

READ "THE FORM-MASTER'S DISGRACE!"

A SPLENDID NEW GREYFRIARS SCHOOL STORY IN THIS ISSUE!

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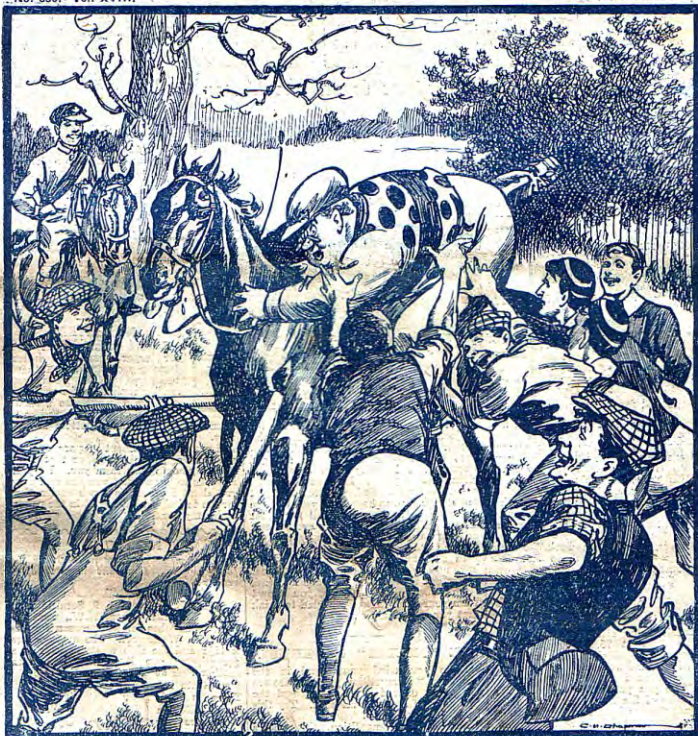
With which is incorporated
The Greyfriars Herald.

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No. 680. Vol. XVIII.

February 19th, 1921.



BILLY BUNTER MOUNTS FOR THE GREAT RACE AT WAPSHOT!

(A screamingly funny episode in the long complete tale inside.)

The Editor's Chat



Address all your letters to:
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"
The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

Our next grand long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, will be entitled:

"BY WINGATE'S AID!" By Frank Richards.

All my chums will have greatly enjoyed reading the story in this number, and will be wondering what happens to the Remove Form-master. Harry Wharton & Co., in their determination to get to the bottom of the mystery surrounding the whole affair in which Mr. Queich is involved, enlist the aid of Wingate, Gwynne, and North of the Sixth Form at Greyfriars. Between them the boys fathom the mystery, revealing the most astounding state of affairs.

Readers who miss this magnificent—and it really is magnificent—story, will be missing a treat. I repeat once again the old advice—order your copy well in advance.

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD SUPPLEMENT.

Our next week's issue will also contain another four-page supplement run by the chums of Greyfriars. It will be better than ever, and very funny.

Billy Bunter, you see, has gone to the "Popular" with his "Weekly," and Harry Wharton & Co. have a clear field. They have no need to think of what Billy Bunter is doing, and can go straight ahead with their work.

I wish to acknowledge here the many hundreds of letters and postcards I have received from my chums all over the world in praise of this supplement. I am very glad indeed that it is so popular, for it is very gratifying to know that work is appreciated. And it is hard work getting out that supplement, I can assure you.

However, who minds work, however hard, if it brings pleasure to thousands and thousands of others?

AN APPEAL.

I had a very nice letter from one of my chums this week. His name is Ted Cook, and he lives at 75, Wynyard Road, Hillsborough, Sheffield. He is fifteen years of age, and writes:

"One reason I am writing to you is this. Can you put me in touch with a girl reader of the MAGNET? I dare say it sounds strange for me to ask you to do such a thing, but I have neither father, nor mother, nor grandparents, and I have

not known what it is to have brothers and sisters. Moreover, I have only one hand, having been born without a right hand.

"I rather like writing, and I should very much like to correspond with a nice girl somewhere in this country, just as a friend. It would make me feel as though I had a sister, but, as it is, I have no one else to write to."

My chum writes wonderfully well with

One of them is about Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, and the other is of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood. Then, in the centre of the paper, our friend Billy Bunter conducts his "Weekly."

To "Billy Bunter's Weekly" there contribute fellows from ST. JIM'S, ROOKWOOD, and GREYFRIARS. So, you see, we have "TOM MEHRRY'S WEEKLY" and "JIMMY SILVER'S WEEKLY" appearing in the

one supplement. Readers who like school stories, and found amusement in the issues of "Billy Bunter's Weekly" published in the MAGNET LIBRARY, should make a point of getting this week's issue of the "Popular."

Again, I cannot too strongly advise you to get into the habit of ordering your copies in advance—or, better still, tell your newsgroup you want the "Popular" and the MAGNET LIBRARY delivered to you on the day of issue. This costs you nothing, and the newsgroup is always willing to oblige. Then you make absolutely certain of missing nothing that appears in the papers.

MY LETTERS.

I have recently received a far larger number of letters from my chums, and I thank them one and all. I have personally replied to the majority of them through the medium of the post, as I always like to

acknowledge my chums' letters in that way.

If you have a moment to spare, or want any advice, please remember that I am always glad to hear from you. I especially like to know what you like and what you don't like. It is much easier then for me to judge what to put in the papers under my control.

NOTICE.

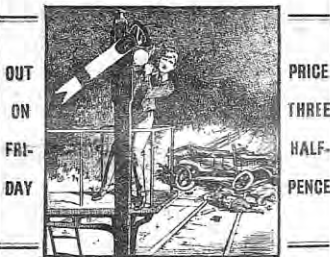
I have much pleasure in inserting the following notice at the request of a reader:

Football.

Arthur L. Bambridge, 9, Sandringham Road, Willesden, Green, N.W., wants to arrange matches for next season for the Willesden Wanderers. The average age is 15½, and the club wants to hear of a ground, or one it could share with another club at a moderate fee. There is room in the Willesden Wanderers for a few more players.

Your Editor

This Picture is on the Cover of



THE "POPULAR."

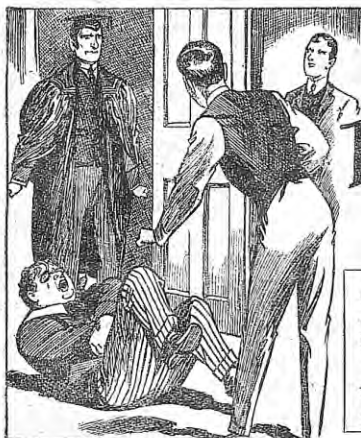
his left hand—quite as well as the majority of the boys and girls of this country write with their right. The first part of his letter I leave to my girl chums. But I really must correct my chum on one point. He says he has no one to write to. Ted, my dear fellow, I am always glad to hear from you, as I am indeed glad to hear from all my other chums. You can write to me every week, or every day, and I will reply to your letters at the very first opportunity.

In case any other chums think they have no one to whom they can write, just remember that in me you have a friend. I am not an ogreish person, you know! I am your chum, and I am glad to think that you are all my chums.

THE "POPULAR" COMPETITION.

Have you tried your hand in the "Popular" Competition yet? There are ten prizes offered every week, and the task set you is not at all hard. Try this week, boys and girls!

Besides the competition, this week's issue of our companion paper will contain two long, complete school stories.



The Form-Master's Disgrace!

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., and Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form-master of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Generous Bunter!

"BZZ off, Bilby!"
"Vampoose!"
"Scut!"

The Famous Five stopped in their task of clearing away the tea-things in Study No. 1, and hurled these remarks in the direction of a fat face framed in the doorway.

But instead of "scuttling," as ordered, Bilby Bunter beamed benevolently, and rolled into the study.

"I say, you fellows, have you—"
"No, we haven't!" snipped Rich Cherry. "We've gobbled up every crumb, old top!"

Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, winked at his chums.

"Fifty Bilby didn't roll up ten minutes earlier," he murmured, "considering the job we had to get through all the luck my uncle sent us. That big jellied ox-tongue—"

"J-jellied ox-tongue?"

With eyes bulging behind his little round spectacles, the Owl of the Remove greedily peered at the tea remains on the table.

"It's gone now," said Wharton, with a sigh. "But after stowing away all the ox-tongue, 'cause it wouldn't keep, we had a tough job with the potted chicken—"

"P-potted chick—"

"And the tipsy-cake—"

"The tipsy—"

"And the chocolate celairs—"

"Oosh!"

"And the shortbread—"

"Aaah!"

"Not to mention the preserved ginger!"

"Pshaw!"

Bilby Bunter drew a large red pocket-handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow feverishly.

"Yes, it was a nifty Bilby wasn't here," murmured Frank Nugent, feelingly.

"But—but why didn't you fellows send for me?" growled Bunter plaintively.

"And you know we're always willing to help you out, too, don't you, Bilby?" said Harry Wharton sweetly.

"Yes," put in Hurree Singh, the Indian junior—"on his esteemed neckties."

The Porpoise glanced nervously from the laughing faces of Harry Wharton & Co. to the open door. That his august leg had been pulled was now quite evident to him. The disappointment which had appeared on his fat face on learning that all the grub had been eaten was now erased by an ingratiating smile.

"Of course, I know you chaps were only rotting," he said. "As a matter of fact, it was only by accident I happened to blow along at tea-time."

"That's trouble to compass any straddles, Bilby," said Johnny Bull.

"But I'm not," averred Bunter indignantly. "I came along to do you fellows a good turn."

"Good man!" said Wharton. "Well, give a hand to fold that tea-cloth while we wash up."

Still beaming, the Owl lent the Nabob of Bhauripur a hand with the cloth. It was fairly obvious that Bunter was bursting to tell his Form-mates something, but he controlled his desire with difficulty until the tea-things had been washed up and the Famous Five had sunk into their chairs.

Bilby Bunter took a seat on the table.

"I say, have you heard the latest?" he demanded.

"What about?" asked Wharton wearily. "Your postal-order?"

"No; Lord Pilbrow has started a racing-stable between Courtfield and Wapshot."

"And the esteemed and ludicrous Queen Anne's dead," said Hurree Singh. "We were acquaintances aware of both those facts long ago, my fat and worthy chum."

Bilby Bunter's face showed his disappointment in not creating a better impression with his tidings.

"How did you fellows get to know?" he asked.

"Mainly told us about the new racing stables last week, old top," said Bob Cherry. "He got it from his uncle, who owns a string of racehorses himself."

Bilby Bunter knew that the wealthy uncle of Lord Herbert Manleyverer in-

cluded racing among his sporting activities, and therefore it was not unlikely that Mainly had obtained the news about Lord Pilbrow's new venture.

"But that isn't the news I really came to tell you," said the Owl. "It's a better news than that."

"Well, cough it up!"

Bunter paused to give his next remark due importance, and then he burst out with a startling question!

"How'd you fellows like to make a whole heap of money?"

"Why, has one of your rich relatives died and left you a corner's outfit?"

"Not if you'll take my advice, you'll make money easier than by coming it."

"That's very interesting," said Harry Wharton. "What do we have to do?"

Bilby Bunter paused again, and then he landed out his advice, enunciating each word slowly and distinctly.

"Back Sulky Sue for the Leamshire Selling Plate on Saturday week!"

"What?"

"You fat fraud!"

"Throw him out!"

Bilby Bunter hastily put the table between himself and the Famous Five, who showed marked signs of putting this last suggestion into immediate execution.

"Oh, I say, what's the matter?" said Bunter. "I was only trying to do you a good turn, you know."

"If advising chaps to gamble is your idea of doing 'em a good turn, it's a mighty queer one," said Harry Wharton. "Anyway, there's nobody here who wants your rotten gambling tips."

"But I'm not advising you to gamble, Harry," protested the Owl. "Putting money on Sulky Sue isn't a gamble—it's an investment. To prove that it's an absolute cert, I'll put as much of my own money as I can on the gee—if you chaps will oblige me with a small loan."

"You're a generous chap, Bilby," said Bob Cherry, sinking into his chair again. "But where did you get this wonderful information from—Harold Skinner, I suppose?"

"You surely don't think I'd take any notice of what the end of the Remove told me about goes?" said Bunter loftily.

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"I got it from an absolutely reliable source—from Sammy."

"Sammy?"

"Yes; Samuel Thickless Bunter—my brother, you know."

"Oh, that fat little sweep!" cried Nugent. "I noticed he'd got a cold in his ear."

"Got a cold in his ear?" repeated Billy Bunter, staring. "What the dickens has that got to do with it?"

"Everything!" retorted Frank Nugent. "I guessed when I saw him with his right ear all plugged up with cotton-wool that he had been eavesdropping outside Loder's room again."

The look that passed over Bunter's face told plainer than words that Frank Nugent had hit the nail on the head first time.

That Sammy Bunter, who was Gerald Loder's far, had overheard either his master or some other Sixth-Former among Loder's shady cronies, discussing the Leamshire Selling Plate race, was evident to the famous five. Realising that his source of information had been discovered, Bunter made a virtue of necessity, and gave forth the true facts.

"Yes, it's quite O. K., you see," he said. "Sammy happened to be doing up his bootcase outside Loder's study door when he heard Loder tell Carnie and Walker all about it. It seems that Loder is jolly chummy with a chap called Snipe, over at Pillbrow's stables. This fellow, who is the head lad there, told Loder that Sulky Sue was the cert of the year, and said he was having a tanner on the gee himself. So, you see, if you like to put a bit on the horse yourselves you'll be making a jolly good investment. Of course, if you're scared, you can lend me a quid or two, and I'll pay you back out of my winnings."

"You burbling chump!" cried Harry Wharton. "If you think you're such mugs as to make you a present to drop into the pockets of some rotten boggie you're jolly well mistaken! What shall we do with him, you fellows?"

"Bump the fat load!"

With a howl of dismay, Billy Bunter made a wild dive for the door. But the famous five were too quick for him. They rose in a body, and bore the Porpoise to the door.

"Now, then, all together!"

"Bump!"

"Ouch! Lemmo go, you beasts!"

"Bump! Bump!"

"Ow! Yerooch!"

"Bump! Bump! Bump!"

"Wood!"

"Now let's kickfully boot the steeped and ludicrous lump of fatfulness into the passage," suggested Harvey Singh.

Billy Bunter was hauled to his feet with a jerk, and five stalwart boots sent him hurtling out of the study door.

"Oh, you cunts!" growled the injured Porpoise. "I'll never try to do you a good turn again! Yah, you rotters!"

