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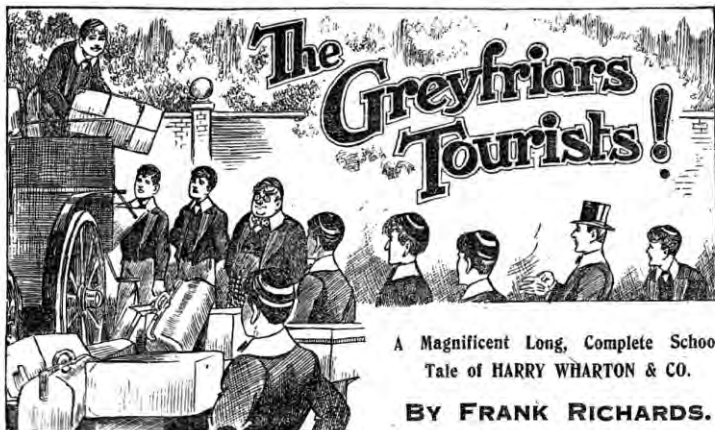


THE GREYFRIARS TOURISTS!



HELPING BILLY BUNTER TO CATCH THE TRAIN!

(A Stirring Scene in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.) 18-8-19



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

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Why Not?

THE Famous Five of the Remove Four at Greyfriars School were looking very furious.

"It's a jolly shame!" said Harry Wharton, as he flung the copy of the "Courtfield Gazette" on to the study floor, and gave the table a resounding thump with his clenched hand.

"Look out, you duffer!" shrieked Bob Cherry, as his teacup jumped off the table with a loud crash. "That's a jolly shame if you like! Bang goes my tea and sugar. Brrrrh!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" And Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh, the other members of the study tea-party, leaned back in their chairs happily amused at their chum's catastrophe.

"I—I—I'm awfully sorry, old man!" faltered Harry Wharton, endeavouring to look serious.

"You traitorous ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "Of course you're sorry. So am I! So are we all! You know I have been saving up that sugar. You know we're short of tea. And then you go and spill the whole blessed caboodle in one swoop!"

And Bob gave his thick head of hair a good shake.

"Never mind, Bob," laughed Frank Nugent. "Our teneb tub-thumper didn't mean to do it; and I think Harry's quite right. It is a jolly shame. Why should all these people be allowed to go to France to have a look round the old battlefields when we are left out of it?"

"It's a growing scandal!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"The scandalous is terrific!" added Hurree Jameet Ram Singh, in his weird and wonderful English.

Bob Cherry picked up the remains of his broken cup and placed the pieces on the table.

"Here are we," he growled, "the best school in the world! The best footer eleven! The best cricket eleven!

Second to none! Nalli secundus, and all that sort of thing, and the old fogys at the War Office or in the Cabinet, or wherever these duffers live, behave as though we never existed!"

"Might be completely off the map!" added Harry Wharton.

"It's time the matter was brought up in the House of Lords!" said Johnny Bull. "The war's been over now for nearly nine months, and we are kept at school like tame rabbits. Why don't they let us go out and see the country?"

"The rotfulness is ludicrous when they say that our youthfulness is not the proper caper!" said Hurree Singh.

"They might at least let us have a look round!" grunted Harry Wharton, after a pause. "Look here—"

"Oh, no; don't ask us to do that!" interrupted Bob Cherry, turning his face to the wall. "We'll go out and start another war against the Huns, but not this!"

Harry Wharton glared at the back of his chum's head, and then continued.

"Look here," he said. "I've got an idea. I think if we apply to somebody at the War Office they might be able to work things for us. It is done, you know. Heaps of people—like journalists and people who have been making munitions—go out. They've sent a lot of journalists recently, according to the Courtfield Gazette. And people in the Navy go out sometimes. Members of Parliament, and lawyers, and all those sort of husties go and have a look round. If we write to—"

"My hat!" cried Frank Nugent. "I've got a jolly pretty cousin there still. She's been at the War Office for over a year. She's helping as a typewriter or something."

"You silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry. "Do you think they would take any notice of a girl?"

"Of course they would!" snapped Frank, thoroughly roused. "She was a V.A.D. for over two years, and got an O.B.E."

"O.B.E.?" What sort of animal is that?" And Bob scratched his head in pretended ignorance.

"O.B.E. stands for Order Butter Early!" laughed Johnny Bull.

"It means the Order of the British Empire," said Frank Nugent. "And you duffers ought to know that by now. My cousin got—"

"Oh, dry up about your blessed cousin!" growled Harry Wharton. "How can a chap run a scheme if you're going to drag in all your relations?"

"Our esteemed chum has only introduced his beautiful cousin so far," said Hurree Singh. "No doubt he will mention his honoured and respected grandmother nextfully."

Frank Nugent gave a grunt and glared at his study-mates.

"All right, then!" he snapped. "You had better think of somebody else to write to!"

There was silence in Study No. 1 for a full minute, and it was Johnny Bull, who next spoke.

"I've got an uncle at the War Office," he said. "He's jolly well known. Shall we write to him and see what he can do?"

"An uncle?"

"Write to him?"

"Will a duck swim?"

"Does your esteemed uncle cleverfully work as hall-porter?"

The four chums fairly hurled these questions at Johnny Bull, Johnny grinned.

"I don't know that he's a hall-porter, Inky; but he's a jolly old major-general, and if anybody can push our demands through, I should say he could."

"We mustn't exactly demand," said Harry Wharton.

"I know how to word the letter," said Bob Cherry. "What we want is polite firmness with these jobbies."

"You'll ruin everything if you write it, Bob!"

"Of course I shan't!"

"You frabjous ass, of course you will!

You know what a howling mess you made of that letter to the rector." "I only ended up with 'Yours to a cinder'."

"Only!" cried Harry Wharton. "Do you think that's a good thing to put in a letter to a parson? No wonder he complained to the Head!"

"Well, I apologized."

"I know you did, and ended up your letter of apology with 'Yours till we meet in Jericho, Bob Cherry!'"

Bob grinned and coughed.

The chums of the Remove well remembered the little episode, but none so well as Bob himself, as the worthy rector was very indignant about the matter, and poor Bob had a very unhappy quarter of an hour with Dr. Locke, the headmaster, who dealt with the delinquent, as Bob said afterwards, 'very Hunnishly.'"

The tea-things were removed from the table in double-quick time, and Harry Wharton plucked pen and paper on the study-table, ready to write the letter to Johnny Bull's uncle at the War Office.

It took some time to frame a suitable epistle for such an occasion; but eventually all the Famous Five were satisfied that nothing better could be produced, and at last the envelope was sealed up, and Frank Nugent was entrusted with the letter to post it in the school box, whereas the Frindsale post-lady would come for it, and help send it on its way to London.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Answer!

"HALLO, you fellows!" Billy Bunter's fat face expanded in a fatty smile, and he blinked through his big spectacles as he looked from one to the other of the Famous Five. The chums of the Remove had just finished cricket practice at the nets, and were on their way across the quadrangle, when Billy Bunter rolled across to meet them. Harry Wharton & Co. had become very impatient about the reply to their letter to Johnny Bull's uncle. There was plenty of light still for a good hour's more practice; but they knew that the evening post was due, and so they decided that it would be better to give up cricket, and go and wait for Miss Parsons, the Friarsdale postlady. There was still only one post a day at Greyfriars School. It was one of the many inconveniences the boys still had to put up with on account of the war; but they did not mind that.

"The fellows in the trenches," Harry Wharton had once said, when the new postal arrangements had come into force, "have to put up with a jolly sight worse things than that!" And that was the general opinion at Greyfriars. Any sacrifice to win the war had been the order of the day, and so they still put up with the old inconvenience.

But just now the time between one post and another seemed an eternity to the Removers, and for the last three days Harry Wharton & Co. had foregathered at the front entrance of the school building in order to get any letters first-hand from the pretty postlady.

"Hallo, you fellows!" repeated Billy Bunter, as the chums disregarded his first salutation.

"Hallo, porpoise!" cried Bob Cherry. "Taking your evening constitutional to get your fat down?"

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at Bob.

"You had better be careful what you say to me, Cherry," he said. "I've nothing for you. I want to see old Johnny!"

"Not quite so much of the old Johnny, then!" snapped John Bull. The Famous Five would never allow the Owl of the Remove to worm his way into their little society. They knew their Billy Bunter too well!

The fat junior beamed on John Bull. "Don't be so terse, Johnny, old chap," he said. "I only want to ask you something."

"Well, what is it?"

"Ahem!" Billy Bunter cleared his throat with great solemnity. "I only wanted to know whether you were expecting a letter from the Post Office Savings Bank."

"The Post Office what?"

"The Savings Bank people, you know," explained the fat junior. "I was wondering whether you were expecting any interest on your Victory Loan certificate or something like that."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried Bob Cherry. "What's the fat porpoise getting at?"

"You dry up, Cherry!" piped Billy Bunter. "It's nothing to do with you fellows. It's just a little private matter between my chum Johnny and myself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Famous Five.

Billy Bunter looked highly indignant; but the hide of the Greyfriars porpoise was inches thick, and he was ready at once to resume his attentions on Johnny Bull.

"You'll be able to lend me a few bob now, Johnny, old man," he continued.

"If you could let me have, say, ten bob to go on with to-day, I can pay you back when I get my dividend from the Post Office. I put a small fortune into Victory Loan, you know."

"You fat prevaricator!" cried Johnny Bull. "I don't believe you put a penny into the Victory Loan. All that you did for your country during the war was to eat about six times the amount of grub anybody else had."

"Really, Johnny, old man, I—I—" "Shut up calling me old man!" howled Bull. "I'm not an old man. I'm not a friend of yours. I don't want to see you. I don't want to know you. And if I have any more gas from you I will sit on your face for ten minutes!"

Billy Bunter started back in alarm. "All right, Bull!" he muttered. "If you don't want it I will get it cashed at the post-office myself."

"What on earth are you talking about, you fat idiot?" roared Bob Cherry. "Have you something for Johnny, or are you talking through the back of your neck?"

Billy Bunter slowly pulled out a blue envelope from his jacket-pocket. It looked very official, and the Famous Five stared at it mysteriously. It was a big, blue envelope, folded up in the middle, and the Owl of the Remove did not seem to be in any hurry to unfold it.

"What is that, Bunter?" said Harry Wharton sharply.

"You mind your own business, Wharton!" said Billy Bunter in reply. "It's nothing to do with you. It's Johnny's Victory Loan interest. It's 'On His Majesty's Service,' and—"

"My hat!" cried Bob Cherry, snatching the mysterious packet out of Billy Bunter's fat hand. "It's—it's—it's—yes, it is! My aunt! At last!"

"Look out!" cried Frank Nugent. "Hold him down. Old Bob's gone right off at last!" And Frank caught hold of his excitable chum in alarm.

"Let me go, you ass!" grunted Bob.

"Shut up, old fellow!" said Nugent. "Keep quiet for a few minutes. You'll soon be all right. It's the sun, you know. It's been jolly strong to-day!"

"B-r-r-r-h!" went Bob angrily.

"Lad me go! It's the letter, you howling duffer. Let's open it. It must be from Johnny's uncle, and that—that fat porpoise over there must have got hold of it somehow!"

"Really, Cherry," said Billy Bunter, "if that's all the thanks you've got for a fellow, I don't think much of you. Miss Parsons took the trouble to send it up from the village directly it came as it looked important, and now you bully a chap when he does his best to deliver the letter."

"Bump him!" cried Harry Wharton. "Come on, you fellows. All together!"

The fat junior was grasped on all sides by the Famous Five. He gave a wild shriek; but it was no good. Billy Bunter had to suffer for his stupidity.

"One!" Billy Bunter was lifted up in spite of his bulk.

"Two!" ordered Harry Wharton.

And Billy was allowed to drop. He landed fairly and squarely, and by the howl that went up, he had obviously landed in the exact position desired by the Famous Five. He blinked indignantly through his spectacles at the chums of the Remove.

"All right," he cried, "you'll have to pay for a new pair of spectacles now!"

"You ass, they haven't even come off your fat nose!"

"Yes, they have, Cherry," said Billy unblushingly. "And I shall expect you to pay for a new pair of that money Bull's uncle has sent him."

"You—you—" grunted Bob, glaring down at the fat junior. "Come on, you fellows, let's see what General Uncle Bull has got to say!"

"Yes, rather," said Johnny Bull.

"Hand the letter over, Bob!" The Famous Five walked away from Billy Bunter, and forgot their round Johnny Bull when they had arrived at a safe distance.

The recipient of the official-looking letter solemnly tore open the flap, and drew out a neatly typewritten piece of foolscap.

