

A SPLENDID LONG BOATRACE STORY IN THIS ISSUE!

The Magnet Library

With which is incorporated
The Greysfriars Herald.

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No. 685. Vol. XVIII.

March 26th, 1921.



BILLY BUNTER UPSETS THE CREW OF THE RIVAL BOAT!

(A Screamingly Funny Incident in the Long Complete Story 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

"MAROONED!"

By Frank Richards.

Our next story of the chums of Greyfriars is one full of excitement and interest, and concerns, to a great extent, Sam Ashley, the garden-boy at Greyfriars, and his father, a convict. Harry Wharton and his chums stumble across the escaped convict quite accidentally, and the incident leads up to many others, culminating in their being marooned on an island!

The manner in which the juniors are rescued, and the sensational discovery they make upon the island makes very interesting reading, and all my chums will, I am sure, be delighted with Mr. Frank Richards' latest story.

"MAROONED!"

which will appear in the MAGNET LIBRARY next Monday.

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" SUPPLEMENT.

There will be a magnificent issue of Harry Wharton & Co.'s popular paper next week in the MAGNET LIBRARY, and will, as usual, be packed full of fun and fiction contributed by the boys of Greyfriars.

You will have read the amusing story of Tutors Shooke, the detective, in this issue. There will be another story in a fortnight's time, and in the meantime I shall be glad to know what my readers think of this feature.

A REAL BUMPER NUMBER.

This week's issue of our companion paper, the "Popular," is a real bumper number, boys and girls. There is a magnificent new serial starting, entitled:

"THE DARE-DEVIL SCHOOLBOY!"

and deals with the adventures of a high-spirited and fearless schoolboy, whose pluck in getting his school chums out of a nasty position leads to his expulsion from the school. His subsequent adventures as a cinema "stunt" actor are very exciting and full of interest.

Then there are two grand, long complete school stories—one of Greyfriars, and one of Rookwood. The story of Harry Wharton & Co. is particularly interesting to readers of the MAGNET, for it tells of their first meeting with Lord Maulvercrer. The adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood are also sure to interest you, for the famous Co. supply get "swiped up" by their rivals of the Modern House.

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Then again we have a grand supplement of "Billy Bunter's Weekly," with contributions from boys of St. Jim's, Rookwood, and Greyfriars.

A reproduction of the cover of this week's issue of the "Popular" will be found on this page, and I ask all my readers to look out for it on Friday.

It may be news to you, but there is an easy competition running in our companion paper, and money prizes are offered to readers every week. It is interesting to note here that one reader

This is the Cover You Must Look Out for on Friday!



SPLENDID FEATURES INSIDE.

has succeeded in winning a prize of five shillings in the first and second competitions—ten shillings for two postcards and four sentences!

Why don't you have a try—you might be just as lucky!

NOTICES.

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

Jack MacPhail, care of American Consulate, Melbourne, Australia, asks me to find him a correspondent in the Old Country. He says the MAGNET is a good name for the best paper in the world, in that it tends to draw together the boys of our vast Empire, and creates in them a true British feeling. His favourite character is Bob Cherry. No bad judge, either.

Frank Ingham, Euston Avenue, Highgate, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in any part of the world.

Leonard Johnston, care of Bright & Hitchcocks, Ltd., Goslong, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers of the Companion Papers.

R. Naismith, 92, Broughton Road, Edinburgh, Scotland, wishes to receive letters from stamp-collectors in New Zealand, China, and Africa. All communications answered.

C. Wales, 78, Penarth Road, Grange-toun, Cardiff, asks for correspondence with readers in America.

Norman Willis, Whelford, Langedon Road, Lockhampton, Cheltenham Spa, wishes to exchange unused postcard views with readers anywhere.

S. G. Lawson, 15, High Street, Penarth, South Wales, desires correspondence with readers of the MAGNET, etc.

Miss Mabel Austin, 33, Hillington Street, Walworth, S.E. 17, wishes to correspond with a girl reader of the Companion Papers in the Colonies, aged 16-17.

V. Hance, 70, Grange Street, Fountain Road, Hull, wishes to correspond with readers, aged 16-17, in Australia, Canada, or anywhere overseas.

Fred G. Biscenden, 36, Nightingale Road, Dover, sends me the first number of the "Mag-Pie." It is capital turned out, and will interest all those who are keen on amateur journalism.

J. Butler, 20, Britannia Road, London, N. 1, wishes to hear from football enthusiasts (juniors) in North and North-East London.

Hy. Green, 20, Davies Street, Oldham, wishes to correspond with readers who are keen on chess.

R. D. Cleaver, 61, Alexandria Road, London, W. 13, wishes to correspond with readers who play draughts.

Frank Proedy, 49, Waldeck Road, West Green, N. 15, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, 14-16 years.

The "Sunbeam."

Bertie Prain, 7, Mid Wynd, Dundee, Scotland, wishes to hear from readers interested in his new magazine bearing the above title. The "Sunbeam" is printed in three colours—red, blue, and violet—and contains plenty of good stories and articles.

Your Editor



Rivals of the River!

A Magnificent Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. and the Grayfriars' ontrace.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Great News!

"MASTER WHARTON, the 'Ead wants you immedijit, please!" Trotter, the page at Greyfriars School, looked in at Study No. 1 of the Remove Form passage to deliver that message.

Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, looked across at his chum, Frank Nugent, who shared the study with him. The look on Harry's face expressed not a little surprise, and even a little alarm.

Dr. Locke, the headmaster at Greyfriars, seldom sent for a junior during the hour devoted to preparation. It was the unusual demand for his presence in the Head's study that caused Wharton to think quickly of anything he might have done not strictly in accordance with the school rules, and what might have got to the Head's ears.

"My hat!" exclaimed Nugent. "What have you been up to now, Harry?"

Wharton shook his head. "I was just trying to think," he said. "He couldn't have heard that we bumped Solly Lazarus & Co. in the middle of Courtfield yesterday, surely?"

Frank Nugent grinned. "Shouldn't be surprised," he said. "Anyhow, even if you do get licked, it was worth it!"

Wharton stared. Perhaps the fact that he might be licked didn't appeal to him in the same light as it appeared to Nugent.

"You are!" he said witheringly. "Do you think—"

"Oh, rats!" And Harry Wharton went out of the study, and made his way to the Head's private room. He timidly tapped on the door, and the kind tones of Dr. Locke bade him enter.

The kindness in the tones gave Harry Wharton fresh heart. His thought that the Head had heard of the bumping of Solly Lazarus & Co., of Courtfield County School, in the middle of the town the day before, disappeared.

"You—you sent for me, sir," said Harry.

Dr. Locke looked up from his desk.

"Yes, Wharton, I did," he said. "You need not look alarmed however, for I really have to offer you an apology."

"An—an apology, sir!" stammered Wharton.

"That was what I said, Wharton," went on Dr. Locke. "I have just come across a letter which was sent me some days ago, and which I have inadvertently left unanswered. It is from Sir Hilton Popper, our neighbour."

"Y—yes, sir," said Harry, wondering what was coming.

Sir Hilton Popper was a peppery old gentleman who believed that boys were one of the things sent to try grown-up men. He and the juniors at Greyfriars were always at loggerheads. Vernon Smith, once the Bousler of Greyfriars, had even been forced to run away from the school to get away from the lacemaster's persecution.

"Sir Hilton has offered a silver bowl to the Lower School at Greyfriars," went on the Head. "It is to be competed for on the river—boatsrace."

"M—may hat! Sir Hilton Popper sent that letter, sir?" gasped Wharton.

"Certainly, Wharton! Is there any reason why he shouldn't?" demanded the Head.

"M—may hat!" stammered Wharton again.

Sir Hilton Popper, the acknowledged enemy of every junior at Greyfriars, had offered a silver cup for a boatsrace! It was almost unthinkable.

"As I said before, Wharton, I accidentally laid aside the letter and its contents," resumed Dr. Locke. "Apparently Sir Hilton wanted the final of the boatsrace to be rowed Wednesday, as he is going away on Sunday. I am afraid that, however, is too late, as I have forgotten the matter until now. The race shall be held on Saturday on the Sark."

"My aunt—ahem!—I ahem!—how—how nice, sir!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Is—is that all you wanted me for, sir?"

The Head smiled. Wharton was evidently

in a hurry to spread the news amongst the Removites.

"Nearly, Wharton. I have already consulted Wingate in the matter, and he agrees that it is impossible for the Third Form to enter into the competition, as the boys are too young to compete against the sturdier boys in the Remove."

"I think Wingate's right, sir," said Wharton, at once. "They're a plucky lot of kids—ahem! boys—in the Third, sir, but they're hardly up to our weight."

"Are you up to the weight of the Fifth?" asked the Head, with a smile.

"Oh, yes, sir. Anybody can beat old Coker—" began Wharton warmly.

"Well, you'll be given the chance to prove it, Wharton. The bowl shall be competed for between the Remove, Upper Fourth, and the Fifth. Today is Monday, so on Wednesday afternoon two of the crews shall pull for the right to meet the third crew in the final, which is to be held on Saturday."

"Oh, good, sir!" exclaimed Wharton enthusiastically. "And who are we up against on Wednesday, sir?"

"Ahem! Wingate said he would settle that, Wharton!" said the Head hastily. "You had better see him about it. That is all."

"Th—th thank you, sir!"

And Harry Wharton hurried from the Head's study, and rushed down the corridor and stairs to the Remove quarters. It was perhaps fortunate that Greyfriars was at prep, for had Wharton collided with anybody on the stairs leading from the Head's study to the Remove corridor, somebody would have been hurt.

Wharton burst into Study No. 1 in the Remove passage, and slammed the door behind him with a clatter which shook the room.

"Great pip!" he ejaculated. "What do you think has happened?"

Frank Nugent looked up and frowned.

"I know what's happened to my exercise, you fatted!" he said warmly.

"I've put a blessed bit right on top of the answer to the blessed sum that's

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taken me nearly half an hour to work out!"

"How the sun?"
"Eh? But the blot?"
"Hang the blot!" howled Wharton.
And, with a suddenness that left Nugent staring, Wharton pulled at the tablecloth, and dragged Nugent's books and papers to the floor.

"You—yes, utter—yes!" shrieked Nugent. "My dirty prep!"
"Blow prep!" snorted Wharton excitedly. "Don't I keep telling you that I've got news?"

"How the news? What about my prep?" demanded Nugent hotly. "I've a jolly good mind to biff your silly napper against the wall!"

Wharton grinned, and calmed down a little.

"If you do that I shan't put you in the crew on Wednesday," he said calmly.

Nugent stared.
"The crew—What crew, you fat-head?" he demanded.

"That's the news, Franky," said Wharton. "Sir Hilton Popper has offered a silver bowl—"

"Rats! Go and tell that to the marines!" snorted Nugent. "Sir Hilton Popper wouldn't give a blade of grass to a stinking donkey!"

"That's what I thought—more or less," said Wharton. "But the fact remains, Franky, he's given a silver bowl to be rowed for on the Bark on Saturday!"

Nugent stared at his chum as if he could hardly believe his ears.

"Are you serious, Harry?" he asked.
"Of course I am serious, you chump!" answered Wharton politely. "Haven't I just come from the Head?"

"Yes, I'd forgotten that for the moment!" laughed Nugent. "Help me pick up the papers and then you can tell me the whole story."

"Why can't we talk about the boat-race first?" asked Wharton, in surprise. "I want to let Sir Hilton Popper's offer sink into my mind," said Nugent seriously. "It's rather a sudden change for the old buffer, isn't it?"

Wharton chuckled, and helped his chum pick up the books and papers from the floor, and replace the tablecloth on the table. Then he told Nugent what had been said in the Head's study.

"Now the thing to do is to see Wingate, and learn what's what for Wednesday," he wound up. "Coming?"

"What ho!"

The two chums made their way to the Sixth Form quarters, only to find that Wingate was out of the school and would not be returning until late. For a moment Wharton and Nugent were at a loss what to do, but only for a moment. "We'll go and call a meeting in the junior Common-room," said Harry briskly. "We may as well fix up the team—I mean, the crew. Come on, scout round and get the fellows into the Common-room!"

And Wharton and Nugent hurried back to the Remove quarters, and in less than five minutes every junior in the house knew that there was something on. Crowds flocked to the Common-room. Prep was forgotten. Lines that had to be written by the morning were left on tables in the studies.

"I say, you fellows, is it a feed?"

A thin, piping voice asked that question of nobody in particular. But the speaker was anything but thin. He was Billy Bunter, the fattest junior at Greyfriars.

"Blessed if I know, Billy," said Bob Cherry, the fighting man of the Remove.

"That's it!"

"Good!" said Billy Bunter. "Though I'm blessed if I can see what Wharton

and Nugent want to make a fuss like this over a feed! They've only to ask me to take the arrangements in hand, and—"

"And the grub inside!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Bob Cherry!"
"Rats! Here comes Wharton! Shut up, Billy!"

Billy Bunter, with a very offended expression on his fat face, lapsed into silence. Harry Wharton pushed his way through the crowd of juniors, and climbed on top of a desk.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Plenty of Offers!

"GENTLEMEN—"
"Hurray!"

"I've news of the utmost importance to the Remove!" shouted Harry Wharton. "So don't interrupt!"

"Hurray!"
"Good old Wharton!"

"Shut up!" roared Harry Wharton. "Let a chap speak! I've just seen the Head, and Sir Hilton Popper—"
"Groom!"

"I knew there was some catch in it!" sneered Skinner, the cad of the Remove.

"Another thumping row, I suppose?"

"Biff that idiot, Bob Cherry!" growled Wharton. "If you chaps will let me explain—"

"What's the peppery one grumbling about now?" asked Vernon-Smith, who always liked to get straight to the point.

Harry Wharton groaned.

"Shut up, for goodness' sake!" he said. "It isn't a row!"

"Then what's Sir Hilton Popper doing if he's not rowing?" demanded Bulstrode, the burly junior who had once been the biggest bully in the Remove.

"He's offering a bowl!" began Wharton again.

"To bowl?" echoed Tom Brown, with a laugh. "Is fat and forty taking up cricket this year?"

Harry Wharton groaned again. Being speaker at a meeting like the present one was anything but easy.

"If you fat-headed chumps can't stop gassing for a few moments," he said wearily, "I shall get down and tell you nothing about Sir Hilton's offer!"

"Then it isn't a feed?" asked Billy Bunter, in tones of great disappointment.

"You fat chump! Do you want a silver challenge bowl to eat?" howled Wharton.

"A silver challenge bowl?"
"Popper! Silver bowl!"

A gasp of surprise rose from the juniors, and they looked at one another as if they could hardly believe their ears. Bob Cherry became serious at once.

"Here!" he called out. "Keep quiet, you chaps! It's up to Wharton to explain matters before I have a fit!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a serious matter—having fits, I mean," added Bob Cherry.

"Are you holding this meeting or am I?" howled Harry Wharton. "Smithy, biff that chump in the eye if he talks again!"

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Get on with the washing, Harry! I'm as muzz as an oyster!" he said.

And Harry Wharton cleared his throat to get on with the washing, as Bob Cherry expressed it.