And seeing Harry Wharton & Co. preparing to descend on him again, the fat junior rolled swiftly down the passage. Sore in body and mind, he made for the common-room, there to seek out Harold Clunter, Sidney James Scoop, and William Skott. These three workmates at least, he decided, would be glad to learn of his wonderful method for making money.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Mr. Queich Intervenes.

GERALD ASHTEON LODER, prefect of the Sixth Form, reclined in the depths of an armchair in his study, idly puffing at a cigarette. Facing

him, engaged in the same arduous occupation, was his crony, Arthur Woodhead Carnie. The study door was securely locked, and a rolled-up piece of paper was plugged into the keyhole to prevent any of the earling fumes of blue smoke from percolating out to the study passage. Gerald Loder had been "on the carpet" on more than one occasion for using his study as a smoking-room, and therefore he deemed this latter precaution necessary in case any prowling master happened down the corridor.

For some minutes, Loder remained listless in his chair, his brows knitted in a heavy frown. Then he broke the silence that had fallen.

"Half the beastly fags in Greyfriars seem to know that Pillbrow's head lad has tipped Sulky Sue for the Leamshire Selling Plate!" he muttered sulkily. "I believe that wretched little brat, Sammy Bunter, overheard me telling you and Walker about the matter!"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Carnie. "I thought I saw the fat beast scudding round the corner of the passage after I left you that night. But the place was in semi-darkness, and I couldn't be sure!"

"Anyway, that young toady, Skinner, dropped me a hint that Billy Bunter had been having the tip among the Bonaville kids," said Loder. "Skinner told me a thumping lot of lies, I know, but I'm inclined to think he was speaking the truth in this instance. If so, it's jolly certain that Sammy Bunter has been eavesdropping on us, and has passed the information on. I'll slaughter the young rotter when he comes in again!"

Gerald Loder ground his cigarette between his teeth.

"Well, I don't suppose the fact that a few fags know about the horse will shorten the price of Sulky Sue much," said Carnie easily. "Skinner and some of his lot may put a bit on the gee, but none of the others will. When are you going to book our own bets?"

Loder tossed his half-smoked cigarette into the fire and lighted a fresh one before replying.

"I think the best plan will be," he said, "to pay a visit to Snipe, the head lad at the new stables, again next week. Then, having made sure that Lord Pillbrow's mare, Sulky Sue, is still up to scratch, we can decide how much to lay on her. The present price is four to one against her, and there is not much likelihood that it will shorten before the day of the race."

"All right," agreed Carnie; "though I suppose there'll be no short of a doubt that Sulky Sue will be as tight as a rat. When Snipe showed us the mare I could tell she had 'winner' written all over her. Trust me to raise every penny I can to put on her, old sport. By the way, who do you propose we shall book the bets with?"

The end of the Sixth removed his cigarette from his mouth with a flourish and leaned forward in his chair.

"All right, I was coming to that," he said. "I think we ought not our money on with that bookmaker we met, who was known as 'Plash' Simmons. He's hanging out at the Anne Boleyn Arms on the north side of Courtfield. I went over there for a game of billiards with him the other day, and he seems a decent sort of chap."

"Are you sure the fellow's safe to pay out when we win?" asked Carnie suspiciously.

"Oh, safe as houses!" replied Loder. "He's on the square all right. I played him billiards for ten bob a hundred and took a couple of quid off him. He paid up on the spot with a smile."

"It sounds O. K.," mused Carnie.

"Well, let's fix it up, then," said the black sheep of the Sixth. "After we have confirmed the tip at the stables, we'll trot over to Courtfield and put our money on with Simmons. While we are over at the Anne Boleyn we might have a few games of snooker too. You used to be jolly good at it, I remember, old man."

Gerald Loder was rather partial to this particular game, for he greatly fancied his own skill with the cue. But he was not above throwing a little flattery in the direction of Carnie. His fellow Sixth-Former had not of late been frequenting sporting resorts to the extent that Loder would have liked.

Carnie was still susceptible to the other's perfidious influence, unfortunately, and the subtle praise caused his dull eyes to light with a fresh sparkle of enthusiasm.

"You can bank on me coming over for a game, old man," he said. "How about Walker—will he come?"

A snort echoed Gerald Loder's thin lips at the mention of the name.

"We can ask him if you like," he said, "but he seems to be scared of taking the smallest risks these days. He's not the good sport he used to be. When I passed the tip about Sulky Sue, he hummed and huffed for about ten minutes before deciding to have a bit on the gee. If a chap's frightened to put a little brass on an absolute cert, he's bound to be scared to risk his dough at snooker."

"Of course, it's pretty risky going into places like the Anne Boleyn," mused Carnie. "If truth be told, he was a trifely uneasy himself about the snooker venture."

"Pooh! No one that we know goes to that pub," said Loder. "It's a—"

He stopped suddenly as a thud knock sounded on the study door. Carnie sprang to his feet in alarm, and hastily tossed his cigarette into the fire. Then he crossed towards the window, as though to open it and allow the tobacco fumes to pass out of the room.

Loder rose from his seat with a more stealthy movement.

"Sit down, you ass!" he whispered. "It's only that sneaking young fag of mine! I know his knock."

Looking rather sheepish and yet considerably relieved, Carnie resumed his former indifferent attitude in the armchair, while Loder went to the door, and turned the key in the lock. As he opened the door, the fat form of Bunter mingled was revealed.

"I've come to tidy up, Loder!"

Without a word, the prefect allowed his fat to enter the study. Then he locked the door, and dropped the key in his coat pocket. Sammy Bunter noticed this manoeuvre, and an uneasy look, due to a guilty conscience, appeared on his fat features. Making a valiant effort to hide his alarm, he picked up one of the used cigarette trays, and made, as though to empty the ashes into the fire. As he did so, Loder grasped his arm roughly, and swung him round to face him.

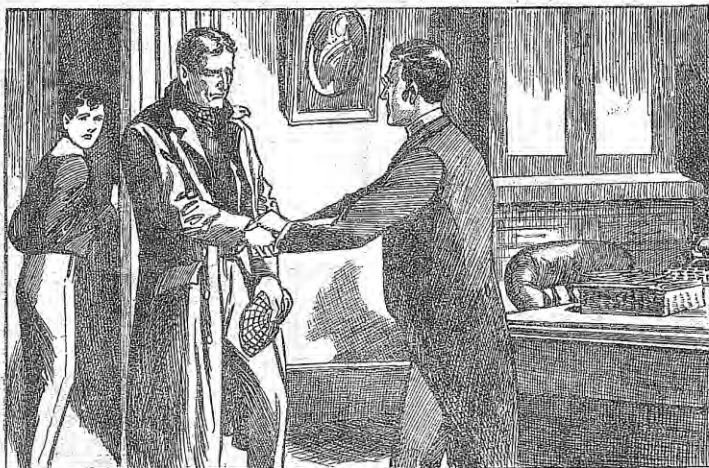
"Put that wretched tray back on the table," ordered the prefect brusquely; "you needn't do any clearing up yet."

The panic-stricken look on Sammy Bunter's face was now intensified as he listened to obey.

Gerald Loder dropped into his armchair, and indicated a spot on the carpet midway between himself and Carnie.

"Stand there, you fat toad!" he snarled. "Now, then, what the dickens if you can't be eavesdropping outside my door, eh?"

"M-m-me?—Eavesdropping?" stammered the fat. "I—I don't know what you mean, Loder."



As Wharton was leaving the room he glanced round and saw Mr. Quelch wringing the outstretched hand of the shabby stranger. Greatly wondering, he closed the door and made for the Quad, where he knew he would find his chums.
(See Chapter 3.)

"Don't lie to me, you young rascal!" thundered Loder. "How was it you were able to tell your beastly brother about Sulky Sue's chance in the Loan-shire Selling Plate, if you hadn't been listening to the conversation in this room?"

So taken aback was Sammy Bunter under the shock of these plain questions, that he could only gasp like a strangled porpoise. Guilt was written in every wrinkle of his fat face.

A satisfied, smug smile lighted the lean, evil features of Gerald Loder as he saw the effect of his cross-examination.

"What did your precious brother give you for telling him about this gee?" he asked pointedly.

Sammy Bunter gulped two or three times, and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"N-nothing," he blurted out—"that is to say, I—I never told him anything. Oh, please, Loder, I'll never do it again—I—er—mean, I never did it, really I didn't!"

"There, you see, I was right, Carne, old man!" said Gerald Loder. "Now to give the speaking fat boss a lesson he'll never forget in all his worthless life!"

He rose from his chair, and crossed to a cupboard at the far side of the study. Sammy Bunter watched him like a scared rabbit in the power of a snake, as he drew forth a stout, yellow aspidochelone and bent it lovingly between his fingers. Then, as though suddenly released from a hypnotic spell, the unfortunate fag dashed round the table, and gave vent to a howl of terror.

"Catch hold of the young beast, Carne!" cried Loder. "That's the ticket, old man! Now hold him down across that chair." "Yarough! Lemme go!" howled Sammy Bunter.

The end of the Sixth raised his heavy aspidochelone high in the air, and brought it down with a resounding avish on the most convenient portion of Bunter's ample anatomy.

"You-wo!"

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

For the next five minutes the room was filled with the steady swishing of the cane and the agonised shrieks of the victim.

"I think that'll do for the young rotter, Loder," said Carne, at length. "I don't think he'll forget that lesson in a hurry!"

With that the prefect released his hold on the fat junior, and resumed his seat near the fire. Sammy Bunter rolled from the table to the floor, where he remained squirming and yelling.

"Shut up that blumping row!" hissed Loder, standing over him.

For answer, Bunter let out a howl that surpassed in intensity any of his previous efforts. In a mad passion at this being defied, the Sixth-Former whipped off his coat, for he was perspiring profusely as a result of his vigorous efforts, and lashed savagely at his unfortunate fag again. The blows rained across Bunter's back, arms, and legs in a veritable shower, until Carne raised his voice in protest.

"Here, I say, draw it mild, old top!" he said. "You don't want to kill the kid!"

Gerald Loder stopped, panting for breath. As he stood there in his shirt-sleeves, a loud knocking sounded on the study door. Then a well-known voice thundered out an order.

"Open this door at once!"

"My aunt! It's old Quelch!" gasped Carne, half-rising.

Loder sent the cane whizzing across the room with a savage throw, and stood

undecidedly looking in the direction of the door.

"I demand that this door be opened at once!" thundered the voice outside.

In sudden panic Carne made a hurried dive across the study. Then, remembering he had seen Loder drop the key of up that article of attire, and resented it from the pocket. A couple of moments later Mr. Horace Quelch, M.A., the master of the Remove Form, strode into the room!

He stopped, and for a couple of seconds looked from the dishevelled and coatless prefect to the writhing form of the fat junior on the floor. In that short period he took in the whole situation. The perspiration on Loder's brow, and a vivid scar on Bunter's wrist told plainer than words that a more than ordinary thrashing had been given.

"What justification have you for administering such a severe punishment to this unfortunate boy, Loder?" demanded the master sternly.

Loder pulled himself together, and eyed the master defiantly.

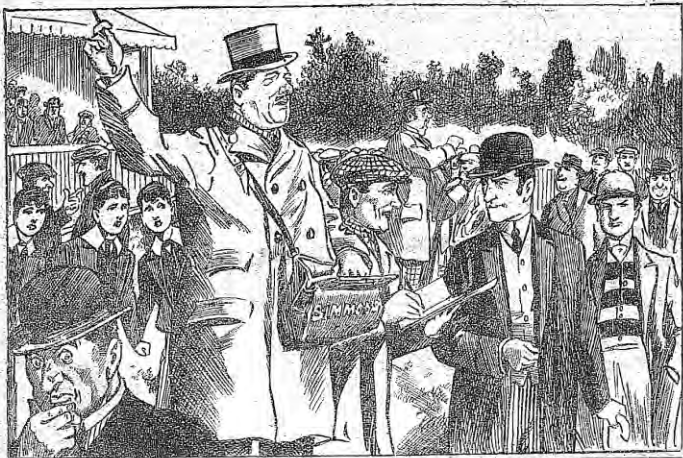
"Bunter's my fag, sir," he said. "I'm quite within my rights in chastising him for his misbehaviour of late."

"You have no right whatever to give such a thrashing as this poor lad has so evidently received," replied Mr. Quelch. "What misdeemeanour had he committed?"

"A prefect has a right to deal with his own fag as he pleases, and without interference, sir," said Loder, with an attempt at bravado. "At least, I always thought so."

"How dare you speak to me in that impudent way?" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Get your coat on at once."

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The Famous Five were making their way to the stand when an exclamation from Wharton arrested them. Just in front of them stood three men. One was Flash Simmons, the second was the shabby stranger, and the third—Mr. Quelch. "My hal!" gasped Wharton. "Old Quelch—here—at a race-meeting!" (See Chapter 5.)

closed the door behind him and made his way out to the quad again. Little did he dream of the scene being enacted in the study he had just left.

No sooner had the door closed behind the junior, than Mr. Quelch clasped the hands of the stranger in both his own.

"James!" he cried. "I wondered if I should ever see you again! Where have you been all these years?"

"You little expected to see me here to-day at Grayfriars, I warrant, brother Horace," said the man, with a slow smile. "Yet I've been hanging out in Courtfield, not very far away, for the last two or three weeks."

Mr. Quelch again gripped the hands of his brother, and his eyes moistened as he noted his changed and disreputable appearance.

"He scated, James," he said, "and tell me all about yourself."

"I'm afraid it's a rather sordid topic," said the other, as he sat down. "As you know, I was always the black sheep of the family, and I'm afraid I haven't improved with the years. I began my business career in this country years ago by getting into disgrace, and since then I have wandered in all parts of the world. For the last few months I've been in the Argentine, and then I thought I'd like a trip to the Old Country again."

"Why did you never let me know of your whereabouts, James?" asked Mr. Quelch, in a mildly-reproving tone. The younger man hung his head in a shame-faced way, and made no reply to that question.

"Well, you are home at last," said Mr. Quelch. "But—but you seem very down on your luck, my dear chap."

He looked at the shabby clothes of his brother, who smiled ruefully beneath the scrutiny.

"I am," said James Quelch. "I had

a bit of money and some good toys when I landed in England a month ago, but they've taken into themselves wings."

The Form-master regarded his prodigal younger brother scowlingly.

"Ah, you have not renounced your former gambling habits, James. I fear," he said sadly. "Why did you not come to me when you first arrived in this country?"

