

THE RASCAL OF THE REMOVE!

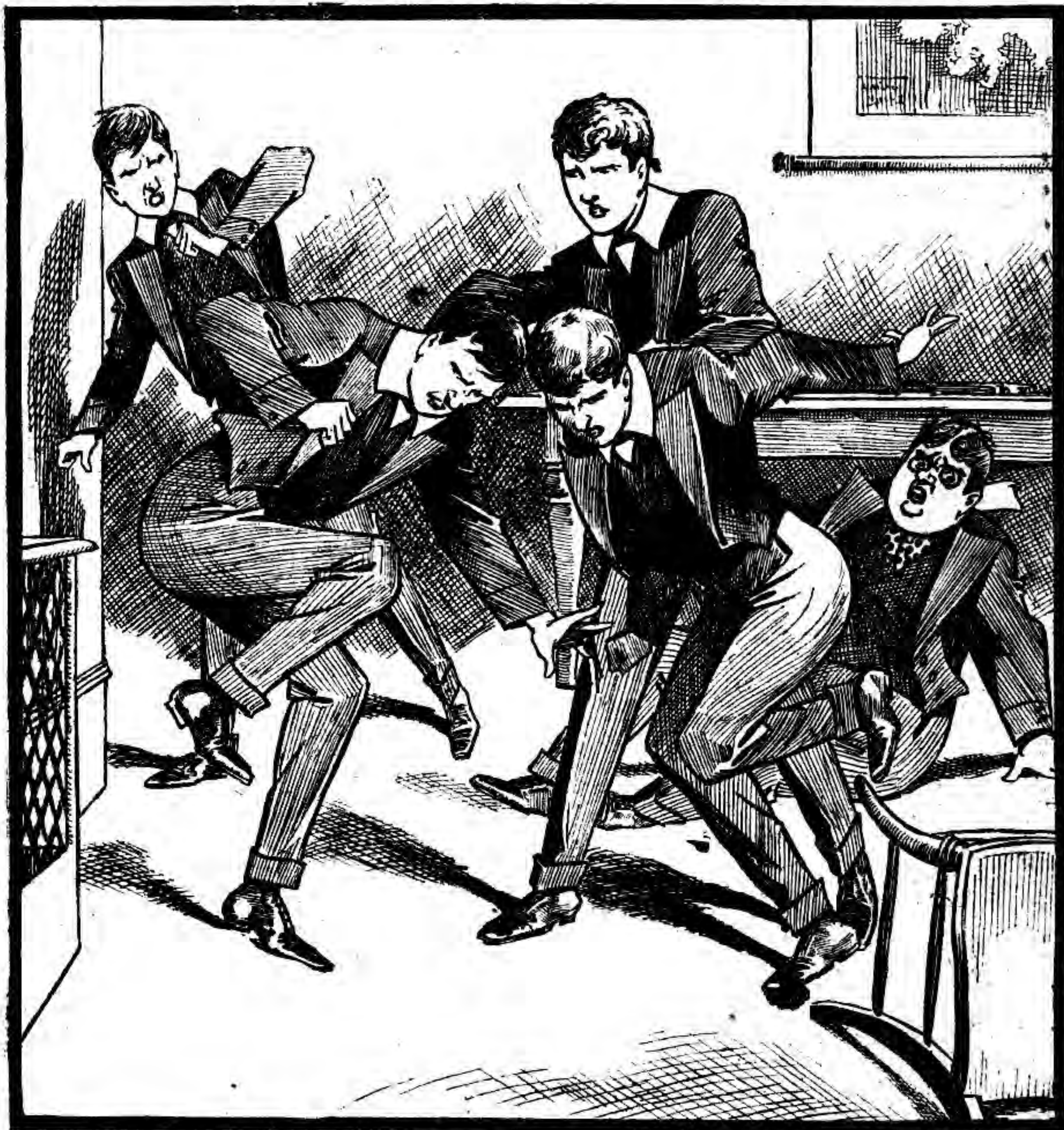
A Grand Long Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.



The Magnet 1st Library

No. 456. Vol. 10.

NOVEMBER 4th, 1916.



A SURPRISE FOR THE CAD BRIGADE!

(An Exciting Scene in the Splendid Long Complete Tale of School Life in this issue.)

MY READERS' PAGE

OUR COMPANION PAPERS:

"THE BOYS' FRIEND," 1d., Every Monday. "THE GEM" LIBRARY, 1d., Every Wednesday. "THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY. "THE PENNY POPULAR," 1d., Every Friday. "CHUCKLES," Price 1d., Every Saturday.

The Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums, at home or abroad, and is only too willing to give his best advice to them if there are in difficulty or in trouble. . . . Whom to write to: Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For Next Monday:

"MAULEVERER'S DETECTIVE!"

By Frank Richards.

The slacker of the Remove is notoriously careless about money matters; but in this story he is shown waking up to the fact that the loss of a considerable sum in a mysterious manner is a thing that must affect others besides himself. He will not complain to Mr. Quoleh or to the Head, but he makes up his mind to employ a private detective. Unfortunately, his laziness leads him to entrust to Bunter what he should have done himself, and Bunter's laziness leads to his passing on a task that he regards as too troublesome; and the result is that there is a big mix-up. The Highcliffe nuts come into this, and our readers will be interested in the efforts of the usually languorous Caterpillar to solve a mystery—the mystery of

"MAULEVERER'S DETECTIVE!"

LOOK OUT FOR THE GRAND WINTER NUMBERS OF THE "GEM" AND "MAGNET."

The "Gem" will be the first in the field—a fortnight hence—and will be found crammed with good things from cover to cover. The price will be twopence. Later will come the "Magnet." More next week!

MISSING RELATIVES.

More than once I have tried, through the medium of these columns, to reunite parted friends, and in some cases, I am glad to say, the attempt has been successful. This week I am asked to insert two such notices, and do so in the hope that both may prove effective.

Will Miss M. R., whose mother, living at Gray Street, Small Heath, is ill, return to her home?

Will A. Mitchell, who went to Canada three months ago, write to his mother at Luddendenfoot?

A Halifax reader, who remains anonymous, has written me, warning me against notices from Midgley, Luddendenfoot, Mytholmroyd, and Halifax. He says that they are fakes, intended as a practical joke. But I prefer to take the risk of that—in this instance, at least. I do not consider the practical joker, if he exists, will have scored over me in the smallest degree. He will only have given evidence that he is a despicable cad, and probably his acquaintances know that already. Caddishness, like murder, will out!

AN APPRECIATION.

Mr. David V. Gostick, who proposes, I believe, to stand as Liberal and Tariff Reform candidate for a Yorkshire constituency in the future, writes to congratulate me on the high moral tone of my papers. "I was once a boy myself," he adds, "and I am thankful to say that in some ways I am a boy still. I have no hesitation in handing your papers to my son."

That is about the nicest thing a father can say, as I think you will all agree; and I am much obliged to Mr. Gostick for his kindly letter.

NOTICES.

Correspondence, Leagues, Etc.

W. Sandoz, 198, Pargeter Street, Walsall, would like to correspond with other boy readers.

Private J. Hughes, 31643, M.G.O., N Lines, Officers' Mess, E Lines, Belton Park, Grantham, would be glad to correspond with some of our older boy readers—say, about twenty years of age.

Miss C. Williamson, 17, Glendale Road, East Park Drive, Leeds, would be glad to correspond with girl readers of from 18 to 20.

Gunner J. E. Long, N/14778, No. 11 Room, Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, would be glad to hear from Clarence Mayfield, of Manchester.

W. C. Mason, 21, Sitwell Road, Highfield, Sheffield, wants to form a local "Gem" and "Magnet" League, and will be glad to hear from anyone interested.

Private C. W. Vickers, 18977, H Coy., R.M., Forton Barracks, Portsmouth, would be glad to correspond with a Wallacey reader, and also to receive back numbers of the companion papers.

Private A. McKenzie, F49 Hut, F1 Lines, A Camp, 7th Reserve Batt., Manchester Regt., Witley North Camp, Surrey, would be glad to correspond with some boy readers.

P. Watson, 79, King St., Lincoln, would like to correspond with an Australian or Canadian boy reader of 13-14.

Will Wm. Jackson, of Rathmines, Dublin, write again to Private F. Fama, now in Ripley Ward, E.S. Hospital, Ipswich?

John James, 10, Short St., Mount Pleasant, Swansea, who is 17, is going in for boxing and physical culture, and would be glad to hear from another reader in his town of about his age who would join him.

Ernest Hamblin, Prospect Rd., Hungerford, would like to correspond with "Film-Struck," whose photo appeared in a recent issue of the "Magnet."

The "Magnet" Exchange Correspondence Club will be glad to receive more colonial and foreign members, also a few more in the United Kingdom. Particulars gladly sent on receipt of 1d. stamp of any country. J. C. Oliphant, 5, Walter St., Nottingham.

Oswald Arkle, Paddock Hall, West Choppington, Morpeth, would like to correspond with a reader in Queensland. One on a farm and originally hailing from the Old Country preferred.

Miss Winnie Bradfield and Miss Lily Bradfield, 67, Victoria Road, Alexandra Park, Wood Green, London, N., would like to correspond with other girl readers.

Back Numbers Wanted.

Private T. McCarthy, 23484, A Company, 12th South Wales Borderers, B.E.F., France, would be glad to have back numbers of the companion papers, or other good reading matter.

By J. J. Taylor, 9, May Street, Upper Brook Street, (horlton-on-Medlock, Manchester—"The Boy Without a Name." Sixpence offered.

Private F. Bayard, 11127, Lewis Gun Section, 2nd Welsh Regt., B.E.F., France, would be glad of back numbers of the "Magnet" and "Gem."

E. Waugh, 33, Kilburn Lane, Kensal Green, N., would like to buy the numbers of the "Magnet" in which Vernon-Smith got the Famous Five expelled.

By W. D. Phillips, 21, Richmond Park, Anfield, Liverpool—"Billy Bunter's Postal Order," "Bunter the Boxer," "The Mystic Circle," and "Alonzo's Marvellous Mixture."

By C. L. Lawrence, care of Post Office, Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, S.W.—A second-hand rubber typing outfit.

By W. French, 127, Canterbury Road, Folkestone—"The Rival Ventriloquists," "Alonzo's Marvellous Mixture," and "Bunter the Boxer."

By G. Johnson, 61, Windmill Road, Brentford—"Billy Bunter's Love-Affair," "The Hero of Greyfriars," and "The Boy Without a Name."

Your Editor

A Complete School-
Story Book, attrac-
tive to all readers.

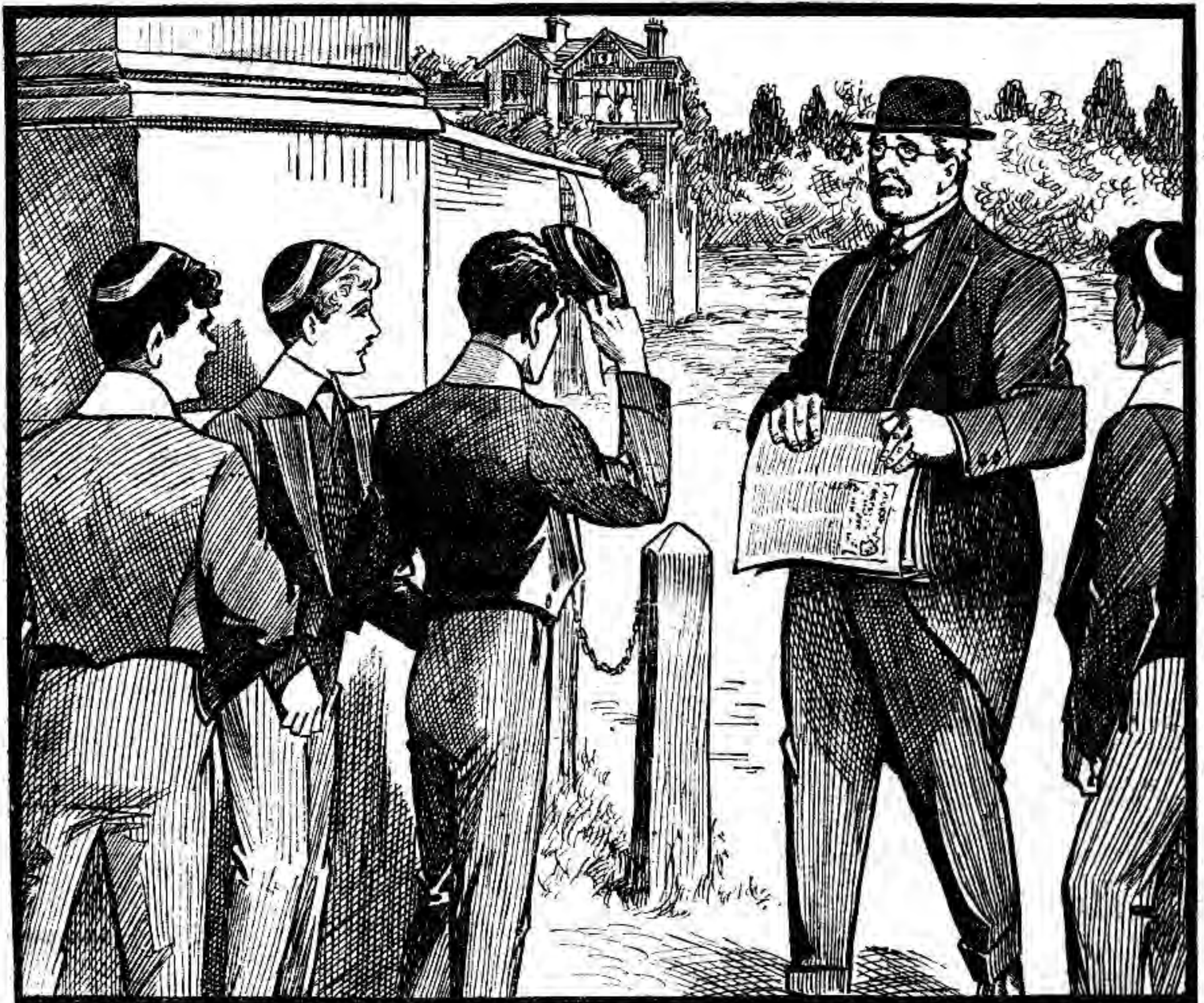


The Editor will be
obliged if you will
hand this book,
when finished with,
to a friend. . . .

THE RASCAL OF THE REMOVE!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of
Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



Harry Wharton raised his cap. "No bad news, I hope, sir?" he said.
(See Chapter 4.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Rebellion in the Remove!

"POYS!"
Herr Gans, the German master at Greyfriars, uttered that word in a voice that resembled the rumble of thunder.

There was dead silence in the Remove Form-room. Herr Gans' face was crimson, his flaxen whiskers bristled, and his very spectacles seemed to gleam with wrath.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances. They had never seen Herr Gans in so tremendous a "wax" before.

Skinner, the humorist of the Remove, looked a little uneasy. Billy Bunter, quaking, hastily thrust under his desk the chunk of toffee he had been nibbling.

"Poys!"

The fat herr was almost stammering with wrath. Most of the juniors wondered what was the matter with him. Mr. Quelch, the Form-master, had left the Remove in the herr's hands for the German lesson. The lesson had not started yet, and, so far as most of the fellows could see, there was nothing for the herr to be in a wax about. But he was in a wax. Indeed, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh justly remarked,

in a whisper, that the waxfulness of the esteemed Hun was terrific.

Not that most of the Removites cared for his wax.

Herr Gans was their German master; but he was a German, and, though the fat herr was always good-tempered and kind—or nearly always—the juniors could not forget that he was a Hun.

Even Wharton, the captain of the Form, and a very level-headed fellow, shared the feeling with the others. He simply could not help it. Herr Gans never gave any cause of offence. He was kind and obliging; he would help any fellow in his lessons at any trouble to himself; he hardly ever uttered a cross word. But he was a Hun; he was of the same breed as the butchers of Belgium, the inventors of poison-gas, the brutal invaders who had turned one of the fairest regions of Europe into a desert.

The herr was a remarkably favourable specimen of his race, but it was simply impossible to avoid a feeling of repugnance.

"Poys!" gasped Herr Gans for the third time.

The "poys" waited.

Herr Gans had gone to the master's desk for a book. He had taken out a sheet of paper. What was on it the juniors could not see. He clutched it in his fat hand, crumpled.

"Who have done dis?" stuttered Herr Gans at last.

"What on earth's biting the old boy?" murmured Bob Cherry, in wonder.

"Looks fairly off his rocker, don't he?" muttered Bolsover major. "Well, he can't scare us, the silly Hun! Let him rip!"

"Who has done dis?" roared Herr Gans.

As the Removites did not know what the herr was driving at, there was no reply. They simply stared at him.

"Is it tat your master is to be insulted in te Form-room?" demanded Herr Gans. "Is it tat you have no respect? I asks you vunce more, who have done dis?"

Herr Gans held up the sheet of paper, and the juniors could see it at last. A general grin went round the class.