"I've just seen the Head, chaps, and he has told me that Sir Hilton Popper has offered a bowl to be competed for

by the Lower School in a boat-race. He has seen Wingate, who agrees that the Third Form kids are too young and small to hold much chance against us, and—"

"Hear, hear!"

"So the race is to be between the Upper Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth! One race is to be held on Wednesday afternoon, when two of the crews are to pull for the chance to row against the third crew. I do not know exactly how matters are being arranged, but so far as I can see, one of the Forms will get a bye. The winners of the race on Wednesday meet the crew which had the bye—"

"And put them to bye-bye!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Which won't be the Remove!" said Bob Cherry firmly.

"Shut up!" shouted Wharton. "I haven't finished yet. The race was to have been held on Wednesday; he's going away on Sunday. But the Head forgot all about the letter from Sir Hilton Popper until a few minutes ago, when I sent for me. So the final is on Saturday. I've called this meeting, as I think every chap ought to know about it. If we're drawn up against that fat-head Coker—"

"We'll pulverise them!" howled a score of voices.

"Put me down, Wharton!"

"And me!"

"Bulstrode's my name—I'm cox!"

"Which shows how much you know about the game!" snorted Frank Nugent.

"Of course, I'm cox!" shouted Billy Bunter. "What I wanted is a chap with plenty of beef, not a skinny fellow like Bulstrode!"

"Why, you fat owl—" howled Bulstrode.

"Owl!"

"Well, the fat idiot shouldn't—"

"Really, Bulstrode, you must admit you haven't such a fine figure as I have," said Billy Bunter loftily.

"No, if I had I'd sell myself to a blubber merchant, and leave a fortune to my relatives!" growled Bulstrode.

"Got my name down?" asked Johnny Ball.

"I haven't got anybody's name down yet," said Wharton. "The meeting was called because I want everybody who thinks he knows anything about rowing to come down to the river at seven to-morrow morning, and prove it."

"I'll be there!"

"So will I!"

"I say, Wharton, you're making a great mistake, you know," interposed the piping tones of Billy Bunter.

"Eh? Where's the mistake come in?" demanded Wharton.

"Seven o'clock is a bad time to commence rowing," explained Billy Bunter.

"A chap can't row on an empty stomach—"

"No; he generally rows on the river!" interrupted Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you fellows! What I mean is—as I'm to be cox, I simply can't injure my constitution by getting up so early and waiting so long for breakfast. Of course, if somebody likes to stand me a feed—"

"Bow-wow!" snorted Wharton. "Cox doesn't row, you fathead; he sits at the steering end. You mean stroke!"

"Y-y-yes. Of course, I knew that 'cox' always sits on the steering-wheel," said Billy Bunter, with a smug grin. "I—I—I was only testing you to see how much you knew about it yourself, Wharton."



With a suddenness that left Nugent staring, Wharton pulled at the tablecloth and dragged Nugent's books and papers to the floor. "You—you utter ass!" shrieked Nugent. "My giddy prep——" "Blow your prep," said Wharton. "I've got news!" (See Chapter I.)

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Some Second-Former will be our Cox," said Wharton. "We want somebody light for that job. Anybody got any name to suggest?"

"Dicky Nugent!"

The juniors howled out the name as with one voice, Frank Nugent flushed with pleasure. It was a direct compliment to his younger brother in the Second Form that so many of the Removeites should think of him so quickly.

"I say, you chaps, that's jolly good of you!" stammered Frank.

"Oh, rats! Of course, Dicky is the only one we could think of!" said Vernon-Smith.

Frank nodded, but his eyes shone with pleasure when the meeting broke up.

Harry Wharton returned to Study No. 1 with Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bharipur. But Frank Nugent did not go with them. He made his way to the Second Form Common-room in search of Dicky.

He found his minor with Myers and Gatty, sitting before the empty fire-grate, arguing football. The fags looked up as the Removeite entered.

"Hallo, Franky! Come for trouble?" asked Dicky.

"There's plenty here if you want it, you know," added Gatty.

Frank Nugent laughed.

"No; I come on a peaceful mission, you cheeky fags!" he said. "Dicky, there's going to be bonfires on Wednesday and Saturday——"

"My hat!"

"Sir Hilton Popper's given a bowl as a prize," went on the Removeite. "It's between the Upper Fourth, Fifth, and Remove, and our chaps have just had a meeting. Wharton called for names for Cox, and the chaps yelled——"

"Dicky Nugent!" said that worthy, with a grin.

"Exactly!"

Dicky stared. He had hardly expected that.

"If you want the job—yes?" answered Frank.

"Want it! My hat! I should say I do!" declared Dicky enthusiastically.

"Blessed if I thought the Remove chaps had so much sense!"

Frank Nugent laughed, and with shining eyes nodded and left the Common-room, having transported his younger brother to the seventh heaven of delight.

"I say, you chaps!" said Dicky, when the door closed behind the Removeite.

"Where's that blessed blower we were saving for to-morrow! We'll just have time to cook it, and celebrate this bit of news!"

"What ho!" said Gatty and Myers.

And the fags, wildly excited at the honour bestowed upon their leader, hurried to begin the celebrations in a manner after their own hearts.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Morning Trials!

"UP you get, you chaps!"

Bob Cherry roared out those words at the top of his voice.

Bob, always an early riser, had washed himself and half dressed before he had decided that six-thirty was the latest at which the juniors could remain in bed.

Harry Wharton sat up and yawned.

"I say, Bob, you're early this morning, aren't you?" he said; then, suddenly remembering the importance of the day, chambered out of bed. "I'd forgotten

for the moment. Out of it, you slackers!"

"How long have you been up, Wharton?" asked Johnny Bull calmly.

"Ahem! Never mind—I'm up," said Wharton hastily.

"There are only three bents, you know, and the chaps who are there first get the chance to prove their worth!"

"Those words, as Bob Cherry afterwards said, acted more quickly than a wet sponge. Fellows who were eager to get into the Remove crew sprang out of bed, and hastily performed their ablutions, and dressed.

Billy Hunter, however, after a moment's hesitation, decided that it was warmer in bed.

"I don't think it's necessary for me to get in any practice," he said. "I'm always in good trim."

"Get up, you fat slacker!" growled Bob Cherry.

"I might say that the chaps in bed when I'm ready to go are going to get sponges down their backs!"

"You'd better not put a sponge down my neck!" growled Skinner, whose bed was at the end of the dormitory.

He had not intended that Bob Cherry should hear his words. But Bob had good hearing, and he heard. He did not speak, but going quickly to the nearest basin, soaked a sponge.

With this in his hand, he scrambled down the dormitory. Skinner, who had turned over after muttering his threat, could not see him coming. But he soon knew that Bob had arrived.

Squelch! A stream of icy water shot down Skinner's neck and trickled down his back. He sat up with a yell of wrath and surprise.

"Ow! Yoop!" he roared. "What the——"

"Get up, dearie!" said Bob Cherry.

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erectly. "You said I'd better not put a sponge down your neck. Here it goes!" "Keep off, you beast!" yelled Skinner. "You're—Ow! You! I'll get up, but not—"

"That's what I thought you'd do!" said Bob Cherry, as he struggled to force the wet sponge down the slacker's neck. "But the sponge is not quite down your neck yet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There you are—it's right down!" said Bob, giving the sponge a final shove. "If you want to speak to me about it, come down by the boathouse, there's a good chap! A couple of rounds will do me good after a stiff pull on the river!"

Skinner, muttering threats which he took care Bob Cherry should not hear, climbed out of bed, and hastily removed his pyjama-jackets. Even Skinner did not care about remaining in bed in a jacket soaked through with icy-cold water.

"Anybody else felt tired this morning?" asked Bob Cherry, taking up another sponge.

He eyed, as he spoke, the fat form of William George Hunter. William George heaved a sigh, and reluctantly got out of bed.

"That's right, Cherry!" he said, with a yawn. "Fetch 'em all out! I don't believe in slacking in bed when there's an important race to be trained for!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you fat, burbling chump!" howled Skinner. "You've only just got out yourself!"

"Oh, really, Skinner! It didn't want a wet sponge to do it, any old how!" said Billy, with a snort.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, chaps! Time's getting on!"

And the juniors hurried down the stairs and out of the gates, down to the boathouse. They heard a splashing of ice before they arrived at the water's edge, and they looked at one another.

"My hat! Somebody is out mighty early!" said Bob Cherry. "My hat! It's Coker!"

Horace Coker, the lordly Fifth-Former, looked towards the juniors and grinned. "Come on, you slackers!" he roared. "You'll want all the practice you can get in!"

"Rats!" Cherry shouted back. "We'd lick your rotten crew any old time!"

"Don't argue with the chump!" roared Harry Wharton. "Grab a boat, you chaps!"

There were three boats allotted to the Remove Form at Greyfriars. They were quickly run out, and Harry Wharton's crew was made up by Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Hurree Janset Ram Singh, Frank Nugent, Tom Brown, Percy Holmover, and Piet Delarey, the South African junior.

Dick Penfold, who had arrived a few minutes late, came up to Wharton, as the Remove captain was getting into his boat.

"I'll be cox this morning," said Dick Penfold. "Sorry I was late—"

"That's my job, thanks!" interposed a cool voice from behind.

Dick glanced behind, and grinned. Dicky Nugent with his faithful followers, Gatty and Myers, close in attendance, stood with his hands in his pockets, and a cheeky grin on his face.

"Right you are, Dicky!" said Penfold good-naturedly. "I'll give way!"

Dicky nodded, and grinned again.

"Neither here!" roared Bulstrode. "Hi, Penfold! Come on, you slacker!"

Penfold ran over to the third boat, and Dicky clambered in the little seat in Harry Wharton's boat.

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"Shove her off, Gatty!" said Dicky, assuming a commanding air. "Ready, you fatheads? Go!"

The Removites glared at their little captain. It was hardly the rule for a cox to call his crew fatheads. But the cox in a racing-boat is an important person, and eight ears dipped in the water at the word of command.

To begin with, the rowing was not graceful. Harry Wharton, at stroke, could not see what was going on, as he had his back turned to his crew. But Dicky could see what was wrong, and he made it known in a manner far more forcible than polite.

"Bull, you silly chump, you're a second behind stroke!" he roared. "Dip in together! Inky, you fathead, you're half a second behind Bull! Bless my Sunday topknot, you're the rottenest team in existence—crew, I mean!"

"Shut-up—Dicky!" panted Wharton, pulling away steadily.

"Rats!" said Dicky, with a snort. "I'm hoss here, young Wharton! Altogether, now! Hooo, hooo, hooo, hooo, hooo!"

Whatever might be said about Dicky's method of training, it could not be denied that he succeeded in getting the oarsmen to keep better time before he had been out with them ten minutes. Once he stopped the crew, and harangued them for fully three minutes.

"You're the biggest set of asses I ever saw handing ours!" he declared. "Talk about time! That great chump Bull is well nearly a second behind stroke. Bob Cherry is lugging on his scull as if he were pulling a barge, and Brown is jerking as though he were pulling a cork out of a gingerbeer bottle! You'll have to work together, or I'll chuck up the job in disgust!"

"I'll chuck you in the river, if I have any more of your sauce!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Rats!" said Dicky cheerfully. "You silly asses are under my orders here, and I don't want any old back! Ready? Don't pull that ugly chivy, Delarey! You'll give in half a dozen boards!"

"My hat! Run her in, Wharton, and I'll—"

"Go!" yelled Dicky.

Eight sculls dipped in the water without a splash, and the eight juniors pulled steadily away.

"Hooo, hooo, hooo!" shrieked Dicky. "Longer pull, number seven!"

No. 7, represented by Hurree Singh, obeyed with a murmur.

Up to the end of the bend of the river Dicky kept his crew working at half-speed, and then he decided to turn and come back at full speed. They turned all right, and the word of command was given to start again. But the crew did not get far.

By some means they could not explain for the moment, Billy Bunter had succeeded in getting in the second boat. Snoop, Stott, Hazeldene, Fisher T. Fish, Peter Todd, Tom Dutton, and Mark Linley made up the eight oarsmen in this boat, whilst little Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, was acting as cox.

Linley was stroke, whilst Billy Bunter was number four. And Billy Bunter was demonstrating how magnificently he was in trim.

"Slack up!" roared Dicky, choking with laughter. "Turn and have a look at the crew coming up, you chaps!"

The crew turned, and they looked. And for a moment they watched the scene spellbound. But only for a moment. Then they doubled up, and laughed until the tears streamed down their faces.

They drifted down the river towards

the second boat, and could hear what was being said.

"Bunter, you vally much fat chump!" Wun Lung shrieked out. "You plumpy mumble behind Linley. Tly again. Go!"

Bang down into the water went Billy Bunter's oar, until it was all but perpendicular. The result of the tremendous weight he put into the stroke could only have one ending.

Up came the scull, right under that of Peter Todd, who was No. 2 in the crew. Peter was just taking his scull backward, and it caught Billy Bunter's. Locked together, the two oars were dipped again, and Billy Bunter put all his weight and strength into the pull.

"Lookee out!" howled Wun Lung, clucking desperately to the rocking boat. "We goee orel!"

"Oh, you slabsided jay—guggle—guggle!"

That was all Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, had time to say, for the boat overturned and tossed the crew into the water. For a moment there was little to be seen save the floating sculls and the upturned boat, and then the juniors came up to the surface.

"Yow! Help! Police! Fire! Murder!" howled Billy Bunter. "I'm drowned!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Harry Wharton's crew.

"Rescue! Launch the lifeboat!" howled Billy.

"I'll launch you one in the eye when I get out!" gasped Peter Todd. "You fat, burbling chump!"

"Duck the galeot!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "By jinks, I guess he's the maddest jay—"

Fish broke off, completely at a loss for words, and turned towards the river-bank. But Mark Linley, who knew that the river at that part was not very deep, did not attempt to make for the bank.

He swam towards the howling Bunter, and grasped him by the hair.

"You fat idiot!" he growled. "I'll teach you to muck up our training! Under you go!"

"Keep him off!" shrieked Billy Bunter. "I'm drowned! Murder! Police! Call the fire brigade—I mean—Ow! Yoo! Lin—Grrrrrrrrrrh!"

Under went Billy Bunter, and his voice was drowned, if he wasn't! Three Mark Linley ducked him before pushing him, still howling, towards the bank. There willing hands grasped him, and dragged him ashore.

The lands were not stilling because their seniors wished to save the fat junior from an untimely end. The juniors wanted Billy Bunter on dry land—wanted him badly. And when they got him, they showed no signs of letting him go.

He was raised by the united efforts of the crew of eight, and bumped upon the ground. Then he was raised and bumped again.

"Ow! Yow! Leggo, you beast! I sha'n't row—ow!—any more!" yelled Bunter.

"I'm jolly sure you won't!" growled Mark Linley. "Up with him, you chaps!"

Up again, and down upon the hard, unsympathetic ground with a bump, and there Billy lay, gasping for breath, and half-convicted that he was not only drowned, but that every bone in his fat body was broken.

