

THE LEADING SCHOOL AND DETECTIVE STORY PAPER!

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The Magnet 2^d

Library
of
School & Detective Stories.



WHIP BEHIND! IT'S AWKWARD FOR BUNTER!

(An amusing incident in this week's magnificent, long, complete school story.)

Here I give you all the latest news—drop me a line and let me have your views!



SHERLOCK HOLMES BUNTER.

TO say that you will like the next Greyfriars yarn is merely to toy with a self-evident fact. It is a great story, and the title of it, "Detective Bunter," conjures up a vista of amazing and fascinating possibilities. Those who cherish bright expectations will suffer no disappointment.

Maybe you have not yet realised the fact that the porpoise has abilities as a sleuth. Yet this is so. Bunter has merely to take up a difficult bit of detective work, and he wins. Wide as houses as he is, many-sided, a fellow with interests almost as vast as his own personal stock of adipose, there is yet much to learn of him, and the unending variety of his character. We hear of Bunter as a bandit, Bunter as a master of the fine art of bandying wit; also Bunter as a ventriloquist. But on this occasion the Owl is a detective.

LUCKY FOR COKER.

Perhaps it is wiser to acknowledge the prodigious versatility of Peter Todd's study companion, and pass on. Bunter's greatness needs no further emphasis from me, nor from anyone. And yet there is this to it—you cannot trust a modest, retiring, self-effacing chap like Bunter to do justice to himself. He shrinks from publicity and the praise of men. He has even to be dragged to the meetings of the Greyfriars Parliament. He hides his light. If Bunter had not happened to be so playful about Captain Corkran's kit-bag, we might never have had those remarkable adventures in the Congo. Bunter is not the fellow to cry his goods, nor extol his majestic attainments. But as regards next Monday's story, it is stupendous. As I was saying, it all turns out most fortunately for Coker.

THE FALL OF GOSLING.

Of course, I am not giving away the story; I do not mean to do so. It would be a pity. But it is just the sort of tale one revels in. Somehow one always does revel in a story which brings dear old Horace Coker into the limelight. Horace has no brains to speak of, though last spring he was credited with the possession of something in the nature of a brain wave, for he wrote a poem about "luv." That's another story. In next Monday's yarn we find Coker in hot water. It is this way. Gosling has been knocked down by somebody mounted on a motor-cycle. It's a terrible business. Who did it? Coker? So say some—but did he? Those people who ride motor-bikes will understand. A well-oiled bike likes to get out of hand.

A BIT OF A MYSTERY.

But in this case there is a bit of a mystery. Coker is accused. The subject becomes vexed—so does Coker. Poor old Coker has had many trials, but through all his ups and downs—even when they put his junior, Master Reggie, in the Sixth, which was a nasty blow to Horatian pride, say what you will—Coker's heart has remained in the right place.

A RARE MIX-UP.

No reference intended to the collision in which Gosling got into a welter of bike and confusion. The mix-up is this charge which is levelled at Horace without quite as much rhyme or reason as might be. At least, that is what Bunter thinks. William George acts a noble part. He takes up the case. He refuses to stand by and see injustice done. If an ass is accused of eating a

carrot which it had not come by honestly, it would be the bounden duty of anybody to defend the ass. Coker is an ass, and—well, there it is. There is no carrot, but Coker is up against it with a vengeance. It is a perfect treat to see Bunter on the job. You will admire his easy nonchalance, his shrewdness and insight. You will begin to feel that you have misjudged Bunter, and that Peter Todd has been far, far too ready in the past with that cricket stump. I am certain sure that "Detective Bunter" will have a fine reception.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

And talking about cricket stumps, our Supplement next week is a Flogging Number. It is a slap-up, smart, record-beating good number, too. The "Greyfriars Herald" has the advantage of a constant infusion of fresh blood. Harry Wharton believes in introducing new notions. The subject is, of course, a delicate one. It evokes tender reminiscences, naturally, but the "Greyfriars Herald" is not the paper to stand aloof from a question of public import, however painful may be the memories which are awakened. The whole business has been well handled in the next Supplement of the "Magnet." The editorial staff have faced the problem in a most praiseworthy spirit. Flogging is regarded from numerous standpoints. The best and most far-seeing writers of the "Herald" staff have dipped their pens in ink to a purpose, and the result is gratifying. There are times, of course, when the punishment concerned has to be regarded as an inevitable necessity. For example, if Coker pulled the nose of the Head in a fit of absentmindedness—an untenable plea—or if Bunter sent Mr. Quelch to Coventry, nobody could be surprised if a penal visitation were the outcome. But these are extreme cases. Don't, anyway, miss next Monday's weighty pronouncements on the question.

"A MID-OCEAN MYSTERY."

It is a pleasure to know that Ferrers Locke, the master investigator, is at work again in the "Magnet" for next week. The story, "A Mid-ocean Mystery," is a splendid bit of writing—dramatic, tense, well-knit, and with a strong atmosphere of the tragedy and the wonder of the sea. The reader is baffled by the astounding secret which is the pivot of a strikingly fine yarn.

THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT.

The meetings of this body continue to attract lots of interest. I regret that there is so little room for speeches, but we are getting along fairly well, considering. My chums show themselves thoroughly on the qui vive concerning matters of general interest, and contributions sent in call for plenty of compliments. A debating club or society is a magnificent training ground for any fellow. It is not as easy to take part in one of these as it looks. There are fellows who get bad-tempered—and small wonder—when they hear some chump who gets in first mangle some smart notion which they had already. It is often like that. Equanimity under trying conditions is a prime necessity at a debate. It is horribly easy to get annoyed. The cool individual wins here. Then a debating club is an aid to memory. Memory is not cultivated enough. As a rule, when something you wanted slips out of your mind, it just means that you have not trained your mind, and laid the ground plan for a consecutive mind. Lots of chaps never manage to link up their

thoughts. They just jumble their way through the world. They would find a little practice in a debating club simply A 1. You see, it is a sound thing to have to wait for your turn; also, to get a facility for using the right words in the right way. Just think of the chaps you meet who are itching to tell a funny story, and muddle the whole affair by commencing at the end, and losing the point altogether.

CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE!

Open to Readers of the
"COMPANION PAPERS"!

C. Story, Macquary Street, Liverpool, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in Liverpool, England. Photos, etc., to exchange; all letters answered.

Herbert Roberts, 4, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. 8, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15, so as to exchange birds' eggs, etc.

Robert E. Parle, 92, Boundary Street, Southport, Lancs, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; especially overseas; interested in foreign stamps and any other topic.

Nori W. Pearce, Eponi Hamlet, Lower Hutt, Wellington, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers in England, America, or Europe, ages 18-24; all letters answered.

W. H. Duncan, 25, Beechfield Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, wishes to correspond with overseas readers who are interested in stamps, or any branch of electrical engineering.

Thomas Carrigg, 33, Sutherland Road, Armadale, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in Great Britain interested in stamps.

Walter Ayres, 62, Loscoe Road, Carrington, Nottingham, wishes to hear from readers interested in foreign countries. This correspondent has started an information bureau, and is prepared to supply all kinds of information.

James Smith, 4, Shore Street, Gourock, N.B., wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

J. Morrison, P.O. Box 411, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

J. Wright, 114, Cottenham Road, Holloway, N. 10, wishes to hear from readers in the North of England interested in postcard views and sports-photos.

A. Byrne, Clarence House, Wexford, Ireland, wants contributors for his amateur magazine, "The Star."

P. A. Redmond, 6, Oakdene Road, Anfield, Liverpool, wants to hear of a reader who is an artist and willing to help in the production of an amateur magazine, age 12-14.

James E. Lyon, 233, Newlands Road, Cathcart, Glasgow, wishes to correspond with readers who are interested in railways.

Norman Taylor, 261, Addison Road, Marrickville, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to hear from readers, ages 13-14, interested in stamp collecting.

R. M. Counsell, Roslyn, 74, Cavendish Street, Stanmore, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in England about sport, and to exchange newspaper cuttings about sporting events.

Miss Gladys Williams, Gracemere Farm, McDesme, Ayr, North Queensland, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in the British Isles interested in sport and reading, ages 16-17.

Samuel J. Dyer, 28, Victoria Road, East London, East Africa, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

G. Douglas, Birichen, Dornoch, Sutherland-shire, N.B., wishes to correspond with stamp-collectors anywhere; would send Companion Papers and other books to readers abroad. All letters answered.

Will J. K. Jacob, Johannesburg, South Africa, write to Pte. G. Anderson, 2969310, A Coy., 2nd Platoon, 1st Batt. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Wandawri Barracks, Poona, India?

Albert G. Saunders, 21, Hill View Street, Linwood, Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers who are interested in stamp collecting.

Your Editor.

This is a paper which has stood the test of time!

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T MAKE FRIENDS! Telling of Jim Lee's arrival at Greyfriars—and of the new boy's strange resolve—"At least he would not be a false friend and a treacherous comrade!"



The New Boy's Secret!

Many new boys have come to Greyfriars, but none so queer as Jim Lee, the boy with a secret. What is the secret? Don't miss this topping long, complete story of the famous chums of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER?

What About Bunter?

"STOP!"

Billy Bunter waved a fat hand, and shouted.

"I say, you fellows! Stop!"