"Sing it out, Johnny, old bird!" said Bob quickly. "We're all ears!"

John Bull cleared his throat, and commenced to read out the letter in clear tones.

"War Office, Whitehall, London, S.W."

"My Dear Nephew,—I received the letter which you wrote me from your school, and I was very delighted to get it. I often think of you, and I well remember the days when I, too, was a junior in the Remove Form at Greyfriars. I especially remember a great fight two fellows had— But I had better answer your letter, and not digress on school reminiscences—"

"He's an old sport, anyway, isn't he?" interrupted Bob Cherry. "But get on with it, Johnny!"

"Well, my dear boy," continued John Bull, "I think I can do something for you and your friends. I have had a chat with Sir Charles Trelawney, who arranges the various parties who are allowed now to go across the Channel to see what an immense effort this wonderful country of ours made in the war, and although he demurred at first, he finally said that he would give permits for ten of you to go."

"You had better see your headmaster, and ask him whether you can make up a party. You would probably be in charge of an officer who is under orders from General Headquarters with regard to the areas you are allowed to go to."

The visits should prove very interesting to you, my boy, and very instructive. You will, I know, loyally appreciate the earnestness of your country's effort, and will do all in your power while you are over there to help the officials still remaining on duty, and not increase their trying work by indulging in any dangerous pranks. I say this to you, as I have guaranteed your party's character and good faith.

"As soon as your headmaster lets me know that he sanctions the party I will ask Sir Charles Trelawney to send on to Greyfriars the necessary warrants and passports, which you will all have to take great care of. It leads to endless trouble if these get lost.

"I had a letter from your mother the other day. She seems to be very busy still, clearing up her old war-work; but she is in good health.

"I remain,
"Your affectionate Uncle."

Johnny Bull looked up with a happy, flushed face, folded up the letter, and put it back into the envelope. He was only just given time to do this when four heavy hands came down across his shoulders, and four voices raised a loud cheer.

"Hurrah!"
"Oh!" roared Bull. "You idiots have nearly broken my back!"

"Never mind your back, old sport!" cried Bob Cherry delightedly. "You've worked the oracle with your giddy uncle, and you deserve something. You won't find us backward in coming forward where praise is concerned. We're very pleased with you, Johnny, old thing! You've come out of this jolly well. Of course, my help in writing the letter—"
"Oh, dry up, Bob!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "You know we didn't put anything you suggested into the letter. Old Uncle Bull wouldn't have answered like that if we had have done."

Bob Cherry smiled.
"Well, we all helped," he said. "But come along now. Let's go straight to the Head and tell him that we're going to—I mean, let's ask him whether he will give us leave. Ten of us? My hat! Who shall we take, and who shall we leave behind?"

"That'll want some deciding," replied Harry Wharton. "To start with, I think it will be a good idea to let Johnny take the letter to Dr. Locke by himself. The Head always gets a bit ratty with deputations."

"I'll take the agreed to the esteemed headmaster if my worthy chums say so agreeably," suggested Hurree Singh in his very best English.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, Inky," replied Harry Wharton. "I think Johnny is the one to take it. After all, the letter is to him, and the Head can't very well refuse if Johnny puts it to him properly. I wonder what it's like in France!"

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry enthusiastically. "Won't it be ripping! I wonder whether we shall be able to get at any Huns left in dug-outs and places like that?"

"Don't be an ass, Bul!" cried Frank Nugent. "We shall have to keep you tied on to a chain, especially after what Johnny's uncle has said about not fooling about."

"Well, Johnny, old man," said Harry Wharton, after a pause, "you take the letter along to the Head now, and we will go up to Study No. 1 and wait for your uncle. Hurry up! And he wishes we will slaughter you later!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Who Shall Go?

TRAMP, tramp, tramp!
"Here he comes!" cried Bob Cherry. "Here's old Johnny! I should know his footsteps a mile off!"

Harry Wharton & Co. turned expectantly towards the study door. They had gone up to Study No. 1 to await Johnny's return from his interview with the Head. It had taken longer than they thought necessary; but the time had been spent in discussing the possibilities of their tour. Who should they take to make up the party of ten? What sort of kit should they go in? And a hundred-and-one little questions had cropped up. It had helped to kill the anxious minutes, and when they at last heard the steady tramp coming along the passage they were only too ready to conclude that it must be Johnny's footsteps.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
The footsteps stopped, the study door was slowly opened, and the big, shiny face of Billy Bunter peered into the study.

"Bunker!"
"I say, you fellows—"
"Oh, clear off, Bunter!"
Instead of clearing off, Billy Bunter rolled in.

"It's all right, you chaps!" he said. "Johnny's worked the Head round all right. Old Locke was a bit stodgy at first, but he gave way at last."

Harry Wharton looked surprised.
"How on earth do you know all that, you fat porpoise!"

Billy Bunter gave an expansive grin.
"—I could hear their voices quite plainly in the passage," he explained. "It's extraordinary, I—the acoustics of the Head's study! I—"

"You had your ugly face glued to the keyhole!" interrupted Bob Cherry. "That's the game you've been up to, is it?"

"Really, Cherry! I thought you would like to know what Johnny's done. The Head's writing to Johnny's uncle now. It's only a question of who the other four shall be, isn't it?"

"The other four?"
"Yes, of course. There are six of us, and I heard Johnny telling the Head that his uncle had offered to send ten to France."

"Six of us!" roared Harry Wharton. "Do you think we are going to take a fat toad like you with us?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly through his spectacles at the hilarious company.

"Look here, you fellows! I'm blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! You want a chap like me in a touring party; I ain't everybody who can speak French. You want to impress our Allies, and you want a chap with a figure—a presence that—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Wharton, you needn't think I'm going to be left out of this party!"

"Roll that barrel out, somebody!" cried the captain of the Remove.

"Look here—"
Bob Cherry took Bunter by one fat ear and led him to the door. He deposited him outside with a crash and closed the door.

"Well, I suppose he really did hear the Head give permission," said Harry Wharton. "So let's get on with the arrangements. Let me see, now. There will be Johnny Bull, Bob, Frank, Inky, and myself. I think we ought to take old Mauld."

"Yes, rather! And as the Americans

helped us so rippingly, we ought to take Fisher T. Fish, oughtn't we?" suggested Frank Nugent.

"Ahem!"
There was a significant silence in Study No. 1.

Fisher T. Fish, the American junior at Greyfriars, was not a wonderful representative of the New World. He meant well at times, but he was not blessed with a Britisher's sense of fair play and straight dealing. In fact, these characteristics were so absent from Fishy's nature that even Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, had long ago come to the conclusion that Fisher T. Fish was not a true son of Old Glory. Fish was blessed with all the smart business ideas of the commercial American. He had learned these from his father, and he had had some most unfortunate dealings with his school-mates from time to time. Fish had been invariably roughly handled when justice had been meted out to him by his victims, and he was certainly better now than when he had first entered the precincts of Greyfriars.

"Yes," said Harry Wharton, after a long pause. "I suppose Fishy ought to go with us. We'll put him down, anyhow. Hallo! Here's Johnny!"

John Bull flung open the study door and entered.
"It's all right!" he cried excitedly. "The Head's played up like a brick, and says he will be only too happy to let us go."

Harry Wharton laughed.
"We got the news first-hand from Billy Bunter," he said. "That fat porpoise evidently had his ear to the keyhole while you were closeted with the Head."

"My hat!"
"But why have you been so long, Johnny?" asked Frank Nugent. "Bunter gave us the news about ten minutes ago, and even then we had been waiting for ages."

"Well, the Head says he thinks that the other half of the party ought to be from other parts of the school."

"The old duffer!"
Johnny Bull smiled.

"But I talked him round that, I think, and now he says that if it's to be exclusive to the Remove Form he thinks that the remaining five should be balloted for, or some tommy rot like that."

Harry Wharton frowned.
"We might get some awful duffers tacked on to us in that way," he said.

"Fancy getting Bunter!"

"Or Snoop!" said Frank Nugent.

"Or Skinner!" added Johnny Bull.

"Or Stott!" suggested Bob Cherry, with an expressive snort.

"It can't be helped," said Harry Wharton. "If the Head says that I suppose we shall have to submit to it like good little boys. So let's get out a list of all the fellows in the Remove, and when we have got all the slips made out we'll go along to the Common-room and have the draw made in public."

Harry Wharton took a huge piece of paper and wrote out the following notice:

"NOTICE!"

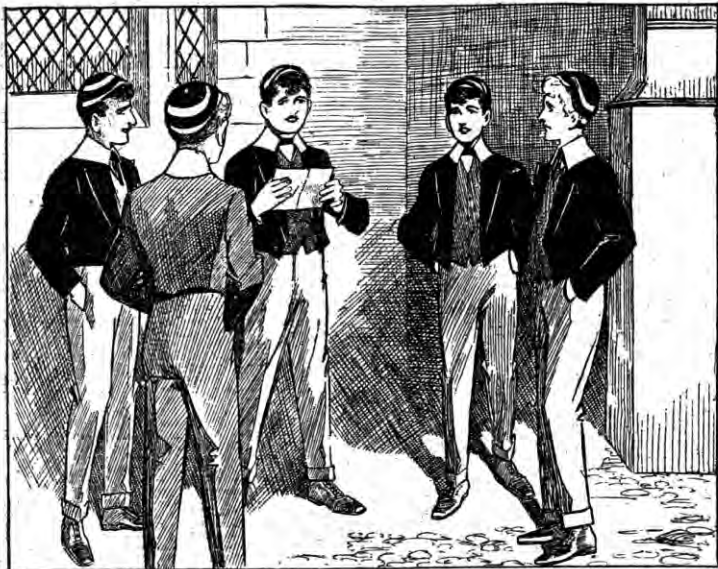
BULL'S Uncle at the WAR OFFICE has arranged for Study No. 1 (Remove Form) to go to FRANCE to have a look round the old BATTLEFIELDS. There are FIVE MORE VACANCIES in the Party.

WHO WANTS TO GO?

All names will be balloted for. SANCTIONED BY THE HEAD-MASTER OF GREYFRIARS

SCHOOL.

Offer for Removists only.—THE COCK FORM AT GREYFRIARS. What about the FIFTH FORM NOW!



Johnny Bull solemnly tore open the official-looking envelope, and drew out a neatly typewritten piece of foolscap. "Sing it out, Johnny, old bird!" said Bob Cherry quickly. "We're all ears!" (See Chapter 2.)

POOR OLD COKER!
APPLY TO STUDY No. 1 FOR NEW
IDEAS—THE STUDY TO GET
THINGS DONE!
GREAT RAFFLE OF NAMES IN
THE COMMON-ROOM AT 7.30 TO-
NIGHT.
RALLY ROUND! WHO WANTS TO
SEE THE OLD BATTLEFIELDS?
GOD SAVE THE KING!"

"My aunt!" cried Bob Cherry, when Harry had read out the notice. "That will get old Coker's rag out! I'll take it along and put it up on the notice-board!"

"All right, Bob," laughed Harry Wharton. "Here it is. Shove it up quickly, and tell everybody you see."

Bob took the notice and left the study. As soon as he had gone the chums set to work to organise the draw. It was a game of chance the Head had decided on; but Harry Wharton knew that he was right. After all, every boy at Greyfriars had been just as interested in the war as were the occupants of Study No. 1. They were all Britishers to the backbone. All with one mind. They had done all in their power to defeat the Hun. Quite a number of the boys in the Remove Form had lost relatives out there. They would be proud to tread the same ground as the ones they had loved who had fallen. Perhaps they would be privileged to see the little wooden crosses standing proudly over

their immortal graves. The thought saddened Harry for a moment. But there was plenty of work at hand to occupy his mind, and it was better to work.

First of all Harry made out a list of all the juniors in the Remove Form. Then Frank Nugent cut up the necessary number of slips of paper, and on each slip a name was written, and the slip of paper was then carefully folded up so that the name could not be seen. For each name a second slip of paper had to be provided. Only five of these had anything written on them, the rest were blank. The five had "For France" written across them, and then these, with the blanks, were all carefully folded up. "This is how we'll do it," said Harry Wharton. "We'll have two caps. One will hold the slips containing the names, the other will hold the slips containing the blanks and the five winners. An umpire must draw a slip out of one cap, and another umpire a slip out of the other."

"Plenty of slip about this, isn't there?" laughed Frank Nugent. "The slipfulness is simply terrific," added Hurree Singh, with a smile. "Our esteemed chum seems full of slippets."

