to behold your cheerful chivvy round the festive board," said Bob Cherry. "But you two fellows had better wear labels, or we shall never know one from t'other or t'other from which."

"I wear a red necktie to distinguish myself," Peter explained; "Alonzo always wears a black one. When they get mixed it causes confusion. These are ripping sardines. I've really come here to keep Alonzo under my wing, because he's always getting into trouble. I'm going to look after him like a Dutch uncle. Chaps who jape Alonzo in the future will have to talk to me afterwards."

"I trust you will not be violent, Peter," said Alonzo mildly. "You know that Uncle Benjamin always says——"

"Rats!"

"My dear Peter, you are mistaken. I have never heard Uncle Benjamin use that expression," said Alonzo, in surprise. "He says——"

"Oh, ring off, Alonzo old chap!" said Cousin Peter. "You make me tired. Give Uncle Benjamin a rest, and pass the jam!"

"Certainly, my dear Peter; but——"

"You fellows play cricket?" asked Peter.

The chums of the Remove looked at him. If he had not been a new boy they would certainly have bumped him for asking that question. Did they play cricket?

"Just a tiny bit," said Nugent sarcastically. "We know one end of a bat from the other, you know, and we've seen it played."

Peter grinned.

"Wharton is captain of the Form team, my dear Peter" said Alonzo.

"Oh, good!" said Cousin Peter. "I'll give you a chance to put in a really good man, Wharton—named Peter Todd."

"Well, I must say you've got enough cheek for two, to make up for Alonzo not having any," said Harry Wharton.

"Never be backward in coming forward; that's my motto," said Peter. "You can't get through this world on buttermilk and smiles. When you want anything, ask for it; when you can't get it, go for it and grab it. What?"

"Might get a fine collection of thick ears that way," Bob Cherry remarked thoughtfully.

"I'm open to take all the thick ears anybody can bestow on me," said Peter cheerfully. "I'm going to make things lively here, I can tell you. I understand from 'Lonzy that this study is top study in the Remove."

"That's right!"

"Then this study is going to take a back seat," said Cousin Peter. "No. 7 is going to be the real thing. I'm telling you that in a friendly way, so that you will know what to expect."

The chums of the Remove fixed their eyes witheringly upon Peter Todd. But Peter did not seem to get withered. He helped himself to jam in large quantities, and went on eating with cheerful composure.

"Did you ever hear of new fellows in a school taking a back seat?" asked Wharton.

Peter nodded.

"Yes, I've heard of it," he assented; "but I never took a back seat in my life. That's not in my line; not built that way, you know. Better be first in a village than second in Rome, you know; and better still to be first in Rome. That's how I look at it. I'm going to buck Alonzo up and make him do things. He's going to fight every chap who chips him in future."

"My dear Peter——"

"If he doesn't, he'll have to fight me!" said Peter. "Shut up, 'Lonzo! I know what's good for you, and you don't. I'm going to make a fighting-man of you. Our study is going to be top study in the Remove, or I'll know the reason why. What?"

"You'll know the reason why, then," remarked Nugent. "You are starting on the right way to get yourself bumped into pieces, Peter."

"I'll chance that. Thanks for the tea," said Peter Todd, yawning. "Let's go and have a look round the school, 'Lonzy."

"Shall I bring my book, Peter? We could sit under the shade of the trees and read a chapter in 'The Story of a Potato——'"

"Hats! Come on! So-long, you fellows, and thanks!" Peter marched his helpless cousin out of Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry looked at one another. Wharton drew a deep breath.

"Well, that merchant takes the cake, for sheer, unadulterated cheek!" he said. "It won't take him long to get that knocked out of him in the Remove."

Nugent chuckled.

"I can foresee a high old time for him," he said. "Top study of the Remove! My only hat! Why, we squashed the Bounder when he tried to be top dog, and we're not likely to let Peter Todd take the biscuit."

"Rather not!" chimed in Bob Cherry.

Unconscious and careless of the comments passed upon him in Study No. 1, Peter Todd sauntered out into the Close with his cousin. The sun was setting, and the Close was full of fellows. There was cricket practice going on, on the playing-fields. Coker of the Fifth was showing how he could bat; an exhibition of how not to do it, as Potter of the Fifth privately remarked to his chum Greene. Billy Bunter could be seen in the doorway of the tuckshop, with a smear of jam and a happy smile upon his fat face. Peter Todd bore down upon him, the meek Alonzo with him. Alonzo was evidently quite without a will of his own when he was with his cousin.

Bunter started at the sight of the Todds, and made a movement to retreat. Peter Todd blocked the way.

"Did you get those things?" he asked.

"Ahem! I—I—"

"Where's Alonzo's quid?" demanded Peter.

"Oh, really, Todd—"

"Trot out that quid, and sharp!"

"I shall account to Alonzo for his sovereign," said Billy Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

"That's all right," chuckled Peter. "I'm Alonzo's business manager. Trot out that quid!"

"The fact is, I've expended it!" said Bunter. "I intend to give Alonzo my postal-order for one pound when it arrives. That will be exactly the same thing, won't it, Alonzo?"

"Not quite, my dear Bunter!"

"Not quite the same thing," remarked Peter Todd calmly. "The quid was a real one, and the postal-order isn't!"

"Oh, really—"

"Disgorge, you fat bounder!"

"Look here, Peter Todd, I decline to have anything to do with you. As a matter of fact, I'm rather particular whom I speak to!" said Bunter loftily. "It was rotten of Quelch to put you in my study, and I told him so. Please don't speak to me. I decline your acquaintance!"

"I'll do more than speak," said Peter cheerfully, grasping the Owl of the Remove. "Now, you fat fraud, where's that quid?"

"Gro-o-o-oh! Leggo!"

"Hand over the quidlet!"

"Gro-o-oh! Don't shake me like that!" roared Bunter. "You'll make my glasses fall off, and if they g-g-g-get broken, you'll have to pay for them. Gro-o-oh! I haven't got the quid—I've spent it. Don't shake me, you beast—I've got jam tarts in my pocket, and you'll s-s-s-squash them!"

Peter Todd grinned, and slipped one hand into Bunter's capacious pocket, and drew out a bag of tarts.

"Is this all you've got left out of the quid?" he demanded.

"Ye-e-es. Give them to me—they're mine!" roared Bunter. "You're not going to rob me of my tarts, you beast. Gimme my jam tarts. I'm going to give Alonzo my postal-order when it comes. Yow! Gro-o-oh!"

"Well, you can have the tarts," said Peter Todd. "Here they are!"

And he squashed the jam tarts upon the fat face of the Owl of the Remove. Bunter gave a spluttering roar. There was jam on his nose, and his mouth, and his fat cheeks, and his glasses, and his hair. He gouged at it wildly with his podgy hands. Peter Todd burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow, ow, yow! Gro-o-oh!"

"That's the first lesson," said Peter Todd, releasing the fat junior, and shaking a warning finger at him. "You're in my study now, and I'm chief. See?"

"Ow, ow!"

"You're going to back me up, or I'm going to knock you down," said Peter. "If you swindle Alonzo again, I'll give you a hiding. If Alonzo lets you swindle him again, I'll give him a hiding. Savvy?"

"My dear Peter—"

"'Nuff said!" said Peter, with a wave of the hand.

"Gro-o-o-oh!" spluttered Bunter.

He rolled away to wash the jam off his face. The kind-hearted Alonzo followed him to help him. Alonzo was

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Every Friday.

always looking out for people to help. Peter called after him:

"Where are you going to, 'Lonzy?"

"My dear Peter, I'm going to assist Bunter. Uncle Benjamin says that we should always help even bad and objectionable people—"

"Oh, if you are beginning Uncle Benjamin again, I'm off!" said Peter. And he thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and strolled away whistling.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Japing the Japers.

"THERE'S that ass Todd!"

Bolsover major made the remark. Bolsover major and Vernon-Smith and Snoop of the Remove were lounging by the playing-fields when Peter Todd came by to look at the cricket-practice. Peter Todd gave them a quick look. He could see at a glance that they mistook him for Alonzo.

"So you've got back, Toddy," said Bolsover major.

"Yes, I've got back," said Peter affably.

"They didn't want you in the lunatic asylum any longer?" sniggered Snoop.

"My dear Snoop," said Peter, in exactly the mild tones of his cousin Alonzo.

"I heard you were coming back, Toddy," said Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. "I'm glad to see you again. Will you do me a small favour?"

"Oh, certainly, my dear Smith," said Peter, encouraging the three outsiders of the Remove in their delusion.

"Sure you don't mind, Toddy?"

"Not at all, my dear Smithy."

"It won't take you long, and you're such a good-natured fellow," said the Bounder. "Will you wait here by the wall—till—till Skinner comes by? You know Skinner?"

"No, I fear I do not, my dear Smith."

"Well, you'll know him—he's coming here to speak to me, but I can't stop—got an engagement," explained Vernon-Smith. "You'll see him come up, and when he comes tell him I've gone down to the village, will you? He won't be long!"

"Anything to oblige, my dear Smith. My Uncle Benjamin says that I should always be ready to oblige people, even unpleasant rotters."

Bolsover major and Snoop cackled, and Vernon-Smith glared.

"You silly ass!" he shouted.

Todd looked pained.

"My dear Smith, I trust I have not said anything to offend you," he said. "My Uncle Benjamin says—"

"Blow your Uncle Benjamin," said the Bounder. "Look here, stand there—you can lean on the wall—and wait for Skinner."

"Oh, certainly, my dear Smith!"

The three juniors walked away. Peter Todd stood leaning against the wall, regarding them as they went with a quiet grin. The wall belonged to the Head's garden; it was a low stone wall, and Todd's cap just showed above the top of it from the other side as he stood there. Bolsover major looked inquiringly at the Bounder as they walked away.

"What's the little game?" he asked. "If he waits there till Skinner comes, it will be a long time, as Skinner's not at Greyfriars now. Are you going to leave him there?"

"Yes; till we've got round into the Head's garden," said Vernon-Smith coolly. "Gosling has been watering the garden, and he's left the water-can there—I saw it over the wall. Come on!"

The juniors chuckled and hurried away. Juniors were not allowed in the Head's garden; but a rule of the school did not trouble the Bounder & Co. very much. They disappeared from Peter Todd's sight, going a roundabout way to get into the Head's garden under the wall by him.

Peter Todd watched them disappear, and then turned and looked over the wall. He saw the water-can, full of water, standing on the gravel path in the garden, and he understood.

There was a garden-broom leaning against the wall near the water-can. Todd reached over, and lifted it to his side of the wall. He stood it upright against the stone, and placed his cap on the top of it. From where Todd stood, in the Close, it was evidently a broom with a cap perched on the end. But from the garden side of the wall the cap looked exactly as if it were on the head of a junior leaning against the wall. When the Bounder & Co. reached the garden, they could not fail to see the cap, and they would not have the slightest doubt that Peter Todd was standing in the position they had left him in.

Peter Todd glanced round casually, and made his way to a tree that overhung the wall. In a minute or less he was in the branches of the tree. The old trees of Greyfriars were



"Going to open the door?" came a voice through the keyhole. "No, you fathead!" roared the committee. There was no rejoinder from Peter Todd; but suddenly there was a sound at the keyhole, and a whizz of a jet of liquid. "Ow!" gasped Frank Nugent.

thick with their spring green now, and there was plenty of concealment in the branches for Peter Todd. He leaned out on a broad branch, and drew a catapult from his pocket, and waited.

From the tree he had a view of both the Close and the Head's garden adjoining. He was not surprised to see three forms stealing down the path of the Head's garden a few minutes later, keeping under cover of the shrubbery as much as they could to screen them from the house.

The three japers reached the water-can, and Vernon-Smith grinned as he picked it up.

"He's still there," whispered Bolsover major, with a gesture towards the cap just showing over the top of the low wall.

"Quiet!"

Vernon-Smith lifted the water-can, and stepped to the wall with it. He raised it high in the air, and sloped the spout down towards the cap. The water-can was heavy, for it was nearly full, but the Bounder did not mind that. A steady stream of water ran from the spout over the cap.

Bolsover and Snoop burst into a yell of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They expected to see the cap move suddenly, and to hear a wild yell from Todd on the other side of the wall.

But the cap did not move; and the yell, when it came, came from Vernon-Smith! The latter suddenly yelled wildly, and clapped his hand to his cheek, where something had suddenly smitten him with stinging force.

"Ow!"

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NEXT
MONDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY MONEYLENDER!"

Swoosh!

The water-can was inverted over the Bounder by his own movement. The water came pouring out of the top of it in a flood over the Bounder's face and chest. Then it went to the ground with a crash.

"Oh! Groooh!" roared the Bounder.

Bolsover and Snoop stared at the dripping Bounder in speechless amazement.

"Grooh-hooh—hooh!" gasped Vernon-Smith.

"What on earth did you do that for?" demanded Bolsover major.

"Ow! Something stung me!" roared Vernon-Smith.

"Yow! I'm drenched!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Ow!"

"Well, you are wet!" roared Bolsover major. "Ha, ha—Yoop!" Bolsover major suddenly clapped his hand to his face and jumped. "Ow! What was that? Oh!"

"Yaroo!" yelled Snoop, as something caught him on the ear. "Grooh! There are wasps here! Ow! I'm stung!"

Vernon-Smith shrieked and slapped his ear in turn.

"There it is again!" he yelled.

"Oh! Ow! It's wasps!"

"Yah!"

"It's somebody with a catapult!" yelled Vernon-Smith suddenly. "Ow! Oh! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell of laughter from the tree.

"Wot are you doin' in this 'ere garden?" Gosling, the

Another Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chums of Grayfriars. Order Early.

porter, came striding down the path. Gosling had retired to a shed for rest and liquid refreshment, and the yells of the unhappy japers had drawn him from his retreat. "Wot I says is this 'ere, you ain't allowed in this 'ere garden. I'll report yer!"

"Oh, get out, you idiot!" howled Vernon-Smith.

"Wot! My heye!"

"Ow!" roared Bolsover, as another pellet caught him on the nose. "Ow! I'm off! Yah!" And the bully of the Remove dashed away down the gravel path.

"My heye!" gasped Gosling, suddenly clapping his hand to his nose. "Who threw that there at me? I'll report yer! Ow! Wot I says is this 'ere— Yow—yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd slipped down the tree and strolled away towards the cricket-field. He took his cap from the broom, but he did not put it on, it was too wet. Vernon-Smith and Snoop followed Bolsover, breathing vengeance. Gosling stamped on the path, and rubbed his nose.

"I'll report yer!" he roared. "Wot I says is this 'ere—I'll report yer!"

And he did.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Lesson in Boxing.

BOLSOVER MAJOR came into the junior common-room with a lowering brow. Vernon-Smith and Snoop followed him, looking decidedly ill-tempered. The three of them had been duly reported by Gosling for trespassing in the Head's garden, and they had been caned. And then they had looked for Todd. They found the broom leaning against the wall, where Peter had left it; and they understood. The japers had been japed; and the three juniors, breathing vengeance, hunted for the Duffer of Greyfriars. They came into the common-room looking for him; and they spotted Alonzo talking to the Famous Five. Peter Todd was not there; but they were not thinking of Peter. Alonzo was explaining to the Famous Five some of the valuable precepts he had learned from his Uncle Benjamin; and the chums of the Remove were talking cricket at the same time. There was, as Bob Cherry remarked, no reason why Alonzo shouldn't run on if he wanted to, so long as fellows weren't expected to listen or answer.

But Alonzo's gentle stream of conversation was suddenly interrupted. Bolsover and Snoop and the Bouncer rushed right at him, and without wasting time in words, they grasped him and bumped him over on the floor.

"Got him!" roared Bolsover.

Todd blinked up at them from the floor in almost idiotic bewilderment.

"My dear friends!" he gasped.

"I'll 'dear friends' you!" hooted Bolsover major. "Bump him!"

"Oh dear! Oh!"

Bump! Bump!

"Here, you can shut up that!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, striding forward. "Let Todd alone! Do you hear?"

"Mind your own business, Wharton!" roared Bolsover major. "He's got me a licking, and I'm going to scalp him!"

"My dear Bolsover, you are quite mistaken. I have not—"

"You knew we were going into the Head's garden all the time, you fraud!" yelled Snoop.

"My dear Snoop, I did not know—"

"Don't tell lies!" snapped Bolsover major.

"My dear Bolsover, I certainly should not do so. My Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted, if—"

"Bump him!"

"But really—oh—"

"Hallo!" said a cool voice. "What are you doing to Alonzo? Did you chaps get licked for trespassing? Serve you jolly well right if you did!"

It was Peter Todd.

The Bouncer & Co. looked at him, and looked at Alonzo, and then looked back again at Peter.

"Which of you is which?" gasped Bolsover.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm Peter," said Peter cheerfully. "I was the chap you stuck by the garden wall. I shouldn't wonder if you took me for Alonzo."

"Oh! Why didn't you tell us, you cad?"

"Get up, 'Lonzy," said Peter. "I can't have a cousin of mine used as a duster for carpet. Lick that big chap—Bolsover, I think you call him!"

"My dear Peter—"

"Yes, I'd like to see him lick me, or you lick me, either, you worm!" roared Bolsover, in derision. "Ha, ha, ha! Why, I could thrash the pair of you with one hand!"

"Lick him, Alonzo," said Peter calmly. "I'll show you how to do it. Put up your hands, Bolsover!"

"Why, you—you cheeky worm!"

"Take that for a start!" said Peter Todd, tapping Bolsover on the nose; a rather hard tap, which brought the water to the eyes of the bully of the Remove.

"Ow! I—I'll smash you for that!" bellowed Bolsover major.

"Come on and do the smashing, then!" said Peter cheerfully. "I'm going to show Alonzo how to lick you. Watch me, Alonzo!"

"My dear Peter," said Alonzo feebly, "I am sure Uncle Benjamin would be better pleased if you forgave Bolsover."

"I'm going to show you how to lick a cheeky cad," said Peter calmly. "Shall I show you by punching you, or by punching Bolsover?"

"Ahem! I should prefer of the two that you punched Bolsover; but—"

Bolsover pranced up to Peter Todd, brandishing his fists. Peter guarded himself with perfect ease, and the way he threw himself into an attitude of defence showed the Greyfriars juniors that he knew a considerable amount about the noble art of self-defence.

Bolsover attacked him with terrific drives, which would have hurt Peter Todd very much if they had hit him—but they did not.

Either Bolsover's blows were guarded, or Peter side-stepped and eluded them, and sometimes he avoided a blow simply by moving his head from side to side.

The juniors laughed as they looked on. Bolsover major, the mighty man of the Remove, had evidently met his match at last. He was half as big again as Peter Todd, and certainly twice as strong; but Peter had more science than Bolsover was likely to learn during the rest of his life. He simply played with the bully of the Remove, and the juniors looked on with growing interest and appreciation.