Harry Wharton & Co. glanced round. The Famous Five of Greyfriars had just come out of the enclosure at Lantham Football Ground. They had reclaimed their bicycles, and were wheeling the machines clear of the outgoing crowd, preparatory to mounting, ready for the ride back to Greyfriars. Then the dulcet tones of Billy Bunter burst unexpectedly on their ears.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That sounds like podgy!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"What's Bunter doing here?"

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter hurried towards the Removites. They politely held on, waiting for him to come up.

The Famous Five were rather surprised to see Bunter in Lantham. They had ridden over to see the Lantham Ramblers play a match; but they had not suspected Bunter of being interested in football matches.

"Well, what is it, fatty?" asked Harry Wharton. "We've got to get back, you know."

"So have I," said Bunter. "That's what the matter is."

"Well, get your bike, and start," suggested Johnny Bull.

"I haven't my bike," explained Bunter.

"Well?"

"I came over by train," Bunter further explained, "and it wouldn't run to a return ticket."

"Then it's you for a jolly long walk!" said Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Like me to carry you home?" snorted Johnny Bull.

"You know I jolly well can't walk the distance," said Bunter warmly. "I'm a splendid walker, of course—better than you fellows; but I couldn't get back by lock-up. I want you to

lend me the fare. Lucky I found you, wasn't it?"

"My hat!"

"The luckfulness was not terrific, my esteemed Bunter," remarked Hurree Singh. "Not for little us."

"You're mean, Inky," said Bunter. "I'm speaking to Wharton. You'll lend me my fare, won't you, Harry, old chap?"

"You see—" began Wharton.

"Of course, I shall settle out of my postal-order," said Bunter. "It will be waiting for me at the school. There was some delay in the post—"

"Cut it out!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Let's get going, you fellows. We've none too much time to get in before dark."

"Sorry, Bunter," said Wharton, "but funds are low. The bob at the gates here was my last. You really shouldn't make a railway journey without a return ticket, if you want to get back, you know."

"I'm not asking you for advice, Wharton," said Bunter haughtily. "Nugent, old fellow, lend me my fare home, will you?"

"Can't be did."

"I say, Bull—"

"Stony!" said Bull laconically.

"Bob, old chap—"

"No good calling me old chap," said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "We're all in the same boat, Bunter—all sad and stony."

"Inky—"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh shook his head.

"The sorrowfulness is great, my esteemed fat Bunter. But the cashfulness does not exist."

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Bunter in utter disgust.

He blinked at the Famous Five through his big spectacles in dismay and wrath. Lantham was a good distance from Greyfriars, and there was a walk of several miles before Bunter—miles of muddy lanes.

"Sorry!" said Wharton. "You should have come on your bike, as we did—"

"How could I come on my bike?" demanded Bunter angrily. "My bike's got two punctures. I've asked Bob to mend them three or four times. You can't deny that, Bob Cherry."

Bob chuckled.

"You can ask three or four hundred times, my fat pippin," he answered. "Can't you mend punctures yourself?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, you fellows, don't go. How am I to get back to Greyfriars? I was depending on you chaps."

"Like your cheek!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, I knew you were biking over here to see the match," said Bunter in an aggrieved tone. "I made certain of spotting you. How was I to know you'd be too mean to lend me my railway fare back?"

"Stony, you fat duffer!"

"How am I to get home?" roared Bunter indignantly. "You're always telling me I ought to take up football. Now I've taken the trouble to come over here for a match, and you won't stand my fare back."

"Fathead!"

"I came over specially to see the Ramblers play, you know," said Bunter. "It wasn't only because I wanted to keep clear of Coker of the Fifth. I know nothing about his cake—nothing at all."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I thought one of you fellows would have the decency to stand tea here at the bun-shop before going back," said Bunter. "I'd stand it like a shot, only my postal-order hadn't come when I left."

"Get a move on," said Johnny Bull.

"Look here—"

Johnny Bull put a sturdy leg over his machine, and pedalled away. Johnny was a practical youth, and he seemed to think that he had wasted enough time on William George Bunter.

"I say, Inky—"

"Good-bye, my esteemed, spoofing Bunter!"

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh rode

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after Johnny Bull. And Frank Nugent followed them. Three cyclists pedalled away at a leisurely pace, giving the other two a chance to overtake them.

Wharton and Bob Cherry exchanged glances. They could not help Bunter—both of them were in a state not infrequent after Christmas holidays—short of cash. It was just like Bunter to land himself in a scrape like this—depending upon other fellows' good-nature to see him through. Certainly, if the Famous Five had possessed the necessary funds, they would have seen him through.

"Nothing doin, Bunter," said Bob Cherry at last. "It's a walk for you. You shouldn't get into these fixes."

"Will you lend me your bike?"

"My bike? I've got to get back, haven't I?"

"Well, I suppose you can walk it if I can," said Bunter warmly. "Don't be selfish."

Bob Cherry gave him a look, and then mounted his machine and rode away without another word. Words were wasted on Bunter.

Bunter caught Harry Wharton by the sleeve.

"I say, Harry, old chap, you're going to lend me your bike?"

"No!" roared Wharton.

"Oh, really, you know——"

"I'll try giving you a lift," growled the captain of the Remove. "Goodness knows how I shall pull your weight after me all the way to Greyfriars. Can you stick on?"

Bunter gave a snort.

"Do you think I'm going to perch on the back of a bike up hill and down dale for miles?" he demanded. "You're jolly well mistaken if you do!"

"You fat idiot!" roared Wharton, in great exasperation. "Go and eat coke, and don't bother!"

And he drew his machine away to mount.

"Hold on!" gasped Bunter. "I say, old chap, don't leave me stranded here. I—I'll try getting on behind, if you really want me to."

"I don't want you to, and you know I don't!" snapped Wharton. "But I'll stand it, to get you home, you fat fool!"

"If you put it like that, Wharton——"

"Well, I do put it like that."

"H'm! All right, old fellow, I'm coming."

It was with deep doubt that Wharton allowed the fat junior to mount behind, with his feet on the foot-rests, holding on to the shoulders of the captain of the Remove.

Bunter was a heavy-weight; and Wharton feared for the result to his rear tyre.

"Hold on—steady!" he growled.

"Keep steady yourself!" growled Bunter. "You can't ride for toffee!"

"Keep your paws out of my collar."

"I've got to hold on, I suppose."

"You—you——"

"Don't jaw, old chap—get on with it," advised Bunter. "We sha'n't be home till midnight if you keep on jawing like this!"

Harry Wharton controlled his feelings. He rode on after his comrades; and he had covered about a hundred yards, when his fears with regard to his tyre were justified.

Bang!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Only Way!

"O H, my hat!"

Bump!

Wharton jumped off, but Bunter was not a quick mover. Bunter went over with a bump, dragging the captain of the Remove after him.

They landed together in a drift of snow at the roadside. The bike curled up and lay beside them.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter. "You clumsy ass! I believe you did that on purpose! Beast!"

Wharton shook off the fat junior and scrambled up. Bunter sat and roared while he examined the bike.

The tyre was badly burst. Wharton's face was a study as he looked at it. The damage was beyond his powers of repairing on the spot—at least, if he was to get back to Greyfriars that evening.

"Oh, what rotten luck!" he groaned.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Are you coming?" roared Bob Cherry from a distance.

"Can't!" shouted back Wharton. "Puncture!"

Read about the

SCHOOLBOYS IN THE WILD WEST!

Every Tuesday in the

POPULAR

28 Pages



The four juniors circled back. Billy Bunter scrambled up and blinked at the damaged bike through his big spectacles.

"How long will you be mending that?" he asked.

"Can't mend it."

"Wheeling it home?"

"I suppose so, fathead!"

"Then that's all right," said Bunter.

"Eh? How is it all right?"

"Well, I can sit on it if you're going to wheel it," explained Bunter. "If it damages the rims a bit, I'll pay the damage—out of my postal-order. See? Just keep it steady and wheel me home on it."

Wharton did not reply to that. If he had answered, it would not have been with words, but with his knuckles. And it was no use punching the fatuous Owl of the Remove.

Bob Cherry jumped off his machine.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That's a pretty bad burst," he said. "Giving Bunter a lift? What did you expect?"

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

Bob laughed.

"Well, I'll take the dashed thing and

wheel it with one hand," he said. "You get a lift on another machine, Harry."

"Good; that's all right."

"I say, what about me?" roared Bunter. "Who's going to give me a lift?"

"You fat daffer! What's the good of bursting all the tyres, one after another, with giving you a lift?"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Jump on, Harry!" called out Nugent.

"Right-ho!"

Nugent set his machine in motion again, with Wharton standing. Bob, with the damaged bike in his charge, rode after them, leading the creak. And the nabob and Johnny Bull followed, heedless of Bunter's infuriated demands for a lift. After the result to Wharton's machine the cyclists were not likely to chance it.

Billy Bunter glared after them, with a glare that almost cracked his big spectacles, as they disappeared up the road.

The Owl of the Remove was stranded.

There was no special reason why he should not walk home, excepting that he did not want to walk. Certainly, he would have arrived late for look-up, but that was his own look-out. Having landed himself at Lantham without the money to pay his fare back, Bunter felt somehow that it was up to somebody to see him through.

The Famous Five had failed him in his hour of need. But other fellows had come over from Greyfriars to see the Lantham match, and Bunter blinked round hopefully in search of them. All the fellows who had come had done the journey by bicycle—not being quite so free with money for railway fares as William George Bunter.

Bunter, with his peculiar system in money matters, could afford to be a little more free with money than other fellows.