Harry Wharton grinned. "It's jolly hard to give the details for a lottery," he said. "Anyhow, you know what we've got to do, so bring all those blessed slips along to the Common-room. It's getting late, and we shall have to

back up if we want to work it off to-night. There'll be prayers in less than an hour's time. Come along!"

And the famous chuma strode out of Study No. 1 and made their way to the Common-room, where there was an uproarious noise going on.

"Sounds as though old Bob's rounded them all up!" laughed Johnny Bull.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Winners—and the Losers!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. squeezed their way through the doorway.

"Here we are! Here we are! Here we are again!" sang Bob Cherry. "For goodness' sake don't kick up such a shindy! It's like an air-raid warning in full swing!"

"Order, order, order!" cried Harry Wharton.

The Common-room at the end of the Remove Form passage was a fairly spacious apartment, and under normal conditions all occupants of the room enjoyed a fair amount of comfort.

It was never expected to hold every member of the Remove Form at one sitting. There were always fellows working or feasting in their own studies, or practising games or indulging in outdoor pastimes. On occasions when massed meetings were called the Common-room was not a comfortable spot.

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Some fellows were lucky. If they got in first they had a chance of getting on the window ledges. In the summer time these positions were in great demand.

"One can breathe there," Bob Cherry had said, "otherwise the place is like the Black Hole of Calcutta." However, the redoubtable Bob had a knack of exaggerating the drawbacks of the room, and, in spite of the crush, the Famous Five could just manage to squeeze in and push their way through to the table at the far end of the room.

Harry Wharton climbed on to the table, and with a flushed face held up his hands before the excited gathering.

"Order, order, order!" he yelled at the top of his voice.

"Hurrah!"

"Speech!"

"If you lunatics shut up," yelled Harry, "we can get on with the biz!"

"Take me! Me! Me! Me!"

Harry Wharton grinned as dozens of voices rose in unison, demanding to be included in the party for France.

"Dry up!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"Johnny Bull's uncle hasn't arranged for the Zoo to be exported to France. There's five vacancies, and all but five of you can dry up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's better!" cried Harry Wharton.

"One can hear another fellow speak now!"

"I guess I'll keep those galoots with their tongues back, Wharton!" said Fisher T. Fish, the American junior.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You've been making more row than all the rest put together, Fishy!" he answered.

"Why should Study No. 1 have five in the party?" snapped Bolsover, who was surrounded by his cronies, Skinner, Stott, and Snoop.

Bolsover the bully had come to the meeting with his followers in full strength.

"You shut up, Bolsover!" cried Frank Nugent. "We five are in the party because Johnny Bull's uncle has fixed things up for us."

"The other five are going to be drawn for," continued Harry Wharton. "Everybody has a chance, and you don't know whether or not you'll be included in it with your grubby-necked crew yet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover sneered.

"Oh, yes! We know all about these lotteries!"

"Rather!" piped his fellowers.

"Dry up!" shouted half a dozen of the Removites. "Get on with the bizney."

"Half a minute!" cried Bunter, holding up a big fat hand. "Half a minute, Wharton! I think Bolsover is quite right. I've got a better suggestion than a lottery."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows can laugh; but what I say is—"

"Dry up!"

"What I say is—"

"For goodness' sake dry up, you fat porpoise!" interrupted Harry Wharton.

"Do you think we've come here to listen to your rot?"

"What I say is—"

"I'll give him something to say!" cried Bob Cherry, who was standing by the fire-grate. "Yank him over here! Stick his fat head over the fender!"

And the worthy Bob dragged a shovel of soot from the chimney.

"Here, hold on!" roared Billy Bunter, as he was grasped on all sides. "Give a chap a chance to explain—Grrroo!"

"There's nothing to explain except that you won't shut up, and let the biz

of the day proceed!" grunted Wibley.

"Give him the soot, Bob!"

"Gug-gug-gug-gug!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now bump him!"

"Ow!" shrieked Billy Bunter, struggling frantically in the grasp of the Removites. "I—I—I tell you—"

Yarrooh!

"The bumpfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Bunter!" cried Hurree Singh.

"Yarroooh! I tell you—Yooop!"

Bump! Bump!

The Common-room fairly rocked, as though it had been hit by a bomb.

"Now give him some ink!" cried someone, passing a bottle of ink from the shelf.

"Yow-ow! I tell you—"

"Give him the ink!"

"Yow! Stop!" howled Billy Bunter.

"Oh, you idiot! Wharrier you at! Is this what you call—yarrooh!—a lottery? You know I want to make a suggestion—Yow-ow-ow!"

"Yes, we all know that, my dear fat porpoise, and this is what we think of your suggestion. Hold the squirming rotter while I give him some more ink!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Whoop!" shrieked Billy Bunter.

"That's enough, Bob!" laughed Harry Wharton, looking down on the scrimmage from his vantage point on the rickety table. "Now throw the porpoise out!"

"Let him stay now!" cried Frank Nugent. "He'll keep us amused as chief of the Crabwag tribe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter scrambled up.

He had been bumped and rolled and sooted and inked, and he was feeling as if he had been blown up by a land mine.

He picked up his spectacles and put them on, and glared at the laughing juniors. The ragging had been severe, and now Billy decided it would be best for him to keep his suggestion to himself.

"You—you beastly bullies!" he gasped.

"If—if you go to France I—I hope you get torpedoed or something!"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!" said Mark Linley. "Come on, let's get on with the biz!"

"Yes, it's time we did!" cried Harry Wharton. "We shall have the bell going for prayers in a few minutes. Now look here, you fellows, there are five vacancies for members of the Remove Form in the only Form in the world—"

"Hear, hear!"

"I say the only Form in the world!" continued Harry Wharton. "It's the chance of a lifetime, and we have decided"—and the captain of the Form looked very virtuous, as though the Head of Greyfriars had not had any say in the matter—"we have decided to make an open offer for five fellows of the Remove to be included in the party to go to France to have a good look round the battlefields, where the Hun was made to realise that Britons are first and the Huns nowhere!"

"Hurrah!"

"Up to now no school in the world has enjoyed this privilege. It's the greatest offer that ever offered, and we have to thank old Johnny's uncle for it. We have got the slips all ready, and you can choose anyone you like to make the draw. Everybody's name is written on these slips"—and Harry pointed to the pile of folded-up slips at his feet—"and the blanks and the five winning slips are here. And he held out his cap, which was filled to the brim with the little white pieces of paper.

"Jolly good idea, dear boy!" cried Lord Mauleverer. "I sincerely trust that I shall draw a winner—what?"

"I hope you do, Mauly. I say, jolly good luck to everyone!" laughed Harry Wharton. "Now, if you will choose who is to draw, we can get on with the biz. We've got one fellow to draw the names, and one fellow to draw the chances."

"I'll draw the names!" said Vernon-Smith, pushing his way to the table.

"I'll take on the other draw if you like, Wharton," volunteered Mark Linley, the Lancashire scholarship boy.

"All right, Marky; come along!"

The space round the table was left as clear as possible, and Harry Wharton placed the two piles of paper at each end of the table.

"I've got the list of names here," he said. "You two can get on with the drawing, and I will tick off the names as they are read out."

"Come on, then!" said Vernon-Smith. "I'll draw first."

And the Bounder of Greyfriars picked up one of the slips and opened it. He looked at it closely and read out the name.

"Hazeldene!"

"Now Marky draws a slip from his pile!" ordered Harry Wharton. "Get on with it, Marky!"

Mark Linley picked up one of the pieces of paper and opened it.

"There's nothing on this one," he said, as the crowd of juniors pressed eagerly forward.

"Next!" cried Harry Wharton.

"Wun Lung."

"A blank for the Chinese!" laughed Mark Linley, opening the next slip.

"Alonzo Todd."

Mark Linley opened his slip.

"Hallo," he said, "this one has got something on it! For France, Toddy, old man!"

"Hurrah! Good luck, Toddy, old man!" cried Bob Cherry. "It'll turn our heads grey to have such a tame lunatic with us, but we'll look after you like a chicken looks after its young!"

"Hurrah! Good luck, Toddy!"

Alonzo Todd pushed his way to the front with a happy, flushed face.

"Goodness me!" he gasped. "Do you really mean it? I shall be delighted to come! I wish I could take my Uncle Benjamin with me. But never mind. I must keep a diary, and Uncle Ben can see it when we're away."

Bob Cherry was heartless enough to laugh.

"Good old Uncle Benzeline!" he said. "Toddy, you'll send us all to the grave, I think, if we've got to look after you!"

Alonzo Todd gave a nervous laugh.

"I sincerely hope I shan't do that, Cherry," he said. "I shall have to take some notes with me, as I am sure some of the brave soldiers who are still over there would like to know all about the history of the potato."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, Toddy, old man!" laughed Johnny Bull. "Let's get on with it!"

"Yes, keep quiet, until we have worked this little lot off," said Harry Wharton. "Carry on with the drawing."

called out Vernon-Smith.

"Blank!"

"Stott."

"Blank!"

"Linley."

"Blank!"

"Mauleverer."

"For France!" cried Mark Linley, breaking the monotony at last, and handing the slip up to Harry Wharton for inspection.

Lord Mauleverer, the popular school-boy earl, flushed with pleasure at the announcement. He was almost roused out of his usual calm, in fact, and he readjusted his tie with extra care as he turned to Harry Wharton.

"Shall be delighted to join you, Wharton!" he drawled. "I'll send a wire home at once to get some clobber delivered. Let me see, now. How many bags should we take?"

"Oh, the pair you're wearing, Mauly!" laughed Bob Cherry.

Maulverer turned on Bob in alarm. "I don't mean trousers, dear boy," he said. "I should have said trunks instead—"

"Oh, elephants trunks!"

"No, no, dear boy," replied Mauly. "Trunks, bags, portmanteaux, boxes, things—"

"Oh dry up!" cried Vernon-Smith.

"Next name, Bolsover!"

"Blank!" exclaimed Mark Linley.

"Bulstrode."

"Wibley."

"Blank!"

"Fish."

"For France," came the reply from Mark Linley. "Fishy draws a winner."

Fisher T. Fish gave a cry of surprise. "Stars and Stripes!" he exclaimed.

"This beats the band. I guess I shall be glad pleased to take charge of this touring party, Wharton."

Harry Wharton gave a hearty laugh.

"All right Fishy," he replied. "I'm jolly glad you've drawn a winner; but I rather think we shall be looking after you most of the time."

"I guess—"

"Stop guessing now!" cried Bob Cherry. "It doesn't make any difference really. If you're not guessing you're gassing!"

Fisher T. Fish glared at Bob.

"I guess—"

"Oh, dry up, Fishy!" shouted the juniors. "Let's hear the rest."

"Rake," called out the Bounder.

"Blank!"

"Bolsover."

"Blank!"

"For France!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a storm of cheering and laughter from the excited crowd of juniors.

"My hat! gasped Harry Wharton.

"Tom Dutton, of all the people in the world!"

Dutton, the deafest of the deaf, was standing next to Wibley, and when the cheering and laughter had subsided somewhat, he turned to Wibley.

"What's the joke, Wib?" he inquired.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Wibley.

"Dutton, my tame lunatic, you're for it!"

Tom Dutton looked surprised.

"I've got your hat!" he said. "I don't know what you mean. I'm not even wearing a hat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Say you're for it!" cried Wibley.

"Oh, I'm sorry. There's something on my forehead is there!" And Tom Dutton drew his handkerchief across his brow.

"My only aunt!" howled Wibley.

"Listen to this! You've drawn a winner! You're for it! You're going to France! You can go to Jericho if you like!"

And Wibley turned away in disgust.

Tom Dutton grasped his informer by the arm.

"Look here, Wibley," he said, "if you say I'm a sinner I'll punch your nose for you!"

"I didn't say you're a sinner!" howled Wibley.

"I said you're a winner—"

"Oh—"

Before the unfortunate Wibley could finish the redoubtable Tom Dutton's clenched hand sprang out and caught him

a resounding blow on the tip of the nose. The unfortunate Wibley dropped to the floor like a stone.

"Oh, Yarrooh!" he cried. "I'll—I'll—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll teach you to call me a sinner for nothing!" cried Dutton. "I've never been so insulted in my life. I'll teach you to call a fellow a sinner for nothing!"

Wibley scrambled to his feet and glared at the deaf junior.

"I said you're a winner, you blithering fathead!" he howled at the top of his voice.

Tom Dutton looked surprised.

"Oh, a winner?" he said. "I'm sorry. I thought you said I was a sinner. If I'm a winner it's all right. I shall be very happy to join the party."

"You—you—" muttered the unfortunate Wibley. "Oh, you make me tired. Thank goodness I'm not going out of that priceless ass is going to be included!"