"I started to come—indeed I did," averred the other. "But I put my for the night in a place called the Arms Boley Arms, near Courtfield. There I got into bad company. I played cards, and lost. To retrieve myself I started to back horses. Had I won I should have clucked the whole rotten business up and come along to see you—but I lost again."

"And now?"

"Now?" replied the ne'er-do-well, winking beneath the steady gaze of his brother. "Now I'm heavily in debt."

He sank forward in his chair and clasped his head between his hands. Mr. Quelch, with furrowed brow, rose from his seat and paced the study, his fingers clasping and unclasping behind his back. Suddenly he halted and placed a hand affectionately on the younger brother's shoulder.

"How much do you owe, James?" he asked gently.

"Over seventy pounds," moaned the younger man.

"To whom do you owe this large sum of money?"

"Chiefly to 'Flash' Simmons, a bookmaker. Unfortunately, one night, after a few drinks, I told him of my various escapades. I can't shake the brute off now."

"I sincerely trust you have no intention of repudiating your debts,

James," said Mr. Quelch severely. "I should like to help you, but I fear that it would be difficult for me to raise the amount just at the moment."

James Quelch rose from his seat, an eager light in his dull eyes.

"Oh, if you would only lend me the money, Horace!" he cried. "It would see me through all my troubles!"

"Listen, James," said the Form-master. "I will do my best to raise the cash during the next few days. But I shall require your underwriting to see off your old companions and made of living. Make a fresh start, my dear fellow. Run the straight race."

"Thanks," said the prodigal simply; "I'll try."

"Good! Then where shall I send the money?"

"You had better address it to the Arms Boley at Courtfield," said the brother. "I owe a bill there already, so I shall have to stay on for the time being. Remember, though, to send it to 'James Fowler.' That's the name I am known by there."

The Form-master made a note of the name and address on the blotting-paper on his desk.

"I used an assumed name in Courtfield on your account, Horace," explained James Quelch, picking up his hat. "It wouldn't do the prestige of a schoolmaster like you any good if it were known you had a disolute chap like me for a brother. I want to come to the school again. If you want to meet me anywhere, write to the Arms Boley."

He opened the study door and held out his hand. Neither he nor the master of the Remove saw the tall figure that was passing down the passage at the

time. That person was Gerald Loder, the prefect, and he stopped in his stride as he saw the respectable individual just inside the door of Mr. Quelch's study.

Without hesitation the cad of the Sixth dropped on his knee. With a quick movement he untied his shoe-lace, and then began slowly to stifle it. "Don't trouble to show me the way out, old man," he heard the visitor say, "I know it quite well. For your sake I don't want any of your scholars to see us together, looking as though we'd known each other all our lives."

The man gave a low chuckle and grasped the Form-master's hand.

"Have it your own way," said Mr. Quelch, as he returned his brother's grip. Rely on me to send you the seventy pounds as soon as I can get it. The visitor backed out of the study. Gerald Loder rose hurriedly to the wall and glided swiftly round the corner of the passage out of sight. One glance only he took over his shoulder as he did so. In that moment the prefect mentally photographed the man's clean-cut profile, which was thrown out in strong relief in the semi-darkness of the passage by the light which shone from the study window.

While Junior Quelch was making his way from the school, greatly elated by the success of his visit to his brother, the Form-master was pacing his study with a worried expression upon his clean-cut features. He might well have been annoyed that his prodigal younger brother had presented himself at Greyfriars at all, but it was not this that troubled him. His one thought was to clear the worthless fellow of debt and give him a fresh start in life. But to do this a considerable sum of money was needed. Mr. Quelch was not rich. What little money he had saved was tied up in investments. How best to raise the amount required in the shortest possible time was the problem which confronted him.

Perhaps it was as well for Mr. Quelch as he grappled with the problem that he did not know what was then taking place in another Greyfriars study. After enacting his cowardly role of eavesdropper—the very thing for which he had so unmercifully lambasted his unfortunate father—Gerald Loder had sought out his friend Carne.

"Come into my study, old man!" he whispered excitedly. "I've some news to tell you."

Greatly wondering, Carne did as he was bade.

An evil gleam of satisfaction lighted the prefect's thin face as he narrated what he had seen and heard.

"We've got to keep our eye on that beast Quelch!" he said. "I saw a shabby-looking outsider taking leave of him a few minutes ago. Apparently Quelch has got into some financial trouble, for I heard him promise to send his chap seventy quids. I'll bet you anything you like he's been backing horses on the sly, the hypocritical cad!"

"What makes you so sure of that?" asked Carne.

"Because," replied Loder, "his visitor was none other than a low-down rotter called Jimmy Fowler, who's always hanging about with Fash Simmons, the bookie."

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter the Jockey!

"I SAY, Billy, how would you like to pay a visit to Lord Pilbrow's racing-stables this afternoon?" That remark was made by Harold Skinner, as he marched into THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 680.

Study No. 7, followed by Snoop and Fisher T. Fish.

It was the following Saturday afternoon, and a half-holiday at Greyfriars.

At the question Billy Bunter crammed the remaining half of a jam-puff in his mouth and gave a gurgle of delight. It was not often his company was sought in so friendly a fashion by a deputation of his fellow Form-masters.

"It's a lovely afternoon," murmured Skinner, "and we thought you'd like to go over with us. Last Wednesday we went over and had a yarn with Snipe, the head lad. He confirmed every word you said about Sulky Sue. You're a good sport, Billy!"

The Owl of the Remove sneered himself like an overfed turkey-cock under this subtle flattery.

"I'll come with you like a shot," he said. "I've got five bob I'd like to put out that you think Snipe will let me see her? Trust me, then, to tell you whether she's still in form for the race."

"I dare say he will," answered Skinner. "Moreover, he's got several good riding nags over at the stables, and he might let us go for a canter if we talk nicely to him."

Shortly after this conversation Skinner, Fish, Snoop, and Billy Bunter set off briskly for Piccadilly Station. A notable absentee from the party was William Scott. To Skinner's disgust, Scott had signified his intention to have nothing to do with the Loamsdale race-meeting in any way.

It was a lovely afternoon, and although quick walking was not to Bunter's taste, as a rule, the Porpoise was in high fettle. He was glad he had made so marked an impression on his companions. He forebore more admiration when they reached the stables and he expounded to them on the subject of horsemanship. He had the five shillings borrowed from Alonzo Todd in his pocket, for Skinner had told him that Snipe would put the money on Sulky Sue for him. A vision of a bumper feed in the tuckshop out of his winnings was particularly alluring.

Skinner, Fish, and Snoop, too, were in exceptionally high spirits. Ever and anon they swung along the Causeway and they were vent to uncontrollable chuckles. Billy Bunter put these manifestations of mirth down to his own witty conversation. Had he known the real cause he would have received a rude shock.

On the previous Wednesday his three companions had paid a visit to the new racing-stables. While there, Skinner had conceived an idea for a jape of the most humorous possibilities. Fisher T. Fish and Snoop had roared with laughter at the wheeler, Snipe, the head lad, had promised his aid in putting it into execution. Billy Bunter, all unconscious of the fact, had been ear-marked as the victim.

The Pilbrow Racing Stables were situated about two miles as the crow flies from Courtfield in the direction of Wanshot. So, after the four Greyfriars juniors had undertaken the train journey to Cusford Junction, they still had a fairly long walk before them.

Before they had reached their destination Billy Bunter was leg-weary, and perspiring profusely. In his distress he wondered whether, after all, he had not been unwise in breaking bounds.

At the stables, Snipe himself received the four juniors. The head lad was between twenty-five and thirty years of age, and as horse an individual as you'd need from Land's End to John O' Groats. His shifty eyes roved over Bunter's ample form with marked approval.

"So this be the young gent you was

tellin' me about, Master Skinner," he said. "Pleased to meet you, Master Bumper!"

"Bunter's" my name," said the Owl, as he shook hands—"William George Bunter."

"Oh, my mistake!" said Snipe. "Any relation to that gollin' chap, Master Bumper?"

"I said 'Bunter'!" said the Porpoise loudly. "I'm no relation to any rotten golfer! My pater's a gentleman of leisure."

"Well, let's hope he soon finds work!" said the head lad sympathetically. "I hear you be a bit of a horseman yourself, young fellow. Maybe you'd like to cast your peepers round the stables?"

Only too glad to do so, Billy Bunter followed the head lad. Hugging themselves with delight, Harold Skinner, Fisher T. Fish, and Snoop brought up the rear. Neither Lord Pilbrow nor his trainer was about that afternoon, otherwise the head lad would not have been so free in showing visitors over the place. The few stable-boys and grooms who were working about the place seemed highly amused on the approach of the party of schoolboys.

Snipe indicated a long, low brick building surmounted by a red roof.

"That's where we stable our racers," he remarked. "I expect you'll be wantin' to have a squint at Sulky Sue, Master Bunter? The mare's been out at exercise on the downs, but I expect she's back by now."

As he made the remark a stable-boy, specially garbed for the occasion in full jockey's rig, trotted into the yard mounted on a big, bay chestnut horse. The animal was the head lad's riding horse, but Bunter's eyes peered through his little round spectacles in admiration at the ungainly creature.

"Is that Sulky Sue?" he asked.

"That's the werry same, sir!" said Snipe. "A beauty, isn't she?"

"She looks well muscled," said Billy Bunter, appraising the horse.

"A nice gentle creature she is, an' as fleet as the wind," murmured the head lad, as though to himself.

As the stable-boy dismounted, the Owl of the Remove walked up to the horse. Skinner, Fish, and Snoop hid broad grins behind their hands. But Bunter had no eyes for them. During the holidays he had read "David Harum," and now the opportunity presented itself for airing the knowledge gained from that delightful book.

"How old do you figure this horse to be?" he asked Snipe.

"About two years," replied the head lad.

"I'm! She looks older than that to me," said Bunter.

With that he caught hold of the back's soft muzzle, with the idea of looking at its teeth. The horse obligingly opened its mouth, and Billy Bunter peered in.

"I should say she's five years if a day," he said.

Snipe kept a perfectly straight face.

"Really, sir?"

"Yes, she—'Yow!"

Bunter's last sudden remark was caused by the horse's teeth coming together with a snap. The fat junior jumped back in alarm.

"Oooh! The brute nearly took my nose off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the other three juniors.

"Mine you breathed on her, Master Bunter," said Snipe seriously. "She doesn't like that."

Recovering from his fright, the Porpoise walked round the horse and surveyed its hind legs.

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars HERALD

SUPPLEMENT No. 8.

February 19th, 1921.

The

Staff



EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

It is in a state of physical and mental exhaustion that I sit down to write my editorial this week.

The fact is, I have been bombarded with visitors. All sorts of fellows have flooded into my sanctum to give me their advice as to how the "Greyfriars Herald" should be run.

My Fighting Editor not being at hand, I've had to cope with all the callers myself, and I'm afraid I've been rather badly mangled in the process. I've managed to get rid of my mangleman, but they've presented to me, as souvenirs of their visit, a beautiful black eye, an aching jaw, and a nose that seems to have got round to my left ear.

The fellow who said that the woes of an editor were as the stars of the sky in multitude knew what he was talking about!

There was Billy Hunter, wanting to know when he could come on the scene again with his amazing "Weekly." I promptly rolled the fat barrel out of the study, and he cannoned into Balsover major, who was in the act of entering.

The curly Balsover went down like a nine-pin, and Jill—I mean Bill—came tumbling after. He rolled over on top of the bully of the Remove.

"What is it, Balsover?" I inquired pleasantly. "You appear to be labouring under a great weight. Confide your troubles into my editorial car!"

As soon as he was able to sort himself out, he came towards me, with-clenched fists. "Look here, you rotter!" he said. "You remember my story, 'Percy Pugg, Prize-fighter'?"

"Of course!" I replied. "You intended it to be a serious yarn, and it made a top-lude comedy. Everybody was chuckling over it. Old Punt took a copy up to bed with him, and he went into such violent convulsions that he shook the building."

Balsover glared.

"You only paid me a trumper for that thrilling, gripping, soul-shriving story," he boomed.

"Well, how much did you expect?"

"Five guineas, at least! Still, I'll let you down lightly. We'll call it a couple of quid. Are you prepared to give me two pounds more?"

"Certainly!" I replied.

And I promptly gave Balsover major a couple of pounds in the ribs!

A fierce hand-to-hand fight followed, and by the time I had ejected Balsover I was in pretty nearly as sorry a plight as he was.

There's only one thing for it. The only way I can ensure a quiet life is to advertise for an office hand-out. Anybody not one of these aggressive but useful beasts for sale?

HARRY WHARTON.

THE FALSTAFF OF GREYFRIARS.

By Dick Penfold.

Behold the podgy William George, Who shows no how to goot and gorgo!

In manner swift and breathless, Whose footer is a sight for rods

And men and little fishes;

A study-mate of Peter Todd's,

And governed by his wishes!

He prates of Hunter Count's estate,

Where many conversation

On knightly hunters lived in state

(In his imagination!)

Bob Cherry says that Hunter Court

Is some obscure back alley;

And Billy Hunter makes retort:

"Oh, really— Ask Aunt Sally!"

Although his weight is fourteen stone

(So plump is his condition),

He says he's wasting to a bone

Because he lacks nutrition!

"I never get enough, you know!"

The Owl is in ways thinking;

But you should see the helpings go

When Billy Hunter's dining!

A plump and podgy porpoise he

(He'll never be a shark 'n't)

Superior far to you and me—

In Hunter's own opinion!

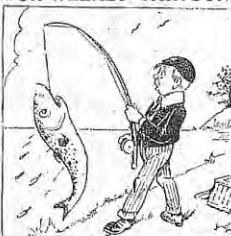
And in the Vae I'd ne'er agree

To take him as a boarder;

Not even if he offered me

His famous postal-order!

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.



"FISH!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(NOTE.—The Editor does not necessarily share the views of silly asses who do not know what they're talking about.—Ed.)

I.

To the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald." Dear Wharton, I must congratulate you upon the growing popularity of your paper. The only thing you now want, in order to make it a complete and unqualified success, is a Harmony Page, conducted by your musicality. CLAUDE HOSKINS.

II.

To the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald." Dear Wharton,—"The Greyfriars Herald," in its new supplement form, is priceless! The one thing useful, in order to make it the Perfect Paper, is an article on "The Most Popular Form Captain at Greyfriars," by himself, i.e.,

Yours lothly,
CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE.

III.

