

THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE TO BOYS!

(See page 2.)



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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Beyond Recall!

BLESS my soul! That boy has been wrongfully convicted—wrongfully punished! I expelled him in good faith. I believed him guilty. He must be brought back to Greyfriars immediately!"

Dr. Locke, the worthy headmaster of Greyfriars, paced up and down in his study. He was considerably agitated.

The boy to whom he referred was Newman, late of the First Form.

Little Willie Newman—the chubby-faced, blue-eyed fag who had stayed at the school for such a brief season—had been accused of stealing a valuable stamp-album, the property of Mr. Wally Bunter, his Form-master.

There had been abundant evidence which pointed to Newman's guilt. He had on several occasions been found trespassing in Wally Bunter's study, and in other studies.

On the strength of that evidence the Head had expelled Newman.

Willie's father had called at the school and taken him away; and that was regarded as the end of an unhappy business.

But it was not the end.

Something had happened since Willie Newman's departure. It had happened mysteriously, unaccountably; and it had had the effect of clearing Willie Newman's name.

The stamp-album had been replaced!

It was obvious that Newman had not replaced it, since he had severed all connection with Greyfriars.

Clearly the fag was innocent. And it now remained for Dr. Locke to have him brought back to the school with as little delay as possible.

The Head lost no time.

Among the books in his study was a London Telephone Directory.

Dr. Locke turned over the pages until he came to the name "Newman & Marshall, Stockbrokers."

"I will telephone to Mr. Newman at once," murmured the Head.

He put through a trunk call to London. After an interval of twenty minutes the bell rang, and the Head spoke eagerly into the transmitter.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Newman," he said.

"One moment, please!"

There was a brief pause. And then an agitated voice sounded over the wires.

"Mr. Newman speaking. Who is that?"

"I am Dr. Locke of Greyfriars. A terrible thing has happened, Mr. Newman. I expelled your son from this school, firmly believing him to be guilty of theft. I now find that a grave mistake has been made. Your son's innocence has been established."

A sound like a groan came to the Head's ears.

Dr. Locke looked astonished.

Why should such news cause Mr. Newman to groan? Had the man uttered a cry of relief the Head would have understood.

"Do you understand what I am saying, Mr. Newman? Your son has been vindicated—his name is cleared. It is all a ghastly mistake. I beg of you to send your boy back to Greyfriars without delay, that I may publicly reinstate him."

Another groan sounded over the wires. The Head looked utterly bewildered.

"You—you appear to be distressed at my news, Mr. Newman," he said. "Surely you are glad to hear that your son's innocence has been established?"

"Glad? Of course, Dr. Locke—of course. But—"

"You do not seem overjoyed exactly," said the Head. "I have assured you of your boy's innocence—I have requested you to bring him back to Greyfriars with all speed—"

"I cannot, Dr. Locke."

"What?"

"My son," said Mr. Newman, "has disappeared!"

"Disappeared!"

The Head echoed the word blankly. "Whilst I was escorting him home after his expulsion," Mr. Newman went on, "he broke away from me—gave me the slip—and I have not seen him since."

"Bless my soul!"

"We had to change trains at Court-field Junction. I went into the waiting-room to consult a time-table, and when I came out again my son had disappeared. I made exhaustive inquiries, but without result."

"You amaze me, Mr. Newman!" said

the Head. "Where do you suppose your son has gone?"

"I would give everything to know," was the reply. "Police-officers and private detectives are engaged in a search, but up to now I have had no news. I am distracted, Dr. Locke, at the thought of my boy enduring hardship and privation; for he had very little money in his possession. The fact that he is innocent makes it even harder to bear."

"Quite so, quite so!" murmured the Head. "I can only hope that you will get satisfactory news very soon. Would you be good enough to communicate with me the moment you hear anything?"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Newman. After exchanging a few more remarks with Willie Newman's father the Head rang off.

Scarcely had he returned the receiver to its hook when there came a tap on the door of his study.

"Come in!" called the Head.

It was Wally Bunter who entered. Wally's face wore an anxious expression.

"Excuse me, sir," he said quietly. "I just looked in to ask if everything was all right—about young Newman, I mean."

The Head sighed.

"Everything is far from all right, Bunter," he said. "Newman, whilst on the way home, eluded his father's custody, and he has not been seen since."

"Oh!"

Wally Bunter looked genuinely distressed.

"I have just spoken to the boy's father on the telephone," said the Head. "He is going to keep me informed of any developments."

Wally nodded.

"I hope they find the kid soon, sir," he said. "I feel very worried about it. It was I who accused him of theft; it is I who am directly responsible for his expulsion."

"You are not to be blamed, Bunter. The evidence against the unfortunate lad was so overwhelming that his guilt appeared certain. Even now I fail to understand what motive he had in prowling around various studies."

"It's a mysterious business, sir," said Wally. "I hope the news will soon

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"I have given you an order and you're going to obey me!" said Wingate. Then, without wasting more time in words, he gathered Percy Smith bodily in his arms, and carried him off to his study. (See Chapter 2.)

come through that Newman has been found."

"Meanwhile, Bunter," said the Head—and his tone became very grave—"I would remind you that you have but three days left in which to prove to me that you have not been guilty of gambling. An incriminating note from a bookmaker was found in your study. That circumstance has not been satisfactorily explained. I gave you one week in which to clear yourself. You have not yet done so. Unless you can satisfy me of your innocence within the specified period, I shall have to command you to resign your position as master of the First Form."

"Very well, sir," said Wally Bunter. "I've a suspicion that there's been a conspiracy against me, but it is difficult to lay the conspirators by the heels. However, a lot can happen in three days."

"I hope, for your own sake, that you will be able to refute this charge, Bunter," said the Head.

Still looking very grave, he sat down at his desk, and turned his attention to a pile of documents.

Wally Bunter took the hint—namely, that the interview was at an end. He withdrew from the Head's presence and made his way to Study No. 1 in the Remove passage.

The Famous Five of the Remove were commencing tea. They jumped to their feet when Wally Bunter came in. Harry Wharton placed a chair for him. Harroo Singh produced, as if by a conjuring trick, a plate, a cup and saucer, and a knife, and set them before Wally. Frank Nugent poured out the tea; Bob Cherry passed the buttered scones; Johnny Bull

produced from the cupboard a special pot of blackcurrant jam, which had been reserved for the occasion.

"Make yourself at home, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"And pile in!" said Nugent.

Wally Bunter seated himself, but he made no motion to eat or drink.

"Wherefore that worried brow, sir?" asked Harry Wharton. "Is it that rotten conspiracy against you that's preying on your mind?"

Wally shook his head.

"I'm badly up against it, one way and another," he said. "But it isn't of myself that I'm thinking; it's of Willie Newman."

"Don't worry about Willie now, sir," said Bob Cherry. "It's been found that he didn't steal your stamp-album, and the Head will have him brought back to Greyfriars."

"That's just it!" said Wally lugubriously. "The Head wants him brought back all right; but he can't be found."

"My hat?"

"He gave his pater the slip, and he's gone—goodness knows where! He may be starving in a garret, for all I know. And I feel that I'm to blame. I accused him of theft; I got him fired out."

Wally spoke bitterly.

"Don't reproach yourself, sir," said Wharton. "You could have done no other."

"I sha'n't know a moment's peace of mind until Newman is found and brought back," said Wally Bunter.

"Oh, he'll turn up soon," said Bob Cherry confidently. "He couldn't have had a great deal of money on him.

He'll be in London, perhaps, trotting around and seeing the sights, and when his exchequer's exhausted he'll go home. Then his pater will send him on here."

"Wish I could think it would all happen as simply as you suggest," said Wally, with a faint smile.

"The question is," said Wharton, "who returned your stamp-album, sir?"

"The person who stole it, I presume."

"I fancy it was Percy Smith, that monkey-faced new kid in the First, who returned the album," said Johnny Bull.

"If only we could bring it home to him!" said Nugent.

"Of course, it might have been Loder," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully.

"There's no doubt that Loder's played the leading part in this giddy conspiracy, and young Percy Smith is his dupe. One or the other of them returned that stamp-album. And it was Loder, I'm pretty certain, who planted that note from the bookie on Mr. Bunter's desk, and got him into hot water with the Head."

Wally Bunter looked across the table at Bob Cherry.

"I've thrashed Loder," he said, "and there the matter must rest for the present."

"Wish you'd hauled him up before the Head, sir!" growled Johnny Bull.

"We were glad to see you give the cad a licking; but that won't save your position."

"I've three more days left," said Wally. "As I told the Head just now, a lot can happen in three days. I am hopeful that I shall be able to clear myself of this betting charge. I'm not unduly worried about it. It's of Willie Newman that I'm thinking, at the moment."

The Famous Five thought of Willie Newman, also. But they were more concerned for Wally Bunter than for the expelled fag.

Wally was under a cloud, and unless he cleared himself within three days he would have to go. The Head would not relent. For a young Form-master to have betting transactions with a rascally bookmaker was, in Dr. Locke's eyes, a heinous offence.

Only three days remained for justice to triumph, and for the wrongdoers to be brought to book.

It was a very brief period. True, a lot could happen in the time. But the things that happened might not necessarily be favourable to Wally Bunter.

Wally's fate hung in the balance. And the Famous Five, liking Wally as they did, felt sorely troubled.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Good-bye to Greyfriars!

TWENTY-FOUR hours passed without incident.

Wally Bunter was still under a cloud. Willie Newman was still undiscovered.

Loder of the Sixth sullenly went his own way, without interfering with Wally Bunter.

Loder still bore the marks of Wally's fists. He hated Wally as only a mean and contemptible nature can hate. But he was not openly hostile. That was not Loder's way. He preferred to strike in the dark.

Percy Smith, the objectionable new boy whom the Famous Five suspected of being in the conspiracy against Wally Bunter, was now lagging for Wingate. The captain of Greyfriars had found him loitering in a suspicious manner in the

vicinity of Wally Bunter's study, and Wingate had spoken to him very sharply.

"You seem to have nothing better to do than hang about with your hands in your pockets. There is a certain gentleman who always finds mischief for idle hands to do, and I don't propose to let you get into mischief. You can come and fag for me."

"Shan't!"

Wingate frowned.

"No cheek!" he said sharply. "I don't permit cheek, least of all from First-Formers. I want you to come and lay my tea."

"But Loder wants me to fag for 'im!" said Percy Smith.

"Then Loder can wait! I've given you an order. Are you going to obey it?"

"No!"

Wingate wasted no more time in words. He gathered Percy Smith bodily in his arms, and carried him off to his study. Arrived there, he produced an ashplant.

The sight of that instrument of torture so startled Percy Smith that he started laying the table with all speed.

Whilst these events were in progress, Loder of the Sixth was in his study, chatting to Carne and Walker, and impatiently awaiting the arrival of Percy Smith. But Master Percy was otherwise engaged.

During this time, also, Wally Bunter was marking examination papers in his study. He worked industriously, without noticing the flight of time.

Presently he paused, and glanced at his watch.

"Stopped!" he ejaculated. "I've had so much on my mind just lately that I've forgotten to wind it. I'll pop out and see the time by the school clock."

Wally was absent from his study for only a few seconds.

In that short space of time, however, an incident of terrific importance occurred.

On Wally's return to his room he found a note lying on his desk.

He had seen the same sort of note lying there before, in the same sort of handwriting. It was addressed to "Mr. Walter Bunter, Esquire."

Frowning grimly, Wally ripped open the envelope. It contained a half-sheet of notepaper on which the following message appeared:

"Mr. Cobb begs to acknowledge the sum of three pounds ten to hand from Mr. Walter Bunter. This sum has been put on Flying Dutchman in the Blue-market Stakes, as requested. Mr. Cobb hopes that Mr. Bunter has better luck this time, after the heavy losses he has had during the last fortnite."

Wally's eyes gleamed. An unusually fierce expression came over his face.

"They're trying the same trick again!" he muttered. "They're trying to make it appear that I'm in the habit of backing horses. If the Head were to see this note, it would clinch matters. I should get kicked out at once!"

Who had delivered that incriminating note?

Wally Bunter was pondering the question, when the door opened without a preliminary knock.

There was the rustle of a gown, and Wally spun round in alarm.

The Head himself stood framed in the doorway!

Instinctively, Wally crumpled up the note he held in his hand, and dropped it into the wastepaper basket.

The action did not escape Dr. Locke. His brow grew stern.

"You are trying to conceal something from me, Bunter!" he said angrily. "I insist upon knowing what it is!"

The Head advanced towards the wastepaper basket. He stooped down, and salvaged the note.

Straightening out the crumpled sheet of paper, the Head read the message it conveyed.

His face became hard and set. He turned an accusing gaze upon Wally Bunter.

"So you have received a further communication from that scoundrelly bookmaker?" he said. "In spite of your denials, it is clear to me, Bunter, that since taking up your position here you have been gambling heavily. This note speaks of heavy losses!"

Wally Bunter tried to speak—tried desperately to defend himself against the accusation; but, somehow, words refused to come. He stood stunned. To the Head, his attitude appeared to be the attitude of a guilty person.

Dr. Locke went on speaking. The words seemed to hammer upon Wally's reeling brain, and he recoiled as if from a series of physical blows.