Meanwhile, Vernon-Smith and Mark Linley had been carrying on with their work. It was rather a blow to find that the party already consisted of two such curious individuals as Tom Dutton and Alonzo Todd; and Harry Wharton, who was ticking off the names as they were called out, was beginning to get very nervous about the fifth winner. There were now only six slips left, and on one of these slips was Billy Bunter's name.

"It looks as though we shall have three tame lunatics to look after," murmured Harry Wharton. "Get on with it, Smitty!"

The Bounder of Greyfriars picked up the next very deliberately, in response to Harry Wharton's agitated demand.

"Hazeldeen."

"Blank!"

"Vernon-Smith."

Mark Linley pulled nervously at his slip of paper.

"Blank!"

Vernon-Smith gave a grunt, and then pulled out the next slip.

"Skipner."

"Blank!"

"Harris."

"Blank!"

"Last one!" laughed Vernon-Smith.

"And I can guess who it is. It's Bunter. Yes, Bunter! And he's got the fifth chance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A tremendous cheer, and peals of laughter went up from the crowded Common-rooms. The walls of the Common-rooms fairly echoed to it as all eyes were turned towards the fat junior.

Billy Bunter was still busily occupied in trying to rub the inky substance out of the corners of his eyes. His face was still as black as a coal-scuttle, and he was looking very fearsome when he heard his name called out at last.

"Ahem!" he spluttered.

"Ha, ha, ha! Leave him over there, Wharton!"

Billy Bunter glared.

"It's nothing to laugh at!" he said. "I told Wharton I should—should go. As a matter of fact, I'm always lucky in lotteries. I think I must have been born under a lucky star."

"You look as though you have been born in a coal-mine!" laughed Wibley.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were destroying the slips now that they were finished with. Both the chums were looking rather annoyed.

"Fancy that fat porpoise coming!" murmured Harry Wharton. "What with Tom Dutton and Alonzo Todd we shall have our hands full looking after those three."

"My hat!" replied Frank Nugent.

"I should think we shall. The best thing we can do is to drop them overboard when we cross the Channel."

Harry Wharton grinned.

"New mind," he said, "it'll be all right. Hallo, there's the chapel bell! We've just finished in time."

Clang, clang, clang!

There was a mad rush for the Common-room door, and the Remove Form quickly emptied itself into the passage, and scurried down the stone stairs to attend evening prayers.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Packing Up!

THE next few days were anxious ones for Harry Wharton & Co.

Dr. Locke had seen the leaders of the party individually, and had given each one plenty of advice on how he expected them to behave whilst they were in France. The worthy Head of Greyfriars could barely reseat a smile when Johnny Bull had shown him a list of the juniors who had been fortunate in drawing a lucky win in the lottery.

"Ahem!" he said. "I see you have included Dutton and Bunter and Todd in your party, Bull?"

Johnny Bull gave an expansive grin.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "We shall be able to look after them all right, sir."

"I sincerely hope you will, my boy," said the Head, raising his eyebrows. "I sincerely hope you will. Clearing up a war is a serious affair, you know, and the authorities cannot be bothered by the pranks of irresponsible schoolboys. I sincerely hope that you and Wharton will keep a firm hand on the party. I understand that you will be met at the French port by an officer under whose charge you may be during your stay in France. Well—well, I think you are very fortunate in having such a chance as this. Many people would willingly pay quite big sums of money to go, and I am very pleased indeed that ten pupils of Greyfriars have been granted permission. It should prove extraordinarily interesting and instructive. I expect the passports and final instructions to arrive here to-day, and as soon as they arrive I will hand them over to Wharton, who will be responsible for their safety. All right, Bull, you may go!"

"Thank you, sir!" And Johnny Bull had hurried out of the headmaster's study, and scurried up to Study No. 1 to tell his chums what had taken place at the interview.

Fortunately, the necessary papers arrived that day as predicted by Dr. Locke, and as that was all Harry Wharton & Co. were waiting for, every member of the party suddenly displayed extraordinary activity.

"There's a special carriage reserved for us on the 7.50 train at Victoria Station to-morrow morning," said Harry Wharton. "I thought that it would be an early train. It means that we shall have to catch the 4.50 train from Court-field Junction."

"That what fifty?" gasped Lord Maulverer.

"The 4.50, Mauly!" laughed Bob Cherry. "That's all right. Trust your uncle to get you up in time for it. I'll leave a sponge in soak all night for the occasion. A sponge always gets a fellow up."

"But 4.50!" groaned the school-boy earl. "That's a bit early, isn't it, dear boy?"

"It's the early bird that catches the worm, you know!" laughed Bob.

"Bunter's a worm all right, so he'll"

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catch it. You leave it to your Uncle Cherry. He'll get you up for it."

"Yes, rather," said Harry Wharton. "We simply must catch it. I've looked it up in the time-table. That gets us to London at five past seven. That gives us time to get across London to Victoria Station comfortably, even if we can't get a couple of cabs to take us. Jolly hard to get cabs in London now, I believe."

"What about getting our stuff to Courtfield Station so early?" said Frank Nugent. "We don't want to carry it."

"That's all right!" replied Harry Wharton. "I've fixed that up as well. The Head said we could have the visitors' bus for once. I've asked Gossy to drive us down, and he says he'll do it."

"That's the way!" laughed Frank. "If you fix things up like that we don't mind your running the show. I know I don't want to walk to Courtfield Junction at five o'clock in the morning."

"Rather not, dear boy!" agreed Mauleverer. "I'm with you there. Look here! Can't we ask the War Office to give us a special train later in the day?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, dry up, Mauly!" laughed Bull. "It won't kill you to get up at four for once. It's quite light then."

"Well, dear boy, I shall have to start packing at once."

"Yes, rather! And we shall have to turn in early to-night," said Harry Wharton. "I'll just go down and fix things up properly with Gossy. He'll want to know what our final arrangements are."

The chums dispersed on their various errands. But, with the exception of Harry Wharton, the all found themselves, half an hour later, in the same dormitory.

The big room, with its row of beds in line down each side of it, resembled a regular beehive.

Mauleverer, who slept at the far end, was surrounded by innumerable trunks and leather bags, and clothes of all sorts belonging to him had been thrown in great piles on at least four beds.

Tom Dutton, Alonzo Todd, Bob Cherry, John Bull, Hurree Singh, Frank Nugent, Billy Bunter, and Fisher T. Fish evidently intended to be more reasonable, as each of them were busy sorting things out from their ordinary school boxes.

"Got any boots of mine, Johnny?" cried Bob Cherry.

"Not! And some fathead's taken three of my collars."

"Hallo!" cried Frank Nugent. "I didn't know I'd got all these handkerchiefs. My mater must have put them in when she packed last time. Just like the mater, goes and shoves things right at the bottom of a chap's box—about the last place he ever looks."

"Perhaps she thought Bunter would find them for you, Franky!" laughed Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, Cherry, it's not much of a joke when you cast a slur on a man's character!" said Billy Bunter, turning a piercing face towards the worthy Bob.

"My only aunt!" cried Bob. "Did you say a man's character? You mean a person, don't you, Billy?"

"No, I don't! And look here, Dutton, I believe you've got some of my pants!"

Tom Dutton's head was hidden in the depths of his box, and he bobbed up, looking very flushed.

"What's that?" he said.

"I believe you've got some of my pants!" repeated Bunter.

"You think I've been eating ants?"

"No!" cried Bunter, raising his voice. "THE MAGNET LIEBART.—No. 601.

"I say, I believe you've got some of my pants!"

"If you think I'm fond of ants you're asking for trouble."

"Pants!" howled Bunter. "Pants! Not ants, you fathead!"

The deaf junior looked very puzzled.

"I wish you would speak up, Bunter," he said. "I'm only a trifle hard of hearing, but you can't expect me to hear if you only whisper, you know."

Billy Bunter's shiny face went redder than ever, and he threw his head back for a further effort.

"You deaf lunatic!" he shrieked. "I didn't say anything about ants. I said I believe you've got some of my pants in your box!"

Tom Dutton leaped to his feet.

"Look here, Bunter!" he said. "That's quite enough of that! If you think I've been hoarding ants in my box you'll arrive in France with a nice black eye!"

Billy Bunter groaned, and raised himself from the floor.

"I didn't say anything about ants!" he yelled. "I want to know what pants you've got. Are they your own, or are they not?"

Tom Dutton adopted a sturdy and pugilistic attitude.

"You'll tie me in a knot, will you?" he shouted. "Then come and do it, you fat Hun!"

Bunter gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the juniors, who were watching the scene with interest.

Read

"LOOKING AFTER GUSSY!"

A Wonderful Complete Story of TOM MERRY & CO. at St. Jim's,

By MARTIN CLIFFORD,

in

"THE GEM."

Out This Wednesday.



"I never said anything about knots, and I never said anything about ants!" howled Bunter. "And if I get the chance of pushing Dutton overboard to-morrow I—I'll jolly well do it!"

"Come on, you lubber!" said Dutton. "Come and tie me in a knot!"

"Oh, dry up, Dutton, you ass!" laughed Bob Cherry, catching the deaf junior by the arm. "Bunter never said he'd tie you in a knot. He wants to know whether you've got any of his pants."

"Of course I haven't!" replied Dutton. "They wouldn't be any good to me. I should drown in 'em!"

"Well, I shall catch my death of cold, that's all!" said Bunter, carrying on with his packing again. "And that deaf rotter will be responsible."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried Bob Cherry. "Who's got the legs of my pyjamas? Pink and blue spots on 'em. I should think the ghost of old Charlie Peace has been through this dorm. Hallo, here they are!" And Bob pulled up the missing half of his pyjamas.

"I say, dear boys," cried Mauleverer, who could only just be seen behind the huge pile of luggage, "how many stiff-fronted shirts do you think I ought to take?"

"Stiff whatters!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Shirts, my dear fellow!" drawled Mauleverer. "8-4-2-8-shirts! We're sure to go out to dinner a good many times, you know. How many do you think we ought to take?"

"Mauly, my dear old ass," replied Bob, "do you know that there's been a blessed war on?"

"Rather! They fought like billy-oh, didn't they? Quite nice it stopped when it did!"

"Yes. And it's about time you stopped worrying your old nut about stiff-fronted shirts!" said Bob warmly. "Do you know what they'd think of you if you and the rest of us got into dress-clothes out there? They'd put us in the guard-room!"

"Really, my dear fellow, I can't go out there without—"

"Hallo!" cried Harry Wharton, striding into the dormitory. "I've fixed everything up now. Gossy's going to drive us to the station. Mrs. Powell says he'll get up early and give us breakfast before we leave. I've said 'good-bye' to the Head and old Quelch, and I've told old Coker and the other silly asses in the Fifth to behave like good little boys until we return, so everything in the garden's lovely. My hat! What's Mauly up to with that little lot?"

"The howling duffer thinks he's going to take it all with him!" laughed Cherry.

"My hat!"

"I've just been telling him not to be an ass!"

Mauly scrambled over the pile of trunks.

"It'll be quite all right, my dear fellows," he said. "We must let the fellows still remaining over there know that we've carried on all right. They expected us to do our bit properly, you know."

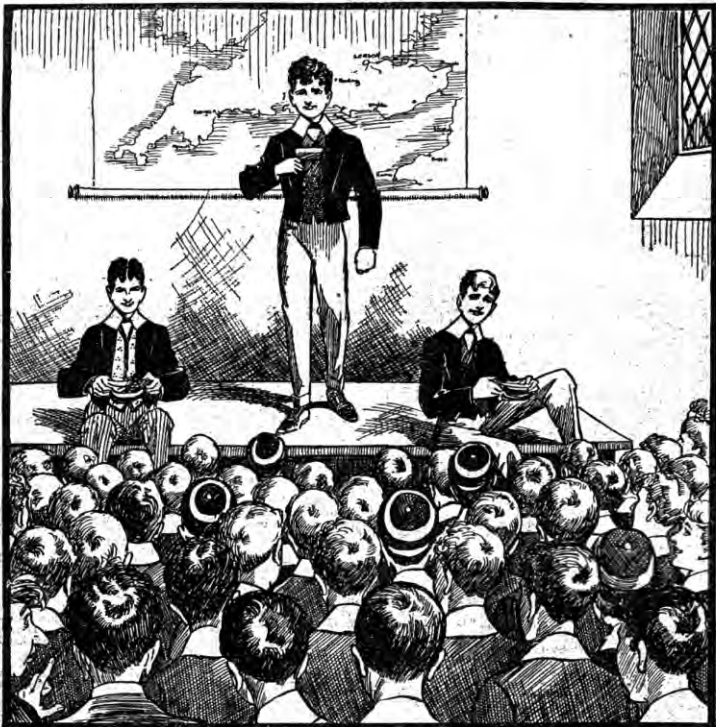
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm jolly certain you're only going to take one box, anyway!" cried Harry Wharton. "Why, Gossy couldn't get that little lot on to the 'bus even if there were not going to be any passengers in it!"