Practice after that, even for the first and third boats, was impossible. The antics of the crew of the second boat had settled that. The juniors could not row for laughing.

Coker & Co. had come down in time to see the overturning of the boat, and many were the taunts flung at the Removites.



"Who the dickens are you?" shouted Sir Hilton Popper, shining the light on the two figures. "Greyfriars, by gad!" the baronet added angrily. "Ha! I might have known it, by gad! Breaking bounds, and sneaking in here, eh!"
(See Chapter 5.)

But the juniors did not mind taunts. They had had enough fun to keep them cheerful under almost anything.

The boats were put away, and the still laughing juniors went back to Greyfriars for breakfast.

THE FOURTH-CHAPTER.

The First Race!

THERE was a deal of discontent in the Remove when the final selection of the Remove eight was made known. Skinner and his cronies, Snoop and Stott, found therein a chance to once more state that the sports of the Forns were conducted solely for the benefit of Harry Wharton and his chums. For the list read:

"Cox, Richard Nugent, Second Form; stroke, H. Wharton. The following juniors have been selected for the remaining seven places, taking the places marked against their names: 2. Hurree James Ram Singh; 3. John Bull; 4. F. Nugent; 5. G. Bulstrode; 6. P. Tost; 7. R. Cherry; 8. H. Vernon-Smith. Signed, H. Wharton."

The juniors clustered round the notice-board as soon as Wharton pinned the list up, and it was quickly scanned.

"I say, Wharton, where am I going?" demanded Billy Bunter.

"Isn't your name down there?" asked Wharton, in feigned surprise.

"You know jolly well it isn't!" shouted Bunter. "It's petty jealousy again!"

"Rats!"

"Can't see why Linley hasn't got a place," growled Skinner.

Harold Skinner said that, not because he was a friend of Mark Linley's—he was far from that—but because he wished to show that he disapproved of the election.

"I can see why," said Mark Linley quietly.

"Oh, and what's the reason?" asked Skinner, with a sneer. "Because you're a factory—"

Mark Linley's eye gleamed, and Skinner wisely left the last word unsaid.

"Because I'm not so good as any chap named on the list," said the Lancashire lad. "That's the reason—and a very good one, too!"

Harry Wharton nodded his thanks, and walked away. But the discussion did not end when the captain of the Remove was no longer within hearing. Billy Bunter, despite his recent exhibition on the Sark, did not believe for a moment that he had been kept out of the crew because he was not good enough.

Billy was obsessed with the idea that Wharton was jealous of his prowess as a sportsman.

"I hope they jolly well lose!" said Bunter, in deep disgust.

"Oh, do you?" said Dick Penfold and Pip Delaney, at once. "Collar the traitor, chaps!"

"The chaps" obliged, and Billy Bunter was collared.

"I say, you fellows," he said hastily, "it—it—it was only a joke, you know."

"So is this," said Penfold.

Bump, bump, bump!

William George Bunter couldn't see the joke in that, and he howled.

"You! Leggo! Yarsoooo!"

"Once more!" gasped Delaney.

Bump!

"You! Wow!"

Billy Bunter was left by the notice-board, and the juniors departed, grinning. The majority of the juniors who had lived in hopes of getting a place in the Remove crew were not disappointed because their hopes were smashed. In the crew or out of it they wanted the Remove to win.

Wingate had given instructions that

Temple, leader of the Uppers, Fourth, Horace Coker of the Fifth, and Harry Wharton of the Remove, were to meet in his study at twelve o'clock on Wednesday. The list had been placed on the board by Harry Wharton just before twelve, and the captain of the Remove went straight from there to the prefect's study.

He found Coker and Temple already in the study, and Wingate was looking at the clock on the mantelpiece with a frown. He turned as Wharton came in. "Come on, Wharton!" he said. "You're just in time!"

"Good!" said Wharton cheerfully.

"Now, the Head has left it to me to settle the contestants for the race this afternoon, you chaps," said George Wingate kindly. "I suppose you haven't any objection to that?"

"No fear!" said Wharton.

"Rather not," said Temple.

"The Head's school-house!" declared Coker magnanimously.

"Right!" went on Wingate, with a smile. "Now I think the best way to settle which two teams are to race this afternoon is by the simple method of tossing. Old man out gets a bye. Are you agreeable?"

Wharton nodded at once. He had wondered if that was the means by which the Wednesday competitors would be chosen. Temple and Coker nodded in turn.

"Right!" said Wingate again. "We're getting on a treat. Here are three pennies, chaps. Spin them up, and let them fall to the carpet. The odd man gets a bye, the other two race this afternoon. Up they go!"

The three coins were sent spinning into the air, and they fell to the carpet without bumping. Wingate and the

three leaders looked down eagerly. Three heads were showing on the coins.

"Up again!" ordered Wingate. "All the same!"

Again the three coins spun in the air, and again they fell to the carpet. The toes settled the matter.

"Temple gets the bye!" said Wharton, and his lips drew together, grimly.

"We're for the race, Coker!"

"And may the best crew win!" said Wingate heartily. "I shall be there to see the race!"

"Good!" said Wharton.

And he left the study in company with Temple and Coker.

"Rather hard luck your being thrown against us first round," said Coker loftily.

"Had you got up against Temple & Co. you'd have stood a chance of meeting us in the final. Now, of course—"

"It's not a chance; it's a dead cert!" said Harry Wharton, with a chuckle.

"So long!"

"Why, you cheeky lag—" began Coker.

But Wharton had gone. Coker turned to Temple, but the Upper Fourth leader was also half-way down the corridor. So, with nobody to speak to, Horace Coker made his way to his own study.

Blundell was the recognised skipper of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars. But Blundell, although he shone at footer and cricket, was not a good man in a boat, and was the first to acknowledge it. He had helped the great Coker to select a crew, but that was as much as he had been able to do so far as the race was concerned.

It was two-thirty when the first crew went to the water, and by that time the banks were lined with juniors and seniors from Greyfriars.

The course stretched from half a mile after the other side of the bend down to the boathouse.

Two minutes after Harry Wharton & Co. had appeared, Coker led his crew to the Fifth-Formers' boat, and they took their places in the small, frail craft.

There was a lofty expression on Coker's face, just as if he thought it was really hardly necessary to row against the Remove in order to get to the final.

The race, in Horace Coker's opinion, was as good as over and won.

But Wingate, and several other Sixth-Formers, who watched Harry Wharton's crew pull their boat up to the starting-point, looked on with approval. There was grim determination in every face in the Remove boat.

"Coker's got to go all out to beat that crew!" said Wingate. "I see young Nugent is their Cox, and he's a mighty good one, too! Coker has got Potter as Cox, and Potter is too big."

"That's so!" said North.

The two crews disappeared round the bend in the river, and the excitement grew. All heads were turned towards the bend, waiting for the sound of the pistol to announce that Dr. Locke had started the crews.

Bang!

The report came at last, and cheers from far away reached the ears of the waiting spectators by the boathouse.

"Here they come!"

Coker's boat was the first to appear, the Remove boat being half a dozen yards behind.

Dicky Nugent sat in his little seat, his eyes fixed on the quickly moving sculls of his crew. He never raised his eyes to look at Coker's boat.

"Steady, No. 5!" howled Dicky through the small megaphone, which was fixed at his lips by a tape which passed round his head. "Don't jerk! Hoos! Hoos! Hoos!"

"Go it!" howled Potter, almost beside himself with excitement. "You're miles ahead!"

The crew could see exactly how much they were ahead. And they suddenly saw Dicky Nugent raise his head for the first time, and look down at the river.

"Now!" shouted Dicky. "We're going to put on a spurt! Hoos! Hoos! Hoos!"

"They're too late!" said Wingate, as calmly as he could. "Little Nugent has kept them back too long!"

"Fraid so!" agreed North.

That was the opinion Horace Coker had, too. He saw the stroke of the rival oarsmen quicken, and he increased his own a second later. But Coker suddenly realised that his boat did not seem to shoot forward so fast as the Remove was creeping up.

"Hoos! Hoos! Hoos!" shouted Nugent. "No quicker, you fatheads! You're coming up! Steady, you blithering asses! Steady! Hoos! Hoos!"

Dicky's method of encouraging his crew was not quite orthodox. But the cheerful, cheeky lag, waving backwards and forwards, shouted and raved at them with very great effect, nevertheless!

Inch by inch the Remove crept up, but the nose of Coker's boat was still ahead, and there was not much farther to go.

"Steady, No. 4!" hooted Dicky. "I'll brain you if you quaken! Turn your head from Coker's rotten mob! Hoos! Hoos! Hoosooooo!"

Coker's crew tried to spurt, but they could go no quicker than they had been going all along. Dicky had kept his crew going at a couple of strokes less per minute than had Potter, until he had given the word to quaken.

"They'll get it yet!" roared Wingate, throwing his Sixth Form dignity to the winds. "The kids'll do it! They're up!"

"Hoos! Hoos!" roared Dicky Nugent. "You're there, you great asses! Steady! Steady, for the love of Mike No. 3!"

Vernon-Smith, at No. 8, steeled obediently, although it seemed to him that he had only to throw in two extra ounces to put the nose of their boat ahead. He could not see that the nose was already in front—in front a foot, but enough if it could be kept there.

The excitement on the banks of the river was terrific. The roaring of advice and the yelling encouragement to both crews must have been heard by Sir Hilton Popper in his library if he were there at the moment.

The Removites had closed their eyes, and were pulling almost mechanically every time Dicky shouted "Hoos!" The lag noticed it, and realised that with fifty yards to go his team were weakening against the stronger Fifth-Formers.

For a moment the lag's heart sank. He realised that much less than fifty yards would beat the Removites, unless something was done.

"Hoos, hoos, hoos!" he shouted, quicker than ever before in that great race.

"They'll draw up! Hoos!"

Maddly, though their chests and arms seemed like burning with the strain, the Removites answered the call of their young captain. And inch by inch the Removites' craft was moving ahead; then—

"Lay to!" roared Dicky. "You're won, you fatheaded lot of boobies, you've won!"

"Remove! Remove wins!"

A terrific roar of voices rose from the crowded spectators on the banks, and Mr. Quelch, who was acting as judge, had no need to give his verdict.

Everybody could see that the Remove crew had got their boat up, and in front in the last few yards. The Removites on the banks went mad with excitement. The Fifth-Formers cheered a hoarse, although they had lost to a younger crew.

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The winners had collapsed over their sculls as Dicky had yelled to them that the race was over, and were gasping for breath. Harry Wharton was the first to look up.

"Dicky!" he panted. "You won that race for us—you're a brick!"

"Rats!" said Dicky cheerfully. "Don't talk out of the back of your neck!"

Wharton grinned feebly, and turned to see how his crew were recovering. Coker's crew had fallen to much the same posture as the Remove crew, but Coker waved his hand from across the water towards Wharton.

The racing craft were paddled slowly towards the landing-stage, where willing hands helped the contestants out. Wingate was the first to speak.

"You owe a lot to young Dicky Nugent, Wharton," said the captain of Greyfriars. "He held you together wonderfully well. The next time Greyfriars turns out a crew to compete against other schools, Nugent minor, you'll be our Cox!"

"Oh, Wingate!" was all Dicky could say.

"And you jolly well deserve it!" declared Wharton. "Come on, kid! You're coming to our study to celebrate!"

"And can I bring Gatty and Myers?" asked Dicky quickly.

"Yes, if you like!" laughed Wharton.

And Dicky did.

During the meal Coker looked in to say that he didn't know how the Remove had done it, but they had done it. By which the juniors correctly understood that the great Horace had not yet grasped the fact that the Remove could turn out as good—even better—a crew than could the Fifth Form.

"We'll lick you next time!" said Coker. "Jolly good luck to you on Saturday—that's what I came to say!"

"Thanks, Coker! Have a bun!" asked Wharton solemnly.

Coker declined with thanks, and departed to the cheers of the Removites. Despite his brash ways and his lofty views, old Coker was one of the best!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Brothers in Trouble!

TEMPLE & Co., of the Upper Fourth Form at Greyfriars, went into very serious training after they had witnessed the defeat of Coker's crew in the first race for Sir Hilton Popper's silver bowl. They had thought that it was a foregone conclusion that they would meet the Fifth-Formers in the final, and knew that they would have all their work cut out to beat them.

But matters were even more serious now. The Remove crew, by sheer pluck and skill, had beaten the Fifth-Formers. Temple, Dabney, and Fry began to take the Remove crew very seriously.

Harry Wharton very wisely decided that his crew should rest the day after the first race. They were stiff and not a little tired as a result of their energies of the previous day. To exercise them in the circumstances would be to make them "sleaz."

Wharton was lounging in the study with Nugent when Billy Bunter poked his head round the door.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off, there's a good chap, Billy," said Wharton lazily. "We're too tired to listen to you to-day. Besides, we're stony after last night's celebrations!"

"Oh, really Wharton, I didn't come to ask for a loan," said Bunter remon-

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars

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The

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EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

HOW TO CONDUCT A TRIAL!

By Robert Cherry, K.C.

We are now publishing a special Easter Number of the "Greyfriars Herald," for the simple reason that we don't want to clash with the Special Holiday Number of "Billy Hunter's Weekly," which is appearing in the "Popular." We should not like it said that we are in the habit of cribbing any of Billy's brainy stunts!

At the same time, I cannot let the opportunity pass of wishing all my reader-chums a real good time this Eastertide. Some of you will get long holidays, some will get short ones; but whether they are long or short, I hope you will enjoy them up to the hilt. And the other members of my Staff have chimed in with a hearty "Hear, hear!"

There's nothing like holidays for toning up the system and making you feel in tune with life. I can't imagine a whole year without holidays, can you? And yet among my great army of chums there are some who have never tasted the delights of a holiday.

A few days ago I had a letter from a plucky fellow living at Northampton. I call him plucky advisedly, because he is a breadwinner, fighting hard to keep his home going, and to stave off the spectre of acute poverty. This fellow, whose position is very similar to that which Mark Linley occupied before he came to Greyfriars, has to work all day in a factory. Through no fault of his own, he has been unable to get a good education, so he attends regularly at evening classes, besides getting through a tremendous amount of study at home, so that he may advance in life, and be better able to support his parents. His father was disabled in the war, and is in receipt of a small pension.

"What are holidays?" writes my Northampton chum. And he might well ask the question, for he has little or no leisure, and it will be a long time before he can afford to take a week or so off.

But I have no doubt that a fellow of his calibre will win through in the end. Perseverance brings its reward, and I hope the day is not far distant when the sun will shine for my Northampton chum, and he will find himself in a position to enjoy a much-needed rest. At present the only time he has to call his own is an hour or two on Sunday afternoon, and then he reads the *MAGNET* and the "Greyfriars Herald."

Once again, let me wish all my chums, far and near, a right ripping time this Eastertide!

Harry Wharton.

Of course, it's really the Judge's job to conduct a trial at the Greyfriars Police Court, but the barristers have a good deal to say in bringing about the ultimate verdict.

It is not my object in this short article to tell you how you may become a barrister. It takes years and years of hard sweating, and you've got to know the law upside-down and inside-out before you can do a wig and shove "K.C." after your name.