"I gave you a week to clear yourself of this charge," the Head was saying. "You could not have cleared yourself. You knew that you were guilty. And during this week's grace which I gave you, and which I was almost criminally generous to give you, you have indulged in still further betting transactions. This

is the last interview I shall hold with you, Bunter. Go! If you have any sense of shame, you will leave the school instantly!"

Silence—a tense and painful silence—which lasted a full moment.

Then at last Wally Bunter recovered the power of speech. His words came hot and fast.

"It's a plot, sir; it's a dastardly conspiracy! I've had no dealing with this man Cobb. I've not been betting. That beastly note has been planted in my study. I went out for a few seconds to see the time, and when I came back I found the note here. I repeat, it's a plot to get me thrown out. Can't you see it, sir? Can't you understand?"

"Enough, Bunter! I am amazed that you have the effrontery to make further denials. This talk of a conspiracy—a vendetta—is utterly ridiculous. Do you suppose for one moment that I am gullible enough to accept such a wild story? You have been gambling heavily, and you have made your conduct ten times more reprehensible by resorting to these futile denials."

"Sir, listen to me! Hear me out! Let me have justice!"

"Certainly you shall have justice, Bunter!" said the Head, in a hard voice. "I cannot retain at the school a Form-master who sets a vicious example to the boys committed to his charge. Go! That is my last and only word to you—go!"

Wally Bunter had sufficient sense to see that further argument would be waste of breath.

Mechanically, like one in a dream,



Straightening out the crumpled sheet of paper, the Head read the message it conveyed. His face set hard, and he turned an accusing gaze upon Wally Bunter. "So you have received a further communication from this scoundrelly bookmaker?" (See Chapter 2.)

Wally Bunter proceeded to pack his trunk.

He was half-way through when there was a knock on the door.

"Go away!"

Wally's tone was almost a snarl.

The Famous Five of the Remove were at the door. They did not go away. Wally's tone showed them that something was seriously amiss, and they were not going until they had discovered what it was. They looked upon Wally Bunter as a friend as well as a Form-master, and it was part of the Famous Five's code to stand by their friends.

Bob Cherry opened the door.

The juniors stared in astonishment and dismay at Wally Bunter, who, kneeling on the floor, was cramming things into his trunk.

"What the merry dickens—" began Bob Cherry, in amazement.

Wally went on packing.

Harry Wharton bent down, and touched the Form-master on the shoulder.

"Sir, you—you're not going?"

"Yes," answered Wally.

His voice seemed harsh and unnatural.

"But—but why, sir?" gasped Nugent.

"You've another two days to go, and if you clear yourself during that time—"

Wally Bunter looked up from his packing.

"I've got to quit at once, you fellows," he said. "Another of those beastly notes has been planted in my study. It was addressed to me, and it was supposed to have come from Cobb, the bookmaker. I'd just finished reading it when the Head came in, saw what it was, and gave me marching orders. So that's that!"

The Famous Five stood spellbound.

Bob Cherry looked grim.

"That note was left in your study either by Loder of the Sixth, or by young Smith," he said. "We'll make it our business to find out where they were at five o'clock."

"Yes, rather!" said Johnny Bull. "Unless they can give satisfactory accounts of their movements, there will be ructions!"

Wally Bunter, having finished packing, rose to his feet.

"I don't suppose I'm the first innocent person to be in such a plight," he said. "I've done nothing to deserve the sack; it's hideously unjust! But perhaps I ought not to feel so very sorry for myself. This is a blessing in disguise, really."

"But how can it possibly be a blessing in disguise, honoured sahib?" asked Hurree Singh, in bewilderment.

"It leaves me free to go and search for Willie Newman."

"Oh!"

"I've taken this very badly, this thing that has happened to me," said Wally. "I was a fool! One ought to rise above one's own troubles, and see what can be done towards curing the troubles of others. I'm glad—yes, glad!—that I'm going. I can see things differently now. If I'd stayed on here, I shouldn't have been able to settle down to anything. Thoughts of that kid Newman would have haunted me day and night! I'm going to find him, and bring him back to Greyfriars. That is to be my definite object."

"Then you won't go back to the office at Canterbury, sir?" said Johnny Bull.

"No. I'm going to search for Newman. I shall seek him far and wide. If it takes me weeks, if it exhausts all my capital, I shall stick to it. That kid has got to be found, and brought back!"

"You seem jolly determined about it, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"I am, Cherry," said Wally quietly.

"And now I must be off. There's a train to London in half an hour."

"We'll come down to the station with you, sir," said Wharton.

Wally said nothing, but his eyes bespoke his gratitude.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull picked up Wally's trunk, and bore it out of the study.

Wally put on his greatcoat and hat, had a last look round, and followed Wharton, Nugent, and Hurree Singh into the passage.

The procession moved off in silence.

In the Close, Billy Bunter of the Remove, and Sammy Bunter of the Second, were strolling together.

Billy and Sammy knew nothing of recent events. They were surprised to see Wally's trunk being taken away, and Wally, pale and grim, following up behind.

"I say, Sammy, there's something up!" exclaimed Billy. "Surely Wally isn't leaving Greyfriars?"

"That would be too good to be true," said Sammy.

Major and minor rolled up to the procession.

"What's going on?" inquired Billy.

A WONDERFUL OFFER

SEE PAGE 3

"I am," said Wally Bunter, stopping short for a moment. He put out his hand. "This is good-bye, Billy! You and Sammy have given me a good deal of trouble, one way and another, since I came here. But I bear you no ill-will. Good-bye! Good-bye, Sammy!"

Billy and Sammy took their cousin's hand in turn, and their looks betrayed the astonishment they felt.

"What's it all mean, Wally?" gasped Billy.

"It means that I'm sacked—fired out—finished!"

Billy Bunter's face lighted up.

"This is what me and Sammy have been waiting for for weeks!" he chortled. "Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" echoed Sammy. "You've been a perfect beast to us, Wally! Jolly good riddance!"

Biff! Biff!

A couple of severe cuffs sent Billy and Sammy staggering.

"Ow!"

"Wow!"

The procession passed on. When it drew level with the window of the Head's study there was quite a commotion.

The window was thrown open, and Dr. Locke thrust his head out.

"Cherry! Bull!" he thundered.

The trunk-bearers halted at the sound of the stern voice.

"Where are you going with that trunk?" demanded the Head.

"We're seeing Mr. Bunter off, sir," explained Bob Cherry.

"Indeed! Mr. Bunter must make other arrangements for getting his luggage to the station. I decline to allow you boys to accompany him. He is not a desirable companion for you!"

Wally winced at the Head's words.

"Go in! Go in at once!" snapped the Head.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull reluctantly lowered the trunk to the ground. Then they shook hands with Wally, despite the fact that the Head's stern gaze was upon them.

The other members of the Famous Five also shook hands.

"Good luck, sir!" muttered Wharton. "We'll fight for you while you're away. We'll clear you of this beastly charge, if it's humanly possible."

"Thank you, Wharton!" Wally's voice trembled a little. "I appreciate your help and friendship more than I can say."

The Famous Five went into the building.

Wally Bunter raised the trunk on to his shoulder. It was a small trunk, which he had bought since coming to Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co., standing in the old archway, watched Wally as he tramped away in the direction of the school gates.

Their thoughts were very black and bitter. The bitterness was directed against those who had conspired to bring about Wally's downfall.

The conspirators certainly seemed to have succeeded up to the hilt.

The plump figure of Wally Bunter vanished from view. And the Famous Five turned away, and walked back to Study No. 1 in a grieved silence.

Had Wally Bunter looked his last upon Greyfriars School?

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Working for Wally!

"WE must make inquiries at once," said Harry Wharton, when tea was over in Study No. 1. "The sooner we find out who left that note in Wally Bunter's study, the better."

"What's the first move?" asked Bob Cherry.

"We'll find Percy Smith, and question him."

"Good wheeze!"

The Famous Five set off in quest of Percy.

They ran him to earth in the fags' Common-room. He was sitting by the fire, with his legs sprawling in the fender, and a sullen expression on his far from beautiful face.

"Look here, Smith," said Harry Wharton sternly. "We want to ask you a straight question."

"And we want a straight answer," said Nugent. "No fibbing, and no hedging. Put your question, Harry!"

Wharton looked searchingly at the new boy.

"Where were you at five o'clock this afternoon?" he demanded.

"In Wingate's study," was the sullen reply.

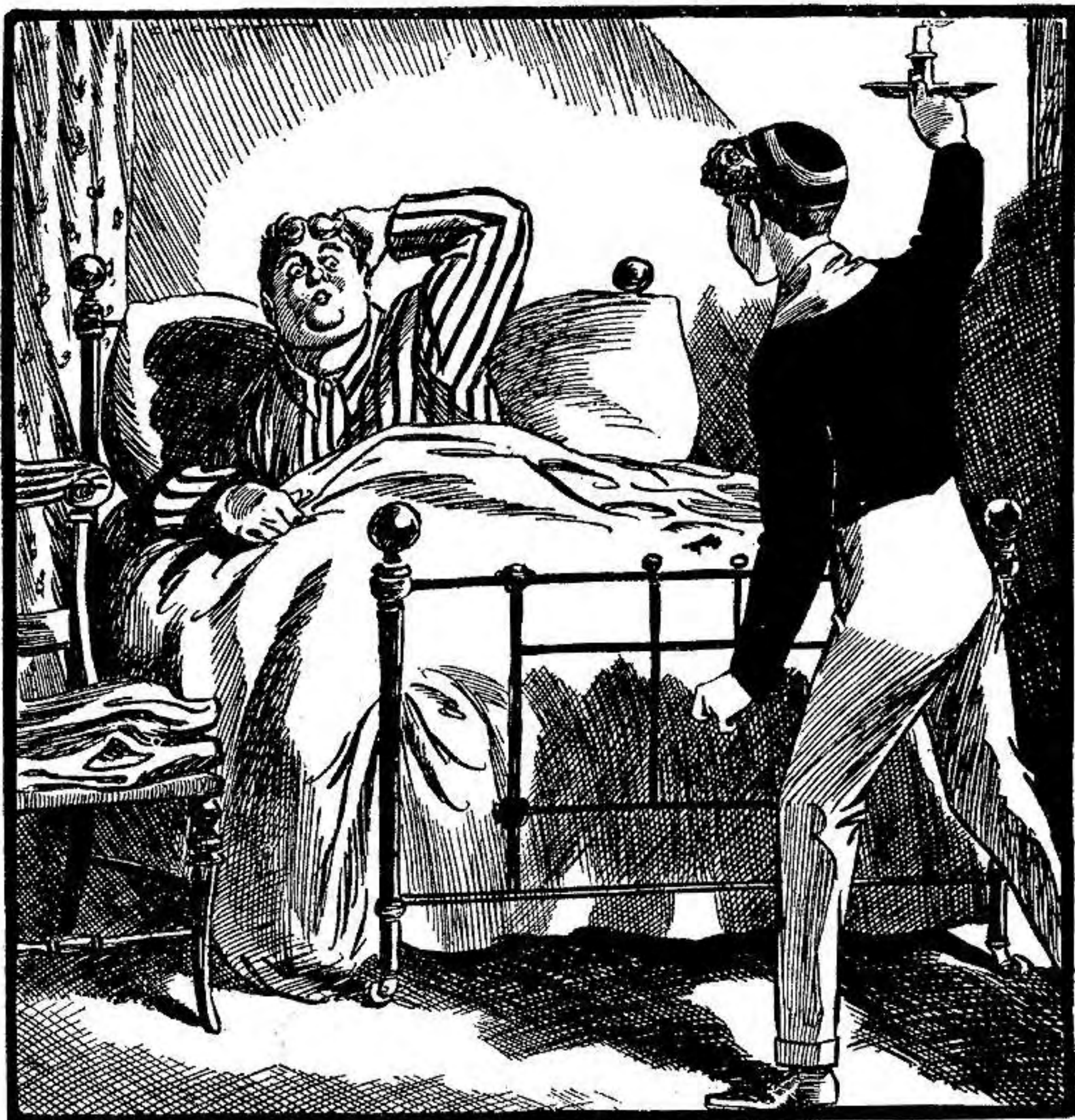
"You were fagging for Wingate?"

"You don't suppose I was 'aving tea with 'im, do you?"

Wharton frowned.

"No cheek!" he said. "Did you visit Mr. Bunter's study this afternoon?"

"No, I never!"



The door of the attic opened, and a lighted candle appeared. Behind it came a tired-looking youngster, clad in soiled and shabby Etons. Wally Bunter uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Newman!" he cried. "Willie Newman!" (See Chapter 4.)

"Think carefully," said the captain of the Remove. "If it comes out that you're telling a lie, you'll wish you had never been born!"

Percy Smith looked defiant.

"Which I 'aven't been near Mr. Bunter's study!" he said.

"You are sure of that?"

"Possertiff!"

"Very well," said Wharton. "We'll jolly soon discover whether you've told us the truth."

The Famous Five went along to Wingate's study. Wharton went in—the others remained outside.

"Sorry to trouble you, Wingate," said Harry. "Young Smith of the First

declares that at five o'clock this afternoon he was fagging for you. Is that so?"

Wingate nodded, and grinned.

"I kept the young monkey on the go all the afternoon," he said.

"He stayed in your study all the time?"

"Yes. I saw to that. But why all these questions, Wharton?"

Harry explained the situation, and said that he and his chums were anxious to clear Wally Bunter's name.