Mauleverer looked surprised.

"Couldn't he really, dear boy?"

"Of course he couldn't!" growled Harry Wharton. "Why, they'd hardly put it on the boat. All you can take, Mauly, is one box, and you must only put your bare necessities into that. Even



The space round the table was left as clear as possible, and now everything was ready for the great lottery. "I've got the list of names here!" said Harry Wharton. "Smithy and Linley can get on with the drawing, and I'll tick off the names as they are read out!" (See Chapter 4.)

an officer was only allowed thirty-five pounds weight of baggage, and he had to live out there month in and month out, and in all sorts of weather and under all sorts of conditions."

"By gad!" drawled Mauleverer. "It must have been rotten for them."

"It's all right!" laughed Frank Nugent. "Why, everybody had stupid ideas before the war. They thought they couldn't do without this and that and goodness knows what. It's surprising what one can do when it comes to the push!"

Lord Mauleverer looked very bored; but he evidently felt convinced that Franky was right.

"By gad, Nugent, old fellow," he drawled, "I believe you're right. Give me a hand, and I'll shove all these things into the box-room again."

"Good old Manly!" cried Bob Cherry. "That's the ticket. I'll give you a hand. Come on!"

"I guess I want somebody's helping fist in this direction!" exclaimed Fish. "I calculate these here packlocks were never meant for tearing kit."

"I shall be delighted to help you," said Alonzo Todd. "Have you got room in your box for this book? I can get the other four in, but this one won't go."

"The other four?" gasped Harry Wharton. "What on earth do you want those blessed fat volumes for?"

"It's the history, my dear Wharton!" "Do you mean to say that you're packing that rotten history of the turnip or onion or something by Professor Balmycrumpit?"

"History of the Potato," corrected

Alonzo Todd. "I have decided to take it with me in case I have a chance of reading it to the soldiers. The potato, you know, was of great topical interest during the late war, and—"

"Oh, dry up!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "If you think the fellows in France want to hear that sort of rot you're making a jolly big mistake, Toddy!"

And Harry Wharton turned to his own packing.

"Come on, you galoot!" cried Fish. "Give me that book. I can squeeze it in here!"

Alonzo Todd handed the historical volume down to the American junior, who jammed it into a corner of his box. The lid was closed down with a bang, and Alonzo assisted in tying the cord

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round. Fish's padlock was no good—at least it had been made in his own good "Yewntid States!"

At last the juniors were satisfied with their packing, and, to save themselves the trouble of the morning, they transported the whole of the boxes down to the Head's coach-house, where the rickety old visitors' omnibus was stabled. One by one the juniors heaved their boxes on to the top of the vehicle, and then Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent made the whole lot secure by passing a rope over. That completed the evening's work at last, and as they were to rise at such an early hour they all very wisely—but very noisily—retired for the night.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Good-bye to Greyfriars!

"COME on, you fellows!" Bob Cherry, looking very happy, led the way down the stone steps, and one by one the little party of juniors tramped through the big oak doorway, and followed on Bob's heels.

"Morning, Gossy!" hailed Bob. "Bit parky; but I must say you look as fresh as a daisy that's been reared on gin-and-water!"

"Mornin', young gentlemen!" growled Gosling, the old porter of Greyfriars, who was waiting in the drive with the old 'bus. "Don't keep this old 'orse standing about. It ain't good for 'im at all. What I wants to know is this ere. Why do you young gentlemen want to go out to that 'orrid war? 'Tisn't as though you ain't 'ad no war. What with Zellerpans and hairypans—"

"And hairy armadillos!" laughed Bob, interrupting Gosling's flow of conversation. "Come on, you fellows, get on board the lugger. Gossy's always a bit trying at this hour."

There was plenty of room inside, and the juniors soon scrambled in. Bunter came last, and disturbed the comfort of the rest somewhat; but with good-humoured chaff they squeezed up, and the one and only Bunter got enough room at the end of the seat to settle himself in with a grunt.

"Right away, Gossy!" shouted Harry Wharton. "We're all in!"

Gosling brought the whip down on the back of the horse, and with a creaking noise the old 'bus, with its complement of excited juniors, started off down the drive, and through the big iron gateway of Greyfriars School.

"Hurrah! Off at last!" cried the Removites.

"Let her rip, Gossy!" shouted Bob Cherry.

But Gosling ignored the command, and very wisely let the old horse amble along in its own time.

There was a babel of noise from the interior of the 'bus, and before the juniors realised it, Gosling had manoeuvred the conveyance through the station yard, and had drawn up in great style just outside the booking-office of Courtfield Junction.

"My-hat, dear boys!" exclaimed Lord Maulreverer. "Here we are, and nice time to spara, too."

"Out you get, porpoise!" cried Bob Cherry. "Clear the gangway there, and make room for your uncle."

Billy Bunter rose with a grunt and rolled out through the doorway, and, in less time than it takes to tell, the Removites had joined the fat junior on the gravel pathway.

"Here you are, Gossy, old dear," said Harry Wharton, pressing some money into the old porter's hand. "Take care

of yourself, and don't forget to mix some water with it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good-bye, Gossy, old sport!"

Gosling gave a sour sort of grin as he pocketed Harry Wharton's tip.

"Good-bye, young gentlemen," he growled. "What I sees is this 'ere. You take care of yourselves, and don't go monkeying about with those there Huns. Even now they ain't up to no good, they ain't. As young Perkins sees when 'e come 'ome wounded, there's only one good sort of 'Un, and that's a dead 'Un."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can laugh, you can, but you take my words as gospel like. Even now they ain't up to no good."

"All right, Gossy, old dear," laughed Harry Wharton. "Good-bye, and thank you very much for bringing us down to the station so early. Come on, you fellows! Get the luggage down whilst I go and buy the tickets."

The Removites fairly swarmed over Gosling's 'bus, and one by one the boxes were lowered, some gently, some with a bump; but they were dragged into the station somehow, where they were labelled and put into the guard's van of the 4.50 train to London.

"Anybody got any coppers?" asked Billy Bunter, as the party trooped on to the platform. "Change for a bob."

"I've got plenty of coppers," volunteered Bull. "Want a bob's worth, do you?"

Billy Bunter coughed.

"Yea, please, Johnny. A bob's worth will be enough. I shall want some chocolate for the journey. I get very faint at this time of day."

"You're always faint," laughed Johnny Bull, counting out the pennies. "Here you are, twelve of the best. Where's your bob?"

"Ahem!"

Bunter made a pantomimic effort of getting the shilling out of his trousers-pocket, after having taken possession of the twelve pennies Johnny Bull had trustingly dropped into his fat palm.

"Back up, Bunter!" said Johnny. "Don't be all night! Here, where are you off to?"

Billy Bunter, still pretending to struggle with his trousers-pocket, started off in the direction of an automatic-machine about twenty yards away.

"All right, old chap!" he grunted. "I'll let you have it when we are in the train. There goes the whistle! We shall be off in a minute!"

"Jump in!" cried Wharton. "This'll do!" And he leaped into an empty compartment, to be immediately followed by the rest of the juniors—with one exception. Billy Bunter had reached the automatic-machine, and had pushed a penny into the slot, and gave the little iron drawer a frantic pull.

"My hat!" he gasped, as it flew open with a jarring noise. "The blessed fraud! It's empty!"

Phoop!

The guard's whistle gave a loud, shrill blast, and the green flag was swept through the air.

"Come on, Bunter, you fathead!" roared Harry Wharton. "We're off!"

Billy Bunter looked round frantically. "I'll—I'll try another!" And he shut the drawer, and pushed another penny into the same slot. In an instant the drawer was jerked out again.

It was empty!

Billy Bunter gave a hoarse gasp and streaked across the platform. The train was just on the move, and the juniors were shouting at the top of their voices. Harry Wharton held the carriage-door wide open as Bunter paced alongside.

"G-g-give me-me-your hand!" gasped the fat junior.

Half a dozen hands were instantly thrust out, and Bunter made a grab for one of them.

"Pull!" roared Bob Cherry. "Pull, you fellows! I've got him!"

Bunter had got hold of Bob's hand, and the next instant the Owl of the Remove shot into the carriage as though he had been projected from a catapult.

"Oh!"

There was a wild gasp from half a dozen of the juniors as Billy Bunter sent them spinning on to the floor, and for a few moments there was a whirling cloud of dust and arms and legs in the carriage, while the train quickly gathered speed.

"Get up, you idiot!" howled Harry Wharton. "Get up!"

"Ow!"

"Stop it!"

"Grough!"

One by one the juniors sorted themselves out, and, dusty and dishevelled, they groped their way to the seats.

Billy Bunter sat on the floor, googling grit out of his hair, panting for breath, and looking as though he belonged to the most disorderly detachment in the country.

"Oh, you rotters!" he groaned. "Oh, you chums!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I haven't got an atom to eat! If I die before we get to London, give my—"

"Give me back those pennies!" snapped Bully. "Come along, you fat scoundrel! Hand it over! I don't believe you've got a bob in the world!"

Billy Bunter blinked.

"That slot-machine was a blessed fraud! I put in tuppence, and the blessed drawer was empty! I shall write to the papers about it!"

"Come on!" persisted Johnny Bull, holding out his hand. "Give me back my bob!"

"Tuppence, Bull."

"A bob, I tell you! I gave you twelve pennies, and if you had kept your eyes open you would have seen that notice across the automatic-machine. It said it was out of order. Come on now, hand over that bob!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter solemnly handed over the ten pennies he had left, and Johnny Bull very wisely took them.

"You won't catch me with that trick again, you fat porpoise. I've not going to pay for your fatheaded mistakes. Brerrr!"

And Johnny Bull settled himself down in the corner-seat, and was soon wrapped in admiration at the beautiful effects of the rising sun as it shed its warm rays over the countryside.

Some of the juniors read books, some dozed, and some chatted about the trip they were just starting on, and in these ways the train journey passed pleasantly enough, and they soon found themselves being drawn into the dull London terminus.

"Here we are!" said Harry Wharton, jumping up. "Now, I think it's best to run this show as methodically as possible. Ten is too many for one fellow to look after, so I suggest that four of you keep in contact with me, and as Maul's always got plenty of tin with him, four of you had better stick to him. Maully and I will pay up for things, and we can all square up at the end of the day."

"Good notion that," agreed Frank Nugent. "We shall be able to get about much more easily with an arrangement like that, and we are much less likely to become separated."

"We—we've got to get to Victoria

Station now," said Harry. "Don't waste any time, as the train is sure to go out punctually at seven-fifty. Here we are! She's stopped!"

"Harry Wharton flung open the door, and the party of Removites leaped out on to the platform.

Nugent, Bull, Dutton, and Alonzo Todd fell in behind Harry Wharton, and Mauly was followed by Bob Cherry, Billy Bunter, Hurree Singh, and Fish.

The two parties immediately made their way to the guard's van, and Harry Wharton superintended the dumping of their luggage, and pressed a tip into the hand of the guard.

"Good luck, my boys!" he said, with a smile. "I see you're going to France. If you see any of the Manchesters, ask for Sergeant Calcutt—he's my lad, bless him! He's still out there, and he fought for three years with the best of 'em!"

"Rights-ho!" laughed Harry Wharton. "We'll not forget. Good-bye!"

And the party, wheeling their own luggage, trooped out of the station into the yard, where, as good luck would have it, there were half a dozen taxi-cabs waiting for passengers. Harry took possession of one, and as soon as that whirled away with its excited passengers, a second one followed in its wake.

Mauly wasn't going to lose his party!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry's Commission!

VICTORIA! At last the chums of Greyfriars had arrived at the real beginning of their trip.

The two taxi-cabs had fairly streaked along in the early morning, and they pulled up simultaneously at Victoria Station.

The boys leaped out, and added to the general bustle and noise that was going on around them. There was quite a crowd of officers and men of all sorts of regiments; but, of course, nothing like the assembly that went on at that same hour when the war was raging.

Just now the troops were going back to join their units on the Rhine, or on the lines of communication in France and Belgium. Most of them were there with their relations and friends who had come to the station to give them their farewell and blessing—just as so many hundreds of thousands had done during those dreadful days when Britain was fighting with her back to the wall.