To the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald." Dear Master Hilly,—He thooke your paper tray long (as Depook would say). All that you wanted to make is the best boys' paper on the market is a story of my native countess. Sarvy? If you say no, no chloose offer piffal in disgnat! Me remoon.

Your affectionate clum,
WUN LUNG.

IV.

To the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald." Dear Wharton,—As I of your readers, I think I ought to write a say what I think of your i-terful paper. I 10-der you my congrats, & I doubt if I ever struck such a lat-rate jernal. It 6-tordinary how you managed to think of everything!

I felt I ought to 4-ward you my congrats, & at the same time request you to include a special stool story of mine, which is not more than 2 a milliova words in length. Your paper would then be even more sort of than it is at present, and I remoon, hopping you are in the pink, and are not feeling blue.

Yours trewly,
GEORGE TUBB.

(I'm afraid Master Tubb will be un-4-tune-8! As for Claude Hoskins, we get quite enough harmony when he starts thumping the piano without introducing it into our columns. The kind offer of Cecil Reginald Temple is rejected with scorn. And as for Wun Lung, he'd better carry out his threat to hook off his pistol, for we don't want any Chinese twaddle in this paper, whether it comes be "tray long" or not!—Ed.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 660.

MY FAVOURITE SPORT!



(We have asked our schoolfellows to name their favourite sport. Smithy, our Sporting Editor, declared that everybody would plump for 'footer.' But he is quite wrong!—Ed.)

NON CHERREY.—My favourite sport? Putting a live frog in Quelch's desk, and seeing him turn a back-somersault when he lifts the lid. That's great sport!

HAAROLD SKINNER.—I say without hesitation that my favourite sport is nap.

LORD MAULEVERER.—So's mine, begad! And I'm going to have one now. Yaw aw-aw!

ALONZO TODD.—What could be more thrilling, exciting, and exhilarating, my dear fellows, than a soul-shedding game of ludo, or snakes-and-ladders? The fascination of the dice, the joy of mounting ladders, the shock of having to start all over again from the tail-end of the snake—all these elements add to make up the most breathlessly exciting content ever conceived by mortal man. Of course, there are some misguided youths who play for stakes. To these I would say: "Turn aside in time from the broad road that leads to destruction! Permit me to point out to you, in detail, the error of your ways." Sorry, Louie, but the rest of your little hominy must be held over till Monday. There's quite a crowd of fellows waiting to air their views in this column!—Ed.)

BOLSOVER MAJOR.—My favourite sport is prize-fighting, of course! That's why I joined the B.B.B.B. (Bury Band of Baskers and Bruisers).

HURREE SINGH.—I guessfully calculate, as the esteemed and ludicrous Pilly would say, that nothing can come up to the worthy chess game, played nightly in the study-furnace.

NUGENT MINOR.—this is a very delicate question & one that takes a good deal of thinking about you see their are so many kinds of sport such as keeping wite mice & tame rabbits & pulling the leg of mister twig & other animals but all things kon-sidered I donk think you can beet a nice game of marbels wich is a ripping game played slow & I'm just going to challen yung bolsover minor to a game & I feel sure shat last out better than he does be-haves— (Because you're so jolly long-winded!—Ed.)

MR. PROUT.—Nothing is more congenial, to my mind, than an early morning foot expedition. On the last occasion I shot out I had a splendid "bag," consisting of a brace of partridges which I accidentally trod on, an ancient rabbit which was unable to crawl to his burrow in time, a number of sparrows, a hedgehog, and a family hamster. My aim is everybody knows, is deadly. When I shoot, I shoot to kill. (In fact, Prout's shooting is positively killing!—Ed.)

WILLIAM GOSLING.—Wot I sars is this here. I ain't got no faverite sport, unless it's reporting yung riss wot comes in after lockin-up time. Bratton, I says. All boys orber be drowned at birth.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 680.



THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT.

A BARBER-OUS AFFAIR!

Fisher Tarlatan Fish, a hatchet-faced youth of Yankee extraction, appeared on a joint charge of obtaining money by false pretences, and of seriously disfiguring a number of his school-fellows.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C. (for the prosecution): "This is a very serious case, your worship. Prisoner converted his study into a hairdressing saloon, and he charged his patrons a tanner for a hair-cut, ditto for a shampoo, and fourpence for a shave. I myself visited the saloon for a hair-cut, your worship. I went in with an abundant mass of curly locks, and I came out totally bald!" (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: "Fortunately, the baldness of your pate is effectively screened by your wig. Has anyone else suffered disfigurement?"

Detective-Inspector Penfold, of Jotland Yard, then gave evidence. "I went into prisoner's hairdressing saloon, your worship, in order to see what it was like. I asked for a wet shampoo, and prisoner promptly ducked my napper in a bucket, and held it there for two minutes!" (Loud laughter.)

Moraco James Coker, whose face was covered with strapping-plaster, was then called.

Magistrate: "What's the matter with your face, man? Have you been wrestling with a lawn-mower?"

Witness: "Prisoner shaved me, your worship. He not only removed the superfluous hair, but the skin as well!" (Laughter.)

Frank Nugent then gave evidence. His face was completely obliterated by bandages.

Magistrate: "You seem to have been in the wars!"

Witness (in muffled tones): "Yes, your worship. I've had a face-massage!" (Laughter.)

Further evidence having been heard, the magistrate addressed the jury.

"This is a barber-ous business, gentlemen! You have all witnessed the terrible havoc which prisoner has wrought. If you find him not guilty, I shall refuse to pay you your fees!"

Foreman of the jury (hurriedly): "We find him guilty, your worship!"

Magistrate: "Ah, you know which side your bread's buttered! Prisoner is sentenced to receive a hair-cut, a shampoo, a shave, and a face-massage with his own instruments!"

"Prisoner: 'I guess I appeal!'"

Magistrate: "It is useless. Nothing can save your face!"

The sentence was duly carried out, and the court usher was despatched to the sanatorium for surgical bandages!

REPORT IN BRIEF.

Richard Nugent was charged with failing to do the bidding of George Wingate, his father.

Prisoner pleaded that he ought not to be charged, as he was only a minor.

Magistrate: "The fact that you are a minor does not give you the right to go on strike! Two hours imprisonment in the coal-hole, with hard labour!"

THE BALLAD OF A BULLDOG!



Specially contributed to the "Greyfriars Herald" by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of St. Jim's.

I'm a lover of dumb creatures,
(That is why I like my teachers),
But that dreadful dog of Herries' is my foe.

He is very cute and clever,
But has no respect whatever,
For a fellow's Sunday trousers, don't you know!

Spotless "bags" with perfect seams,
Have been ripped and rent in pieces,
By that beastly, brutal bulldog. I vow, sir.

May I with the fools be classed if
Any other hound or mastiff
Has the "ripping" reputation of old Towser!

Ethel Cleveland (she's my cousin),
Has admirers by the dozen,
And the other day she came along to see me.

Squatting on a broken sawer,
With my silk spats in his jaw, sir,
Was old Towser, and his gaze was vague and dreamy.

Cousin Ethel shook with laughter,
I rebuked her and I chaffed her,
But her giggle soon developed to a yell.

Then I looked, and saw that Towser
Had a yard or so of trouser,
In that fierce, forbidding jaw of his, as well!

It's a topping wheeze of Merry's
That this canine pet of Herries'
Should be chained up in his kennel day and night.

But I tender a suggestion,
That the dreadful brute in question
Should be permanently banished out of sight!

Life is awful, with that growling,
Yapping, snapping, barking, howling,
And destructive pest. I wish he'd come a cropper!

Why, bai Jove, it's most appalling,
He's come in while I've been sawing,
And he's sitting on my brand-new Sunday topper!



The Grate Marrathen Race!

Or, The Fello Who Got Their 1st.

By JACK WINGATE.

"If I finish 1st in the grate Marrathen race, I shall win!"

It was Dick Daring, of St. Tom's, who spoke.

The life of rezelection shone in his haids, and his eyes were klenched with fierce determination.

Bobby Blinks, Dick's chum and study-mate, looked up from his fried bloter.

"Good luck, Dick!" he said. "But I'm afraid you've got a tuff job on hand."

"Ratta! Out of the 40 fellows who are running, there are only 50 I need fear. As you are, Bobby, I can sprint like a hair."

"I don't deny that," said Bobby Blinks. "Why, when I eggspoded a jumping-cracker behind you the other day, you went off at a really scorching pace."

"Then what's to prevent me from winning the Marrathen?"

"That befender, Charlie Cadd," said Bobby Blinks. "A skornful eggspression came over Dick Daring's handsome face."

"Bar! What do I care for a cad like Cadd?" he cried.

"He's a danjerus fello," said Bobby Blinks. "Only the other day I herd him say that, by hook or crook, he'd stop you from winning the race."

Sparks of scorn flashed from Dick Daring's pale-blue eyes.

"How will he stop me?"

"He's up to all the low-down tricks imaginable," said Bobby. "And there are heaps of fellows who will willingly give him a hand. You see, Dick, old man, you're not very popular at St. Tom's. Ever since you set the school on fire, and looked the school funds, the chaps have disliked you, for sum unknown reason. And Charlie Cadd isn't a bit British, for he's maid up his mind to Scotch your chances. If you fail to win the grate race, you'll lose. Rather an Irish way of putting it, but it's a fact that Cadd will Welsh you if he can."

After this long-winded speech, Bobby Blinks extracted a fish-bone from his throat, and lay back in his chair, panting for breath.

Dick Daring larfed.

"Trussed me to look after myself, Bobby," he said. "I mean to win that Marrathen, or perish in the attempt! Pass the cake, the cake, the brown-buns, the do-nuts, the rabbit-pie, the croquet, and the fried blotters."

II.

At last the grate day dorned.

St. Tom's had turned out to a man to see the start of that Tight-anne struggle.

Dick Daring maid a handsome figger in his tight-fitting running shorts.

"If all these fellows fail to stay the course," he muttered, glancing at the rest of the runners, "I shall win hands down!"

He new that Charlie Cadd and his gang would do there best to spoyie his chances, but the noilidge did not trouble him.

Bar! What was that?

There was a popping noise, and after a few minutes' reflection, Dick Daring realized that the pistol had gone off, and the grate race had started.

He leapt forward like a piece of Stilton cheese that has just been released from its chains. Dick's speed was wonderful, and it was impossible to see him for dust.

Bearly had he proceeded 100 yards, when a masked figger sprang out from a hedge, and a paper-bag full of sand, descended on Dick's innocent napper.

His face seemed to reel, he couldn't

collon on to what was happening. The thread of events was misty and obscure.

But he staggered on gamely.

When he reached the cross-roads, he was again attacked—this time by a dozen masked villains who had been misled by Charlie Cadd to do there lasterly work.

Dick was in a peritus pille. Villans to rite of him, villans to left of him, villans behind him, villans in frunt of him, villans on top of him, villans beneath him.

Troop blows reigned upon him from every side.

But he staggered on gamely.

His pursuers came after him in fool ery. He could here the kwick, janting breath of there footstep on the hard, wite road.

The inspiration stood out in grate beads on his forehead. His legs felt like ledion wates, and he was pulling and blowing like a grampon.

Prezently his pursuers cort up to him. Sumboddy put the E-Nelson on him, and he herd a horse voice say:

"Duck him in the house-pod!"

Then his mind became a blank—as it was accustomed to do in the Pong-room at St. Tom's.



As he neared the cross-roads a dozen masked figures showed above the hedge on the roadside.

There was a mity splash, a grate roing in his ears, and the cool wates of the horse-pod closed over him.

It was the 1st time Dick Daring had washed his neck for a month!

When our hero came (wo, he was dazed and stunned.

For sum minutes he had lone bownd and gagged and helpless in the bed of the pond. Low dity recds were klinging to his cloze.

But he staggered on gamely.

He new that the rest of the runners must

be a long way in frunt by now. But he did not falter.

On and on he went, leaving a trail of muddy water behind him.

Although on his last legs, our hero put his hart and soul into the struggle.

He cut a bravo, lmanous figger as he leered along that never-ending stretch of wite road.

Prezently he cort site of a troop of running figgers in frunt.

"Good!" he muttered. "They can't be more than a mile ahead. I'll put a spert on, I shall easily overtake them!"

Left and rite, site and left, his legs shot out. He was running with the speed of an eggspress train.

Then he larfed allowed.

"I'm coming! I'm coming! I'm coming! I shall soon overtake those lame, tired, and lazy tortuses in frunt!"

But even as he spoke a startling thing happened.

There a gapp in the hedge came Charlie Cadd, his deadly rival.

With daring daring, Daring darlingly dashed his fist into the crool, mocking face of the cad of St. Tom's.

"The cheat!" he cried.

With ery of terror, Charlie Cadd turned a kimpete summersault into the ditch.

But at that minit his kronies came on the seen. They rushed at Dick Daring, hitting him with grate viger on every part of his anatomy.

Our hero lay in a huddled heap in the roadway.

But he staggered on gamely.

He had proceeded about a dozen yards, when he was suddenly surrounded by a cloud of dust. At 1st he thort it was a gas attack. But on terning round, he cort site of a Ford car.

Dick Daring gave a wild woop of defite.

"I'll bang on at the back!" he muttered. "Noboddy will see me, because of the dust!"

He krouched like a tiger, and as the car thundered past he gave a spring, and cort hold of the canopery at the back.

Dick was ueerly sufforated by the dust and the petrol.

But he staggered on gamely.

The car shot past the rest of the runners, and Dick Daring gave a choking chuckle.

"Ita, ha! I shall beet the lot of them!" he cried. "I shall finish 1st!"

When the car was about 50 yards from the shoot gate, Dick dropt off into the roadway.

He didn't feel like finishing the distance on foot. Every breath had gone from his boddly; his head was in a wial, and both his ankels were twisfed.

But he staggered on gamely.

When he reached the shoot gates, there upon cheir rang out from hundreds of admiring throates.

Dick Daring had finished 1st in the grate race.

He had outwitted Charlie Cadd and his hired rufians. By luck and pluck he had reached the goal of his ambition!

Everyboddy seemed to be ringing his hands.

"Well run, Dick!"

"Well done! a spersit feed to selibrate this victory!"

"What ho!"

And Dick Daring was born sholder-high into the biddin.

Their will leave him, deer readers, to bare his finishing oners thick upon him, and deskrive to his chummen, in detail, how he managed to win the grate Marrathen race!

THE END.

MY FOOTBAWL KOLLUM.

By Billy Bunter.

"Look hear, Wharton," I said, with asperity, "when are you going to give me a permanent place in the Remove team?"