An amateur artist had been at work, and the Removites guessed at once that it was Skinner. On the sheet was depicted a savage-looking Hun, with a baby impaled on his bayonet. But the skilled artist had given that Hun the features of Herr Gans. The likeness was easily recognisable, though Skinner's skill, which was really great, had endowed the fat features with an expression of savage ferocity.

The Remove understood the cause of the wax now.

Herr Gans waved the offending sheet in the air.

"Who have done dis?" he roared. "I find him in der desk. He is place dere for me tat I find him. Tat is an insult! Who have done him?"

Some of the Removites chuckled. Herr Gans' English was weirder than ever when he was wrathful.

"It is not a matter tat is for laugh!" shouted Herr Gans. "I asks to name of te vicked poy who have insulted me after! Answer mit you!"

Herr Gans had a pointer in one hand. The pointer was evidently intended for the offender—when discovered.

In the circumstances, it was not surprising that there was no reply. Harold Skinner was very proud of his artistic skill, but he wasn't inclined to boast of it at that moment. The pointer looked too dangerous.

"Vill you answer mit you?" demanded Herr Gans. "Some poy in dis class have insulted me! It is disgraceful! Is it tat a Cherman must be insulted because tat he is a Cherman? Is tat British fair-play?"

"H'm!" murmured Bob Cherry.

That appeal rather touched Bob. After all, the old gentleman was a Hun, but he was alone in a foreign country, and the sedate old master could hardly be held responsible for the dastardly work of the Prussian bullies in Belgium. But Bob was not the culprit, so he couldn't own up.

Herr Gans' eyes rested on Harry Wharton.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir?" said Harry.

"You are te head poy of dis Form. Do you know who has done dis?"

Wharton flushed.

"If I knew I could not tell you, sir," he said quietly.

"Vat!"

"We don't sneak in English schools, sir!" said Bolsover major. "We leave that kind of thing to Germans!"

"Polsover, you are insolent! Take a hundret lines of Schiller!"

Bolsover major snorted. He did not feel any respect for a German, and he did not feel inclined to show any; but he had to take the lines.

"Wharton, I tink tat you know who have done dis!"

Wharton faced the angry master calmly.

"I dare say I could guess, sir," he said.

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"Den you tells me his name, ain't it?"

"No, sir!"

"I gommand you, Wharton!"

Wharton's lips set obstinately. He would not have given Skinner away if Herr Gans had broken the pointer on his shoulders, and the herr was not likely to proceed to that length.

"You take two hundret lines of Schiller, Wharton!"

"Very well, sir."

"You are one disrespectful poy!"

Wharton was silent.

"Pefore tat te lesson he commence, I must know who have done dis!" said Herr Gans, his eyes gleaming through his spectacles. "Odervise I calls in te Head!"

The Removites sat silent. But they knew the matter was getting serious now. Dr. Locke probably did not like Huns himself, but he would not allow a master in the school to be insulted, Hun or not. Herr Gans eyed the juniors grimly.

"Vill you answer me now?" he demanded.

Silence.

"I gives you vun more chance pefore tat I calls in te Head!"

No answer.

"Ferry vell!" spluttered the herr. "Ferry well indeed! I goes to call Dr. Locke!"

And the fat German hustled furiously out of the room, with the offending paper crumpled in his fat fist.

The Removites broke into a buzz as soon as he was gone.

"Looks like trouble for somebody!" remarked Frank Nugent. "Was it you, Skinner?"

"Find out!" growled Skinner.

"Of course it was Skinner!" said Johnny Bull. "Skinner's the only chap who can draw like that! Jolly clever, too!"

"Oh!" said Skinner, rather surprised.

Johnny Bull was generally down on the cad of the Remove, and never concealed his contempt for him. This was an unexpected testimonial.

"Skinner's a worm as a rule!" said Johnny, in his painfully candid way. "But I don't see why he shouldn't pull a Hun's leg! The Gander is a Hun, ain't he? What is he waxy about? If he was young enough, he would be in Belgium murdering babies! I don't see what he's got in a wax for!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All Germans don't murder babies!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "After all, there must be some decent Germans!"

"Jolly few, I think!" said Johnny Bull, with a sniff.

"The fewfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh. "But the esteemed Gander is one of the few!"

"Look here!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "We're all standing by Skinner in this if he's bowled out! It serves the Hun right! What's a Hun doing in a decent country, anyway?"

"Well, he's not allowed to leave in war-time," remarked Bob Cherry.

"Then he ought to be interned!"

"They don't intern old johnnies like the Gander. What's the good of keeping a lot of old johnnies eating their heads off in idleness? It's a waste of good grub!"

"No need to give 'em much grub," said Bolsover major.

"They starve our prisoners in Germany."

"We can't act like Germans," said Harry Wharton quietly.

"We might as well be conquered by the Prussians as learn all their scoundrelly ways."

"Anyway, we don't want a Hun at Greyfriars. What do we want to learn German for?" snorted Bolsover major.

"Why can't they chuck German, and give us Russian or something instead? There would be some sense in that."

"Better put that to the Head when he comes in," grinned Squiff. "The Head would like some really good advice from the Lower Fourth."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave! Here comes the Head!"

"Mind, we're standing by Skinner!" said Bolsover major. "If there's a row, we're all in it. We're all against the Huns!"

"Hear, hear!"

Then there was silence as Dr. Locke, the reverend Head of Greyfriars, rustled into the Form-room, followed by the "Gander."

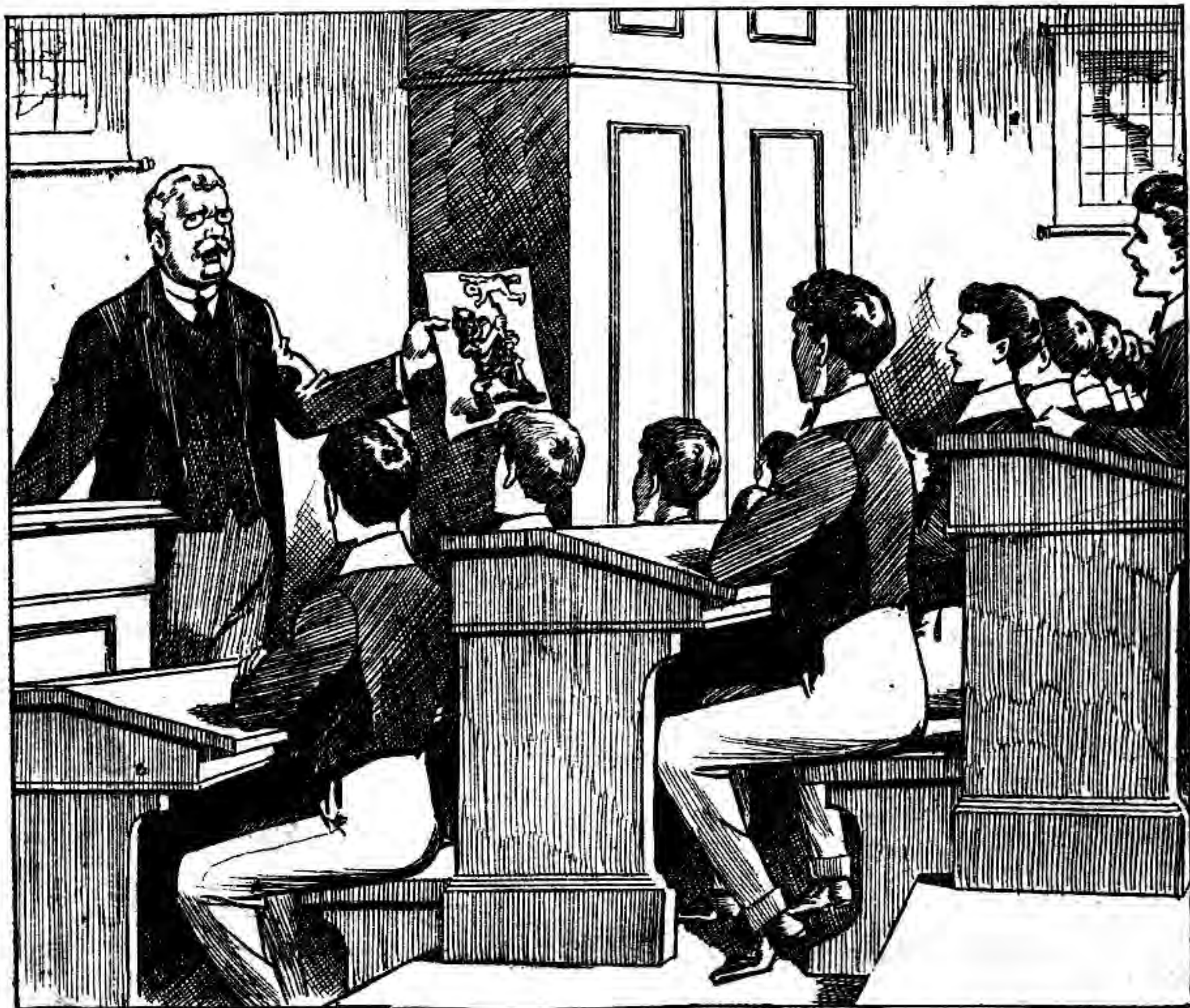
THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

DR. LOCKE surveyed the silent class sternly.

The Head's knitted brows showed that he was very angry. He had the offending paper in his hand.

The Removites waited for the storm to burst. All the Form were prepared to "stand by Skinner," as



Herr Gans waved the offending sheet of paper in the air. "Who have done dis?" he roared.
(See Chapter 1.)

Bolsover major expressed it. Even the Famous Five, who had very little in common with Skinner, were ready to back him up. Skinner's joke on the herr was not exactly in good taste. But who was the herr, anyway? Only a Hun!

"My boys"—the Head's voice was very deep—"Herr Gans, a gentleman whom I respect very highly, has been insulted by a member of this Form. I order the boy who drew this picture to stand forth!"

Silence.

"I can make allowance," resumed the Head, "for the feelings naturally engendered in time of war. The actions of the Prussian Kaiser and his unscrupulous instruments very naturally inspire all British boys with horror and contempt. But that is no reason—no reason whatever—why a respectable and worthy gentleman should be insulted because he happens to be of German nationality. It is not fair play, it is not British to persecute a man because of crimes committed by his countrymen, with whom he has nothing to do. You regard with just scorn the brutality of Germans towards hapless Britons who chance to be in Germany at the present time. You should know better than to imitate such heinous conduct. I hope that the boy who has been guilty of this insulting action will at once express his regret to Herr Gans."

Silence.

The Head's words found an echo in some hearts, but most of the Removites looked grim. They did not like Huns.

"I order the author of this insulting picture to stand forth!" rapped out the Head.

Still silence.

"Very well," said the Head, compressing his lips. "The

offender is here, and I have no doubt that he is known to all the rest. Punishment, therefore, will be meted out to the whole class!"

"Oh!" murmured the juniors.

"Unless the offender immediately steps forth, the whole class will be detained for four half-holidays, and every member of it will write a thousand lines!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry involuntarily.

It was a heavy sentence. Four half-holidays under detention meant playing havoc with the school games. And a thousand lines each! That was simply terrific. All eyes were turned expressively on Skinner. It was time for the humorist of the Remove to own up. Nobody there was inclined to give him away; but it was evidently up to Skinner to speak out.

Skinner understood the looks of his Form-fellows, and he shifted uncomfortably. If he caused Bolsover major to be detained for four half-holidays he had a terrific hammering to expect for it. He knew that. And the whole Form would regard him as a cad and a coward for leaving them to be punished. Upon the whole, Skinner had less to fear from the Head than from the Remove. He rose reluctantly to his feet.

Dr. Locke's eyes fixed on him.

"Skinner! It was you?"

"Yes, sir," said Skinner falteringly.

"You insulted Herr Gans in this flagrant way?" exclaimed the Head sternly.

"I—I— No, sir!" said Skinner. "You can't insult a

NEXT
MONDAY—

"MAULEVERER'S DETECTIVE!"

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

German! That's only a picture of what Herr Gans would be doing if he were in the German army."

"Hear, hear!" shouted Bolsover major.

"Right on the wicket!" said Johnny Bull. "Hear, hear! Bravo, Skinner!"

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head angrily.

Bolsover major jumped up.

"We all back up Skinner, sir!" he shouted. "Down with the Huns! We don't want any Huns at Greyfriars!"

"Down with the Huns!"

"Kick the rotter out!"

"Down with the Boches!"

It was a roar of voices in the Remove-room such as had seldom been heard there before, and certainly never in the presence of the Head.

Dr. Locke started back, astounded. He waved his hand in vain for silence.

"Silence!" shouted Herr Gans. "Silence mit you!"

"Turn the Hun out!"

"Down with the baby-killers!"

"Kick the Boche out!"

Dr. Locke gesticulated wildly.

"Silence!" he roared. "How dare you! Silence!"

The roar died down at last. Excited as the juniors were, there was something terrifying in the expression on the Head's face.

"How dare you!" gasped the Head. "Have you no respect for the presence of your headmaster? Is this Form composed of hooligans and rowdies? How dare you!"

The juniors fell silent, but they still looked rebellious.

"I cannot pardon such a disrespectful demonstration as this," said the Head grimly. "The whole Form will be flogged!"

"Oh!"

Even Bolsover major was sorry he had shouted then.

"You say you all associate yourselves with Skinner in this act of disrespectful impertinence! Very well, you shall share his punishment. Every boy here shall be flogged!"

There was a yelp from Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior. "I guess I'm not in it, sir! I'm a nootral! I—I like Germans, sir! I—I guess I love 'em!"

"Funk!" bellowed Bolsover major.

"Silence! Fish, if you are not concerned in this disgraceful outbreak, you may stand aside; also any other boy who does not associate himself with this wicked persecution of a worthy gentleman."

Billy Bunter followed Fish out of the class. Sidney James Snoop made a movement to do the same, but he stopped. Even Snoop stood by the Form at that moment.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another grimly. They did not move. As a matter of fact, they had nothing to do with Skinner's pleasantries, and they did not intend to take any part in persecuting the unfortunate Gander. But they would not appear to desert the Form. And they did not like Huns, anyway. They stood their ground with the rest.

The Head glanced after Fisher T. Fish and Bunter. It was not the most creditable members of the Form, certainly, who had dissociated themselves from the rest.

"Very well!" said the Head, his lips closing hard. "The rest of you are in league, it appears, against your German master. Since an appeal to your better feelings is useless, I shall try the effect of severe punishment. I shall now send for Gosling, and the whole Remove will be flogged!"

The juniors set their teeth. That was the price they had to pay for the demonstration, and it was a heavy one; but they were prepared to stand it.

"But Herr Gans came forward, a look of keen distress upon his fat, red face.

"Herr Doctor—" he began.

"You may leave this matter in my hands, Herr Gans! You may be assured that these insubordinate juniors will be brought to reason."

"Herr Doctor, I wish to make a request mit you," faltered Herr Gans. "Dese poys have me insulted, but dey knows no better. Dey tink, because I am a Cherman, tat I approve of vat der Prussians have done; but tat is not der case. I veep mit shame tat men of Cherman blood shall do dose tings. Herr Doctor, I beg of you tat you let me forgive te poys, and tat dere be no flogging!"

The Removites simply stared at Herr Gans.

As he was a German, they had expected him to look on at the flogging with great enjoyment, and the harder it was, to enjoy it the more. Apparently the Gander was not such a Hun, after all.

Dr. Locke seemed taken aback.

"Herr Doctor, I wish to make a request mit you," faltered you grossly! They are deserving of the severest punishment!"

"It is true tat tat is so, Herr Doctor; but it is also true tat eferybody tink bad of mein country in dese days, and te poys

dey do not know tat dere are Chermans and Chermans," said Herr Gans. "If you vill permit, I pardons dem—even Skinner—and I leave te matter to deir good feeling and British fair-play."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Dr. Locke hesitated.

As a matter of fact, he was not sorry that the kind-hearted German master had interposed. Flogging a whole Form would have been a very painful duty to him.

"Very well, Herr Gans," he said, after a pause. "It shall be as you wish. Boys, you hear what Herr Gans asks of me. At his request I rescind your punishment. Skinner, you have insulted Herr Gans cruelly, and at his request you escape scot-free. I trust I can now leave the matter to your good feeling, my boys."

Dr. Locke rustled out of the Form-room, leaving the German master alone with the Remove.

"Ve vill now pegin," said Herr Gans mildly.

Bob Cherry jumped up.

"If you please, sir, I beg your pardon!" he said impulsively.

"Same here," said Wharton quickly. "I beg your pardon, sir!"

"The samefulness is terrific, honoured sahib!"

"I apologise, begad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

Even Bolsover major joined in. Skinner sat sullenly silent. Gratitude was not much in Harold Skinner's line, though he was certainly glad to escape his punishment.

Herr Gans blinked benevolently at the Removites through his big spectacles.

"Te matter is closed," he said, with a wave of his fat hand. "I pardons you mit all mein heart. Perhaps you understands me petter ven dis vicked war he is over."