"My hat! That chap is hot stuff!" said Bob Cherry. "What he doesn't know about boxing isn't worth knowing, I fancy."

"Begad, yaas!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Bolsover, my dear fellow, we're waiting for the smashing to begin! What!"

"The smashfulness is not yet terrific!" grinned Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Alonzo!" rapped out Peter Todd, as he sparred with the enraged bully of the Remove, keeping him at bay with perfect ease.

"Yes, my dear Peter!" quavered Alonzo.

"You should go for a chap—like this! Look! Land him on the nose—like that!" said Peter, as his hard knuckles crashed upon Bolsover's nose. "See?"

Bolsover saw, as well as Alonzo Todd. He staggered back, gasping.

"Then you should follow him up—like this!" said Peter calmly. "Dab him a jab on the end of the jaw—like this!"

"Ow!" roared Bolsover.

"Then a dot in the eye—like this!"

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"Yow!"
 "And a tap again on the nose—like this!"
 "Grug-g-gh!"
 "And then a cut on the chin—like that!—and he goes down—like—"

Bump!
 Bolsover major rolled on the floor. There was a yell of laughter from the Remove fellows and a cheer.
 "Bravo!"

Bolsover major sat up. Bolsover was a bully, but he was an exception to the rule that bullies are cowards. He had been hard hit, but he was not beaten yet. He scrambled to his feet, his nose streaming red, and another red stream issuing from the corner of his mouth, and his face was almost murderous.

"I—I'll pulverise you!" he gasped.
 "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry. "I think you're getting the pulverising this time, Bolsover!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

The bully of the Remove rushed furiously at Peter Todd. That surprising junior put up his hands at once, and boxed with scientific skill, stopping or dodging all Bolsover's furious blows, and at the same time continuing his instructions to Alonzo with perfect seriousness.

"Got your eye on me, Alonzo?"
 "Ye-es, my dear Peter."
 "Good! If your man comes up to the scratch again, you dot him on the nose—left and right—postman's knock, you know!"

Biff, biff!
 "Ow! Ow!"
 "Then you give him an upper-cut with the left—so!—and he goes over again—so!"

Crash!
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

There was not a fellow in the room who was not glad to see Bolsover major licked for once. Even Vernon-Smith and Snoop were not displeased. Bolsover lay on his back, gasping for breath, and this time he was not in a hurry to rise. He realised that he had met his master, and that if he continued the fight he would get severer punishment, without hurting Peter Todd at all.

"Got all that, Alonzo?"
 "Ye-es, my dear Peter."
 "Good! Now sail in and lick Vernon-Smith!"
 "M-m-my dear Peter, my Uncle Benjamin would object—"

"Rats! I'll show you how to do it!" said Peter Todd, advancing upon the Bounder. "First of all, you tap him on the nose—like that!"

Smack!
 "Ow! Gerraway!" yelled the Bounder. "I'm not fighting you! I've had enough, you beast! Go and eat coke!"
 Peter Todd nodded, and smiled.

"Right-ho!" he said. "If you've had enough, I'm satisfied! But I must give Alonzo some more instruction. It's your turn, Snoop!"

Snoop turned quite white, and dodged round the table.
 "I—I—I refuse to fight!" he panted. "I—I'll complain to Wingate! I'll call Mr. Quelch! Lemme alone!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Do you think you've had enough instruction, Alonzo?" asked Cousin Peter, in a thoughtful sort of way.

"Ye-es, my dear Peter."
 "You would not let those bounders rag you again, then?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "I don't think they'll want to rag Alonzo any more, while he's got a cousin like you hanging round loose, Peter."

"I'm not a quarrelsome chap," said Peter cheerfully; "only nobody is going to rag Alonzo while I'm on the giddy earth! And I'm going to make No. 7 top study in the Remove!"

"Then you'll jolly soon run up against No. 1 Study!" said Harry Wharton warmly.

Peter grinned.
 "Good! The more the merrier!" he said.
 And, although the argument did not proceed any further just then, the Removites could see very clearly that Peter Todd would undoubtedly "run up against" No. 1 Study, and they wondered gleefully what the result would be.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Head of the Study.

PETER TODD came into No. 7 Study in the Remove. His three study-mates were there, busy with their preparation. Dutton was on one side of the table and Alonzo Todd on the other, with Billy Bunter between them.

Billy Bunter blinked frowningly at Peter Todd as he came in. He had not forgotten the incident of the jam-tarts. Alonzo looked up with his sweet, mild smile.

"It is time you did your work, Peter," he said.
 "Oh, never mind that!" said Cousin Peter airily. "New boys won't be expected to do much prep. the first evening."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 271

EVERY MONDAY, **The "Magnet"** LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

"But it is our bounden duty to work, Peter. I am sure that Uncle Benjamin would be shocked if we were idle—nay, disgusted!"

"We're four in this study," said Peter, unheeding. It was evident that Peter did not attach so much importance as Alonzo did to the good opinion of Uncle Benjamin. "Not exactly the chaps I should have picked out, if I'd had my choice; but it's a bad workman that quarrels with his tools. We're going to make things hum here, and this study is going to be top study in the Remove! That's understood!"

"My dear Peter, I think it is an excellent plan to attempt to set an example of industry and kindness to the Form," said Alonzo, beaming. "The fellows shall observe that in this study work is always done, and good-fellowship reigns supreme, and that we are trying to be a credit to the school. I am sure that Uncle Benjamin would approve of such an ambition."

"He might," agreed Peter. "But that isn't exactly what I mean. I'm not taking second place in the Form. I was top-dog in the Form at my last school, and I'm going to be top-dog here! I suppose it's understood that I'm head of the study? I'm willing to fight any other chap who wants to be leader!"

"Oh, certainly, my dear Peter!"
 "Look here!" growled Bunter. "This is my study, and you fellows are intruders in it! I'm head of this study, and don't you forget it!"

"Good!" said Peter. "With or without gloves, Bunter?"

"Eh?"
 "You'd better take your glasses off."

"What for?"
 "Because I'm going to punch your nose!" said Peter.

"Where will you have it?"
 Bunter jumped up and backed away.

"You keep off, you beast!" he roared.

"Who's head of this study?" demanded Peter, pushing back his cuffs in a businesslike manner.

"Ahem! You are!" gasped Bunter. "I—I— What I really meant to say was that I want you to be head of the study. I—I thought of that immediately I heard that you were coming to Greyfriars!"

"Good!" said Peter Todd. "That's settled, then! Dutton! Your name's Dutton, I think?"

"Eh?" said the deaf junior, looking up

"I'm head of this study."
 "Nonsense!" said Tom Dutton.

"What!"
 "Nonsense!" repeated Dutton. "It's all rot! I should have seen him!"

"Eh! Seen whom?" demanded Peter.

"I suppose you're joking!" said Dutton crossly. "But I don't see any joke in saying a chap was found dead in the study!"

Peter gasped.

"I didn't say anybody was found dead in the study, you frabjous ass!" he roared. "I said I'm head of this study, you fathead! See?"

"You needn't roar at me," said Dutton; "I'm not deaf!"

"Did you hear what I said?"
 "Who's dead?"

"What I said, fathead! Did you hear me?"

"Fear you?" said Dutton contemptuously. "Not much! I'm not afraid of you, you ass!"

Billy Bunter chuckled. Peter Todd was going through some of Bunter's experience. Tom Dutton was getting angry, and he was a much better fighting-man than Billy Bunter.

Peter Todd leaned over the deaf junior to bawl in his ear, and Dutton pushed him back.

"Don't come so close!" he said. "I'm not deaf!"

"I'm head of this study!" roared Todd. "Understand?"

"Certainly not!"
 "You don't understand?" demanded Cousin Peter.

"No. Why should I stand?" said Tom Dutton. "If there's not enough chairs to go round, you can stand yourself, and be blown!"

"My only hat!" gasped Peter. "If I had a very bad enemy, I'd bring him in here and make him talk to Dutton. But I'll make him hear, if I burst a boiler."

Look here, Dutton. I'm head of this study — I'm chief! Chief, do you see?" said Peter, in despair.

Dutton turned very red, and jumped up.

"Put up your hands, you rotter!" he roared.

"Eh?"
 "I'll teach you to call me a thief," said Dutton, rushing at Cousin Peter. "Take that!"

Cousin Peter took it, on his nose, and in his surprise he staggered back and sat down on the study carpet and gasped. Dutton pranced round him, brandishing his fists, and calling upon him to get up and have some more.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Billy Bunter. "Go it, Dutton! Give him some more."

"Hold my jaw—eh?" said Dutton. "I'm not going to jolly well hold my jaw for you, Bunter. You can take that!"

"Yaroorh!" roared Billy Bunter. And he joined Peter Todd on the carpet.

"My dear Dutton," said the pacific Alonzo, laying a gentle hand upon the irate junior's shoulder, "you are labouring under a misapprehension. My cousin Peter did not call you a thief. He simply said—"

"Are you talking to me?" demanded Dutton.

"Yes, my dear Dutton."

"Say it all over again, then," said Dutton. "I can't hear fellows who mumble. I'm not deaf, but I like a chap to speak plainly."

"Oh, dear!" said Alonzo. "I was attempting to explain to you, my dear Dutton, that my cousin Peter had no intention of insulting you! You are labouring—"

"Eh?"

"You are labouring under a misapprehension, my dear fellow."

"Have to bellow, do you?" said Dutton angrily. "Do you mean to say that I'm deaf?"

"My dear chap, I didn't say anything of the kind!"

"I'll show you whether I'm out of my mind!" said Dutton, and he hit out, and Alonzo gave a roar and sat down on Bunter, who roared too.

"Now, you shut up, all of you, and let a chap get on with his work," said Dutton. "While we're about it, I may as well tell you that I'm head of this study."

Dutton sat down at the table again. Peter Todd had risen, and he was dabbing his nose with his handkerchief. The handkerchief came away very red.

"You frabjous ass!" he said. "Gerrup!"

"Eh!"

"I'm going to lick you!" roared Peter.

"I haven't kicked you," said Dutton; "but I'll jolly well kick you out of the study if you don't be quiet. It isn't nice having you two freaks in here, anyway."

"I'll freak you," said Peter, dragging Dutton off his chair, and sending the chair flying into the grate. "Now, then, put up your paws!"

Dutton did not hear what he said, but he understood the action. He put up his hands at once, and in a moment the two juniors were going it hammer-and-tongs. Dutton was quite as ready for a fight as Peter Todd was, and he had plenty of pluck, as well as being a decidedly obstinate youth.

It was a fight of the most Homeric description. A junior study was somewhat too confined in space for a rough-and-tumble conflict; and the damage wrought by the wrath of the rival juniors was almost equal to the results of the "destructive wrath" of Achilles of old, of which the poet sings.

Peter Todd and Dutton charged and barged to and fro, and furniture and books and papers and inkpots flew in all directions. They trampled over Billy Bunter, and the Owl of the Remove roared and squirmed under the table for safety. Then they barged into the table, and it rolled over on the fender with a crash. An inkpot slid down upon Bunter's fat face and drenched him with ink.

Alonzo rushed at the combatants with the kind design of separating them, and as he rushed between them he received a right-hander from Dutton and a left-hander from Peter. Alonzo yelled and rolled over into a corner; and the subsequent proceedings, as the American poet says, interested him no more.

Crash, crash, crash!

Biff, biff!

Bump!

The din in the study was terrific. Fellows came along from other studies, and opened the door and looked in to see what was the matter.

"I guess it's an earthquake or a cyclone," said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, as he surveyed the scene of wreck and ruin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bump! Tom Dutton rolled over on the floor at last, his boots coming into violent contact with Billy Bunter. Billy Bunter yelled and rolled away. Dutton sat on the carpet, and mopped his nose with one hand, and caressed his eye with the other.

"What are you chaps slogging about?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"We're settling who's going to be head of the study," said Peter Todd, blinking through half-closed eyes. "Dutton objects to me."

"Ow!" groaned Dutton. "Yow! My eye! My nose! Oh!"

"Come on!" shouted Cousin Peter.

"My dear Peter—" murmured Alonzo.

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

"Shurrup!" Come on, Dutton!"

"I'm done!" said Dutton, gasping. "Ow!"

"Am I head of the study?" bellowed Peter Todd in his ear.

"Yes, if you like!" gasped Dutton. "Ow!"

"Good. Give us your fist, then," said Peter amicably.

And Dutton grinned in a rather sideways manner, and shook hands with the victor.

"There won't be much study left to be head of if you keep on like this," remarked Harry Wharton, looking at the tumbled and dismantled room.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter can put that tidy," said Peter Todd. "I'm head of the study, and Dutton is second in command. Bunter is going to wait on us."

"Oh, am I?" roared Bunter indignantly.

"Yes, you are!" said Peter, turning upon the Owl of the Remove ferociously. "Got anything to say against it?"

"Nunno!" gasped Bunter, in alarm. "I—I meant to say that—that that's just what I wanted."

"Good. I'm an accommodating chap, and you shall have what you want," grinned Peter Todd. "You're fag in this study—see?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Clean it up while Dutton and I go and bathe our eyes," said Peter. "Have it all tidy by when we come back, or I'll boil you in oil. See?"

"Ow! Ye-e-es."

"Come on, Dutton!" roared Peter in Dutton's ear. "Now we've slogged one another enough, we're going to be pals."

And Dutton grinned and walked away quite amicably with Cousin Peter.

Billy Bunter blinked after him furiously. Bunter had become a fag in his own study—a fag to fellows in his own Form! It was a great fall for Bunter, who had intended to be head of the study himself. But he had learned that Cousin Peter was not a fellow to be quarrelled with; and he set to work to clear up the dismantled study.

And Alonzo Todd, whose Uncle Benjamin had always impressed upon him to make himself useful, kindly helped Bunter. The study was quite in order when Peter Todd and Tom Dutton came back—looking very much the worse for wear, but apparently on the best of terms.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Bath for the Bounder.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. eyed Peter Todd in rather a peculiar way when they met him again.

Cousin Peter had already made his mark in the Remove.

Fellows who had expected him to be anything like his cousin Alonzo had been very much surprised. The mild-mannered Alonzo was exactly like his cousin to look at. But there the resemblance ceased. The Greyfriars Remove prided themselves upon being a fighting Form.

But in the new-comer they had found a fighting-man who was something out of the common even for the Greyfriars Remove. On the first day at the school he had licked the bully of the Form, and made himself undisputed head of his study, and declared his intention of making that study top-study in the Remove. The fellows began to wonder what he would do next.

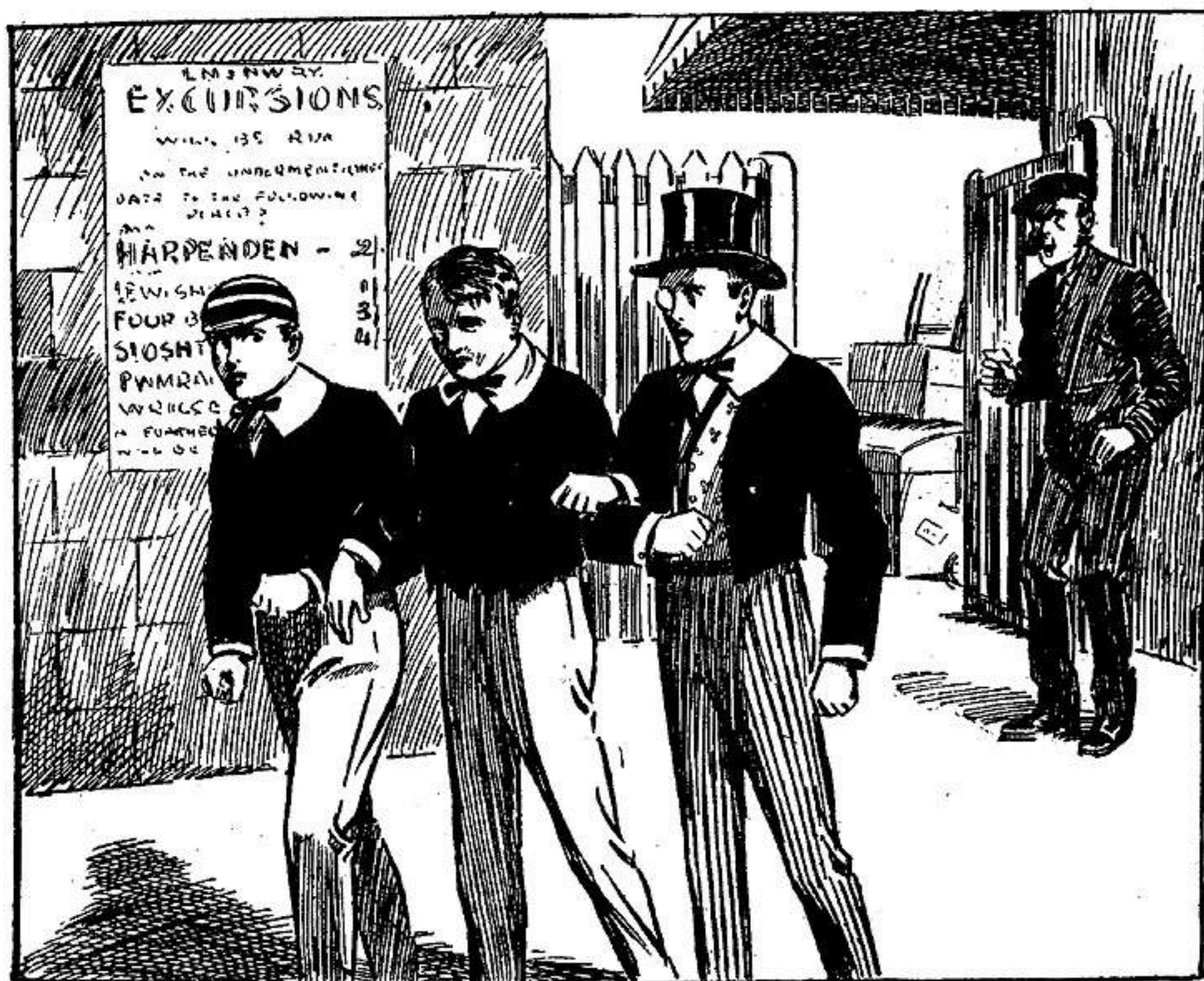
For a long time No. 1 Study had been top study. No. 1 belonged to Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent; and they were always backed up by Bob Cherry and Hurree Janset Ram Singh and Johnny Bull. The only rival to No. 1 Study was the Bounder; but the Bounder, though he had had many attempts, had never succeeded in making himself top dog. It looked as if the new-comer would have a better chance.