There are several K.C.'s at Greyfriars, including Mr. Peter Todd, Mr. Richard Russell, Mr. Mark Linley, and Mr. Harold Skinner. But for sheer eloquence and the ability to fight a case nobody can touch your Uncle Bob!

Now, the most important question a K.C. has to decide is this: Shall he prosecute or defend? Shall he attack the prisoner at the bar, and tear him to pieces—metaphorically, of course—or shall he hellow to the Court: "This kid's no more guilty than I am!"

Well, it depends entirely upon the prisoner which course you adopt. If the prisoner is a fellow who borrowed five bob off you at the beginning of the term, and hasn't paid it back, or if he gave you a licking the last time you had the gloves on, prosecute the bouncer without mercy!

If, on the other hand, prisoner is a pal of yours—if he has backed you through storm and thin, and through thick and shine—you know what I mean—then it's up to you to defend him with your life's blood, if need be.

I well remember the first case I was engaged in. That bulging lout Bolsover major was charged with heaving a brickbat through the window of Study No. 1 in a moment of weakness. Goodness knows what he would have heaved in a moment of strength!

Bolsover's no friend of mine, but he came to me the day before the trial, and, blubbing in a deep bass voice, he entreated me to defend him.

"Who's the counsel for the prosecution?" I asked.

"Mr. Peter Todd, K.C."

"Oh, good! I shall be glad to fight a case against Todd! Boly on me to put up the best defence possible."

Bolsover thanked me in broken accents, and next morning he duly appeared in the dock, flanked by two stalwart constables.

Mr. Justice Wharton was head cook and bottle-washer, and he felt so furious to think that his study window had been smashed that he sentenced prisoner to a term of hard labour right away.

Todd's speech was brief and to the point. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "there isn't a shadow of doubt that prisoner heaved that brickbat through the window, because I saw him do it! You will oblige me by bringing in a verdict of 'Guilty' at once!"

Half a jiffy," I interjected. "As counsel

for the defence, I desire to say a few words on prisoner's behalf. He's perfectly innocent. Look at him, gentlemen! Does he strike you as being the sort of fellow to go about heaving brickbats? Why, he's as gentle as a giddy lamb, ain't you, Boly?"

"Not half!" said the prisoner. "But I saw him heave the blessed brick!" hooked Peter Todd.

I smiled sweetly at my learned friend.

"It must have been a case of mistaken identity," I said. "You thought it was Bolsover major, but all the time it was Skinner!"

"It wasn't!" yelled Skinner.

And there was loud laughter in court. Billy Bolsover was then called as a witness. He declared that he had seen Bolsover major commit the offence.

"I can place no reliance on the testimony of this witness!" I said. "Everybody knows he's as blind as a bat. The fellow he saw must have been Baldrodd!"

"Why, you cheeky rotter!" roared Baldrodd. "If you take my name to vain like that I—I'll bury you!"

"Silence in court!" commanded his worship. "I think it's pretty clear, from the evidence we have heard, that the prisoner is guilty!"

I realised that my reputation as a barrister was in the balance. If the prisoner was convicted, I should lose quite a lot of clients. If, on the other hand, I got him off, my fame as a K.C. would spread.

His worship summed up by saying that, if the jury didn't bring in a verdict of "Guilty," they would be a set of wooden-headed clumps.

"You will retire, gentlemen," he said, "and consider your verdict."

I hurried out of the court, and joined the jury in the tuckshop.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, laying a ten-bob note on the counter, "what are you going to have?"

I doost the gentlemen of the jury a pleasant little snack all round, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

"By the way," said Vernon-Smith suddenly, "we haven't discussed our verdict!"

"No need to discuss it," I said cheerfully. "I've already thought the whole thing out for you, and I've come to the conclusion that the prisoner, in spite of what he says to the contrary, is not guilty!"

A verdict to that effect was returned, and Bolsover major got off scot-free.

That was my first case. And everybody said afterwards that it was my rousing and eloquent speech for the defence that got Bolsover off.

But, of course, it needs brains to become a successful barrister. And we're not all blessed with a superabundance of brain-power.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 685.

PUNISHMENT MADE EASY!

A Chatty Little Article, showing the Reader how to Fortify himself against Lashes and Lickings.
By HAROLD SKINNER.

Dreams and Their Meanings

Tom Brown, our Dream Expert, has bagged this column in order to answer a number of queer queries.



BOLSOVER MAJOR.—To dream of stars and comets means that you are shortly to be "knocked out" in the gym. Hope I'm to be the knocker-out.

BILLY BUNTER.—No, my dear fellow. If you dream of a mail-train rushing along at sixty miles an hour, it doesn't mean that your postal-order is on the way. It means that you are far too substantial a supper overnight.

HAROLD SKINNER.—If you dream that a pig is being slaughtered, and that it utters six distinct squeals, it means that you are going to be licked by Quelchey, and that you will receive six stinging cuts.

GERALD LODER.—To dream that you are playing cricket, and that your middle "peg" is knocked out, means that you are shortly to be "bowled out" on one of your nocturnal expeditions.

FISHER T. FISH.—Dreams of buried treasure and vast wealth portend that you're going to be "broke" for the rest of the term.

GEORGE POTTER.—Your dream has a very ominous meaning. You say you were keeping cool for the P. fish, and that you were simply bombarded with shots. This means that you must be careful to keep out of the way of Mr. Prout's Winchester repeater.

HORACE COKER.—To dream that somebody emptied a pail of water on your head means that you are in danger of an attack of water on the brain.

P. HAZELDENE.—If you dream that you are taking part in a "sack" race, it is quite on the cards that you will shortly be expelled.

GEORGE WINGATE.—If in your dream you hurl a lighted cigarette out of your study window, it means that you are in danger of being your fog.

WILLIAM GOSLING.—To dream of earthquakes, landslides, and other calamities means that you must take more water with it.

BOB CHERRY.—Dreaming that the school is on fire signifies that you are one of those gay young sparks who is not easily roused out.

JACK DRAKE.—If you see a pair of crutches in your dream, it's a sure sign that you are going to be injured in the next football match.

DICKY NUGENT.—To dream that you are drowning implies that you will be ducked in the school fountain.

SAMMY BUNTER.—If you dream of bacon, it means that you will be given a hundred lines from Shakespeare.

SIDNEY SNOOP.—I can't interpret dreams about a terrible monster that threatens to devour you. In fact, I shouldn't dream of it!

OUR WEEKLY LIMERICK.

No. 15

A fog at St. Jim's, known as Frayne,

Once turned off the gas at the mayor;

Every study and room

Was pervaded with gloom;

It was plain that young Frayne was insane!

MY FOOTBOWL KOLLUM.

By Billy Bunter.

The other day, dear readers, I called a special meeting in the Rag to discuss the formation of a football club, to be styled the Bunter Crosseders.

The main object of the club was to play the reformed Remove team and beat them to a frazzle.

Well, the meeting was crowded, and to my delight I got quite a lot of support. Skinner & Co. called round, and Fisher T. Fish, Alonzo Todd, Wun Lung, and other crack players offered to join the club.

"Look hear," I said. "As president, secretary, and Jemoral supervisor of this club I mean to run it on a business footing. Each member of the club will have to pay a subscription of a bob."

Summat reluctantly, the fellows handed me three shillings.

I deducted ten bob altogether—a bob from each playing member of the club, barring myself.

"That's ten whole!" I exclaimed. "The Bunter Crosseders will now get busy. I'll challenge Wharton's team to a game to-morrow afternoon."

I did so, and Wharton jumped at the challenge.

"I've only one stipulation to make, Bunter," he said.

"What's that?"

"If by any chance the bawl gets busted, I shall expect you to provide a new one out of your fund."

"That's perfectly fair and reasonable," I said. "You provide your own bawl to start off with, and if anything happens to it I'll supply another in its place."

Well, dear readers, I foolishly intended to go down to the village neck mourning and buy a bawl.

But I only got as far as the tuck-shop, and I treated myself to a jolly good feed out of the club funds.

"After all, it wouldn't have been much use fagging down to the village," I told myself. "You can't buy a decent bawl for ten bob. Besides, the bawl that Wharton provides isn't likely to bust."

But, alas! that afternoon the unexpected happened.

The game was ten minutes old, and Wharton's side had scored about six goals—all off-side, of course!—when Johnny Bull took a mity kick at the bawl and pumched it!

"Hallo! Bawl's gone west!" said Wharton. "I shall have to trouble you for yores, Bunter."

"Ahen!"

"What are you kofling about?" demanded Wharton.

"I—I—I'm afraid I haven't bort a bawl!" I stammered.

"What!" roared Skinner. "Then what have you done with the club funds?"

I answered in silence.

"He's blotted them!" roared Fisher. "T. Fish. He's blotted our shilling shams!"

What could I say, dear readers? Nothing! What gorgeous could I make?

Their wasn't another bawl in the place, so the game had to be abandoned.

I wish the fellows had abandoned me as well! But they didn't. I was nearly torn him from him by the klammeras krowed.

And from that date the Bunter Crosseders ceased to exist!

All forms of punishment ought to be abolished.

I realised this long ago, and I went and told the Head my opinion. He promptly told me to hold out my hand, and I thought he was going to reward me for my brilliant suggestion. I got the reward all right—but it took the form of six stinging cuts!

In those days I knew very little about punishment, except that it hurt. But wisdom comes with advancing years, and to-day I am the President of the Painless Punishment Society, which instructs its pupils how to endure all forms of punishment without flicking an eyelash.

The most common form of punishment is the "impot." When I first came into the Remove, I was shovelled up with the beastly things, and I never had a minute to myself. On every half-holiday you'd find me in the detention-room, scribbling lines as if for a wager.

After a time I got fed up with this eternal slavery, and I invented a wonderful method whereby even the stiffest impot could be tackled in less than half an hour. I bought a duplicating outfit, and by this means I was able to roll off lines by the score. I've used the apparatus regularly ever since, and if I'm given a hundred lines by Quelchey, I can get 'em done before you can say, "What a briny fellow Skinner is!"

The next time you get an impot, get the Painless Punishment Society to do your lines for you. Turns: a bob a hundred. Think how nice it is to go and play foot, and find your impot completed when you come in!

We now come to the subject of lickings. These are divided, roughly speaking, into two sections—"handers" and "benders." In the case of the former you hold out your hand; in the case of the latter you touch your toes.

The P.P.S. will supply any customer with a bottle of resinous substance for fourpence. Rub this thoroughly into the palms of your hands—the resinous substance, not the fourpence!—and you'll find the licking is perfectly painless. In fact, you'll be able to grin at the master who happens to be laming you.

The other form of licking, "benders," requires a different preparation. The P.P.S. will teach you how to barricade your "bags" wisely and effectively. Don't do what Billy Bunter did on one occasion. The silly ass fortified himself with a frying-pan, and when the cane came down it made a metallic clink. Of course, Quelchey smelt a rat at once! The clumsy barricade was removed, and Bunter got a double dose!

I'm not going to let you into the secret regarding the nature of the barricade which I invented, in case this article should be read by any of the leaks. But any fellow who wishes to test it for himself should apply to the President of the P.P.S. All cheques are to be made payable to Harold Skinner, Esq., and crossed "Payable Punishment a/c." Remittances in the form of foreign stamps and other rubbish will not be accepted.

When you are unprotected against punishment, the best way to endure it without flinching is to count sheep going through a hedge. But if you are wise, you will come and consult the Painless Punishment expert without delay!

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BUNTER'S HOT CROSS BUNS!

By Johnny Bull.

ANYTHING startling on the notice-board?" asked Harry Wharton, as we came in from footer.

"Let's come and see," said Bob Cherry.

And we made our way to the notice-board in the hall.

There was certainly nothing startling—just the usual official announcement of the Easter vac:

NOTICE.

"The school will break up on Wednesday, the 23rd instant, for the Easter vacation.

"It is requested that the merry-making and revelry which takes place on the last day of the term shall be kept within reasonable bounds.

(Signed) H. R. LOCKE,
"Headmaster."

"Well, we're not going to be deprived of the vac, that's one blessing!" said Nugent. "It's breaking-up on Wednesday! Hurrah! The cheer was taken up by all of us, and it echoed through the hall."

"What's going on?" inquired Jack Drake, coming on the scene with Rodney.

"Don't know, and don't care!" said Bob Cherry. "But we're going off! Boo-hoo-did-dy-rum! The holidays start on Wednesday!"

"You fellows care to come and have tea in No. 37" asked Drake.

"Yes, rather!"

We went off and had tea with Drake and Rodney, and it wasn't until later in the evening that we saw the notice-board again. When we did see it, we fairly gasped. For the Head's notice had been completely obliterated from view by another—an ill-written, illegible announcement:

NOTICE!

"TRY BUNTER'S HOT X BUNNIES!
"ON SAIL THE LATEST DAY OF TERM!
"THEY WILL BE ONLY A LIMITED
"SUPPLY, SO BOOK YOUR ORDERS NOW!
"CASH MUST BE PAID AT TIME OF
"ORDERING.

"Toppence each! Toppence each!

And every bun's a blessed peach!"

"My only aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry. "If every bun's a peach, how can it be a bun?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is another of Bunter's hare-brained stunts," growled Wharton. "How does he suppose he's going to make enough hot cross buns to supply all Greyfriars?"

"Heater ask him," I said. "Here he comes!"

Billy Bunter bore down upon us with a beaming smile.

"I say, you fellows, how many buns are you going to have? Can I put you down for a dozen each?"

"Ain't," said Nugent. "You say these hot cross buns will be on sale the last day of term, that's Tuesday."

"Well?"

"The hot cross buns are intended for Good Friday, you champion chump!"

"There's no objection to your keeping 'em till Friday," said Bunter. "They'll get a bit stale, and they'll be cold cross buns instead of hot, but that won't make much difference. How many can I put you down for, you fellows?"

"Look here, porpoise," said Wharton, "you can't be serious? We know you're a jolly good cook, but you haven't the facilities for making hot cross buns. There's no oven in your study."

"I've got permission to use the school kitchen on Monday night."

"My hat!"

"I shall start work after tea, and keep going till midnight. The buns will be distributed on Tuesday morning. But you've got to pay for 'em now!"

"Well, I've no objection to sampling hot cross buns on a Tuesday, provided they're the real goods," said Jack Drake.

"They'll be top-hole—the best that money can buy!" Bunter assured him. "Can I put you down for two dozen, Drake?"

"No, you can't!" said Drake, laughing. "But I don't mind having half a dozen."

"That'll be a bob."

Drake paid over the money, and, after some hesitation, we followed his example.

We didn't like the idea of paying for the buns in advance, because we were doubtful as to how they would turn out. Still, there was no objection to being bound over the cash, and he booked our orders.

Billy Bunter did quite a roaring trade that day. When it became known that he had permission to use the kitchen, and that he proposed to make scores of buns, the demand became enormous. For, if any fellow at Greyfriars knows how to make buns—or anything else in the eating line, for that matter—it's Billy Bunter. He's always been an expert at cooking and baking. The unfortunate part of it is that he has a weakness for eating all that he cooks and bakes!