There was plenty of bustle and excitement going on now, but it was a different sort of excitement from what it had been exactly a year ago.

"Here you are, Mauly!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Here are your five warrants and passports! I think we have to take them over to the office there. It's the R.T.O. who have to show them to."

"What's R.T.O. stand for, my dear Wharton?" inquired Alonzo Todd.

"It means Railway Transport Officer, Teddy. Come on, Mauly! We'll soon come back for these fellows when we've had our papers."

Harry Wharton and Lord Mauleverer made their way across the station to the office. A surprised military policeman led them through the barrier, and the two juniors took their place in a queue of officers who were waiting to present their warrants at the little office pigeon-hole, through which could be seen the busy R.T.O.

Harry Wharton observed that even here everything was done with military precision and smartness. There was not an instant's delay. If a warrant appeared to be questionable or out-of-date, a brisk command to "Stand aside!"

came through the pigeon-hole, and the next one stepped up briskly with his papers.

At last the time came for Harry Wharton and Lord Mauleverer to step forward. The office had been obviously built for soldiers, as Harry Wharton had to tiptoe to converse with the officer.

"Oh, yes!" said the R.T.O. "The Quartermaster-General's Department at the War Office sent round a special memo about your party. I was told to expect you this morning. There is one compartment reserved for you. The train leaves at 7.50. Report to the Landing Officer at Boulogne. Next, please!"

The warrants were stamped in an instant, and the two juniors passed on, and made their way to the rest of the party.

The taxi-cab had been disposed of, and the juniors had dragged their kit into the station, where a porter had taken them in hand, and told the boys to look for their kit in the forward portion of the train when it arrived at Folkestone.

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"And don't waste any time when you get there," advised the porter. "There's plenty of rush. I can tell you, and the boat's soon off. Thank you, sir! It was a bit different here this time last year!" Bob Cherry smiled.

"Thank goodness for that!" he said. "Come on, you fellows! Follow your uncle!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "I wonder what that poor thing wants to come here for? She looks jolly ill."

Harry Wharton pointed to a poorly-dressed but refined-looking lady in mourning, who was standing close to them by the barrier. Tears were streaming down her wan cheeks; but she was doing her utmost to stem them, and she held her head up bravely.

"Oh, I say!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I wish she wouldn't. I'll ask her whether there is anything I can do for her." And Bob, without the slightest hesitation, went to the lady's side, and gently touched her arm.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, in a low voice, "but are you looking for someone? Can I—I help you at all?"

"I shall be all right in a few

moments," replied the poor lady. "This is the first time I have come up to London for two years, and—and this season was too much for me."

"Never mind," replied Bob, after a pause. "If there is anything I can do, I would like to help you."

The lady looked at Bob through her tears, and opened a little black leather bag she was carrying.

"Two years ago last Sunday they telegraphed to me to say that my son had been killed in action. I—I had only seen him off from this station a week earlier. He had been home on leave."

"I'm so sorry!" said Bob gently. "He died for his country, madam. I wish I could have done something—even that!"

"My dear lad!" replied the lady. "I know I must be brave. Frank always told me to be if that happened. And I am proud he died like he did. It was seeing all these farewells which upset me. I stopped because I wanted to ask one of the soldiers going back to France to take these little packets with him. I—I can't ask. I—I couldn't speak! Will you ask one of these brave fellows to—"

"I am going to France!" said Bob eagerly. "Let me take the packets! Whom shall I give them to? There are ten of us going across now to see something of the old battlefields!"

"There are three little packets of flower-seeds. Will you take them for me, and plant them on my boy's grave? I should be so grateful, my dear lad!"

Bob Cherry's face flushed with pleasure.

"Oh, do give them to me, madam!" he cried. "Where was your son? Where did he die? Where did they lay him to rest? We shall all be so proud to plant these seeds!"

"I have written the name of the French village where his comrades buried him. It is written on each packet you have there. I received a letter from his commanding-officer at the time, telling me where his comrades had buried Frank. His name was Corporal Chalmers, Grenadier Guards."

"All right, madam," said Bob. "I will find it out at all costs, and I will plant these there in memory of his mother. I must go now. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," murmured the woman. "God bless you!" And she turned away from the barrier, and walked away with her head held bravely erect.

Bob Cherry had gone a little pale, and his teeth were clenched tight as he rejoined his chums.

"Is everything all right, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton.

Bob could not trust himself to speak just yet, so he nodded his head, and the rest of the Removites understood. The guard's whistle had already been sounded about half a dozen times, but now the train was really going off, and officers and men were leaping into their compartments all along the platform, amidst a volley of good-byes from their friends.

"Good!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, settling himself down in a corner of the carriage. "Thank goodness we've caught the train without any bother!"

Lord Mauleverer yawned. "I think the War Office must be potty to fix this up at 7.50 in the morning," he drawled. "I fail to see the hurry now the beastly war is all over."

Harry Wharton grinned. "I suppose they do the best they can, Mauly," he said. "I think it's a good thing we aren't a nation of noble Mauleverers!"

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Manly leant back in his seat and closed his eyes.

"Awful fog!" he murmured. "But this trip is going to be very jolly—what!"

"What about something to eat, you fellows?" cried Bunter. "I saw some restaurant-cars on this train, but they were full of those beastly soldiers!"

Bob Cherry glared across at Bunter. "What sort of soldiers, you fat bouncer?" he roared.

"Ahem!" coughed Bunter. "I believe I said beastly soldiers, Bob, old fellow. I feel so faint I hardly know what I'm saying. Of course, I really think the British soldier wants a lot of beating!"

"So do you, you fat cad!" snapped Bob. "And if I hear you talking like that again I'll jolly well bump you!"

Billy Bunter blinked through his enormous spectacles.

"Well, you fellows," he said, deciding to drop the conversation with Bob Cherry, "what about a snack of something? You've got plenty of sandwiches in that haversack of yours, haven't you, Toddy, old man?"

Alonso Todd was engrossed in a book, and he looked up with a start as he heard his name.

"What's that, Bunter!" he said pleasantly.

"We're going to have a snack," replied the fat junior. "Just hand over what eatables you're got, and we'll pool the lot and divide up equally!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How much are you going to put into the pool?" cried Frank Nugent.

Billy Bunter blinked.

"Really, Nugent, I think this idea of pooling the grub is a jolly good one!"

"That's what I think!" laughed Nugent. "How does it strike you, Bob?"

"A 1!" replied Bob Cherry. "I'll collect. Pass your wack along, Bunter!"

"Ahem!"

"Come on, hand it over, you fat dummy!"

"I—I—Really, Cherry," faltered Bunter, "I think you might leave this to me! It was my idea entirely, and I can see there is going to be a lot of jealousy in this touring party of ours. A good idea is a good idea, and a fellow ought not to try to bone it and run it himself."

"Oh, shut up!" growled Bob. "Do you think we're going to be such asses as to pool our grub for your benefit? They'll laughter you as a prize porter when we get to France unless you're jolly careful!"

The chums had all come well provided with sandwiches, and Harry Wharton had thoughtfully brought a basket containing a good supply of ginger-beer bottles. The sandwiches and cakes were divided, and the juniors enjoyed a really good meal, Billy Bunter especially distinguishing himself.

Meanwhile, the troop train was speeding southward through the Kentish hills and dales to Folkestone.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Good-bye to England!

"FOLKESTONE!"

"Folkestone Harbour!" said Harry Wharton, looking out through the steaming panes.

"And it's raining!"

"Dear me!" said Alonso Todd.

The juniors tumbled out, and joined the crowd of soldiers surging towards the waiting boat.

A fine drizzle was falling, and cost-

collars were hurriedly turned up. Harry Wharton took charge of his little detachment, while Mauleverer followed in his wake with the remainder.

Frank Nugent dashed away to see to the luggage.

Lord Mauleverer, forgetting his responsibilities, dashed after him, but he was whirled away in the crowd.

Bob Cherry thrust an arm through Mauly's, and marched him on.

"Come on, Mauly!" he exclaimed.

"There's a big crowd, and we want to be seals on the lee side!"

"Yes, rather, but—"

"Come on, then! You're supposed to be looking after half the party!"

"Yes, but—"

"This way!"

"Nugent is going—"

"That's all right; Franky's looking after the luggage. Besides, as doesn't really need looking after, as it's labelled for Bologne."

"Yes, but—"

"Use your elbows!"

"But, my dear fellow, it's awfully important! I—"

"That's all right!"

"Of course it's all right!" said Johnny Bull, taking Mauly's other arm. "This way; I'll help you. You'll get your clothes rumpled if these soldiers jostle against you!"

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"That's jolly thoughtful of you, Bull, but—"

"Rush for it!"

"But—"

"Here we are!"

The party of Remorives were on the plank bridge leading on deck now, and it was too late for Lord Mauleverer to struggle back. He resigned himself to his fate, and was rushed on deck in the crowd.

As rain was falling most of the officers and men made a rush for below; but the juniors of Greyfriars did not intend to make the trip below decks. They found seats on the lee side, and spread coats and mackintoshes to sit on, and placed Mauly there to keep guard over their coats and haversacks and packages.

"Now, then, Mauly," said Harry Wharton warningly. "Don't leave this spot for a moment!"

"But—"

"Stick there as if you were glued!"

"Yes, but—"

"If anybody sits down on this row, tell him the seats are engaged. If he's a Frenchman—I see there are some here—and doesn't understand English, give him a buff on the ear. He'll understand that!"

"Mind you don't move while I go and show the tickets and papers."

"But—"

Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull rushed away, leaving Mauleverer alone. Mauly rose to his feet, and then sat down again. He had been left in charge, and he could not very well abandon his trust.

"By Jove!" he murmured. "This is too bad! I only wanted to tell those fellows that I've left my Burberry in the train."

Billy Bunter came along with a large packet in his hand, and sat down and began to munch at the contents of his bag.

"Bunter, dear boy—"

"Have some?" said Billy Bunter, holding out the bag. "They're pork pies—and ripping. I got them at the harbour buffet."

"No, thanks, but—"

"You mayn't be able to eat presently," said Bunter.

"Yes, but—"

"They're jolly good!"

"You know what crossing the Channel is, Bunter. I should advise you to be careful, dear boy."

"Oh, that's all right! I sha'n't be ill; I'm descended from an old sea-going family, you know. There have always been Bunters in the Navy!"

"Will you look after these seats, Bunter, while I go away for a few minutes?"

"Certainly! Sure you won't have a pork pie? There's a lovely lot of fat and gravy in them!"

Mauly shuddered.

"No, thanks, Bunter."

He hurried away; but he had only gone a few yards when he ran into the remainder of the party.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried Bob Cherry. "Here's Mauly breaking his pledge!"

There was a large crowd on deck, and there were sailors running to and fro, and innumerable orderlies staggering under baggage, and voices in confusion on all sides—a veritable babel.

"Is there time, dear boy?" cried Mauleverer.

"Time for what, say?"

"Time to get ashore. You fellows wouldn't listen to me before; but I've left my Burberry in the train!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The next moment there was a hoarse rattling and shouting and tramping. The steamer began to move.

There was a yell of laughter, in which the soldiers in the near vicinity joined with all the force of their lungs.

"Too late!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"We're off, Mauly, old bird!"

"Why on earth didn't you tell us that you had left your coat behind?" said Harry Wharton.

"My dear boy, I didn't have a chance. Never mind; I'll be able to get another one in Bologne."

The juniors made for their seats, and settled themselves down for the sea trip. After a few minutes' steaming some of them were not at all inclined for conversation, especially Billy Bunter. Bunter sat huddled up, heedless of the drizzle, heedless of everything—and he would have remained heedless if the steamer had sprung a leak and gone to the bottom of the Straits of Dover—if he had not regarded it as a happy release from his sufferings.

A few of the juniors later on went below. But all things come to an end, even a Channel passage; though it seems to spin out to interminable lengths while it is in progress. The weather was getting clearer, and Bologne loomed up in the distance at last, and the steamer rolled in.

Glad enough would the Greyfriars tourists be to step ashore!

THE END.



Goggs Grammarian

By Richard Randolph

SYNOPSIS.

Johnny Goggs comes to Rylcombe Grammar School from Frankingham with his chums Trickett, Blount, and Waters.

Goggs is a jiu-jitsu expert, a clever impersonator, and the organiser of many brilliant japes. He leads an expedition of Grammarians to St. Jim's, and accomplishes one of the most daring night raids ever perpetrated.

Gerald Cutts of St. Jim's falls foul of Bingo, the butcher, and after a scrap, in which Cutts is worsted, Bingo picks a quarrel with Goggs. A fight ensues, in which both defences seem impregnable. The eleventh round sees Goggs land a well-aimed blow at his adversary's chin. Bingo falls, and lays still.