But his system had failed him this time, with a vengeance. He spotted Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing on the road, and howled to them—and they did not even look round. Perhaps they did not recognise his voice—or perhaps they did!

Then the fat junior caught sight of Bolsover major, and yelled. Bolsover looked ahead, grinned, and pedalled on. Bunter jumped back in time to save himself from being run down, and escaped with a splash of mud.

"Beasts!" gasped Bunter.

His hopes rose again at the sight of a little group of cyclists—Temple, Dabney, Fry, Scott, and Wilkinson, of the Fourth, in a bunch. He stood in the road and waved a fat paw.

"I say, you fellows, stop!"

"What for?" called back Temple, slowing a little.

"I want a lift!"

"What?"

"A lift home!"

Temple put on speed again. Fry reached out as he passed Bunter and knocked his cap off.

That was all the comfort Bunter received from the Fourth-Formers. They disappeared up the road in a laughing bunch, and Bunter fielded his cap, blinked after them, and snorted.

"Beasts! Rotters! Oh dear!"

They were the last. Billy Bunter wandered back disconsolately into Lantham, and headed for the railway-station.

"Awful rotters!" he murmured. "I shall have to go by train—and those mean cads won't even lend me my railway fare. Of course, I've got to go—it's their fault!"

Coker averts a tragedy on the ice! See next week's story!

They're practically bilking the railway company, making me go without paying my fare! Disgusting, I call it!"

Bunter was satisfied that the fault lay with the other fellows if the railway company were "bilked." But he did not expect the railway company to see it in that light, so he was very careful as he proceeded to execute the bilking.

He was still the happy possessor of a penny. That humble coin would not have gone far towards his fare. But it was equal to the purchase of a platform ticket.

So Bunter entered the station, inserted the penny in the slot machine, and became the legal possessor of a platform ticket. He gained the platform. The train for Friardale was almost due, and Bunter made himself as small as possible among automatic machines on the platform while he waited for it. What he was going to do at the other end of the journey, when his ticket was demanded, he did not know. Bunter was not accustomed to looking ahead. As for the dishonesty of what he was doing, he really did not seem mentally capable of understanding it.

The train came in and stopped. Bunter was inside a carriage in the twinkling of an eye—an empty carriage.

He sank down on a seat and gasped.

"That's done!" He blinked uneasily from the window. "If that beastly porter happened to notice—"

But the "beastly" porter was busy, and had not noticed. Bunter waited anxiously for the train to start. He hoped fervently that the carriage would remain empty. He remembered that sometimes tickets were demanded at Redclyffe—and in that case Bunter wanted to be able to dodge under the seat before the collector came to the carriage. Dodging under the seat in the presence of other passengers would have been rather awkward.

In fact, there were many awkward moments in the life of a "bilk," as Bunter was to discover quite soon.

His anxious blink fell upon two figures that came out of the station buffet. Evidently they were passengers who had changed from an express, and waited for the local train to come in for Friardale.

Now they came out for the train—Bunter's train. One of them was a man of about forty, the other a schoolboy. His coat was open, and Bunter noted that he wore Etons. He was not a Grayfriars fellow; Bunter had never seen him before. Bunter concluded that he was a Redclyffe chap—at all events, it was plain that this was his train.

The man crossed towards the train, the boy following slowly. The man turned with an angry look, and called. His voice came to Bunter's ears—a hard voice with a threatening, metallic ring in it.

"Jim, you young fool, come!"

The schoolboy seemed to linger.

Bunter, always interested in everybody's business but his own, watched curiously.

The schoolboy was obviously unwilling to catch the train. The man was angry—very angry. The schoolboy's reluctance was rather hard to understand, and the man's anger seemed out of proportion to the incident. He turned back, grasped the boy by the arm with angry force, and fairly jerked him towards the train.

Then Bunter woke to the fact that they were coming to his carriage. Right towards it the man was coming, with dark, angry face, his grip on the boy's arm.

Bunter gave one blink, and then slithered off the seat, and slithered underneath it. It was his last resource. He had to be out of sight when tickets were demanded at Redclyffe, and he couldn't take that dive with astonished passengers looking on. There was nothing for it but to make the whole journey under the seat. It was just one of those horrid, awkward things that do happen to "bilks."

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bunter, as he settled down in a dusty atmosphere and a strong draught.

A few moments later there were footsteps in the carriage. The door slammed.

The whistle blew, and the train moved.

And Billy Bunter, in an extremely uncomfortable position, settled down disconsolately to make the journey under the seat, with two travelling companions who were utterly unaware of his presence or indeed his existence.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter the Bilk!

BILLY BUNTER hardly breathed at first.

The man had sat down on his side of the carriage, and Bunter had a view of his boots and the turned-up ends of his frouzers. Looking past them, he could see the smaller boots of the boy. That was all he could see of the travellers. He could hear their voices, and he wondered desperately whether they would hear him breathing. If they did, suppose they called a porter

at the next station, to tell him that a "bilk" was travelling on the train?

It was an awful possibility; people never could mind their own business, Bunter reflected. Certainly Bunter couldn't.

But the rattle of the train drowned any slight sound the Owl of the Remove might have made. Still, he breathed cautiously.

For some minutes he was too occupied with his own discomfort to pay any heed to the talk above him; but it reached his attention at last. The man was speaking in low, concentrated tones. The boy seemed to be very silent.

"Are you out of your senses, you young fool? You were trying to lose the train at Lantham."

There was no reply from the schoolboy.

"Sulky—what?"

Bunter heard a sigh.

"Speak, you young idiot!"

"I—I wasn't trying to lose the train, Ulick!"

"Well, you looked like it," growled the man. "What were you hanging back for?"

"I didn't want to catch the train!" The schoolboy's tone was heavy and lifeless. "You know that! But I knew I'd got to!"

"For goodness sake, pull yourself together, Jim, and don't look so down in the mouth!" snapped the man. "Is that the sort of face to arrive at your new school with? Look lively."

"I—I'll try!"

"I—I'll try!" mimicked the other. "Haven't I explained the matter to you from start to finish? Do you want me to begin all over again?"



Billy Bunter went over with a bump, dragging the captain of the Remove after him. They landed together in a snowdrift on the roadside. The bike curled up and lay beside them. "Yow-ow!" roared Bunter. "You clumsy ass! I believe you did that on purpose!" (See Chapter 2.)

Who was the motorist who knocked down poor old Gosling?

The boy shivered.
 "No, Ulick!"
 "You don't want to go to school?"
 "You know I don't!"
 "You've told me a dozen time that you do."

"Yes; but not this way!" Jim's voice trembled. "Not like this—not like this, Ulick. I—I can't bear the thought of it."

The man gave a scoffing laugh.
 "You'll get used to the idea," he said.
 "Never!"

"Let's have no nonsense, Jim. Does that mean that you're going to back out—that you refuse—"

"No! You know I can't help myself."
 "I do know that, and I'm glad you see it! By George, if you should fail me after the trouble I've taken, and the expense—" The man uttered an angry oath: "It's the school for you, and my orders to be obeyed, or—you know what!"

"I know what!" said the boy dully.
 There was a short silence, while the train rattled on.

Billy Bunter had almost forgotten the discomfort of his peculiar position in his interest and astonishment.

What this amazing dialogue could possibly mean was a mystery to Bunter—rather an interesting mystery.

The boy was going to school. Bunter wondered whether possibly Greyfriars was his destination. Bunter had seen all sorts and conditions of new boys in his time; but this was something rather new in new boys. A good many new boys were reluctant to leave home for school, but this fellow's reluctance had something very curious and strange about it.

Bunter wondered what was the relationship between the two. They did not look like father and son, that was certain.

"This is only a short journey—a local train." The man was speaking again. "Pull yourself together before we get to the end, Jim. Gad! You ought to think yourself lucky."

"Lucky!" The boy gave a bitter laugh.

"Yes, lucky. What chance had you of ever going to a public school if I had not stood your friend?"

"None, I suppose. You know I'd rather not go as matters stand."

"It's because matters stand as they do that you're going. If you were not going to be of use to me, do you think I could afford the fees I'm paying?"

"I haven't asked—"

"And what would you do if I took you at your word and threw you over, and left you to fend for yourself, Jim?"

"I—I don't know."

The man laughed scoffingly.

"You don't know! I'll tell you. You'd starve."

"I could work, I suppose!"

"You! What could you do?"

Again the boy sighed.

"Nothing, I suppose. I've not been taught to do anything. If you'd let me alone in the first place—"

"That's your thanks to me for taking you out of beggary, and giving you an education fitting you for a good school?"

"You had my thanks," said the boy bitterly. "Now I know what your motive was, I don't feel thankful. I wish you had let me alone. I wish I'd never seen you, though you're my only living relation in the world. I'd rather have fended for myself and taken my chance. I'd rather do so now, if you'd let me."

"That's enough."

Silence again.

Bunter, lost in wonder, lay still. A cold and clammy draught was playing on his face and neck, and he felt a strong inclination to sneeze. But the train was drawing near to Redclyffe now, and he dared not betray himself. He struggled heroically with the threatening sneeze.

The train jolted to a halt.

"Redclyffe!" came a porter's voice.

The door opened, and Bunter's expected to hear "Tickets, please!" But the door only opened for a passenger to get in. It closed again.

Billy Bunter suppressed a groan.

Tickets weren't being collected at Redclyffe this journey, after all; so he still had the gauntlet to run at Friardale.