And the German lesson passed off quite amicably in the Remove-room.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Not a Hun!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Penny for 'em," said Bob Cherry, clapping Wharton on the shoulder in the Common-room that evening.

The captain of the Remove was wearing a thoughtful expression. But he started out of his reverie with a yelp, as Bob greeted him with his heavy hand.

"Ow! You ass! Don't fracture my shoulder!"

"Wherefore that worried look?" asked Bob, grinning. "Are you thinking about the thousand lines you jolly nearly had?"

"I was thinking about the Gander," said Harry.

"Not a bad sort, the old Gander," said Bob. "After all, he can't help being born a Hun; and he's come to live in a civilised country, anyway. It was jolly decent of him to speak up for us as he did."

"Jolly decent," said Frank Nugent. "Skinner says it was to curry favour with the Form. I think that's all rot."

"That's the kind of thing Skinner would say!" said Wharton scornfully. "Look here, I don't like Huns, and there's no getting out of that—a Hun makes me feel ill! But the Gander happens to be decent, though he's a Hun, and he did us a jolly good turn to-day. We yelled at him, and insulted him, and he got us off a flogging. Jolly few masters would do that."

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, after that, it's up to us to treat him decently," said Harry. "Mind, I'm not standing up for Huns—I don't like 'em. I think Huns ought to be cleared out of England. But our Hun happens to be decent, and we can't accept favours from him and go on ragging him. It ought to be stopped."

Bob Cherry nodded cheerily.

"Just my idea," he said. "Anyway, the Remove can let him alone. I've chucked away the old kipper I was going to put in his Sunday hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I had some glue for his slippers," grinned Johnny Bull. "But I'm leaving it in the bottle."

"As a matter of fact, he has been persecuted here," said Harry. "Fellows can't be blamed for it, really, as he's a Hun. Still, there's a limit. When you think of what the Huns have done, you feel as if the whole brood of them ought to be wiped out—it can't be helped. But it stands to reason that there are some decent Germans—Handel and Beethoven were Germans, you know, and it would be idiotic to call them Huns. We can't be expected to like Germans, but it's up to us to treat the Gander with respect."

"Right on the wicket!" said Bob.

"And to see that the other chaps do," added Harry.

Bob Cherry looked grave.

"My hat! The fellows will call us pro-Huns," he said.

Harry Wharton coloured.

"Well, that won't hurt us, so long as we know we're doing

what's decent," he said. "We're nothing of the kind. But you know what we think of the Germans for ill-treating our folk in Germany. It would be rotten to act like Germans ourselves. We're called upon to keep up a higher standard than Germans."

"Good! We'll set them a shining example!" grinned Bob. "But, dash it all, the Gander has a relation in the German army!" said Squiff, joining in. "He's got a nephew fighting in Flanders now on the Hun side. He really oughtn't to be here, you know."

"But he is here," said Harry. "I don't suppose he would be allowed to leave England if he wanted to. As for his nephew, I suppose a German is bound to fight for Germany. They don't have much choice, either. Anyway, it's only fair play to let him alone, so long as he doesn't show any Hunnish tricks here. Nobody can say that the poor old chap has acted like a Hun towards us. Even Monsieur Charpentier is civil to him, and the French have a lot more reason to hate the Germans than we have. And it's no class to hate anybody—it's acting like a German."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Suppose we were Germans and the Gander an English master," said Harry, "we should make his life a misery. Well, my point is, that if we persecute him it would be acting like Germans—and any decent chap ought not to do that."

"I don't know that the Gander would be exactly pleased at the way you put it!" grinned Bob. "But you're right, my son—right as rain! I'll go and punch Skinner's nose now, while I think of it!"

Wingate of the Sixth looked into the Common-room.

"Wharton?"

"Hallo, Wingate!"

"You're wanted—Herr Gans' study," said the prefect.

"Oh!"

Harold Skinner, who had been listening to the talk of the Famous Five with a sneering grin, burst into a chuckle.

"Now you can go and show him how you love Huns," he grinned. "It's a licking, of course. I hope you'll enjoy it. He, he, he!"

Harry Wharton did not reply. He left the Common-room, and made his way to the German master's study, his brows knitted a little.

But Herr Gans was evidently not in a hostile mood. There was no cane visible when the captain of the Remove entered the study. The herr gave him a nod.

"I have vish to speak mit you, Wharton," he said.

"Yes, sir?" said Harry, in wonder.

"Wharton, I have always have good opinion of you, and I am sorry tat I see you shouting 'Hun' and 'Boche' in te Form-room dis afternoon."

Wharton coloured.

"I said I was sorry, sir."

"Ja, ja—tat is all right! But you do not like Chermans, bein?"

"No, sir," said Harry, frankly and directly. "I wouldn't say it if you didn't ask me, sir; but I can't help it. Nobody in this country could like Germans."

"Tat is ferry natural, Wharton, because in dis country de people do not shink ferry deeply."

"Oh!" said Harry, rather nettled.

"My dear poy," said Herr Gans kindly, "dere are Chermans and Chermans. Chermans is not vun country like England. In Chermans dere is Prussia, dere is Saxony, dere is Wurtemberg, dere is Bavaria, and many little countries. But dis war, Wharton, is not made by dose little Cherman countries. It is made by Preussen—vat you call Prussia. Te Prussians—dey are beasts—hogs—vat you call rotters!"

"Oh!" said Harry again.

"Look at me!" said Herr Gans. "I am a Cherman, but I am not Prussian. I belong to Saxony. In Sachsen—tat is Saxony—we tink of te Prussians te same as you tink in England. You do not read German history, mein poy. But if you read him, you know tat Saxony is a little country tat have fought against Prussia many times; but Prussia is bigger, and Saxony was peaten! Nearly half of my country has been taken by Prussian robbers, and now it is Prussian. Vat you tink, Wharton, if half of your country was taken by Prussians?"

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"Chermans is united now," went on Herr Gans. "Tat is good—if Chermans was also free. But Chermans is not free. Prussia is at te top. Mein poor Saxony—he is nowhere. But after dis war, Wharton, we hope tat Prussia come down—and dere vill be a new Chermans—a good and honest Chermans. Prussia—tat is a country of savages—dey are te baby-killers—dey are te poisoners—dey are te liars! Now we are under te Prussian foot, and dere is no help. But some day—some day"—Herr Gans' blue eyes gleamed behind his spectacles—

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"MAULEVERER'S DETECTIVE!"

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ONE
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"some day, mein poy, tat Prussian bully come down, and honest Saxons vill be at te head of Chermans, and all tings vill be ferry different! Tat is vat I vant to say to you, Wharton. Ven you tink of te lying and treachery and murder, you must tink of te Prussians—enemies of te human race, pirates, savages! But you must tink of te Saxons as honest men, who will be glad some day to be free of Prussia. You tink ofer dis, Wharton, and perhaps you vill be more just to your Cherman master."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Wharton impulsively. "I—I certainly never looked at it like that before. To us, a German is a German!"

Herr Gans smiled.

"But you must not tink of a Saxon like a Prussian," he said. "It is quite different—ferry different. You tink ofer tat, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, certainly," said Harry, with a smile.

"And you speak to Skinner, and tell him tat I do not like gum in my slippers," said Herr Gans. "I vill not punish Skinner, but I do not like gum in mein slippers!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Harry Wharton left the study in a thoughtful mood. There was certainly a great deal of reason in what the German master said. It had not occurred to Wharton before that an inhabitant of a small country in Germany, ground down under the iron heel of the Prussian bully, had as much reason for detesting the Kaiser and his brutal myrmidons as the oppressed Belgians had. Yet he remembered reading of the old German wars, and of the savage and ruthless devastation of Saxony by the Prussian invaders. And he

remembered what his uncle had told him once, while on leave from the Front, that the Saxon soldiers were clean and honest fighters, and that the treachery, the brutality, the baseness, came mainly from the Prussian troops.

"Poor old Gander!" said Bob Cherry, when Wharton related what had passed in the German master's study. "Of course, we might have known he wasn't a Prussian; he's never acted like a Hun. I remember reading in the papers of the Prussians shooting down a lot of Saxons who wanted to surrender. Poor beggars!"

"We're going to stand up for the Gander," said Nugent. "After all, he's not a Hun. Let's have a jaw with Skinner."

Skinner met the Famous Five with a sneer.

"Licked?" he asked.

"No," said Wharton quietly. "Herr Gans only explained to me that he isn't a rotten Prussian. He is a Saxon, and likes the Prussians no more than we do. And, under the cires, Skinner, we want the Gander left alone."

Skinner whistled.

"You've been putting gum in his slippers," said Harry. "I want you to drop that kind of thing."

"You can want!" remarked Skinner.

"Tricks on the Gander are barred. Understand that!"

"Rats!"

"Will you come into the gym, Skinner?"

Skinner started back.

"No, I won't!"

"Would you rather have it here?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Skinner uneasily. "I dare say he was lying, too. All Germans are liars!"

"Well, most of them," assented Harry; "but the Gander is true blue. You're not quite reasonable. If he goes easy with us, you say he's currying favour; if he went for us, you'd call him a Hun tyrant. I want you to let him alone."

"Bow-wow!"

Wharton pushed back his cuffs.

"Oh, don't be a silly fool!" growled Skinner. "I don't know that I want to rag him. He can go and eat coke!"

"All serene!"

And the matter dropped. But though Skinner promptly labelled Wharton a pro-Hun, and Snoop and Stott and Bunter took up the tale, it did not make any difference to the captain of the Remove. He felt that he was right, and, as head of the Form, he put his foot down on any further persecution of the Gander.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bad News for the Gander!

"MEIN GOTT!"

"Great pip! Look at the Gander!" whispered Bob Cherry.

It was some days after the trouble with the Gander. The Famous Five were going down to the school gates, en route for Cliff House, where they were to have tea with Marjorie & Co.

Herr Gans was standing in the gateway.

He had a newspaper in his fat hands, and the juniors could see that it was printed in German. The herr sometimes had newspapers from his native land, posted to him through Holland—several weeks behind date. Coker of the Fifth had loudly announced his opinion that it oughtn't to be allowed—though really where there was any harm in it even Coker's mighty brain could not discover. But Coker was down on Huns.

It looked as if the herr had found bad news in his newspaper. He was standing quite still, as if overwhelmed. His fat face had gone white, and his round eyes seemed to be bulging through his spectacles. The fat hands trembled as they held the paper.

"Mein Gott!" he was mumbling. "Mein Gott! Mein poor Heinrich!"

"What the dickens is the matter with him?" said Wharton, in wonder.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter rolled up with a chuckle. "I say, the Gander's got it in the neck—what? He, he, he!"

"What do you know about it, you fat boulder?" growled Johnny Bull.

"Didn't you hear what he said? Something about poor Heinrich!" chortled Bunter. "That's the name of his nephew in the German army. I've heard him say so to Quelch. Ten to one he's been bowled over! He, he, he!"

"Shut up!" snapped Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton, you ought to be glad that another Hun's been killed! The war won't be over till we've killed tons of 'em!" said Bunter. "He, he, he! Fancy old Gander's nephew being bowled over! He, he, he!"

Now, the Famous Five could not feel exactly sorry if a Hun had been bowled over. All of them had relations at the Front, whose one special business was to bowl over Huns. But Billy Bunter's cackle seemed quite out of place, considering the distress on the fat face of the German master. After all, even Germans had feelings. So Bob Cherry stopped Bunter's cackle with a sudden snipe, and Billy Bunter sat down in the quad and roared instead.

"Yow-ow-ow! Beast! Pro-Hun! Yah! Ow!"

The chums of the Remove walked on to the gates. Herr Gans blinked at them, and they could not help seeing that his spectacles were wet. Harry Wharton stopped, and raised his cap.

"No bad news, I hope, sir?" he said.

He meant bad news for the German. He could not regard it as bad news himself, if Bunter's surmise was correct.

"Mein poor Heinrich!" said Herr Gans. "Ach! It is terrible!"

"Killed, sir?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Nein, nein! He is a prisoner!"

"Well, that won't hurt him, sir," said Bob. "We look after German prisoners rippingly in this country. We're not Huns. I—I—I mean—" stammered Bob, realising that he had put it rather unfortunately.

"Ach! He is not a prisoner here. He is a prisoner of the Prussians."

"What?"

The juniors did not understand. How Herr Gans' nephew could be a prisoner of the Prussians beat them.

"I have this paper from my old home," said Herr Gans. "It is a Leipzig paper, you shall understand. Here I read him. Ober-Lieutenant Heinrich Gans—that is mein nephew. He refuse to obey orders, and he is arrest, and he is sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in a fortress. Day order him to burn a village, and he refuse, and he is prisoner for ten years."

"Poor chap!" said Bob.

Herr Gans strode away across the quadrangle, the paper clutched in his fat hand. The juniors watched him. The old gentleman was making wild gesticulations, and muttering to himself.

"Poor old chap!" said Harry, with feeling. "That's rather a knock-over. No wonder he doesn't like the Prussians!"

The juniors went on their way in a thoughtful mood. When they returned to Greyfriars they found all the Remove in possession of the news. Herr Gans had related his sorrows to a dozen sympathetic hearers; and even Monsieur

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Charpentier, who detested all things German, sympathised with him.

"It's hard on the Gander," Bolsover major remarked, when the Famous Five came in. "Can't help feeling sorry for the poor old beast. Imagine giving a chap ten years because he was too decent to set fire to a village! Rotten Huns!"

"Beasts!" agreed Bob Cherry.

"I'm jolly well going to let the Gander alone after this!" said Bolsover. "I fancy he'll be as glad as we shall be when our fellows get to Berlin, and mop up that old villain of a Kaiser!"

Skinner came into the Common-room, chuckling.

"I say, Wib—Where's Wib?"

"Hallo! What's wanted?" asked Wibley.

"Chance for you to practise for one of your giddy impersonations," chuckled Skinner. "You could do the Gander a treat—the Gander blubbing!"

"Blubbing?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha! Yes; he's blubbing in his study!" yelled Skinner. "You can hear him in the passage. Blubbing like billy-oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Snoop.

"It's a chance for Wib. Funniest thing ever done in impersonations!" grinned Skinner. "Come on, Wib, and listen to him!"

"Go and eat coke!" growled Wibley. "Let the poor beast blub if he likes."

"Well, he's rather an ass to blub on his top note!" said Bob Cherry. "Germans are rather demonstrative; they're built that way. But there's nothing funny in a man blubbing over his nephew being shut up in prison by rotten Huns!"

"Oh, of course, you'd say so!" sneered Skinner. "You're a pro-Hun!"

"Still, if you think blubbing's funny, you can blub," said Bob. "I'll give you something to make you blub. I'm an obliging chap."

"Leggo!" yelled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang, bang, bang!

Bob Cherry proceeded to knock Skinner's head on the door. Skinner uttered a series of fiendish yells that would have done credit to the most Hunnish of Huns.

"Yaroo! Leggo! Rotter! Draggimoff! Yooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blub, you beggar!" roared Bob Cherry. "You're not blubbing! Wibley's waiting for you. He's going to give us an impersonation of a silly ass blubbing! Why don't you blub?"

"Yow-ow-ow-woop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner twisted himself away from the energetic Bob, with howls of anguish.

"You rotter! I'll—I'll—"

"You'll blub!" shouted Bob, rushing at him. "You say yourself it's funny—Why, he's gone!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner fled down the passage at top speed, leaving the juniors howling with laughter. Skinner had certainly had something to blub for; but, to judge by his remarks afterwards, he did not find it at all funny.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Heckling the Herr!

HERR GANS had to take the Remove in German the next morning. The Removeites eyed him very curiously when he came in.

The unfortunate "Gander" was red-eyed.

He snuffled a little, too.

Most of the fellows felt sorry for him. True, he was a Hun, in a way; but he was not that worst kind of a Hun—the Prussian Hun. And he had received a very hard blow. The juniors could not help thinking it cheek for a man to hold any kind of a post in England while he had a nephew in the German army. But, after all, the old herr could not help what his nephew did; and his luckless nephew had now got it in the neck through not being quite Hunnish enough to please his superiors. Blubbing seemed very odd in a middle-aged gentleman, but it made the Removeites feel kindly towards the poor old fellow who wore his heart upon his sleeve in the demonstrative foreign way. Some of the fellows grinned at the herr's reddened eyelids, but most of them were very respectful.

Harry Wharton was determined that there should be no more ragging; all the more because, try as he would, he could not overcome his own repugnance to the Hun. It was useless to reason upon such a matter; a feeling of dislike



Bang, bang, bang ! Bob Cherry proceeded to knock Skinner's head on the door.
(See Chapter 4.)

towards every product of Germany was instinctive, and could not be helped. But there was such a thing as fair play; and that, the captain of the Remove was resolved, the Gander should have, so far as he was concerned.

Skinner & Co. did not share Wharton's feelings in the least. They did not admit that even a Hun ought not to be hit when he was down.