"When yore postle-order comes," was the reply. "In other words—never."

"I want to play on Saturday—"

"I dare say you do. But to tell you the truth, I'd rather play the odds myself!"

"Tough-look!" I said scornfully.

Wharton looked reprovers at me—I mean, dangers.

"Get out of my sluddy!" he growled.

"Sertingly!" I replied. "But before I go I want to give you fair warning. I mean to get up a special team of my own—the Bunter Bovers—and fairly put it across you."

"Har! Do yore worst!" cried the captain of the Remove.

"I'll do my best, anyway," I retorted.

"Will you lead me yore bike?"

"No!"

"Then I shall horro it without permission!"

So saying, I went along to the bike-shed, horroed Wharton's lugger, and sped gracefully away towards Courtfield.

What was my object in going to Courtfield, deer readers? Har, har! The sekret is locked in my own breast, but I'll tell you all about it.

It is a professional footballer living at Courtfield. His name is Ted Tripp. I called at his house, and I said to him:

"Look hear, Tripp, I just tripped along to ask you if you'd do me a favor."

"You want to play for my team to-morrow."

"I'll play with pleasure," said the pro.

"But I shall charge you 2-guineys for my services."

"All serene," I replied. "I will settle up with you directly after the match."

Well, to cut a short story long, as the saying goes, Ted Tripp turned up at Greyfriars next day. He seemed quite youthful-looking, and Harry de C. did not detect that he was an expert—that he had played for Farradise Court in the Linthouse League.

The rest of my team was composed of odds and ends; and they put up a pretty powerful side.

Ted Tripp and myself were the two outstanding players on the field. We worked together in perfect harmony, and Tripp bagged two lovely goals in the 1st & 2nd halves, and three more in the 3rd, and Harry Wharton's eleven looked quite blue.

"It isn't fair!" they eggshotted.

"You're playing a pro!"

"All's fair in love and war—and football!" I asserted, with a mocking laugh.

I felt in high feather—as blithe as a bird. Bunter's Bovers had won by five goals to nicks!

But after the match came the reckoning, in the person of Ted Tripp.

"I want a 2-guinea from you, Master Bunter," he said grimly.

I promptly refused, for I hadn't the price of a booby on me. I sped away like a hare, with Ted Tripp in foot pursuit.

Tronzy-le hee! hee!

"You yore deservful yung fool!" he hissed, shaking me with all his might. "You promised me 2-guineys, and you haven't kept yore promise! But hear's something that you can keep!"

Saying which, the awful boobyman gave me a couple of three-cups, and a couple of black eyes to match. Then he dribbled me across the football ground.

It was a dreadful experience, deer readers, and I never want to experience another eggshooting of that sort again!

Oo, dear! Has anybuddy seen my krutches?

P.S.—Perhaps you will think it strange that I contribute to the Herald. It is not my usual paper. But when you hear all eggshooting on an understand. Wharton came to me, and, on his bended knee, implored me to write a column every week for the Herald. Of course, I could not refuse, and so I promised to verify this Kol. You must not think me treacherous by any means, for I am still running my weekly in the "Popular" every week.

B. G. B.

MY DIARY FOR THE WEEK!



By BOB CHERRY.

(Our Fighting Editor.)

MONDAY.—Woke early. Pitched Billy Bunter out of bed, and put him through his paces. Gave him a course of physical jerks, and made him skip round the Close six times. I told him it would give him an appetite for brekker, and it did! He not only wolfed his own brekker, but Wharton's and Today's—and mine as well!

TUESDAY.—Exploded a jumping-cracker in the Form-room. Great fun. Quickly hopped round and round like a cat chasing its tail. "Ow! Wow! Help! My trousers are on fire!" he yelled. And some was remarked that that was a burning shame! When the excitement had died away, Quickly made inquiries, and I had to own up. Result—three on each hand. Still, it was worth it, to see old Quickly performing his acrobatic stunts!

WEDNESDAY.—Half-holiday. Bipping game of fopper this afternoon; fancy-dress ball at Cliff House this evening. Went in the garb of a Crusader, and got on famously with the girls, much to Billy Bunter's disgust. Billy was disgusted as a whole—the most complacent ghost I've ever struck, but he performed the vanishing trick with great success, and at the end of the proceedings we found him in the refreshment-room. But we didn't find any eatables!

THURSDAY.—Bolsover minor called me a pie-faced pig. I returned the compliment. He said he'd knock me into the middle of next week. I told him to try. There was a thrilling scarp behind the chapel. I won! I say who won, but I might mention that Bolsover was taken away on a stretcher!

FRIDAY.—Press Day. Animated scenes in Study No. 1. Wholesale ejection of long-haired poets, half-dressed artists, and would-be contributors. Terrible bundle of rejected manuscripts. Alonzo Todd's "Ode to a Decapitated Worm" fed the flames. Likewise Cooke's article, "A Thousand and One Reasons Why I Should be Captain of Greyfriars."

Ditto Billy Bunter's "Plea for a Twelve-Meal Day." Every member of the staff up to his eyes in work. Ink and paper pellets flying about everywhere. By the end of the day I had along about thirty unweaned visitors out into the passage on their necks. I suggested to the editor that my salary as Fighting Editor be raised to a thousand a year—farthings, of course!

SATURDAY.—A glorious day! A. the poet truly observes.

"First comes Sunday; that's all right for one day."

Then comes Monday—that's no use to me. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday schoolboys' hope and moon!

But what's the matter with Saturday—saturday afternoon?

MY STAMP CORNER!

Conducted by Tom Brown.

My Collecting Corner having proved such a thumping success, I've been commissioned by the editor to write a stamp-collecting feature for this issue only.

Stamp-collecting is a most exciting and enjoyable pastime—almost, as fiercely exciting as draughts or snakes-and-ladders. Of course, only the most energetic of fellows can take it up as a hobby. Frail, delicate chaps are advised to leave it alone.

The first stamp-collector ever known was a merchant named Phil Ateliste. When Phil started collecting, it was in the days of the Druids, when a postage stamp consisted of an enormous scroll of parchment, and it required a good-sized bloodhound to lick the beauty thing!

Since that time, postage stamps have decreased in size and increased in price. In the time of the Ancient Britons, you could get a penny stamp for practically nix. To-day a penny stamp costs you tuppence!

Well, when Phil Ateliste started collecting stamps, it rapidly became the rage. Everybody was doing it. Kings, queens, politicians, pork-butchers, pageboys, and poets all felt victims to the craze. They were always on the look-out for some rare and unused stamp.

By the way, in the olden days you could send a letter weighing two tons for a penny. To-day you can only send up to three ounces for tuppence. Some difference, what?

Well, enough of the history of stamp-collecting. I will now clear up a few queries which have been addressed to me by ardent collectors at Greyfriars.

W. G. B. (Remove Form).—You say you possess a rare, unused, unlicked stamp that dates back to the reign of Queen Victoria; and you demand five pounds for it. Well, all I can say is that although the stamp may not have been licked, its owner won't remain long unlicked!

Dicky Nugent writes: "I say browner old chap what will you give me for my new guiny stamp dated 1920 which is in perfect koddishun eggspot for a few smudges of ink?" Our answer to this quaint conundrum is "Nicks."

C. R. T. (Upper-Fourth).—Your Fiji Island war stamp is exceedingly rare, there being only a few hundred thousand in existence. If unused the stamp is worth at least fourpence. If used, you'd probably be able to swap it for a shirt-button. Meanwhile, I should advise you to keep the stamp under lock and key, or I might be tempted to pinch it for my album!

"Alonzo" (Remove Form).—If, as you say, you purchased your Portuguese stamp from Fisher T. Fish, then it must be a forgery. Examine it through a powerful microscope, and you will see that it is one of Fishy's home-made efforts!

Bolsover minor writes: "All this sticky stuff has worn off my stamps. How can I stick them into my album?" By gum: It's perfectly simple!

William Gosling writes: "Wot I says is this here. Which I've got a few furrin stamps as I shall be pleased to dispose of to any young gentles as wishes to buy 'em. Wol offers!" We regret that by Act of Parliament we are unable to trade with enemy aliens!

"THE FORM-MASTER'S DISGRACE!"

(Continued from page 8.)

"How are her festocks?" he demanded of the head-lad.

"Quite O.K., Master Bunter," replied Snipe.

"Have you looked at 'em lately?"

"N-no, not lately."

To remedy the omission, Billy Bunter strooped down and lifted the horse's near-side hoof.

"It's a bit cold," he remarked critically.

He dropped the hack's leg, and turned round to see the effect of his learned remark on his fellow-Renovites. Unfortunately, he was standing tight behind the horse. A moment later a hoof was planted on the fat junior's anatomy with a heavy thud.

"Yarcoof! Grough!" howled Bunter as he went flying.

To a wild chorus of laughter he picked himself up, and clutching the injured tail of his coat, danced with pain.

"Goel! I guess that horse didn't like your remark, Billy," gurgled Fisher T. Fish.

Billy Bunter was about to make a suitable retort when an interruption occurred. A stable-boy entered the yard leading a small pony. This pony belonged to Lord Pilbrow's small son and heir, and it was being cared for at the stables while its young owner was in London.

Snipe patted the creature affectionately.

"You wouldn't believe it, young genia," said he, "but this little gem is beginning to show a surprising turn o' side."

"What?" said Billy Bunter incredulously. "Why, it'll never run a mile without falling down!"

He had more than a shrewd suspicion that Snipe was trying to pull the legs of himself and his companions. Yet it seemed as though Skinner and the others were taken in.

"I'd sooner take Snipe's word than yours any day, Billy," said Skinner, with a snort.

"Maybe you'd like to try the little fellow for yourself, Master Bunter," said the head-lad. "I ask nobody to take my word what ain't willin'."

Billy Bunter forced a laugh.

"No ride that!" he said scornfully. "Give me a real bit of horseflesh; and I'll show you!"

"Well, you can have a short canter on Sulky Sue, if you like," said the head-lad obligingly.

"I guess he'd be scared to," said Fish sotto voce.

"You always were a rotten guesser, Fish!" snapped Bunter. "Why, when I was last home at the Bunter family camp—"

"I'll tell you what, Billy," interrupted Skinner. "To see if you really are a sport, I'll offer to bet you a level five bob that that little kid on the pony will beat you mounted on Sulky Sue."

Billy Bunter hesitated. He had once had a threepenny ride round a field at a village fair, and he thought he could manage the legs, boy "meor." The chance of earning five bob really was not to be sneezed at. Yet his courage eozed.

"It—it wouldn't be fair," he stammered. "That chap is in jockey's rig. If I'd only got a proper riding outfit I would like a shot!"

Snipe turned and roared an order in the direction of the stables.

"Hi, Bill!" he shouted. "Bring out that rig that poor Fatty Pumble wore at Aintree the day he was killed!"

In response to his request a man appeared a few seconds later, bearing a silk shirt, jockey's cap, white breeches, polished riding-boots, whip, and a pair of spurs. The shirt and cap were of a jazz design and gorgeous to behold. All the articles were of huge proportions. Billy Bunter's last objection had been removed.

Willing hands coerced him to the head-lad's house, and helped him prepare for the fray. The Owl did not relish his task, but the thought of adding five shillings to his exchequer prevented him from backing out.

When Bunter was garbed to Snipe's satisfaction the pony and the riding-hack were led forth to a large field. Quite a procession followed the mounts. Billy Bunter and the little fellow in jockey's rig came first, with Snipe. Behind them followed Skinner, Snoop, Fish, and a number of grooms and stable-hands, all with broad smiles on their faces.

The Owl felt horribly cold and uncomfortable in his tight-fitting jockey outfit. Had he known the true facts about his gorgeous apparel he would have been more uncomfortable still. Skinner, Snoop, and Fish had chubbed together to hide that rig-out the previous night from the fancy-dress costumier's in Court-field. By their orders it had been sent up to the head-lad of the Pilbrow stables for Billy's special benefit.

In the field the two stable-boys, who led the mounts, halted. Snipe turned to the rival jockeys.

"The course," he said, "will be straight down the field, over the top of that hedge, and the winning-post will be that tall tree on the far side."

"I don't see any extra start," Bunter, "I don't know how a kid can, you know."

"I thought you said you were used to cross-country riding?" said Skinner.

"Pooh!" said Snipe. "Riding round a field is no test. Up you go!"

Bunter's rival vaulted lightly into the pony's saddle. The Owl of the Renove tried to follow suit, but the sudden rending of silk caused him to desist. A couple of laughing stable-boys ran for some wooden props, and held them against the horse's flanks. Then, by the aid of Snipe, the three other Greyfriars juniors, and two grooms, however, Billy Bunter was hoisted into the saddle of the riding-hack. This feat of strength having been successfully accomplished, Snipe ordered one of the grooms to act as starter of the race.

"Wait a few moments," he said. "The rest of us will go along to the finishing-post. Come on, boys!"

While the horse bore up nobly under Bunter's weight, the head-lad dashed away, followed by most of the others. Arriving at the hedge, the reason for Snipe's arrangement became apparent. On the other side of the bushes a broad stream bordered the edge of the adjoining field.

"I think we shall see some fun here!" chuckled Snipe. "Let's cross to the other side to that plank a bit further along and wait there."

The party scrambled through the hedge at the place indicated, and took up a position of vantage on the far side of the brook.

No sooner had the head-lad and the others disappeared from view than the starter turned to the two jockeys.

"Are you chaps ready? Then—go!"

Under the huge weight on his back the patient riding-hack had been standing motionless. At the word of command, however, Bunter dug his sharp spurs

into the creature's inoffending flanks. As though struck from behind with a battering-ram the huge, bony beast leapt forward.

Billy Bunter gave a gasp of alarm, and grasped the animal affectionately round the neck. At top speed the horse galloped down the field, leaving the pony far behind. But the Owl of the Renove did not even experience a particle of pleasure at the thought that he was winning the race. The sight of the hedge looming up in front of him was too much for his courage.

"Whoa! Whoa back, you brute!" he yelled.

But the increased animal refused to "whoa." With a gigantic effort it lurched itself through the bushes. A wild roar of laughter left the throats of the spectators as Bunter and the hack went splash into the brook.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Skinner & Co.

The unfortunate horse scrambled out, and was taken charge of by a laughing stable-boy. Then Billy Bunter emerged, dripping wet and wreathed in duckweed. Wisely, the stable-boy on the pony did not attempt the jump.

Bunter blinked in the direction of his three laughing Form-mates, bespie himself with anger.