Wingate wished him luck, but he looked very dubious. He did not know Wally Bunter as Harry Wharton & Co. knew him, and he believed that the Head would not have sacked Wally without good and sufficient reason.

"Well?" said Bob Cherry, when Harry Wharton emerged.

"Young Smith was speaking the truth," said Harry. "Wingate bears out his story."

"Then we can rule Smith out of it. That boils it down to Loder. Let's go and tackle him."

Loder was a prefect, and he sat in the seats of the mighty. But this knowledge did not daunt the juniors. They meant to carry their investigations through to the finish.

Loder was alone in his study. The Famous Five coolly filed into the apartment, and Johnny Bull put his back to the door.

The prefect rose angrily to his feet.

NEXT
MONDAY!

"WALLY WINS THROUGH!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 734.

"Get out of here!" he said sharply.

"We'll get out when it suits us—not before," said Wharton, no less sharply.

"You—you cheeky young cub!" spluttered Loder, picking up an ashplant.

"If you use that thing," said Wharton, in measured tones, "we'll take it from you and use it on you!"

Loder laid down the ashplant. He could clearly see that bullying tactics would cut no ice with the Famous Five.

"We want to have a heart to heart talk with you, Loder," said Bob Cherry.

"Mr. Bunter's been dismissed from his job. Do you know that?"

Loder nodded.

"Best bit of news I've heard for ages!" he said.

"You rotter!" said Bob wrathfully.

"You've always been down on Wally Bunter. And I believe it was you who got him kicked out!"

"Do you really?" said Loder sarcastically. "And how do you suppose I managed it?"

"You caused a note to be left on Wally's desk—a note that would get him into serious trouble. You made it appear that he had been betting with that scoundrel Cobb."

"Indeed!"

"What we particularly wish to know, Loder," said Harry Wharton, "is this. Where were you at five o'clock this afternoon?"

"Well, of all the dashed cheek!" said Loder. "Have I got to account to a pack of fags for all my movements?"

"You've got to satisfy our curiosity on this point, anyway!" growled Johnny Bull. "Repeat your question, Harry, in case he's deaf."

"Look here!" said Loder. "Rather than prolong this idiotic conversation, I'll tell you where I was at five o'clock. I was here, in this study, having tea."

"Thank you!" said Wharton. "Was anybody with you at the time?"

"Carne and Walker were here."

"Did you leave the study at all round about five o'clock?"

"No, I didn't! And if you think you're going to cross-examine me any further, you're very much mistaken. Get out!"

The Famous Five went leisurely from the study. They had put their question to Loder, and he had answered it. He had denied having left his study at five o'clock. It now remained for Walker and Carne to confirm this.

"Being pals of Loder, they're bound to back him up," said Nugent.

"We shall see," said Wharton.

Carne and Walker were quite decent. It was easy to see that they were not connected in any way with the plot to ruin Wally Bunter. They had not liked the idea of Wally coming to Greyfriars as a Form-master; but Wally had proved himself to be so free from swank and conceit that they had come to respect him. They were sorry to hear he was sacked, and they said so.

Harry Wharton & Co. thanked the two seniors for the information they had given, and withdrew, looking rather crest-fallen.

"We seem to be on the wrong trail, after all," said Bob Cherry. "Who else is likely to have taken that blessed note into Wally's study?"

"Might be another conspiracy on the part of Billy and Sammy!" suggested Nugent suddenly. "They were awfully keen on getting rid of Wally, you know."

"By Jove, yes! Why didn't we think of that before?"

Bunters major and minor were sought out and questioned. But there was

"nothing doing." Each was able to prove a satisfactory alibi.

"No go!" said Harry Wharton gloomily.

"It's possible that the note came from outside the school," said Johnny Bull.

"Cobb might actually have written it himself, and given it to Gosling to deliver."

"That's so," said Bob Cherry. "Let's go and interview the aged and venerable Gossy."

The Famous Five made their way to the porter's lodge.

Gosling was standing on his doorstep, wielding a broom.

"Young rips!" he growled, as the Famous Five strolled up to him. "Wot do you want?"

"We want to clear up a little matter, Gossy," said Harry Wharton. "Did a note arrive at the school this afternoon for Mr. Bunter?"

"Eh? Not that I knows of."

"You didn't deliver a note to Mr. Bunter's study?"

"No. I ain't seen nothin' of no note."

"P'raps it was delivered by Trotter, the page?" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Couldn't 'ave been, Master Bull," said Gosling. "Which Trotter's been bout all the afternoon. Gorn over to Courtfield, as ever was!"

"Well, this is as bad as a jigsaw puzzle!" said Bob Cherry. "A note was certainly delivered in Mr. Bunter's study at five o'clock this afternoon. But we can't find out who delivered it."

"It must 'ave come from somebody inside the school," said Gosling. "No note ain't been delivered at these 'ere gates. Which I've been on dooty the whole time, an' I ain't seen even so much as the shadder of a note!"

"That's all right, Gossy," said Frank Nugent, slipping a sixpence into the porter's palm. "We'll take your word for it."

"Thank 'ee kindly, Master Noogent!"

The Famous Five went back into the building.

They felt utterly dejected. They had hoped to trace the person who had delivered the note, but they were no nearer to finding him than when they had started.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Wally in London!

"I'LL seek him far and wide!"

Such had been Wally Bunter's resolve in regard to Willie Newman, and he meant to keep it.

If the search occupied long, weary weeks—if he were reduced to a state of penury in the process—he would find the boy who had been wrongly expelled, and take him back to Greyfriars.

In concentrating upon his task, Wally, although he did not forget his own troubles, pushed them into the background.

After all, he reflected, he wasn't so badly off. He was young and fit; he was well educated and well spoken; the world lay at his feet.

Even if he did not return to the office at Canterbury, where he had worked before going to Greyfriars, he would have little difficulty in obtaining a situation in London.

Meanwhile, he must find Willie Newman.

It was not until he actually reached London that Wally realised the enormous difficulties which confronted him.

He had not a single clue as to Willie's whereabouts. He was not even certain

that the boy was in London. He could only go by hazard.

Where was he to commence his search? He had less chance of success than one who searches for a needle in a haystack.

Here, among London's teeming millions, he believed Willie Newman to be. From the time of his arrival at Charing Cross Station he seemed to do nothing but scan the faces of passers-by.

He had this to guide him. He knew that Willie Newman would be wearing Etons. Also Willie had a distinctive face, which would be recognised anywhere.

On the evening of his arrival in the metropolis Wally scrutinised hundreds of faces. But he failed to find the face he sought.

It seemed a mad, a hopeless quest.

Police-officers and private detectives were actively engaged in trying to find Willie Newman. And where they failed, was it likely that Wally Bunter would succeed?

Late that evening, weary with much futile tramping of streets, Wally put up at a quiet hotel off the Strand.

He anticipated spending a night or two there. As a matter of fact, he spent no less than seven nights, and in the daytime he continued his seemingly hopeless quest.

The end of the week brought Wally pretty nearly to the end of his resources.

He had only a few pounds left, and he realised that if he wished to stay in London he would have to find humbler quarters.

He tramped eastward to the slums. And as he tramped he continued to keep a keen look-out for Willie Newman.

Once he thought he had found him.

A crowd of people were assembled outside a popular cinema, and Wally, in passing, obtained the back view of a boy in Etons. The boy was of Willie Newman's height and build.

Wally dashed through the crowd, elbowing people aside without ceremony, until he reached the boy. And then he found that it was not Willie, after all, though the resemblance was indeed striking.

Swallowing his disappointment as best he could, Wally walked on until he could walk no farther.

He was footsore and hungry and sorely in need of sleep.

The district he was in was a terrible one.

Children, shockingly clad and ill-nourished, shouted and screamed in the street, or stood huddled in doorways. On every side were evidences of extreme poverty.

Wally Bunter came at length to a small cookshop. He could see that the interior was fairly clean, and the place struck him as being an oasis in a wilderness of poverty.

He dragged his aching limbs into the place, and was greeted by a motherly person in a white apron. This good woman said that her name was Mrs. 'Obbs. And what could she do for the young gentleman?

"I'm hungry and fagged out," said Wally. "I want a meal and a bed."

"Which you shall 'ave both as soon as ever my 'ands can prepare 'em," said Mrs. Hobbs. "What would you like to eat?"

Wally sank into a seat.

"No use asking for duck and green peas, I suppose?" he said, with a wan smile.

"No, that it ain't. But I've got some werry nice fried fish an' taters. Done to a turn, young gentleman!"

(Continued on page 13.)



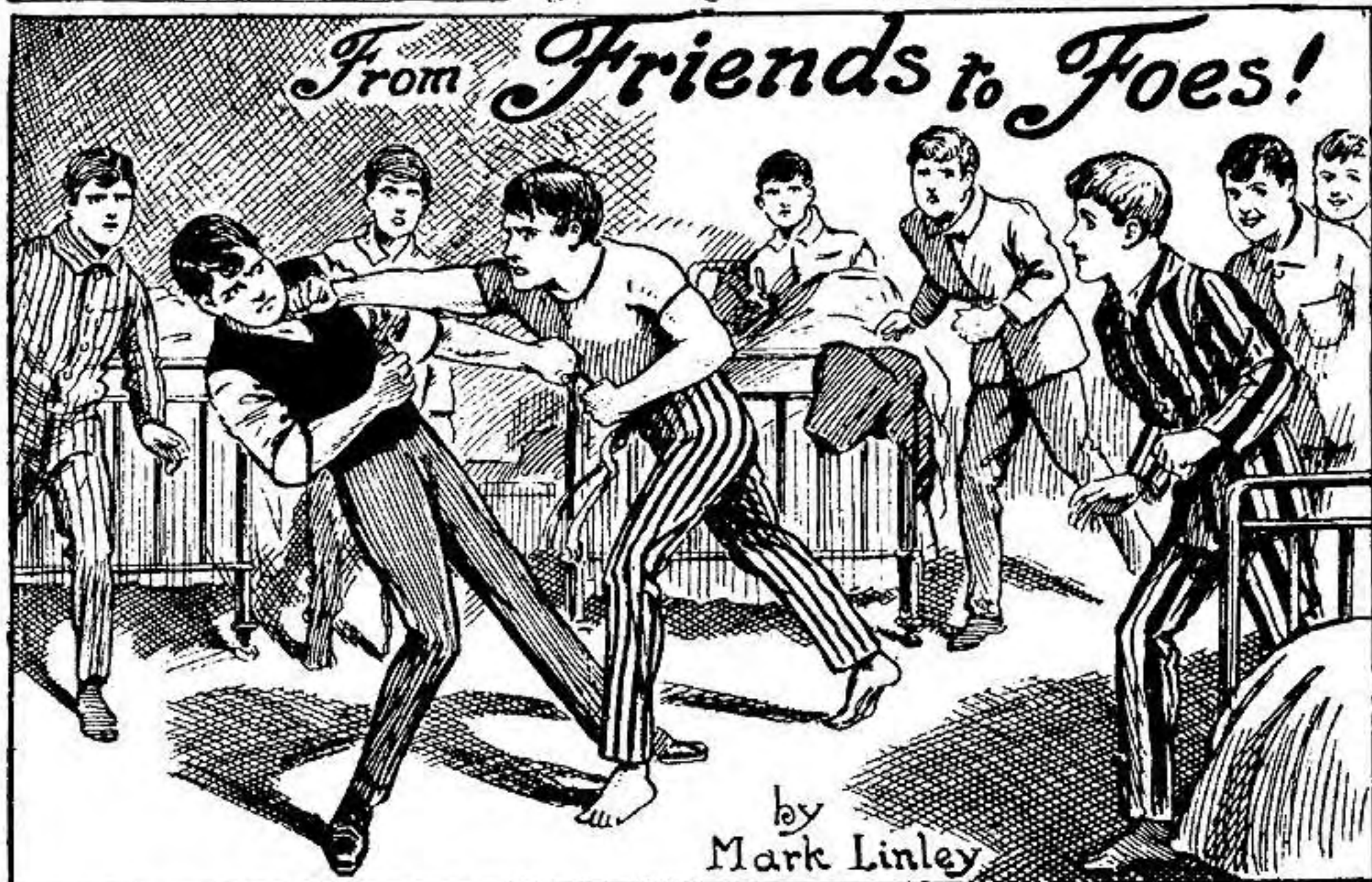
The GREYFRIARS HERALD

Harry Wharton
Editor



Supplement No. 62.

Week Ending March 4th, 1922.



THE GREAT DORMITORY FIGHT! Bob Cherry released his grasp, and instantly Russell rushed at Ogilvy, hitting out fiercely. Then a whirling fight followed between the two fellows who had been chums for so long.

WHEN friends fall out it is not always over big things.

Friends have been separated through a series of annoying trifles. And this is precisely what happened in the case of Dick Russell and Donald Ogilvy, of the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

Some may think it impossible for a warm and strong friendship to be affected by trifles. But it is just these petty and irritating trifles that lead to severed friendships. I don't want to hurl chunks of poetry at the heads of my readers, but you remember what old Tennyson said:

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by-and-by will make the music mute."

The trouble between Russell and Ogilvy—good fellows both—began on the footer-field.

The regular Remove team was playing the Remove second eleven. And the "second string" were playing awfully well.

Russell and Ogilvy were on the right wing, and between them they had already scored a fine goal.