And a good many of the fellows would not have been sorry to see Harry Wharton & Co. given a "fall." Wharton was captain of the Form, and a good captain, and he was popular; but if anybody could put Wharton into the second place, he was welcome to try, and his success would be applauded. Wharton was only top of the Form so long as he could keep the place.

No. 1 Study considered the matter very seriously. They were disposed to be friendly towards Peter Todd. But, of course, it was impossible to allow him to usurp their proper place as head of the Form. As Wharton observed emphatically, the Famous Five came first, everywhere, and all the time. The Four Freaks—as No. 7 Study soon came to be called—could not expect to compete with them.

But that was evidently what Peter Todd intended to do.

The Removites gave Cousin Peter curious looks when the Remove went up to the dormitory that night. In the Greyfriars Remove new boys were frequently ragged after lights out. But the most inveterate ragger in the Form did not feel inclined to rag Peter Todd. He was far too tough a customer for that.



D'Arcy and Reilly each took an arm of their new acquaintance, and led him down the street. Arthur Augustus gasped breathlessly. "Done them, deah boys!" "Faith, and we've done them intirely!" grinned Reilly. "Hurray for us!" (For this incident see the grand long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, entitled "Honours Divided!" by Martin Clifford, which is contained in this week's issue of our popular companion paper, "The Gem" Library. Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.)

Peter Todd went to bed serenely, and he was not disturbed. The new boys appeared in the Remove Form-room on the following morning; but Alonzo was not the victim of the japes of old. He did not find a bent pin on his seat, or glue in his inkpot, or a rat in his desk.

The juniors found it difficult to tell one cousin from the other, and if the jape happened to fall upon Peter by mistake, the results would have been painful for the japer. Alonzo's resemblance to his cousin saved him from many disturbing experiences that morning.

After third lesson, the juniors streamed out of the Form-room, and the Bounder & Co. came up to Peter Todd in the Close. Bolsover major was not with them; the bully of the Remove had not quite got over his licking of the previous evening, and was not disposed to have anything to say to the new leader of No. 7 Study. But Vernon-Smith, and Snoop, and Stott, and Wylie put on their most agreeable smiles as they came up to Peter Todd, having apparently forgiven him for his jape on them.

"How do you like Greyfriars?" asked the Bounder, in a very friendly tone.

"Ripping!" said Peter.

"I hear you're head of your study now," said Vernon-Smith.

"Quite right."

"And you're going to make it the top study in the Remove—eh?"

"Exactly."

"What about No. 1 Study?" asked the Bounder. "Those chaps are generally supposed to be head of the Remove."

"Best man wins," said Peter sententiously.

The Bounder nodded.

"Now, I've got a suggestion to make to you," he said. "We're up against No. 1 Study—lots of us think that Wharton's had things his way too long. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll take you into my crowd, and look after you, and you can back me up, and between us we'll give the Famous Five the kybosh. What do you say?"

"Rats!"

"What?"

"You ask me what I say. I say 'Rats.'"

The Bounder's brow darkened.

"Don't you like the idea?" he demanded.

Peter shook his head.

"Can't play second fiddle," he said; "but I'll tell you what I'll do. You shall back me up instead. That will work ever so much better."

"You silly ass!" exclaimed the Bounder. "If you think we allow cheeky young kids to run things in the Remove, you're making a mistake. I'm making you a good offer."

"Declined with thanks!" yawned Peter.

The Bounder clenched his hands.

"I suppose you are looking out for trouble?" he said, in a threatening tone.

"I'm ready for all the trouble that comes hopping along," said Peter calmly.

The Bounder & Co. exchanged glances. There were four of them, and they had the new boy to themselves in a corner of the Close. Peter Todd saw the exchange of glances, and he drew back a little, ready for trouble.

"So you refuse my offer?" said the Bounder.

"Yes."

"Well, I think you're a little bit too cocky for Greyfriars," said Vernon-Smith. "I think it's our bizney to bump some of the conceit out of you. Collar him, chaps."

And the four juniors rushed upon Peter Todd together.

To their surprise, Cousin Peter did not seek to elude them. He rushed to meet them, hitting out with both fists.

Stott caught Peter's left with his chin, and Snoop caught his right with his nose. The two juniors rolled over one another.

Vernon-Smith and Wylie fastened upon Peter Todd, but he shook Wylie off as easily as a dog might shake off a rat, and Wylie sat down in a state of great astonishment.

Then Peter Todd grasped the Bounder.

"Oh!" gasped Vernon-Smith.

The Bounder was swept off his feet, and tucked under Peter's arm. Peter Todd walked away with him, the Bounder's legs trailing helplessly behind. Vernon-Smith struggled furiously, but Peter Todd's arm seemed like a circle of iron round him, and he could not get away.

"Leggo!" roared the Bounder savagely.

Peter grinned.

"Not just yet," he said. "I'm not finished yet, my pippin."

"Owl! Leggo! Rescue!"

Stott and Snoop and Wylie had risen to their feet, and were rubbing their injured parts ruefully. They showed no disposition whatever to go to the rescue of their leader. The Bounder had his following in the Remove, but his followers were not by any means devoted to him. Stott and Snoop and Wylie thought that Peter Todd was a fellow better left alone.

"Rescue!" yelled Vernon-Smith. "Come and help me, you rotten funks!"

"They don't want any more," said Peter, chuckling. "I'm going to give you a little ducking in the fountain, Smith, to cool your temper."

"Don't you dare!" shrieked the Bounder. "Leggo!"

"Rats!"

And Peter Todd carried the struggling, yelling Bounder to the fountain in the Close.

Fellows gathered round from all sides to watch him, but no one seemed disposed to interfere on the Bounder's behalf.

Todd raised the Bounder in his arms, in spite of his furious struggling and kicking, and sat him down in the stone basin of the fountain.

Splash!

"Groooooogh!"

Peter Todd stepped back, grinning. The Bounder struggled and splashed madly in the water. There was a yell of laughter from the onlookers.

"Is it wet, Smithy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Bounder rolled out of the fountain, dripping with water. Peter Todd stood ready for him, but he did not come on. He ground his teeth, and dashed away towards the School House to change his clothes.

Peter Todd strolled away with his hands in his pockets. He fancied that he had disposed of the opposition of the Bounder & Co., but he had No. 1 Study still to deal with, and Peter Todd, cool as he was, realised that in the Famous Five he had a harder nut to crack.

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"THE GEN" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Little Mistake.

"W E'RE all here, I think!"

"Yes; let's get to business."

It was a meeting of the Cricket Committee in Harry Wharton's study. Wharton, the captain of the Remove, was skipper of the eleven, and to him fell the task of making up the team. It was not an enviable task, for nearly every member of the Form club was sincerely convinced that he ought to be played in the most important matches, and was not slow in saying so.

Cricket was beginning at Greyfriars now, and the first out-match of the season, with Redclyffe School, was nearly due. And to the Removites that match was of vastly greater importance than the First Eleven fixtures, which were exercising the minds of Wingate and other fellows in the Sixth.

There were eight fellows in the study, one of them the Bounder. The Bounder was not on good terms with the cricket captain, and it was doubtful if he would play in the Remove eleven, but he had succeeded in getting on the committee. Wharton felt a certain delicacy about keeping out his opponents in the Form; he did not want the committee composed wholly of his own friends. The Bounder's chief committee work was opposition to everything suggested by Wharton, but the captain of the Remove generally had his way.

Frank Nugent, the club secretary, had his accounts all ready—Nugent was a very careful business man—but before the committee could get to business there was a knock at the door, and it opened. Todd looked into the study with a cheerful grin.

Wharton waved his hand to him.

"Buzz off now, Alonzo, old man; we're busy."

Todd chuckled.

"But I'm Peter," he said.

"Oh, you're Peter, are you?" said Harry. "Blessed if I know t'other from which. But whether you're Peter or Alonzo, it's all the same; we're not receiving visitors now. This is a business meeting. Sorry!"

"No occasion for sorrow," said Peter Todd calmly, coming into the study as he spoke. "I hear that you've got a meeting of the Cricket Committee here."

"That's right."

"I'm a member of the club," Todd explained. "I paid my subscription to Nugent to-day."

Frank Nugent nodded.

"That's so," he said. "That's all you've got to do with the club, Toddy. You pay your subscription, and it's finished."

"That won't suit me," said Todd.

"Well, it doesn't matter very seriously whether it suits you or not; that's how it is. Now, if you'll buzz off, we'll get to business."

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull. "Run away and play, Toddy."

"I'm a paying member of the Form club," said Peter, without stirring. "I'm going to be a playing member, too."

"Everybody can't play—all at once," said Wharton, dealing patiently with the new boy. "The team has to be selected from the best players. We give the weaker players a show in less important matches, and in inter-Form matches. See?"

"Yes, I see."

"If you shape well at practice, we'll make you a reserve; and if your form's extra good, you'll be put into the team fast enough."

"That's all right," said Peter. "But what about a seat on the committee?"

The juniors stared at him.

"We don't usually make new kids members of the Cricket Committee!" said Harry Wharton sarcastically.

"Well, that's a good rule; but the best of rules must have exceptions, you know. I want to sit on this committee."

"You'll sit on the floor if we have too much of your gas!" growled Johnny Bull.

"My opinion is that new blood is wanted on this committee," said Peter firmly. "I claim a seat on it!"

"Rats!"

"Scat!"

"Clear out!"

"As head of the top study in the Remove, I can't possibly be left out," Peter argued.

Wharton began to glare.

"This study is top study in the Remove, and don't you forget it!" he exclaimed warmly.

"That's a little mistake of yours," said Peter calmly.

"I'm going to undeceive you on that point. Meanwhile, I'll have a seat on the Cricket Committee."

"You jolly well won't!"

"Hold on!" said the Bouncer, seeing an opportunity to make himself generally disagreeable to Harry Wharton & Co. "Let's hear Todd. I think there's something in what he says."

"No, you don't," growled Johnny Bull, in his delightfully direct manner. "You're only trying to make trouble, you rotter!"

The Bouncer smiled disagreeably.

"You can look at it like that if you like," he said. "As a member of the committee I claim the right to speak. I propose the admission of Peter Todd."

"Well, I take that as very kind of you," said Peter. "And I'm quite willing to overlook what happened in the Close to-day."

Some of the committee members grinned. They thought that the Bouncer had more to forgive than Peter Todd had for what happened in the Close.

"I have the support of one member of the committee," said Peter Todd, looking round. "What other offers? Don't speak all at once, but don't be backward in coming forward! Who's in favour of my having a seat on the committee?"

"Nobody," growled Johnny Bull. "You'll have a dot on the nose instead of a seat on the committee if you don't travel."

Harry Wharton pointed to the door.

"Get out, Todd, there's a good fellow," he said.

"I'm not getting out, thanks!"

"Look here—"

"Well, I'm looking."

"You're interrupting the business of the committee!" exclaimed Wharton. "If you don't get out, you will be put out."

"Bosh!"

"What!" roared Wharton.

"I've come here to attend the committee-meeting. As head of the top study in the Remove I simply can't be excluded—"

"Are you going?"

"No fear!"

Harry Wharton rose to his feet.

"Collar him and chuck him out!" he said.

Peter Todd stood his ground.

"There'll be trouble," he said warningly. "I was willing to leave this study alone. But if you back up against me I shall down you—as safe as houses."

"We'll risk that," grinned Nugent.

"Hands off!" roared Peter.

"Rats!"

And the committee, with the exception of Vernon-Smith, piled upon the intruder, and he was whirled round and whizzed through the doorway. Peter Todd smote the opposite wall with what a novelist would describe as a sickening thud, and rolled on the cold linoleum in the passage. Then the study door was shut and locked.

"I think that cheeky bouncer won't bother this committee any more," Harry Wharton remarked.

And the juniors chuckled.

But the Remove captain was mistaken. The handle was turned outside, and, as the door was not opened, a resounding kick rang upon it. Wharton, who had sat down, started to his feet again with an angry exclamation.

Kick, kick! Bang, bang!

"Who's that?" shouted Wharton.

"Member of the committee wants to come in!" called back Peter Todd through the keyhole.

"Clear off!"

"I'm coming in!"

"You're not!"

"Then there's going to be a row!"

Bang, bang, bang!

"My only hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "We—we'll simply smash him. It's altogether too thick. Fancy a new kid having the awful cheek to ask for a seat on the cricket committee, and to cut up rusty because he can't get it! I'll unlock the door, you chaps, and all of you rush out and collar him before he can get away."

"Right-ho!"

Bang, bang!

Wharton turned back the key and threw open the door. The juniors dashed out; but the passage was empty. Peter Todd had expected that rush, and he had departed hurriedly.

The exasperated committee returned to the study and closed the door. They were about to resume business when there was a terrific bang at the door.

Bang, bang, bang!

The juniors rushed out into the passage again. But Peter Todd was gone. Harry Wharton was red with anger.

"No good trying to hold a meeting with that ass interrupting us like this!" he exclaimed. "Scatter along the

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NEXT
MONDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY MONEYLENDER!"

EVERY
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ONE
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passage and find him. We'll bump him bald-headed for this. I expect he's scuttled off into his own study."

The committee rushed down the passage, and burst in the door of No. 7.

"Here's Todd!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Here's the silly ass!" shouted Tom Brown. "Collar him!"

"My dear fellows—" began Todd.

But the exasperated committee collared him, and he was whirled off his feet, and descended upon the floor with a terrific bump.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Oh! Oh dear! Yah! Oh! Help! My dear friends—"

"Now, are you coming banging at our door any more?" roared Harry Wharton.

The unfortunate junior on the floor blinked at him.

"My dear Wharton, you must surely be dreaming!" he gasped. "I have not banged at your door. I have been here for a considerable time writing to my Uncle Benjamin!"

"Great Scott!" gasped Wharton. "It's Alonzo!"

"My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo scrambled to his feet.

"You're Alonzo?" demanded Wharton.

"Oh, certainly, my dear Wharton. Did you mistake me for Cousin Peter?" asked the Duffer of Greyfriars.

"Yes, you ass! Serve you right for looking so much like him!" growled the captain of the Remove. "Come on, you fellows; Peter Todd isn't here."

And the committee returned to No. 1 Study, leaving the unfortunate Alonzo rubbing his injured person and gasping for breath.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Drastic Measures!

THE committee, very much ruffled, resumed their deliberations in No. 1 Study. Wharton had locked the door to keep out intruders, but the juniors expected every moment to hear a bang upon it again. But the bang did not come. Apparently Peter Todd felt that he had done enough for the present.

A quarter of an hour passed, and the committee were getting through their business, when there was a tap at the door.

"Who's there?" called out Harry Wharton.

"Peter Todd—member of committee."

Wharton breathed hard through his nose.

"Will you go away, you frabjous ass?" he demanded.

"Not this evening; some other evening."

"Do you want us to come out to you?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Yes."

The Bouncer chuckled.

"I fancy you'll find that chap rather a handful," he remarked.

"Oh, rats!" snapped Wharton. "If he doesn't learn manners, he'll jolly soon get put into his place."

"Jolly good idea to give him a ragging, and show him that he's got to behave," remarked Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior.

"Going to open the door" came a voice through the keyhole.

"No, you fathead!"

There was no rejoinder from Peter Todd. The juniors fancied he had gone away, as there was no further knocking at the door. But suddenly there was a sound at the keyhole, and a whiz of a jet of liquid.

"Ow!" roared Nugent.

The jet of liquid from the keyhole had caught him on the side of the nose, and splashed over his face. In a flash his face was streaked with a deep purple tint, and as he put up his hand to rub it, the colour was spread over his face.

"The villain!" yelled Nugent. "He's got a squirt there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bouncer, backing out of the line of fire from the doorway. "He's squirted you with purple marking-ink. You won't get that off in a hurry!"

"Grooh! The beast! Collar him!" yelled Nugent.

The committee rushed to the door. Wharton unlocked it and dragged at the handle; but the door did not open. He realised that the new junior had fastened it on the outside. The cricket committee were prisoners in the study.

As Wharton dragged furiously at the handle, there came a whiz from the squirt at the keyhole, and a jet of liquid struck full upon his flushed face. In a moment his face was purple instead of crimson. He staggered back gasping and spluttering.

"Ow! Groogh!" Some of the inky fluid had gone into his mouth, and the taste of it was far from pleasant.

"Why don't you open the door?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Ow! It's fastened on the outside. Groogh!"

"I'll do it!" said Bull.

Johnny Bull grasped the handle of the door and dragged at it. Whiz! The door did not give way, but Johnny Bull did, as the inky jet smote him on the chin and splashed over his face.

"Oh!" roared Bull. "Ow! I've got it! Yowp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bounder, who was keeping cautiously close to the window, out of range from the keyhole. "You look piebald now! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, you silly chump!"

But the Bounder did not shut up. He seemed to consider it amusing, and he roared. The committee members surged away from the door, and the next jet that came in from the squirt through the keyhole fell only on the carpet.

Harry Wharton dabbed at his face with his handkerchief. A great deal of the ink came off—sufficient to reduce the handkerchief to a limp and inky state. But his face remained stained a rich purple—something like the complexion of a Red Indian, but a little more so. Nearly all the members of the committee had had a splash or two, and they were growling with rage. It was a marking-ink that the new junior was using in his squirt, and the juniors realised that it was of the indelible variety. They were likely to carry the traces of Peter's little joke about with them for some considerable time.

"Are you fellows going to put me on the committee?" came Peter Todd's voice pleasantly from outside.

"No!" roared Wharton.

Peter chuckled.

"You'll have a bad time if you don't," he said. "I mean business. I'm going to give you a high old time."

Wharton made a rush at the door, and dragged at the handle again. He could not get much inkier than he was, and he risked it. He would have given a term's pocket-money to get hold of Peter Todd at that moment. There came another jet through the keyhole, and it caught him under the chin, and ran down in his collar. And the door did not budge, in spite of his efforts.

"It's no good," said Peter calmly. "I've tied the handle with a rope across the passage. You can't get it open."

"I'll slaughter you!" roared Wharton.

There was a chuckle outside.

"I shall take a lot of slaughtering."

"You wait a few minutes, you bounder!" muttered Wharton, retreating from the door just in time to avoid another jet of ink.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We can't get the door open, you chaps!" muttered Wharton. "I'll get down by the window, and go round and upstairs, and collar him! It's easy enough. I've climbed down the rain-pipe from this window before."

"Good egg!" said Johnny Bull.

Wharton opened the window as quietly as he could. He did not want Peter Todd to be warned of what he intended to do. He wanted to catch the troublesome new boy in the passage and execute summary vengeance upon him. But the window creaked as he opened it, in spite of his care, and was very probable that the keen ears of Peter did not miss it, and that he knew what it meant.