"You howling rads!" he vociferated. "This will cost you a new pair of spurs! None of you rotters would have the pluck to ride a narchorse like Sulky Sue!"

"Sulky Sue!" shrieked Fisher. "Why, you crazy gaboot, Sulky Sue would break in half if you got on her! The tag you had was Snipe's riding-hack!"

Billy Bunter stood and gaped, looking from one to another of his schoolfellows. At last he realised the extent of his folly. With a roar like a wounded elephant, he dashed forward and punched Harold Skinner full on the nose.

"Yow!"

Skinner grasped his injured proboscis and squirmed with pain. Bunter seemed about to commit fresh on-laughs on Fish and Snoop. Fortunately for him, perhaps, he changed his mind and squelched his way back to the stables.

By the time he had changed his attire his fellow Renovites were on the way to Courtfield. Sadder and wiser, Bunter followed them. All missed the early train back to Friarale.

It was long after call-order that the four bounds-breakers reached the school. Their exciting half-holiday was terminated by a short but painful interview with Mr. Queich.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Leamshire Selling Plate!

"Hi, Maury, wake up!"

Lord Harry Wharton, as he entered Study No. 32, followed by the rest of the Co.

Lord Herbert Mauleverer yawned loudly, and stirred in the depths of his armchair.

"Hallo?" he drawled woefully. "What do you chaps want?"

"We want to know if you're ready."

"Ready, dear boys? Ready for what?"

"Oh, cruabs!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Want a memory! Tell him, Harry."

"My hat, you're a forgetful chump, Maury!" cried the Renove captain. "A couple of days ago you came to us and told us your uncle was racing a mare named Gay Girl at the Leamshire Meeting. You begged and prayed of us to accompany you to the races until we finally agreed. Now you calmly want to know why we've routed you out!"

With an effort, Maury raised his

immaculately-garbed from from the arm-chairs.

"Bogus! You don't say this is the day of the meeting? How time does fly!"

"It does," said Johnny Bull, duly—"when you're asleep most of the time." Mauloverer looked off his patent-leather shoes, and picked up a pair of well-polished boots.

"I'll be with you in five minutes, dear boy," he said. "Tink, look out my new camera from the bottom of the cupboard. I want to take a few snaps of my uncle's gee winning the Selling Plate."

"With the greatest of pleasurefulness, my esteemed and ludicrous chum."

Needless to say, none of the juniors had asked permission to attend the race-meeting, for the simple reason that they were well aware that they would not have been granted. Because Mauldy had been set on going to see his uncle's horse run, the Famous Five had agreed to accompany him. They considered it would be a good outing, and no thoughts of making bets on the issue of any race came into their calculations.

When Mauloverer was ready, the party left the school, and made their way to the racecourse which was situated some distance beyond Courtfield.

Half an hour before the Remove juniors started for the racecourse, Gerald Loder and his cronies, Carmo, left the school gates. They were bound for the same destination, but had a call to make first.

A few yards down the Etruria road they met Baggs the postman.

"Hallo, Baggs!" cried Loder eagerly. "Anything for me?"

Baggs shook his head, and the two seniors passed on their way, Loder biting his lip with annoyance.

"Hang the luck!" he muttered. "I have been expecting a thumping remittance from my pater. I must get something on Sulky Sue, and I've hardly a bean to my name!"

Rather tactlessly, Carmo referred to an event in which he and Loder were participants a few evenings previously.

"Oh, we had a game over to the Anne Boleyn and played cards and snooker pool with Flash Simmons and his gang; you'd have had some brass."

"What's the good of bringing that up?" said Loder irritably. "Nothing went right for us that evening."

On that occasion the two Sixth-Formers had played for high stakes. They had held hands over the rim of the snooker table, and the game of the snooker balls had been against them. Although Loder was blind to the fact, this "bad luck" was likely to follow them whenever they played for high stakes with Flash Simmons. The bookie was well content to lose at times when small money was on the tables.

Gerald Loder glanced at his watch.

"We shall just have time to make the call at the Anne Boleyn," he said. "I'd sooner see Simmons there. If he'll let me give him an I O U, I'll put thirty quids on Sulky Sue. Pillrow's name will simply walk home with the Selling Plate. A hundred and twenty quids in winnings will be a nice sum to handle after the losses of the last few days."

The two Sixth-Formers caught the train earlier than Harry Wharton & Co. from Courtfield Station they walked briskly to the Anne Boleyn Arms, on the north side of the town. There they inquired for Simmons, the bookmaker, only to learn to their chagrin that he had already gone to the racecourse. They were down to leave the clerk's desk when Carmo noticed Loder's arm.

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"My aunt!" he gasped. "Here's Queely!"

Only just in time, the two seniors darted into the hotel lounge, and stood, scarcely daring to breathe, behind the half-open door.

After a few moments' hesitation, Mr. Queely entered the building, from the street, and approached the clerk.

"Excuse me," he said; "but can you inform me if—Mr. Fowler is in at present?"

"You'll find him at the Leamshire Meeting with Mr. Simmons the bookmaker," replied the clerk.

"Thank you," growled the master of the Remore. "I particularly wished to see him."

He left the hotel, hesitated a minute, and, as though having come to a decision, set off in the direction of the racecourse.

Loder and Carmo waited until they believed the coast clear, and then they came from their hiding place.

"Well, what do you make of that, Carmo?" demanded Loder triumphantly. "I expect the hypocritical rotter came to put some money on a grey. He may have gone on to the course, so we shall have to keep our eyes open for the beast."

Arriving at the racecourse, they entered the enclosure, and mingled with the crowd. Then they went in search of Flash Simmons, keeping, however, a sharp look-out, in case they ran into the Greyfriars' Form-master.

The Famous Five and Mauldy reached the course a few minutes later. For a time they searched fruitlessly for Mauldy's uncle in the enclosure and grand-stand.

"Never mind, dear boys," said the immaculate old man. "I expect he's round by the paddock. Let's find a place to view the first race. It's the Leamshire Selling Plate."

Led by Lord Mauloverer, they were making their way to the rails when an exclamation from Harry Wharton arrested them. There, a short distance ahead, was Flash Simmons, the bookie, on his stand. Close to him was the shabby individual who had called at Greyfriars with a request to see Mr. Queely. But the sight which staggered the juniors was the Remore, Form-master himself talking with the bookie's companion.

"My hat!" gasped Wharton. "I didn't know Queely was in the habit of attending race-meetings!"

As he spoke, the Form-master, who had his back to the juniors, handed a small packet over to the shabby man who had called at Greyfriars. The latter and the man strolled away together.

While the Famous Five and Mauldy stood gazing after them with something akin to consternation in their looks, two other Greyfriars scholars also watched the master's departure. The precious pair were Loder and Carmo, and they chuckled inwardly.

"The coast's clear now, old man," said the protest. "Let's go and get as much as we can on Sulky Sue with Simmons."

As they approached the bookie's stand they did not see the Greyfriars juniors. Neither did Harry Wharton & Co. see the two Sixth-Formers, otherwise they would not have followed a suggestion that Mauloverer made.

"That bookie makes a picturesque kind of racecourse view," said Mauldy. "Let's go closer and get a snap of him, dear boys."

"Get one if you like, old top," said Wharton. "We'll wait here for you. Don't be long, though. People are beginning to flock to the rails."

Quite a small crowd surrounded the bookmaker's stand, and, unobserved,

Mauldy crept up and took a snapshot with his camera. In the small view-finder he did not recognize that the profiled faces of Loder and Carmo appeared in the picture.

When he had taken the photograph, Mauldy rejoined the other juniors, and all made their way as close to the rails of the course as possible.

A murmur of expectation rose from the spectators as the runners for the Leamshire Selling Plate fled from the paddock. One by one the beautiful thoroughbreds trotted by to the starting post, the bright colours of the jockeys flashing in the sun. From their cards the juniors recognised Junior's tip, Sulky Sue, by the violet and white of her jockey.

"Ah, here's my uncle's colours!" cried Mauldy suddenly. "That's Gay Girl! A beauty, isn't she?"

The others swung out at the five-furlong post for the start. The tapes flew up.

"They're off!"

Like arrows released by a company of archers, the thoroughbreds flew down the course. All eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the colours of the leading raters as they rounded the bend.

"Oh, my aunt!" shouted Mauldy, dancing with excitement. "My uncle's grey is well among the leaders!"

The horses came tearing down the course, sending up great clouds of turf from their galloping hoofs. A chestnut and a grey mare were battling for supremacy in the forefront of the field. They were Gay Girl and Sulky Sue.

A furlong from home Lord Pillrow's runner forged ahead. The Greyfriars juniors were on tiptoe with excitement, so were Loder and Carmo, not far away from them. The faces of the two Sixth-Formers were flushed with the expectation of success. Loder especially had backed the Fildon-Loder Cavalry.

Flash Simmons had accepted his I O U for thirty pounds at four to one against.

Then the jockey on Gay Girl whispered in the ear of his mount. The girl drew up-foot by foot. The two horses were neck and neck. The rider of Sulky Sue pined his whip frenziedly. Five seconds later the two racers shot past the winning-post!

Not a soul on the course save those immediately opposite the judge's stand were aware which horse had won.

"Sulky Sue's got it, all right, old man!" breathed Carmo to his white-faced companion.

Exactly the opposite remark was made by Frank Nugent to Lord Mauloverer.

Then the numbers went up. The result read:

"Gay Girl, 1; Sulky Sue, 2; Maiden, 3."

"Oh, bravo!" shouted the Famous Five and Mauldy.

"Bogus, that means Skinner and Snop have lost the price of a good look-in!" added the duke of Greyfriars.

But, with the cheers of the multitude dining in their ears, Gerald Loder and Arthur Carmo crept from the course with bowed heads and bloodless lips.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Mauldy's Mistake!

"HAILO, Loder, how you are!" I thought you'd gone over to Courtfield."

It was five days after the Leamshire race-meeting, and Carmo entered the prefect's study with a brighter expression on his face than he had worn for many a day. Loder looked even more worn and haggard than he had following that memorable race. He

looked up from the desk at which he had been writing with an exclamation of annoyance.

Came took no notice of the other's early attitude. He was too bucked with life for that.

"I've had a bit of luck, old top!" he said, seating himself. "My old paler sent me a letter to-day. That'll just clear my losings with Simmons."

"I wish to goodness my beastly people would send me a remittance!" growled Loder. "Not a brown can I get out of any of the mean brutes. Simmons is beginning to get impatient. He threatens to write to the Head if I don't square off the thirty quid bet by next week."

Just then a knock sounded on the door. In response to Loder's cry "Come in!" Lord Herbert Mauleverer entered the room.

"I met Bags, the postman, in the quad, Loder," said the junior. "He gave me this packet for you."

"All right," granted the prefect. "Drop it on the table!"

Mauly did as he was bade, and took his departure. "Ungrateful beast!" he muttered to himself.

In the Remove studies passage he ran into Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I say, dear boys," he said. "I can show you those photos I took at the Lonsdale race-meeting now. I sent 'em to town to be developed, and they're just come back. Come along to my study!"

The three juniors followed the duke of Greifrath to Study No. 12, and helped themselves to seats. Mauly drew a small package from his coat-pocket. He was about to open it when the address on the wrapper caught his eye. "My hat! What a chump I am!" he cried.

"We know that, old top!" said Wharton. "What's the latest piece of assurity you're committed to?"

"Why," said Mauly, "this packet's for Gerald Loder. Bags gave me two packages, and I must have delivered the wrong one. I dropped 'em both into my pocket, and must have taken mine out in mistake."

"That's just the sort of thing you would do, you silly chump!" said Bob Cherry.

"The chumpiness of the esteemed Mauleverer is terrible!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"You'd better go and ask Loder for your packet back and give him this one," said Wharton. "We'll wait here."

Feeling decidedly foolish, Mauly proceeded back to the prefect's study and apologised for his carelessness.

"No harm done," said Loder. "Check my package across! You'll find yours on the table. Take it and buzz off!"

Mauleverer did so without noticing the curious look that was exchanged between the two Sixth-Formers. With his own property clasped in his hand, he rejoined his three chums in his study. There the packet was opened, and the photographs duly examined.

"Why, there are only eleven photos and films here!" said Mauly suddenly. "I took twelve. I wonder which picture the silly ass has left out?"

"I don't see any picture of a bookie here," said Bob Cherry. "Don't you remember leaving us to take that chap, Flash Simmons?"

"My aunt, so I did!" said Mauly. "I must write to the beastly photographer and ask 'em for it back!"

Had he but known it, Gerald Loder and Arthur Carne were looking at that self-same snapshot at that very moment!

When Lord Mauleverer had left the wrong packet in the prefect's study, Loder had picked it up and discovered the junior's mistake. Without telling Carne of his discovery, he untied the string that was round the package, and examined the contents. Only a shocking curiosity prompted him to the act. He knew if the Removite came in to claim his property he could never have had noticed the address on the wrapper.

As he looked through the photographs he affected an expression of surprise.

"Why, these aren't for me!" he exclaimed.

Even as he said the words, his eyes fell on the snapshot of Flash Simmons. To his genuine astonishment, among the crowd round the bookie, he discerned his own features and those of Carne!

When the junior had departed, Loder opened his own packet.

"Only football betting slips!" he exclaimed, in disgust.

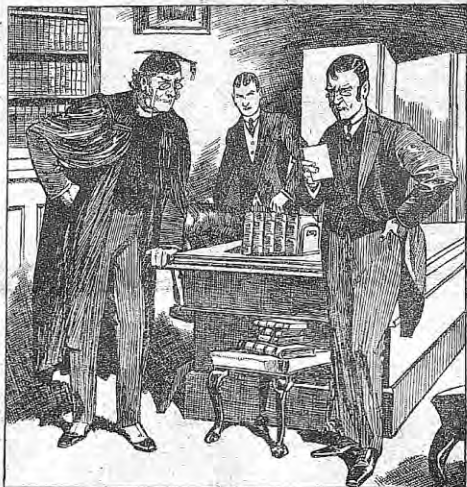
He picked up the snapshot again.

"It was lucky for us we got that, old man," said Carne. "I happen to know none of the Fourth Form got permission to attend the race-meeting, so for his own sake Mauleverer won't give us away. Still, a photograph might be left about and fall into the hands of the Head. Better destroy it at once, old chap!"

A cunning look crept over Loder's face.

"I've a better idea than that," he said.