By tea-time on Monday, Bunter had collected quite a nice little sum. And he had collected orders from near and far. Even Wingate, of the Sixth, had condescended to order a dozen buns; and Coker, of the Fifth, who was going to give a big celebration on the last day of term, placed an order with Bunter for six dozen buns.

Bunter went down to the kitchen after tea, and got busy. He found that Mrs.



Bunter took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and set to work on the buns.

Kibble, the house-dame, had looked up all the ingredients, via case. Bunter would be tempted to sample what was within. But two bags of flour and two of curranat had been left on the kitchen table for Bunter.

The fat junior took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, and set to work. For four or five hours he slugged away industriously, and it must have been past midnight when he heard him come into the Remove.

A few of us happened to be awake.

"How are you getting on, Buntley?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Top-hole! I shall turn out early in the morning and finish off the job. And the buns will be dished up at ten o'clock."

Billy Bunter isn't overactive, as a rule, but he was down in the kitchen again before rising-bell, putting the finishing touches to his work. He knocked off in order to have his brekker; then he went back to the kitchen, and by nine o'clock his task was finished.

The fat junior surveyed his handiwork with considerable satisfaction. The buns had just been taken from the oven in large trays, and they were steaming hot.

"I say, Buntley—"

Bunter spun round with a snort of wrath.

"Out you get, Sammy! This is no place for you. If you think you're going to raid any of my buns—"

"I didn't come here for that," said Sammy Bunter. "Like yourself, I've got a soul that rises above eating and drinking. I just looked in to tell you that three of your sub-editors are here."

"Eh?"

"Tubby Muffin's come over from Rockwood, and Baggy Trimble and Fatty Wynne from St. Jim's. They want your instructions as to what they've got to write for your Weekly during the vac."

"Oh! Well, you can tell 'em to come in. I can't budge from this kitchen, in case somebody pinches the buns. Besides, I'm all floor."

Sammy Bunter departed, returning a moment later with the other fat subs who were on the staff of "Billy Bunter's Weekly."

"Hallo, Buntley!" said Fatty Wym. "You've been busy! Been up all night making these buns?"

"Best part of the night," answered Bunter. "I say, don't they look ripping?"

"Ret they're awfully stodgey!" said Tubby Muffin.

"Why, you ass, they're as light as—your head! Try one, and see!"

This was precisely what Tubby Muffin and Baggy Trimble wanted. Accordingly, they tried one of the buns; and Fatty Wynne did the same.

"Well!" said Billy Bunter, after there had been a steady champing of jaws for some seconds.

"You can't tell, just by sampling one, whether they're light or stodgey," said Fatty Wym. "You really want to try half a dozen!"

"Matter of fact, I haven't sampled one myself yet," said Billy Bunter. "I'll try one now."

He did. Then he tried another. After which he tried a third and a fourth.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter's four fat subs were pitching into the hot cross buns with great zest. Three of them had come a long journey, and they were ravenous; and the fourth—Sammy Bunter—was quite equal to snatching a dozen of the buns.

"They're not so bad, after all," said Tubby Muffin. "I think I'll try a third."

"Twenty-third, you mean!" chuckled Fatty Wym. "You've been putting them away at a fearful rate, Tubby. It's like shelling peas!"

The feast continued to feast, and the buns continued to diminish.

Each of the juniors had an appetite equal to that of three or four ordinary fellows.

And Billy Bunter's hot cross buns disappeared at a truly alarming rate.

Baggy Trimble was the first to show signs of distress. He was unable to tackle any more buns; but when Billy Bunter was looking he crammed his pockets with them.

Baggy wore an overcoat, and his pockets were capacious.

Presently Billy Bunter uttered a startled exclamation.

"My hat! There's only a dozen left! How am I going to supply the school?"

It was a bigger problem than that of dividing live hares and two small fishes amongst a dozen hungry fellows.

Billy Bunter had booked orders for at least a gross of buns, and there were only a dozen to distribute amongst his school-fellows.

Fishy T. Fish came in and collared that dozen. He had paid for them, and wherever went short, one could safely wager that it would not be the cute American business man.

At ten o'clock the kitchen was besieged by a clamorous crowd.

"Now, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter's complexion turned a sickly yellow.

"They—they've gone!" he stammered.

At this there was a terrible uproar. And when the facts leaked out there was short shrift for Billy Bunter. He was bumped unmercifully on the stomach of the kitchen.

As for his four fat subs, they had discreetly made themselves scarce!

We left Billy Bunter rolling on the floor in a state of dire anguish.

It is likely to make any hot cross buns next year.

The answer, as the photographic over-chance say, is in the negative!

THE END.

TERRORS SHOCKE

AT GREYFRIARS

By Peter Todd

A Grand New Adventure Story, dealing with the Famous Detective Terrors Shocke, and his "never-tired" assistant, Shaker.

No. 1.—The Case of the Missing Fag!

"No. 1," I exclaimed, pointing to a paragraph, I had just been reading in the "Daily Spectator," "here is a case that is worthy of your amazing detective powers—a case that will give you an opportunity to sparkle, to scintillate!"

Terrors Shocke passed in the act of dissecting his morning kipper.

"Another bank robbery, Shaker?" he said languidly.

"No."

"Something of less importance, perhaps?"

A politician murdered?"

"I took my head."

"It is a public school mystery," I observed.

"You have doubtless heard of Greyfriars School, in Kent?"

"Why, my dear Shaker, I received part of my education there? I had actually been to a place in the Third Form before I—er—left the school rather hurriedly."

"Shush! Walls have ears, Shaker. And it would hardly redound to my credit if it became known that I had been sucked from Greyfriars for hitting a valuable stamp album, the property of my Form-master. But what is this mystery, my friend?"

"One of the fags—an infant called Tub-tuba mysteriously and unaccountably vanished!" I exclaimed.

Shaker smiled.

"He has doubtless shared the same unhappy fate as myself, Shaker."

"Not so, Shocke. He has not been expelled. But for the fact that he showed extreme reluctance to wash his neck, he was a boy of exemplary character. And on Tuesday morning he disappeared, leaving no trace."

Shoke became interested. "In fact, he became so engrossed that he stirred his coffee with the fish-knife."

"Had anything happened prior to young Tub's departure?" he asked.

"Nothing, except that on Monday night he was dismissed from the service of Wingate, the captain of the school, by whom he had been employed as a fag."

"Ah!"

"You do not suggest that he ran away from school because of that trifling incident, Shaker?"

"I suggested nothing, Shaker."

"You will take up this case, of course?"

"Shaker has shrugged his shoulders."

"If the headmaster of Greyfriars cares to enlist my help, I shall be pleased to solve this simple problem. But I shall not move in the matter unless I am approached."

"Shaker is a high time you got busy, Shocke. You have been idle for some weeks, and the rent is sadly in arrears."

"Nevertheless, idleness has its advantages, Shaker. Tax is not called upon to pay income."

I was chuckling at my friend's amazing wit, when Mrs. Busdred, the landlady, entered with a telegram.

"The fish-knife was again brought into action—"

"To open the envelope this time—"

Shoke surveyed the message with his inscrutable smile. Then he handed it to me—the message, not the smile.

"The telegram was worded as follows:—"

"Shaker, Shaker Street, London.—Will you take up the case of Tub's disappearance? Local police helpers. I am distracted.—DR. LOCKE."

"Now, Shocke," said Shocke, in his playful way, "let round and attend to these friends of yours, and join me at Charing Cross station at eleven. We will then take the train to Greyfriars—or, to be more precise, the train will take us."

We arrived at Greyfriars shortly after midday, and lunched with Dr. Locke, a charming, scholarly gentleman, who, however, was very much worried concerning the missing fag.

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"I have made every endeavour to trace this boy Tub, Mr. Shocke," he said. "Search-parties have scoured the countryside, the police have been informed, details of the missing boy have appeared in the local Press; but it is all in vain. The boy disappeared on Tuesday last. It is now Friday, and there is no news. The poor lad's father is here. He is staying at my house, and he is distracted—heartbroken."

Shoke nodded sympathetically.

"I am sorry I have no clues to offer you, Mr. Shocke. I fear I am setting you a stupendous task—a well-nigh impossible one!"

"Not at all, my dear sir," said Shocke, smiling at him. "I will restore young Tub to Greyfriars, safe and sound, within the hour."

So saying, Shocke strolled carelessly out of the room.

When the great detective had gone, Dr. Locke turned to me in amazement.

"Surely your friend cannot succeed without a single clue?" he exclaimed.

"Shocke is a superman," I replied. "He can achieve success when failure seems certain."

"You really think he will return with Tub?"

"Within the hour," I said, so convinced was I of the marvellous genius of my amazing friend.

Before I was half-way through my second cigar Shocke returned. He was accompanied by a diminutive, travelling youth.

"Your property, Dr. Locke, I believe?" said Shocke, handing his small companion a gentle kick in the direction of the Head.

"No, mine!" exclaimed a stout, middle-aged individual, rushing into the room. "I am Mr. Tub! George, my dear lad, I had thought of ever seeing you again! Come to my arms!"

"This is no place for us, Shaker," said Shocke. "Whilst young Tub is enduring the paternal embraces, let us take a look round the school. I will show you the desk on which I burnt my initials with a red-hot poker when I was a lad in the Second."

"Shocke," I panted, as we emerged into the Close, "I am amazed beyond measure! How, in the name of all that is wonderful, did you come to find that boy?"

"My friend returned."

"The explanation, Shaker, is perfectly simple. On Monday evening last Tub was dismissed from the employ of Wingate, his fag-master. He was therefore out of a job. What was the most natural thing for him to do, in the circumstances?"

"Get another," I harrowed.

"What?—To seek his way to look for work, when he could draw a handsome unemployment dole from a generous Government? No, no, Shaker! Your knowledge of human nature is woefully limited. Tub's naturally proceeded to Courtfield on Tuesday morning to draw the dole."

"Then why did he not return?"

"He had to wait until to-day before he could draw his money. The population of Courtfield, Shaker, is fifteen thousand. Of this number ten thousand are without work. They gave up their jobs in order to better themselves by drawing the dole. The queue was enormous. It reached almost from Courtfield to Wingham. And in such a vast crowd how was Tub to be naturally conspicuous?"

"Yet you found him."

"I found him, Shaker. I apprehended him just as he was about to draw his unemployment allowance. Hence his fears when I brought him in just now. A trifling case, Shaker—so trifling that even Scotland Yard might have tackled it successfully! Still, it should bring me in sufficient to wipe off my arrears. But stay! Here is the fountain. It recalls painful memories of my last bath, thirty-five years ago!"

And my friend shuddered as he seized me by the ear and led me towards one of the most familiar landmarks of his schooldays.

THE END.

HOW I WOULD LIKE TO SPEND EASTER!

(We have asked a number of Somebodies and Nobodies to express their views, which are curiously mixed.—Ed.)

BILLY BUNTER: I shouldn't like to spend Easter at all. But I wouldn't mind spending a hundred pounds! I should blow it all on luck, and have a reel good bust-up.

HURREE SINGH: I should like to spend Easter in the Easter vac, in an esteemed native land, where the sun shines sinfully, and the moon beams beamfully, and there is no snowfall snow or stormful storm. I should den my robesfulness, and presidefully sit in state as the Nabob of Bhanipur, and my loyal subjects would embracefully kiss my worthy feet. (Grog!—Ed.)

LORD MAULEVERER: I should prefer to spend Easter on the railway-line, begad, because I should find plenty of kindred spirits there, in the way of "sleepers!" Or I wouldn't mind visiting my pet uncle or pet aunt. (Go to the aunt, thou saggard!—Ed.)

ALONZO TODD: What could be nicer than to spend Easter in the workhouse, distributing soup amongst the poor? (If you start that game, Loony, you'll find yourself in the soup!—Ed.)

DICKY NUGENT: I should like to spend easter in a 30 different ways, & I'll tell you what they are 1st of all I should like a nice trip in a aeroplane— (Owing to pressure on our space, we are obliged to omit the other ninety-nine ways of spending Easter that have occurred to Master Nugent.—Ed.)

MARK LINLEY: Bank Holiday at Blackpool. That's all I care about. And the rest of the vac. can take care of itself.

GERALD LODER: I plump for Monte Carlo every time! I've got a dead, sure "system" for breaking the bank, and with an outlay of twopenny I could become a millionaire in a single evening. (Perhaps!—Ed.)

WILLIAM GOSLING: Which I'm sick and tired of my humble lodge, and I should like to spend Easter in a palace. (Do you mean a gu-palace, Gossy?—Ed.)

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE: Put me among the girls! I've bought a new fancy waistcoat, which would be certain to arouse the admiration of the fair sex!

PETER TODD: I should like to spend Easter either in prison, getting local colour for my next detective drama, or else in a rowing-boat, making a tour of the coast. (In either case, Toddy, we should have to "hale" you out!—Ed.)

BOB CHERRY: I should like to spend Easter at Wharton Lodge with the rest of my chums and the Cliff House girls.

ROVER (the Office Mastiff): I plump for the barn just down the lane, where I saw, the other day, several large fat rats running about and making themselves at home. Harry Wharton need only let me loose when he goes off, and I will do the rest. (Perish the thought, you gay dog! I shall be taking you home with me.—Ed.)

"Rivals of the River!"

(Continued from page 8.)

stratively, "although, of course, if you'd like to advance—"

"Brrrr! Buzz off!" growled Nugent. "All right, if you don't want to know there's a telegram for you, Nugent, I'm not going to tell you!" said Billy Bunter, with dignity. "I'm blessed if you chaps ever think I'm capable of doing a real old pal a good turn. If there's a telegraphic money order for you, Nugent, I'm perfectly willing to go down and cash it for you!"

"Telegram for me?" asked Nugent. "Hand it over, you fat burglar!"

"I—I haven't got it," said Bunter slowly. "In fact, I'm not quite sure that my eyes didn't deceive me."

Wharton signed to Nugent, and they made a sudden rush for the fat junior of the Remove. They collared him by the scruff of the neck, and dragged him into the study.

At that moment Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, and Johnny Bull entered the study.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" cried Bob. "What's the merry row about?"

"This fat tulip's got a telegram for me," said Nugent grimly. "We're going to bump him if he doesn't hand it over in two seconds, so you chaps have arrived at an opportune moment!"

"I—I say, Nugent, you know jolly well you didn't give me time to hand it over!" said Billy Bunter, nervously eyeing the door.

"What did you say you thought your eyes had deceived you for, then?" demanded Nugent. "I suppose you meant to peep inside the telegram and see if there was money in it?"

"Oh, really, you know, I'm not a chap of that kidney!" said Billy indignantly. "Here's your telegram!"

"Thanks!" said Nugent sarcastically. "And here's the door, Billy!"

He flung open the study door as he spoke.

"Hop it, or we'll boot you out!" growled Bob Cherry.

"The bootfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous Bunter will be terrific!" purled Hurree Singh, in his quaint English.

"If you care to let me have a loan out of that remittance, Nugent—"

Biff!