Harry Wharton swung himself out of the window, and grasped the rain-pipe, which descended close by the sill. There was thick ivy below, affording him a good hold, as well as the stout iron pipe, and there was little risk for a cool fellow with a good nerve. Below, the Close of Greyfriars was in darkness. A few stars glimmered in the sky, but the light was not sufficient to show up objects in the wide Close.

Wharton climbed down the pipe and the ivy, breathing hard.

He descended swiftly, and had almost reached the ground when he heard a chuckle below. He stopped his descent, and as he did so three pairs of hands reached up and grasped his legs.

"Got him!" chuckled the voice of Dutton.

"I say, you fellows, hold on to him! He's wriggling like a blessed eel!" It was the voice of Billy Bunter.

"My dear Wharton, pray do not resist!" came the gentle tones of Alonzo Todd. "Peter told us to wait here and seize you. And although I am not sure how my Uncle Benjamin would regard this proceeding, I—"

"Leggo, you silly ass!" mumbled Wharton.

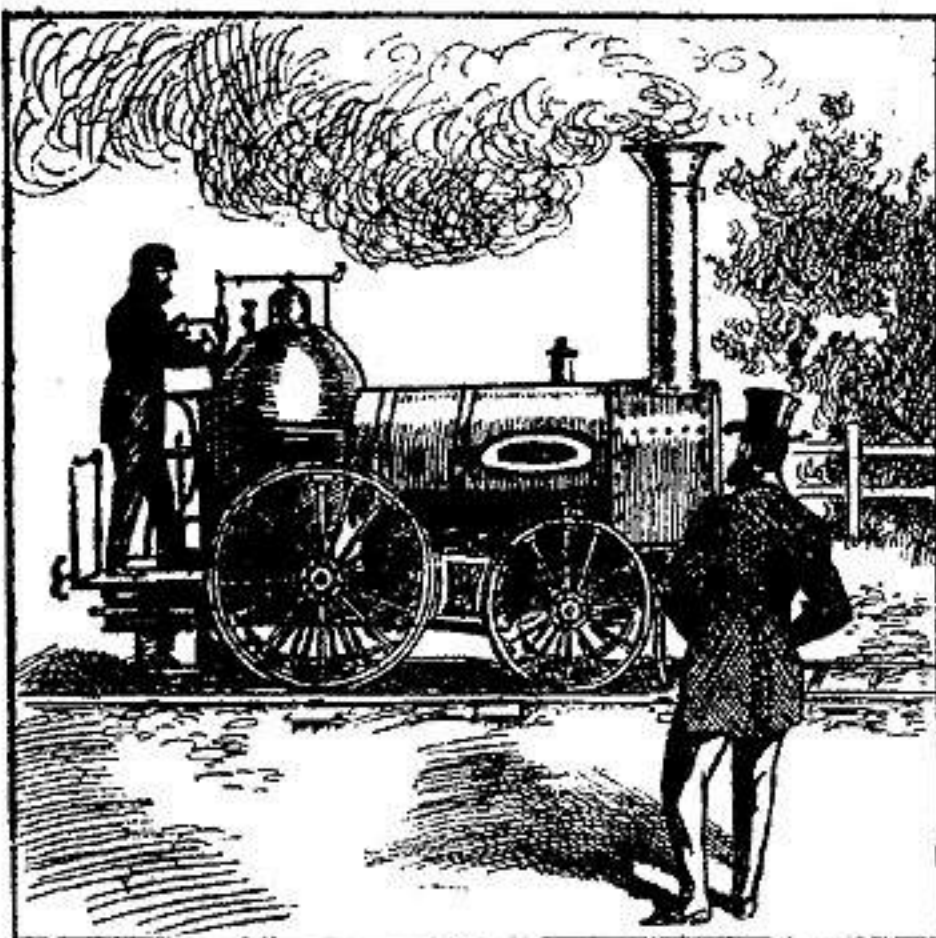
"No fear!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "We're the top study in the Remove, Wharton, my boy, and this is where you sing small."

"Yank him down!" said Dutton.

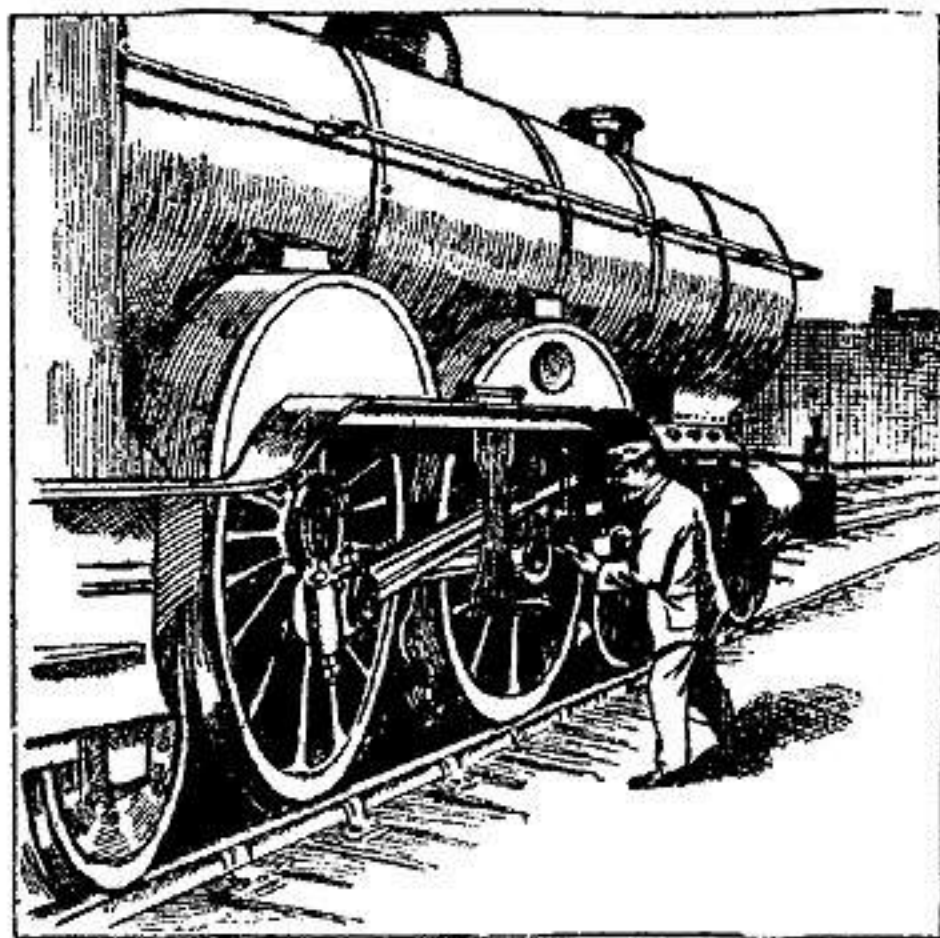
Wharton struggled furiously to release his legs. But it was in vain, and he let go his hold at last and rolled on the ground. Dutton closed with him at once, and they struggled, Bunter and Alonzo helping the deaf junior. Bunter and Alonzo were not much good as fighting men, but their aid was

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The leader of the Remove descended swiftly, and had almost reached the ground, when he heard a chuckle below. He stopped his descent—and as he did so three pairs of hands reached up and grasped his legs. "My dear Wharton, pray do not resist," came the gentle tones of Alonzo Todd. "Peter told us to wait here and seize you!" (See Chapter 10.)

sufficient to turn the scale against Wharton. The three of them were too much even for the athletic captain of the Remove.

"Sit on him, Bunter!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter. And the enormous weight of Bunter was deposited on Harry Wharton's chest, pinning him down by sheer ponderosity.

"Ow!" panted Wharton. "Gerrup! You're squashing me, you fat beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear Wharton——"

"Lemme gerrup!"

"I've got the rope here!" said Dutton. "Sit on him, Billy, while I tie his hands!"

"What ho!"

And, in spite of the Remove captain's furious resistance, his hands were dragged together and tied by the deaf junior. Wharton was amazed as well as angry. Billy Bunter had never been a fighting man, and Alonzo was the most inoffensive of youths, and Tom Dutton had always been a

quiet fellow. But under the influence of Peter Todd they seemed to have changed their natures. The three of them seemed to be as keen as Peter himself now, and certainly they had trapped the Remove captain very neatly.

Wharton's hands were tied together, and then he was allowed to rise to his feet.

Dutton pinned a card upon his breast, and then he was swung round towards the door of the School House.

"March!" said Dutton.

"Get away, you fathead!" roared Wharton. A defeat from the Bouncer, or from Bolsover major, would have been bad enough, but to be "done in" by the Freaks of the Remove was too bitter a pill to swallow!

"Eh? Did you speak?" asked Dutton.

"Yes, idiot! Get away, and let me alone!"

"What's that about a bone?" asked Dutton, puzzled.

"What does he want a bone for?"

Wharton gasped.

"Untie my hands, you ass!"

"I can't hear a band," said Dutton. "But I'm rather hard of hearing. But never mind a band now. Get on!"

"I won't, you chump!"

"Well, you must expect to get a bump if you struggle like you did," said Dutton. "I dare say I've got a bump, too. Don't howl out about a bit of a bump."

"You silly ass! I said——"

"Eh?"

"Oh, come on!" said Billy Bunter. "If you don't march, Wharton, we're going to kick you. We are going to show the Remove that we're top study."

"You—you cheeky, fat worm——"

"None of your cheek!" said Bunter loftily. "I've a jolly good mind to lick you! Get on, or you will be hurt!"

"Look here——"

Bunter planted his foot with scientific accuracy, and the astounded captain of the Remove staggered away towards the House. He had been kicked by Bunter—Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, and the biggest funk in Greyfriars! It was like a dream! Wharton staggered away towards the School House, and the three captors marched him in. They left him in the hall. But he was not alone. A crowd gathered round him at once. The sight of the Remove captain, with his hands tied and his face blotched over with purple ink, elicited a yell of laughter from the fellows. And the card pinned upon him bore the inscription:

"THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT STUDY NO. 7 IS TOP STUDY IN THE REMOVE, AND THAT STUDY NO. 1 HAS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the name of that game, Wharton?" asked Coker of the Fifth. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad, you look funny, you know!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, and it's a picture ye are intirely, Wharton darling!" grinned Micky Desmond. "Is it Wharton, bedad, or is it the Wild Man from Borneo?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Untie my hands and leave off cackling!" yelled Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate of the Sixth came down the passage to see what the uproar was about. The captain of Greyfriars stopped short at sight of Wharton, and burst into a roar.

"Great Scott! How did you get like that, Wharton? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Study No 1 have retired from business," grinned Ogilvy. "Study No. 7 is top study in the Remove. Looks like it, too, I think."

"Begad, yaas!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"You'd better get a wash, I think, before a master sees you, Wharton," said Wingate, turning away laughing.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh came through the grinning crowd and released his chum. Harry Wharton hurried upstairs. He found the rope tied across the passage from the handle of the door of Study No. 1, but there was no sign of Peter Todd. That youth had beat a retreat. Wharton cut the rope and opened the door of the study. He pitched the offending card that had been pinned on his breast upon the table.

"Look at that!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bounder. "It looks to me as if Peter Todd is quite right. It's time Study No 1 went out of business after this!"

And the Bounder left the study, chuckling gleefully.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "The cheeky ass! We shall have to give him a lesson for this, my sons!"

"We shall have to get a wash first," growled Nugent. "I wonder whether this stuff will come off? I don't believe it will. What are you grinning at, Inky, you ass?"

"The funnyfulness of my worthy chums in their respected appearance is terrific!" grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Oh, rats!"

The inky juniors made their way to a bath-room. Amid the stream of flowing hot water, they rubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed and rubbed at the ink; but the work of removing it was slow and painful. After a good hour with the hot water and plenty of soap, there were still very plain traces of the marking-ink upon their faces and ears and necks; and wherever their skin was not purple with ink, it was scarlet with exertion. And when they came out at last they were looking very piebald, and loud chuckles greeted them wherever they went.

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THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Coker on the Warpath.

THE Famous Five did not see Peter Todd again till bed-time. Peter came cheerfully into the Remove dormitory, and he grinned as he looked at the Co. The chums of the Remove returned his look grimly. They were undecided whether to give Peter Todd a thorough bumping on the spot, to prove to the new junior that Study No. 1 were not to be japed with impunity; but, upon the whole, they decided to let the matter rest. Peter Todd came into the dormitory as if he owned it, and it was curious to see the new consequence that was apparent in Billy Bunter's manner. Bunter evidently considered himself a person of considerable importance as a member of Study No. 7. He blinked at the Famous Five, and chuckled at Harry Wharton's piebald complexion. But Wharton appeared not to notice it. It would have been too humiliating to enter into a row with a fellow like Bunter. Bunter was not the only one that chuckled. Most of the Removites appeared to be very tickled at the fall Study No. 1 had had, and the Bounder & Co. were very gleeful. Vernon-Smith made it a point to be particularly civil to Peter Todd.

Wingate of the Sixth saw lights out in the Remove dormitory, and he paused thoughtfully before leaving.

"No larks here to-night!" he said impressively.

Then he shut the door.

"What's Wingate got in his head?" said Bob Cherry.

"There's nothing going on to-night, is there, you fellows?"

"Not that I know of," said Wharton.

"Wingate seems to think there is."

"Have you fellows decided to let me into the cricket committee?" asked Peter Todd.

"No!" growled Wharton.

"There will be trouble, then."

"Oh, rats!"

Peter chuckled, and went to sleep.

The Removites dropped off to sleep one by one. Harry Wharton awoke suddenly about an hour later. He awoke feeling the bedclothes being yanked off his bed, and as he started up a pair of hands grasped him in the dark.

"Todd, you rotter!" he gasped, thinking immediately that it was a jape of the new junior.

But it was not Todd's voice that replied.

"This is Wharton! Yank him out!" It was the voice of Coker, of the Fifth.

Wharton bumped on the floor, with a yell.

It was a Fifth Form raid. Coker & Co. had come in force. Their dark figures loomed up on all sides in the gloom of the dormitory. There was a series of bumps, and a series of yells from the Remove fellows as the Fifth-Formers got to work. Wharton struggled in the grasp of Coker.

"Ow! Rescue!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's the rotten Fifth! Yow! Leggo my leg, you duffer!"

Bump!

"Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Line up, Remove!" shouted Nugent.

But the Remove had no chance. The attack had taken them wholly by surprise. They had no right to complain, for very lately they had raided the Fifth Form dormitory in the same way. Wingate had probably had some hint of what was intended, hence his warning to the juniors. But he had warned the wrong party. Coker & Co. chuckled gleefully as they rolled the juniors out of bed, and dragged off the bedclothes, and pitched the beds over. They worked in the darkness, and they had every advantage on their side. The juniors were routed out of bed and chased to and fro in the dormitory, stumbling over one another, and roaring as heavy hands descended in tremendous spans upon their unprotected limbs.

Wharton wrenched himself free from Coker and ran across to the door, and turned on the switch of the electric light.

The dormitory was suddenly illuminated.

The light showed a scene of wreck and disaster. The Remove dormitory looked as if a battle had raged within its walls. Beds were upset, bedclothes trailed over the floor on all sides, the juniors' clothes were scattered far and wide, and the juniors themselves rushed to and fro in wild efforts to escape from the smiting palms of the grinning Fifth-Formers.

"Buck up!" shouted Wharton.

But the sudden attack had quite demoralised the Remove. Coker and Potter collared Wharton again, and he was bumped on the floor. Coker looked round the wrecked dormitory with a yell of laughter.

"I think that will do, my sons," he said. "These cheeky kids won't raid our dorm. again in a hurry, I think."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on!" said Coker. "Let's get out before the pre-

feels come. You Remove kids go to sleep like good little boys. It may take you some time to make your beds. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Fifth-Formers, chuckling and giggling, retreated from the dormitory into the passage, leaving the juniors gasping with rage.

Wharton struggled to his feet and looked round the dormitory.

"Well, this is a go!" he ejaculated.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Lend me a hand with this bed."

"Cave!" exclaimed Tom Brown suddenly.

There were footsteps in the passage—booted feet, evidently not belonging to the Fifth fellows. Wharton turned the light out instantly.

The footsteps stopped at the door, and the door opened.

The juniors remained as still as mice in the darkness.

They could not get back to bed, for good reasons.

"You needn't keep quiet, you young rascals!" said Wingate's voice. "I saw the light in the window."

And Wingate turned the light on again.

The captain of Greyfriars stared at the ravaged dormitory and the sheepish faces of the Removites. Wingate had frequently witnessed scenes of disorder in the Remove dormitory, but he did not remember ever having seen anything quite to equal this.

"Well, you young rascals!" he exclaimed. "What is it—a pillow-fight, I suppose? What do you mean by getting the dormitory into this state?"

"It wasn't us!" roared Bunter furiously. Bunter was groping wildly for his spectacles among a heap of bed-clothes.

"What's that?" said Wingate.

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Peter Todd sharply.

"Look here, Todd—"

Todd grasped the fat junior by the ear.

"Study No. 7 mustn't sneak!" he murmured.

"Ow—ow!"

"Have fellows been here from another dormitory?" asked Wingate.

There was no reply. Even Snoop, the sneak of the Remove, did not speak. Form rows were matters the Remove preferred to settle by themselves. They had no intention of giving Coker & Co. away.

"You haven't answered my question," said Wingate.

"Nice evening, ain't it?" ventured Bob Cherry.

Wingate laughed.

"You mean that you don't want to tell me. I suppose it is a raid, and I suppose, too, that it was a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other—eh?"

"Ahem!"

"You'll get this dorm. into order again, and go to bed," said Wingate; "and you'll take a hundred lines each for being out of bed at this time of night. I've a good mind to give you a licking all round as well. Now, buckle to! I'll come back in ten minutes and see if you're all in bed. If you're not you'll be warmed."

"Look here! I'm not going to do any rotten lines!" roared Bunter. "I didn't want the rotters to yank me out of bed! It was Coker—"

Wingate did not appear to hear. He went out of the dormitory and closed the door.

"Well, that's gorgeous!" said Bob Cherry ruefully. "A hundred lines each for being yanked out of bed and bumped in the middle of the night! I like that!"

"The likefulness is terrific!"

"All the same, Bunter is a beastly worm for giving Coker's name!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Bunter is going to learn not to sneak," said Peter Todd cheerfully. "Bunter, I can't have sneaks in my study."

"Look here, Todd—"

Peter Todd interrupted him. He picked up a slipper, and he picked up Bunter. The Owl of the Remove gave a gasp of apprehension as he was whirled over his bed.

"I—I say, Todd— I—I say, you fellows— Yarooop!"

Whack, whack, whack!

The slipper rose and fell with great force.

"Ow—ow—ow!" roared Bunter. "Todd, you beast! Stop it! Leggo! Yow! Help!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Ow! Help! Fire! Murder!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Todd, you beast! Yarooop! Help! Yah! Oh!"