Skinner took advantage of the herr's worried and troubled frame of mind to pull his leg in class in the most merciless way. Snoop and Stott and Billy Bunter followed his example cheerfully, and some of the more thoughtless fellows joined in for the fun of the thing.

In his present state of mind it was easy enough to worry the Gander.

He made mistakes, and forgot what he had said a few minutes before; and the more his confusion grew the more the young rascals enjoyed it.

He was so confused and absent-minded that Skinner was encouraged to proceed to greater lengths. He rose in his place as the herr turned from the blackboard, and Herr Gans fixed his eyes inquiringly on him.

"Ich habe gelacht, sir," said Skinner.

"Vat you say, Skinner?"

"Ich habe gelacht."

"Sie haben gelacht," said Herr Gans, puzzled. "You have laughed, Skinner. I do not understand."

"You asked me for the present perfect of 'lachen,' sir," said Skinner calmly.

"I asked you, mein poy?"

"Yes, sir."

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"I do not remember to ask you, Skinner. But tat is all right; you may sit down."

"Thank you, sir!"

Skinner sat down, smiling. Herr Gans had not asked him to give the present perfect of the verb "to laugh"; this was only Skinner's new method of ragging the herr. The lesson proceeded, and, at the next pause, up rose Skinner again.

"Ich habe gelacht, sir."

"Vat?"

"Isn't that right, sir?"

"Tat verb he is right, Skinner, but vat for you say him?"

"You told me to, sir."

"I—I told you, Skinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is tat I grow absent-minded mit me," said Herr Gans, with a worried look. "I do not remember him."

"Oh, yes, sir, you told me! Didn't he, Snoop?"

"Certainly!" grinned Snoop.

"Ferry well; you have him right, and you may sit down, Skinner."

Skinner sat down, and winked at his chums. It was clear that the herr was in an extremely absent-minded and worried state, or Skinner's little joke would never have passed without detection. Skinner's chums were not slow to take the cue from the humorist of the Remove.

A few minutes later Snoop rose to his feet.

"Ich habe gelacht, sir," said Snoop demurely.

"Snoop! I did not ask you—"

"Yes, sir, about ten minutes ago, you told me to work out the present perfect of 'lachen,' sir," said Snoop.

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Mein Gott!"

"Haven't I got it right, sir?" asked Snoop anxiously.

"Ach! Ja, ja, tat is right! You may sit down."

Harry Wharton gave Snoop a grim look. The poor old herr was looking so worried and driven that even Skinner & Co. might have taken pity on him. It did not occur to Herr Gans that the young rascals were lying for the especial purpose of worrying him.

The lesson was near its end when Stott rose to his feet.

"Ich habe gelacht, sir," said Stott cheerfully.

"Stott, you should not speak unless I call on you."

"But you did, sir," said Stott, with a surprised look.

"Vat?"

"You told me to find the present perfect of 'lachen,' sir."

"I tell you tat, Stott."

"Yes, about five minutes ago, sir."

Herr Gans passed a fat hand across his brow. He was in so troubled a state of mind that he hardly knew what he had said and what he had not said.

"Ferry well, Stott," he said, "you may sit down."

Stott grinned as he sat down.

Then Billy Bunter jumped up—putting in his oar, as usual, in the most injudicious way at the wrong moment.

"Ich habe gelacht, sir," chirped Bunter.

Herr Gans spun round on him.

"Bunter! I did not tell you to say tat!"

"Oh, yes, sir, you told me! The present imperfect of—of 'lachen'—"

"Te vat, Bunter?"

"Present imperfect, sir," stammered Bunter.

"Tat is not te present imperfect, Bunter. If I tell you to say te present imperfect, vy for you tell me te present perfect?"

"I—I—I—I meant the present perfect, sir!" stuttered Bunter.

Some of the Removites chuckled. Billy Bunter had put his foot in it as usual. Herr Gans eyed him.

"Bunter, you are van stupid boy! Te present imperfect of 'lachen' is 'ich lachte.' Tat you should know ferry well. You will write out all te tenses of te verb 'lachen,' and bring dem to me after lessons to-day."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove sat crushed. There were no more little jokes in that lesson. Nobody else wanted to write out all the tenses of a German verb.

Herr Gans left the class-room, when the lesson was over, looking worried and troubled. When morning lessons were over, and the Remove came out, Harry Wharton joined Skinner in the passage.

"What were you ragging the Gander for, you rotter?" he asked.

"Because he's a rotten Hun," said Skinner coolly. "I don't care what variety of Hun he is—he's a Hun!"

"Oh, Wharton's a pro-Hun!" sneered Snoop. "He likes Huns."

"I don't like Huns," said Harry, flushing. "You know that! My uncle's out in Flanders killing Huns. But there's a limit. Old Gans is in trouble now, and it would be only decent to let him alone."

"Bow-wow!"

"I tell you, Skinner, you've got to chuck it!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove angrily.

"Rats!"

Wharton's patience was at an end. He seized Skinner by his somewhat prominent nose.

"Gurr-gurr—gurr!" exploded Skinner. "Led go! Grooogh!"

"Will you let the Gander alone?"

"Grooogh!"

"Have it off!" advised Bob Cherry. "Skinner's always poking his nose into something that doesn't concern him. Have it off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Led go!" shrieked Skinner.

"Will you let the Gander alone?"

"Ow-wow! Yes! Anything you like! Led go!"

Harry Wharton released Skinner's nose, and the humorist of the Remove shook his fist at him. Wharton shrugged his shoulders, and walked away.

"Why don't you lick him, Skinner?" said Billy Bunter. "You're bigger than he is, you know. Don't be a funk, you know! Yaroooooh!"

Bunter staggered back from a back-hander, and Skinner stamped away. Billy Bunter blinked after him in great wrath.

"Beast! Ow, my nose! Ow!"

Skinner rubbed his nose ruefully. He did not feel inclined to invite the captain of the Remove into the gym. He had faced Wharton once—with disastrous results. He determined to take it out of the Gander instead. But his nose felt so painful that Skinner had to admit that he would have to be very careful how he took it out of the Gander. He had the satisfaction of calling Wharton a pro-Hun, but that did not make his nose feel any more comfortable.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Skinner's Scheme!

"I'VE got it!"

Harold Skinner made that announcement in his study a couple of days later.

There was a meeting in Skinner's study.

Vernon-Smith, who shared the study, was out. Stott and Snoop and Treluce and Bunter were there. Skinner had called the meeting to impart to his pals the great scheme he had schemed for—the discomfiture of the Hun. Skinner had been thinking it out.

Billy Bunter blinked round the study in rather a discontented way.

"Is it a feed?" he asked.

"No, you porpoise, it isn't!" growled Skinner.

"I suppose there's something in the cupboard," said Bunter. "Smithy's always got something—"

"Keep away from that cupboard, you owl!"

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"This is a meeting, not a gorge," said Skinner. "I've got it! I've been thinking it out, and I've thought of a way for making that rotten Hun sit up."

"Hear, hear!" said Snoop.

"We're going for him baldheaded!" said Skinner. "It's patriotic, you know. Wharton can stick up for Huns if he likes. We're down on them!"

"We are—we is!" grinned Snoop.

"But what's the game?" asked Treluce. "I don't see how we can go for him. The Head would be down on us."

"Fathead! It's under the rose, of course!" said Skinner. "It's the jape of the season! It will simply make him squirm! Of course, it's a patriotic duty to make Huns squirm!"

"Yes, rather!" said Billy Bunter. "I've had to write out a rotten German verb! I call it unpatriotic to learn German verbs!"

"You noticed how I bothered the old donkey in class the other day," continued Skinner—"worried him almost to tears, the old ass! Of course, Bunter had to put his silly foot in it!"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"He's in such a rocky state now that we can do anything we like with him!" said Skinner, grinning. "What with his nephew being put in chokey by the other Huns, and the feeling that the whole school is against him, and the village kids hissing him when he goes out, and all that, he's getting quite cranky. Well, we're going to give him the finishing touch! We're going to make him think that he's really off his dot!"

"How the merry thunder—"

"That's the wheeze. I'm going into his study this evening to make him expound Schiller to me!"

"What on earth for?"

"I'm going to tell him he told me to come!"

"He didn't?"

"No."

"Well, I'm blessed if I see it!" said Treluce. "I wouldn't go and have rotten Schiller stuffed into me if I could help it, I know that!"

"Just so! And Gander knows it. He wouldn't even dream that a chap would come there to fag at Schiller if he could help it," grinned Skinner. "That's the wheeze. Of course, he won't remember telling me to come, as he never told me. He'll think he forgot."

"Well, what then?"

"Then you're going to take him the fifty lines he gave you, Stott?"

Stott stared.

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"I'm jolly well not! He hasn't given me fifty lines."
"You're going to tell him he has. He'll never dream that you've done lines without having to. He'll think he did it and forgot."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Then Snoop will take in a German exercise, and ask for an explanation, and say that Gander told him to come for it."

Snoop whistled.

"Then Bunter goes in, and asks for the book the Gander promised him——"

"Eh? The Gander hasn't promised me a book?" said Bunter, with a stare.

"Of course he hasn't, you ass! That's the jape! By that time he will begin to think that his brain's giving way!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then to-morrow we begin the same game over again!" chuckled Skinner. "By the time we're through with him the Hun will think that his right place is inside a lunatic asylum!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Snoop. "What a game!"

"And that isn't all!" chuckled Skinner. "After a bit I'm going to telephone to the doctor at Friardale in the Gander's name, asking him to come, as the Gander feels his brain's going."

"Oh!"

"When old Pillbury arrives the Gander will have forgotten telephoning for him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The young rascals roared at the prospect. The study door opened, and Vernon-Smith came in. He looked suspiciously at Skinner & Co.

"What's the cackle about?" he asked.

"We were thinking of your features, dear boy!" said Skinner blandly.

"What rotten trick are you planning on somebody?" demanded the Bounder.

"Trick?" said Skinner vaguely.

"Yes. Is it something up against the Gander? Why can't you let the poor old beast alone?"

"You were up against him once!" sneered Snoop. "You nearly got flogged for playing tricks on him!"

"That's different. He's down on his luck now, and it's rotten to go for him when he's down."

"Oh, rats!"

"Are you joining the pro-Huns?" sneered Skinner.

"There's nothing more Hunnish than hitting a man when he's down," said Vernon-Smith. "I should draw the line at that if the old bounder was the Kaiser himself. If you're plotting a rag on the Gander, you can go and do it somewhere else! Outside!"

"Oh, really, Smithy——"

"Buzz off, the lot of you!" said the Bounder tersely. "Go and plan your merry japes somewhere else! You make me ill!"

"Look here——" began Snoop angrily.

Vernon-Smith picked up a cricket-stump. The japers looked at one another, and moved to the door. They did not want any of the stump. But Billy Bunter lingered behind.

"I say, Smithy, I'm down on it, you know. Is that a beefsteak-pie you've got in your cupboard, Smithy?"

The Bounder did not reply, but he lunged out with the stump, and the Owl of the Remove gave a yell and fled.

The study having been cleared, Vernon-Smith laid the table. He was expecting visitors to tea. The Famous Five and Squiff, and Tom Brown and Mark Linley, came into the study.

The Bounder was wearing a thoughtful expression as they sat down to tea.

"What do you fellows think about the Gander?" he asked suddenly.

"Poor old beast!" said Squiff. "Pass the pie!"

"There's a little game on of some kind," said Vernon-Smith. "I was thinking that it might be up to us to chip in. I never liked old Gans from the time he came here, and I like him less than ever now; but I don't see badgering an old donkey who's half off his rocker with worry."

Wharton knitted his brows.

"Same here," he said. "I shall jolly well chip in, I know that. What's the little game?"

"Blessed if I know! But something's on. Only——" the Bounder hesitated—"the fellows will call us pro-Germans if we stand up for the old donkey!"

"Let 'em!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "I've got a special punch for any chap who calls me a pro-German!"

"In my esteemed case, the punchfulness would be terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I don't see why the Gander can't be let alone," said Johnny Bull. "He did us a good turn the other day, and we let him. I'll jolly well thump Skinner if he plays any more of his tricks!"

"Hear, hear!" said the whole Co. heartily.

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NEXT
MONDAY—

"MAULEVERER'S DETECTIVE!"

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ONE
PENNY.

And it was passed unanimously that Skinner & Co. should be thumped if they were discovered ragging the unfortunate Hun—which was really very good of the Co., for their dislike of Huns and Hunnish ways was a good deal more genuine than Skinner's.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Trying It On!

"GUM in!"

Skinner entered the German master's study with a volume of Schiller in his hand. Herr Gans blinked at him over his spectacles. His glasses were damp, and Skinner noted with an inward chuckle that "the Gander" had been weeping again.

The German nature is a peculiar one, capable of the extremes of barbarous ferocity and emotional sentimentality. The Greyfriars fellows regarded it as a disgrace to blub, and prided themselves upon never blubbing. But the sentimental German was prepared to blub upon the slightest provocation. The fellows who were sorry for the old gentleman could not help feeling a slight tincture of contempt along with their compassion. But Skinner was not troubled with compassionate feelings at all. He wasn't built that way.

"I am ready, sir," said Skinner, very respectfully.

Herr Gans looked puzzled.

"You are retty?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir. I've brought my Schiller."

"Vy for have you brought him, Skinner?"

"To go over those verses, sir."

"Vat verses?"

"You told me you were going over those verses in 'The Robbers' with me, sir," said Skinner, in surprise.

"I—I told you, Skinner?"

"Yes, sir."

Herr Gans passed his hand over his forehead, as if in an effort to recollect.

"Venn did I tell you tat, Skinner?"

"This morning, sir."

"I do not remember him," said Herr Gans wearily. "I am glad tat you have remind me, Skinner. You gum here to study te 'Rauber' mit me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ferry goot! I can giff you a quarter of an hour. Let us begin."

Skinner sat down, and they began. It was a painful ordeal for Skinner, who hated poetry, especially German poetry. But he felt that it was worth it—it was the first step in the persecution of the unhappy Gander.

Herr Gans' mind wandered a great deal while he conned over the verses of "Die Rauber" with Skinner. Probably he was thinking of his nephew shut up in a Prussian fortress. He strove to keep his mind on the work in hand, but he only succeeded with great difficulty. Skinner took care to worry him as much as possible with questions. The ordeal was over at last, and Herr Gans breathed a sigh of relief when Skinner took his volume out of the study.

"Mein Gott!" murmured the herr. "It is strange tat I forget tat I tell Skinner to come. I tink I wander in my mind. Gum in!" he added, as a tap came at the study door.

Stott of the Remove entered.

He laid a sheet of impot paper on the table.

"My lines, sir," he said.

Herr Gans blinked at him, and blinked at the lines.

"Your lines, Stott?" he faltered.

"Yes, sir."

"I have give you lines?"

"Yes, sir, fifty," said Stott, with an air of surprise.

"Venn did I giff you dose lines, Stott?"

"In the German lesson yesterday, sir."

"Ach! I had forgotten! You may leave dem, Stott."

"Yes, sir."

Stott quitted the study, and did not grin till he had closed the door. Herr Gans stared at the lines he had left on the table.

It was inconceivable that a junior should have ground out fifty lines in German unless he had been ordered to do so. Herr Gans could not suspect that for a moment. But he had no recollection whatever of inflicting that imposition.

"Ach!" he murmured. "Dis vill neffer do! I tink tat I shall be ill. Is it tat my prain he give way?"

Tap!

"Gum in!" said the herr wearily.

Snoop came in.

"Vat is it tat you vant, Snoop?"

"Would you mind looking at my exercise now, sir?" asked



Half a dozen hands held Skinner on the table, and then Billy Bunter began with the cricket-stump. (See Chapter 11.)

Snoop respectfully. "I came at five o'clock, as you told me, but you weren't here."

Herr Gans started.

"I—I—I told you to gum here mit your exercise at five o'clock, Snoop?" he stammered.

"Yes, sir."

"I—I am sorry tat I vas not here, if I have told you to gum," said Herr Gans. "Ve vill now do tat exercise."

"They did the exercise, and Snoop retired from the study, leaving the herr more worried and bewildered than ever."

Herr Gans rose, and began to pace the study. He was getting into a state of alarm, and he tried to pull himself together.

Tap!

"Mein Gott, vat is it now? Gum in!"

Billy Bunter rolled into the study.

"Vat is it, Punter?"

"Can I have it now, sir?" asked Bunter, blinking at the German master.

"Can you have vat, Punter?"

"The book, sir."

"The book—das Buch—vat do you mean?"

"Isn't it seven, sir?" asked Bunter. "I asked Wingate, and he told me it was just seven."

"I do not understand you, Punter."

"You told me to come here for it at seven, sir," said Bunter, blinking at him.

"I—I told you? Vat is the book you vant, Punter?"

"The German grammar, sir."

"Have you no Cherman grammar of your own, Punter?"

"It's lost, sir. You said you would lend me one till I found it."

"Ach! You may take tat Cherman grammar from te table, Punter."

"Thank you, sir!"