Harry Wharton & Co. realised that if they wanted to beat the second eleven they would have to buck up.

Wharton himself drove in a hard shot, and brought the scores level.

They remained level until five minutes from the end. And then Dick Russell raced away with the ball at his toes.

"Stop him!" panted Harry Wharton. But Russell was unstoppable. He feinted

past Bob Cherry, and completely deceived Johnny Bull.

Dick's fellow-forwards came racing up.

"Pass!" panted Ogilvy.

Russell paused, and looked to see how his men were placed. He saw that Monty Newland, the centre-forward, was in a better position to receive a pass than Ogilvy, so he lobbed the ball across to Newland.

Monty shot hard, but the ball sailed over the crossbar, and the chance was lost. The second eleven had to rest content with a draw.

Ogilvy glared at Russell as the players came off the field.

"You frightful chump!" he said. "I yelled out 'Pass!' and you didn't take any notice. You calmly ignored me, and passed to Newland, who went and muffed it!"

"I acted for the best, Don," said Russell quietly. "Newland was in a better position than you."

"Rats!"

"Look here, Don, it's no use getting your wool off—"

"Well, dash it, you make a fellow tired!" said Ogilvy. "We should have won that match if you'd done the right thing!"

"I did what I thought to be right—"

"Oh, dry up! Don't keep arguing the point!"

"Well, I like that!" said Russell. "It was you that started the argument!"

Ogilvy walked on without a word. That was the first trifling incident. In itself it did not destroy the friendship.

But other trifling incidents were to follow. When Ogilvy, having had a bath, went along to the study for tea, he found that Dick Russell had already had a meal, and was now sprawling in the armchair, reading a book.

Ogilvy glared at his study-mate.

"You might have waited for me!" he said.

"I might have done, certainly," said Russell, looking up; "but I didn't choose to!"

"You've eaten all the jam-tarts!" said Ogilvy, gazing at an empty paper bag.

"Well, tarts are meant to be eaten, aren't they?"

"You're a pig!"

"Thanks!" said Russell.

"I—I'm almost beginning to hate you!"

"Then, why not sit down and write a Hymn of Hate? Seriously, though," said Russell, "you should have been here at the proper time, and then you wouldn't have had to go without. I'd made the tea. You don't suppose I was going to let it stand and get cold, do you?"

"You're a beast!" said Ogilvy, clenching his hands.

The breach was rapidly widening. Ogilvy walked out of the study and slammed the door with a crash which echoed the length of the Remove passage.

The trouble came to a height that evening in the Remove dormitory.

Ogilvy arrived in the dormitory rather late. He discovered, as soon as he had

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undressed, that somebody had made him an apple-pie bed.

"Who's been tampering with my bed-clothes?" he demanded angrily.

There was no answer. Several fellows tittered, and Dick Russell smiled.

The smile infuriated Ogilvy.

"Do you know who did this, Russell?" he shouted.

Russell nodded.

"Who was it?"

Russell shrugged his shoulders.

"I never tell tales out of school!" he said.

"I say, Ogilvy," piped the high-pitched voice of Billy Bunter. "It was Skinner, you know!"

"Skinner, was it? And you saw him do it. Russell, and yet refused to tell me who it was! Precious fine pal you are—I don't think! I'm beginning to feel sorry that I ever chummed up with such an outsider!"

It was Russell's turn to fire up.

"Take that word back!" he said sharply. "I don't allow anyone to call me an outsider! Take it back!"

"I won't!"

"In that case," said Russell, advancing towards Ogilvy's bed. "I'll give you a hiding!"

Ogilvy laughed harshly.

"If you can!" he said. "I repeat, I'm sorry I ever chummed up with such an outsider!"

That did it, of course.

"A fight! A fight!" was the cry that arose on every side.

Those who happened to be in bed immediately jumped up. There was a buzz of excitement in the dormitory.

Bob Cherry seized Dick Russell by the shoulder, and swung him back.

"You're not going to scrap!" he said.

"Leave me get at him!"

"Look here, Russell, you and Ogilvy are old pals—"

"Speak in the past tense," said Russell. "We're pals no longer! Leave me alone!"

"No use interfering, Bob," said Harry Wharton. "They'll have to have this out some time, and it had better be settled now."

Bob Cherry released his grasp, and instantly Russell rushed at Ogilvy, hitting out fiercely.

A wild and whirling fight followed.

Dick Russell was the better man of the two. He was experienced in ringcraft, and he had the measure of his opponent practically at once.

Ogilvy, however, proved a tough handful. He took very heavy punishment, but he refused to be flogged. Russell hammered at his ribs, and dealt him some sledge-hammer blows in the chest. He could have battered Ogilvy's face, but for some reason, best known to himself, he refrained.

The dormitory re-echoed with shrill battle-cries.

"Go it, Russell!"

"Stand up to him, Ogilvy!"

"Buck up and get it over!" said Bob Cherry. "Wingate will be along in a jiffy to see lights out!"

After being used as a punching-ball for the space of two minutes, Ogilvy began to show signs of distress.

He was obviously weakening. He knew what the end would be, but he meant to prolong it as much as possible.

Russell continued to hit. He left Ogilvy's face unmarked, but he delivered some telling body blows.

Presently Ogilvy felt his knees giving way. He staggered back a couple of yards, like a young sapling bending before a storm. He tried to ward off the avalanche of blows, but his guard was feeble.

"Ogilvy's done!" said a voice.

And Ogilvy himself knew it to be true.

His hands fell limply to his sides. He was utterly at Dick Russell's mercy.

Russell could have planted his fist in his face, or uppercut him, or dealt him a smashing blow in the chest.

But Russell did none of these things. He could see that Ogilvy was already "whacked," and he had no desire to press home his advantage.

"I think this has gone far enough," he said quietly.

And then he turned away.

Wingate of the Sixth put in an appearance a moment later.

There were no indications that a fight had been in progress. Everybody was in bed, and Bolsover major affected a trumpeting snore.

It was a long time before Donald Ogilvy

slept that night. He lay awake till a late hour, pondering over recent events.

"I was a fool to make a scene about that apple-pie bed!"

That was his first reflection.

"I was an absolute ass to force Russell into a fight!"

That was reflection number two.

"It was jolly decent of Russell not to smash me at the finish! He could have done. He could have smashed me to a pulp. But he saw how groggy I was, and he stayed his hand."

That was the third and final reflection.

Russell and Ogilvy did not meet again until tea-time next day.

They sat down together at the table, and for some moments there was a strained silence.

Then Ogilvy spoke.

"I've been a priceless ass, Dick!" he said.

"Same here!" said Russell.

"I was a fool to have quarrelled with you—"

"I was a fool to allow you to!"

"Will you shake?"

"Of course, old man!"

And, with a happy smile, Dick Russell extended the hand of friendship across the table.

THE END.

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

The story which appears in this week's issue, entitled "From Friends to Foes," is rather more serious than most.

It is good to introduce serious subjects occasionally. The "Herald" enjoys the reputation of being a humorous paper, but we do not want our readers to imagine that we always ignore the more serious side of life.

That is why I asked Mark Linley to write us a story dealing with a friendship which came within an ace of being shattered.

Marky is quite right when he says that it is not always the big troubles that put a strain on friendships. It is the little, petty, everyday annoyances. Many fellows can forgive and overlook the bigger things, but these small matters get on their nerves.

That is precisely what happened in the case of Dick Russell and Donald Ogilvy, two of the nicest fellows in the Remove Form.

Now, if Russell had done Ogilvy a fairly big injury, Ogilvy, out of the largeness of his heart, might have forgiven it. As it was, Russell irritated his chum in a number of small ways, with the result that they eventually came to blows.

The moral of Mark Linley's yarn is obvious. There was no need for him to drive it home.

We must try and keep our tempers when our pals are guilty of small annoyances. No pal can be perfect. We all have little habits and mannerisms which others find objectionable. And we should try and close our eyes to some of the little acts of thoughtlessness on the part of our friends, always remembering that we ourselves are not faultless in this respect.

"There goes old Wharton—sermonising again!" I can imagine some of you saying.

Well, I claim an editor's privilege of moralising a little occasionally. If I don't say a few words in season, nobody else on my staff will. Bob Cherry, Tom Brown, and the others are frankly humorous, and they prefer to leave the serious side of the paper to me.

I am pleased to say that we are going along very nicely in this year of 1922. New readers are coming along week by week, and the popularity of the "Herald" is spreading. I want to see it spread a good deal more before I lean back in my editorial chair with a sigh of satisfaction. There are still thousands of boys and girls who have yet to be introduced to our little paper. And I hope that by the end of the present year my army of reader-chums will have increased out of all proportion to what it is at present.

In confident anticipation of your help in this respect, I thank you!

HARRY WHARTON.

THE TERROR OF THE ROAD!

By DICK PENFOLD.

In olden times the highwayman
Held up the stately coaches.
A modern peril, no less fierce,
Along the road approaches.
Old Prout upon his motor-bike
Swiftly appears before us;
The fellows skip into the hedge,
And chant in hearty chorus:

"Look out! Look out! Here comes old
Prout
Upon his fiery charger!
At first he seems a tiny speck,
But very soon gets larger.
Into the hedge, my merry friends,
Hop like an agile linnet!
Look out! Look out! Here comes old
Prout
At quite a mile a minute!"

He travels at a reckless speed.
"Hi! Stop!" exclaims old Tozer.
But Prout, as he flashes past,
It heard to mutter: "No, sir!"
The motor-bike goes tearing on
With maniacal fury;
And Prout escapes the constable,
Likewise the judge and jury!

"Look out! Look out! Here comes old
Prout!
Get into ambush quickly!
His fingers clutch the handle-bars;
His cheeks are pale and sickly.
He cannot check his mad machine;
A group of fowls he'll slaughter.
Look out! Look out! Here comes old
Prout!
He'll finish in the water!"

Final Chorus:

"Look out! Look out! Here comes old
Prout!
On foot you now will find him.
The wreckage of that mad machine
He slowly drags behind him.
He's had a crash, a nasty smash;
He's saying things in Spanish.
Look out! Look out! Here comes old
Prout!
So we had better vanish!"

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



MY YOUNG MINOR.

[Supplement ii.]



A Vivid Description of the Various Contests. By Mr. LARRY LASCELLES.

GREYFRIARS has always been a centre of keen boxing activity. On Saturday last we had a grand tournament in the school gymnasium, and representatives of several famous schools were present.

The editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" has very kindly placed this page at my disposal, and I propose to describe some of the most important of the contests.

I do not intend to describe all the preliminary heats—simply the finals.

GEORGE WINGATE (Greyfriars) v. GEORGE BULKELEY (Rookwood).

This contest provoked tremendous excitement, in view of the fact that Bulkeley had previously beaten Kildare of St. Jim's on points, thereby qualifying for the final.

There was nothing to choose between the combatants as they stepped into the ring. They were of equivalent height and build, and both were in fine fighting fettle.

Bulkeley led off at a tremendous pace, as if he meant to end the affair in the first round.

Wingate defended gamely, warding off the majority of the blows. Just before the end of the round, however, Bulkeley broke clean through his guard, and administered a severe jab in the ribs. Wingate tottered to his corner at the call of "Time!"

When the bell rang for the second round it was seen that the Greyfriars captain had made a good recovery. Bulkeley, however, continued his forcing tactics, and Wingate was lucky to deflect one smashing drive which would have felled him had it got home.

The spectators called upon Wingate to "back up," and to "go in and win," but the Greyfriars skipper was obviously biding his time. He remained on the defensive until the fifth round, by which time Bulkeley showed signs of distress.

Wingate then took the fight in hand, and, carrying all before him, felled his opponent with a terrific uppercut.

Bulkeley crashed to the boards, and was counted out amid a scene of wild enthusiasm.

Wingate displayed excellent judgment throughout, and thoroughly deserved his victory.

DICK RUSSELL (Greyfriars) v. DICK REDFERN (St. Jim's).

These two juniors gave a delightful exhibition of boxing. They were evenly matched, and from the outset it was apparent that it would be a close tussle.

Russell boxed coolly, and showed extremely smart footwork; but he disappointed his friends by failing to get sufficient power behind his blows. After skilfully working for an opening, he would finish lamely.

Redfern was seldom able to get to close quarters with his more nimble opponent, but when he did manage to hit, he hit hard. Towards the end of the fourth round he lifted Russell clean off his feet with a powerful straight left; and the Greyfriars fellow must have felt considerably relieved on hearing "Time!" called.

After this mishap, Russell continued to box coolly and well. But he lost a glorious opportunity when, having sent his opponent reeling from a blow in the chest, he failed to follow up quickly enough, and Redfern managed to recover.

The bout went the allotted number of rounds—twelve—without a knock-out being administered, and the referee awarded the fight to Redfern, on points.

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My own opinion of this contest is that Russell was not in his happiest form. He has lost none of his old skill and science. It was lack of driving power that lost him the fight.

Redfern, although slower in his movements and inferior in his footwork, made the most of the few chances that came his way, and his punishing blows made those of Russell look quite puny by comparison.

BOB CHERRY (Greyfriars) v. TOMMY DODD (Rookwood).

This was a short fight, but a gay one. The Rookwood representative went off with a rush, and had the better of the argument in the first round. He continued his aggressive tactics in the second round, but was inclined to hit wildly. Towards the end of the round he over-reached himself, and was at his opponent's mercy.