"Are you going to sneak again?" asked Peter Todd calmly.

"Ow! Yes! Yow! Yarooop!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Help! Murder! Fire!" roared Bunter.

"Are you sorry you sneaked?"

"Ow! Yes! Yow! Awfully sorry! Yah!"

"Awfully fearfully sorry?" persisted Peter.

"Ow! Yes! Quite so! Ow! Yah! Oh, yes!"

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"You won't do it any more?" demanded Peter, with the slipper in the air ready to descend.

"Ow! No!"

"Good!" Peter rolled the fat junior off the bed with a bump. "I can't have you disgracing the top study in the Remove, Bunter!"

"Ow—ow—ow!" groaned Billy Bunter.

The other fellows were labouring to get the beds in order again. The Remove were all in bed again by the time Wingate looked into the dormitory. The captain of Greyfriars turned the light out and retired. And then the voice of Peter Todd was heard.

"I suppose you fellows aren't going to sleep?"

"Well, I don't feel specially sleepy myself," said Bob Cherry. "I've got an ache in nearly every blessed bone! Ow!"

"Same here," granted Nugent.

"The samefulness is terrific," murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Are you getting up?" asked Vernon-Smith, as he heard a sound of movement at Peter Todd's bed.

"Yes. I'm going to give the Fifth tit for tat," said Peter Todd coolly. "Who's coming with me to raid the Fifth? Vounteers, please!"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Todd Takes the Lead.

THERE was no immediate reply to Peter Todd's call for volunteers.

Raiding the Fifth was all very well at another time; but just after Wingate had warned them, it was different. The captain of Greyfriars was probably keeping an ear open for any further disturbance in the dormitories. And Harry Wharton & Co. felt that the lead in that raid, if it occurred, belonged to them. For a new fellow to take it into his hands like this was not to be borne. The Famous Five might as well have retired from business and hidden their diminished heads at once.

"Well?" said Peter Todd sarcastically. "You're not in a hurry to speak."

"I guess I'm comfortable in bed," remarked Fisher T. Fish.

"Me allee light here," murmured Wun Lung, the little Chinese. "No gettee out."

"Oh, go to sleep, Todd!" said Harry Wharton. "It isn't you business to lead, anyway. Go to bed, and shut up!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry. "When we raid the Fifth, we'll arrange it ourselves, without asking a new kid to show us the way."

"Yes, ring off, Todd!"

"The ring-off-fulness should be terrific, my worthy Toddful chum."

Peter Todd sniffed.

"Well, if you won't back me up, I'll do it without you," he said. "I've been ragged by Coker, and I'm not taking it lying down. I'm not built that way. Anyway, my own study is going to back me up. Alonzo!"

"Yes, my dear Peter?"

"Gerrup!"

"My dear Peter, I hardly think that my Uncle Benjamin would approve of— Oh! Oh!"

Bump! Alonzo Todd descended upon the floor quite suddenly. Then Peter turned towards Billy Bunter's bed.

"Bunter!"

Bunter snored. Billy Bunter had no desire whatever to take a hand in raiding the Fifth Form dormitory. He had had quite enough of Coker & Co.

"Bunter!"

Snore!

"He's asleep," chuckled the Bounder.

"I'll soon wake him up! I've got a jug of water here!"

Billy Bunter woke up suddenly.

"Ow! Gerroff! Keep that water away from me, you silly ass! Look here, Todd, I'm not going to get up. I'm sleepy, and— Oh—ah—OH!"

Billy Bunter bumped on the floor. Then the chief of No. 7 Study shook Tom Dutton by the shoulder.

"Hallo!" said Dutton, starting up.

"Get up!" said Peter in his ear.

"Whaffor?"

"Going to raid Coker & Co."

"Eh?"

"We're going to raid Coker."

"No, I haven't," said Dutton.

"What! You haven't what?"

"I haven't got a poker. If I'd had one I should jolly well have used it when those Fifth bounders were yanking me out of bed," said Dutton. "What on earth put the idea into your head that I'd got a poker?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Oh, my hat!" groaned Peter. "I didn't say poker, fathead—I said Coker! It's a raid."
 "Eh?"

"We're going to raid Coker!" shrieked Peter.
 "Oh, I see!" said Dutton, getting up. "That's all right. I'm on! Why don't you speak plainly?"

"You fellows ready?" said Peter. "Nobody else coming? Ain't you coming, Wharton? I'll look after you."

"You can go and eat coke!" growled Wharton. "I'm jolly well not following your lead! You can take your family of freaks."

"My dear Wharton—" murmured Alonzo.

"Well, it's up to No. 7 Study, as top study in the Remove, I suppose," said Peter. "Get your bags on, you chaps, and hop along."

And the four members of the new Co. left the Remove dormitory—Bunter last. Billy Bunter was not keen. But he dreaded Peter Todd more than he dreaded Horace Coker and all the Fifth. Peter was not a fellow to be argued with when he had made up his mind. The rest of the Removites remained in bed.

The four juniors crept down the passage, silent with their bare feet. They halted outside the door of the Fifth Form dormitory.

"We shall take them by surprise," murmured Peter Todd. "They won't be expecting us to be on their track like this. If they don't get a light they won't see that there are only four of us—they'll think it's the whole giddy Remove!"

"But they'll turn on the light," growled Bunter.

"No, they won't. I'm going to disconnect it," said Peter coolly.

"Oh, I see!"

Peter Todd opened the dormitory door cautiously. He heard a sound of chuckling and a murmur of voices. Coker & Co. had evidently not gone to sleep yet; they were chuckling over the punishment they had inflicted on the Remove. Peter Todd groped inside the door for the switch of the electric light. He found it, and quietly unscrewed it, and broke the connection at the terminals. Then he screwed on the cover again.

"They won't get that alight in a hurry now," he murmured.



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"What are you up to?" asked Dutton.

Peter could not explain to the deaf junior without alarming the House. He drew Dutton into the dormitory, and the other two juniors followed. Peter Todd felt for the key in the door, and changed it to the outside of the lock.

"Which is Coker's bed, Bunter?" he murmured.

"Just opposite the door," whispered Bunter. "I—I say, Todd, if you like I'll keep watch in the passage, and—"

"Stay where you are, Bunter."

"But—but, I say—"

"If you don't back me up I'll skin you! Can't have any funks in the top study of the Remove."

"Hallo!" came Coker's voice from his bed. "I believe the door's open!" The Fifth-Former had caught a murmur of voices. "Who's there?"

"Us!" said Peter Todd cheerfully.

He ran towards Coker's bed as he spoke.

It was very dark in the dormitory, but he could just make out the bed, and Coker's voice had guided him. Coker had started up in bed, and he gave a yell as the bedclothes were whipped off, and he was grasped round the neck.

"Oh! Hallo!" gasped Coker. "It's those Remove kids! Oh!"

Crash!

The great Coker rolled out of bed and crashed on the floor, with a roar. He rolled over and over on the floor in the grasp of Peter Todd.

"Quick!" gasped Peter. "Get him out of the dorm!"

He rolled the struggling Coker over towards the open door. Alonzo and Billy Bunter lent a hand. Dutton piled in as soon as he saw Todd's object, and the yelling Coker was rolled away. Peter stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth as he had it wide open to roar, and Coker's roar died away in a suffocated gurgle. Half the Fifth-Formers were out of bed now, but they could see nothing, and they had the impression that the whole of the Remove had raided them. Potter dashed across to the electric switch and turned it on, but there was no light to follow.

"There's something wrong with the rotten light!" gasped Potter.

"Put on the light!" yelled Blundell.

"Can't. It won't work!"

"Collar those kids!"

"Look out!"

"Where are they?"

The excited Fifth-Formers stumbled into one another, and Potter and Greene fell upon Blundell, mistaking him for an enemy in the darkness, and smote him hip and thigh. Blundell hit out vigorously in return, and there was a wild and whirling combat. Meanwhile, Coker was rolled out into the passage, gasping and struggling furiously. Peter Todd drew the dormitory door shut, and locked it on the outside, and took out the key.

"Hold that bounder!" he exclaimed.

"Grooh! Lemmy go, you young rotters!" spluttered Coker, ejecting the handkerchief from his mouth at last.

"Grooh! You young villains!"

"Mind he doesn't get away!"

Inside the dormitory, Fitzgerald had found a candle at last, and lighted it. The light glimmered out, and showed Blundell struggling with Potter and Greene. Potter uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"My hat! It's old Blundell!"

"You silly asses!" roared Blundell.

"I—I thought you were Wharton, or one of the lot!" gasped Greene.

"You—you—you—"

"Faith, and where's Coker?" exclaimed Fitzgerald suddenly.

"Coker! Coker!"

The sound of a struggle and a gasping voice in the passage told the Fifth-Formers where Coker was. Fitzgerald and Potter and Greene ran to the door. They dragged at the door, but it did not open.

"It's locked!" yelled Greene.

"On the outside! My hat!"

"Unlock this door, you young scoundrels!" shouted Fitzgerald.

"Some other evening!" replied Peter Todd calmly.

He grasped Coker again. Coker was still struggling, but the four Removites were too much for him. Alonzo and Billy Bunter would not have troubled him much, but Dutton and Peter Todd were quite foemen worthy of his steel. Coker was helpless in their grasp. Dutton had dragged his hands behind him and was holding them there, and Peter Todd had an arm round his neck, and Bunter and Alonzo took care of his legs. Horace Coker struggled and wriggled in vain in the grasp of the quartette.

"Bring him along!" said Peter Todd. "He's a giddy

prisoner of war! We're going to make him run the gauntlet in the dorm.!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the furious Coker was rushed along the passage in the grasp of the four.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Nice for Coker.

HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"So you've got back?"

"What on earth have you got there?"

"What is it? Some animal?"

ter Todd chuckled. The questions were rained on the letter as they re-entered the Remove dormitory, dragging in with them. Bunter shut the door behind them. Coker was still struggling, but he was nearly out of breath now, and his efforts did not give his captors much trouble.

"Yes; it's an animal," said Peter Todd. "We've caught it wild, and captured it."

"Lemme go, you cheeky cad!" came Coker's sulphurous tones.

"Coker!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Begad! Coker!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Coker!"

"Yes; Coker!" said Peter Todd calmly. "We're going to punish Coker for raiding the Remove dorm. Coker must learn that he can't do these things now that No. 7 is top study in the Remove."

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Lemme go, you cheeky cad!" came Coker's sulphurous scalp you! I'll—"

"You'll dry up," said Peter Todd. "This is where you cheese it, Coker! You're going to run the gauntlet now."

"I'm not!" roared Coker.

"Your mistake; you are! Turn out, you chaps!"

The amazed Removites turned out willingly enough. That Peter Todd had really succeeded in capturing the great Coker, and bringing him a prisoner to the dormitory, seemed incredible. But it was true. The new chief of Study No. 7 was certainly making his mark in the Remove.

"You'll have the whole crowd of the Fifth here after him," said Russell.

"We sha'n't have any of them," grinned Peter Todd.

"Why not?" Russell demanded.

"Because I've locked them in their dorm., and I've got the key."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I say, you fellows, line up for the gauntlet!" said Billy Bunter importantly. "Wharton, get a light!"

Harry Wharton snorted. Billy Bunter was giving him orders!

"Do you hear?" rapped out Bunter.

"I'll give you a prize thick ear if you cheek me, you silly owl!" roared the exasperated captain of the Remove.

"None of your nonsense!" said Bunter. "We're top study in the Remove, I can tell you that! Some of you get a light, and sharp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Good old Bunter!"

"Shut up, Cherry!" said Bunter. "If I can't lick you, Peter Todd can, and we're not having any of your gas, I can tell you!"

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Bob.

Someone struck a match, and two or three candle-ends were lighted. The juniors did not venture to put on the electric light. It showed too plainly from the dormitory windows, and they did not want Wingate on the scene again. The Famous Five stayed in bed. They were out of this—some-what like Achilles sulking in his tent of old. But most of the Removites were simply gleeful at the prospect of making Horace Coker of the Fifth run the gauntlet.

Coker was grasped by half a dozen pairs of hands, and set upon his feet. The Fifth-Former was crimson with rage and exertion.

"You—you cheeky young beasts!" he spluttered. "I'll—I'll—"

"You'll dry up!" chuckled Peter Todd. "I'm doing the talking, Coker. You're up against Study No. 7, and this is where you take a back seat. Line up, you fellows! Pillows, slippers, towels, and socks—and every chap get in a whack!"

"What-ho!"

"Hurrah!"

The Removites formed up in a double line, ready for Horace Coker to run the gauntlet.

Coker was almost speechless with rage.

To run the gauntlet—like a fag being ragged! It was impossible! Coker of the Fifth felt that he would never recover from such an indignity. He would never be able to hold his head up in the Fifth Form again if the Fifth got to hear of it, as they certainly would. Peter Todd pushed him towards the line of juniors.

"Ready, Coker?" he said pleasantly.

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NEXT
MONDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY MONEYLENDER!"

EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

Coker made a drive at Todd. Peter calmly knocked up his arm.

"Are you ready, Coker?"

"No!" roared Coker.

"You won't start?"

"No!" bellowed Coker.

"Then we shall have to start you. Collar him!"

Coker struggled as the juniors grasped him; but he had no chance against the odds. He was whirled over, and dragged towards the waiting lines of juniors, ready to inflict punishment. It was the first opportunity they had ever had of punishing the mighty Coker in this way, and they did not mean to let it slip.

The struggling Fifth-Former was heaved towards the waiting lines. Peter Todd and his followers handled him with as little ceremony as if he had been a fag in the Second Form, instead of a Fifth-Former and a senior. Coker was rushed to the place waiting for him, and pitched in between the rows of juniors.

"Now run!" said Peter Todd.

The blows began to fall. Pillows and bolsters and socks and towels simply rained down upon the unfortunate Coker.

He turned furiously upon his assailants, and charged at them, and was again collared and rolled on the floor. Peter Todd signed to his followers to hold him, and then began operations with a slipper. Coker roared under the infliction, and the juniors roared, too, with laughter. It was the first time the great Coker had been slippered by juniors, and they found it interesting and amusing.

"Oh, oh, oh! Leave off! Leggo! Oh!" bellowed Coker.

"Are you going to run?"

"No!"

Thwack—thwack—thwack!

"Yah! Oh! Yah! Oh!"

"Are you going to run?"

"Ye-es!" gasped Coker at last. "Leave off, you fiend! That thing hurts through my pyjamas, you silly ass! Oh!"

"Run!" said Peter Todd.

There was no help for it. Coker had to run or take something worse, and he ran. He plunged in between the two lines of grinning juniors, and charged through like a bull. The Removites almost fell over one another in their eagerness to get a whack at Coker. Coker roared as he ran, and he was bellowing by the time he reached the end of the lines. He reeled out at last, and collapsed on the floor, gasping for breath.

"Oh! I'll slaughter you for this!" he stuttered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Somebody's coming!" called out Bob Cherry.

"Bed!" rapped out Peter Todd. "Coker, you'd better get out of sight! You'll get into a row if you're found here!"

The Removites dived into bed, and dragged the bedclothes over them. When the dormitory door opened they were all in bed, with peaceful faces laid upon their pillows, breathing deeply or snoring. The candles had been blown out and tossed under the beds. Coker, quite aware of the trouble that would follow if he were found there, rolled under the nearest bed, which happened to be Peter Todd's, and lay quite still, trying to silence his breathless gasping.

There was a sudden flash of light in the dormitory as the electric light was turned on. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, stood in the doorway, looking in.

A scene of peace and drowsy quiet met his gaze. An expression of amazement came over the Remove-master's face.

"Are you asleep, my boys?" he called out.

No reply.

"I am sure I heard a noise here," said Mr. Quelch. "In fact, the noise was very loud. I do not think you can be asleep."

Silence. Bunter ventured upon a snore, but otherwise the stillness of the dormitory was unbroken.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Quelch. "Are you asleep, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch smiled involuntarily, and there was a faint chuckle from some of the other beds. Mr. Quelch advanced into the dormitory.

"Bunter!"

Snore!

"I know you are not asleep, Bunter."

Snore!

"H'm! My boys, I am sure there was a disturbance in this dormitory, but if it is not repeated I shall say no more about it. But I shall keep an ear open, I warn you."

Mr. Quelch extinguished the light and left the dormitory. There was a gasp of relief from Coker under Peter Todd's bed. He had been shivering there in apprehension of being discovered. It would have been too humiliating for the

great Coker to be discovered hiding under a bed like a mischievous fag. Coker crawled out, and snorted.

"Sorry we sha'n't be able to toss you in a blanket now, Coker," said Peter Todd. "Mustn't be any more row here. You can get out!"

Coker did not reply. He was feeling too sore and "done in" to have any further trouble with the Removites that night. He stumbled out of the dormitory, leaving the heroes of the Lower Fourth chuckling. But a few minutes later the door reopened, and Coker looked in.

"I can't get into my dorm., you beasts!" he growled. "The door's locked!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give me the key, you beasts!"

"Eh?"

"Give me the key!" said Coker, in tones of suppressed fury. "I'd come and get it away from you, but I can hear old Quelchy moving about downstairs. Are you going to give me that key, you rotters?"

"Yes; if you ask for it nicely!" said Peter Todd. "Say please pretty!"

The Removites chuckled, and Horace Coker almost exploded.

"Gimme that key!"

"Say please pretty!"

"I won't, you ass! I won't, you idiot! I'll see you hanged first, you rotter!"

"Right-ho! Then you won't get the key!"

There was a pause. Then Coker made an effort. He had to have the key, or else pass the rest of the night outside the dormitory in his pyjamas. And it was a little too cold for that prospect to be pleasing.

"Please pretty!" he stuttered at last.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Todd tossed him the key, and Coker retired. And the Removites chuckled gleefully. It was the biggest defeat their old rival of the Fifth Form had suffered, and he had suffered it at the hands of Peter Todd!

And quite a number of the juniors expressed the opinion that No. 7 Study had earned the right to be considered the top study in the Remove, expressing that opinion in cheerful disregard of the feelings of No. 1 Study.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Rivals.

DON'T jaw so much, Bob Cherry!"

Bob Cherry jumped.

It was evening, and the juniors were in the common-room. Billy Bunter was blinking over a book by the fire, and the Famous Five were talking cricket. Bob Cherry was laying down the law on the subject, illustrating his remarks with waves of the hands, and he was in a most interesting place when Bunter interrupted him peevishly.

"You see," said Bob Cherry. "There you are at long-on, and the ball comes here—"

Then came Bunter's interruption.