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Billy Bunter annexed the German grammar and rolled out. He indulged in a fat chuckle in the passage. Herr Gans wiped his perspiring brow with a big red handkerchief.

He was left in peace for about ten minutes, and then there was another tap, and Treluce of the Remove came in. He had a volume in his hand.

"Vat is it, Treluce?"

"I've brought back your Goethe, sir," said Treluce.

"Mein Goethe?"

"Yes, sir. I've finished with it."

Herr Gans looked fixedly at Treluce.

"Mein poy," he said, "is it tat I have lent you mein Goethe and have forgotten all about it?"

"I—I suppose so, sir," said Treluce.

The junior's heart smote him as he read the lines of worry in the German master's pale and troubled face.

"You may put him on te table, Treluce," said Herr Gans, in a very low voice.

Treluce obeyed, and left the study. Herr Gans paced to and fro in an unenviable frame of mind. Fortunately there were no more visitors.

Treluce, with a clouded brow, joined Skinner & Co. in the Common-room. Those lively young gentlemen were chuckling gleefully.

"How did he take it?" grinned Skinner.

"Blessed if I like it at all!" growled Treluce. "Look here, Skinner, it's too thick! The poor old beast looked awfully rotten."

"We'll make him look rottener before we've finished!" chortled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you I don't like it—"

"Getting funky?" sneered Skinner.

Treluce flushed crimson.

"You know I'm not funky, you rotter! But—but it's a cowardly trick, and I'm not going to have any hand in it!"

"Pooh! He can't bowl you out—it's as safe as houses!"

"I'm not thinking of that!"

"Funk!" jeered Snoop.

Treluce spun round on Snoop, and Sidney James Snoop backed away a little. The Cornish junior's eyes were gleaming.

"I'll show you whether I'm a funk or not!" he exclaimed. "I tell you it's a dirty, cowardly trick, and I won't have anything to do with it. I wish I hadn't had a hand in it at all. I never thought—"

"Oh, rats!" said Skinner. "It's the jape of the season, and if you're getting funky—"

"Yah! Funk!" chortled Bunter. "Here, I say, leggo!"

Treluce caught the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and spun him against Skinner. Skinner roared, and staggered back, and Bunter rolled on the floor, roaring. Then Treluce caught Snoop by the collar with one hand, and Stott with the other. There was a terrific crash as their heads were brought suddenly together.

"Yow-ow!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Now call me a funk again, if you like!" said Treluce.

"Yow-ow-ow! Oh, you rotter! Ow!"

"Yah! Pro-Hun!" yelled Snoop. Crash!

Sidney James Snoop went down, with a yell, and sprawled over Billy Bunter.

"Anybody else want to call me names?" asked Truluce.

Apparently nobody else did; and Truluce, with a sniff, walked away. He left Skinner & Co. furious. One of the Remove humorists' recruits had deserted him; but the rest were not likely to feel anything in the shape of remorse, and Skinner was more determined than ever to keep on with his peculiar jape.

THE 8th CHAPTER.

A Case of Conscience!

"Quelehy's gone out!"

It was the following afternoon—a half-holiday at Greyfriars. Harry Wharton & Co. were playing the Upper Fourth that afternoon, and the humorists of the Remove had no interference to fear from them.

Snoop had been watching for Mr. Quelch, the Remove-master. And as soon as Mr. Quelch was seen crossing the quadrangle, Snoop hurried to Skinner's study with the news.

"Good!" said Skinner. "He's safe for an hour or two. Nobody's likely to be going into his study while he's out. It will be as safe as houses for you to use the telephone, Snoop."

Sidney James smiled unpleasantly.

"Safe for you, you mean," he remarked.

"I tell you there's no danger of being spotted."

"Then you can't object to doing it yourself!"

"Ahem! I say, Stott—"

"No good asking me," said Stott coolly. "It's your idea."

"You could imitate old Gander's voice better than I could, Stott."

"Not a bit of it! You can do it a treat."

"Bunter's rather good at that sort of thing," said Skinner thoughtfully. "Upon the whole, perhaps Bunter—Where are you going, Bunter?"

"I—I'm going to see if the postman's coming. I'm expecting a postal-order, you know."

"Look here—"

But Billy Bunter did not stay to look there. He departed. Snoop and Stott chuckled.

"It's up to you, Skinner," said Snoop.

Skinner snorted.

"I suppose I'd better do it!" he growled. "You're leaving everything to me."

"Well, it's your giddy wheeze!"

"Oh, rats! You fellows keep an eye open, then, in case anybody comes along. Whistle if Quelehy should come in, so that I can dodge out."

"Right you are!"

The three merry japers proceeded to Mr. Quelch's study. Skinner went into the study, and Snoop and Stott watched at the ends of the passage. It was not likely that Mr. Quelch would return for some time, but Skinner did not like taking chances. The Remove-master would probably

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Skinner & Co. did not look cheerful as they presented themselves in Herr Gans' study, and the glittering eye Mr. Quelch turned upon them made them feel still more uneasy. (See Chapter 12.)

have been extremely ratty at finding a junior using his telephone without permission. And considering the use Skinner meant to put the telephone to, he could scarcely ask permission. It was to be kept a dead secret that Skinner had used the telephone at all that afternoon.

The humorist of the Remove took the receiver from the hooks, and rang up the exchange.

"Friardale, one-nought-two, please!"

In another minute a voice came through.

"Hallo!"

"Is tat Dr. Pillbury?" asked Skinner, in a very creditable imitation of Herr Gans' guttural voice and beautiful Deutschland accent.

"Yes. Who is speaking?"

"Ich bin Herr Gans—I am Herr Gans. I speak from Greyfriars, isn't it?"

"Ah! I thought I recognised your—ahem!—voice, Herr Gans. Good-afternoon! What can I do for you?"

"I tink tat my health he suffer," said Skinner. "Vat you call a leetle bit off te top?"

"Wha-at?"

"I have no longer te memory, and I forgets tings mit meinselb, and I tink that my prain he is going."

"Good gracious! I hope it is not so bad as that, Mr. Gans."

"Ach! I tink he is as pad as tat. Effer since mein Heinrich—tat is mein nephew—he is bunish mit prison, I have suffer ferry mooch. I veeeps mit meinselb in mein study!"

"Ahem!"

"I tells te poy's tings and forgets dem. I tinks tat dey laff at me pehind mein pack. I was so worry that I tink mein prain is going!"

"I am truly sorry to hear it. No doubt you are a little run down."

"I think that you call and see me, isn't it? I am ferry mooch oblige if you gums as soon as you can. Herr Doctor."

"I will call this afternoon, certainly. In fact, I will drive over at once."

"Thank you ferry mooch! I am in a ferry pad way. I grow so excited about nothing at all sometimes, and odder times I am ferry sad. I have no longer to memory left, and all things tat I does I forgets mit meinself."

"I shall be over in an hour, Herr Gans."

"Thank you, Herr Doctor!"

Skinner rang off, and grinned as he replaced the receiver. Dr. Pillbury, in Friardale, had not the slightest doubt that he had been talking to the German master of Greyfriars over his wires.

"I rather think that that will knock the Hun into a cocked hat!" murmured Skinner. "I'd like to see his face when old Pillbury arrives, and the doctor's face when Gans forgets that he has rang him up at all. Ha, ha!"

And Skinner quitted the study in a state of great satisfaction.

"All serene," said Snoop. "Done the trick?"

"You bet!"

"Is the medical Johnny coming?"

"Yes—in an hour's time."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Snoop and Soot.

The three young rascals hurried out of the School House. They did not want to be seen near Mr. Quelch's study that afternoon. They strolled down to Little Side in great spirits. Billy Bunter joined them there, and blinked inquiringly at Harold Skinner.

"Phoned?" he asked.

"Yes; shut up, you ass!" whispered Skinner. "Do you want to tell all Greyfriars, you fat idiot?"

"Is the sawbones coming?"

"Yes, you chump! Dry up!"

"All serene!" grinned Bunter.

There was a peculiar glimmer in the eyes of the Owl of the Remove, but he said no more just then.

Skinner & Co. watched the footer—not that they were interested in footer, or cared twopence whether their Form won the match or not. But they wanted very much to avoid being suspected of a telephone call from Mr. Quelch's instrument that afternoon, if there should be any inquiry.

They were still watching the game when the doctor's trap drove in at the gates, and Dr. Pillbury went into the School House.

Then the young rascals exchanged blissful glances.

"I say, you fellows, the doctor's come!" said Billy Bunter, rolling up.

"I can see that!" snapped Skinner. "Dry up!"

"I say, there would be a row if it came out about you using the telephone, and calling him in, Skinner!"

"I know that, ass!"

"The fact is," said Bunter, blinking at Skinner, "I don't approve of wasting a medical man's time in war-time. Old Pillbury has a lot to do. I really think it's not good enough, Skinner!"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"I've been thinking," said Bunter calmly, "whether I oughtn't to speak to Dr. Pillbury, to prevent his valuable time being wasted like this."

"You fat rotter!" hissed Skinner.

He turned pale at the bare thought of his trick being revealed. There would have been a very painful interview with the Head to follow.

"If you call me names, Skinner, I shall have no alternative but to show you up," said Bunter calmly. "I don't approve of your tricks, anyway."

Skinner clenched his hands hard.

"No larks, you know," said Bunter, backing away. "I'll call Bob Cherry!"

"You—you—you—"

Skinner unclenched his hands. He would have given a week's pocket-money to knock Bunter spinning; but he realised that it would not do. The Owl of the Remove knew too much.

"Can you lend me a bob, Skinner?"

"What?" gasped Skinner.

"A bob! I'm expecting a postal-order this evening."

"You fat villain! You—you—you—"

Skinner almost choked. "With all his acuteness and cunning he had never foreseen that one of his confederates might turn on him in this way."

"I'll settle up out of my postal-order, of course," said Bunter. "It's simply a matter of waiting till the post comes in."

Skinner looked at him like a particularly Hunnish Hun.

"Bunter, you—you rotter! You're as deep in it as I am—"

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you know that! If it comes out about me, it comes out about you, too."

"I don't understand you, Skinner," said Bunter calmly. "What are you talking about?"

"You were in the game. You went to Gans for his German grammar."

"Certainly. No harm in borrowing a German grammar of a German master," said Bunter cheerfully. "Besides, you put me up to it."

"I did?" gasped Skinner.

"Certainly. I didn't know it was a trick."

"You—you—didn't know?"

"Certainly not! Now it occurs to me what you did it for, my conscience is rather uneasy about it."

"Your conscience!" stuttered Skinner. "Yours! Oh, my hat!"

"I really feel that it's my duty—my painful duty—to expose the whole shady business," said Bunter severely. "Still, so long as we're on friendly terms, Skinner, I feel that I'm bound to keep your disgraceful secrets dark. Did you say you could lend me that bob?"

Skinner looked at the fat junior as if he could bite him. Then, slowly and reluctantly, he extracted a shilling from his pocket.

"Thanks," said Bunter. "Of course, you'll have this back out of my postal-order. It's merely a temporary loan."

"Get out of my sight, you swindling beast!" gasped Skinner.

Billy Bunter grinned, and started for the tuckshop. Skinner looked at Snoop and Stott. To his surprise and rage, they were grinning, too.

"You rotters!" howled Skinner. "What are you grinning at, you beasts? Look here, that's fourpence each for each of us. You're in the game as well as me."

"No jolly fear!" said Snoop promptly. "I haven't any fourpences to give away!"

"Same here," said Stott. "You shouldn't have given Bunter anything."

"He would have given me away!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you rotters?" roared Skinner greatly incensed.

"You're so jolly deep," chuckled Snoop. "So jolly deep, old chap, that you're always biting off more than you can chew. You can leave me out of this little game, after this. I haven't any bobs for Bunter!"

"Same here," grinned Stott. "Poor old Skinner! Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner clenched his hands, and his dear pals left him, still chuckling. Snoop and Stott seemed to see something very humorous in Skinner's predicament; but the humorous side of the matter was quite lost on Skinner. Perhaps because he was such a humorist himself.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Skinner Is Pleased!

HERR GANS was smoking a big German pipe, and reading a German newspaper, when Dr. Pillbury was shown into his study. He rose in surprise to greet the medical gentleman. The little stout doctor looked him over with a professional eye. He could see the signs of worry in the herr's fat face; he noted also the redness of his eyelids. The tender-hearted herr had been "weeping" again for his unfortunate nephew—blubbing, as the Greyfriars fellows called it. Dr. Pillbury did not, as a matter of fact, like Huns. But he was extremely polite to Herr Gans. To the medical gentleman a patient was a patient, Hun or not. And he was aware that the herr was the least unpleasant kind of a Hun.

"And how are you feeling now, Herr Gans?" asked the little doctor.

"I do not feel ferry well mit meinsel," answered the herr sadly. "In fact, I have been tinkin dat I vant to see you, Herr Doctor."

"I came as soon as I could," said the medical gentleman. Herr Gans stared.

"You have gum to see me?"

"Naturally!"

"Somevun tell you tat I am not vell mit meinsel, isn't it?"

It was the doctor's turn to stare.

"You told me yourself," he said.

"Mein Gott! I!"

"Yes, on the telephone, an hour ago."

"Vat! Vat tat you say?" exclaimed the herr, in great agitation. "Herr Doctor, it is not possible tat you choke?"

"Choke!" ejaculated Dr. Pillbury. "Oh, joke! Exactly. No, Herr Gans, it is certainly not possible that I should choke. I do not understand you. You called me up on the telephone an hour ago, and asked me to come over as soon as I could. Surely you have not forgotten?"

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Herr Gans gave a groan.

"Mein head he go off his top!" he stammered. "Herr Doctor, I have not to remember tat I speak to you te telephone mit. If I do tat ting, I forget him."

"You told me that your memory was going," said the doctor, really concerned. "Is it possible that you have forgotten 'phoning?"

"Mein herr, I am retty to swear tat I did not 'phone," said Herr Gans, in great distress. "You are sure tat I 'phone mit you?"

"I could hardly be mistaken, Herr Gans," said the doctor drily. "You certainly telephoned to me."

The herr pressed a fat hand to his brow.

"He is gone!" he said. "Te memory of tat is all gone. But you are sure, mein herr, tat I have do dis ting?"

"I recognised your voice, Herr Gans."

"Den dere is no mistake, and mein prain he is going!" groaned Herr Gans. "Ach! It is derrible. Mein prain he go! Herr Doctor, I am glad tat you have gum to see me. For some days I forget everyting. Te poyas dey pring me lines tat I forget I give, and vy for I give dem. Dey pring me pooks tat I have lent, tat I forget tat I lend. Mein prain is going!"

Dr. Pillbury was much of the same opinion, but he did not say so.

"I am mooch worry," continued the herr pathetically. "Te poyas dey do not like me because I am Cherman. Tat is natural, and I am not angry. Dey worry me—vat you call to pull te foot. Den mein nephew—mein poor Heinrich—he is a prisoner of dem rascal Prussians, and I tink of him in te fortress, mitout enoff to eat of food mit himself. Mein country is under te foot of te Prussians—mein Sachsen. Ach! Ich bin sehr unglücklich. It is no vunder tat I shall go vat you call, in English, te little bit off te top!"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the doctor cheerfully. "You are a little run down. You will soon pull round."

"Ach! But I tink mein prain he is going!" groaned the herr. "Dis day I have to you on te telephone spoken, and I forget him all. I tink if dis go on I shall be in te lunatic asylum put."

And the herr, deeply touched by his own sad fate, proceeded to shed tears.

After the doctor had gone, the old gentleman paced to and fro in his study, mumbling to himself, in a state of worry and stress that might have touched even Skinner's heart if he could have seen him.

He was interrupted by a tap at the door.

"Gum in!" he said, in a faint voice.

Skinner came in.

"My lines, sir!"

Herr Gans gasped.

"Your—your lines, Skinner?"

"Yes, sir. Will you look at them?"

"Put dem on te table," gasped the herr.

Skinner put the impot on the table and retired. Herr Gans clasped both hands to his throbbing head.

"Dere is no doubt," he muttered. "I talk on te telephone and forget him; I give tat Skinner lines and forget him. I remember tat I give Smit lines, but I do not remember Skinner. Mein prain, he is going!"

Tap!

"Gum in!" groaned the herr.

It was Vernon-Smith who came in. He looked rather curiously at the herr's white and worried face.

"My lines, sir."

"Tank you, Smit. I remember tat I give you dem lines," said Herr Gans. "It is ferry strange tat I remember to give you lines, and I do not remember tat I give Skinner lines pefore."

The Bounder started.

"Did you give Skinner lines, sir?" he said.

"I do not remember him; but Skinner, he pring te lines. Smit, mein poy, I tink perhaps you notice tat I am wander in mein mind a little, perhaps, isn't it?"

The herr looked at Vernon-Smith almost in anguish. The Bounder shook his head. He could understand what a state of mind the unfortunate old gentleman must be in to make such an appeal to a junior of the Lower Fourth.

"Not at all, sir," he said.

"You notice tat I forget tings, isn't it?"