Cherry felled his man with a single blow—a straight left, with all the weight of his body behind it. Dodd made desperate attempts to rise, but they were unavailing.



Towards the end of the fourth round, Redfern lifted Russell clean off his feet with a powerful straight left.

FRANK COURTENAY (Highcliffe) v. GORDON GAY (Rylcombe Grammar School).

The meeting of these juniors produced a stern struggle.

There was a sharp contrast in styles. Courtenay boxed coolly and confidently, whilst his opponent made a speciality of sledgehammer blows.

The Highcliffe champion was felled in the third round, but resumed. He was badly shaken up, and appeared certain to lose. For two more rounds, however, he kept his opponent at bay, and in the sixth round he put Gordon Gay out of action with a powerful uppercut. The Grammarian was game, but his efforts to continue proved futile.

The victor met with a great ovation.

HORACE COKER (Greyfriars) v. EDWARD HANSOM (Rookwood).

This was a hard, punishing contest.

Science was thrown to the winds, and the finer points of the art of self-defence were woefully lacking.

The affair was more in the nature of a prize-fight than a friendly boxing-contest.

Coker led off with a blow which might have felled an ox. Fortunately, Hansom managed to dodge out of range, and Coker's fist sailed harmlessly past his ear.

Returning to the attack, Coker beat a tattoo on his opponent's ribs.

Hansom did not seem to relish this sort of treatment. He closed with his man, and gave him a dose of his own medicine.

The referee's sharp command, "Break away, there!" was not complied with. The official therefore dragged the combatants apart.

The first two rounds went largely in Coker's favour. Subsequently, Hansom rallied, and dealt out heavy punishment to the Greyfriars fellow.

After five rounds of fierce fighting, both combatants were considerably the worse for wear.

In the sixth round Coker exerted all his strength. He rained an avalanche of blows upon his opponent, and finally despatched him with a smashing blow between the eyes.

Everybody seemed relieved when the end came.

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER (Remove) v. FISHER T. FISH (Remove).

This contest, the result of a challenge by Fish, proved of a very farcical nature. The two boxers knew nothing of the scientific side of boxing, but just hammered at one another whenever they plucked up courage to get near enough to hit out!

Owing to the size of his opponent, Fishy got in some very heavy blows in the first round. But though the blows brought grunts from Bunter they were not heavy enough to knock him over. It needed something of a steam-hammer nature to accomplish that!

After a while Bunter got tired of retreating round the ring, so he changed his tactics to the offensive. He got in a blow, absolutely a fluke, just before the gong went. Fishy caught that blow full on the jaw, and went down like a nine-pin; it was only the call of time that saved him from being counted out.

In the next two rounds nothing very serious happened. Both boxers did their best to keep out of each other's way. Once Fishy landed a blow, but it was so half-heartedly given that Bunter hardly felt it.

The fourth round was more exciting than the previous two, and both boxers were breathing heavily towards the end. Bunter stood his ground like a rock, and hit out at anything and everything. Sometimes the blows landed, and Fishy yelled at every one. He tried to rally, but Bunter was seeing red. His blood was up! Fishy closed with his man and tried to hang on. The referee shouted "Break away," and, after several seconds' struggle they parted. The gong was sounded, and the round finished in Bunter's favour. When the gong announced the commencement of the fifth round, Fishy started to his feet and declared that he was finished with the fight, and he would not go on. No amount of persuasion would make him continue, and he left the ring. Bunter was proclaimed winner.

The boxing tournament proved a huge success, and it is hoped to hold another at no distant date.

I regret that lack of space prevents a description of the remainder of the contests.

At the close of the tournament the boxers assembled in the senior Common-room, where a banquet had been prepared.

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Uncle Bob's Jest!



By Monty Newland.

"**A**NYTHING for me, I wonder?"

Billy Bunter of the Remove murmured the question. The fat junior groped in the letter-rack with feverish fingers. He pulled out a pile of letters addressed to fellows whose names began with "B."

There was a letter for Bulstrode, a couple for Johnny Bull, one for Bolsover major, and, last of all, a letter addressed to "Master W. G. Bunter!"

Billy Bunter stood blinking at the letter in gratified surprise.

"My Uncle Bob's written!" he exclaimed. "I didn't think he'd reply to my desperate appeal for a remittance. I've made desperate appeals before, and they've left him cold. I suppose his conscience has pricked him at last, and he's sent me a postal-order—possibly a cheque!"

The Owl of the Remove was trembling with excitement. He carelessly scattered the remainder of the letters on to the floor, and opened his own.

There was no remittance inside. But there was a message which caused Billy Bunter's heart to beat high with hope:

"Dear Nephew William,—I have just received your long letter of lamentation.

"You tell me that you are underfed at Greyfriars, and that your father stints you of pocket-money. You earnestly request me to come to your rescue by sending you a remittance with all speed.

"I am too busy at the moment to grant your request, but you shall have a substantial remittance on the 29th instant.

"Your affectionate
"UNCLE BOB."

Billy Bunter's eyes sparkled with delight.

A substantial remittance! Not a common or garden postal-order for a few paltry shillings, but something on a much bigger scale—possibly a five-pound note!

"Hurrah!" chorled the fat junior. "Uncle Bob's turned up trumps! A substantial remittance, by Jove! Hurrah!"

Billy Bunter's whoop of delight brought the Famous Five on the scene.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Your face is beaming like a full moon, porpoise! What's the news?"

"I say, you fellows, I'm going to have a remittance—a whacking remittance!"

"I seem to have heard that yarn before," said Johnny Bull. "I don't deny that those whacking remittances exist—but only in your imagination!"

"Oh, really, Bull! It's a fact this time! I'll show you my uncle's letter. Here you are! Seeing's believing!"

Billy Bunter handed over the letter. The Famous Five perused it with wide-open eyes.

"Wonders will never cease!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Bunter's actually coming into some money! A substantial remittance on the twenty-ninth instant! That sounds all right!"

"In the meantime," chimed in Billy Bunter, "I happen to be—er—somewhat short of ready cash. If you would be good enough to lend me a quid—"

"My dear old porpoise," said Nugent, laughing, "we couldn't muster a quid between us! Bob Cherry's broke, I know, and so is Johnny Bull. As for the rest of us—"

"We might manage to lend Bunter half-a-crown," said Wharton. "After all, it's only till the twenty-ninth, and we shall be sure of getting it back. There's no fake about that letter."

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh produced sundry coins to the total value of half-a-crown, and handed them over to Billy Bunter.

With a brief word of thanks, the fat junior pocketed the money and rolled away to Study No. 7.

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He was in high spirits, and no wonder. For on the 29th instant he would be in clover. "Wonder which day of the week the twenty-ninth falls on?" mused Billy Bunter. "I'll look it up on the calendar."

There was a calendar on the mantelpiece. Bunter ran a fat forefinger down its columns. Presently the finger halted. An expression of blank dismay came into Billy Bunter's face.

"Spoofed!" he exclaimed. "Uncle Bob, confound him, has been pulling my leg! He says I shall receive a substantial remittance on the twenty-ninth instant—and there are only twenty-eight days in February!"

Bunter groaned aloud. It was just like Uncle Bob, he reflected, to serve him such a shabby trick.

And then he ceased to groan. A smile spread over his features. Then he cackled aloud.

"He, he, he! I've been cute enough to tumble to Uncle Bob's jape, but the chances are that nobody else will tumble to it! What's to prevent me raising loans all over the show, on the strength of my uncle's letter, and promising to refund the money on the twenty-ninth?"



Enthroned upon a high stool at the counter, Billy Bunter gorged until the whole of the thirty shillings had "gone west."

Billy Bunter regarded it as a very brainy idea. And he lost no time in putting it into execution.

The first person he approached was Lord Maulverer.

Maully would be the last person to recollect that there were only twenty-eight days in the month of February.

"I say, Maully, old chap," said Bunter, rolling into the schoolboy earl's sumptuous study, "you might lend me a quid!"

"I might," said Maully, who was reclining at full length on the sofa. "But I don't think I will. I should never get it back, you see. An' I don't believe in lendin' money on that principle."

"You shall have it back!" said Bunter earnestly.

"When?"

"On the twenty-ninth of this month."

Maully yawned.

"I've only got your bare word for that," he said.

Then, with a flourish, Billy Bunter produced his uncle's letter.

Maully read it, and was impressed. There could be no doubt as to the genuineness of the letter.

"You're actually goin' to get a fat remittance, begad?" he exclaimed. "Congrats! I'll cheerfully advance you a quid on the strength of it."

"You're a sportsman, Maully!" The schoolboy earl produced his wallet, extracted a clean Treasury note therefrom and handed it to Billy Bunter.

Mumbling his thanks, the Owl of the Remove withdrew.

Bunter then made a tour of the Remove studies, exhibiting his uncle's letter, and requesting loans on the strength of it.

The letter was considerably thumbmarked by the time it had gone the rounds. And Billy Bunter's pockets were considerably weightier.

Not one of the fellows whom Bunter approached suspected that there was a catch.

Vernon Smith advanced half-a-crown, Russell and Ogilvy a shilling each, and half a dozen others sixpence each.

Not for many a long day had Billy Bunter been in possession of such wealth. The sum he collected totalled thirty shillings.

Considering that Bunter was nearly always in the state known as "atony," thirty shillings was a positive godsend.

Bunter betook himself to the school tuckshop, and ordered a feast fit for a king.

Mrs. Mumble was kept busy for half an hour attending to the fat junior's requirements.

Enthroned upon a high stool at the counter, Billy Bunter gorged until the whole of the thirty shillings had "gone west."

After the feast came the reckoning. It came on March 1st, to be precise.

Billy Bunter was surrounded in the Close by a crowd of creditors.

"Now, Bunter!"

"Pay up!"

"You owe me a tanner!"

"And I lent you half-a-dollar!"

"Where's my quid, begad?"

Billy Bunter gave a feeble cackle.

"I promised you fellows that I'd refund your loans on the twenty-ninth instant," he said.

"Well!" said Wharton.

"There's no twenty-ninth instant! It's March the first to-day!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"What a spoof!"

The juniors exchanged glances of blank dismay.

The fact that there were only twenty-eight days in February had entirely slipped their memory. Impressed by Uncle Bob's letter, they had advanced money to Billy Bunter—money which they would never see again. Like the young lady in the song, it was "lost and gone for ever."

"What priceless asses we've been!" said Bob Cherry. "We might have known there was a catch in it somewhere!"

"It's good-bye to our cash!" said Vernon Smith. "But we can have the consolation of giving Bunter a jolly good bumping!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We won't be too hard on him," said Harry Wharton. "After all, we've only ourselves to blame for not tumbling to the jape."

Billy Bunter was duly bumped—though the bumping was less severe than it might have been.

The fat junior didn't mind the bumping a great deal. He thought of the magnificent feed he had enjoyed at the school tuckshop, and he decided that he had not fared so badly, after all!

[Supplement iv.]

A FORM-MASTER'S FATE!

(Continued from page 8.)

"I'm just about done, too!" said Wally. "So I can sympathise with the fried fish. Hustle around and get me a meal, or I shall expire!"

Mrs. Hobbs lost no time. She provided Wally with a really excellent repast, in the circumstances.

"Feelin' better, sir?" she inquired, when Wally had finished.

"Tons better, thanks! And now, what about a bed?"

"You'll 'ave to share a room with another lodger, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Hobbs. "But there, I'm sure you won't! You'll find Ernie Brown one of the best. He ain't in yet, but he'll be along dreckly."

"Does friend Ernest object to open windows?" asked Wally.

"Not that I knows of."

"Or snore?"

"Gracious, no! He's a 'ighly respectable young feller, is Ernie Brown. You'll like 'im. One of the best!" repeated Mrs. Hobbs, with fervour.

"That's all right," said Wally, with a smile. "I shall be pleased to throw in my lot with Ernest. Would you mind showing me to the room? I'm dead beat."

The "room" proved to be little more than a cupboard. It was a poky little attic on the top floor. It contained a couple of single-beds, a crude wash-stand, and a chair. The small porthole which served as a window was hermetically sealed, as is the case with the majority of London windows.

Mrs. Hobbs stood at the head of the rickety stairs, lighting Wally's way with an outstretched candle.

"In there, sir," she said. "That's right. State bed-room, that is!"

And she laughed aloud at her own grin-jest.

"Many thanks!" said Wally. "Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir! An' I 'opes as 'ow you sleeps comfortable. It'll cost you ninepence a night, this room will. One-an'-six the pair of you."

"That won't break the bank," said Wally, with a drowsy yawn.

And then he turned in.

Sordid though his surroundings were, Wally was relieved to lie down and rest.

"I hope Brown won't make a row when he comes in!" he murmured, as he got between the sheets. "Yaw-aw-aw! I shall soon be in the arms of Morpheus."

The hour was not late.

In the street below, children still screamed and shouted, and traffic went roaring past. But Wally Bunter was undisturbed by the medley of sounds. Almost as soon as his head touched the pillow he was asleep.

For a couple of hours he slept, and he was then awakened by the sound of someone ascending the rickety stairs.

"My fellow-lodger!" thought Wally.

And he sat up in bed, in order to take stock of the newcomer when he came in.