His uncomfortable journey under the seat had been, after all, a waste. He might as well have sat up in a comfortable corner seat! It was very unfortunate that "bilks" could not afford to take chances.

There was another passenger in the carriage now, and the man Ulick and the boy Jim did not speak again. They did not dare to discuss their affairs—which seemed mysterious enough—in the presence of the other passenger, little dreaming that their discussion had already been overheard by an unsuspected pair of fat ears!

Bunter debated in his fat mind whether he should roll out into view, now that Redclyffe was past. But there was the risk of being pointed out as a "bilk" by another passenger, for his fellow occupants of the carriage could be at no

NOTTS FOREST PICTURE COMPETITION RESULT.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

L. HAINES,
 Clapton,
 Berkeley, Gloucester.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following three competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

A. Cleaver, Q.M.C.C., 17 Hut, Woodcote Park, Epsom; John Budd, Gellygryn Road, Pontardawe, Swansea; Alfred Carr, 70, Barge, Boston, Linca.

The ten prizes of 5s. each have been divided among the following nineteen competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

B. E. Watson, 21, Salisbury Road, Highgate, N. 19; A. Pizer, Goadby Marwood, Melton Mowbray; Leslie Wallis, 14, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol; Leonard Grayson, Coal Aston, Sheffield; C. W. Denby, 37, Highfield Avenue, Grimsby; Arthur Diver, jun., 55, Rutland Road, South Hackney, E. 9; E. W. Hott, 4, St. Kilda Parade, Gloucester; G. E. Barnard, 9, High Street, Chesterton, Staffs; H. J. Gee, 21, Grove Road, Atherstone, Warwickshire; Will Dale, 74, Renfrew Street, Glasgow; Hugh Barnes, 55, Craigdale Road, Romford, Essex; Hugh B. Gibson, 53, Dawes Drive, Scotstoun, Glasgow; Ronald Sansom, 6, Allington Terrace, North Allington, Bridport; F. W. Ballard, 71, Graces Road, Camberwell, S.E. 5; R. Baynes, 4, Kings Mount, Dalton-in-Furness; H. Purdey, 9, Rosedale Road, Richmond, Surrey; F. A. Gilbey, 140, High Street, Braintree, Essex; J. Nicholls, 28F, Lewis Buildings, Ixworth Place, Chelsea, S.W. 3; E. Leslie Hincks, 23, Mackenzie Street, Longsight, Manchester.

SOLUTION.

Notts Forest is one of the oldest clubs in this country, and made a brave effort to remain true to its amateur ideas. It was formed in the 'sixties by a happy band of young fellows, and in the course of a varied career has won high honours, including the Cup.

loss to guess why he had travelled in so very unusual a manner.

He decided to "stick" it out, in spite of the dust and the draught.

Friardale was only two short stations away; the train stopped once, and stopped again; and the porter's voice sang out "Friardale!"

The latest passenger alighted at once, and the man and the boy rose.

"Come, Jim!"

"I'm coming, Ulick!"

"Get out first."

"Very well."

Jim jumped out of the carriage, and the man followed. Then Bunter, with a deep grunt of relief, rolled out from under the seat.

He had no time to lose, if he was not to be carried on in the train. He blinked round, and then scrambled up and made for the door.

"Urry up, there!" shouted the guard, who was already waving his flag.

Bunter bolted out of the train.

He blinked round for his fellow-passengers, and caught a glimpse of them in the distance leaving the platform with the rest.

Bunter was in no hurry to follow.

Not having a ticket to give up, it was not easy for him to get off the platform. He hung about, affecting to be busy with an automatic chocolate machine, hoping that the ticket collector would retire, thinking all the passengers gone, and leave a free passage to the "bilk."

But, alas, for Bunter! The porter at the gate, having seen the passengers off, came along the platform.

"Ticket, sir!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Ticket, please!"

"I—I—"

"Ticket!"

"I've lost it!"

The porter eyed him. Old Peter, the Friardale porter, had seen a good deal of William George Bunter.

"Where from?" he asked.

"Lantham."

"That's one-and-three." Old Peter held out a horny hand.

Billy Bunter made a pretence of going through his pockets. Then he blinked at Peter.

"I've lost my purse!"

"Lorst it alonger your ticket?" said the porter, in tones of deep sarcasm.

"Yes! Exactly!"

"Too bad," said the porter. "Giving me all the trouble of calling a policeman."

"A—a—a policeman!" gasped Bunter, his heart sinking.

"Just that!"

"You—you see—" groaned Bunter.

"I see," assented the porter. "I see more'n you think, young fellow-me-lad. One-and-three, or a copper, which?"

Billy Bunter shivered in all his fat limbs. Bunter had often heard it said that honesty was the best policy. He realised now that that statement was perfectly correct.

The porter dropped his hand on Bunter's shoulder and marched him along to the exit. Bunter's fat knees knocked together as he went. What was going to happen now?

"I—I say!" Bunter caught sight of the boy Jim beyond the barrier. The schoolboy was waiting alone; apparently the man had gone out for a vehicle. "I—I say, porter, I—I've got a friend here!"

"Where?" said the old man surlily.

"That's him!" said Bunter, promptly and ungrammatically. And he pointed

Billy Bunter plays the detective next week—with great success!

a fat finger at the strange lad. "He—he'll pay!"

"If he does, all right," said the porter. Bunter was allowed to approach the stranger. Probably only a fellow of Billy Bunter's colossal "neck" would have thought of asking a perfect stranger to pay his fare. But it seemed probable to Bunter that Jim was going to Greyfriars, and if he was going to be Bunter's schoolfellow, he might lend a fellow one-and-three! It was the barest of chances—but it was better than a policeman!

"I—I say!" gasped Bunter. Jim looked at him. The schoolboy was a deal taller than Bunter—a slim, but sturdy and well-made fellow. His face was frank, and rather handsome, though strangely thoughtful in cast.

"You're going to Greyfriars?" gasped Bunter.

The schoolboy nodded. "Oh, good!" gasped the Owl of the Remove. "I—I say—I'm a Greyfriars chap."

"Are you?" "Yes—Bunter. Bunter of the Remove, you know. Will you lend me one-and-threepence?"

Jim stared. "Lend you one-and-three!" he repeated.

"Yes! I've lost my ticket, and I'm stony! Lend me one-and-three, for goodness sake; this man is going to call a policeman," said Bunter faintly. "I'll settle up the minute we get to the school. Honour bright!"

The boy looked at him again, and then slipped his hand into his pocket. What he thought of Bunter's cool request, he did not state. But he drew out a shilling and three pennies, and placed them in Bunter's fat palm.

"There you are!" he said. "Thanks!" gasped Bunter.

"Jim!" The man's voice called from the station doorway, and the schoolboy hurried to him.

Billy Bunter turned to the porter, lofty and disdainful.

"There's your money!" he said. "I shall expect the railway company to make good the loss on the ticket that I—I lost!"

"I'll give you a quid myself for that ticket, when it's found!" said the porter, with crushing sarcasm. Evidently the porter did not believe that there ever had been a ticket.

Bunter curled his lip with aristocratic disdain and rolled away—glad to escape so cheaply!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Whip Behind!

BILLY BUNTER blinked, round quickly, as he came out of the station. Jim being a new boy for Greyfriars, there would be a vehicle going to the school; and Bunter did not see why he should not have a lift in that vehicle. He came on the strange pair outside the station. Jim was already seated in the old hack, the box was on top, and Ulick was stepping in after his youthful companion.

"I say—" Bunter hurried up. The man glanced round at him.

"Well, what?" "You're going to Greyfriars?"

"How does that concern you?"

It was not a polite response, but Bunter was not thin-skinned. Any amount of discourtesy was better than walking to the school—from William George Bunter's point of view.



Lee gripped Bunter by the shoulders so suddenly and with so strong a grip that the Owl of the Remove jumped and yelped. He shrank back from the fierce look in Jim Lee's eyes. "You spying rotter!" Lee's voice was low. "Do you mean to say you were listening?" (See Chapter 7.)

"I belong to Greyfriars!" he said. "Well!"

"Will—will you give me a lift in the cab?"

"No!" With that reply, which was short if not sweet, the man drew the door shut, and called to the driver to start.

"Look here—" exclaimed Bunter hotly.

The boy in the hack laid a hand rather timidly on the man's coat-sleeve.

"Give the fellow a lift, Ulick—" "Nonsense!"

"I say—" recommenced Bunter. The hack rolled away.

"Well, of all the beasts!" ejaculated the Owl of the Remove, in great disgust.

He followed the hack down Friardale High Street, and into the lane. The vehicle did not proceed at a great pace. The ancient horse was not capable of great exertions.

In the lane, Billy Bunter put on speed, and overtook the hack, and hung on behind. That was better than nothing.

There was a sound of bicycles on the road, and a ringing of bells, as the hack rumbled past the corner of Redclyffe Lane. Five cyclists came sweeping out into the Friardale Road, one machine doubly loaded.

"Those beasts!" murmured Bunter. It was the Famous Five, who had ridden home by way of Redclyffe. They filled up the road behind the hack, and five faces grinned at Bunter, as the chums of the Remove spotted him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's the fat boy from Pickwick!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Keep back, you beasts!" gasped

Bunter. "Don't you splash mud on me!"

The five juniors rode in a row, close behind.

"How did you get here before us?" inquired Nugent. "You haven't walked faster than we rode, I suppose?"

Bunter sniffed. "I'm a jolly good walker," he answered. "I'd beat you fellows across country any time."