He rose and went to his desk. From it he drew out a number of old films tied together with tape. From them he



The Head extended the photo to Mr. Quelch, who accepted it mechanically. He stared at the print, hardly able to believe his own eyes. "I've never spoken to a bookmaker in my life," he muttered, "as I appear to be doing in this photo!" (See Chapter 7.)

"Quick! Lock the door, Carne!" he ordered swiftly. "I've something to show you!"

Greatly wondering, Carne obeyed.

"Now if young Mauleverer returns he'll think we're out," said Loder. "The little beast must have been to the Lonsdale Race Meeting and seen us dealing with Simmons. Look at this!"

Carne examined the photo with an expression of alarm on his weak face.

"Great pip!" he exclaimed. "Burn the film and the print at once, Loder! We can't afford to have incriminating evidence like that about!"

Instead, Loder pushed the photo and negative into his pocket. Then he carefully tied the packet up again and placed it on the table. On his request Carne unlocked the door. Hardly had he done so than Mauly re-entered the study and claimed his property as already mentioned.

selected one of Mr. Quelch which he had taken unawares while the Form-master had been watching a junior football match.

"This film is quarter-plate size," he said to Carne, "the same as the one taken by Mauleverer at the races. Nobody knows I've this picture because I've never made a proof of it yet. This tall figure is old Quelch, and he's wearing the same rig as he was the day we saw him at the Lonsdale meeting."

"Well, what's the stunt?" asked Carne in a puzzled tone.

"Simply this," replied Loder. "Both of us owe that hypocritical old grudge. If we had a composite photo made of him standing by Flash Simmons, and sent it with an anonymous note to the Head, he'd land in trouble up to his neck. Anyway, the beast really was at the meet."

"That's easier said than done!" said Carmo.

"I tell you the thing's simple!" said Loder. "I know a chap up in London who's a corking good photographer. If I send him this photo of Quelch and this cap of Flash Simmons, he'll make up a fake picture you couldn't tell from a real map. Needless to say, I'd got him to take out that part of the mob round the bookie's stand which includes us."

That this low-down scheme did not appeal very forcibly to Carmo was evident. But the severe reprimand he had received some time previously from the Head through the intervention of Mr. Quelch in the Sammy Bunter affair, still rankled in his mind. Thus it was not long that, through Loder's persuasion, he agreed to become a party to the cowardly scheme.

Early in the following week the composite photograph arrived from London. Loder had been right in designating his friend a clever photographer, for the picture showed Flash Simmons on his stand at the racetrack. There were fewer people round than in the original snap taken by Marty. Several onlookers had been cleverly touched out, including Loder and Carmo. Neither of the Sixth-Formers were thus visible. Their former place in the picture was taken up by Mr. Quelch. He was standing there in cap and overcoat, and it seemed almost as though Flash Simmons was addressing him.

Immediately after tea that day, the two cads composed an accompanying note. Loder printed it in pencil in rough characters.

"To the headmaster of Greyfriars,—Dear Sir,—I think you ought to be told of your own school's habit of plotting race-meetings. The enclosed photograph speaks for itself.—A FRIEND."

This document, and the faked photograph, the precious pair put into an envelope addressed to "The Headmaster, Greyfriars School, Friarland, Kent," ready to post in Courtfield the same evening.

This done, Carmo left the study. Loder crossed to his desk and locked the anonymous letter securely in a drawer. As he did so, he noticed a copy of Prescott's "Conquest of Peru." To ingratiate himself with the Head, he had asked for the loan of the book a fortnight before. He had not read a line of it, but the sight of the volume recalled that he had promised to return it within a week.

"My hat!" he muttered. "I'd better take it back to old Locke!"

He picked up the book and made his way towards the headmaster's study. As he turned into the passage leading to Dr. Locke's sanctum, he saw Mr. Quelch, carrying hat and overcoat, walking ahead of him. At the sight of the Form-master, a fresh ingenious idea occurred to the end of the book. He turned back, waited a few moments in case Mr. Quelch retraced his steps, and then quickly sped along to the master's study. Closing the door, he uncovered Mr. Quelch's typewriter on the desk. Then, selecting a slip of notepaper, he rattled off a couple of lines of type on the machine. This done, Loder replaced the cover of the typewriter, thrust the slip into his pocket, and silently left the room.

He was gloating inwardly as he resumed his journey to Dr. Locke's room. Turning the corner of the passage, he saw Mr. Quelch leave the Head's study and take the opposite direction. Loder watched the master with a sneer on his face. When Mr. Quelch had gone, he walked up to the study and rapped on the door. There was no answer.

Gerald Loder hesitated. Then he

opened the door and entered the Head's divided apartment.

As the prefect had guessed, there was nobody there. Loder walked across the room to place the book on the desk. After all, he reasoned the Head would find it there and might think it had been brought back before. As Loder laid the book down, his eye caught sight of a pile of school reports and documents that were close at hand. Filled with sneaking curiosity to see what had been written about some of his schoolfellows, the end of the Sixth rapidly scanned through some of the reports and letters. Suddenly he stood bolt upright, pale of face as though he had seen a ghost. His fingers trembled among the papers on the Head's desk. Then, with a swift movement, he thrust something into his pocket and fled from the study.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Bombshell!

"IMMEDIATELY after breakfast everyone is to proceed to Big Hall!"

This startling announcement was made by George Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, early the following morning. In response to it an excited buzzing broke out from the juniors seated at the Remove table awaiting the advent of Mr. Quelch.

"My giddy aunt! What's the matter?"

Billy Bunter blinked round at his Form-mates with a rather alarmed look as he asked the question that was being repeated on all sides.

Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, sitting next to the Owl, caught the remark in part. He had failed to hear Wingate's announcement at all.

"Who's as mad as a hatter!" he demanded. "You're not referring to me, you fat lot, I hope!"

"I asked what was the matter, you chump!" shouted Bunter. "Wingate said that after break everyone has to go to Big Hall."

"Baw! You're the one who's bawling!" yelled Dutton. "If you'd speak without broad-cruts in your mouth, I could hear distinctly!"

At that moment Mr. Quelch swept into the room, and that tale of questions and conjectures subsided.

Directly the meal was over the Remove juniors trooped into Big Hall, where most of the school were already congregated.



MERRY & BRIGHT

OUT ON THURSDAY!

gated. When all masters and scholars were present, Dr. Locke himself majestically took the floor. An imposing figure he looked in his cap and gown, as he took up his position on the raised dais at the end of the Hall. To many a quailing junior—and senior, too—whose conscience was not as clear as it might have been, his role appeared to be that of a stern and terrible judge.

A hush fell over the gathering. Through it the first words of the headmaster's ringing voice cut like a knife.

"Boys," he said, "a very serious matter has made it necessary for me to call you together this morning. Yesterday afternoon a fifty-pound banknote was removed from my study!"

Dr. Locke paused, and a low murmur swept through the school. From a few lips in partook of the nature of a sigh of relief.

More than one of the study characters of the school had dreaded lest their betting transactions in connection with the recent race-meeting had come to the knowledge of the Head.

As the headmaster of Greyfriars resumed, the murmur subsided as though by magic.

"The loss of the banknote is, to say the least, remarkable," went on Dr. Locke. "It arrived in a registered letter for me in the morning, and I foolishly left it lying loose among some papers on my desk. I have searched everywhere without result. I cannot conceive that anyone at Greyfriars should have deliberately entered my study and removed it. Yet the loss undoubtedly occurred between the hours of two and five yesterday afternoon during my absence from the school. Taking into consideration the painful possibility that someone here present entered my room, and, seeing the note, succumbed to sudden temptation, I must ask that anyone who failed at my private study between the hours of two and five before morning school. This will be held at ten o'clock to-day instead of the usual time. That is all, boys!"

As the Head left Big Hall pandemonium broke loose. Masters grasped themselves together and discussed the slur that had fallen on the good name of the school. Seniors and juniors, as they trooped out into the quad, vainly conjectured as to the identity of the culprit.

Gerald Loder remained behind, his eyes fixed on the group of masters. As he watched, he saw Mr. Quelch leave the others and walk with head erect from the Hall. Like an Apache on the trail of his victim, the cad of the Sixth glided after the Form-master. As the Sixth-Former had expected, Mr. Quelch walked directly to the headmaster's study.

Near that dreaded apartment Loder halted, and drew a thin slip of paper from his pocket. For nearly a couple of minutes he remained motionless, as though summoning up his courage, or debating with his conscience. Then he, too, knocked on the Head's door, and entered the study.

Dr. Locke was seated at his desk. Mr. Quelch was standing to one side. The eyes of both the Head and the Form-master met those of the prefect as he entered. Loder was pale of face, but he did not allow his gaze to flinch beneath the scrutiny.

"Well, Loder?" said Dr. Locke.

"I have come, sir," said the prefect in a forced, unnatural voice, "in response to the request you made in Big Hall. I wish to say that I entered your study at about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and placed the book you so kindly lent me on your desk."

"Thank you, Loder," said the Head. "I saw the book lying there on your return, and presumed you had left it. In the painful circumstances I have already brought before the notice of the school, I

must ask you a question I would willingly avoid if I could. Did you see anything of a fifty-pound note on my desk?"

Loder moistened his parched lips with his tongue.

"I did not, sir," he said firmly and distinctly.

"That is all I wish to know, Loder," said Dr. Locke. "You may go."

The prefect half-turned, hesitated, and then faced the headmaster again.

"I—I think you ought to see this, sir," he said, holding over the strip of paper.

"I found it in the passage near your door just now."

The headmaster read the words contained on the slip, and faced Mr. Quelch.

"You commenced to say something, when Loder's entry interrupted your remarks, Mr. Quelch," he said. "Is the matter upon which you desire to see me a private one?"

"My reason for coming here, Dr. Locke," replied the master of the Remove, "is the same as that for which Loder has presented himself. I wish to state that I came to your study yesterday afternoon to inform you I intended going over to Courtfield, and would not be returning until late. I was not aware you had left the school building, and waited a few moments in the hope that you would return. I did not so much as see a banknote, for I did not even approach your desk."

"Without a word, the Head handed Mr. Quelch the strip of paper Loder had brought into the study. To his amazement, the Form-master read in the familiar typescript of his own machine the message:

"Ten pounds each way—Sailor Lad—next Lousmire meeting."

"Have you ever seen that before, Mr. Quelch?" demanded Dr. Locke.

The master of the Remove looked the Head full in the face.

"Never!" he said emphatically. "I can't explain it at all. The message has been typed on my machine. Though by whom, I cannot even hazard a guess."

"When I entered your study, sir," said Loder to the headmaster, "and saw Mr. Quelch here, the thought struck me that he might have dropped that strip of paper."

Dr. Locke bit his lip. The same thought, in a different way, had occurred to him, too.

Mr. Quelch has denied that he has ever seen that paper before, Loder," said the Head sternly. "I am quite believe his statement. It is nothing more nor less than a betting-slip."

Loder furtively moistened his lips, and avoided the glance the master of the Remove shot in his direction.

"I—I think, sir," he stammered, "in the serious circumstances that have arisen, I ought to tell you—er—something. It is very painful to me—that is, to my—er—conscience—"

"Come, Loder," put in the Head, "if you have anything in connection with this matter to tell me, it is your duty to speak out."

"Well, sir," said Loder, still hesitatingly. "I think you ought to be informed that Mr. Quelch associates with a notorious rascally character, known as Jimmy Fowler. This man was once pointed out to me in Courtfield as a tonic of some bookmaker or other. Two or three weeks ago I was passing Mr. Quelch's study, when Fowler came out, and I overheard Mr. Quelch promise to send him seventy pounds as soon as he could raise the money."

Dr. Locke looked from the prefect to the Form-master, who was standing erect, with white, drawn face.

"What have you to say, Mr. Quelch?" he asked quietly.

"In substance what Loder says is true," replied the master. "I am acquainted with somebody who is known in this district by the name of Fowler."

"Have you sent this—er—person any money recently?"

"I have. That is, I gave him nearly eighty pounds—but that was several days ago. It was not a betting transaction. I am not interested in horse-racing."

The thought of explaining that "Jimmy Fowler" was his own brother, from whom he had elicited a promise to reform, occurred to him. But a natural revulsion from stirring up the mud of his prodigal brother's past restrained him.

An oppressive silence that fell in the study was broken by a knock on the door. Trotter, the pageboy, entered, bearing the Head's morning mail. The lad placed the batch of letters on the desk before Dr. Locke and beat a hurried departure.

Dr. Locke remained in deep thought, his white-crowned head bent slightly forward. As though seeking a distraction from some worrying problem, he slit the envelope of the top letter with an ivory paper-knife and extracted the contents. He opened the note, and a photographic print fell face upwards on the desk before him. At the sight of the photo, Gerald Loder gave a violent start, which was, however, unobserved.

But the prefect was astonished. Dr. Locke was much more so. He picked up the snapshot and examined it in blank amazement. Then he adjusted his spectacles, and read the accompanying letter:

"Dear Sir.—I think you ought to be aware that one of your masters is in the habit of attending race-meetings. The enclosed photograph speaks for itself."

"A FRIEND."

The Head staggered to his feet as though receiving under a blow. He extended the letter and photograph to Mr. Quelch, who accepted them mechanically. That his faith in the Form-master, who had served him so long and worthily, had been destroyed in one fell moment by the sheer weight of circumstantial evidence, was only too apparent.

Mr. Quelch stared at the photograph as though unable to believe his own eyes.

"I don't understand," he muttered, "I am in a dream. I've never spoken to a bookmaker in my life, as I appear to be doing here."

"The camera cannot lie, Mr. Quelch," said the Head firmly. "I am sorry—more than sorry. That you have led to me, and that you have conducted Turf transactions, is only too apparent."

White as snow, Mr. Quelch looked Dr. Locke full in the eyes.

"I have never conducted a Turf transaction," he said slowly and distinctly. "I have neither betted nor stolen a penny in my life!"

The look of pain on the headmaster's face intensified.

"Had you confessed your sins," he said—"had you made a clean breast of the self-evident fact that you got into financial difficulties on the Turf and took the fifty pounds from my study in a moment of weakness, I could still have remained a spark of faith in your future. Instead, you have seen fit to lie to me in the face of the mass of evidence against you. You have served me long and well as a master in my school. In consideration of that, I shall take no legal action. But it is with the deepest of pain that I must request your immediate resignation."

"I—I will go, sir," said Mr. Quelch, in a choking voice—"this very morning, if possible."

Dr. Locke laid a hand affectionately on the master's shoulder.

"I hear you no ill-will, my dear fellow," he said, in trembling tones. "My hope will be that you will begin life anew with at least one petition in your heart—Lead us not into temptation."