Bob Cherry stared at the fat junior. For Billy Bunter to address him in a peevish, hectoring tone was so surprising that Bob did not know what to make of it for a minute. Bolsover major spoke in that way to the fellows, though not to Bob Cherry. But for Billy Bunter to try it on—it was too "thick."

"What's that?" Bob ejaculated at last.

"Don't jaw so much!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Getting deaf?" asked Bunter. "I told you not to jaw so much! You're like a sheep's head, you know—nearly all jaw! Dry up!"

"Well, my only hat!" Bob Cherry ejaculated.

"Bunter is asking to be slaughtered!" remarked Harry Wharton. "Slaughter him, and get on!"

"I can't be bothered with you fellows!" said Bunter. "I'm a member of the top study in the Remove, and I'm not going to have any of your cheek! You hear me?"

"Yes; I hear you!" said Bob Cherry meekly.

"Well, behave yourself!" said Bunter. "I don't want to have to give you a thick ear; it's not worth the trouble of getting up for!"

"You—you give me a thick ear!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh, I'm dreaming—I must be dreaming this!"

"I'll give you something else to dream about if you don't ring off!" said Bunter. "You chaps have got to take a back seat, and the sooner you understand it the better!"

"It's a giddy dream, or else Bunter has been drinking!" said Bob Cherry.

"You're going the right way to get a licking!" said Bunter.

"A—a—licking!"

"Yes. I'm fed up with you!"

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"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

"And I'm fed up with you, Bunter mine!" said Bob Cherry softly. "I don't know what bee you've got in your bonnet, but I know we can't stand these new manners and customs that you're cultivating all of a sudden. You will have to be bumped, Bunter, till you come back to your right mind, if you've got one!"

"Hands off!" roared Bunter.

Bob Cherry did not take his hands off. He whipped Bunter out of the chair, and bumped him down on the hearthrug. Then he gently poked him in the ribs with the end of his boot.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"Ow! Ow! Todd! Rescue!" roared Bunter.

"Oh, is that the way the wind blows?" grinned Bob Cherry. "Well, here's another, and another, and another!"

Bob Cherry's boot bumped on Bunter's ribs at each word, and the fat junior rolled over and over, and roared for help.

Peter Todd came across the room, and caught hold of Bob Cherry's shoulder, and swung him away from Bunter.

Bob glared at him.

"Take your paws off me!" he said.

Peter smiled genially.

"Keep your hoofs off Bunter, then!" he said.

"Blow Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Blow him as much as you like, but you mustn't touch him!"

"Why not?" demanded Bob hotly.

"Because he's a member of the top study in the Remove, and all members of No. 7 Study are sacred!" said Todd calmly.

Bob Cherry snorted.

"I'll make a hash of No. 7 Study and everybody in it, if you're not careful!" he said.

"The fact is, it's time you fellows came to your senses," said Harry Wharton. "No. 1 Study is at the top, and it's going to stay there. The sooner that's understood the better!"

"The betterfulness will be terrific!"

Peter shook his head.

"No member of No. 7 Study may be touched," he said.

"Some of them are touched already!" grinned Nugent. "Alonzo's certainly a bit touched, and Bunter isn't quite right!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear Nugent—" said Alonzo.

"Get up, Bunter!" said Peter calmly. "I'm looking after you now!"

Bob Cherry turned red.

"If he gets up, I'll bump him over again!" he said.

"Then I shall bump you over!" said Peter Todd. "No. 7 Study is sacred!"

"Rats!"

"Get up, Bunter!" commanded Peter Todd.

Bunter sat up, and put his spectacles straight on his fat little nose. He blinked doubtfully at Bob Cherry, who stood ready to push him over.

"I—I say, Todd, take Cherry away, then!"

"That's all right! Gerrup!"

"B-b-but he's going to bump me over!"

"Then I'll bump him, and sharp!" said Peter.

"That's all very well," said Bunter, "but that won't help me! I don't want to be bumped over, you see!"

"Get up!"

"But I—I say, you know— Oh, really, Todd—"

"If you don't get up I'll jump on you!" roared Peter.

"I—I—I—"

Bunter rose in a gingerly manner, and Bob Cherry promptly floored him again. Bunter roared, and rolled under the table.

Peter Todd kept his word. He rushed at Bob Cherry to bump him over. Bob clasped hold of the new junior, and they rolled over together.

The juniors gathered round excitedly. Trouble had been expected to arise between the Famous Five and No. 7 Study for some time, and it had evidently arrived at last.

Bob Cherry and Peter Todd separated, and rose panting, glaring at one another.

"Will you come into the gym. with me?" demanded Bob.

"Just what I want!" said Peter. "I feel very friendly towards you, you know, but I'm bound to be top-dog in the Remove."

"My dear Peter," said Alonzo. "I am not at all sure that Uncle Benjamin would approve—"

"Dry up, Lonzy! We'll have the gloves on," said Peter Todd. "I don't want to hurt you."

"Hurt me!" roared Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha! You couldn't hurt one side of me, you ass!"

"Get into the gym!" said Bolsover major. "You'll have the prefects down on you if you fight here, and you don't want to be interrupted."

"Come on!" growled Bob Cherry.

And he led the way.

Billy Bunter crawled out from under the table, and shook Dutton by the shoulder. Tom Dutton had been sitting with his back to the crowd of juniors, and he had not heard the row, and was in blissful unconsciousness of it.

"Come on!" said Bunter.

"Eh?"

"Peter's going to fight Bob Cherry."

"Who's merry?"

"It's a fight!" roared Bunter.

"Oh, I'm a fright, am I?" said Dutton. "What about yourself, you fat rotter? I don't think there's a bigger fright at Greyfriars than you are!"

"I didn't say you were a fright, you fathead!" yelled Bunter. "It's a fight! Peter's going to fight Bob Cherry!"

"Oh, is he?" said Dutton. "All right; you needn't shout, Bunter. I'm not deaf."

And Dutton followed Bunter on the track of the crowd going to the gym. Alonzo Todd joined them, looking very distressed. The gentle Alonzo backed up his cousin in his heroic attempts to make No. 7 Study the top study in the Remove; but he was very much opposed to any kind of violence. He was very doubtful in what light his Uncle Benjamin would have regarded it.

"We must try to make peace between them, Bunter," he said.

"Rot!" said Billy Bunter.

"My dear Bunter—"

"Bob Cherry will be licked!" said Bunter gleefully. "I tell you, there isn't a chap in the Remove can stand against Peter. He's a giddy terror. He licked Bolsover major, and now he's going to wallop Bob Cherry. We shall be cocks of the walk in the Remove, Alonzo. What do you think of that?"

"I do not want to be cock of the walk, my dear Bunter."

"Oh, rot!"

Bunter was evidently not to be won over to the side of peace. Alonzo turned his attention to Tom Dutton.

"My dear Dutton, I trust you will aid me in making peace between them," he said.

"Eh?" said Dutton.

"Will you help me to make peace?"

Dutton paused, and looked round him.

"I can't see any," he said.

"What!"

"I can't see any grease. What are you driving at?" asked Dutton irritably.

And Alonzo sighed, and gave it up. They joined the crowd of juniors in the gymnasium, where Bob Cherry and the new junior were already facing one another, ready for the conflict.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Fight to a Finish.

BOB CHERRY was looking very grim. Peter Todd smiled cheerfully. Peter Todd seemed to cultivate the smile that wouldn't come off, and certainly he showed no doubt or uneasiness as to the result of the coming contest. The Removites all looked on with eagerness. Bob Cherry was the champion fighting-man of the Remove, and a struggle between him and the fellow who had licked Bolsover major was certain to be interesting. It was likely to be painfully interesting to the two principals.

"Here, Alonzo," called out Peter, "I want you to be my second!"

"My dear Peter, I trust you will make friends with Cherry instead—"

"Why, we're good friends now," grinned Peter. "This is only a little tussle to show which is top study. Shut up, Alonzo, and get a towel!"

Bob Cherry had taken off his jacket, and Harry Wharton helped him on with the gloves. Wharton was looking very serious. If the champion of No. 1 Study was defeated, it would be a great blow to the prestige of the Famous Five. Bob Cherry understood the expression of the Remove captain, and he grinned faintly.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm going to lick him, Harry."

"Try your hardest, Bob. He made precious little of The Magnet Library.—No. 271

NEXT
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

Bolsover major," said Harry; "and you know what a tough nut he is to crack."

Bob nodded.

"I'm going to put my beef into it," he said. "He won't lick me as long as I can stand, anyway!"

"That's right."

Vernon-Smith had taken out his watch to act as timekeeper.

"Time!" called the Bounder.

The two combatants stepped up. Todd held out his hand, and Bob Cherry shook it.

"No malice, you know," said Peter. "Just a little mill to show who's best man."

"All right," said Bob.

"Give him a jolly good licking, Todd!" said Billy Bunter. "Wipe up the ground with him!"

"Shut up!" said Peter.

"Oh, really—"

"Shut up, you fat bouncer! You're not allowed to talk," said Peter Todd.

"Time!" repeated the Bounder.

And the mill started.

Very nearly all the Remove were there, and a good many of the Fourth had gathered to see the fight, as well as a swarm of fags of the Second and Third. It was a treat for all of them.

Bob Cherry was a splendid boxer, and he was in the pink of condition. But he found that his opponent was his equal on both points.

Peter Todd was as quick and elusive as an eel, and he had a sudden uppercut with the left that Bob Cherry found very difficult to deal with.

In the first round Bob caught it with his chin, with a jarring shock all through his body, and but for the "mittens" he would have been hard hit. As it was, it made his head sing.

"Bravo!" roared Bunter.

"Good egg!" said Dutton. "Give him another, Toddy!"

"Oh, you ring off!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Eh?"

"Ring off!" roared Bull. "Shut your head!"

"Who's dead?" asked Dutton.

"Oh, crumbs! Somebody lend me a megaphone!" groaned Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Time!" said the Bounder.

The combatants separated. Bob Cherry was looking very flushed when he joined his second in the corner of the ring. He felt over his chin with his hand, as if to make sure that it was all there.

"He's hot stuff," Bob admitted, in answer to Wharton's inquiring look.

And Bob was very careful in the second round.

Bob succeeded in getting in a terrific drive with the right, and Todd was lifted fairly off his feet, and he fell with a thud on his back.

The No. 1 Study party brightened up wonderfully.

"Bravo!" roared Johnny Bull.

Alonzo rushed to pick his cousin up.

Peter Todd was looking dazed when he was upon his feet again. The Bounder called time a few seconds early, to give him a chance. There was a growl from Johnny Bull, who had his watch in his hand. He did not trust the Bounder.

"Play fair, Smithy!" he called out. "There's four seconds to go!"

"Mind your own business!" said the Bounder savagely.

"It's my bizney to see fair play," said Bull. "If this is a fight in rounds, the rounds are going to last the proper time. You're not going to cut them short to favour one side. Get out of the ring, and let somebody else keep time!"

"Look here—"

Johnny Bull advanced upon the Bounder.

"Get out!" he said. "Bulstrode can keep time, as an

independent party. You're too much up against our study to see fair play."

"I don't want any foul play," said Peter Todd quickly. "If Vernon-Smith has favoured me, he's a rotten cad!—and I'm sorry."

Vernon-Smith was pushed out of the ring. Bulstrode took his place, with a watch in his hand. Bulstrode could be relied upon to play the game.

"Time!" said Bulstrode, while the Bouncer looked on scowling.

Bob Cherry and Peter Todd stepped up for the third round.

Again Peter was grassed, and Bulstrode began to count.

"One, two, three, four, five, six——"

Peter Todd jumped up like a jack-in-the-box. He looked groggy, but he came smiling up to the scratch.

The round was finished out obstinately, Peter Todd standing up to his opponent, though he was obviously in a bad way. The juniors cheered him when "Time!" was called. There was no doubt that Peter Todd had plenty of pluck, and heaps of determination.

In the fourth round, however, Peter seemed to have recovered from the damage. He was very cautious, and kept Bob Cherry at arm's-length, till the end of the round, when he put in a flashing upper-cut that knocked Bob into the arms of his second.

Bob Cherry looked dazed as Harry Wharton sat him upon his knee and fanned him with the towel.

"My hat! That was a corker!" said Bob.

"You must look out for that jab with his left, Bob."

Bob grunted.

"I was looking out," he said, "but I got it all the same. Never mind, he won't get it in again in a hurry."

"Time!"

The fifth round was hard and fast. The crowd looked on breathlessly. To and fro the two combatants drove one another, and both of them received plenty of punishment. Both of them were glad by this time that they had the gloves on!

Another, and another round. Both the fighting-men were holding out well, though both were showing signs of fag.

Bob Cherry was staggering a little as he came into the ring for the tenth round. Billy Bunter chortled.

"Cherry's jolly near done!" he said.

Bob Cherry flushed, and Peter Todd swung round towards his injudicious backer and smote him with the back of his glove. Bunter yelled.

"Shut up!" said Peter.

"Ow! Oh, really, Todd——"

"Keep your head shut!"

And Bunter did. The tenth round went on hard and fast, and at the end of it both the heroes needed helping to their corners.

"Jolly good fight, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "You ought to chuck it now, you fellows—you've done enough."

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry promptly.

"Rot!" said Peter Todd.

"Time!" called out Bulstrode.

The eleventh round was furious. Bob Cherry floored his opponent with a terrific right-hander; but Peter Todd came up to time before ten had been counted. Then he was driven round the ring, giving way before Bob at every point. And the general opinion was that Peter Todd would not last out the round. But all of a sudden his weakness seemed to fall from him, as Bob Cherry followed him up incautiously, and the crowd could see that Peter had only been drawing on his enemy. He made a sudden spring, and Bob Cherry's hands were swept up. And then Peter Todd's hard gloves came rap-rap! in a terrific postman's knock on Bob's nose and chin. And as Bob staggered back, flabbergasted, there came whizzing in the dreaded upper-cut with the left, and Bob measured his length on the floor.

"Time!"

Bob could not have risen, if twenty had been counted, but the call of time saved him.

Harry Wharton picked him up, and made a knee for him. Frank Nugent sponged his face, and Johnny Bull fanned him. Bob Cherry grinned at them faintly.

"I—I'm sorry, you chaps!" he gasped. "I—I meant to do my best for the study. But I'm done; if Todd can go on, I'm afraid I can't!"

"That's all right, Bob; you've done splendidly," said Harry comfortingly.

"I'm going to try," said Bob. "If he comes up to the scratch, I shall try; but I can hardly stand, old chap."

"Time!" said Bulstrode.

The Famous Five looked anxiously towards Peter Todd's corner. Peter Todd came up to time; he was walking unsteadily, but he advanced into the ring. Bob Cherry dragged himself from Wharton's knee, and advanced to meet him. He

stood up to his opponent with dizzy brain and reeling eye, and the first drive sent him to grass.

Bulstrode counted.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—— Out!"

Bob Cherry had been counted out.

Peter Todd was the victor in the hard-fought fight.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Pluck of Peter Todd.

BOB CHERRY'S friends helped him up, and peeled off the gloves, and helped him into his jacket. Bob could hardly stand. It was the toughest glove-fight he had ever been through; and his experience in that line was not limited. Peter Todd was not in much better condition, but he could have stood out the round, and so the victory was to him. Peter leaned heavily upon Alonzo, and grinned at Bob with one eye closed, and a curious sideways look about his nose.

"Jolly good fight," he said. "Give us your fin."

Bob Cherry grinned, and gave him his "fin."

"No malice!" said Peter.

"None at all, old son," said Bob Cherry. "But I'll jolly well lick you another time, all the same."

And Bob Cherry walked away with Wharton & Co.

"Licked, by George!" said Billy Bunter cheerfully.

"Good egg!" said Tom Dutton. "Who says that our study isn't top study in the Remove now? Eh?"

"I say so!" said Johnny Bull promptly.

"Eh?"

"You're not top study in the Remove!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Well, I'm glad you agree with me," said Dutton, catching only some of Johnny Bull's words, and misunderstanding them as usual.

"But I don't agree with you," said Johnny Bull.

"Looking pretty blue—eh?" said Dutton. "Well, I'm not surprised at that. Our man's looking rather blue, too."

"You don't understand me, you ass!"

"Oh, yes, he can stand!" said Dutton confidently. "He could have stood out another round."

"Oh, take him away and bury him!" groaned Johnny Bull.

"Eh?"

But Johnny Bull did not reply to Dutton's "Eh?" He remarked that he had only one pair of lungs, and he didn't want to burst them on Dutton's account.

The crowd in the gym. broke up, the juniors eagerly discussing that terrific combat.

The honours had been about equally divided, it was true; still, Peter Todd was the declared victor; and No. 1 Study had been taken down a good many pegs, as Bolsover major gleefully remarked. Bolsover major was almost ready to forgive his own licking, in his delight at the defeat of No. 1 Study.

In No. 1 Study the Famous Five had gathered. In spite of the gloves, Bob Cherry's countenance bore very visible traces of the combat. One of his eyes was closed, and looked as if it would be a beautiful black before long; and his nose seemed to have almost doubled in size. His chums did what they could for him, and Bob did not complain; but he did not look happy as he sat in the armchair and blinked at the juniors out of one eye.

"Well, this is a go!" remarked Nugent. "It begins to look to me as if that bouncer Todd Secundus will make his study top of the Remove, after all!"

"I've done my best!" groaned Bob Cherry.

"So you have, old chap, and it was ripping of you," said Nugent. "But if Todd can walk over you, it's not much good any of us others taking him on."

Bob Cherry grinned crookedly.

"I suppose that's true enough," he said. "Wharton's the only one that would have a chance, and I'm blessed if I think Wharton could handle him."

"I shall try, if there's any need," said Harry. "But after all, it doesn't depend on a slogging match. We're top study in the Remove, and we're going to remain so, whatever they do in No. 7. We shall have to go on the giddy war-path, and put Peter Todd in his place. We didn't let the Bouncer down us; and we're not going to take a back seat to four blessed freaks!"

"No fear!" said Johnny Bull emphatically.

"The no-fearfulness is terrific!"

But in spite of their determined words, the Famous Five could not help feeling a little creeping doubt inwardly. Peter Todd was an extremely peculiar customer, and whether in fisticuffs or in japing he had shown that he could keep his

(Continued on page 24.)