"I haven't noticed it, sir."

"It is because I am worry," groaned the herr. "I tink tat perhaps I am going to be ill—ferry ill. Mein poy, I have always try to do mein duty in dis school, dough dey do not like me because I am Cherman. Perhaps some of te poyas vill be sorry venn tat I go off te top because I am worry."

"We should all be sorry if you were ill, sir," said Vernon-Smith sincerely enough. "And—and you mustn't mind

about the fellows not liking Germans, sir. It simply can't be helped at the present time. We all respect you."

"You are yun goot poy, Smit!"

Vernon-Smith left the study with a thoughtful frown on his brow. He sought for Skinner, and found him in the Remove passage.

"What's this rot about the Gander giving you lines, Skinner?" he asked. "He never gave you any lines!"

"Mind your own business!" suggested Skinner.

"Have you been taking him lines, and making out that he gave you an impot when he hadn't?"

"Likely thing that, isn't it?" said Skinner, laughing.

"Well, no, it isn't!" admitted Vernon Smith. "You're too jolly lazy to do any lines if you could help it! But the Gander said something—"

"Oh, the Gander's off his rocker!" said Skinner airily. "I shouldn't wonder if he's taken off to an asylum some day. He's quite potty."

"He does seem jolly queer," said the Bunder. "You were planning some rotten trick the other day. What have you been up to?"

Skinner hummed a tune.

The Bunder left him, very much puzzled. Skinner winked at the window.

"It's working!" he murmured. "The silly old ass will be right off his chump before long. Ha, ha, ha!"

And Skinner chuckled with satisfaction. His plot had not worked out wholly satisfactorily. Billy Bunter was a cloud on the horizon. But the prospect of the Gander being worried right "off his chump" was a great consolation to the amiable Skinner.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Improves the Shining Hour!

"MAD as a hatter!" said Bolsover major. "Potty, by gum!" remarked Temple of the Fourth. "The Head ought to be told about it, you know."

The group of juniors in the quadrangle stared at Herr Gans. The German master was walking under the elms, and muttering to himself and gesticulating, in blissful unconsciousness of the many eyes fixed upon him.

It really looked as if the unfortunate herr was, as Cecil Reginald Temple expressed it, potty.

The belief that he was losing control of his faculties, that he no longer knew or remembered his own sayings and doings, was preying on the old gentleman's mind, and in his present worried and nervous state it had a serious effect on him.

The Greyfriars fellows, knowing nothing about Skinner's cruel trick, only noted that the old German seemed to be getting madder every day. Even Skinner, hard-hearted as he was, was far from realising the seriousness of what he was doing. If he could have understood the fear and horror working in the herr's troubled mind, even Skinner would have relented. As it was, he was very far from relenting. He rejoiced in his success. He had not anticipated that it would be so easy as this. He grinned as he watched the gesticulating herr.

"There's nothing to cackle at, you rotter!" Bob Cherry remarked, in disgust. "The poor old beggar looks as if he's going out of his wits."

"So he is!" said Skinner cheerfully.

"Well, I'm sorry for him, for one, if he is."

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"Much good your sorrow will do him," smiled Skinner. "I wonder how long it will be before the Head notices?"

"Blessed if I can understand it!" said Harry Wharton, knitting his brows. "There must be something jolly wrong with him!"

Vernon-Smith cast a quick, suspicious look at Skinner. That cheery youth walked away whistling. Billy Bunter followed him.

"I say, Skinner, old chap," said Bunter. "That postal-order of mine hasn't come, after all!"

"You needn't tell me that!" snapped Skinner.

"There's a delay in the post," said Bunter. "Owing to the war, you know. These things will happen in war-time. I suppose you couldn't lend me half-a-crown till my postal-order comes?"

"No, I couldn't!"

"I really wish you'd oblige me, Skinner."

"Go and eat coke!"

"Hard cheese on old Gander, isn't it?" said Bunter. "I really feel sorry for the poor old beast, though he's a Hum. I'm thinking of asking Wharton to advise me what to do in the matter."

Skinner compressed his lips.

"You fat sneak!"

"If you're going to call me names, Skinner, I decline to discuss the matter with you any further," said Bunter, with dignity. "I've got a conscience. I hope—like those conscientious-objector chaps you read about. I really can't see you going on in this way. It's Humish. Upon the whole, I think I'd better consult Wharton about it."

"If you say a word—" began Skinner, between his teeth. Billy Bunter rolled away. Skinner gazed after him with scowling brows. He knew what was likely to happen if his precious scheme was made known to the captain of the Remove.

"Bunter!" he gasped.

The Owl of the Remove looked back.

"Did you speak, Skinner?"

"I'll make it a bob, you fat, swindling rotter!"

Bunter blinked at him with great dignity. Bunter held the upper hand, and he did not mean to be bribed on these terms.

"I decline to accept a loan if you put it like that, Skinner," he said calmly. "If you ask me to accept it as a pal, I may do so."

"You—you—you worm—"

"That's enough! I'm going!"

"You're going to tell Wharton, you sneaking worm?"

"I'm going to consult Wharton about what I'd better do. As head of the Form, he's the proper person for me to consult."

"Here's the bob, you rotter!"

"I decline to accept it, Skinner!"

Skinner almost choked. He had not only to make the loan, but to hand out the required amount of soft sawder with it. The way of the transgressor was hard.

"Take it, Bunter, old chap," he said, in a suffocating voice.

"I—I'd really rather you would!"

"Well, if you put it like that, perhaps I could accept it," said Bunter graciously. "You really want to lend me that Bob, Skinner?"

"Yes!" gasped Skinner. "Really!"

"Then I'll accept it. Thanks!"

Billy Bunter accepted the coin, and rolled off with it. Skinner looked after him with a homicidal expression.

He knew how long that shilling was likely to last the greedy

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Owl of the Remove, and he knew that further demands would not be long in coming.

Skinner's pocket-money was limited. It gave him a pain to part with any of it; but, even if he steeled himself to bear that anguish patiently, he would soon come to the end of his cash. Bunter would not come to the end of his demands, however. What was to be done?

Harold Skinner had a worry on his mind now, as well as the Gander.

Skinner and Vernon-Smith were at prep that evening when Bunter came into the study. Skinner groaned inwardly. He knew what the Owl's visit meant.

Vernon-Smith pointed to the door with his pen.

"Outside!" he said laconically.

Bunter blinked at him.

"I haven't come to speak to you, Smithy. I've come to see Skinner. I say, Skinner, can you lend me a bob?"

The Bounder burst into a laugh. Skinner was the last fellow in the school who was likely to lend Billy Bunter a bob.

But, to the Bounder's amazement, Skinner put his hand into his pocket. He dared not have any argument on the subject in the presence of a third party.

"Here you are, Bunter!" muttered Skinner.

"Thanks awfully, old chap!" said Bunter affably. "You shall have this back out of my postal-order, you know."

Skinner muttered something under his breath, and Bunter left the study. The Bounder fixed his eyes very curiously upon Skinner.

"What on earth are you lending Bunter money for?" he demanded.

"Find out!" growled Skinner.

"Have you taken up philanthropy in your old age?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Have you been up to something, and has that fat rascal found it out?" asked the Bounder.

"Oh, don't jaw! I've got my prep to do!"

And Skinner refused to say another word. But the humorist of the Remove was in the lowest spirits when he went down after prep. His scheme, so far as Herr Gans was concerned, was a great success; but the success had to be paid for. The Remove humorist had landed himself in a scrape from which there seemed no escape. And as he came downstairs William George Bunter joined him.

"Got another bob, Skinner?"

"No!" said Skinner, gritting his teeth. "I'm stony! I don't get anything more till Saturday."

"Hard cheese!" said Bunter. "I'd advise you to borrow

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a few bob of Smithy. I know he lets you sponge on him, as you're in his study."

"Get out, hang you!"

"The fact is, I'm rather hard up. Strange to say, my postal-order hasn't arrived yet," said Bunter calmly. "I feel sure that you'll oblige me with a bob somehow, Skinner. I rely on you as an old pal. Yaroooh!" roared Bunter suddenly, as Skinner, losing control of his temper, rushed at him and smote him right and left. "Yow-ow-ow! Yah! Help! Murder! Fire!"

The fat junior rolled on the floor, roaring. He was up in a moment, however, and speeding up the stairs.

"Come back!" yelled Skinner, in rage and alarm.

He rushed in pursuit.

But Bunter did not come back. He fled for the Remove passage, and burst into Study No. 1 like a thunderbolt, with the hapless Skinner hot on his track.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Study No. 1 Does Justice!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. jumped up.

The Co. were chatting in the study after their prep, and the bounder had just dropped in. They were discussing footer and baked chestnuts at the same time, when the Owl of the Remove tore in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the row? Have the Huns landed?"

"Rescue!" yelled Bunter.

Skinner arrived breathless at the door. Too late he repented of giving way to his wrath. Billy Bunter dodged behind Bob Cherry.

"Yow-ow-ow! Keep him off!"

"Hands off, Skinner!" said Harry Wharton. "What are you chasing that fat duffer for?"

"I—I—I—"

"I'm going to tell you fellows!" howled Bunter. "I'm not going to be hammered because I've got a tender conscience."

"My hat! You've got a conscience!" exclaimed Frank Nugent, in astonishment.

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"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"What on earth are you driving at, anyway?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I refused to have a hand in it," gasped Bunter. "I don't believe in making the poor old beast think he's going off his rocker. It's a dirty trick!"

"Shut up!" howled Skinner.

"I'm not going to shut up! The Gander ain't a bad sort for a Hun; and I'm not going to allow your rotten tricks, Skinner!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! We're hearing news!" said Bob. "What tricks has Skinner been playing on the Gander?"

"None at all," said Skinner hastily. "Bunter's only—only joking."

"I'll jolly well show you whether I am joking!" snapped Bunter. "Keep him off, you fellows, and I'll tell you all about it!"

"I don't see how Skinner could have anything to do with the Gander going off his rocker," said Wharton. "What on earth do you mean, Bunter?"

"It's Skinner's trick, he—"

"Bunter, old chap!" gasped Skinner.

"Not so much of your old chap," said Bunter loftily. "I decline to have anything to do with you, Skinner. You're unscrupulous."

"You—you—I—I—mean, I—I was only coming after you, Bunter, to mention that—that if you want that half-crown—"

"Eh?"

"I don't mind lending you that half-crown, old fellow," said Skinner desperately. "I find I've got one, after all."

"Well, if you put it like that, Skinner."

"I do, old fellow. Come on!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wharton, catching the fat junior by the shoulder. "You've said a little too much, Bunter, and you can say the rest. What tricks has Skinner been playing on the Gander?"

Bunter blinked at Skinner, who showed a half-crown in the palm of his hand.

"Ahem! The—the fact is, Wharton, I—I was only joking," stammered Bunter.

"Hand me a stump, Frank!"

"Certainly."

"Now, Bunter, out with it!"

"Oh, I—I say, you fellows—" stuttered Bunter, in dismay.

"Let Bunter alone!" exclaimed Skinner. "What are you bullying Bunter for? Let him alone. You come with me, Bunter, old chap!"

"Bunter's going to explain first," said Wharton quietly. "Now, Bunter, we want the whole story?"

"The—the fact is—"

"Yes, we want the facts. At the first Prussianism you get this stump!"

"There—there's nothing in it. I—I was simply joking. Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter, as the stump came down. "I—I mean, I—I wasn't joking."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll fetch a prefect here if you don't let Bunter alone!" howled Skinner desperately.

"Fetch one, by all means," said Harry. "If you want it all out before a prefect, I'm agreeable. Get on with the yarn, Bunter!"

Skinner did not fetch the prefect.

"It—it's only a joke, you know," groaned Bunter. "Keep that stump away, you beast! The fact is, I—I didn't approve of it from the beginning. It's no good scowling at me, Skinner. I'm jolly well going to tell Wharton. I told you I would! I regard it as a duty."

Skinner's half-crown drew Bunter one way, and the grip on his shoulder and the cricket-stump drew him another. The stump proved the more influential of the two. Skinner set his teeth.

"I'm waiting," said Wharton grimly.

Then the story came out. As Billy Bunter had no choice, he made a virtue of it, in his usual way, and if Bunter was to be believed, he was shocked, indeed, horrified, at Skinner's unscrupulousness. Harry Wharton & Co. listened in astonishment, and with growing indignation and disgust.

"So that was the little game?" said the Bouncer at last. "I knew there was something on. That's what Skinner has been lending Bunter bobs for—to keep it dark!"

"The fat rotter has been blackmailing me!" said Skinner savagely.

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"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"And now you know, what about it?" sneered Skinner. "I suppose even this virtuous study isn't going to sneak to the Head?"

Wharton compressed his lips.

"If ever a rotten rascal deserved to be given away, you do!" he said. "But we're not going to give you away. We're going to stop your little game. You rotter! You call this poor old Gander a Hun, but you've acted like the rottenest Prussian Hun yourself!"

"It was a dirty trick," said Bob Cherry, "and it's got to stop."

"And how are you going to stop it?" sneered Skinner.

"It would serve you right to tell Quelch. But we can't do that. We're taking the matter into our own hands," said Harry. "You're going to have a lesson about playing Hun tricks. Collar him!"

Skinner made a move to escape; but the Bouncer was between him and the door. There was no escape for the humorist.

"I'll yell for a prefect if you touch me!" panted Skinner.

"Yell away, my son!" said Bob, grasping the cad of the Remove and pitching him into the middle of the study. But Skinner did not yell.

"Gentlemen," said Harry Wharton. "It's agreed that Skinner has acted like a rotten Hun, and Huns are barred at Greyfriars."

"Hear, hear!"

"Bunter has acted like a rotten Hun, too!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"The sentence of Study No. 1, sitting in court-martial on these Huns, is twelve strokes with a cricket-stump, well laid on!"

"Hear, hear!"

"As they're not fit for decent chaps to touch, they can execute the sentence on one another. Shove Skinner across the table!"

"You rotters! I—I— Let go!" shrieked Skinner.

Bump! Skinner landed on the table.

"Take that stump, Bunter!"

"I—I say—"

"Give Skinner a dozen, and if they're not hard ones, you'll get an extra one yourself—jolly hard!"

"Let me go!" yelled Skinner.

"Pin the cad!"

Half a dozen hands held Skinner on the table. Then Billy Bunter began with the cricket-stump. He was not sorry to repay a little of his debt to Skinner, as a matter of fact. The dozen strokes were well laid on. Skinner squirmed and wriggled and gasped, but he did not dare to yell. If a master or a prefect had been brought to the study the whole story might have come out, and that was not what Harold Skinner wanted—not at all!

He was gasping with rage and pain as he rolled off the table at last.

"Now shove that fat oyster up!" said Wharton.

"I—I say, you fellows! I know you're joking! Leggo! I tell you I—I was down on Skinner all the time! Yah! Oh! It's only because I'm so high-minded that I— Yaroooooh! Yooop! Help! Fire!"

Skinner was laying on the cricket-stump now. He had to do it. But, as a matter of fact, he did not require compulsion. He enjoyed it.

The stump rose and fell with terrific vim, and the dust rose from Billy Bunter's garments, and wild yells came from Billy Bunter.

"Yow, yow, yowp! Help! Fire! Murder! Yah! Yooop! Stoppit! Groooh! Whoop!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Oh, crumbs! Help! Stoppit!" yelled Bunter. "Oh, my hat! Leave off! Yah! Oh!"

"That's the dozen," grinned Bob Cherry. "Chuck it, Skinner!"

"I'll give the fat rotter a few more!" panted Skinner.

"No, you won't! Chuck it!"

Bob Cherry jerked the stump from Skinner's hand. Bunter rolled off the table, roaring.

"Justice has been done," said Wharton. "We shall keep an eye on you after this, Skinner; and if there are any more tricks on the Gander, you'll get some more."

Skinner opened the study door. Then he paused, to cast a bitter look at the three chums of the Remove.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he said, between his teeth. "I'm going to keep on—more than ever! I'll make that old Hun think he's quite mad before I've finished! I'll make him go fairly off his rocker, and you meddling rotters can thank yourselves for it!"

And Skinner stamped out and slammed the door.

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THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch Steps In!

"MEIN Gott! Vat shall I do after? Ach! Vat shall I do before?"

Tap!

Herr Gans ceased his hurried pacing of the study, and looked towards the door.

"Gum in!" he groaned.

It was Mr. Quelch who entered.

The Remove-master closed the door behind him, and then turned to Herr Gans. The German master gazed at him with haggard eyes.

"Herr Gans," said the Remove-master quietly, "I could not help hearing you as I passed your door. For some time past I have been thinking of speaking to you. Are you ill?"

Herr Gans sank into his chair with a groan.

"Ach! I tink tat I am ferry ill!" he muttered.

"I must tell you, Herr Gans, that your your—ahem!—conduct has already excited remark," said Mr. Quelch. "If you do not feel equal to your work, surely it would be advisable to ask Dr. Locke to give you leave of absence for a time? I am speaking to you as a friend. You cannot go on in your present state. You are heading direct for a serious nervous breakdown."