The door of the attic opened creakingly. A lighted candle appeared. Behind it came a tired-looking youngster, clad in soiled and shabby Etons.

"Great Scott!"

Wally Bunter, uttering that sudden ejaculation, sprang out of bed.

"Newman!" he exclaimed. "Willie Newman! Fancy finding you here!"

Willie Newman nearly dropped the

candle at the shock of seeing his old Form-master.

"Mr. Bunter!" he gasped. "What—what are you doing in a place like this, sir?"

"I've been hunting for you, kid, high and low—here, there, and everywhere! And now, by the luckiest of chances, I've found you!"

Willie Newman shrank back in alarm.

"You—you're going to take me home, sir?" he said. "Because if so, I sha'n't come! My pater will only thrash me! And he'll carry on at me like anything for having been expelled. But I'm innocent—I swear it, Mr. Bunter! I didn't touch your stamp-album!"

"I know you didn't," said Wally. "The album was returned to me after you had left the school, and I knew that you couldn't have taken it. Everybody is satisfied that you are innocent. The Head's been trying to get on your track. So has your pater. And I believe half Scotland Yard is searching London for you. I'm going to take you back to Greyfriars in the morning."

Willie Newman burst into tears. They were tears of relief. He had not known one happy moment since his expulsion from the school until now. And he was overjoyed to know that his innocence had been established.

"Hop into bed," said Wally Bunter, "and tell me how you came to be here, and what you've been doing."

Willie Newman flung himself on to his bed fully dressed.

"There isn't much to tell, sir," he said. "I gave my pater the slip, as I expect you know, and I came on to London myself. I couldn't bear the thought of going home, with my pater looking on me as a thief. I hadn't a great deal of money, but enough to get fixed up in this place. I gave Mrs. Hobbs the name of Ernie Brown. I've kept myself going by doing all sorts of odd jobs. I've run errands; I've sold chocolates in cinemas; I've opened the doors of taxis in the hope of getting tips; I—well, I've done jobs that I shouldn't care to tell you about, sir. And I've just managed to pay my way at this place."

"Poor kid!" said Wally Bunter, and his voice was suspiciously husky. "You have had a frantically rotten time, I can see that. But never mind! I'm taking you back to Greyfriars in the morning."

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THROUGH!

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

And now I want to ask you something, Newman. There's a mystery about you, you know. You remember I found you in my study on two occasions, and you wouldn't explain why you were there?"

"Yes, sir; I remember."

"Will you explain now?"

"I—I'd rather not, sir. But I will if you press me."

"I'm afraid I must insist upon knowing," said Wally. "It's time all these mysteries were cleared up. What were you doing in my study, and in Wharton's study, and in Lord Mauleverer's study?"

"I—I was putting them tidy, sir, and dusting the furniture, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, I'm dashed!"

Willie Newman's explanation was so simple that Wally could have kicked himself for not having thought of it before.

"So you had a sort of mania for tidying up studies, Newman? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir. You were very good to me at Greyfriars, sir, and I was grateful. I wanted to do something to level things up a bit. So I went along to your study and put everything shipshape. When you began locking your door and shutting your window, my only chance was to go down the chimney."

Wally Bunter could not trust himself to speak for a moment. The dog-like devotion of Willie Newman moved him strongly.

"Wharton was decent to me as well—and so was Lord Mauleverer," said Newman. "So I used to go and tidy up their studies as well as yours."

"But—but why didn't you explain, you frightful young ass?"

"I didn't like to tell you what my game was, sir. If I had told you that I went into your study every day to put things in order, you'd have thought I was trying to curry favour."

"I should have thought nothing of the sort. Oh, you silly kid, why didn't you tell me the facts? If you had explained, you wouldn't have been expelled. Anyhow, the whole wretched tangle is straightened out now. You'll get a great reception, kid, when you go back to the school. I'll ask Wharton and his pals to give you a good time."

Willie Newman was sobbing quietly as he lay on his bed. It was half-sobbing, half-laughter. He had experienced a hard and terrible time in London. He had wondered how long he could possibly hold out. And now all his problems were solved, all his troubles had melted away. He was going back to Greyfriars under Wally Bunter's escort. And he knew that he would be unable to sleep that night for sheer happiness.

Wally, too, was happy in the knowledge that he had found Willie Newman.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Return of the Wanderer!

"**B**RE'KFUSS is ready, gen'l-men!" announced Mrs. Hobbs, tapping on the door of the attic.

"And we're ready for breakfast!" responded Wally Bunter, putting the final touch to his parting. "Come along, kid!"

Wally and Willy went downstairs together.

Mrs. Hobbs had boiled four eggs, and cut an enormous quantity of bread-and-butter.

"Which I trust as 'ow you 'ad a good

**NEXT
MONDAY!**

WALLY WINS

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night?" said the landlady, turning to Wally Bunter.

"Slept like a top!" said Wally.

"Did Master Brown snore or 'ave one of them nighthorses?"

"I don't believe Master Brown slept a wink!" said Wally, with a grin. "He was too jolly excited. We shall both be leaving you this morning, Mrs. Hobbs. Let's have your bill after breakfast, and we'll be toddling."

When the meal was over, Wally settled his own bill and Willie's as well. He still had sufficient funds to take Willie back to Greyfriars.

They rode westward on the top of a motor-bus, until they came to Charing Cross Station.

Wally Bunter took one single ticket to Friardale, and one return.

Willie Newman did not see him get the tickets, or he would have wondered what the return meant.

Wally chatted cheerfully to his companion as the train whirled them out of London and into the open countryside of Kent.

"By the way, Newman," he said, "there's a kid in the First that I want you to fight shy of—an individual called Percy Smith. He's a bad lot. If you get thick with him, he'll drag you downhill—see?"

"Don't worry about that, sir. I sha'n't chum up with him."

Wally nodded approvingly, and was silent.

For the first time since finding Willie Newman, he began to think of himself.

What did the future hold for him?

He had been taxed with gambling, and had been dismissed from his position.

The charge was false, and Harry Wharton & Co. were trying to prove it so. But would they succeed? Wally had to admit that it was extremely unlikely. The conspirators had done their work only too well.

There was only one thing for it. He would have to go back to Canterbury, to his former employers—if they would have him, after what had happened.

"The Head won't give me a reference," Wally reflected, "and I'm afraid I shall be in the soup."

The voice of Willie Newman roused Wally from his gloomy reflections.

"Here we are, sir!"

The train steamed into Friardale Station.

Wally Bunter, assuming an air of cheerfulness which he was far from feeling, jumped out on to the platform.

"Come along, Newman!" he exclaimed.

There was a sudden shout from the doorway of the waiting-room.

The Famous Five of the Remove were standing there.

Lord Mauleverer had been summoned to London to attend a fashionable wedding, and Harry Wharton & Co. had just returned from the up-platform, where they had seen Mauly off.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in his dulcet tones. "Here's Mr. Bunter!"

"And young Newman, by Jove!" said Harry Wharton.

Wally greeted the juniors cordially.

"I've found him, you see," he said, with a smile. "It's taken me the dickens of a time, hasn't it? Matter of fact, I was almost in despair. Happened upon him quite by chance in an East End cookshop."

"Mr. Bunter's been awfully good to me, you fellows," said Willie Newman, flashing a quick look of gratitude at Wally.

"He rescued me from those beastly slums, and paid my bill, and brought me back."

"Nonsense, kid!" said Wally. "Considering I was responsible for your being sacked from the school, that was the very least I could do."

Wally beckoned Harry Wharton to one side.

"Have you made any discoveries since I've been away?" he murmured.

Wharton shook his head.

"We've moved heaven and earth to find out who delivered that note in your study," he said, "but the thing is still a mystery. We've worked like niggers to clear you of this beastly charge—we even went in a deputation to the Head, and told him it was monstrous that you should be sacked."

"Great Scott! You shouldn't have gone to that extreme!" said Wally. "It was tremendously decent of you, Wharton. You were licked, of course?"

Wharton nodded.

"What are you going to do now, sir?" he inquired.

"Cut out the 'sir,'" said Wally. "I'm no longer a Form-master. My star has set. 'Dressed in a little brief authority,' as Shakespeare says, and then chucked out of the school as the result of a conspiracy."

"Loder's conspiracy!" muttered Wharton, clenching his hands. "I'm positive of that. Oh, if only we could bring it home to him!"

"I suppose everything will work out all right in the end," said Wally. "That's what happens in fiction, anyway, and I don't see why it shouldn't apply to real life. I think I shall go back to Canterbury, and resume my old job—if they're prepared to take me back."

"You won't come up to the school?"

"No, Wharton. I'll hand young Newman over to your charge. Don't be afraid to make a fuss of him. He's been through a terrible time."

"Have you told him that you're no longer at the school?" asked Harry.

"No. Simply hadn't the heart to tell him. It would have upset him. He'll have to know now, of course. Would you mind breaking it to him gently?"

"Leave it to me," said Wharton. "I'll explain."

"Thanks awfully! And now it must be good-bye!"

Wally Bunter shook hands heartily with the captain of the Remove, and then with the other members of the Famous Five.

Willie Newman watched this proceeding in amazement.

"Not going away, sir, are you?" he said to Wally.

"Yes—perhaps only for a short time. We'll hope so, anyway. Good-bye, Newman, and good luck!"

Willie took his benefactor's hand in a bewildered sort of way. He could not comprehend what was happening. He wanted to bombard Wally Bunter with questions. But Wally, after his parting words, hurried away. He crossed the line, in order to wait on the up platform for the next train.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Loder in Danger!

GREAT was the sensation at Greyfriars when Willie Newman returned.

Gosling, the porter, was the first to catch sight of Willie, and Gosling gaped at him as if he were a ghost.

"My heye!" gasped Gosling. "It's Master Nooman—or else his sperrit!"

"I'm no spirit, Gossy," said Willie. "It's me all right—as large as life and twice as natural!"

The party passed on, grinning. In the archway they suddenly encountered the Head, and their grins vanished as if by magic.

Dr. Locke, who had narrowly escaped a violent collision with Johnny Bull, stepped back a pace, and stared in amazement at Willie Newman.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "Newman, my dear lad, I am delighted to see you back! We had given you up for lost. Your father has been searching for you. Detectives have scoured the country. How did you come to be found?"

"Mr. Bunter found me, sir—in London."

The Head frowned slightly at the mention of Wally's name.

"What were you doing in London, Newman?" he asked.

"Starving, sir. I picked up a few odd jobs, and was just managing to exist. But it couldn't have gone on much longer. I was just about at the end of my tether when Mr. Bunter came across me, and told me everything was all right, and brought me back."

"Brought you back? Mr. Bunter?" echoed the Head.

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Locke glanced round, as if expecting to see Wally Bunter at his elbow.

"Mr. Bunter's not here, sir," said Harry Wharton. "He handed Newman over to us at the station, and then went away."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"Canterbury, I believe, sir."

"Ah! Well, well, I am pleased to see you back, Newman. You were expelled in error, and I shall publicly reinstate you in Big Hall this evening. Your clothes are very shabby, my boy, and your face seems pinched and drawn. But those defects can speedily be remedied."

"We're going to look after him, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"Excellent!" said the Head.

Willie Newman passed on with his escort.

Fellows came rushing up from all sides to shake hands with the returned lag.

Even Wingate of the Sixth condescended to pat Willie on the back, and say a word of kindly congratulation.

There was one fellow, however, who seemed to resent the return of Willie Newman. This was Percy Smith of the First.

"Anging round the necks of them Remove fellers!" said Percy scornfully.

"They're makin' no end of a fuss of him, but I reckon he pinched that stamp album, after all! Yaroooooo!"

A violent cuff from Bob Cherry caused Percy Smith to stagger.

"Dry up, you toad!" said Bob angrily. "We don't want any of your sneers! You're not fit to black Newman's boots!"

Percy Smith retreated, muttering fiercely to himself.

"Who's that beauty?" inquired Willie Newman.

"Eh? That's a charming little Form-fellow of yours," said Johnny Bull.

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THROUGH!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

WALLY WINS

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"He came to Greyfriars after you left. Nice, polite little fellow. He'll probably come up to you this evening and swear eternal friendship!"

"I don't doubt that he'll swear," chuckled Bob Cherry, "but I'm not so sure about the eternal friendship."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Owing to the fact that fellows were constantly surging up to congratulate him, Willie Newman's progress was slow. But at last the Famous Five succeeded in getting him to Study No. 1.

"Now," said Harry Wharton, "we can squat down and have a jaw about things. We've bad news for you, kid!"

Willie Newman looked anxious.

"About—about Mr. Bunter?" he faltered.

"Yes. He's been sacked from his job, you know."

"Oh!"

Willie looked genuinely distressed. The juniors would not have been surprised to see him burst into tears. He was fighting to keep his emotions under control.

"Of course," said Bob Cherry, "it's all a ghastly mistake on the Head's part."

"A terrific mistakefulness!" said Hurree Singh. "The esteemed Wally is as innocent as an infantful babe unborn!"

"What's he been accused of?" asked Willie Newman.

"Betting on horses," said Harry Wharton. "On two occasions, notes were found on his desk, presumably from Cobb, the bookie. Of course, the notes were planted there, by somebody who was up against Wally."

"My hat!"

"The notes got into the Head's hands, and there was an awful shindy. Wally was dismissed from his job."