"The walkfulness must have been terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, in astonishment.

"If he walked it!" grinned Bob. "More likely bilked the railway company."

"Oh, really, Cherry—" Bunter was interrupted.

The ancient horse was pulling up a slope with more difficulty than usual, and it dawned upon the driver's mind that there was an extra weight behind.

The long lash of a whip came curling round behind the hack, and it caught William George Bunter with a sudden sting.

"Yaroooooh!" Bunter rolled off.

The hack, thus lightened, went on faster; and Bunter sat in the middle of a muddy road, about four feet in advance of five bicycles that couldn't possibly stop in time.

The juniors made a frantic endeavour to open out and clear Bunter.

Johnny Bull bumped into Hurree Singh, and the two of them swayed away together, to collapse on a snowy bank.

On the other side, Bob Cherry was tangled with the bike he was leading,

Five pounds reward—that's what Coker offers! Who wins it?

and found himself rolling in the road mixed up with two bicycles.

Nugent was riding in the centre, with Wharton behind; and he jammed on both brakes and hoped for the best.

Exactly what happened he hardly knew. But a moment later he knew that he was sitting on something soft that wriggled and yelled.

Then he realised that it was Billy Bunter's waistcoat that he was sitting on.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Nugent.

"Yarooop! Help!"

"You silly ass—"

"Whooop!" roared Bunter. "I'm killed! Yooop!"

"Harry, are you hurt?"

Harry Wharton picked himself up from the bicycle. He was hurt in several places, as a matter of fact.

"Ow! Oh—oh, my hat!" he gasped.

"Help!" yelled Bunter.

Nugent staggered to his feet. Bunter lay and roared.

"You fat idiot!" howled Bob Cherry.

"What do you mean by sitting down in the road in front of the bikes?"

"Yarooooh!"

"Oh, my napper!" groaned Johnny Bull. "Ow! My elbow!"

"Wow-wow!" mumbled the nabob.

"My esteemed funnybone has knocked on something hard! Ow, ow, ow!"

"It was on my head!" said Johnny Bull, in tones of anguish.

"Jump on Bunter!" roared Bob.

Bunter was on his feet in a twinkling.

"I say, you fellows—"

"You fat dummy—"

"How could I help it?" roared Bunter indignantly. "The beast put the whip behind! I wasn't expecting that—"

"What were you stealing a ride for, you fat villain? Jump on him!"

Billy Bunter did not wait to be jumped on. He scudded away, leaving the Famous Five to sort out their machines and follow.

It was not in a happy mood that the chums of the Remove resumed the ride. Every one of them had had some hard knocks; and two machines were out of action now instead of one.

"I'll slaughter Bunter when I get in!" breathed Bob Cherry, in sulphurous accents.

"The slaughterfulness will be terrific!" groaned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"My esteemed funnybone—"

"Ow! My napper!"

"Yow! My knee!"

The Famous Five reached home at last. By the time they had put up their bicycles their just wrath had evaporated to a large extent, which was fortunate for Billy Bunter. As they came round to the door of the School House, they found the station hack standing there.

"Giddy visitors!" said Bob Cherry. "This is the jolly old rattletrap that Bunter was hanging on. Anybody arrived, Skinner?"

Skinner of the Remove was lounging in the doorway, with a bored look on his thin face. Skinner hadn't cared to bike over to Lantham to see the Ramblers play, and he hadn't cared to punt about a ball on Little Side; or, indeed, to do anything but loaf about and feel bored. He gave a grunt as Bob questioned him.

"New kid," he answered.

"Our Form?" asked Bob, with some interest.

"Blessed if I know, or care!" yawned Skinner. "Looks a rather soft sort of spoony ass, I think!"

"You always think such nice things about people, don't you, Skinner?" said Bob Cherry. "What's his name?"

"Lee, I heard somebody say."

"It's a nice name, anyway," said Bob. "Hullo, hallo, hallo! There's Bunter! Are you ready to be slain, Bunter?"

"Yah!"

Bunter promptly disappeared. The Famous Five proceeded to clean off the mud of their journey; and after that they were proceeding to the Remove passage for tea, when Wingate of the Sixth came along and called.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, Wingate."

"Mr. Quelch wants you in his study."

"Oh, my hat! I did my lines before I went out, Wingate."

The Sixth-Former laughed.

"It's not lines," he said. "Something about a new kid in your Form, I think."

Wharton groaned.

"Won't somebody else do, Wingate?" he asked persuasively. "I'm just going up to tea—I'm as hungry as a hunter. There's Skinner—he's no end fond of new kids—aren't you, Skinner?"

"Bow-wow!" said Skinner.

"Or Bunter," said Harry. "Bunter adores new boys—he wants a new chap to talk to about a postal-order—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be a young ass," said Wingate,

—ANOTHER— BUMPER NUMBER

Topping new tales of
Harry Wharton & Co., of
Greyfriars, and Ferrers
Locke, Detective. Many

:: :: other features :: ::

NEXT WEEK

laughing. "Cut along to your Form master's study—sharp."

And the great man of the Sixth walked on.

Wharton turned to his comrades.

"You fellows get tea ready in Study No. 1," he said. "I'll come back as soon as I can. For goodness sake have it ready—I'm as hungry as a wild hunter, or Bunter."

"Right-ho!"

And Harry Wharton proceeded to his Form master's study, not in a very amicable mood towards the new boy, and little dreaming what strange happenings were to follow the arrival of that particular new boy at Greyfriars.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The New Boy at Greyfriars!

"N OW, Jim!"

Ulick Driver spoke in a low, clear voice.

Jim Lee did not speak.

He was standing in the visitors' room, with his hands in his pockets, and an expression of utter despondency on his handsome face.

He had already seen the Head and his Form master. Now Ulick Driver was

taking leave of him before quitting the school where Jim Lee was to remain.

Mr. Driver did not seem in a very pleasant mood. He had glanced at the door to make sure that it was securely closed, and then at the window to ascertain that it was shut. Apparently Mr. Ulick Driver did not want to run the risk of his farewell being overheard. Now he stood with his eyes fixed on the boy, an unpleasant glitter in them.

"I'm going to leave you now, Jim."

"I know."

"You do not seem very sorry," sneered Ulick.

"I am not sorry."

"You are a sullen young rascal!" muttered Driver.

Jim Lee raised his eyes from the floor and looked at him.

"If I'm sullen, I've got enough to make me so, I think. If I'm a rascal, that's your doing."

He bit his lip hard.

"That old gentleman—the headmaster—has just been saying that I'm fortunate—an orphan—in having a cousin who is willing to see me through," he muttered.

"So you are, Jim."

"If he knew—"

"Never mind that," said Driver harshly. "You'll soon shake down, Jim, and get used to the idea. At all events, you know you've to do as you're told."

"I know that."

"It will be easy enough," Driver sank his voice. "You're not a bad-looking lad, Jim—you've got decent manners—and I've seen to it that you're fitted out decently. You'll have pocket-money—"

"I'd rather not."

"Hold your foolish tongue," snapped Driver irritably. "Go ahead and make friends here. Get on the right side of your Form master—that will be easy enough with your studious ways. I fancy you'll get a good place in your Form at the start. Don't hurry—but don't lose time—first of all, make out a list of the wealthy boys in your Form—then in other junior Forms. Make friends with them. If you're asked home to their houses next vacation—you understand—"

"I understand!" muttered Jim Lee.

"If that chicken won't fight, there's always Greyfriars itself," said Driver. "No need for you to appear in it personally—you won't be wanted to lend a hand—and you'll never be suspected unless you're fool enough to give yourself away. And there's enough here to pay us for our trouble and expense ten times over."

Jim Lee looked at him.

"You—you think of that—and you an old Greyfriars boy!" he said in tones of such bitter scorn that a faint flush came into the man's hard face.

Driver drew a deep breath.

"Never mind what I was," he said.

"It's what I am that counts—what the world's made me. I was a young fool like you once—and I went through it—hard! Now I am a—a—"

"A crook!" said Lee bitterly; "and you want to make me one."

Driver shrugged his shoulders.

"I've always kept up appearances," he said. "Nobody can say I've come into contact with the law. What I do is done under the rose—and a paying game I've found it. I'm going to make you a rich man, Jim, if you've got sense enough to play the game."

"Play the game!" repeated Jim Lee.

"Play the game I've taught you. No use talking," broke off Driver. "You know what you've got to do. You know that if you fail me at Greyfriars your

Next week! Coker rides his motor-bike—and then the "high horse"!

life won't be worth living. You know that I could send you to a reformatory instead of to a school if I chose."

The boy winced.

"I know I've done nothing to deserve it," he said.

"Can you prove that?"

No answer.

Ulick Driver gave the boy an ugly look.

"That's enough," he said. "You know what you've got to do. If you want the gang to keep clear of the school, you've only got to be asked to another place where something as good as this can be handled—some rich house where we can pay ourselves for our trouble. Manage that, and Greyfriars will be left alone—I've got a soft corner for the old place, after all. I shall expect to hear how you're getting on."

His voice had been barely above a whisper.

"Now, good-bye, Jim," he said in ordinary tones, and he held out his hand.

Lee did not move.

"Jim!" said Driver, in threatening tones.

The boy looked at him quietly, bitterly, but without a trace of fear.

"You know I'm under your orders," he said; "you know I've got to obey you; but I'm not going to shake hands with you, Ulick Driver. That's too much."

Driver shrugged his shoulders.