"Herr Quelch, you speak mit me as a friend. It is true, den, tat you have notice tat I am not meinselt?" said Herr Gans. "For some days I tink tat I go vat you call off te top. I forget tings; I find tat I am no longer te master of mein own prain. Mein prain, he turn mit himself. I giff lines to te chunions, and I forget all tat. I lend a pook, and I forget him. I telephone to te doctor to gum, and I forget tat I do tat. Den I tink tat mein prain he is going, and tat make me ferry much worse."

Mr. Quelch looked curiously at the herr.

"You telephoned to the doctor to come?" he asked.

"That was a wise step."

"But I do not know tat I do it. Ven te doctor he arrive, I do not expect him. I am surprise to see him. And he tell me tat only van hour before I telephone to him. My prain he is going."

"That is very extraordinary, Herr Gans." The Remove-master knitted his brows. Mr. Quelch was a good deal more level-headed than the German master, and he saw a little more clearly. "Even if you are in a nervous and run-down state, that is still very extraordinary. What telephone did you use?"

"I know not. I remember notting. Perhaps you remember tat I gum to you to use your telephone, Herr Quelch?"

"Not at all. But I was out yesterday afternoon, and perhaps you used it then."

"Yes; it was in te afternoon, for te doctor he gum in te afternoon. Yet I do not remember him at all."

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"It is possible that there is some trick in the matter," he said. "I cannot understand how you could forget your action, even if you are ill."

"But tat is not all!" groaned Herr Gans. "Te chunions pring me lines, and I do not remember tat I give dem. Sometimes I remember. I remember Smit's lines, but I do not remember Skinner's. Tat make me tink tat my prain go."

"Skinner!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "Ahem! Then this fancy of yours, that you were failing mentally, is founded upon the fact that certain juniors brought you lines you did not remember giving—Skinner among them?"

"Ja, ja!"

"Do you remember which juniors were concerned?"

"Skinner and Snoop and Stott and Punter."

"Your memory does not seem so bad," said the Remove-master, with a slight smile. "It is possible that you have been deceived, Herr Gans. I have the lowest opinion of Skinner; he is capable of cruel deceptions, I fear. I think we may send for those boys, and question them."

"But—but—"

"Pray leave the matter in my hands, sir! We shall see."

Mr. Quelch rang, and sent Trotter to bring Skinner, Snoop, Stott, and Bunter to the study. Skinner was in his study when he received the message, and he jumped up in alarm.

"Mr. Quelch wants me!" he exclaimed.

"Yessir—in Herr Gans' study," said Trotter.

"Is—is anything the matter?"

"Dunno, Master Skinner. Which Mr. Quelch was lookin' thundery," said Trotter.

Skinner gritted his teeth.

"Anybody else sent for?" he asked.

"Master Snoop and Stott and Bunter."

"Oh, my hat!"

The Bouncer looked in from the passage. He was grinning.

"Looks like a bowl-out, Skinner. Don't forget to explain to Quelch what a ripping joke it was. He may have a sense of humour, you know."

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"Oh, hang you!" growled Skinner.

He left the study in a state of great uneasiness. Snoop and Stott and Billy Bunter joined him in the passage, all looking alarmed. Skinner gave the Owl of the Remove a bitter look.

"You fat rotter, you've been blabbing!" he muttered.

"Oh, really, Skinner, I—I haven't said a word—"

"Well, you're as deep in it as I am," said Skinner—"that's one comfort."

"I—I say, do you think they've found something out?" stammered Snoop.

"Looks like it."

"Oh, you ass! It was your silly idea all the time. I warn you that I'm not going to have it shoved on me—"

"Same here!" said Stott. "It's time for you to own up, Skinner. You'll have to tell Quelch you started the whole bizney."

"We're all in it together!" said Skinner bitterly. "I—I never thought of Quelch taking it up. They can't know anything for certain. We've only got to stick together, and stick to the yarn. They can't prove anything."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You fellows look happy!" said Bob Cherry, meeting the disconsolate quartet on the stairs.

"It's all up," groaned Snoop. "Quelch has got on to it somehow."

"Serve you jolly well right!" said Bob cheerfully.

"I tell you it's all right if we stick together!" hissed Skinner. "It only wants a bit of nerve."

"You don't look as if you've got too much nerve," grinned Bob. "I wouldn't give twopenny for your nerve when Quelch gets his gimlet eye on you. Why were you born such a giddy humorist, Skinner?"

Skinner fervently regretted that he had been born such a humorist, as he made his way to Herr Gans' study with his hapless comrades. He could have lied himself out of the scrape if he had been alone; but he knew that he could not rely on his comrades.

Billy Bunter was quaking, and he was prepared to give anybody away to save his own precious skin; and Snoop and Stott were not much more reliable. Skinner would have given a whole term's pocket-money not to have thought of that ripping scheme for bounding down the Hun.

They did not look cheerful as they presented themselves in Herr Gans' study, and the glittering eye Mr. Quelch turned upon them made them feel still more uneasy.

The Remove-master had been talking to Herr Gans, and he had extracted from him all the details of the matter. He was keenly suspicious now, and there was no doubt that the questioning would be very close.

"Come in!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "Skinner, on several occasions of late it appears that you have brought lines to Herr Gans, when he had no recollection of imposing them."

"Indeed, sir?" said Skinner as calmly as he could.

"The same is the case with you, Snoop and Stott."

"In-in-indeed, sir!"

"You have also, on various occasions, returned books which you declared Herr Gans had lent you; and have come to his study, stating that he had ordered you to do so, when he did not remember giving such orders."

"Oh, sir!"

"Herr Gans received the impression that he was growing extremely absent-minded," said Mr. Quelch. "It appears, however, that in connection with the other boys his memory did not play him these tricks. When Vernon-Smith or Wharton or Cherry brought him lines, or returned a book, he remembered all the circumstances perfectly."

"Tat is so," said Herr Gans.

"It appears to me," said Mr. Quelch, "that advantage has been taken of Herr Gans' unsuspectingness, and the state of mental worry he was in owing to a family misfortune."

"Oh, really, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I assure you, sir—"

"I do not accuse you," said Mr. Quelch; "but this appears to me very much like a concerted piece of trickery."

"Mein Gott!" murmured Herr Gans.

"Now, Skinner, I am going to question you. Have you on any occasion brought lines to Herr Gans when those lines had not been imposed at all?"

"No, sir!" said Skinner, as calmly as he could. It was not easy to tell a direct falsehood under Mr. Quelch's searching eyes, but Skinner managed it.

"Have you ever taken a book from his study, and brought it back later, pretending that he had lent it to you?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Have you ever brought him an exercise to correct, stating that he had directed you to do so, when, in fact, he had done nothing of the sort?"

"Oh, no, sir! Never!"
Mr. Quelch looked hard at the cad of the Remove.
"Did you use the telephone in my study yesterday, Skinner?"
"The—the telephone? Oh, no, sir!"
"Do you make the same answers as Skinner, Snoop?"
Sidney James Snoop licked his dry lips.
"Yes, sir!" he faltered.
"And you, Stott?"
"Yes, sir!"
"And you, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter gasped. It seemed to him that Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes were boring holes in him.

"Certainly, sir!" he stammered. "I—I've never used the telephone, sir. I refused to do so, sir!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch grimly.
Skinner, Stott, and Snoop exchanged glances of dismay. Had the four young rascals stood by the same story there was no proof against them, whatever suspicion there might be. But Billy Bunter could always be depended upon to overdo it, and, as usual, his first proceeding was to put his fat foot in it. There was a pause in the study, and the silence was simply terrifying to Skinner & Co. They realised that all was up.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape for Skinner!

"M-M-MAY I go now, sir?" mumbled Billy Bunter.
Mr. Quelch shook his head.

"You may not go yet, Bunter. You have stated that you refused to use the telephone yesterday?"

"Certainly, sir! I should have considered it disrespectful, sir," said Bunter. "I told Skinner so."

"Then Skinner asked you to use the telephone?"

Bunter caught a furious look from Skinner, and started.

"Nunno, sir! Certainly not!" he stammered.

"Do not look at Bunter, Skinner!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"I am aware, Skinner, that you are making signs to Bunter!"

Skinner ceased to make signs very suddenly.

"Now, Bunter, answer me truthfully!"

"Oh, certainly, sir! I—I'm well known to be a truthful chap, sir. Some of the fellows are down on me because I'm so truthful."

"You state that you refused to use the telephone, and told Skinner so?"

"Yes, sir."

"You also deny that Skinner asked you to use the telephone?"

"Ex-exactly, sir."

"Mein Gott!" murmured Herr Gans. "Tat poy is so stupid as nefer vas, after!"

"Bunter, cannot you see that your statements are contradictory? How could you have refused a request that Skinner did not make?"

"I—I—I didn't, sir."

"What?"

"The—the fact is, sir, I—I never refused. I—I wouldn't have refused an old pal like Skinner!" gasped Bunter. Under the Remove-master's stern eyes Billy Bunter hardly knew what he was saying.

"You did not refuse?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Nunno, sir!"

"Then you used the telephone?"

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all! I told Skinner plainly that I wouldn't!" groaned Bunter. "So did Snoop and Stott, sir. We all said quite plainly that we wouldn't. We weren't going to have it put on us, sir!"

Skinner's face was a study as Bunter made that interesting statement.

"I think I understand!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "You were all acting in concert, and none was willing to take the risk of playing that trick. It was not you, or Snoop, or Stott who used the telephone, Bunter?"

"No, sir. C-c-can I go now, sir?"

"Not yet, Bunter. It appears that it was Skinner who used the telephone, and imitated Herr Gans' voice, and deceived Dr. Pilbury?"

"Oh, dear!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I—I thought you were out of doors, sir. So did Skinner. I—I hadn't anything to do with it, sir. I assure you of that. In fact, I didn't know that Skinner was going to telephone."

"You did not know, Bunter?"

"I—I hadn't the faintest idea, sir. I told him plainly that I wouldn't have anything to do with it!"

"How could you have told him that you would have nothing to do with it, Bunter, if you did not know what he intended?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I really meant to say, sir, that I—I didn't tell him anything at all. We—we didn't have anything to do with it, any of us. We didn't watch for you to go out, sir, and—and Snoop didn't come into the study to say you were gone, sir—not a word. Did you, Snoop?"

Snoop did not reply; he ground his teeth.

"It appears, then, that it was Skinner who used the telephone," said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice. "Another question, Bunter! On a certain occasion you came to Herr Gans to borrow his German grammar, stating that your own was lost, and that you had been told to do so."

"D-d-d-did I, sir?"

"You did, Bunter. Had Herr Gans actually told you to come to his study for that German grammar?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Because you had lost your own?"

"Exactly, sir!"

"We will go into this," said Mr. Quelch, and Bunter groaned in anticipation. "When did you lose your grammar, Bunter?"

"Oh, on Friday, sir!"

"Have you found it, since?"

"No, sir. I—I mean, yes, sir!" gasped Bunter, remembering that his grammar was in his study, and might be looked for.

"You do not appear quite certain, Bunter, whether you have found it or not."

"No, sir. I—I mean yes!"

"Where did you find it?"

"In—in the passage, sir."

"Indeed! You had lost your German grammar, and you found it in the passage. Can you prove that statement, Bunter? Was anyone else present when you found your lost grammar in the passage?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Bunter. "Lots of fellows! In fact, it was Bob Cherry who pointed it out to me, lying—lying there, sir, on—the floor."

"Very good! In that case, Cherry will be able to bear out your statement, and I will send for him at once to do so." Bunter's jaw dropped.

"I—I mean, it—it wasn't Cherry, sir, it—it was Wharton, now I come to think of it. I—I mean Skinner. You remember, Skinner?"

"You are lying, Bunter, in the most unscrupulous way!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "You did not lose your grammar. You were playing an unfeeling trick upon an unsuspecting master, and it is quite clear that all four of you were concerned in the plot. Skinner used the telephone to call in the doctor, and the rest of you shared the lying and deception equally."

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter. "I—I—I—I—it's no good looking at me, Skinner! He's found it all out. You can see that for yourself. I was against it from the very beginning—you know I was. Snoop knows, too. Wasn't I, Snoop? I said it was too hard on the old rotter—"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I—I mean Herr Gans, sir, a gentleman we all respect tremendously, sir. I—I wouldn't think of calling him a rotter, sir. In fact, I never use such a vulgar word, sir! In fact, we all like Herr Gans, though he's a beastly Hun!"

"Bunter!"

"I mean he isn't a Hun, sir," stammered the unhappy Bunter. "That's what I really meant to say, sir, and—and I don't think he ought to be interned, sir, and—and I'm sorry his nephew has been lagged, sir, and I don't think the rotter ought to be hanged, sir—I mean—"

"You have said enough, Bunter!"

"T-t-thank you, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I suppose I may go now?"

"You may not go, Bunter! All four of you will come with me to the Head, for your heartless and rascally trickery to be reported. It rests with Dr. Locke whether you are flogged, or expelled from the school, or both!"

The knees of the unhappy humorists knocked together.

"I think you ought to know, sir," said Skinner venomously, "that Bunter has been getting money out of me, threatening to give me away!"

"Oh, really, Skinner! You know you lent me the money as an old pal!"

"We hadn't anything to do with it!" groaned Snoop. "Skinner will admit that it was his scheme, and—and we were really against it."

"I have no doubt Skinner was the ringleader," said the Remove-master quietly.

Skinner gritted his teeth.

"Well, I was!" he said. "We don't like Huns. We're down on Huns. And—and you can flog me if you like, but I think it's right to be down on rotten Huns!"

(Continued on page iv of cover.)

The Opening Chapters of Our Great New School Serial.

THE FOURTH FORM AT FRANKLINGHAM. By Richard Randolph.

THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS TOLD HOW

two new boys appeared at Franklingham School on the same day. One is a senior—CONRAD HARDING CARDENDEN—the cousin and enemy of HARRY GRANVILLE, the popular captain of the school. The other is a junior—JOHNNY GOGGS, who looks soft, but is by no means as soft as he looks. Goggs chums up with three other members of the Fourth—BLOUNT, TRICKETT, and WATERS—and shares their study. Goggs is quite an exceptionally good all-round athlete for a boy of his age, but he does not blow his own trumpet; and though his chums know that he can run and jump, and that he has made a heavy entry for the school sports, it is quite by chance that his ability as a footballer is discovered. He and his chums plan a trick upon one AMINADAB JARKER, a cross-grained old cabby. Meanwhile, Cardenden has had a row with Granville, the result of which is that Cardenden is transferred to another House, and loses all chance of becoming a prefect.

(Now read on.)

The Match-Makers.

"Oh! Well, I admit that cook looks as if she would prefer to be monarch of all she surveyed. Personally, Bags, my sympathies would be rather with Buswell, who was first in the field. But he also was rude to me; and if you incline towards Jarker, so be it!"

"Jarker isn't in the field at all yet," said Tricks. "Question is—how to bring him in?"

"That would need some study of all three," Goggs replied. "I have, in my spare time, made some slight researches into entomology."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Wagtail.

"Entomology is the science relating to insects," said Tricks.

"He means Buswell and Jarker are worms."

"Is a worm an insect?" asked Bags.

"What's the odds? Go on, Goggles!"

"Does cook often go to the village?"

"Oh, I dunno! Sometimes, I suppose."

"Does Jarker often come here?"

"Only when he drives anyone up from the station."

"I ask these questions because the first necessity of any scheme is to bring them together. Buswell, I take it, is frequent in attendance upon cook?"

"Not much, he isn't! He used to be, but old Scamp changed all that," answered Bags, grinning. "Bussy didn't take much notice of what Grayson said; but he took a heap of what Scamp didn't say."

"How would it do to write Jarker a letter which he would think came from cook? It must not be signed as if by her, nor must it mention her name. But it should be so worded that he would feel sure she had written it."

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"Rather a stiff job, that," said Tricks.

"I think I could do it," answered Goggs, with his head on one side, as was his way when particularly thoughtful. "Yes, I really think I could do it—with, of course, some pointers from you. For, you know, the course of true love between cook and the buxom Buswell failed to run smooth, and a delicate allusion or two to that might help the venerated Aminadab to identify the writer of the epistle as cook."

"Sounds all right," said Bags. "See here; had we better try to work old Jarker up first, and then let Bussy know, or should we scheme it so as to get them here together?"

"It would be rather a bit of luck if cook was to get spliced to one of them," remarked Wagtail. "If we had a fresh cook, the currants in the speckled pudding wouldn't have to shout to each other quite so loud perhaps."

Goggs refused to be led into the by-path of speckled pudding.

"That depends, Bags," he said, "upon whether you merely want another little interlude in which Jarker and Buswell shall start their parts, or whether you desire Aminadab to become a serious candidate for the hand of the fair—By the way, what is cook's name?"

"Haven't any idea," answered Bags.

"I know," said Wagtail. "It's Jane Green."

"What a peculiar coincidence!" returned Goggs. "The initials are identical with mine."