"But he didn't tell me!" said Willie Newman wretchedly. "He didn't say a word about it. All he seemed to be concerned about was me—"

"Just like Wally!" said Bob Cherry. "Always pushes his own worries into the background, and gives a helping hand to other people. He said nothing to you about his own troubles—he didn't want to make you miserable."

"But I had to know sooner or later—"

"Exactly! And now we've told you."

Willie Newman jumped to his feet. His eyes were flashing with indignation.

"This was a beastly ploy to get Mr. Bunter kicked out!" he exclaimed. "If only I knew who the plotters were, I—I'd smash them!"

The Famous Five could not help smiling. The idea of diminutive Willie Newman "smashing" a gang of conspirators was pathetically comic.

Willie's lips were quivering. His hands were tightly clenched.

"Have you fellows any idea who the plotters are?" he asked.

"In confidence, kid," said Bob Cherry. "We believe that Loder of the Sixth and young Percy Smith are mixed up in it. But we can't get an admission out of either of 'em."

"Smith's in my Form," said Willie Newman. "If he knows anything about this, I'll jolly well make him own up. I'll squeeze a confession out of him somehow!"

"You seem fond of Mr. Bunter, kid," said Wharton.

"Fond of him? Why, I'd do anything for him! I'd follow him anywhere! He's been awfully good to me. When I first came to this school, he was awfully kind. That's why I used to go to his study—"



Wally Bunter, assuming an air of cheerfulness which he was far from feeling, jumped out on to the platform. "Come along, Newman!" he exclaimed. There was a sudden shout from the doorway of the waiting-room, and the Famous Five came rushing up. (See Chapter 5.)

"Eh?"

"It was to clear the place up, and make it tidy—to be of use to Mr. Bunter in a small way."

"Great pip!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in surprise. "And does that explain why we found you in this study one day?"

Willie Newman nodded.

"You fellows had been decent to me as well," he said. "It was only right that I should make you some little return by putting your study shipshape."

"Why on earth didn't you explain?" said Nugent. "Then we shouldn't have kicked you out!"

"It would have looked as if I was toadying," answered Newman. "So I sat tight and said nothing."

"And thereby laid yourself open to a charge of stealing!" said Harry Wharton. "You're a funny kid, Newman."

"Never mind about me," said Willie. "Tell me some more about Mr. Bunter. Those notes that were left on his desk—haven't you any idea how they got there?"

"We found out that the second note—the one that really brought the trouble to a head—was left in Wally's study at exactly five o'clock in the afternoon," said Johnny Bull. "Wally was only out of his study for a few seconds, and when he got back the note was there, on his desk. Somebody must have slipped in and out like a flash."

Willie Newman called to mind the fellow who had sneered at him on his return.

"I'll wager it was Percy Smith!" he said.

"Couldn't have been," said Bob Cherry. "Percy proved to our satisfaction that he was fagging for Wingate at the time."

"Well, if he didn't deliver the note himself, he knows who did. And I'm jolly well going to tackle him about it!" said Willie Newman aggressively.

"Stuff to give the troops!" murmured Johnny Bull approvingly. "I must say you're showing plenty of spirit, kid! When you first came to Greyfriars, you couldn't have said 'Bo' to a goose!"

Willie Newman squared his jaw resolutely.

"I'm going to fight tooth and nail for Mr. Bunter's honour," he said quietly. "I say, about this note! Did you ask Loder if he knew anything about it?"

"Yes. Like Smith, he could account for his movements at five o'clock on the afternoon the note was delivered," said Wharton.

"What about Trotter? Mightn't he have delivered it?"

"Trotter was away at the time."

"Gosling, then?"

"Gosling declared that no note had been handed in at his lodge."

"Then it must have come from somebody inside the school. What about Billy and Sammy Bunter? They were awfully keen on getting their cousin fired out."

"Billy and Sammy are dead in this act," said Bob Cherry. "They had nothing to do with that note."

Willie Newman was silent a long time. His active little brain seemed to be wrestling with a problem.

At last he spoke.

"I think I know who delivered that

NEXT
MONDAY!

"WALLY WINS THROUGH!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

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As Wally Bunter came out of the station there was a rush of many feet, and he found himself heaved in the air and pushed into a chair which was carried by four juniors. Practically the whole of the school had assembled at the station to welcome him back. (See Chapter 8.)

note that got Mr. Bunter the sack," he said.

"Who?" cried five voices in chorus.

"One of the maids."

"Oh, my hat! We hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Nugent. "Let's go and interview the maids right away, you fellows. We may find out nothing. On the other hand, we may find out a good deal."

Willie Newman's theory that the incriminating note might have been handed to one of the maids, with instructions to leave it on Wally Bunter's desk, greatly excited the Famous Five.

With Willie at their heels, they made their way to the domestic regions.

One of the school servants—Mary—was washing dishes in the scullery.

"Pardon our intrusion, Mary," said Harry Wharton, "but we should like to ask you one or two questions."

"Very good, Master Wharton."

"Cast your mind back to last Wednesday week," said the captain of the Remove. "Do you remember being asked, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to deliver a note for somebody?"

The girl smiled.

"It's expecting rather a lot, Master Wharton, to remember trifles that happened so long ago," she said.

"Never mind. Try and recollect, Mary!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly.

The girl wrinkled her brows in thought. "I've taken so many messages backwards and forwards at different times, that I'm sort of fogged," she said.

"But wait a bit. Last Wednesday week, did you say? That would have been a half-holiday. Yes, I remember it well now. I wanted the afternoon off, and

Mrs. Kibble said I couldn't be spared, so I stayed in and sulked. I just moped about, and did very little work. I delivered one note for somebody, and that was all. Don't interrupt me! Let me think this out."

Harry Wharton & Co. waited hopefully, expectantly, for the girl to speak again.

Presently she gave an exclamation of triumph. She had remembered!

"I recollect it clearly enough now," she said. "I was asked to take a note to Mr. Bunter's study."

"Who by?"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry asked the question simultaneously.

"Master Loder," said Mary.

"Ah!"

"He came to the door of his study and beckoned to me as I was passing along the passage. He handed me the note, and told me to leave it on Mr. Bunter's desk."

"Thank you, Mary," said Harry Wharton. "That's all we wanted to know."

The Famous Five, with grim faces, made their way to Loder's study. Willie Newman accompanied them.

"We're on the right trail at last!" exclaimed Nugent. "It was that rotter Loder who set the trap for Wally."

"And Percy Smith knew all about it," said Willie Newman. "I'd stake my life on that!"

Loder of the Sixth glared at his visitors when they presented themselves. They entered his study without knocking, and Harry Wharton came straight to the point.

"We suspected all along that you had

a hand in getting Wally Bunter sacked, Loder," he said. "And now we know for a fact that it was you who concocted that note—the note that got Wally kicked out."

Loder flushed angrily.

"Be very careful, Wharton! You are making a very serious statement."

"You can't deny that you sent that note along to Wally Bunter's study!" said Bob Cherry.

"But I do deny it—most emphatically!"

"Mary, the servant—"

"Where does she come in?"

"She declares that you handed her a note, and told you to leave it on Wally Bunter's desk."

Loder laughed. The laugh had an unpleasant, grating sound.

"Then I can only say that Mary's name ought to be changed to Sapphira!" he said. "She's told you a whopper. I've never given her a note to take to Wally Bunter."

Harry Wharton's lip curled contemptuously.

"We expected you would deny it, Loder," he said. "Mary is emphatic that you sent her with the note—"

"And I'm equally emphatic that I did nothing of the sort!"

"It's your word against hers," said Johnny Bull.

"Exactly! And whose word do you suppose the Head would take—the word of one of his trusted prefects, or that of an unreliable servant-girl who has already been threatened with the sack for telling fibs?"

Harry Wharton & Co. had no reply to make to this.

They were convinced that Loder had sent the note which had resulted in Wally Bunter's dismissal. But even now, armed with this fresh evidence, they could not bring it home to him.

As Johnny Bull had said, it was Loder's word against Mary's. And whose word would the Head be likely to take, if an inquiry were held? Loder's, every time!

"Now," said Loder, "you can get out! I'm not sure that I oughtn't to lick the lot of you for coming here with your beastly accusations. That servant-girl is a notorious fibber, and I'll tell her so next time I see her."

"I believe she's telling the truth this time, anyway," said Johnny Bull.

"That's enough, Bull! Say another word, and I'll lay my ashplant about your shoulders!"

"Look here, Loder," said Harry Wharton. "you had a hand in getting Wally Bunter sacked, and you can't deny it!"

"I refuse to discuss the subject any further," said Loder. "Get out!"

The juniors moved to the door.

"Are you going to the Head?" asked Loder.

He tried to speak calmly, but alarm betrayed itself in his tone.

"We'll think about it," said Wharton.

"Very probably we shall, and there will be an inquiry. You'll be called upon to answer some jolly awkward questions."

"Yes, rather!"

The Famous Five and Willie Newman went out and left Loder to his thoughts.

They were not pleasant ones.

Loder felt extremely uneasy.

He had hoped that the Wally Bunter business was dead and done with. But with the return of Willie Newman to the school the affair had been resurrected. The servants had been questioned, and Mary had admitted taking a note to Wally Bunter's study at Loder's direction.

If these facts came to the Head's knowledge Loder would be sent for, and subjected to a severe cross-examination.

He was prepared to brazen it out—to deny absolutely that he had plotted against Wally Bunter—but he was not at all easy in his mind.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Drastic Measures!

"**M**ONKEY-FACE," said Willie Newman irreverently. "I want a word with you!"

Percy Smith spun round with a snarl.

"Don't you call me no names!" he said.

"I called you 'Monkey-face,' and the name fits you like a glove," said Willie.

Percy Smith looked his Form-fellow up and down as if taking stock of him.

He saw that Willie Newman, although small of stature, was wiry and well-built.

Percy, on the other hand, was flabby, and not in the pink of condition. On reflection, he decided that it would be unwise to challenge Willie Newman to a fight.

"Now, look here," said Willie, "I believe you had a hand in getting Mr. Bunter sacked from his job."

"I never!"

"But I'm sure you did!" persisted Willie. "There's been a plot against Mr. Bunter, and you were in it."

Percy Smith scowled.

"See 'ere, young Newman—"

"You and Loder are hand-in-glove," Willie went on. "I'll tell you what I think. I think it was Loder who pinched Mr. Bunter's stamp-album, and that he got you to put it back!"

Percy Smith turned pale.

"As for those notes, making out that Mr. Bunter had been betting, I believe Loder wrote them both, and disguised his handwriting. He got you to deliver the first one, and Mary, the maid, delivered the second."

"You're talkin' piffle—absolute piffle!" stuttered Percy Smith.

"I'm not; I'm talking facts. Look me in the eyes and tell me that what I've said isn't true!"

Percy Smith attempted to meet Willie Newman's accusing gaze. But he failed miserably. His eyes fell before the searching glance of his Form-fellow, and he turned away to move off.

Willie Newman grasped him by the shoulder and swung him back.

"Not so fast!" he said. "Do you know what I'm going to do with you, young Smith?"

"Lemme alone, or I'll tell Loder—"

"Loder won't be able to protect you. I'm going to force you to own up!"

"I shan't!"

"Not at the moment, p'r'aps," said Willie Newman; "but you will by the time I've finished with you! Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to give you a licking every day of your life until you own up. And you shall have the first dose now!"

Percy Smith struggled to free himself from Willie's grasp.

"Lemme go!" he gasped.

"You'll fight?"

"Yes—hang you!"

Willie released his hold of Percy Smith. Both fags removed their coats.

They were in a convenient spot—behind the school tuckshop, where it was not likely they would be interrupted.

Percy Smith hurled his coat on to the ground and rushed blindly at Willie Newman.

He hoped to get the better of his opponent on this occasion, and then Willie would think better of his threat to fight him every day.

Biff!

Percy's bare knuckles crashed against Willie Newman's jaw with a force which made Willie's teeth rattle.

Following up, Percy beat a tattoo on his opponent's ribs.

Willie Newman was badly shaken up, but he quickly recovered.

After allowing Percy Smith to expend a good deal of energy—most of it was wasted—he sailed in, and his fists shot out, left and right, with clockwork precision.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

Percy Smith felt as if an earthquake was happening. He was slow and cumbersome in his movements by comparison with Willie, whose smart footwork gave him a tremendous advantage.

Percy was soon in full retreat. He put up both his hands to guard his face, leaving his body exposed.

Willie Newman made the most of the opportunity thus presented to him. He dealt his opponent a smashing blow in the chest, and then another, and yet another—all in the same spot, just over the heart.

Crash!

Percy Smith went down. He lay huddled on the ground, dazed and helpless.

If this sort of thing was going to happen every day of his life, he reflected, he would be better dead.

Willie Newman picked up his coat.

"I think that'll do for to-day," he said. "Wow!"

"You shall have another dose of the same medicine to-morrow—unless you make a confession to the Head in the meantime!"

Percy Smith lay groaning on his back and mumbling something about appealing to Loder.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" It was the booming voice of Bob Cherry, who came on the scene with his chums. "What's all the merry rumpus about?"

"I've just licked Smith," explained Willie Newman.

"And licked him pretty thoroughly, too, by the look of it!" chuckled Bob. "What's he done to deserve this untimely fate?"