(Now read on.)

After the Battle!

"GET UP!" yelled his supporters.
"He won't get up!" growled Cutts.
"Habet!" said Darrel.

Those around the prefect knew what that meant. "Habet"—"He has it!"—the word that in the old days the spectators at the gladiatorial combats had shouted when some hapless gladiator had taken a thrust that settled his chance!

"Rets off!" said Gilmore, wittily misinterpreting.

"Seven—eight—nine—"
Kildare seemed to pause after the "nine"—or it may have been only the strained suspense of the onlookers that suggested a pause to them.

"Out."
And Bingo the butcher, who had never known defeat before, lay there motionless and senseless, not knowing even yet that his own. He was still feeling a good deal fed up with both of them.

"Chance of what?" asked Larking.
"Of getting one in on that sweep Goggs, of course!"

"Well, I don't. What have those three to do with him?"

"Cutts is the sort of bouncer who hasn't many scraps, and—"

"You think you can use Cutts, do you? You're dashed well off it there, I can tell you that!"

"Right-ho, Lark! We'll see. You don't know quite everything."

"What is the fly-weight championship, may I ask? Has it anything to do with 'Swat that fly!'" returned Goggs meekly.

"You know all right, you spooping bouncer! There aren't any flies on you, Goggs!" said Frank Monk.

"That merely adds confusion to confusion, my dear Gorilla. If there are no flies on me, why—"

But here Goggs was interrupted.

Kildare, Heavins and Wrangle pushed their way through the crowd.

"I say, you—I mean, Mr. Goggs," began Heavins, in some difficulty as to how to express himself, it seemed.

The village youths had been brought to quite a respectful frame of mind concerning Goggs, it was evident.

"But yesterday, and they had regarded him as a meek victim for the sacrifice; skilled in 'hanky-panky,' maybe, but quite incapable of standing up to their champion for long."

To-day all that was changed. Goggs had become a great man in their eyes.

But they had not cast down Bingo from his pedestal, it seemed.

"Well, Mr. Heavins?" returned Goggs politely.

"Speak up, 'Dread!'" growled Wrangle, as Eldred stood at a loss for words.

A hush fell upon the crowd. Everyone was curious to hear what Heavins had to say.

Were the Rylcombe youths putting forward another champion?

But they had no one within measurable distance of Bingo's form. And, though they had backed Bingo, it could hardly be said that he had fought as a representative of the village.

As Goggs, who knew Sir Walter Scott's novels better than he knew any of his class-bos, had remarked, it was plain enough that, like the doughy armourer in "The Fair Maid of Perth," when filling the vacant place on one side in the battle of the picked men of two clans on the North Inch, Binks "had fought for his own land."

It would have been exorable in Heavins and his comrades if they had given him up in the hour of his defeat. He had lorded it over them in no half-hearted style. But they were loyal still.

"Go on!" roared Gordon Gay encouragingly.

"Look here—"

"Oh, get it out!" snorted Levison major.

"Will you give Bingo a return match?"

It came with a rush now, and Heavins seemed glad to have done with it—if he could be said to have done with it before the question was answered.

Out of his startled frame the indomitable blue eyes of Johnny Goggs gazed steadily at the speaker, and the face of Heavins turned from brick-red to tomato.

"Does he want one?" asked Goggs quietly.

"Has he been?" asked Wrangle.

"Has he said so?"

"See here, Goggs, I shouldn't take it on," Tom Merry said. "You've licked the fellow fairly and squarely after he'd forced a quarrel on you, and then, no earthly reason why you should fight again."

"You'll have a row to face because of this," Clifton Dane added; "and there will be a bigger one if you fight again."

"Yes, here's bound to be a row," agreed Gordon Gay; "and Goggs isn't anyway bound to go taking for fresh trouble."

But the three who knew Goggs best—Bugs and Tricks and Wartail—said nothing.

The knave who was of no use to say anything. Goggs would take his own line despite all that anyone could say.

And he would not be influenced by fear of being called a funk, any more than he would be moved by a desire for fresh conquests.

Bugs, at least, knew what was likely to influence him. Goggs had a queer liking for the fellow he had just licked. He liked him very much as he liked the mighty Grundy.

Bingo was something like Grundy. Both had a touch of the bully in them, but did not know it. In general, bullies are not popular, if anyone likes them, that person is hardly one whom they can practise their overbearing tactics upon.

But Bingo and Grundy had a good deal in them besides the bully part of their nature. For the Rylcombe fellows, who had

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felt the weight of the butcher's fists, liked Bingo in spite of that; and there were fellows at St. Jim's who detested Grundy on overbearing ways, and yet had more liking for Grundy than they would willingly have admitted.

Goggs, for all his seeming meekness, was not to be bullied by anyone—which is possibly why Grundy and Bingo accepted of him more than they did to others.

And if Goggs thought Bingo would get any alive to his wounded pride in standing up to him again, and trying to reverse the verdict—well, it was probable that there would be a return match.

Not if Grundy could help it, however! Grundy spoke up now, but to say that he hoped it was to put it all too mildly. He bowed.

"Shot up, everybody, and let me get a word in!" he roared.

"Grundy's whisper again!" murmured Monty Lowther.

"En!" said Cardew, with his hand to his ear. "Did you speak, Grundy? Louder, please!"

"What's Grundy got to do with it?" shouted Blake. "Dry up, Grundy, you ass! This is Goggs' bizney, not yours!"

"Oh, isn't it my business?" boomed Grundy.

"That's all you know, Blake! I say—"

"Don't be an idiot, old man!" urged Wilkins, catching his great chief by the arm.

"I shall be an idiot if I choose—I mean, don't you dare to interfere with me, George Wilkins!"

"And Grundy wrenched his arm away.

"Is there any choice in the matter?" asked Cardew blandly.

"Don't take any notice of the silly ass! It's for you to speak, Goggs, and if you were you I shouldn't take Bingo on again," said Wootton major.

"Grundy has the floor," Goggs said, with a smile on his battered face.

"That's it! Goggs is the only chap among the whole crowd of you who has any sense at all!" howled Grundy. "I've something to say, and I mean to say it, whoever tries to stop me!"

"We're listening!" put in Cardew. "But it is so difficult to follow you, Grundy, unless you will speak up. Can't you raise your voice a little?"

"I am raising my voice, you utter imbecile!" bellowed Grundy. "Now, see here—if anybody's going to fight this Binks fellow again I'm the man!"

"But how can you fight him again when you never have fought him yet, Grundy?" asked Goggs.

"You're an ass, William Goggs—a silly ass!"

Everybody knows perfectly well what I mean.

"We know," Tom Merry said, grinning. "You're trying to butt in, as per usual. But you've no place in the picture, Grundy. The question isn't whether someone else shall fight Bingo, but whether Goggs shall stand up to him again."

"The question isn't anything of the sort, and only a complete ass like you would think it was, Merry! Haven't you any sense?"

"Not your sort, thanks be," replied Tom, quite good-naturedly.

"This is the way I look at it!" roared Grundy. "The Grammar School's done its bit. It's put up a man against the butcher fellow and licked him. Well, then, isn't St. Jim's to put up a man—"

"But not against Binks, surely!" Talbot interrupted him. "Goggs has licked Binks. If we're up against anyone, it's surely Goggs."

"I expected more sense of you, Talbot!" snapped Grundy.

"Goggs is a particular friend of mine. I don't want to lick Goggs."

"That's lucky, because you jolly well couldn't if you wanted to ever so hard, you chunder!" shouted Wootton major.

"Hear, hear!" chorused the Grammarian section of the crowd.

"But where do you come in at all, Grundy?" asked Manners major.

"That's what we'd like to know. Where does Grundy come in?" said Larkins.

"Yaak, wathah! Are you not taking a twinkle too much upon yourself? Gwunday!" inquired Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, regarding the burly fellow through his monocle in the severest possible manner.

"Oh, what asses you fellows are! I come in because I'm the fit and proper person to represent St. Jim's—that's where I come in!" There was a howl at this.

"What about Tommy?" yelled Manners.

"There's Talbot!" cried Tom Merry.

"And there's Kangaroo!" shouted Dase.

But Grundy waved aside the claims of Tom Merry, Talbot, and Harry Noble. They had all licked him; it was an accepted fact among the Lower School at St. Jim's that, though the burly Grundy might carry too many guns for anyone else in Shell or Fourth, these three were his masters. Grundy was the one descendent from that article of faith, however.

Heavens and Wrangle had been waiting through all this, not quite understanding it, perhaps. They did not know much about Grundy.

But now Heavens spoke.

"I don't see what 'e's got to do with it," he said. "What I want to know is whether Mr. Goggs is wittin' to take on Bingo again."

"I desay Bingo will give that chap what he's akin' for, any day as he likes," added

Wrangle. "But that ain't got nothink to do with it, so Grundy, or whatever his name is, might as well shoot his 'tater-trap'."

Grundy made a threatening move upon Wrangle. But a dozen hands seized Grundy. He was dragged to grass, and Figgins and Clive and Reilly and the others, while Heavens gazed him with his own cap.

"Now then, Goggies!" said Goggs. "Speak up!"

"I should turn them down cold," Monk said.

"It doesn't matter what you would do, Monkey," Bags told him. "Goggies will do what he thinks he will. And our blessed Johnny hardly ever thinks the same as other people."

"Well, I ask, Mr. Heavens," said Goggs, paying no heed to either Goggs or Monk, "whether your principal has expressed any desire for a return match?"

Bingo had gone off the field, with most of the village contingent.

"He ain't said so. If that's what you mean," replied Heavens.

"But we know as 'ow he'll be on," added Wrangle.

"And how do you know that?"

"Cause we know 'em," Heavens answered.

His simple faith in Bingo impressed others besides Goggs.

All waited to hear what the Grammar School champion would say.

"My dear fellow, if Binks desires a return match I cannot refuse him it," Goggs said.

"But I would suggest that the date should be made convenient to me. We shall very shortly be breaking up for the holidays. To avoid unpleasantness at the school, I suggest that Binks and I meet again—if we do meet again—on the morning of the day on which we go away."

"Right-ho!" said Heavens. "Bingo will be wittin', I'm certain. We'll let you know."

He and Wrangle departed then. The rest of the crowd drifted away in small companies, save that Goggs was surrounded by a score or more of his special partisans.

Grundy, red and wrathful, was left with Goggs and Wilkins.

"But I'll see about it!" fumed Grundy. "They're not going to leave it all their own way."

"Don't be an ass!" protested Wilkins. "I never saw such a chap as you are for butting in where you're not wanted."

"If you give me any more of your cheek, George Wilkins, you'll get hurt!" roared Grundy.

Wilkins dried up. He did not want to get hurt, and he thought that there would be others to see that Grundy did not butt in effectively when the critical time came.

But whether he was right remained to be seen. It was not fated that Bingo and Goggs should meet again, however—that much may be said now.

Snipe's Scheme!

AMONG the fellows who had given ear to all that had passed while Heavens was trying to fix up the return match, and had said nothing at all, were Snipe and Larking.

Carpenter had gone off soon after the fight ended, but Carpenter would only have been in the way now; Larking and Snipe did not regret his absence.

Those two hung back behind the rest. Snipe was glancing eyes glancing at him as he turned them upon Larking and said:

"Do you see anything in it now?"

"Dashed if I do!" replied Larking. "We didn't score this time, Snipe, and I'm beginning to believe that it's waste of time and trouble to try it again. Goggs gets there every time, and we're left in the car."

"We're not in the car yet, old top," said Snipe confidently. "You talk as if the play was played out. But this is only the first act."

"Don't see it. The game was to egg Bingo on to pick a quarrel with Goggs and give him a thrashing. We didn't have much to do, thanks to the funny beggar's turning up when he did. The quarrel was picked all right, and the fight came off."

He paused, as if he thought he had said enough.

"Go on," Snipe said. "You're all right so far."

Well, the result is that Goggs won, and everybody thinks heaps more than ever of

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"I should not, if I don't like this rounder so much. For it was a win that a chap might be proud of, and who would have thought the fellow had it in him?"

"Go on!"

"What more is there to be said? Suppose they fight again? Does anyone fancy Bingo as a winner? I don't say he might not pull it off; there can be no duffer, and with a bit of luck he might knock Goggs out. But he'd want all the luck there was going, I can tell you that. I know something about boxing, if you don't."

"But my scheme isn't concerned with their fighting again. Just the opposite, in fact."

Larking stared.

"He knew Snipe to be far craftier than he was. Snipe meant something, he was certain, but what? Snipe could mean baffled his imagination."