"Remember—and don't play the fool, that's all!" he said; and with that he turned to the door.

Lee made a sudden move forward as if to make a last appeal; but the words died on his lips, and he stopped.

In the open doorway—in view of several persons without—Ulick Driver turned with an affectionate smile on his face and waved his hand.

"Good-bye, kid, and good luck!" he said.

Then he walked out to the waiting hack.

Jim Lee stood for some minutes in the silent room. He heard the wheels of the hack on the drive; the sounds died away in the distance. His taskmaster was gone.

The boy drew a deep, almost sobbing breath.

He was alone now—alone in the great school, where he did not, as yet, know a single soul—excepting for the Head and his Form master. And the only relation he had was gone—and he was glad to see him go. A feeling of desolation settled on the boy; he was hardly able to keep the tears back from his eyes.

But he pulled himself together. He had been told to return to the Form master's study when Mr. Driver was gone. He left the visitors' room and made his way back to Mr. Quelch's quarters.

He found the door half-open; a handsome junior was standing in the light of the room. Mr. Quelch, out of sight of Lee, was speaking.

"I sent for you, Wharton—quite so. There is a new boy in the Remove; he was brought here this afternoon by his cousin and guardian—a Mr. Driver, an old Greyfriars boy. The lad will be in your Form, Wharton."

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"He should be here," said Mr. Quelch. "Doubtless he is still saying good-bye to his guardian—ah!"

Jim Lee tapped on the door.

"Come in!" said the Remove master.

Lee entered the study.

"This is the new boy, Wharton—James Lee. Lee, this is the captain and head boy of your new Form—Harry Wharton."

Wharton looked at the new junior. New boys did not matter very much to the captain of the Remove; but he was a good-natured fellow, and he was prepared to be civil—although the new fellow, quite unconsciously, was keeping him away from a much-needed tea!

The thoughtful and saddened look on the new boy's face did not escape Wharton, though he did not think that Lee looked "soft," as Skinner had stated. His impression was that Lee had just come from a home he was sorry to leave, and found himself lonely and stranded in the big school. That impression was quite enough to make Wharton cordial. A few minutes even of the valuable time of the great chief of the Remove might be expended in making a despondent new fellow feel a little more at home.

So Harry Wharton stepped towards the newcomer and held out his hand with a cheery smile.

"Glad to see you, Lee," he said, with frank cordiality. "I hope we shall be friends."

Lee coloured a little and his face brightened. He shook hands with Wharton cheerily enough.

Mr. Quelch looked on and smiled approval.

"I am sure, Wharton, that you will do anything you can to help Lee shake down in his Form," he said.

"Certainly, sir," said Harry.

"I have assigned him to Study No. 3 in the Remove," said Mr. Quelch. "Perhaps you will show him to his quarters, Wharton?"

"With pleasure, sir," said Harry, very truthfully.

He had wondered whether the new "kid" was to be planted in Study No. 1, and he was very pleased indeed to learn that there was to be no intruder in that celebrated apartment. Russell and Ogilvy, in Study No. 3, were welcome to him—and to any new fellow that blew in.

"You have seen the housekeeper, I think, Lee?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch glanced at his watch.

"Tea is taken in Hall," he said. "But, as you will learn, the boys have the privilege of taking tea in their own studies if they prefer to do so. You will doubtless introduce Lee to his future study-mates, Wharton."

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Are they within gates now, do you know?"

"I—I think they were at Lantham for the footer, sir. I hardly think they are back yet. I'll see that Lee meets them when they come in."

"Very good. Have you had your tea, Wharton?"

"Not yet, sir," said Harry, with a slightly rueful expression.

"Well, I will leave any question of hospitality to a new boy to your own good feeling, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go, my boys."

And they went.



Russell threw open the lid of the box and began to turn the contents out. Lee watched him, too amazed to speak. Russell looked up from his knees before the box. "Where is the tuck?" "The tuck!" gasped Lee. "There isn't any!" (See Chapter 8.)

Look out for "Detective Bunter!"—next week's thrilling story of Greyfriars!

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Dick Russell looked into the study and started. Lee was seated at the table, his head resting on his arms. He looked a picture of dejection and despondency as he sat limply at the table. "Hallo! Buck up, kid!" said Russell. Lee started violently. (See Chapter 9.)

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Peculiar New Kid!

JIM LEE paused at the end of the passage. He looked rather doubtfully at the captain of the Remove.

Wharton had been very civil; but the new junior could not fail to be aware that he had been called in by his Form master to perform a task that probably interfered with his own more important avocations.

"This way!" said Harry. "Want your tea, I suppose?"

"Yes, I'm hungry," said Lee, with a faint smile.

"Tea will be nearly ready in my study by now," said Harry kindly. "Come along with me. I'll show you your study afterwards, when Russell and Ogilvy come in."

Lee faltered. "Mr. Quelch told me I could have tea in Hall," he said.

"You can if you like, of course," said Harry, with a stare. Then he laughed. "You're new here, of course, kid. There's never more than half the Form in Hall to tea—chap always feeds in his own study if the tin runs to it. We've got a fairly good spread on in Study No. 1; in fact, we spent all our available tin on it before we went out, so it ought to be pretty good. Come along and feed with us."

"But—"

"You'll meet some of your Form-fellows and get to know them," said Harry. "This way—up this staircase."

The new boy's manner puzzled Wharton a little, but he set it down to shyness. Shyness was rather out of place at

school; and Wharton, who had had to deal with new boys before, knew that the best way to deal with it was to seem unconscious of it. He ran lightly up the staircase.

Lee stood where he was, staring after him, at a loss. Wharton looked back from the landing.

"This way, Lee! Come up, will you?" Jim Lee ascended the stairs slowly.

Wharton kept ahead of him, and they reached the Remove passage. There Wharton waited for the new fellow to come up.

"This way, kid," he said. "You'd like to come to tea in my study, wouldn't you?"

"I—I—" Lee stammered. "Thank you, no."

"Bless my hat! You'd rather go to tea in Hall?"

"If—if you don't mind, yes."

"Of course I don't mind," said Wharton, rather nettled. "Why the merry thump should I? But Quelch as good as told me to ask you to tea. You heard him, I suppose?"

"Ye-e-es, and—and—"

Wharton burst into a laugh.

"Oh, I see! You think I'm asking you simply because Quelch gave me the hint, is that it, and you're sensitive? My dear chap, you'll have to cut all that out in the Remove. No good being touchy and particular. It doesn't go down worth a red cent. Besides, that isn't really why I asked you. I'm asking you because you're a new kid, and our study is always decent to new kids. We make it a rule. See?"

Lee laughed uneasily.

It was difficult to resist Wharton's

frank way, and Jim Lee found it very hard. His whole heart went out towards this frank, kind-hearted fellow—the very fellow he would have liked as a friend, and who was offering him, at least, a cheery acquaintanceship. Gladly enough would Jim Lee have accepted his kindness—gladly, if he had come to Greyfriars as other fellows came. But—

If that kind, unsuspecting junior had known—had guessed—had even dreamed that— The thought was like ice to Jim Lee's heart.

He was at Greyfriars on false pretences. He was there not as a friend, but as an enemy. He was there like a thief in the night. But there was one depth of baseness he would not fall to—if he was to betray, he would not betray anyone who called him friend. Even Ulick Driver, with all his ruthless power, should not make him sink to that. He was his own master there—and he would make no friends; he would not break bread, if he could help it, with the other fellows. There was at least a rag of self-respect that he could keep.

Little dreaming of what was passing in the unhappy boy's mind, Wharton stared at him, perplexed. The new fellow was rather a puzzle to him; but Wharton, it must be confessed, was chiefly thinking just then of his delayed tea. After watching a football match in keen winter air, with a long ride each way, Wharton wanted his tea—naturally. He was prepared to deal with an unusually substantial tea; and he was not quite prepared to stand in the Remove passage, trying to understand the queer vagaries of a rather queer new kid.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry put a cheery face outside the doorway of Study No. 1. "That you, Harry? Trot in."

"Right-ho! I've brought the new kid to tea."

"Roll him in!" said Bob. "Lucky there's lots!" Bob turned back into the study. "Bit more toast, Franky. Wharton's dug up a new kid and brought him along to feed!"

"Come into the study, Lee," said Harry.

"If—if you don't mind, I'd rather go down to Hall," said Jim Lee, flushing painfully.

"Dear man, go down to Hall—or go down to the boot-room, if you like," said Wharton. "It doesn't matter twopence either way. But you might have got it off your chest before we fagged upstairs. Now I've got to march down again and show you the way!"

"Don't trouble," said Lee quickly. "I can find the way all right."

"Not so easy for a pilgrim and a stranger to find his way about Greyfriars," said Harry, with a laugh. "You may wander into the Head's study by mistake, or die of starvation among the Form-rooms before you're discovered and rescued. Come on—and buck up!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, here's Bunter. Are you having tea in the hall, Bunter?"

"No fear! I'm coming to tea with you, old chap."

"Do!" boomed Bob Cherry's voice from the study. "I've got the toasting-fork ready for you if you shove your boko in here, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I've got a boot ready!" said Johnny Bull. "Come in and have my boot, Bunter."

"I decline to enter the study at all," said Bunter. "If you think I want your measly tea—"

Loder tries to turn Coker's pluck into profit for himself!

Read about it next week!