"The bootfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh, applying his boot with considerable force to the nearest part of Billy Bunter's anatomy. "The pigfulness of the disgusting fat chump is also terrific. Hopfully get out!"

"Ow! Leave off, you Inky beast!" howled Bunter. "I only—"

Inky raised his boot again, and Billy Bunter did not stop to tell the juniors what he wanted. He rushed out of the study, and down the corridor.

"The time it takes to get rid of that fat burglar!" growled Nugent. "Excuse us, you chaps!"

He tore open the buff envelope of the telegram as he spoke, and took out the message contained inside. His eyes gleamed with pleasure and excitement as he read it.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "This is a bit of luck, you chaps! The pater is wired to say they're passing through Friarale on their way to London, and they want Dicky and me to meet the seven-thirty train and see them for a moment!"

"Ripping!" said the juniors heartily. "You'll have to hustle, Franky!"

"What ho!" exclaimed Nugent. "I'll pick up Dicky, and pop off!"

"Don't be late in and get gated, Frank!" cried Harry Wharton, as his chum made his way down the corridor. "That'll put the tin lid on Saturday's race!"

"All serene!" called back Frank.

And five minutes later he and Dicky were stepping out quickly towards Friarale Station.

As luck would have it, the train was late, and the juniors looked anxiously at the clock as they waited on the station platform. The gates would be locked at eight o'clock, and to be out after that time would be to risk getting gated.

"I—I—I say, Franky," said Dicky anxiously, "we shall be late!"

Frank nodded, and his brow clouded.

"We'll have to risk it!" he said. "The matter would be to think if we didn't care if we saw her or not if we weren't here when the train came in. You know she's rather nervous since her last illness!"

Dicky shrugged his shoulders.

"We'll have to stop, as you say," he murmured. "It's rotten luck, though, isn't it? The blessed train would be late because we particularly want to be late!"

It was nearly ten minutes to eight when the train at last crawled into the station. It appeared the engine was not working very well, and the fireman was having difficulty in keeping up sufficient pressure of steam.

The train therefore remained in the station for ten minutes, during which time Frank and Dicky Nugent hid, perforce, to stay with their parents, whom they had discovered seated in a first-class compartment in the centre of the train.

When good-byes had been said, and the train left the station, the juniors found they had exactly three minutes in which to get back to Greyfriars. The station clock was now to be seen, and for that matter it would not have been much good to them had it been there.

It was a good twenty minutes' run to Greyfriars from Friarale Station. And by that time the gates would have closed, and, more than probable, their absence out of gates known. There could be but one ending to that—a licking, and gating for Saturday.

"My hat!" said Nugent. "We're in for it, Dicky!"

"We are!" agreed Dicky, and shrugged his shoulders. "We'll have to put up with it, Franky! Gee!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Frank, as his brother gave vent to that ejaculation.

"Look here!" said Dicky, quickly.

"Suppose we go over Popper's estate and climb over to Big Side. We could then dodge through into the school without being seen!"

Frank hesitated.

"If we were caught in Popper's grounds we'd get it in the neck, for a dead cert!" he said, at last. "He's dead nuts on Greyfriars chaps being on his land!"

"We musn't get copped, that's all!" said Dicky cheerfully. "Any old how, we might just as well risk that as ring the bell at the gates! One's a chance—the other's a dead cert of getting into a row! Are you on?"

Frank nodded. There was really nothing else for them to do. As Dicky had insisted they might get through Sir Hilton Popper's grounds to Big Side at Greyfriars without being seen. In that case, they would be safe.

But to ring the bell, and ask Taggles to let them in would lead to certain trouble. Taggles, never too unobtainable, would report them to Mr. Quick. The Form-master would hand Dicky over to

his own master, and would deal with Nugent himself.

The two juniors stepped out towards Greyfriars School, and left the lane when they came to Sir Hilton Popper's estate. Here they burst through a hedge, and struggled over a ploughed field towards the meadow which bordered Big Side, the Upper School's sports ground.

Suddenly Frank grasped his brother by the shoulder, and dragged him to a standstill.

"Sh'oh!" he whispered. "There's somebody there! Get down on your knees!"

The juniors dropped to their knees in the darkness, but their luck was dead out. The figure that Frank had seen came straight towards them, and stopped.

"Who the dickens are you?"

"Sir Hilton himself!" gasped Dicky.

The juniors stood up. They had been discovered, and it was useless to pretend they were scarecrows.

"Who the dickens are you?" repeated Sir Hilton Popper. "Where's my confounded torch? Ah!"

A light shone, and the beam rested upon the figures of the two juniors.

"Greyfriars, by gad!" exclaimed Sir Hilton angrily. "Hoh, I might have known it, by gad! Breaking bounds, and sneaking in—beh!"

"If you please, sir—" began Frank.

"I don't please!" snapped Sir Hilton.

"I'm going over to see Dr. Locke, as it happens, so you can come with me! Company, by gad, that I didn't expect!"

"Just our luck!" murmured Dicky disgustedly.

Sir Hilton, if he heard, heeded not. He was a Governor of Greyfriars, and more than one junior had suffered from the fact. Sir Hilton, with his distasteful manner, often caused the Head to be more harsh than could otherwise have been the case had Sir Hilton been an ordinary landowner, instead of a Governor as well.

Silently the two juniors walked beside the stalwart form of the baronet, and Greyfriars drew near. There was a gate at Big Side which gave admittance to Sir Hilton's meadow, and through this gate the Nugents were marched.

In less than five minutes they were in the Head's study, and Sir Hilton Popper was explaining.

"I caught these two boys in my field, Dr. Locke!" said the baronet warmly. "Walking over my ploughed field, by gad! I saw them, and challenged them! Coming over to see you, as I was, I thought I'd bring the boys in to you straight away. Case for a coming—beh!"

"That is for me to decide, sir!" said Dr. Locke icily. "What have you to say, Nugent?"

"We—we went to see the mater and pater, sir," explained Nugent. "But the train was late, and we—we thought—"

"You thought you'd sneak in by going over my ploughed land—beh!" snorted Sir Hilton, twirling his moustache fiercely. "That means more work for my men, by gad, and more money for me to pay out!"

Dr. Locke nodded.

"Had you come in by the gates in the proper manner, I should have exposed you," he said, turning to the juniors.

"There is no excuse for your having trespassed, Nugent, although I appreciate your reason to avoid punishment. You will not leave the precincts of the school for a week!"

"By gad, sir, I think the case—"

began Sir Hilton angrily.

"This is my business, Sir Hilton!" interposed the Head calmly. "You may go, Nugent!"

"P-p-ploase, sir, could we be licked—when—eased instead, sir?" stammered Nugent. "You see, sir, we're both in the race."

"You may go, Nugent!" snapped Dr. Locke, who did not like to argue with two juniors in the presence of his visitor.

And Frank and Dicky Nugent had no choice but to go. To remain was to be caned as well as gated, and none knew it better than they.

Outside, they would hear the moaning tones of Sir Hilton Popper, who obviously wanted to see the juniors caned.

"If that peppery old beast hadn't been there, we'd have got off with a licking!" growled Dicky. "I'd like to—like to—Oh, hang him!"

"So should I, Dicky!" said Frank dimly. "As it is not permissible to hang even useless old pirates like Popper, we'll have to put up with it. After all, Linley can take my place in the crew!"

"Who is going to take mine, Dik? I like to know!" demanded Dicky wrathfully. "Oh, I'd like to bill that boulder over the napper!"

And Dicky, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, and his face flaming with wrath, went off to the Second Form quarters, to break the news to his chums.

Frank Nugent made his way to Study No. 1, where he found the four juniors he had left there had not gone to supper.

They saw at once that something was wrong.

"Trouble, Franky?" they asked, in unison.

"Heaps!" growled Frank, throwing himself into a chair. "That peppery old boulder, Popper, collared Dicky and I on his rotten land, and ran us on the carpet!"

"Licked?" asked Bob Cherry sympathetically.

"Worse than that!" growled Nugent.

"Gated for a week!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped the juniors.

"What rotten luck!"

"The rottenfulness of the esteemed luck is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh. "I suggestfully hope that the ludicrous Popper may be boiliully cooked in oil!"

"And have forty-nine blue fits!" growled Bob Cherry.

"And have pins and needles the rest of his life!" supplemented Johnny Bull.

And with these kind expressions, the juniors joined Frank Nugent in looking dismal.

Frank was undoubtedly one of the finest seullers in the Lower School, and Dick had proved his worth as a cox. Both would be extremely hard to replace in the crew. Had Sir Hilton Popper been a junior for five minutes, he would have had a rough time at the hands of the enraged Removites.

"Offers a blessed howl, and then stops our winning it!" granted Harry Wharton.

"Oh, it's no use growling!" said Nugent irritably. "Dicky and I are gated, and that's the end of the matter!"

And the best-natured junior at Greyfriars relapsed into mournful silence. He listened to suggestions from the juniors that appeals should be made to Dr. Locke in stony silence. Appealing to the Head would be asking for more trouble, kind-hearted old gentleman though the Head undoubtedly was.

And the whole of the Remove, when they heard the news in the dormitory that night, voted Sir Hilton Popper a least-a vote which, doubtless, did not interfere with the peppery baronet's beauty sleep.

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Wibley Does It!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter looked into Study No. 1 the following evening, and noticed these few words in tones

of great excitement. His eyes were gleaming behind his spectacles; in fact, his whole aspect was one of tense excitement.

"Get out!" snapped Nugent, who was still irritable as a result of Sir Hilton Popper's unsportsmanlike behaviour. "I warn you, you'll get booted out if you stop there!"

"I'll risk that!" said Billy Bunter quickly.

The juniors stared. In the usual run of events, it took but a mild threat to get rid of the fat junior. Billy had a rooted objection to even the slightest physical pain. For him to openly risk getting booted out of the study was something new.

"You'll—yourself what?" demanded five voices in unison.

"I'll risk getting booted or bumped!" said Billy Bunter. "I can't place a little physical discomfort before the honour of the Remove!"

"M-n-my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "It's come at last. He's mad."

"Ho, ha, ha!"

"The madfulness of the esteemed Bunter is either terrifically manifest, or he is pullfully twisting our legs," said Hurree Singh, in great surprise.

Billy Bunter came into the study, and closed the door behind him. Then he calmly selected the most comfortable seat in the study and sat down. The juniors stared at him. They were used to plenty of cheek and bounce from the fat junior of the Remove, but this "took the bun."

"What's the giddy idea, Billy?" asked Harry Wharton. "I warn you, if you've come on a cadging errand, you'll get the licking of your life!"

"Oh, really, that's not a very nice way to treat a fellow who has come to help an old pal out of trouble!" said Billy Bunter indignantly.

"A whatter out of whatter?" asked Bob Cherry.

"An old pal out of trouble!" repeated Billy Bunter firmly.

"And who is the old pal, and what's the trouble?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent, you know very well that you're an old pal, and the trouble is that you're gated, and can't go with the Remove crew to-morrow!" said Billy Bunter plaintively.

Nugent snorted. "There's a catch in this somewhere," he grunted. "When Billy Bunter comes and claims you for an old pal, there's something in the wind!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Get it off your chest, Billy!"

"Look here, is there going to be a feed if the Remove win the boat?" asked Bunter.

"Keep off, Bob Cherry! I'll—I'll explain in a second!"

"You'll get bumped in less time than that, if you jolly well don't bustle up and explain!" said Bob Cherry darkly.

"Is there going to be a feed?" demanded Bunter, turning to Harry Wharton.

"There is—if we win, which I doubt, now we've lost two of our best chaps," said Wharton. "That doesn't affect you though, Billy. You won't be there."

"Will you leave the cooking arrangements to me, if I get Nugent out of this scrape, so that he and Dicky can turn out to-morrow?"

The juniors growled.

"I suppose we shan't get anything out of the fat chump if we don't agree to

let him be head cook and bottle-washer!" growled Bob Cherry. "Yes, we'll let you come to-morrow, Billy, if you succeed in getting Nugent and his brother off for the race. If you don't, you'll get the licking of your life, for wasting our time!"

Billy Bunter gave a sunny grin of satisfaction.

"That's a solemn promise!" he asked cautiously.

"Yes, you fat chump!" said Bob Cherry wrathfully.

"Then here's a scheme for you," said Billy Bunter eagerly. "Listen!"

And lowering his voice, the fat junior talked in very earnest tones for several minutes. At first the juniors listened with almost lofty disdain, fully expecting to hear some scheme which a First Form kid could evolve.

But after the first few sentences the juniors' eyes opened wide in astonishment. Later still they were roaring with laughter, and with the laughter Billy Bunter's back became stiffer and stiffer with pride.

"What do you think of that, you chaps?" he asked, when he had finished.

"Topping, Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, giving the Owl of the Remove a slap on the back that nearly knocked all the breath from his fat body.

"Ow! Of course, that feed is on!" demanded Billy Bunter.

"Yes, and here's five bobfulness to spendfully buy tuck," said Hurree Singh, in the exuberance of his spirits. "The catfulness of the esteemed cream lums is deservedfully earned!"

"Thanks!" said Billy Bunter; and, grabbing the five shillings in case they should be withdrawn, the fat junior hurried out of the study, grinning all over his face.

The Famous Five looked at one another when he had gone, and laughed.

"Who said the age of miracles was past?" asked Bob Cherry. "That fat freak has hit on the wheeze, chaps! Come on! Let's go and see Wibley!"

They found Wibley in his study, and there was more whispering for five minutes. Wibley grinned as he listened, and long before Harry Wharton had finished, he had pushed aside the book he was reading, and was rummaging in a big trunk that stood in the corner of the study.

It was a far more cheerful Famous Five that went to bed that night. They were still cheerful when they got up the next morning and went into morning classes.

Mr. Herbert Horace Quelch, the master of the Remove, was lenient with his pupils that morning. Perhaps he was not a little proud that members of his Form had beaten the crew selected by a higher Form. He knew, of course, that it would be hard to concentrate the thoughts of juniors on algebra when there was to be a great boatace in the afternoon.

The bell rang for dismissal at last, so they had plenty of time.

It was precisely two o'clock when a small but well-built man rang at the bell of Sir Hilton Popper's mansion. His summons was answered by the butler, who was requested to inform his master that a gentleman wished to see him on very important business.

The butler departed, and the stout man, a wife nervous, twisted the ends of his light moustache. In two minutes the visitor was in the baronet's library.

"Good-afternoon, Sir Hilton Popper!"

"Well, what do you want?" asked Sir Hilton shortly.

The little man approached him, one hand in his pocket, and one hand holding his hat. As he came up to the baronet the hand which had been in the

pocket shot forward; the other, holding the hat, let go, and met the other.

There was a faint click, and Sir Hilton Popper found himself staring down at his wrists, upon which gleamed a pair of shining steel handcuffs.

"What—what the dickens does this outrage mean, sir?" stuttered Sir Hilton.

"It is my painful duty to arrest you on a charge of swindling the public in connection with the Popper Ploughing Machine Company," said the little man smoothly. "I regret this step, Sir Hilton, but duty is duty."