"Thinking of going in for cook yourself, Goggles?" inquired Tricks.

"No, most decidedly not! Cook is another rude person. I heard her make a remark in distinct disparagement of my personal appearance to the pretty housemaid yesterday. It did not gall me as much as it might have done, because the reply of the pretty housemaid was, on the whole, quite charitable to me. She said that she had seen worse lookers. That is something, especially as coming from one who is herself emphatically a good looker."

"That's Bertha," said Wagtail. "She's cook's niece, and no end of a good sort."

"What do you mean about the initials?" asked Bags.

"They're the same as yours, of course, but—"

"Pardon my interrupting you! They are the same as mine, and, therefore, I can sign the letter 'J. G.' with a clear conscience—and a pen, of course. If the noble Aminadab reads it 'Jane Green,' when it should be 'John Goggs,' is that my fault?"

"Oh, no! Not at all! Most certainly not!" answered Tricks.

"Why can't we cut all this cackle and get the letter done?" asked Wagtail.

This suggestion found favour. Goggs took a sheet of exercise paper and a pen, screwed his face into an expression of phenomenal foolishness, and made a start.

The other three offered suggestions. He heeded them not at all.

Five minutes proved enough. The actual writing did not take more than a fifth of the time. But the letter needed some consideration.

He read it out:

"Some people are too bold and forward, and some, which may be their superiors in merit, too backward and shy. A hint ought to be enough in the right direction, and hoping it will be so. N.B.—The dog's objection is to fat persons. Trusting this finds you well, as it leaves me at present, I sign myself J. G."

"It isn't very plain," commented Wagtail. "Old Jarker's a stupid idiot. He'll never understand it."

"I do not think he will," answered Goggs; "but I rather imagine that after he has read it over a few times he will think he does."

"Don't you see, Wagtail, you ass? The thing mustn't say it's from cook. We've got to let Aminadab take himself in. 'Some people too bold and forward'—he'll think that's one for Bussy's nob. 'Some, their superiors in merit, too backward and shy.' That's Jarker, a regular modest violet—I don't think! 'A hint enough in the right direction'—and I guess Jarker will take it. 'Dog's objection to fat persons'—that's a stroke of genius! Another for Bussy, and, as the other ass will read it, a direct invitation to him to come and see cook! 'I sign myself J. G.'—that is to say, John Goggs. But Jarker will read it Jane Green, you bet your shirt! Put a few crosses at the foot of it when you've copied it out, Goggles, and it will do fine!"

Goggs had nodded at each point of Bags' explanation. Tricks chuckled and grinned, and Wagtail even looked better pleased.

"It's not so bad," he said. "All I'm afraid of is that it will be a bit over old Jarker's head. I say, I suppose he can read?"

"Oh, yes; I've seen him reading a newspaper!" Tricks answered. "People aren't so ignorant as all that nowadays."

"Jarker is. At least, I mean he might be," returned Wagtail vaguely. "Stick the stamp upside-down, Goggles."

"What for?" asked the new boy innocently.

"Because that means 'love,'" said Waters.

Sports Day.

Over a week's fine, dry weather had preceded the day of the Franklingham sports, and the going was as good as it would have been in early summer.

The school was buzzing with excitement and gay with hunting. Fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, and cousins poured in from far and near. Ladies' gay dresses brightened quadrangle and playing-fields. Studies were invaded by the folks from home, who found all sorts of preparations made to entertain them, although the Head's generous hospitality made that sort of thing really unnecessary.

Among the few who had no people to meet were Granville, Cardenden, and Johnny Goggs.

Mr. Dyne, the uncle of the two seniors, had never been to Franklingham. He was a good deal of a recluse, and in general rather disliked boys than otherwise.

Goggs explained that the journey would have been too much for his grandmother. They were still rather in doubt about that grandmother, though they could hardly have explained why they suspected that she had no existence outside Johnny's imagination. He always talked of her as if she were a real person.

Inter-House rivalry in the sports was very keen. The House scoring the greatest total of points held for a year the Williamson Shield, presented by the Head's predecessor on his retirement.

Senior events counted five points for the first place, four for the second, three for the third. Junior events counted three, two, and one in the same way.

Thus it was quite possible for a junior of all-round ability to do his House great service.

The seniors, except for a few stalwarts, were apt to specialise, entering for few events, because they recognised the uselessness of tiring themselves out by competing with fellows known to be more capable than themselves.

But an ambitious junior did not consider this sort of thing, and among boys of fifteen or under a really good athlete is likely to be superior to his rivals in more directions than at a later stage of growth.

Grayson's expected a good deal of Goggs. Already those who had come to know him pretty well had forgotten the queeriness of his face and figure. They had seen him play footer, and knew what a rare turn of speed he had.

The House also expected much of Granville.

Then there was Pennell, the latest addition, who might pull off the mile, and had a chance in one or two other events if he competed in them. And Pennell would compete in every event he had entered for; he was no slacker.

Grayson's did not seem to mind much that all three of the fellows from whom they hoped most were new to the House. The last two or three terms had been so barren of honours for Grayson's that they really could not afford to consider a detail of that sort.

Had no transfers been made, and had Goggs not come along, the wooden spoon would almost certainly have fallen to them. Parker might have scored half a dozen points or so by getting placed second or third in his races, and Bags was good for a few points in the junior events; but no one else would have been particularly likely to win honours.

Now, Grayson's cherished hopes of the shield, though the other Houses did not expect them to earn such distinction.

As far as the sports were concerned, Hayter's considered Cardenden more than a makeweight for the stocky Pennell. Indeed, Hayter's seemed very well satisfied with Cardenden altogether thus far.

The fellow could win liking when he chose, and he had taken some trouble to make himself agreeable in his new quarters. There had been in the past very keen rivalry between Hayter's and the Head's House, and, owing to that, Granville, the crack of the latter until he went over to Grayson's, had fewer intimates in Hayter's than elsewhere.

"What a very queer-looking boy that Goggs is!" said Vera Blount, twin-sister of Bertram Bagshaw, aside to her brother.

"I don't care about his looks," answered Bags loyally. "He's all right; you can take that from me, V.! The chaps laughed at him no end at first, but they've chucked that now. You won't giggle when you see him run."

"Oh, I don't mean that I don't like him, B.! It isn't that at all. But he really is too funny! He talks to the mater just as a grown-up man would. And she's taken to him no end. What sticks his legs look! No one would ever think he could run."

"Muscle as hard as iron, V.," put in Tricks, an old friend of Bags' sister. "When you get to know our Johnny, you'll think as we do, that he's Al at Lloyd's. Wagtail didn't cotton to him at first, but he reckons him no end of a chap now."

"Goggs is a—giddy knock-out!" said Wagtail. "And a good fellow, too—one of the very best! You keep your eye on Goggs, V.! He's going to show us something to-day."

"I will. Though there are plenty of prettier things to look at," answered Miss Vera demurely.

The band was playing now. The masters, who were acting as starters, judges, and stewards of the course, were getting prominent. In a few minutes the first race would come off.

It was a junior event—the hundred yards.

Goggs politely made his excuses to Mrs. Blount, and Bags left his sister without any excuse. Both were running.

"Why aren't you two in it?" asked Vera.

"Because they don't handicap," answered Wagtail. "If they'd give me a start of fifteen or so, I'd run. Tricks would want twenty to give him any chance."

"Bosh!" retorted Trickett. "I'm saving myself up for the jumps."

"Why don't they handicap? I know they never do, but I don't know why," the girl said.

"It's supposed to be fairer for the Houses. It is, too. Suppose a House came out on top through fellows who'd got in with big starts pulling off several events? Nobody would be satisfied. Everybody having to start from scratch keeps down the fields a bit, but it's the best way."

Now the competitors were coming out of the pavilion dressing-room. Goggs, side by side with Bags, looked a mere skeleton, for, though Bags did not run to fat, he was well developed.

"Beats me where the fellow keeps the electricity stored up in him," said Tricks. "He don't look to have any room for it. But it's there."

"You meant the muscle, don't you?" asked Vera.

"No. Mean just what I say. We know where old Johnny's muscle is, though it don't make any show. It's the hardest ever. But there's electricity in the beggar, too, or something jolly well like it—you'll see!"

They ranged up, toeing the line—sixteen of them in all, stretching well across the wide course. Allardyce and Blise of Hayter's were there. There, too, on Goggs' right hand, was Benton, who had as much chance of winning the race as of being elected President of the United States, but had persisted in entering. Three in the black-and-white, four in the red of Hayter's, three in the green-and-silver of the Head's House, which were also the School colours, though with a difference of arrangement, two in the black-and-magenta of Waymark's, and four in the red-and-green of Bulitude's—so were the numbers made up.

(Continued on page iv of cover.)



A JEWISH SUPPORTER.
London, E.



MONTAGUE R. YOUNG,
Barnsbury.



A LOYAL READER.
Manchester.



GEORGE MARTIN,
Middlesbro'.



A SEA-SCOUT
READER.



JIM MARCOATE,
nr. Devizes.



EDWARD MOLLER,
A Keen Reader.



JACK WHITMARSH,
Ipswich.



A LOYAL
READER.



ANDREW THOMAS,
London.



RICHARD SEYMOUR,
A Loyal Reader.



JOHN SELOUS,
Guernsey.



A LOYAL READER,
Poplar.



L. SHEARING,
Leigh-on-Sea.



H. WALFORD,
Hants.



A PORTSMOUTH
READER.



C. JAVOVER,
South Africa.



A DUNDEE
READER.



ERNEST BOUTOMY,
Borough, S.E.



A BOXER READER,
Stepney.



FRED HARRIS,
Llanelly.



A. LANGTON,
Great Yarmouth.



A SEA-SCOUT
READER.



M. J. SOPER,
High Barnet.



A SEA-SCOUT
READER.



ALFRED PIND,
Borough, S.E.



FRANK ROOKMAN,
Orange Free State, Africa.



ARTHUR HAMPSON,
Nottingham.

THE FOURTH FORM AT FRANKLINHAM.

(Continued from page 20.)

And, because this was the event of the day, it attracted more general keenness than it would have done coming later in the proceedings. Not that any event would fail to be followed closely. If there was a comparative absence of thrill in some of them, the House rivalry lent them interest. They all counted for points!

The runners bent forward, gripping their corks.

"One—two—three!" counted Mr. Sladen, and the pistol cracked.

They were off—all save Benton, who sprawled headlong in his eagerness to start.

No Graysonite groaned. No one minded about Benton.

All their eyes were upon Goggs. Even Bags, though in Goggs' absence he would have carried the hopes of the House, was left almost unremarked.

His mother and sister might watch him, but for them, too, the queer boy with the legs like sticks was of interest, because their own competitor thought so much of him.

There was never any doubt about the result when once the start had been made.

Goggs shot forward, ahead of all the field, as if propelled from a cannon's mouth. There was quite a space between him and the rest at ten yards; at fifty he was so far ahead that he might have slowed down had he chosen.

Of course, he didn't. He did not even look over his shoulder. He ran on, and breasted the tape with the foremost of the others struggling ten yards behind him.

But there was the hottest of fights for second place.

Blount of Grayson's, Allardye of Hayter's, and long-legged Champneys of Bultitude's ran neck-and-neck in keenest rivalry. So close were they that no one except the judge and a few near him knew who had won until the flags went up.

Black-and-white—that was for Goggs. Everybody knew that.

"It's our colour again! Old Bags has come in second! Hooray!" yelled Tricks.

"No! Look!" cried Vera Blount. "There's red, too—black-and-white and red—two flags fastened together!"

For a moment they were at a loss. Then they realised what had happened. Bags and Allardye had dead-heated, and so the red flag had been hastily pinned to the black-and-white one, and the two were run up together.

"But what about the points?" asked Wagtail. "I can't see how they are going to work it. I don't remember this ever happening before."

Others were asking the same question.

Tricks answered it promptly.

"They'll share them, of course—one and a half to each."

"Oh! Thought perhaps Bags and old Dicebox would have one each of the two, and Champner count one for third."

"Not likely! There's no third when two fellows tie for second place."

"Seems to me we shall be getting into decimals if it goes on like this," grumbled Wagtail.

"And then you won't be able to keep the score, I suppose," answered the girl. "Haven't you got as far as decimals yet?"

"He understands them perfectly well except about the dot," said Tricks gravely. "He's never been able to make out yet what that had to do with them."

"Rats!" snapped Wagtail. "It's only the things with dots over the top that cook me."

Bags and Goggs came up arm-in-arm, to be greeted as heroes. It turned out that Champneys had only failed by an inch or two to make a triple dead-heat for second place. The Bultitudians were still maintaining that he ought to have been bracketed with the other two.

"Isn't our Johnny a—a blessed steam-engine, V.?" inquired Bags, aside.

"He runs splendidly. But I do wish you'd been first, B."

"Oh, rot! I've no earthly with him! I say, Allardye and I are going to toss for choice of the two prizes. I haven't said anything, but I'm afraid he wants the same one as I do—that's the third, really—a bat. Ripping good start for Grayson's, isn't it?"

A Tough Tussle.

The second event was a senior one—throwing the cricket-ball. In it both Granville and Cardenden took part, and among the others were Parker, Pennell, and Tilson, the head prefect of Hayter's, and the school's best long-field. There were fifteen competitors in all.

These were speedily reduced to three. In the first round those falling short of 80 yards dropped out. They numbered nine. The second round showed that three of the six left could not reach 90 yards.

The three who remained were Tilson, Cardenden, and

Granville. Whatever happened now, Hayter's must score in this event. But they might score 9 to 3, 3 to 4, or 7 to 5, according as to whether Granville was first, second, or third.

Tilson threw first. Ninety-four, one, six was his throw—a really good one, but not impossible to be beaten. Granville followed, and a rousing cheer came from the Graysonites as it was announced that he had thrown just over 96.

"Isn't that a handsome fellow?" said Vera Blount, as Cardenden, his dark face well set off by his red shirt, a model of easy grace, ran and threw.

"He may look all right, but he's a beast!" replied her brother.

"I say! I do believe that outsider's beaten our man!" cried Tricks.

It was so. Cardenden had thrown over 98 yards, and Hayter's took 3 points for first and third, Grayson's 4 for second.

"Rough on old Gran!" said Bags.

"I don't see why it should be," answered his sister. "The other fellow won fairly."

"Ah, you girls don't understand! You go by a fellow's looks."

(There will be another grand instalment of this exciting story in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET Library. Order your copy in advance.)

THE RASCAL OF THE REMOVE!

(Continued from page 18.)

"You will follow me to the Head!" said Mr. Quelch sternly, rising to his feet.

"Vun moment, Herr Quelch," said the German master quietly. "Dese poys have been fery vicked, but I tink dey do not understand how fery mooch dey have make me suffer in te mind. I hopes tat dey neffer feel as I feel for some days, ain't it? Herr Quelch, now I am easy in te mind, and I tinks no longer tat my prain is going. I forgif tat pad poy, Skinner, and I peg you tat you take him not to Head."

Skinner brightened up wonderfully, and Snoop and Stout and Bunter brightened up too. They hung upon Mr. Quelch's next words.

The Remove-master hesitated.

"They deserve severe punishment, Herr Gans," he said at last. "If you ask me, however, not to report them to the Head, I will accede, and will cane them myself."

"Thank you, Herr Quelch!"

"You hear?" said the Remove-master sternly. "You, Skinner, owe it to Herr Gans that you are not expelled from the school, and your confederates that they are not flogged. I trust this will make you feel some shame for your heartless conduct!"

And, indeed, at that moment Skinner did feel ashamed of himself, if it was for the first time in his life.

"I—I'm sorry, sir," he faltered. "I—I beg Herr Gans' pardon. I—I wish I'd never done it!"

For once the cad of the Remove was speaking sincerely, and the Remove-master read his face. There was a pause.

"You may go!" said Mr. Quelch at last. "I think you are sorry for your evil-doing, Skinner, and I shall let you leave this study unpunished. You may go!"

And Skinner & Co. went.

"Licked?"

"Flogging, or the sack?"

A dozen voices asked those questions as the four juniors came down the passage.

"Oh, really, you fellows!" said Bunter. "Of course we've not been punished! I put it to Quelch, you know—"

"Shut up, you sneaking, fat toad!" growled Skinner.

"No, we're not licked. The Gander begged us off."

"My hat!" Bob Cherry whistled. "Not much like a Hun!"

"Well," said Skinner shamefacedly, "he isn't really a Hun, you know. I'm sorry I went for him, and I own it. That's all over!"

"Gentlemen," roared Bob Cherry—"Oyez, oyez!—I call you all to witness that Skinner, of ours, is showing a rag of decency for the first time in his life!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!" growled Skinner. And he went his way.

But Skinner meant what he had said, and the persecution of the Gander was at an end, which was a great comfort to the Gander. And although the Gander certainly was a Hun, the juniors agreed that he wasn't half such a Hun as the Rascal of the Remove.

THE END.

Don't miss "MAULEVERER'S DETECTIVE!"—next Monday's grand story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)