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "If you're going down to Hall to tea, you might show this new kid the way," said Harry. "Hang on to Bunter, Lee."
 Billy Bunter gave a fat grunt. But he remembered the one-and-threepence at the station. Lee had parted with that very easily. A fellow who parted easily with a small sum might part with a larger one. And Bunter was in a constant state of yearning to meet fellows who would part with money.
 And Jim Lee—alone of the swarm at Greyfriars—had never heard of Bunter's postal-order yet!

So the Owl of the Remove summoned up his most gracious smile.

"Come along with me, Lee," he said. "I'll see you through, old fellow. This way."

Lee followed the fat junior. He glanced back at Wharton, wondering uneasily whether he had offended him; but Wharton was going into his study without a look at the new boy. Fellows in the Lower Fourth at Greyfriars were not in the habit of having their feelings hurt easily. Wharton was surprised—but if a fellow chose to have tea in Hall, he was welcome to his fancy. And Wharton did not even trouble to wonder what the fellow's motive might be. He simply dismissed the matter from his mind as no business of his.

There were smoking sausages on the table, and ham and eggs and a stack of toast. Wharton smiled appreciatively.

"That looks something like!" he remarked.

"What did Quelchy want?" asked Nugent.

"Only a new kid."

"Didn't you say you were bringing him in to feed?" asked Bob.

"Yes—but he wanted to go down to Hall for some reason." Wharton sat down at the table. "Who cooked the sorres?"

"I did," said Bob.

"Then you ought to have a medal from the Royal Humane Society, old scout. You've saved my life."

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"That new kid must be a silly owl not to come in for a feed like this!" said Johnny Bull. "He won't get anything like this in Hall."

"He doesn't know that yet," grinned Wharton. "After one tea in Hall, I dare say he will jump at a feed here next time."

"The jumpfulness will be terrific, in my humble and ridiculous opinion," chuckled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Has Bunter got hold of him yet?" asked Nugent.

"Bunter's guiding him down to Hall."

"It will cost him five bob," said Nugent, with a laugh. "Bunter will spring his postal-order on him."

"My hat! I never thought of that! It's rather a shame," said Harry.

"Oh, he's got to learn his way about," grinned Bob Cherry. "We've all got to go through Bunter's postal-order—he sprung it on me my first day here."

"And on me," grunted Johnny Bull.

"And on my esteemed and ludicrous self!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "And what is saucy for the goose is saucy for the gander."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Famous Five of the Remove, dismissing the new junior entirely from their minds, devoted their attention to that excellent spread, which was a matter of greater importance than any imaginable number of new kids.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

On the Track of a Secret!

"THIS way, old fellow!" said Bunter.

Bunter's manner was not only kind and friendly; it was quite affectionate. He had known the new boy a minute and a half, and Lee was already "old fellow."

Lee did not seem specially pleased by this effusive friendliness from a stranger. He had longed to respond to Harry Wharton's kind cordiality, but somehow William George Bunter did not affect him in that way. He rather drew within himself at Bunter's effusiveness.

But Bunter did not notice it—or, at least, was determined not to notice it. He was going to be the new boy's friend—at all events, until Jim Lee had cashed his celebrated postal-order for him.

On the lower landing, Bunter halted. Lee stopped also, and looked round him. He saw no reason for stopping there. Bunter proceeded to make the reason clear.

"You lent me one-and-three at the station, old chap," he said.

"That's all right."

"Well, I'm rather particular in money matters," Bunter explained. "I shouldn't like a thing like that to be forgotten. A trifle is liable to slip the memory, you know. Short reckonings make long friends, what?"

"Yes," said Lee.

"If there's one thing that would worry me, it would be owing a fellow money," said Bunter. "I simply couldn't rest if I were in debt like some fellows."

"You can settle, if you like," said Lee.

He supposed, from Bunter's remarks, that that was what Bunter wanted. He soon discovered that that was not at all what Bunter really did want.

The Owl of the Remove coughed.

"You see, this is how it is," he explained. "I was expecting a postal-order to-day—from a titled relation of mine. Nobleman, who often sends me whacking remittances. But you know how the Government manages things—especially the Post Office."

"I—I don't quite—"

"Delay in the post," explained Bunter. "My postal-order hasn't come. It leaves me in rather a difficult position."

"Does it?" said Lee.

"It does, old chap. You see, here I am owing you one-and-threepence, and I can't square at the moment."

"Never mind that."

Bunter shook his head.

"I do mind," he said. "I can't help minding. I know that some fellows aren't so particular. But my maxim is to square at once—right on the spot. It would keep me awake at night if I owed anybody money."

Various Stages in the Lives of Greyfriars Celebrities.

No. 10.—BOB CHERRY (Champion Athlete of the Remove).



Coker is a sticker for principle—and he gets into trouble for it!

"Well?" said Lee, rather impatiently. Bunter seemed to have forgotten that the new boy had not had his tea yet.

"Well, my postal-order's delayed," said Bunter. "It can't get here now till the last post. That's some hours yet. It will be for ten bob. My idea is this—I owe you one-and-threepence. Hand over the other eight-and-nine—"

"Eh?"

"And I'll hand you the postal-order when it comes," said Bunter, blinking at the new junior through his big spectacles. "All right—what?"

FREE REAL PHOTOS—

Lee looked at him.

"Not quite all right," he answered. "Better wait till your postal-order comes."

"I suppose you can trust a pal?" said Bunter.

"Certainly. But I do not lend money to strangers."

Bunter coughed. Apparently this obtuse new fellow did not realise that Bunter was his pal.

"Now, look here, Lee," he said persuasively. "You lend me a few bob till my postal-order comes. Hand me the three-and-nine, and I'll hand you the postal-order for five shillings as soon as it comes—"

Bunter was reducing the figure—moderating his transports, as it were. Lee laughed.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at," said Bunter, staring at him. "Look here, Lee, are you going to lend me a few bob or not?"

"Not!" said Lee coolly.

"Well, you cheeky rotter—"

Lee burst into a laugh again. He found Billy Bunter entertaining. His sudden change from an old fellow to a cheeky rotter amused him. Billy Bunter was not amused. He gave the new junior a savage blink.

"Cut it out!" said Lee. "I'm not lending you any money. You can keep the one-and-three. Now let's get down to Hall. I'm hungry!"

"You can jolly well find your way yourself, you cad!" snapped Bunter. "Think I'm wasting my time guiding silly new kids about? Yah! I suppose the fact is that you haven't got any money."

"You can suppose what you like," said Lee, with a smile. He had quite taken William George Bunter's measure by this time.

He turned away towards the lower staircase. Billy Bunter eyed him with indignant wrath. The fellow actually didn't believe in his postal-order, that was clear. He was altogether too knowing for a new fellow, Bunter considered. The postal-order story was generally good enough for a new boy; why shouldn't it be good enough for Lee? Billy Bunter felt naturally exasperated.

True, he had already bagged one small loan from Lee, which had saved him from what might have proved a very serious scrape. But Bunter was not deeply troubled by considerations of gratitude.

Gratitude has been defined as a lively expectation of favours to come. Certainly that was Bunter's variety.

Bunter turned it over in his fat mind whether he could safely venture to kick the new boy. He yearned to kick him. But quiet as Lee was, he looked a rather hefty fellow, and the Owl of the Remove decided that it wasn't good enough. But Bunter had not forgotten the strange conversation he had overheard during his concealment under the seat in the train. He followed Lee down the staircase.

"Hard up, of course," said Bunter. "You don't get anything from your cousin, I suppose. Only your fees here—what? That's why you didn't want to come, eh?"

Lee started and stopped, and looked at Bunter.

"What do you mean? What do you know about my affairs?" he exclaimed.

Billy Bunter grinned.

"More than you think!" he said complacently. "Perhaps I heard you talking to the Driver man—perhaps I didn't! Perhaps—Ow!"

Lee's face had gone suddenly pale. He remembered what Ulick Driver had said to him in the visitors' room before leaving. The thought that such talk had been overheard by a Greyfriars fellow turned him almost sick.

He gripped Bunter by the shoulder so suddenly, and with so strong a grip, that the Owl of the Remove jumped and yelped. He shrank back from the fierce look in Jim Lee's eyes.

"Ow! Leggo!"

"You spying rotter!" Lee's voice was low and tense. "Do you mean to say you were listening—"

—of FAMOUS SPORTSMEN in—

"Ow! Beast! Leggo!"

"But you're lying, there was no one in the room," muttered Lee. He shook Bunter fiercely. "Tell me what you mean, you cad!"

"Yow-ow! Leggo, you beast!" gasped Bunter.

"Tell me, before I bang your head on the banisters," said Lee, in a low voice. "You were hanging about the visitors' room—"

"Eh? No! Leggo!"

"Then what—"

"I—cw—I heard you in the train!" gasped Bunter. "Yow! Leggo! I'll yell for a prefect if you don't leggo!"

"In the train!" said Lee blankly. "We were alone in the carriage! What do you mean? Tell me at once!"

Billy Bunter's fat heart failed him as he met the fierce look of the new junior. He realised that he had somehow touched Lee on the raw, that he had scared him. How and why Bunter could not even imagine, but Lee's look showed the fact plainly enough. And his grip on Bunter's shoulder was like iron.

"I—I say, only—only—only a joke, you know," panted Bunter, in dire terror. "I—I didn't mean—I—"

"Tell me the truth, or—"

"I was under the seat!" gasped Bunter.

"Under the seat—in the railway carriage—"

"Yes. I hadn't a ticket—"

"You rascal!"