"Swindling? Preposterous! Take these—these ornaments off my wrists this instant, sir!" fumed the angry baronet. "I'll have you thrown out of the Force, by gad! Swindling? You're mad, sir, stark, staring mad!"

The little man shrugged his shoulders. "I believe myself to be correct, sir," he said. "I must ask you to come without my having to telephone for Police-constable Tozer."

The baronet gasped for breath. He was so angry as to be almost speechless. He, Sir Hilton Popper, Bart., Justice of the Peace, director of a dozen companies, governor of Greyfriars School—arrested for swindling!

It was preposterous! "Ready, sir?" asked the little man, picking up his hat from the floor.

"B-b-b-y, gad!" gasped Sir Hilton. "Are you thinking of marching me through the streets of Priandale with—with handcuffs on my wrists?"

"I must, sir. You're bigger than I am. It was only my quickness which enabled me to get them on your wrists at all. I must again ask you to save me the necessity of sending for Police-constable Tozer. Believe me," added the little man very earnestly, "I am very anxious to avoid that contingency."

"I'm presenting a bowl—a silver challenge bowl to the winners of the boathrace between two Forms at Greyfriars School this afternoon," said Sir Hilton Popper, in a perplexed tone. "Look here, my man, I suppose you think you're doing right?"

"I know I am, sir."

"Well, I'll come with you—anywhere you dashed well like—as soon as the race is over!" said Sir Hilton Popper, who was anxious to appear before the scholars at Greyfriars in a benevolent light.

"You'll have to have the handcuffs on," said the little man dubiously. "As a matter of fact, I don't believe there will be much of a race. A friend of mine at the school told me that two of the best boys had been punished, and were unable to take part in the race."

Sir Hilton Popper started, and looked closely at the little man, who bore his examination without flinching.

"I believe you're a scoundrel in disguise!" bellowed Sir Hilton.

The little man took up the receiver of the telephone.

"What what are you going to do?" demanded the baronet.

"I'm going to telephone Police-constable Tozer!" said the little man, with some heat. "I've fooled about here long enough. Tozer will know me!"

In the face of that challenge Sir Hilton Popper could not think that the little man was anything but a genuine detective. No ordinary man would risk sending for a police-constable if he was not certain of himself. It would be too great a risk to run.

"All right, I apologize!" said Sir Hilton, with an effort.

"I'm tired of wasting time, and I'm not going to see a race between two crews when one is hopelessly outclassed by the other crew. You'll telephone to the headmaster of Greyfriars, and ask

him to let the two boys my friend spoke about take part in the race, or I'm not going at all."

Sir Hilton glared at the little man. The latter was angry, and the handcuffs were still on the baronet's wrists. The position was not pleasant.

"I'll see you blowed first!" snorted Sir Hilton.

"Then it's Tozer!" snapped the little man.

"Here, hold on! Take these beastly things off my wrists, confound you!" roared Sir Hilton, as the little man took up the telephone-receiver again. "I'll get you sacked, by gad—sacked in disgrace!"

The little man winced, and for the moment his hand shook. But a moment later he had recovered himself; and, tak-

ing the Head to allow the two Nugents to take part in the race had got round, and the Greyfriars fellows gave the baronet a rousing reception as he appeared.

"Hurray!"

"By gad!" stammered Sir Hilton.

"By gad!"

"For he's a jolly good fellow—" sang out the crowd; and the baronet flushed crimson with embarrassment.

The crews were paddling their boats up to the starting-point, whilst the good old song was ringing out in the early spring air.

"He's come—and he's getting some reception!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "My hat! Won't there be ructions later on!"

"Yes. Poor old Wibley! He's a jolly good chap to risk so much for the sake



The Upper Fourth boat shot up to the Remove even as they collapsed under the strain, and the two boats shot side by side down the stream, only the cox sitting up and steering. Roars of cheers broke forth from the bank—cheers for the winners and losers. (See Chapter 7.)

ing a key from his pocket, unlocked and removed the handcuffs.

"Telephone, then!" he said.

The baronet did as he was commanded to do; and five minutes later Sir Hilton Popper, carrying a parcel, and walking beside the little man who had arrested him, was on his way to witness the great race.

And at that moment Frank and Dick Nugent were being told that they were to turn out for the Remove crew.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Price of Victory!

"HURRAH for Sir Hilton Popper!"

Sir Hilton Popper, who arrived just as the crews were taking to the water, glanced round in astonishment. The news of his having

help of the Remove!" said Wharton. "I hope it won't be too thick."

"Save your breath, you giggling asses!" came the sharp command from the diminutive cox. "You'll want it all when the race starts! I'll do all the talking!"

The Remove juniors, with many a glare, lapsed into silence, and pulled very steadily towards the starting-post. The Upper Fourth boat was already up and ready when the Remove crew arrived.

To turn and boat down was the work of a few minutes, and when the boats came level at the post Wingate, who was acting as starter, held the pistol in the air.

"Get ready!" he bellowed.

Bang!

Sixteen sculls dipped in the water and sixteen pairs of arms pulled.

"Steady, boys—steady!" cried Dick, "The MACEY LIBRARY—No. 665.

Nugent. "There's plenty of time for speed!"

"Go it, the Fourth!" yelled some of the crowd.

"Ahead, the Removite!" yelled the remaining members.

"Don't take any notice of the cackling asses!" said Dicky cheerfully. "Keep your eye on stroke, No. 6, you ass!"

Peter Todd, who occupied No. 6 seat, looked and mentally promised Dicky Nugent a thick ear when the race was over. But for the moment Dicky was "boss," and he had to be obeyed.

The boats turned the bend in the river at the same time, and raced side by side down towards the winning-post. Dicky Nugent watched his crew with a gleam in his eyes. He harangued any member who was as much as a fraction of a second before or after stroke, and timed them by yelling "Hoo!" when not using his voice for the first purpose.

Each crew again Dicky proved to everybody at Greyfriars that he was as good a cox as could be found. He conducted a perfectly-judged race.

The Removites were wearing dark-blue shirts, whilst the Upper Fourth crew were wearing white shirts. As the two rivals came down the river at the speed of a train there rose from the crowd cheers of encouragement.

"Go it, the blues!"

"Stick, whites! You've got 'em beat!"

Dicky chuckled—a sassy chuckle that made Harry Wharton smile.

"Rats to that lot, chaps!" cried Dicky. "We've got the Upper Fourth astir right! I'm going to increase stroke, fast steady! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Pick it up, lads! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!"

Lucky and the other members of the crew picked it up, and the Removite craft fairly raced away from that of the Upper Fourth. The Removites on the bank roared and cheered at the top of their lungs, and as their crew drew away from their rivals of the Upper Fourth their excitement knew no bounds.

But Dicky, watching the rival boat suddenly creeping up, did not attempt to get that last ounce out of the Removite. The finest athletes in the Lower School were under his charge, and he knew well enough the power that lay in their young arms.

Temple, Dalvey, & Co. had got together a fine crew, but the Removite were just slightly better. They were not as strong, but they were quicker. And they had a better cox.

The result, two hundred yards from the post, was never in doubt. Dicky kept his crew going at the same pace, and although Temple's boat crept up as they neared the post, Dicky knew the Removite had won.

As it was the Removite boat passed the post nearly a length ahead, and Dicky yelled to his crew to "lay to."

The Upper Fourth boat shot up to them even as they collapsed under the strain, and the two boats shot side by side down the stream, only the coxes sitting up and steering.

Roars of cheering broke from the crowds—cheers for winners and losers. The Removites were hilarious with delight, and the Upper Fourth fellows were none the less generous in their applause from their sympathetic shouts to their own Form-mates.

It was a quarter of an hour before the crews could be summoned to the stand, where Sir Hilton Popper and the little man with the moustache had taken up their positions. Dr. Locke, who on this occasion had acted as judge, stood beside the baronet.

Sir Hilton had enjoyed the race, but still more had he enjoyed the reception he had received at the hands—or, rather, voices—of the Greyfriars fellows. His face positively beamed with good-nature, and for the time he had completely forgotten all about the serious charge which was hanging over his head.

Perhaps this was because the little man had taken care to keep out of the way.

The crews came up at last to the winning-post, and the Greyfriars fellows, and Sir Hilton took up the magnificent silver bowl he had brought with him as the winners' prize.

"Boys—ahem!—gentlemen!" said Sir Hilton. "It's indeed a pleasure to come here to-day—"

"Hurrah!" roared the gentlemen.

"This race reminds me of the time I rowed for Oxford, by gad!" resumed Sir Hilton, with a touch of pride in his tones. "Many a stiff time we had—eh? It is somewhat a surprise to me, however, that the lowest Form entered the winning bowl. Say something for the young generation—what, Dr. Locke?"

"The Removite are a very athletic lot of pupils," said Dr. Locke. "There is not a great difference between the ages of the competitors. My opinion, if I may express it, is that the Upper Fourth crew was a little too heavy."

Fry blushed, for he had occupied that position in the Upper Fourth boat.

"It's not your fault, fathead!" said Temple, who had an inward feeling that he ought not to have had such lofty ideas, and have scorned the suggestion that a fag should taken the position of cox. To him it would look as if he was following Wharton's lead, and that was unthinkable.

"However, the better crew won, by gad!" resumed Sir Hilton. "It only remains for me to present this bowl, which I hope will be placed amongst the Removite's trophies, and competed for next year. Where is the stroke of the Removite boat?"

"Here, sir!" said Harry Wharton, flashing under the gaze of so many of his school-fellows.

"Ah, Master Wharton!" said Sir Hilton. "We've had a few—what-do-you-call-em?—rows, I suppose. But that doesn't take any of the pleasure from me in presenting to you, as Removite skipper, this trophy. My best wishes go with it!"

Sir Hilton Popper was anything but a good public speaker. That was one reason why he had never represented the neighbourhood in Parliament. He had a bad habit of blundering. No one but Sir Hilton Popper would have mentioned rows when presenting a bowl to winners of a boatrace.

"Thank you, sir!" said Harry Wharton.

And he took the cup, amidst the cheers of the delighted Removites and the handclaps of the disappointed Fourth.

"I've got another snaffle bowl here!" shouted Sir Hilton. "I want to present that to the losers! Come up, the young jumpers, who stroked the Upper Fourth crew!"

Temple, very much astonished and very nervous, snatched off his cap and took the proffered bowl. The Removites cheered again, as lustily as they had cheered their own Form captain.

"Now, sir," said Sir Hilton Popper, turning to the little man who had stood just behind him during the race, "I want— Not so fast, by gad!"

The little man had himself turned and was trying to slink away when the

baronet spoke. But Sir Hilton Popper, bristling with suspicion, caught him by the shoulder and held him fast.

"You can return with Dr. Locke and myself to Greyfriars, sir!" said Sir Hilton. "I have a few questions to ask you."

The little man nodded calmly enough, but his face was flushed, and his lips were twitching nervously.

"Very good, Sir Hilton!" he said.

And he followed the Head and Sir Hilton back to Greyfriars and to the Head's study. He realised that the game was up, but he made a manful effort to bluff it out.

"If I let this case drop will you promise not to say anything more about it?" he asked quietly.

"Eh? By gad?" stammered Sir Hilton. "You scoundrel! You—"

Dr. Locke sat at his desk, and a slight smile crossed at the corners of his lips for a second. Then he became suddenly stern, and frowned.

"Don't you think it would be better if you removed that moustache, Wibley?"

"M-m-may I?" stammered Wibley.

"That's for me!"

Sir Hilton stared. He gasped and rubbed his eyes, for the little man had removed his moustache almost mechanically as soon as the Head had spoken.

"By gad! A boy! Great Scott!"

"Wibley, will you explain the meaning of this?" asked the Head in the same quiet, ominous tones.

Sir Hilton was the one who explained. He fairly stuttered in his rage.

"Exploit sir!" he bellowed. "Why, this young scoundrel pretended to be a detective and asked me for—on a charge of smuggling, by gad! He forced me to send a telephone message to you, asking you to release the Norwits so that they might race, by gad! Snick him, sir! I demand that he be expelled!"

"Bless my soul!"

"He held me up, sir—positively held me up! Threatened to send for Police-constable Tozer, and march me through Friar-chale, handcuffed like a criminal! By gad, sir, if he's not asked I'll call a meeting of the governors of Greyfriars and demand it!"

Wibley's face paled. He had expected a licking, and he was prepared to stand it for the sake of the Removite. But expulsion!

"This is indeed a very grave matter," said Dr. Locke sternly. "Have you nothing to say, Wibley?"

"I wanted to help the Removite win the race, sir," said Wibley in a low voice. "The Nugents were badly wanted in the crew—especially Dicky Nugent, sir. We knew that we'd get it in the neck—I mean, we'd get into trouble if we came and asked you to let them off, sir. So when it was suggested—I mean, I disguised myself, and, as Sir Hilton says, forced him into releasing the juniors, sir."

"And you think expulsion and a public flogging is worth risking, just because you were anxious for the Removite to win the challenge bowl presented by Sir Hilton Popper?" asked the Head indignantly.

"Yes, sir!" answered Wibley.

The Head rose in his chair and fixed Wibley with eyes that were literally fixed with anger.

"It's colossal impudence, sir!" he said angrily. "I've never heard of such utter contempt for position and authority in my life! Go, sir, and prepare to leave this school to-morrow!"

"By gad, you've earned it!" roared Sir Hilton Popper. "The dickens! Held up to it, by gad!"

Wibley, his head held high, turned on his heel and walked from the study without a word.

"The Remove had won—but at what a price!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Guest of the Evening!

"HERE come the conquering heroes!"

"Hurrah for the Remove!" The junior Common-room at Greyfriars was packed. Tables had been fetched from the dining-halls, and chairs had been brought from the studies. Everybody in the Remove had contributed to the feed which was to celebrate the great victory.

"I say, you fellows, the sozies are done!"

"Hurrah! Good old Bunty!" Billy Bunter, his face wreathed in smiles, and perspiration rolling down his cheeks, stood before a great fire in the Common-room, watching countless snappers and frying-pans.

Billy Bunter had been promised the job of head cook and bottle-washer if he had succeeded in getting the Nugents off for the race. He had done so, and had duly taken over the cooking arrangements.

Harry Wharton & Co., in company with the crew of the Remove boat, came into the Common-room some time after the rest of the juniors had congregated. The visitors had indulged in a bath, and had then gone in a body to invite Coker's team and the Upper Fourth crew to share in the monster feed. Needless to say, the invitations had been accepted with alacrity.

"How's things going, Billy?" asked Bob Cherry, with a grin.

"Topping!" said Bunter. "The sozies are done, the potatoes are well on the way, the cabbages won't be long. The jellies, the pies, the ginger-beer, the chocolates, and, in fact, all the cold stuff, is locked in our study! Steaks are going on now the sozies are ready; the soup is almost on the boil!"

"Man-in-hat!" gasped Wharton. "Did you get all that stuff for the money?"

"Trust a fellow like me to look after cooking arrangements, Wharton," said Bunter, with a smug grin. "You must admit there's not a fellow who knows as much about grub as I do!"

"The admissibility is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"How long before we start, Billy?" asked Nugent. "Dicky and Gatty and Myers aren't here yet."