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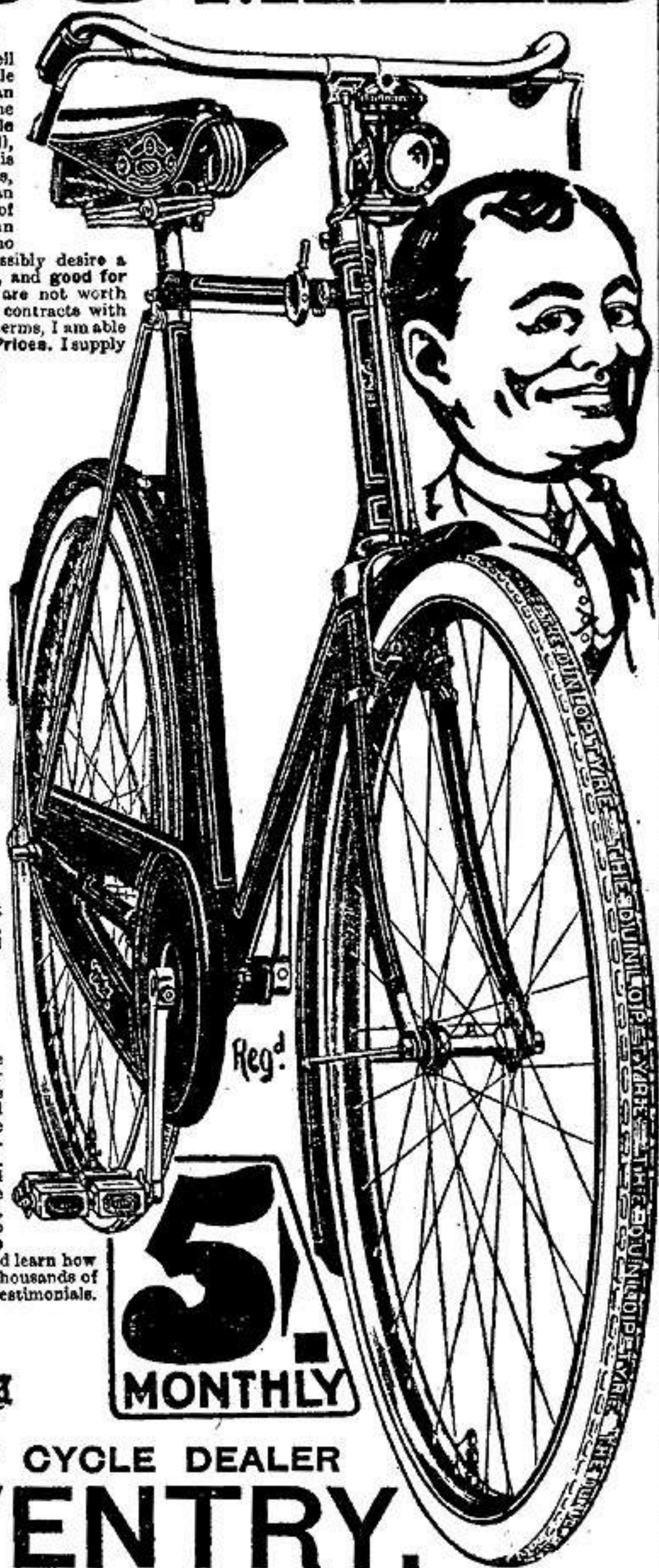
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end up, and keep it up well. There was no telling what the next move would be.

On the following morning, when Peter Todd and Bob Cherry appeared in class, Mr. Quelch glanced at both of them in a very peculiar way. As a rule, the Remove-master did not take note of any little signs of fistical encounters. But Todd and Bob Cherry looked so badly used that the Form-master could not pass them over.

"Todd! Cherry!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been fighting?"

Bob Cherry and his late opponent exchanged a rueful glance.

"Not exactly fighting, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"A little glove-contest, sir," explained Peter Todd.

"You must not show too much energy in your little glove-contests," said the Remove-master. "You will take a hundred lines each, and stay in this afternoon to write them out."

"Oh!"

It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and the two heroes had the pleasure of staying in an hour to write their lines. Peter Todd dashed his off at top speed, and then came over to look at Bob Cherry's progress.

"Not done?" he asked.

"I'm not a giddy machine, and I don't go by electricity," growled Bob Cherry. "I've only done twenty-five so far."

"Give me a sheet of paper, and I'll do fifty for you," said Todd.

Bob stared at him.

"You're jolly good," he said.

"Oh, that's all right! No need to scowl at one another because we've had a few rounds with the gloves," said Peter cheerfully.

"Well, I'll be glad if you'll lend a hand," said Bob. "I never could stand this blessed grinding at lines."

"Right-ho!"

And Peter Todd wired in, with a very passable imitation of Bob Cherry's sprawling hand, and the lines were soon done. They left the Form-room together, and took the lines to Mr. Quelch.

"Much obliged," said Bob, as they came down the passage after leaving the Form-master's study.

"Not at all," said Peter Todd.

"Look here," said Bob suddenly. "I'll tell you what. You're a good sort, and true blue. If you like to toe the line, and drop all that rot about making No. 7 Study the top study in the Remove, we'll take you into the Co.—make you one of us, you know."

Peter Todd chuckled.

"Thanks!" he said. "But it can't be did!"

"Why not?" demanded Bob.

"Because No. 7 Study is top study in the Remove."

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry. And he walked away, leaving the cheerful Peter grinning serenely.

Bob Cherry went out to look for his chums. Harry Wharton & Co. had gone down to the river for rowing practice. Bob paused on the plank landing-stage, and swept the wide, gleaming Sark with his eyes. Billy Bunter was sitting there, with a bag of tarts on his fat knees, eating at record speed as usual. The Owl of the Remove had evidently retired to that spot to eat his tarts in peace, undisturbed by the claims of other fellows who might feel entitled to a share.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Have you seen Wharton?"

Bunter blinked at him.

"Haven't seen him," he said. "Don't know where he is, and don't care! Go and eat coke!"

Bob Cherry strode towards the fat junior. Billy Bunter's "cheek" was not to be borne, if he had a fight on his hands every day for it. He took the Owl of the Remove by the ear.

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Leggo! I'll tell Todd—Ow!"

"Then you can tell him that I pulled your ears, and smacked your silly head," remarked Bob Cherry, suiting the action to the word; "and you can add that I dabbed your jam-tarts over your fat mug—"

"Ow, ow! Gro-o-o-oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry, as the fat junior gouged the jam out of his eyes and mouth, and from his smeared spectacles. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Beast!"

"You should learn better manners, Bunt, my infant. Hallo, hallo, hallo—look out!"

Billy Bunter had caught sight of Todd coming down to the bank. He made a sudden rush at Bob Cherry.

"Come on, Todd!" he roared.

The charge of the fat junior was quite unexpected. Bob THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 271

"THE OEN" LIBRARY,
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Cherry staggered back under Bunter's heavy weight. He was standing very near the edge of the planks, and his foot went over the side. He gave a sharp cry and fell backwards into the water.

Splash!

"You young ass!" exclaimed Peter Todd, running up, and catching Bunter by the shoulder and swinging him back.

"Serve him jolly well right!" said Bunter. "He wanted a ducking for his cheek. He's smothered me with jam. Ow!"

Todd did not reply. He was standing on the edge of the planks and looking anxiously for Bob Cherry.

"Can Cherry swim, Bunter?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, of course he can!"

"He hasn't come up!"

"Oh, he's doing that to scare me!" growled Bunter.

Todd did not reply. He threw off his jacket and cap, and watched the water with a keen and anxious gaze. Bunter began to feel alarmed.

"I—I say, hasn't he come up yet?" he gasped.

"Ah, there he is!"

Peter Todd caught sight of the curly head on the water, twenty yards from the landing-place. A hand was flung up from the river, and then it went down again. The curly head surged under.

Todd made a flying dive into the river.

Bob Cherry was a good swimmer, but he had struck one of the piles under the planks as he rose after his fall, and he was dazed. He was sweeping away into the middle of the river, helpless to struggle with the swift current. Bunter realised the danger now, and he shouted for help.

Peter Todd swam towards the struggling junior with long, swift strokes. He seemed fairly to fly through the water.

Bob Cherry's head had come up again, and it was going below once more, as Peter Todd reached him.

Todd grasped him, and dragged him up.

Bob's face, as white as chalk, came out of the water; his eyes were closed, and he did not speak. Todd held him above the water, swimming strongly. The current was hard and fast, and was bearing him away, and with Bob a burden upon him, he could not hope to fight his way back to the landing-stage. He set his teeth, and took a firmer grip upon Bob Cherry, and struggled to keep both afloat as he went whirling down the middle of the deep, swift river.

"Help!" roared Bunter. "He's drowning! Help!"

Bob Cherry's eyes opened. He made a feeble movement.

"It's all right," panted Todd, "I've got you!"

"Todd!"

"Yes—it's all right!"

"Good old Todd!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I suppose you're Peter—I know Alonzo can't swim! Can you keep me up?"

"Yes, I'm Peter, and I can keep you up!"

But Peter's gaze swept over the rolling surface of the river anxiously. He knew that he could not keep Bob Cherry up very long if he did not get help, though he did not think for one moment of relinquishing his burden.

"Hold on!" a voice rang over the water.

There was a dash of oars.

"Help coming?" murmured Bob Cherry faintly.

"Yes!" gasped Peter. "Help! Help!"

"We're coming!" It was Harry Wharton's voice.

The boat, with Wharton and Nugent, and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in it, was fairly skimming the river. It swooped down towards the exhausted juniors. It was not too soon—Peter Todd, strong as he was, was very nearly done!

"Help!"

"Here we are!"

Wharton leaned over and grasped Bob. The fainting junior was dragged into the boat, and then Peter Todd was helped in. They sat exhausted in the boat, with pools of water forming round them. Todd was gasping painfully for breath. Bob Cherry panted and panted, but he found his voice at last:

"I was jolly near gone then!"

"You jolly well were," said Harry Wharton, whose own face was pale now. "I—I hardly thought we should get to you in time! Oh, Bob, if Todd hadn't held you—"

"But he did," said Bob, reaching out a wet hand and grasping that of the new junior. "Todd, old man, you saved my life, that time—you're a white man! And you can be top of the Remove and top of the giddy school after this, and I won't say a word against it."

And the chums of Study No. 1 added with one voice:

"Hear, hear!"

THE END.

(Next Monday's long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled "THE SCHOOLBOY MONEY-LENDER," by Frank Richards. Order a copy of "The Magnet" Library in advance. Price One Penny.)

OUR THRILLING ADVENTURE SERIAL. START THIS WEEK!

TWICE ROUND THE GLOBE!

THE STORY OF THE
GREAT MAN-HUNT
BY SIDNEY DREW



Ferrers Lord, millionaire, and owner
of the Lord of the Deep.



Prince Ching-Lung, adventurer, conjurer, and
ventriloquist.



Nathan Gore, jewel collector
and multi-millionaire.
Ferrers Lord's terrible rival.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

"BY FOUL MEANS OR FAIR, I'LL WIN!"

While crossing the Atlantic on his way to England—where the costly diamond, "The World's Wonder," is to be put up for auction—Nathan Gore, the American millionaire and jewel-collector, receives a message from his agent in London to say that the diamond has been bought by his hated rival, Ferrers Lord, who is the owner and inventor of the wonderful submarine, the Lord of the Deep.

Nathan Gore swears he will obtain possession of the diamond, and on the night of his arrival in London he goes to his rival's house, and taking the stone, leaves in its place the message: "To Ferrers Lord,—Knowing that you would not sell 'The World's Wonder,' I have taken it. Do your worst! I defy you! The stone is mine!—Nathan Gore." The millionaire accepts the challenge, and a few hours after the robbery the chase is started. For five months, accompanied by his two friends, Chung-Lung, a Chinese prince, and Rupert Thurston, he pursues Nathan Gore, travelling twice round the world, but never being able to overtake him. At last Ferrers Lord, on board the Lord of the Deep, returns to Loneland, an island belonging to Nathan Gore, the millionaire. In the meantime, Chung-Lung steals some pea-soup by means of a squirt, and, giving the squirt-ful of soup to Gan-Waga, the Eskimo, who is in his favourite resting-place—the swimming-bath—he causes the crew to believe that the Eskimo is the thief. No one will go in the cold water and bring the thief out, until the French cook, Yard-of-Tape, offers to swim after him. "He shall squeal for ze mercy!" hisses the chef, as he starts to undress.

(Now go on with the story.)

Gan Returns the Soup!

"But I shall tickle haire!" lisped Gan. "Oh! A-r-r-r! Hows I shall tickle haire! What I doneses? What you wantses?"

"Cur of ze blue colour, give us backs ze soup! Robbaire, give us backs ze soup!"

"Takes it, dens—takes it!" scouted Gan.

He took a deadly aim with the syringe. It was a magnificent shot. Yard-of-Tape took back a portion of the soup in his open mouth, and the rest everywhere. He did not appear to like it when he got it. Some people are so unreasonable. Gan filled that syringe swiftly. Ching-Lung was travelling for the door. Gan planted a quart of water in the prince's back to make him hurry. Then he made a target of Mad-dock's right ear, and another of Barry's full-sized set of whiskers. After that he pumped a chilly jet into Yard-of-Tape's watch-pocket. Then he was alone.

"Peaces at last," he smiled—"butterful peaces! Ah us!"

Pilowing his weary head on a floating chair, Gan smiled happily at the ceiling, and closed his glorious orbs. A soft and mellow note rippled through the slumbrous silence. Gan was asleep and snoring. Once or twice he babbled in his sleep like some innocent babe. And this is what his ruby lips babbled:

"Oh, how I tickles haire—how I tickles haire! A-a-ah, us!"

Ah us, indeed!

The Banquet, and Who Ate It.

Several ships-of-war had been lying at anchor in Goretown Bay for some days. Nathan Gore had invited all the officers THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 271

to dinner. Few people could give a dinner in more magnificent style than the Yankee millionaire. Gore was not in a good temper. Notes of polite but frigid regret had been arriving all day. He had made preparations for eighty guests. Sixteen only had accepted the invitation, but not one arrived. As he fumed and paced his splendid dining-room a servant entered. The warships had been ordered away by telegraph, and were hoisting their anchors at that moment.

The room was a mass of flowers, sparkling glass, and gleaming silver. Nathan Gore stood erect as he read the message.

"No answer," he said to the gorgeously-liveried servant.

The old man looked anything but a maniac. He had shaved off his beard and trained his moustache. His tall, thin figure was straight as a pine. He sat down at the head of the centre table, the only guest at a banquet that had cost thousands of dollars.

The short twilight had gone, and it was quite dark. Shaded lamps burned amid the masses of flowers. A lizard, carried there by accident, ran out of a cluster of orchids, and darted back again, terrified, as its quick little eyes caught sight of Nathan Gore.

"Curses!" muttered the millionaire. "What new trick is this? Well?"

The servant was again in the room.

"Will you dine, sir?"

"No, not yet. Send all the waiters packing. Pay them, and let them go."

"Very good, sir."

Gore rested his chin on his bony hand. He did not believe that any telegram had come. He was being shunned. The

NEXT MONDAY: "THE SCHOOLBOY MONEYLENDER!"

Another Splendid Complete Tale
Chums of Greyfriars. Order

vessels had been sent to protect him, now they had gone, or were going. He could only think that Ferrers Lord had tendered some explanation to the American, Italian, and British Governments which was apparently satisfactory. At any rate, they had withdrawn their ships.

He rang for champagne. When the door had closed, he took a leather case from his pocket, and opened it. There lay the priceless jewel, flashing, gleaming, quivering, dancing—living light itself. It was the stolen diamond!

After a time he closed the case. The stolen stone had sucked the very life from his veins. It was a harpy, a leech. He hated it, and still he loved and worshipped it. Already the jewel had cost him ten times its value in money alone. His wealth was at a low ebb. Vast as his wealth had been, it was almost drained away. He had poured out gold like water, and his debts were enormous. The great crash was coming, and he knew it. And all this for the possession of crystallised carbon!

But he had no thought of surrendering. He was inflexible, adamant, as hard as the gem of which he had robbed Ferrers Lord. He hated the English millionaire with a mad, unreasoning hatred. He would fight to the end. It was a losing game; he knew that well enough. His foe was too strong and too determined.

"To the end—to the end!" he snarled. "And then die game! Confound you! What now?"

"Dinner, I hope, Gore," said a quiet voice.

Nathan Gore staggered as if struck. Shaking, trembling, ashen, he turned his head. A tall, dress-suited figure stood in the doorway. There were other figures behind him. Gore's white lips framed a name shudderingly.

"Ferrers Lord!"

"The same, and very hungry," said the uninvited guest calmly. "You have met Mr. Rupert Thurston before. Your highness, here is your dear friend, Mr. Gore, who collects jewels for a hobby."

Ching-Lung bowed until his pigtail touched the ground.

"Charmed, delighted!" he said. "Chief Gan, salute the jewel-collector!"

"Lighted!" grinned Gan-Waga. "Oh, lets me also tickles haire! Barry and Toms, salshoots haire!"

"Yer sarvint!" said O'Rooney.

"Two on 'em, by hokey!" said Thomas Prout.

Nathan Gore was speechless with amaze and terror. His teeth rattled and his eyes protruded. Then, with a fierce yell, he leapt up.

"Help, help, help!" he shouted. "Murder! Help! Murder!"

"Sit down, lads!"

Prout, Barry, and Gan-Waga took their seats at the table. Ferrers Lord extended his hand, and waved the frantic millionaire back.

"My dear Gore," he said, "it is absurd to make so much noise. We do not intend to murder you, and it is useless to call for help. My men surround the house, and yours are all prisoners. Do not be afraid. I have no intention of taking the diamond from you by force. You know my terms well enough. We have simply come to dine."

"And we are hungry," added Ching-Lung. "Kindly ring the tinkler, Rupert; it's right behind you."

There were seven or eight armed sailors outside the door. At a sign from Ferrers Lord two of them shouldered their rifles and marched into the room. They closed the shutters and stood before the window. Rupert shrugged his shoulders and rang the bell. He did not altogether approve of the perilous raid.

The servant answered the summons. He was whiter than his master.

"My dear Gore, we are starving! Please let us have dinner," said Ferrers Lord.

"Bring it in!"

Gore's voice was hoarse, but steady. The servant vanished, and Ferrers Lord laughed.

"We have surprised you," he said. "All the same, it would have been a pity to allow such an excellent dinner to spoil altogether. I found your servants feasting like princes, and drinking your best wine. Now, Gore, be sensible. Give me the diamond and the apology."

"Never!" hissed the millionaire. "You shall kill me first!"

"Not at all. I have promised not to use force, and I have a weakness for keeping my promises that is developing into quite a mania. Ah, here comes the first course!"

Yard-of-Tape led the procession of liveried attendants. Five minutes before they had all been half-tipsy; but fear had completely sobered them. From the kitchen to the dining-room they had to pass between two lines of brawny sailors, and each sailor held a bayoneted rifle. Yard-of-Tape, too, with the huge revolver at his belt, looked as fierce as a whole squadron of cavalry.

"You will dine with us, of course?" said Ferrers Lord.

"With you and Mr. Thurston, but not with those, I only dine with gentlemen!"