Overcome by emotion, the fine old gentleman dropped into his chair and buried his face in his hands. With head erect, Mr. Quelch walked out of the study.

For a few seconds Gerald Loder stood gazing pale-faced at the pathetic figure huddled over the desk. Then he slunk out of the room after the man he had helped to disgrace.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Form-Master's Farewell!

"QUELCHY'S been sacked!"

That remark was made by Gerald Loder to his contemporary, Trotter, the pageboy, after leaving the Head's study. He spoke the words in almost an awed tone.

"Great pip! You don't say so!" gasped Carnie.

"It's a fact! He—he was accused of stealing the Head's banknote!"

After that brief account of the sensational proceedings he had just witnessed, Loder made as though to pass into his study.

With his appetite whetted for further news, Carnie clutched the prefect's arm. There was a look of intense satisfaction on his weak face.

"What's the hurry?" he demanded. "Can't you tell a fellow all about it? There are no classes until ten o'clock to-day."

"Egad, what more I've want to know!" growled Loder. "The fellow had been gambling on the Turf. He'd evidently got into difficulties, so—"

"He pinched old Loder's dough to pay up!" whispered Carnie eagerly.

"Well, I'm not surprised. I always believed him to be a rotten outsider! But it beats me what the dickens you're looking so beastly glad about. I'd have thought you'd have been glad enough to see the last of the brute!"

The only response from Loder was a savage glare. He entered his study and slammed the door.

"Surly beast!" muttered Carnie to himself. "What die thump's the matter with him?"

And, musing on the strange attitude of his leader, he listened off to communicate his news to Walker.

But Loder had already sown the seeds of a hundred and one wild rumours. Carnie, slightly embellishing the tale for his own glorification, communicated the news to Walker. A few minutes later Coker, of the Fifth, heard the tell-tale trimmings. The fat ears of Billy Bunter (trapped the buzz in the Remove studies passage.

No sooner had the Owl got over his first delightful shock at the news than he rolled rapidly along to Study No. 1. Enveloped inside the room was Henry Wharton & Co., discussing the startling announcement of Dr. Locke in Big Hall.

Into this gathering the fat junior blundered without conforming to any minor details of etiquette such as knocking at the study door.

"Heard the news?" he panted. "That beast Quelchey went to the Head and confessed everything! He admitted pinching the fifty-quid note. Broke open old Locke's safe with a jemmy, he did! He's going to be publicly kicked out of Greyfriars after morning school!"

The Famous Five leapt to their feet like one man.

"Why, you fat load—" began Wharton. But Bunter was anxious to startle other fellows before morning school, and he rolled rapidly out of the study.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at each other blankly.

Bob Cherry was the first to recover himself somewhat.

"Great pip! It surely can't be true!" he muttered.

"But supposing it is!" said Johnny Bull, in an awed voice.

"More likely that fat worm was telling a whopper from beginning to end," replied Nugent.

"The whopperfulness of the ludicrous Bunter is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh.

His look on Harry Wharton's face became increasingly serious.

"I say, you fellows," he said, "this is the absolute limit. It's no joke for anyone to go roving around with a rotten splender of that sort. I think we ought to take some action in the matter."

"Yes," agreed Bob Cherry. "I vote we go and assuage Bunter and spilligate the fat ass."

"That's the ticket, Bob!"

"Slaughter the worm!"

"The motion's agreeably carried, my worthy chum," added Hurree Singh.

But Wharton made no movement to help carry out these suggestions.

He remained in deep thought for a moment.

"See here, you fellows," he said.

"I don't believe for a moment that old Quelchey took that money."

"This rotten yarn has been spread around the school by someone who's got his knife in him."

Bunter suffers from fatty degeneration of the brains, so he couldn't have thought of it. More likely than not, Loder had a finger in starting the buzz!"

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Let Quelchey know what's being said about him behind his back!"

"What—sneak on Bunter?" cried Frank Nugent in astonishment.

"No," said Wharton, "there is no need to bring any names into the matter at all. But I think he ought to know. Even if the buzz were true—which I don't believe for a moment—it's still a rotten thing to go lawing the news round the school like Bunter's doing. I'm going straight to Quelchey's study."

"Oh, crumbs! I suppose we'd better come too."

Wharton himself by no means relished his proposed mission. As for the others, they followed the Remove captain as though attending the funeral of their rich uncles.

As the Famous Five drifted up to the Form-master's study, they heard the sound of voices engaged in conversation. The door was slightly ajar. Rather gingerly Harry Wharton approached and rapped with his knuckles. All remained motionless to catch the master's reply.

Instead of being bidden to enter, they heard Mr. Quelchey address somebody in the room.

"I shall be leaving by the twelve-thirty train to-day, Wingate," he said, "I do not want that known in the school, however."

Half-fearful of what he had heard Harry Wharton again rapped on the door. This time the knock was heard by the occupants of the room.

"Come in!"

In response to the summons, Harry Wharton & Co. trooped into the room.

Mr. Quelchey was bending down packing one of several bags and trunks that scattered the room. Near to him stood the head prefect. Both looked round in astonishment as the Remove juniors entered.

"Well, boys, what do you want?" demanded the Form-master with some asperity.

"We've beg your pardon for intruding, sir," began Wharton nervously, "but we've heard some rather rotten buzzes flying about, and—"

"Indeed?" said Mr. Quelchey. "And what are these—er—buzzes that have so evidently troubled you?"

"That you—you pinched—I—er—mean, snatched the Head's money, sir?"

"Well, of all the chundering cheek!" gasped George Wingate.

He made as though to fling the quaking Co. out of the study, when the master interrupted.

"I suppose, Wharton," said Mr. Quelchey, "you considered it your duty to let me know of the matter?"

"Yes, that's the idea, sir."

"I appreciate your motive, boys," said the Form-master. "It is true I am leaving Greyfriars. I anticipated that some hard things would be said about

me. I—I hope, however, that my own Form, including you fellows, won't hold all you hear against me."

His voice assumed a nervous tremble, and he turned his head away.

"Here, beat it, you kids!" commanded Wingate gruffly. "It's time for morning school. I shall be along myself in a few minutes to take the Form."

Outside, in the passage, Harry Wharton & Co. stopped and looked at one another in consternation.

"Old Quelchey leaving Greyfriars!" Wharton. "I can hardly believe it. We can't let him go like this."

"He's catching the twelve-thirty train!" said Bob Cherry, as though talking to himself.

"I tell you what, you fellows," returned Wharton suddenly. "After school we'll collect a crowd of the best chaps in the Form, and go down to the station to give him a send-off! That's the least we can do."

Mr. Thomas Henry Samuel Quelchey, M.A., late Form-master of Greyfriars School, saw his luggage placed in the twelve-thirty train at Friarale Station, and settled himself in a corner seat of a second-class compartment. He had spent the morning packing in the seclusion of his study, and had taken his departure unmolested from the school before classes had been dismissed. Well did he know, however, that the whole of Greyfriars was agog with the story of his disfigurement.

The engine whistled shrilly. Hardly had the sound died away than a surging mob of perspiring Renovites dashed through the station entrance, bowling the ticket-collector off his feet. Well in the forefront was Harry Wharton & Co. Hearing the news, they had run all the way from Greyfriars to show their late Form-master that they, at least, still believed in his honour, in spite of everything.

Seeing Mr. Quelchey peering in astonishment from the carriage-window, they approached in a body. Harry Wharton acted as spokesman for the dishevelled deputation.

"We've come to see you off, sir," he panted. "Also, we've come to let you know that we don't think you sneaked that beastly money. Do we, you fellows?"

A chorus of "Noes" rent the air.

"The idea that the worthy teacher—sir—pinched the esteemed banknote is ludicrous!" added Hurree Singh.

"Thank you, boys!" said Mr. Quelchey simply.

The guard trilled plaintively on his whistle. The train pulled slowly out of the station, and the assembled Renovites raised three hearty cheers as an expression of their loyalty. Mr. Quelchey hid the moisture that started to his eyes behind the pages of his newspaper.

As the train disappeared round a bend in the line, Harry Wharton drew the rest of the Co. to one side.

"Take it from me, you chaps," he said, "that wasn't the guilty man. Old Quelchey may be a bit of a beast in the Form-room at times, but he wouldn't stoop to thieving. Trust me to do my best to clear his name!"

"Same here!"

With that expression, the Famous Five followed in the wake of their fellow loyal Renovites back to Greyfriars School, which was still seething with the red-hot news of the Form-master's disgrace.

THE END.

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No. 544.—BLAKE OF THE BLUE

CRUSADERS.

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SPORT TOPICS.

Another Interesting Article on Sportsmen and Sport. By "SPECTATOR."

FOOTBALL.

Cup-tie fever is still as rife as ever it was, and this week we come to the third stage of the fight for the possession of the English Cup. Sixteen clubs are now left to compete for same, and this means that eight strenuous matches will be played ere the struggle takes another step nearer the long-looked-for Final. Many of us still have our favourites in the run, whilst the others, although to a certain extent are still interested in the Cup matches, have fallen back upon the fight for League honours. The football season is now rapidly drawing towards a finish, but let it be said that the interest and enthusiasm taken in the game has not dwindled down one bit—spectators still continue to crowd into the local grounds and to enjoy the games as much as ever.

Why are Internationals mostly chosen from the First Division clubs? This is a question which has always been subjected to discussion, and rightly, too! I should very much like to know myself. Every player cannot get a chance—some, of course, do not deserve it. On the other hand, there are many who do come up to the standard required for matches of this kind. Occasionally the Second Division have representatives; but, to put it bluntly, the Third Division starve. I have no say in the matter, but I can voice my opinion to the effect that the Selection Committee should take into consideration all three Divisions of the League!

It was rather surprising to see Chelsea, a First Division club, being forced to play three ere they were successful in defeating Reading, of the Third Division, in the First Round of the English Cup. Chelsea have disappointed me greatly this season, and my faith in them has been very much shaken in consequence of their performances of late. Reading are quite a good-class club, and they always do fairly well in their matches, but who expected them to give the "Pensioners" such a run for their money? I did not for one. That Chelsea will not go far in the fight for the Cup this season I am positive; it will not surprise me one bit to have seen their exit after the match with Swindon, even if a re-play is played. Another thing, Swindon are known to be splendid Cup-fighters, and are, always out to oust the big clubs whenever they do happen to meet them.

Can Burnley win both the League Championship and the Cup? I see no reason why they shouldn't, although it rarely does happen that one club carries off both honours. Still, they will do their utmost to bag both of these trophies; but to my way of thinking I should certainly not predict them to do so. Nevertheless, I shall look to them to take off one of the honours, and that is something worth having, is it not?

CRICKET.

We certainly did shine to a certain extent in the third Test match at Adelaide, and our spirits were very high indeed when we held the lead by 85 runs on the first innings. The Colonials are stubborn fighters, much to our sorrow, and, although we captured three valuable wickets in their second innings for a mere song—71 runs—they piled up the very formidable total of 582.

However, thanks to Russell and Woolley, we were in front on the first venture, and that was something. Both of these stalwarts batted admirably, but, of course, the most pleasing of all was the fact that the Essex professional had at last found his true form, and had worked himself out of the bad books of the critics. His century amply rewarded Captain Douglas for his faith in including him in this Test, and now both he and Russell are in the position to smile with ease at these so-called critics, who, I am sure, are only too pleased to "lie low and say nuffin!"

In the end the Australians proved themselves to be too strong for our side, and finished victors by 119 runs. The mythical "Ashes" were therefore wrested from our men, but we have every opportunity of recapturing them in the summer when the "Aussies" are on their tour in this country. By the way, the term "Ashes" was first founded after England's defeat at the Oval on August 26th and 27th, 1882, by 7 runs, in the time when the "Grand Old Man"—W. G. Grace—was eagerly snatched by all enthusiasts, both at the wicket and in the field. A memorable card was produced by some briny individual to the effect that English cricket was dead, and that the "body" had duly been cremated, and that the "Ashes" would be taken to Australia and buried.

Coming back to the Third Test again, we must congratulate our opponents on their achievement. They are good fellows and keen partisans without a doubt. Their captain, W. W. Armstrong, gained a great triumph, and his own work was indeed excellent, both with the bat and ball.

And now a word about famous J. B. Hobbs. He certainly did his best on all occasions to stop the rot, thereby earning unstinted praise from his fellow-countrymen. With his century in this match he now gains the honour jointly with the late lamented Victor Trumper as being the only men who have scored six centuries in Test Matches. "Jack."

has plenty of time to go one better, for he still has plenty of good cricket left in him, and is good for another five years at least.

Under, I give Hobbs' centuries in Test Matches against Australia:

1912 TOUR.	
126	runs at Melbourne
187	" Adelaide
178	" Melbourne
107	" Lords, 1912

1920-21 TOUR.	
122	runs at Melbourne
123	" Adelaide

BOXING.

What a blow we received with the defeat of Jimmy Wilde at the hands of Pete Herman, the American! Without a doubt Wilde took on more than he could chew when giving away so much weight in this scrap, and so suffered in consequence. Herman put up a wonderful performance—so did "The Terror"—and, with all due respect to the American, at level weights I am sure that Jimmy would have finished top dog. As I have no intention of humming and hawing over this affair, I will let it go at this—it is all over and finished with, is it not?

Pete Herman has returned to the States, but I understand he will be returning to this country in a few months' time to meet Higgins, our bantam-weight champion. What will be the outcome of such a fight? Will Jimmy Wilde's defeat be avenged? It is to be hoped so, but more can be said on this fight anon.

It was a great disappointment to one and all when it was announced that, through an accident, "Batling" Levinisky was unable to meet Billy Wells on the night of the Wilde v. Herman fight. Nevertheless, it is something to look forward to, for when Levinisky is fit, the clash will come, and it is to be hoped that Wells will uphold the prestige of British boxing, which of late has suffered so many reverses at the hands of the Americans.

RUGBY.

Having suffered such defeats at cricket and boxing and even at football, for the defeat which our football representatives suffered during the Olympic Games last year still remains fresh in our memories, we seek some kind of consolation in the meritorious victory which we gained over Wales in the recent International Rugby match. The majority of the critics foresaw England's defeat in this game, and really I must admit that I was also of these. Remember, this is the game in which the Welshmen excel; even though their "Soccer" is of the highest order, as we have seen by the rise of Cardiff City, Rugby is the game for them. However, Wales was overwhelmed in this game I refer to, and I might say our men were all out for victory, and by sheer grit it was duly obtained.

SPECTATOR.

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