"Ten minutes at least," announced the head cook. "I don't believe in spoiling steaks by rushing them. Lemme seel. I wonder if these sozies are quite done?"

He took a sausage in his fingers, and in two bites it was gone. The juniors did not begrudge the fat junior that sausage. He was earning it. But they couldn't help laughing.

"Done, Billy?" asked Johnny Bull innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think so. Perhaps I'd better make sure," said Billy. And he helped himself to another sausage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go easy, Billy!" laughed Wharton. "Leave one per chap, you know!"

"Oh, there's tons of them!" said Billy loftily.

"A jolly good job there is!" said Bob good-naturedly. "But go ahead, Tubby!"

"Rather! Steaks on!" roared Bunter. "Buck up!"

Skinner, Snoop, and Stoll, who had

seen that the only way of being invited to the feed, since they had not contributed to the expense, was by offering to help Bunter do the cooking, promptly brought out great dishes laden with raw steaks. And soon the sizzling of cooking pervaded the room, heard even above the roar of happy voices.

"By jinks, it will be somewhat hot in here!" said Frank Nugent. "Who's for a stroll in the quad for ten minutes?"

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, and Johnny Bull volunteered to accompany Frank, and the famous five went out together, leaving the excited and eager Removes chatting with the Fifth-Formers and Temple, Dabney & Co. The fresh air of the quad was very acceptable after the hot air and steam of the Common-room.

"We ought to have a guest of the evening," said Wharton. "That reminds me! I wonder where Wibley has got to? He'd make a fine guest for the evening. He's deserved it!"

"Rather! Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry suddenly. "There goes Sir Hilton Popper—I mean, Hilton Popper! And by the way he's swinging his arms about—he's in a tearing rage!"

"Let's ask him to be the guest of the evening, for a bit of sport!" suggested Johnny Bull, with a chuckle. "He'll make another funny speech like he did when presenting you with the bowl, Harry!"

"Good idea!"

The juniors rushed to the gates, and reached there just as Sir Hilton Popper was waiting for "luggies" to open them. He turned as he saw the five juniors coming up.

"Well!" he demanded fiercely. "It's no good your pleading—"

"Ahem!" said Harry Wharton, somewhat taken aback. "We—we—we were only going to ask you to be the guest of the evening at the celebrations, sir—"

In order to get your schoolfellow off, I suppose!" he suggested bitterly. "Eh? I mean, I—I don't understand, sir!" stammered Wharton, staring from the baronet to his chums, in surprise.

"Don't you know that—that blessed actor of yours has been sacked for holding me up to ridicule?" demanded Sir Hilton Popper fiercely.

"Sacked!" gasped the juniors. "My hat!"

Sir Hilton Popper could not help but

see that the surprise of the juniors was genuine. He simmered down a trifle.

"My hat, sir!" exclaimed Wharton. "Wibley—has he been sacked? We knew he'd not be a tinking, but— Oh crumbs!"

The baronet was silent, and the juniors could see that his brows were gathered together in a frown. Bob Cherry was on the point of blurting out exactly what he thought of him when Sir Hilton spoke.

"I'll come!" he said grimly.

But, grim though his tones, when they reached the hated doorway they could see that he was immensely gratified at the invitation he had received.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Last Jape!

"I SAY, Wharton—"

Sammy Bunter, the fattest junior in the Second Form at Greyfriars, stepped before Harry Wharton as the party was about to mount the stairs.

"Hello, Tubby," said Harry Wharton. "It's not a bit of good your asking—"

"Oh, really, Wharton?" said Sammy. "I merely came to tell you that you are wanted in the Remove dormitory. I wouldn't come to your rotten feed if you were to go on headed heels and ask me."

"That's a pity," said Frank Nugent solemnly. "I just thought that perhaps Billy could do with you—"

"Well, if you want it like that, Nugent, said Sammy hurriedly. "I'm always willing to oblige a fellow who really needs help."

Nugent chuckled.

"But on second thoughts, I think we can do without you," he said. "Cut off, Sammy!"

Sammy Bunter looked very disappointed, and Harry Wharton laughed. He felt in an extra generous mood that evening.

"Cut off, kid!" he said. "Go and help your fat brother!"

"Thanks!" exclaimed Sammy; and he cut off as if he feared the captain of the Remove would alter his mind.

"I must ask you to excuse me a minute, sir," said Wharton, turning to Sir Hilton Popper. "It appears I'm wanted."

And with a nod to his chums, Harry hurried away to the dormitory. He was not surprised to find that it was Wibley who wanted him, but he was considerably surprised when he saw what Wibley was doing.

The actor of the Remove was just about to put on a wig—a grey-haired wig—which went well with the grey beard he had already donned. He did not turn from the glass he was using as Wharton entered. He could see the reflection.

"Don't ask a lot of questions now, Harry!" he said quickly. "I'm going to do the talking."

"Well, my hat?" gasped Wharton, sinking on to a bed. "If this doesn't take the giddy biscuit! You've been sacked because—"

"Yes, I know all about that," interposed Wibley hastily. "Look here, Wharton. This is apparently my last evening at Greyfriars. I can't grumble, because it was a bit of a nerve to go and hold up the peppery old buffer in his own house. But I'm going to attend the feed."

"You can attend the feed without shoving a lot of dolls like that on," said Wharton, in amazement.

"Yes, and all the fellows will be looking towards me. Every chap will be

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thinking that this is my last night at the school," said Wibley. "I'm going as your old friend Mr. Wobbles—"

"My whatter?" gasped Wharton.

"Your old friend Mr. Wobbles!" said Wibley firmly. "Then I'm going to pull Sir Hilton's leg just a bit—"

"You—you—utter ass!" gasped Wharton. "You'll get scragged!"

"May as well be scragged for a sheep as a lamb," said Wibley coolly. "I'm jolly well going to the feed! Didn't I help win the race for the Remove?"

Wharton became suddenly serious.

"You did, Wib," he admitted, in a low voice. "Had I even dreamed that this would be the ending, I wouldn't have even suggested the stunt to you. I feel an awful rotter—"

"Oh, rats!" said Wibley. "I suppose I could have refused to have held the old buffer up had I wanted to? Don't tell rot!"

Wharton sighed.

"Oh, well, it's not a bit of good my saying anything," he said. "We'll hope my old friend Mr. Wobbles doesn't get colored and fagged!"

Wibley chuckled.

"Come what may, Wharton, my son, I'm going to have the evening of my life!" he said. "I've had a jolly good time here—had no end of japes—and this is my last at Greyfriars. I'm ready!"

Wharton could not help feeling admiration for the junior who could keep up in such circumstances. Wibley seemed to have thought but little of what might result upon his expulsion. His career—he had apparently never thought about that.

"The only thing, Wharton—don't let the feed start too soon," said Wibley. "We ought to have a chinwag before the feed; that's the usual thing, I believe."

"Any old thing you like, Wib," said Wharton; and he led his old friend towards the Common-room.

All eyes turned to the door as the two entered. Wharton's face was a little flushed. On the other hand, Wibley looked remarkably cool and quite at his ease.

"What the—!" began Bob Cherry.

"My old friend Mr. Wobbles, chaps," said Wharton hastily.

Mr. Wobbles, the juniors observed, was a little old gentleman with a beaming countenance. His eyes positively danced with good humour, and his withered old face wrinkled up in one great smile.

"I am very pleased to meet your schoolfellows, my dear Harry," he said softly. "But—but surely that gentleman there is not a schoolfellow!"

Sir Hilton Pepper, to whom Wibley was alluding, frowned.

"I am Sir Hilton Pepper, sir," he said shortly. "I happen to be the guest of the evening, by gad!"

"Dear me! How nice—how really nice of the dear boys to ask you, Sir Hilton!" murmured Mr. Wobbles. "I hardly expected the honour of meeting you, because—because I've heard quite a lot about you."

Sir Hilton's eyes opened a trifle wider.

"Indeed!" he said.

"Yes, my dear friend Harry Wharton has mentioned you to me on several occasions," said Wibley, seating himself on a chair near the baronet.

He did not think it necessary to add that the manner in which Harry Wharton had spoken to him was scarcely complimentary to Sir Hilton! The juniors, watching the old gentleman, who claimed to be Harry Wharton's friend, began to open their eyes, too—in wonder and amazement. Certainly, to the best of their belief, they had never seen Harry Wharton with Mr. Wobbles before.

"Ah, how nice to be here in such a happy atmosphere, my dear Sir Hilton!" resumed Wibley. Sir Hilton sat with frowning brows, and made no attempt to speak. Perhaps he was a little angry that someone beside himself should be attracting the attention of the juniors. "One would never think there was any trouble in the world, when one sees such a happy band of boys!"

"H'm!" coughed Harry Wharton. "Don't you think, Mr. Wobbles—"

"Pray don't hurry for a minute, my dear boy!" interposed Wibley coolly.

"I heard of something, which greatly upset me this afternoon."

"Indeed?" said Sir Hilton.

"Yes—reminded me of the good old days," said Wibley, ignoring Harry Wharton's frown, and refraining from meeting the glances of any of the juniors. "We were blades ourselves once—eh?"

"Blud!" snorted Sir Hilton. "Blades! What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, my dear sir! Surely you don't have something at school which you would not have liked the Head to know about?" asked Mr. Wobbles, with a merry gleam in his eyes. "Ah! Many a scrape have I got into, and glad to get out of without the Head knowing anything about them. Look here, just to amuse the boys, Sir Hilton, we old men—"

"I'm not an old man, sir!" snipped Sir Hilton.

"Well, we middle-aged men will both tell a story—just for the boys' amusement—tell 'em one of the japes we've had—eh?" said Wibley.

Harry Wharton looked in amazement at Wibley. He could not for the life of him see what the schoolboy actor was driving at. But he was soon to learn.

Sir Hilton Pepper hesitated, and looked round at the expectant juniors. Then a smile twisted at the corners of his lips, and he set his chair so that he could face the boys.

"Well, since Mr. Wobbles—"

"Wobbles, sir," said Wibley gently.

"Since Mr. Wobbles asks, and since this is a time for celebration and good will," commenced Sir Hilton. "I'll tell you of a little jape that I was concerned in at my first school. I was only a nipper—about our young friend Wharton's age, I suppose. One day I and two other nippers, we called the Head 'pawky'—that is, we called him 'pawky'—and came, and set them flying on the wind-vane at the top of the tower which rose above the school—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"Of course, there was the dickens to pay. The Head saw them next morning, by gad, and fumed like—like anything," went on Sir Hilton, with a beaming smile. "Germans, our captain, did his utmost to find out who had done it—but, by gad, I had my wits about me, even at that early age! I bluffed the skipper—bluffed him, by gad!"

"And you were never found out, Sir Hilton?" asked Mr. Wobbles, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Good gracious me, no, sir!" said Sir Hilton. "I should have been sacked, by gad!"

"Dear me! That would have been a sad ending to a little jape, sir!" said Mr. Wobbles, shaking his head sadly. "Fancy a young boy being sacked from his school—terribly sad that must be! What did you feel like when you knew that every master and every prefect was on your track, Sir Hilton?"

"Rotten, sir!" said Sir Hilton. "But, by gad, they weren't smart enough to catch me! Now, don't any of you juniors get up to the same trick. I'll know where to find the culprit. Dr. Locke would have to be told—"

"Oh, we wouldn't take advantage of anything you told us, sir!" said Vernon Smith, a little curtly.

Some of the juniors began to look curiously at the little old gentleman who had got the story from Sir Hilton Pepper. The baronet was usually up against the fellows at Greyfriars, but here was he admitting that he had taken part in a jape against his headmaster. That being so, it was a little stiff that

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he should be such dead nuts against japing.

Poor old Wib was an example. After all, it was little more than a jape in which the juniors had been concerned, and which had led him to be sentenced to be expelled from the school.

"I felt just the same as you did, sir," said the little old man, but his tone had altered.

It was no longer soft and kind. It was cool and sharp. The juniors stared.

"Wibley!" shouted Bulstrode. "Oh, my hat!"

Sir Hilton Popper frowned, grew purple in the face, and looked as if he were about to explode.

"You—you scoundrel!" he shouted, jumping to his feet, and shaking his fist in Wibley's face. "You—you—By gad! I'll have you licked—thrashed within an inch of your life!"

"Sir Hilton!" began Wibley, as he snatched off his wig and beard.

"Silence, sir! I'm going to the Head at—"

"You've no need, sir!" interrupted Wibley, and his face was white and strained as he faced the furious baronet. "I'm going to be sacked in the morning—and I admit I came here to pull your leg now. I—"

"I'll—"

"Just a minute, sir! When I came as Mr. Wobbles, I merely intended to have a great time for my last evening at Greyfriars—wouldn't you? I ask you, sir, as—as one gentleman to another—if you were in my place, wouldn't you want something extra special to remind you of your last night at the old school?"

Sir Hilton frowned. He did not speak. His feelings were too deep for words.

"You were nearly sacked, sir—I'm going to-morrow. At any rate, the chaps here will remember my last night at the school. I'll go and change, sir, and—"

Wibley turned to the door. The juniors looked on, breathless with amazement. Harry Wharton's face was flushed with embarrassment.

The juniors never knew of what Sir Hilton was thinking. Perhaps he was putting himself in Wibley's place. Perhaps he was still thinking of the uproarious cheers which had greeted him on his arrival by the river for the race-of-the invitation to be the guest of the evening.

Throwing back his great shoulders, the baronet suddenly hurried to the door and into the corridor. Wibley was just turning to the stairs.

"Here, Wibbles, or whatever your name is, I want you a minute!" said Sir Hilton.

Wibley came towards the baronet.

"Haven't you any regret that you have treated me so shamefully?" demanded Sir Hilton.

"In a way—yes, sir. But I was thinking only of the Remove when I went to your house. I'm satisfied, sir. I've got what I could only have expected. And don't rub it in!" said Wibley.

"Wib—" began Wharton.

But Sir Hilton cut him short.

"You're a soundly young jackanapes. But I'm the guest of the evening. If you're not already invited to the—"

celebrations, I exercise my privilege and invite you. And—and I'll see Dr. Locke before I go!"

Wibley's eyes shone, and his face flushed.

"You mean it, sir!" he gasped. "Every word! Come on, you rascal, and not so much talk!" snapped Sir Hilton, in his well-known force tones.

"I apologise, sir—"

"Granted!" growled Sir Hilton.

"Up with him!" roared Cherry.

And Sir Hilton Popper, although, as Bob Cherry afterwards remarked, he weighed more than Billy Butner, was raised shoulder high and carried to the Common-room. There he was greeted with tremendous cheers, which brought a flush even to his hard face.

That was the beginning of a night never forgotten at Greyfriars. In the end the juniors retired to bed, tired but happy, and seeing Sir Hilton Popper not so bad as they had thought.

"You wait!" said Vernon-Smith, as he clambered into bed. "He'll be as peppery as ever the next time he catches anybody on his land!"

The next morning the Head sent for Wibley, and that junior suffered as severe a caning as he had ever had in his life. But, as he said, it was worth it, and he was lucky to get off so easily.

THE END.

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