Gore pointed contemptuously at Prout, O'Rooney, and Gan-Waga. Gan was certainly acting in a somewhat unusual and eccentric fashion. He had secured a silver dish of sardines, and he was shovelling the little fish into his mouth at high speed. Ching-Lung had woven a wreath of flowers, which Gan wore at an angle on his baby brow and left ear.

"You look just sweet, Gan!" grinned Ching-Lung. "Have another sardine?"

"Wants some oysters, Chingy."

"Stop him! Go easy, Ching, old chap!" protested Rupert. Ching-Lung glanced inquiringly at Ferrers Lord. There was an amused twinkle in the English millionaire's grey eyes. Gore looked ugly and sullen, but showed no fear or nervousness. He was scheming to make his escape. If he could only raise the alarm there would be little hope for his uninvited guests, for the odds against them would be fifty to one. A single minute at the telephone would be enough. But how could he reach the instrument? How could he break through the line of silent, vigilant sentries?

"Lord," he said, "you've made a big scoop; I'll give you credit for that. I didn't reckon on this at all. How did you work it?"

"Very simply. I just tapped the cable, and took the liberty of reading a message that was on its way to a New York newspaper. That gave me all the information I wanted. It stated that you had invited all the officers to a banquet to-night. I gathered, also, that there were hosts of writs out against you in the States for big debts, and that some shady little transaction of yours had leaked into the Press. The officers intended to blackball you."

"Yes; go on!"

Gore laughed hoarsely, and locked his thin hands together. "I had already laid my version of the affair before the British Cabinet," said Ferrers Lord. "As the Cabinet did not meet in time, I was compelled to rescue Mr. Thurston. Since then the Cabinet has met, and it has communicated my story to the other Governments. That is why the squadron sent to capture me has left the bay. We landed at dawn, and have been lying hidden all day. We are ravenous. This truffle soup is delicious!"

Nathan Gore writhed. Gan put a plate of the soup to his lips and drained it to the very dregs. Prout and O'Rooney were grinning.

"Have you made this matter public?" asked the Yankee tensely.

(An extra long instalment of this amusing and exciting serial story next Monday.)

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his Chums,
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FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY MONEYLENDER!"

By Frank Richards.

In next week's grand, long, complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars, Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee schoolboy, who is, in his own opinion, so cute, comes out with another of his staggering schemes, whereby he designs to line his own pockets at the expense of his schoolfellows.

At first the scheme meets with a certain measure of success—that is to say, the Greyfriars fellows are by no means averse to borrowing the money that Fish offers so freely on all sides; it is when the enterprising financier attempts to collect the money again, plus the little amount due as interest, that his difficulties commence.

In the end, the ambitious and unscrupulous schemes of
"THE SCHOOLBOY MONEYLENDER!"
are effectually squashed, and once again the irrepressible American junior "gets left."

A PLEA FOR A SPECIAL BINDING.

The following letter from one of my enthusiastic Bolton readers raises a subject which is, I feel sure, of sufficient general interest to merit a place in our weekly chat.

"Dear Editor,—I am a keen reader of 'The Magnet,' 'Gem,' and 'Penny Popular,' and think them all ripping, of course. But there is one thing I want to make a small grumble about. I often see in your 'Replies in Brief' on this page such sentences as 'No, we do not supply bound volumes from this office,' and 'Your local newsagent will get your 'Magnets' bound up for you.' This shows that you often get readers inquiring for a proper binding for their favourite books, and that's just what I want so much; so I am writing to ask if you can supply us with a real, proper, official binding for our books, Mr. Editor? I am sure thousands of readers would like to have a proper binding made specially for them, and with the name in gold on the cover. Can't you get some special ones made, and let us have them, say, at eightpence each, so that we can have our 'Magnets,' 'Gems,' and 'Penny Populars' bound up in volumes of, say, three months each? You would earn the gratitude of a tremendous number of your loyal readers if you could; so please think about it, won't you? If you could print my letter in the Chat Page, you would be surprised to

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NEXT
MONDAY:

"THE SCHOOLBOY MONEYLENDER!"

Another Splendid Complete Tale of the
Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early.

find how many of your readers would be in agreement with me. Hoping you will not mind rather a long letter, but this subject seems to be rather an important one to me.—Your sincere reader,
"J. T."

Well, J. T., you have put your case very well, and I have done my part by complying with your wishes and printing your letter. If there is such a great demand for special bindings as you seem to think, I have no doubt I shall be inundated with shoals of letters expressing agreement with your remarks; in which case, I shall certainly have to see what I can do for you. I have no doubt I could arrange for a suitable binding to be supplied at approximately the price you mention provided I were assured that there would be a sufficient demand for it. The best thing is, then, for all my readers who would like to obtain a special binding, to drop me a card at once and tell me so.

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

The sign used to denote moneylenders' and pawnbrokers' shops, viz., three brass balls, owes its origin to a doctor. A number of the members of a family—the famous Medici family—were very skilful in the art of medicine, and had for their trade-mark three brass balls which represented gilded pills. Later, this family turned their occupation to money-lending; but, nevertheless, they still continued to use their sign. Other moneylenders copied this, with the result that every moneylender or pawnbroker now has the sign of the three brass balls over their shops.

Some of my observant readers will have noticed that on the titles of the daily newspapers there is to be seen one small white dot. These dots are put there to represent the number of the machine on which that particular issue was printed. A dot on the first letter will mean that it was printed on No. 1 machine, a dot on the second letter on No. 2 machine, and so on. By this dot, in the event of an error, it is possible to find out who was responsible for it.

The blue collars that sailors wear were originally used as a protection for their jackets. In the olden days, sailors had long pigtails, which were, as a rule, well soaked with grease. This made their jackets very dirty, and, in consequence, an order was issued that all men were to wear a collar that could be taken off and washed. Now, although our sailors do not wear pigtails, they still wear the collar.

The three white lines that run round the sailor's collar refer to three of Lord Nelson's greatest victories—the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and St. Vincent. The black scarf which the sailor wears round his neck is a sign of mourning for Nelson. After the Battle of Trafalgar an order was issued that all men were to wear a black scarf, and this order has never been cancelled.

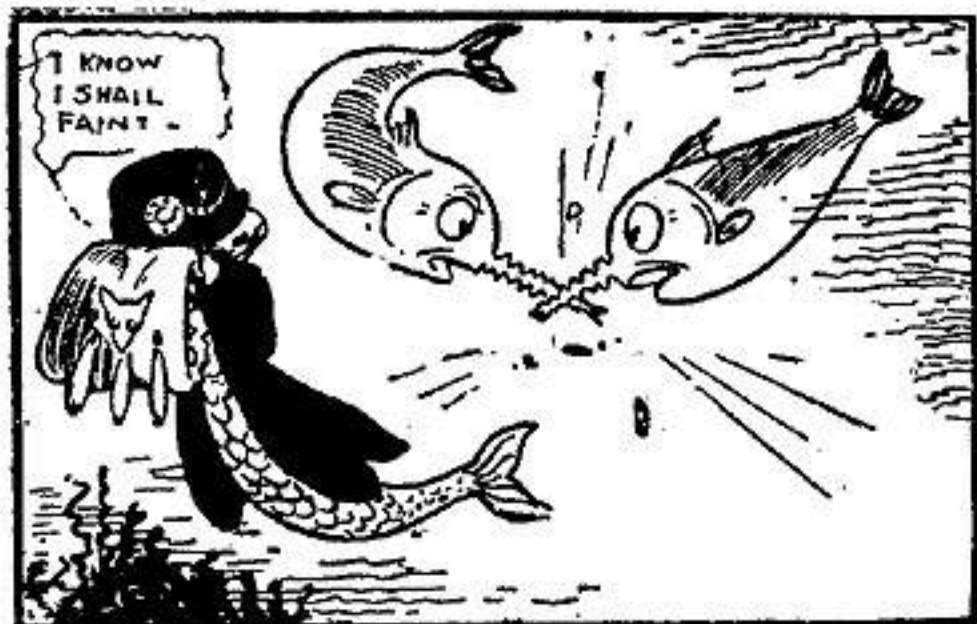
THE EDITOR.

THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

THEN THE SWORDFISH WERE SORE FISH!



1. The two swordfish were both madly in love with Miss Sweetley, the mermaid, so they arranged to fight a duel. "Have at thee, thou lop-finned, funny-faced fish!" cried both in one bubble.



2. And they started in deadly combat. "Oh, I know I shall faint!" cried the dainty little mermaid. However, the gallant swordfish went on with it, until—



3. They'd worn out their swords. "I've won!" they both cried, as they approached the little lady. "Oh, you horrible creatures!" was her reply. "I couldn't have anything to do with you, you're too ugly!"

A "FLY" NOTION.



First Comedian: "If there was an apple on a tree, and a bird sitting on the apple, how would you get it without disturbing the bird?"

Second Comedian: "Give it up."

First Comedian: "Wait until the bird had flown away!"

WHAT WORRIED HIM!

Passenger (emerging from wreck of passenger airship): "Say, captain, will this ticket do another time?"



AN AWKWARD PLACE!



"Yes, I'd have you know that my grandpa fell at Waterloo."
"Did he really? Which platform?"

HAVING THE LAST WORD!



Papa: "See that spider, my boy, spinning his web? Try as he may, no man could spin that web."

Johnny: "What of it? See me spin this top. Try as he may, no spider could spin this top!"

IT WAS OF NO AVAIL!



Bob: "My wife strained her voice the other day."

Ben: "How was that?"

Bob: "She sang through a veil."

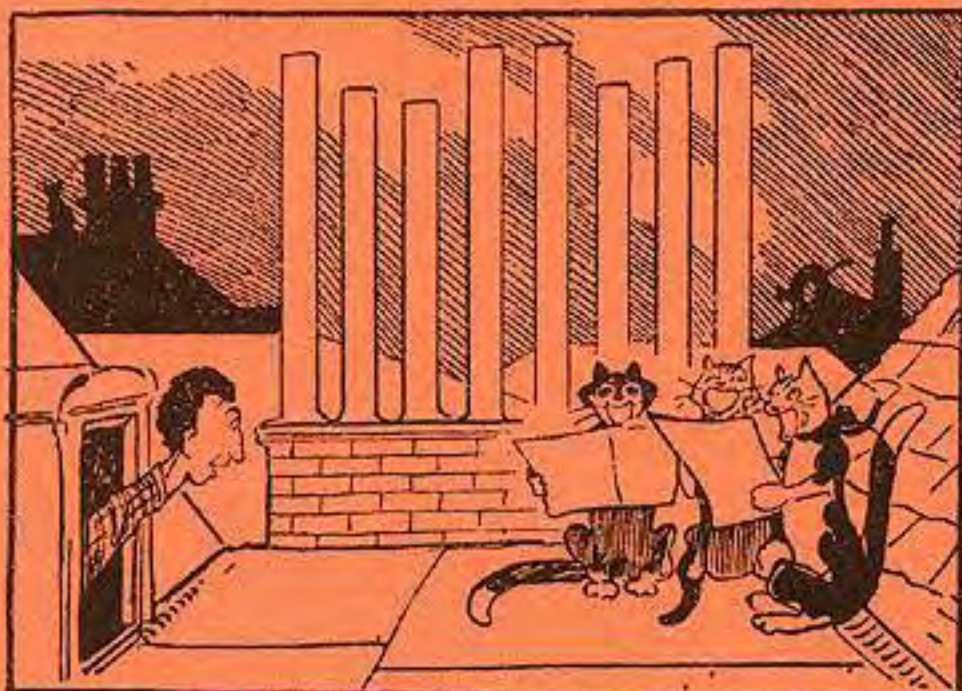
SO LONG!



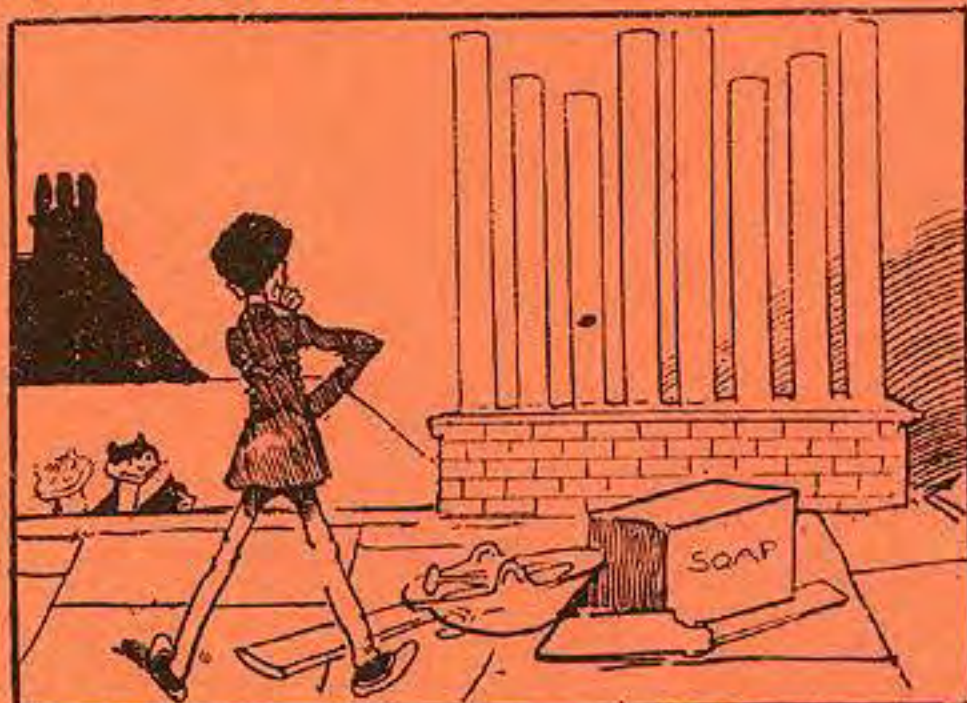
Teacher: "You think 'Smiles' is the longest word in the dictionary? Why, my boy?"

Boy: "Because there is a mile between the first and last letter."

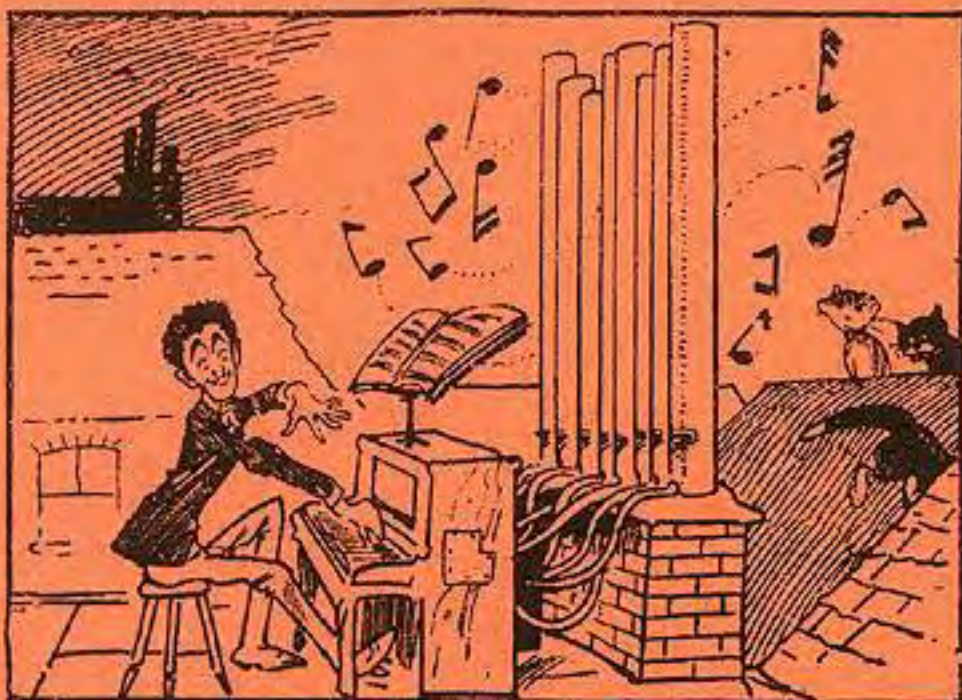
HE BEAT THEM AT THEIR OWN GAME!



1. Fitz Quaver, the composer, was much annoyed with the cats, who used to catavaul outside his window at all times of the day and night.



2. Till an ingenious notion hit him in the brainbox. "I think I can stop that noise by using these chimney-pots as an organ," quoth he. And he speedily rigged one up.



3. And started to perform fantasies, scherzos, and all sorts of twiddlybits like that, till the cats took to their heels, and fled away to annoy someone else.



"Why would a barber rather shave three Irishmen than one Englishman?"

"I don't know."

"Because for shaving the three he gets more money than for shaving the one."

GOOD EGG!



"Have you any eggs without young chickens in?" asked the fussy old maiden.

"Yes, ma'am—duck's eggs! I'll guarantee they haven't got chickens inside them!" said the cheesemonger.

WHAT CHEEK!



Landlady: "Beg pardon, sir, but did I understand as you were a doctor of music?"

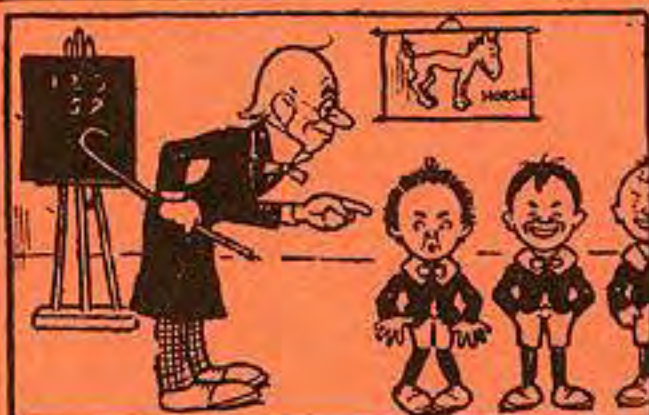
Musician: "You are quite right, ma'am. Why do you ask?"

Landlady: "Well, sir, my Tommy 'ave just gone and broke 'is concertina, and I thought as 'ow I should be glad to put a hodd job in yer way."



HEARD AT THE ZOO!

Little Jack: "Pa, do they buy elephants' tooth-powder by the barrel?"



RIGHT AGAIN!

Master: "If I buy twelve buns for threepence, what would they each be?"

Small Boy: "Stale 'uns, sir!"

CLEVER LADDIE!



Private Tootle: "Bobbie, what would you do if a big fire broke out in camp?"

Bobbie (the bugler): "What should I do?" yer asks me. Why, blow 'Lights Out,' of course!"

WHAT NECKS-T?



Cholly: "Why is the human windpipe like 'Twice Round the Globe'?"

Flossie: "Give it up."

Cholly: "Because it is continued in our necks."