"Oo, get it out!" he scolded.

"No, I'm in a hurry, Lark. See here: What could be better than this gadget of fighting on the day we go away for the holidays—better for us, I mean?"

"I can't begin to see it. Besides, you say it's not the fight you're counting on to get us inside with Goggs."

"It's not. What I'm counting on is Goggs not turning up for the fight—see?"

"No, I don't see. What good would that be to us?"

"You're heavily dull to-day, Lark! How do you think anyone could last out at Goggs so long as to hurt the fellow?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do, though! The fellow's proud. He rides himself no end on doing things the way they should be done—on his brawn efficiency, and all that—on being better and cleverer than anyone else. If he didn't turn up it would be said he failed, of course; and he would hate that. And yet I don't know. Could the other chap be made to believe that he failed? He never does, I'll be bound for him. And he hasn't any reason to think Bingo. He can lick him."

"Probably—not for a dead cert. And they've got to be made to believe—that's all about it. I can manage that, I think. I'll be bound for the pull of its being the last day of term—the first day of the holidays—asked Larking."

"Duffer! Because if he disappears it won't be any business of the Head or any of the masters; they won't hear about it. There won't be any search for him."

"Don't you believe it? Goggs and Blount and the rest of that crowd will do everything to find him."

"But they think he's done a lark on home rather than face Bingo again."

"But how are they to be made to believe that?"

"Must take that job in hand—it doesn't seem much like finding anything from you. But I fancy that I can make them believe it."

"And Snipe leered maliciously as he spoke. "That's all very well, but how's he going to be kept away?" inquired Larking."

"He won't not be kept away, but he could see all sorts of difficulties in the path."

"I shall give that part of the job to Cutts," said Snipe coolly.

"Cutts? You'll never get Cutts in—"

"Yes, Lark! I'm pretty sure I can get Cutts on."

"But where does he come in?"

"I thought you'd twigged that. Cutts has dropped a whack of cash on the first to-day."

"I know that. No, I don't think the other two said to him. I don't see how he can pay it myself. They'll have to let him off."

"They might do that. They would, in the long run, I suppose. But I don't think Cutts would quite fancy being made that sort of obligation to them, and I don't think they'd do it pleasantly enough to make him feel comfortable. I believe he'd catch at any other way out of it."

"But what's the way out?"

"Those fellows would back Goggs again. They'd back him to almost any amount, making sure he'd win, and piling up the debt. Cutts owes them. Even if they think they'll never get the cash they'll bet, I fancy, for the sake of ridding Cutts about not paying up."

"Not so sure about that. Everyone's not so spiteful as you are, Snipe. But suppose Cutts does not do it, and come in? He backs Bingo again, and Bingo can't win if Goggs doesn't turn up."

"But he does—he wins by default."

"My hat! So he would. And the bats—"

"They go by the result. It's dashed sharp practice, but—"

"Never mind about that, Lark. We're not hating. We're not going to get Goggs out of the way. Cutts will do all that!"

(Continued on page 16.)

The Editor's Chat.

The Companion Papers are:

THE MAGNET. THE GEM. THE BOYS' FRIEND. CRICKLES. THE PENNY PAPER.
Every Monday. Every Wed. Every Monday. Every Friday. Every Friday.

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS.

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To make certain of obtaining your copy of the MAGNET you should not fail to place an early order with your newsagent. It is the only way to make certain of getting your copy.

GREAT NEWS!

No. 1 of the "Greyfriars Herald" (second Edition) is now actually in course of preparation. Since I definitely announced last week that Harry Wharton's great journal was to make its reappearance, practically every moment of my time has been taken up in making the thousand and other necessary arrangements.

If I had had only myself to consider the "Greyfriars Herald" would not have come along just yet, for the prodigious amount of work entailed in the preparation of the Annual, apart from the usual work of the Companion Papers, is more than enough to keep me hard at it.

However, it is a recognised fact that the more one does the more one can find time to do, and I have determined that no time should be lost after the signing of Peace before active steps should be taken to get to work again on the great journal—one of the biggest successes of modern times—which, among many other things, was lost to my readers for a time owing to the War.

The second edition of the "Greyfriars Herald" is going to be far better—if that is possible—than the first edition was, and it is my efforts to make it so that are occupying all my time.

As a matter of fact, I was afraid that it would be impossible for me to find time to write the "Editor's Chat" this week, but I felt that by hook or by crook I must manage somehow to let you have the great news that the "Greyfriars Herald" is on the way.

October will soon be here, and that month will see its reappearance.

BUT—

Yes, and it is a very big but—in spite of the time and energy I am putting into this work, there is one most important thing which I cannot do. Indeed, I must say it is the most important thing.

I cannot ensure the success of the "Greyfriars Herald."

That depends entirely upon my readers—you, and the tens of thousands of your fellow-readers.

Unless all of you loyally rally round, the great journal cannot be an unqualified success.

DON'T FORGET THIS.

Whether the "Greyfriars Herald" comes to stay or not depends upon the measure of your support.

Let all your chums—boys and girls—know that the "Herald" is going to appear again in October, and tell them that it is going to be the biggest thing in school journals that has ever been done.

Keep October in your minds, and remember that it stands for the

"GREYFRIARS HERALD."

A PROTEST FROM AMERICA.

The following letter has reached me from over the Herring Pond:

"As a regular reader of your paper, I should like to protest against the constant sneering at the United States. Whatever my country's faults are, she has done her part in the late war manfully and to the best of her ability. I call attention to the fact that never once in your papers during the war was any notice or tribute paid the brave American boys who fought and died at Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne Forest, English, Scotch, Irish, Canadians, and Amnacs have all had a look in, but the American Army—so often ridiculed by Messrs. Richards and Clifford—was ignored. Strange to say, the Army still exists."

"I am not one of those Americans who imagine that the United States has won the war. On the contrary, I think that we have done very little in comparison with the British, French, and Italians, but if the German onslaught towards Paris in June, 1918, was stopped, it was chiefly owing to the gallant United States Marines, who routed and cut to pieces the Prussian Guards at Chateau-Thierry."

"I am exceedingly sorry that my American readers do so very little to help me, and I fear he has worked himself into a state of anger over grievances which only exist in his imagination."

"He does not quote a single 'snarl' in the words of his laudatory letter, and I declare most emphatically that it would be impossible for him to find an intentional snarl in any one of the Companion Papers."

All England has rung with the praises of the Americans and their part in the War, and I can vouch for the fact that both Mr. Frank Richards and Mr. Martin Clifford are ardent hearted admirers of the American Army."

There has been an intentional omission of comment on the bravery of America's troops, and editor, authors, and readers of the Companion Papers together cry: "Long Live America!"

FROM A BELGIAN READER.

"Dear Editor—I have just finished reading the MAGNET entitled 'Catching Coker,' which I received to-day from your office. I really wish 'Falkirk,' 'Disgraced Coleman & Co.' could see with what joy the arrival of the MAGNET and 'Gem' is hailed even in foreign countries. I always pass my MAGNETS over to my Belgian friends who have been in England."

"I have read the MAGNET now from 'Judge Jeffries,' and the 'Gem' from the stories of Lincoln's reform, and I can honestly say that I have never found a dry line in them."

That is the type of letter that an Editor likes to receive. It is encouragement of the very best kind, and the highest reward for his work.

At my table, that is how I look upon such letters, and the thought that the MAGNET and 'Gem' is a link between us and our gallant Belgian allies is exceedingly gratifying to me.

It gives me great pleasure to know that my Belgian chum issues on the paper to his friends, and it is what I would like all my readers to do. By doing it you will, I am sure, receive their undying gratitude.

THOSE GIRLS!

They are not plucky enough! That is the complaint. "I cannot understand a topology book having such wretched creatures," writes a girl from Blackheath. "I must protest on the part of many girls about the cowardly girls' sports and games." Girls are as different as the seasons. Besides, the courage of a girl has never been questioned. When the really critical peril comes she is ready to meet it.

YOUR EDITOR.

"You think you can get him?"

"I'm sure I can. It only I catch him in the right mood."

"Well, I don't think Cutts is the kind of fellow to shy at a thing because it's off the odds, but you hardly know the fellow you don't really know him at all, come to that. I can't see how you're going to work it."

"By offering him our help, old top! Oh, don't get alarmed!"

"I'm not getting alarmed!" growled Larking. "Don't go offering too much on my behalf, that's all."

"You'll hardly come into it at all. But you may be useful in talking him over. And we shall be quite safe. Why, if we like, we can clear out in the morning before the fight, and be fifty miles away when it's called off through Goggs' net turning up."

"I don't know that that would suit me," said Larking. "I'd like to be there, and see the way all those bouncers take it. I hate the dashed lot of them for the rotten fuss they make of that bouncer!"

"I'd rather be here on horseback than see it. Cutts wants the thing the way I want him to," replied Snipe.

"Why?"

"Well, if our dear little friend Goggs is to be kidnapping, I'd rather fancy the job of playing warden to him for a day or two, that's all. I'd see that the skinny beast didn't get any latter!"

"My rat! That's a notion, too. But I thought you were too chump of taking risks to chance what might come of anything like that, Snipe."

"Oh, I don't think there need be very much risk. The right sort of place could be found, be kept there for some days—a week, perhaps on a cheery diet of bread and water, and not too much of it. He wouldn't want to fight Bingo after that—he."

"We might get dice somewhere near, if the scheme comes off," he continued. "My word, shouldn't I enjoy having Goggs fairly under my thumb like that!"

"I'd take care he never got his hands on him!" grunted Larking vehemently.

"I say, Lark, not a word of this to Carpenter!"

"Do you think I'm idiot enough for that? He wouldn't let me out of his sight at any price. But I don't think he would give us away."

"I do," Snipe said.

"When do you mean to see Cutts?"

"I think I'll drop him in this first, to pass the word. And I don't think I'll sign it. Tell him that by coming to such-and-such a place he will meet someone who knows the hole he is in, and can suggest something to his advantage. Wouldn't that do?"

"It might," agreed Larking. "You've a wonderful head on you, Snipe! I couldn't have thought out a scheme like this in a dog's age; but it all seems to hang together, and if we can get Cutts into it—but for the matter of that we could do it without Cutts, couldn't we?"

"It's too risky. I should give the whole scheme up if I had to put that part of it through."

"Oh, well, I can see the advantage of using Cutts there, right enough. As for the rest of it, I'm prepared to take the risk of that, if you are. I don't quite see, though, how Cutts is going to get his hands on Goggs."

"I can fix that up," said Snipe confidently. "I know how to work the bouncer."

(Another long instalment of this grand school story will appear in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET. Order your copy at once.)

- NOTICES. -

From Readers of "The Magnet" & "The Gem" Libraries.

FOOTBALL.

F. May, 365, Mill Street, Bradford, Manchester, wants post of football boots, size 5.

Three boys wish to join team—13½ mile radius.—H. Green, 63, Diggon Street, Stepney, E.1.

Players wanted to form club, 15-15½.—K. Hill, 43, Queensmill Road, Fulham, S.W.

Matches wanted, 10-15, 25, 35, 45, 55, 65, 75, 85, 95, 105, 115, 125, 135, 145, 155, 165, 175, 185, 195, 205, 215, 225, 235, 245, 255, 265, 275, 285, 295, 305, 315, 325, 335, 345, 355, 365, 375, 385, 395, 405, 415, 425, 435, 445, 455, 465, 475, 485, 495, 505, 515, 525, 535, 545, 555, 565, 575, 585, 595, 605, 615, 625, 635, 645, 655, 665, 675, 685, 695, 705, 715, 725, 735, 745, 755, 765, 775, 785, 795, 805, 815, 825, 835, 845, 855, 865, 875, 885, 895, 905, 915, 925, 935, 945, 955, 965, 975, 985, 995, 1005, 1015, 1025, 1035, 1045, 1055, 1065, 1075, 1085, 1095, 1105, 1115, 1125, 1135, 1145, 1155, 1165, 1175, 1185, 1195, 1205, 1215, 1225, 1235, 1245, 1255, 1265, 1275, 1285, 1295, 1305, 1315, 1325, 1335, 1345, 1355, 1365, 1375, 1385, 1395, 1405, 1415, 1425, 1435, 1445, 1455, 1465, 1475, 1485, 1495, 1505, 1515, 1525, 1535, 1545, 1555, 1565, 1575, 1585, 1595, 1605, 1615, 1625, 1635, 1645, 1655, 1665, 1675, 1685, 1695, 1705, 1715, 1725, 1735, 1745, 1755, 1765, 1775, 1785, 1795, 1805, 1815, 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