"He's in league with Loder, and he helped to get Mr. Bunter fired. I taxed him with it, and he can't look me in the eyes and deny it. So I'm going to give him a jolly good hiding every day, until he goes to the Head and makes a confession!"

"Drastic measures, by Jove!" said Harry Wharton, with a laugh.

"It'll be interesting to see what happens," said Nugent.

"If the unworthy Smith is forcefully compelled to make a ludicrous confession," said Hurree Singh, "everything in the esteemed garden will be lovely!"

"So far as Wally Bunter is concerned," said Johnny Bull. "But it won't be lovely for friend Percy—or for Loder, either!"

Very slowly, like one recovering from a trance, Percy Smith rose to his feet. His ferrety little eyes were gleaming with hatred of Willie Newman.



Percy Smith hurled off his coat, and rushed blindly at Willie Newman. Biff! Percy's bare knuckles crashed against his opponent's jaw with a force which made his teeth rattle. (See Chapter 7.)

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Loder's Ruse!

MASTER PERCY SMITH had a terrible time during the next few days.

Willie Newman kept his word. Every day he cornered Percy in some remote spot, and hammered him. And each hammering left Percy Smith weaker and less able to face the succeeding fight.

After the fourth licking, Percy Smith was utterly unable to stand any more. His face looked as if he had put it through a window-pane, or came into contact with a very prickly hedge.

As he got to his feet after the latest thrashing, he implored Willie Newman not to lick him any more.

"I can't stand it!" he declared. "You've knocked me about suthin' crool, as it is!"

"You know your remedy," said Willie Newman. "Go to the Head, and confess!"

"But I shall be sacked! I shall be dispelled from the school!"

"You mean 'expelled,' don't you? Not that there's much difference in the two words, that I can see. Well, if you're sacked, it'll be no more than you deserve! You've practically admitted that you're guilty!"

"I can't confess—"

"Then you must take your gruel every day until you alter your mind!"

Willie Newman was adamant.

Percy Smith was in a state of terror. Life was just one good licking after another. There was to be no rest for him—no peace of mind—until he confessed to the Head that he had helped to bring about the dismissal of Wally Bunter.

And if he confessed, what then? Expulsion would follow, and possibly a public flogging into the bargain.

Being a physical coward, Percy Smith could not bear the thought of being birched.

One thing was certain. He could not face another licking at Willie Newman's hands. Another week of this sort of thing, and he would finish up in hospital.

For Willie's lickings were increasing in severity each time.

Utterly cowed, and crushed in spirit, Percy Smith slunk away from the scene of his latest licking.

He dragged himself along to Loder's study.

Loder's lanky form was stretched out on the couch. A cigarette was between his lips. He hastily removed the cigarette as the door opened, but replaced it when he saw who his visitor was.

"How many times have I told you to knock before you come into my study?" he demanded.

Percy Smith ignored the remark. His face was more sullen than Loder had ever seen it. He started to whimper.

"What in thunder's the matter?" asked Loder, in surprise.

"I'm fed-up with this 'ere school!" The words came in a vehement outburst from the fag. "Fed-up to the 'ilt, that's what I am!"

"What are you fed-up about?" asked Loder indifferently.

"That young Newman is makin' my life a puffick misery!"

"Oh, it's Newman again, is it? You remember the advice I gave you before. If he sloshes you, slosh him back!"

"It's all very well for you to talk!" whined Percy. "I can't stand up to 'im! I can't do nothin' with 'im!"

"But he's no bigger than you!"

"He knows 'ow to use 'is fists, an' that's more'n I do. Every day, for four days, he's given me an 'iding!"

"That's your look-out! Why has he been committing assault and battery on you?"

"I tried to tell you the other day, but you wouldn't 'ear me out. This feller Newman knows that it was you an' me what got Wally Bunter fired out!"

Loder was fully roused now.

"Ssh! Not so loud, you young ass!" he said, sitting bolt upright on the couch. "You never know who may be hanging around. Turn the key in the lock, and we'll talk this over."

Percy Smith locked the door.

"Now," said Loder, "tell me all about it. And don't raise your voice, for goodness' sake!"

"Newman knows all about that—that little business of Wally Bunter!" said the fag. "He knows that me an' you was mixed up in it. Seems that he can't drag no confession from you, so he's tryin' to drag one from me."

"How?"

"He's givin' me a good 'iding every day, until I go to the 'Ead an' own up."

"Great Scott!"

"The lickings 'ave got wusser an' wusser," went on Percy, "an' I can't stand any more of it! I've come to you for perfection!"

Loder was silent for some time. He appeared to be thinking deeply.

"I can't protect you, Smith," he said at length.

"Why not? You're a prefect—"

"But I can't keep young Newman under my eye the whole time. He's bound to corner you somehow. Even if I managed to keep him away from you during the day, he'd get hold of you in the dormitory. Seems a determined sort of kid. He'd continue to thrash you, even if he had to get up in the middle of the night to do it!"

Percy Smith realised the truth of this. He knew, better than Loder knew, how great was Willie Newman's determination.

"What am I goin' to do?" he asked, wringing his hands. "I can't go on like this! Another lickin' would absolutely finish me! Look at my face!"

"I'd prefer to look at something more pleasant!" said Loder. "Your face isn't exactly that of an Adonis, in normal times. When it's been used as a punching-ball, it's positively revolting!"

"I dunno which way to turn," said Percy Smith. "If I sit tight, an' say nothin' about this Bunter business, Newman will go on lickin' me. An' if I go to the 'Ead an' confess, I shall be sacked from the school. So would you!" added Percy, as an afterthought.

"Drop that!" said Loder sharply. "You can leave me out of it! Now, listen to me. You don't want to be sacked, I suppose?"

"I want to get away from this rotten 'ole. But I don't want to be sacked, because—"

"Because there might be a birching thrown in—eh?"

"That's it."

"Well, why have you come to me? Do you want me to advise you what to do?" Percy Smith nodded eagerly.

"Get out!" said Loder. "Run away!"

Percy drew a deep breath.

"I 'adn't thought of that!" he said.

"Well, it's the only way. If you stay here you'll be at the mercy of young Newman, and he'll lead you the dickens of a dance. If you go to the Head and own up to your share in this Bunter business, it will mean a public flogging, with the sack to follow. And a public flogging is no joke, I can tell you."

Loder glanced keenly at the fag to see what impression his words made. He had certainly succeeded in impressing Percy Smith.

"I'll go!" said Percy. "I'll run away this very night!"

"Where will you go?" asked Loder. "You've got relatives in Friardale, I know. Cobb, the bookie, is your uncle. But you'll have to go farther afield than Friardale, or you'll be collared and brought back."

"I shall go to Dover," said Percy. "I'll get a job of some sort on a boat. I'm fond of the sea—but I don't like bathin' in it!" he added. "Cold water don't suit my constitootion."

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"You'll go to Dover, will you?" said Loder. "Well, look here! There are one or two things to be settled before you buzz off. I want you to do something for me."

Percy eyed the prefect narrowly.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Leave a letter behind you, addressed to the Head, saying that you wrote the two notes which got Wally Bunter sacked."

"But it was you who wrote them—"

"Shut up!" snapped Loder. "Never mind about that. You've got to say it was you. Nobody can punish you. You'll be miles away by the time the Head gets your letter."

"I ain't goin' to own up to a thing I never did!" said Percy Smith sullenly.

"I'll make it worth your while," said Loder persuasively. "I'll pay you well. And you'll need money to help you in getting away."

"Ow much will you give me?" asked Percy, with an eye to business.

"A quid!"

"You can keep your quid!" said the fag scornfully. "I want a jolly sight more'n that!"

Loder gradually increased his offer. Presently it got to five pounds, and Loder refused to offer a penny more.

"You can take it or leave it," he said.

Percy Smith decided to take it.

"Sit down in that chair," said Loder, "and write this letter at my dictation."

Percy obeyed.

When the letter was written, signed, and sealed, Loder handed over a five-pound note.

"Here you are," he said. "Now, whatever you do, don't go getting nabbed and brought back to the school. If you do, it will mean a public flogging. The Head will have got your confession, you see."

Percy grinned. He had brightened up considerably on receiving the fiver.

"I'll take jolly good care not to get nailed!" he said. "By bed-time this evenin' I shall be well away!"

Loder held out his hand.

"Good-bye, kid!" he said gruffly. "This is the only way out of your difficulties, you know."

Incidentally, it was the only way out of Loder's.

That evening Percy Smith went down to the village—ostensibly to get something for Wingate, his fag-master.

Percy did not return. He had tramped to an outlying railway-station, and taken train to Dover.

After Percy Smith's departure Loder contrived to smuggle the "confession" into the Head's study.

Dr. Locke was filled with amazement when he discovered the letter next morning.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "This—this is truly astounding!"

He re-read Percy Smith's farewell note. It ran as follows:

"To the Rev. Mr. Dr. Locke, Eskwire.

"Sir,—I have a painful confession to make to you. It was me what wrote the notes that got Mr. Bunter into trouble. I hated him, bekwase he was very severe with me when I first came to the school, and he made my life a mizzery.

"I signed the notes 'Mister Cobb,' who is my uncle, and I smuggled them on to Mr. Bunter's desk.

"I am fooly responsibul for all this trubble and mistery what has been going on lately. Their was noboddy else in the plot. I done everything myself.

"I am now going to run away from Greyfriars. You would only have sacked me if I stayed, so please don't try to find me.

"I remane, your humbel pupil,

"PERCY SMITH."

Loder had showed great cunning in the dictation of that letter. He had deliberately caused it to be ungrammatical—just such a letter as Percy Smith might have been expected to write. Percy's quaint spelling gave the finishing touch to the confession.

The Head was slowly recovering from his amazement, when Wingate of the Sixth came in.

"I have to report to you, sir," he began, "that Smith of the First has disappeared. He has not been seen since seven o'clock last night, and all efforts to trace him have failed. It seems that he has run away from the school."

"The wretched boy has left behind him a confession, which completely vindicates Mr. Bunter," the Head said.

The Head permitted Wingate to read the letter. And the captain of Greyfriars was no less astonished than Dr. Locke had been.

"Shall you try to trace Smith, sir?" he inquired.

"No, Wingate. I will communicate with his parents, and explain the whole situation to them. But first of all I must get in touch with Mr. Bunter. He has been grievously wronged. He must be reinstated without delay."

Shortly afterwards, when Greyfriars was at breakfast, the Head came into Hall and made a public announcement to the effect that Wally Bunter's name was cleared. And the cheering which followed that announcement was like unto the booming of guns.

Wally, as it happened, was back in his old lodgings at Canterbury.

Dr. Locke sent him a telegram, bidding him return at once to resume his duties as master of the First.

And what a reception Wally had on his arrival!

Practically the whole school marched down to the station to welcome him.

Even Billy and Sammy, who were not overjoyed at the prospect of their cousin's return, were decent enough to feel glad that his honour had been vindicated.

Harry Wharton & Co. rejoiced with an exceeding joy. But even their pleasure was not to be compared to that of little Willie Newman, whose loyalty to Wally Bunter had been unwavering throughout.

It was Willie Newman's drastic treatment of Percy Smith that had brought matters to a head. And when Wally heard of his pupil's staunch championship of him, he was greatly moved.

The Head was full of remorse at having dismissed Wally. But the young Form-master cut short Dr. Locke's expression of contrition.

There were still a few mysteries which had not been satisfactorily cleared up.

Who had sent Wally the anonymous warning, to the effect that a boy was coming into his Form who would make things very unpleasant for him?

This matter remained unsolved, though each member of the Famous Five had his pet theory.

It was not quite clear, either, who had removed Wally's stamp album.

But these things were of little account now. They were swept into the limbo of the forgotten past.

The one thing that mattered, above all else, was the fact that Wally Bunter was reinstated to his old position.

THE END.

(Another grand story of the chums of Greyfriars will appear in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY. Order to-day!)

THE EDITOR'S CHAT AND READERS' NOTICES.

I hope every reader has carefully read the whole of page 2 of this issue, for therein is detailed the contents of our famous week-end companion paper, the "Popular." My chums will see that one of the complete stories concerns the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co.'s early days at Greyfriars, and the particular time which is now being referred to happens to be the most exciting and anxious time of all. For it was then that the Bounder of Greyfriars was Herbert Vernon-Smith at his worst. His fight against the Famous Five is related as only Frank Richards can relate a story. and I hope every reader of the MAGNET LIBRARY will get a copy of the issue of the "Popular" now on sale, and place an order for next Friday's issue to be saved.

Full particulars of the rest of the contents of the "Popular," including, of course, the magnificent Coloured Engine Plate which is presented FREE with every issue, are given on page 2 of this issue.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

Next Monday's grand, long, complete school story of the chums of Greyfriars is entitled:

"WALLY WINS THROUGH!"

By Frank Richards.

The trials of Wally Bunter, the newly-appointed master of the First Form at Greyfriars, have been many and stiff. However, in next week's story you will learn how Wally was left in charge of the school at a most critical time. The most extraordinary part of the whole affair is Loder's attitude in the crisis.

Tremendous though the difficulties are which face Wally Bunter, he and his backers-up manage to win through with even greater success than anybody dared hope for.

There will also be another issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," the popular school-boy journal which is controlled by Harry Wharton & Co. There are many interesting stories, articles, and verses, and every reader of next week's issue of the MAGNET LIBRARY is assured of a great treat.

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