Jim Lee released the fat junior. His sudden anger had passed; his face, still pale, was troubled and harassed. He was trying to recall exactly what had been said in the railway carriage. Bunter's words had struck him first with a fear that the talk in the visitors' room had been overheard, and he knew what that would have meant. But in the train, so far as he could remember, nothing had been said that mattered—nothing, at all events, that hinted of crime to anyone who did not know the circumstances.

Bunter staggered back as he was released, and leaned on the banisters, gasping for breath.

The fat junior had wondered, in his inquisitive way, what that strange talk in the train might have meant. He realised now that it had meant more than he had thought of suspecting—that there was some secret hidden behind the handsome, quiet face of the new junior, that all was not as it should have been with the new boy at Greyfriars.

Lee took no further heed of him.

He went down the stairs, leaving Bunter leaning on the banisters and spluttering.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Wow! Beast! My word, there's something jolly fishy about that chap—awfully fishy! That man said he was to obey his orders here—what orders, I'd like to know? Ow! He thought I'd found him out, the beast. What is there to find out, I wonder? Ow!"

Bunter's eyes glittered behind his spectacles. He had been insulted; his postal-order was still uncashed, as well as non-existent; and he had been shaken—shaken by a cheeky new kid. And that new kid had a shady secret of some kind, something he was keeping awfully dark. There and then Billy Bunter made up his mind that he was going to know what that secret was. Jim Lee was feeling uneasy as he went down to Hall; but had he known more of Billy Bunter, and of the Owl's peculiar methods of obtaining information, he would certainly have felt a great deal more uneasy.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

In Study No. 3!

RUSSELL and Ogilvy of the Remove were finishing their tea in Study No. 3, when the door opened and Harry Wharton looked in.

"Is he here?" asked Harry.

—The "POPULAR"!

"Which he?" asked Russell. "There are two hes present—three now you've butted in."

"I mean the new kid, ass!"

"Is there a new kid?" yawned Ogilvy. "Well, he isn't here! This study isn't an asylum for new kids."

"It's his study—"

"Eh?"

"New kid named Lee," explained

(Continued on page 17.)

Harry Wharton & Co. witness Coker's mad dash! Did he injure Gosling?



COKER, THE COMICAL!

(A Parody on "The Village
Blacksmith.")
By TOM BROWN.

Under the elm trees in the Close
The sturdy Coker stands;
Horace, a mighty man is he,
With large and hefty hands.
And the fag-tribes all look up to him,
And quake at his commands.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellowing roar;
You can see him swing his massive fists
With the strength of three or four.
His victims fall before his blows
And they never ask for more!

He goes on Monday to the shed,
And gets his motor-bike,
Which leads him quite a merry dance,
And often goes on strike.
And Coker uses, at such times,
Language we do not like!

The children, coming home from school,
Scatter like frightened hares,
When Coker, on his mad machine,
Comes on them unawares.
He gives them fits, he gives them starts,
And he gives them shocks and scares!

"His hair is crisp and black and long"
My second verse should start;
Such facts, however, I have left
Until a later part.
To speak of Coker's ugliness
I've scarcely got the heart!

His face is like a hideous mask,
His nose is like a spout;
His feet crush beetles by the score,
Of that there's not a doubt.
Like a regiment of infantry
Old Coker stamps about!

And yet he's quite a decent sort,
He's never mean or sly;
We laugh at him and chaff at him,
He's such a coon, that's why.
But a few more Cokers in the school
Would cheer us up, say I!

EDITORIAL!

— By —
HARRY WHARTON.

THERE has been what I may call a universal clamour for a Special Parody Number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

Admirers of Dick Penfold's poetry have firmly insisted that I should give them a Parody Number—and here it is.

I had fears, at first, that Penfold would not consent, for it meant that he would have to write practically the whole of the issue. But Pen is a glutton for work, and he rattles off poems and parodies with the ease of a person shelling peas.

Penfold chuckled when I told him what my readers wanted.

"They insist upon a Special Parody Number," I said.

"Then they shall have it, bless their hearts!" was the prompt reply. "I'll get busy right away."

And he retired to his study with a ream of foolscap paper, a gallon jar of ink, and a quill pen.

There is a history attaching to Pen's pen. He declares that it used to belong to Lord Macaulay, and that this famous historian wrote his "Lays of Ancient Rome" with it. Some may believe this, others may murmur, "Oh, what a whopper!" Anyway, Penfold is genuinely devoted to his quill, and he has written yards and yards of poetry with it.

Not being a poet myself, I have really no right to criticise this number. But on glancing through it before sending the manuscripts to Press, I am struck by the fact that there is one outstanding feature. I refer to the rousing football ballad, entitled, "How George Bulstrode Held the Fort." This, of course, is a parody on, "How Horatius Kept the Bridge," and it owes a great deal to that famous poem. At the same time, Penfold has cleverly adapted the verses, and the poem is full of life and action. It is quite one of the best things Penfold has given us, and I propose to pay him an extra twopence for his spirited poem.

In order that Dick Penfold should not develop brain-fag a certain amount of help was necessary in the compilation of this number. This help, as you will see, has been given by Bob Cherry and Tom Brown—cheery fellows both. Their parodies are not far behind Penfold's in point of merit.

Cheerio until next week, chaps!

HARRY WHARTON.

ODE TO A SCHOOLBOY'S KITE!

(After John Keats.)
By DICK PENFOLD.

Oh, what can ail you, wretched kite?
Why don't you sail into the sky?
Although I've coaxed you, morn and night,
You will not fly.

Oh, what can ail you, wretched kite?
You drag and drift before my eyes;
I've tugged the string with all my might—
You will not rise.

I met a lady in the meads,
With laughing eyes she viewed the sight.
"Your kite," she told me, "badly needs
Some dynamite!"

"See how it flounders in the dust:
First on its side, then upside down.
You did not pay for it, I trust,
More than a crown?"

"Alas!" I murmured, looking glum,
"I'm in a fearful, frantic fix!
I bought this kite, ma'am, for the sum
Of ten-and-six!"

"It will not sail, it will not soar,
It will not flutter, fly, or float.
Good-bye to sixpence, and, what's more,
A ten-bob note!"

"I wish I'd bought a cricket bat.
Or else a hamper full of tuck;
Or that I'd bought a big black cat
To bring me luck!"

"I've dragged this kite through dirt and dust
For miles, and yet it never goes!"
Ev'n as I spoke, a sudden gust
Of wind arose

The string was wrested from my hand,
The kite went soaring into space;
Swiftly it vanished from the land,
And left no trace!

An extra-special number promised for next week!

THE SNOW-FIGHT!Between the Remove and
Upper Fourth.

By Tom Brown.



In the cloisters, mum as oysters,
The Remove battalions lay;
And the legions of the Upper Fourth
Were sighted far away.
With a snowball in each hand,
They were spying out the land,
For a snowfight they had planned
'Gainst the rival Form that day.

Robert Cherry, blithe and merry,
Sprang out into the snow;
"They're fifty strong, and we have but
A dozen men or so.
But we'll fight until we fall:
Up and at 'em, one and all!
We will make the Fourth look small,
And we'll vanquish every foe!"

Then Nugent, like a true gent,
Cried, "Boys, we'll stand together
Through storm and shine, through wet
and fine,
And never mind the weather!
They are many, we are few,
But their forces we'll pursue!"
Then to battle forth they flew,
Released as from a tether!

Every figure dashed with vigour
Into Temple's massed array;
And snowballs sped like cannon-balls
On their destructive way.
"On, Removites! See, they fly!
Temple's down, and so is Fry!
Dabney's got one in the eye,
And the others will not stay!"

Then advancing, prancing, dancing,
The Removites smote the foe;
And Temple's host gave up the ghost
And stumbled through the snow.
With groans of melancholy
They received a final volley,
And the victors, proud and jolly,
Had laid the enemy low!

**FREE REAL
PHOTOS
COMING SOON,
YOU FELLOWS!**

A CHAT ABOUT POETRY!

By DICK PENFOLD.

A BRIEF "pow-wow" on poetry will not be out of place in a Special Poetry Number.

There are some fellows who complain that they "can't see anything in poetry." That's because they don't try. Poetry, if it is bright and cheerful, cannot fail to give pleasure. Nobody has any use for mournful dirges; but cheery and hopeful verses—even if they are merely doggerel—will always be sure of an audience.

Personally, although not a bloodthirsty youth, I have a strong fancy for battle ballads. I can never read "The Revenge" without a thrill.

"At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnacle, like a flutter'd bird,
Came flying from far away.
'Spanish ships of war at sea! We
have sighted fifty-three!'—
Then spake Lord Thomas Howard:
'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my
ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I
must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we
fight with fifty-three?'"

We all know the gallant answer of Sir Richard Grenville. He explained that he had over ninety men lying sick ashore, and he meant to save them. "I should count myself the coward if I left them," my Lord Howard, to these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

Yes; I guarantee that Tennyson's "Revenge" thrills the average British boy more than all the odes to the primroses and daffodils that have ever been penned!

"How Horatius Kept the Bridge," by Lord Macaulay, runs "The Revenge" a good second. In fact, I should place it first, only it deals with Romans, and is largely fictitious, whereas Tennyson's poem concerns our own countrymen, and is mainly fact.

For a real, rousing, red-hot battle poem, commend me to Byron's "Waterloo." It is almost terrible in its intense reality.

I don't much care for "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but perhaps this is because I have heard it recited nearly a billion times, and the repetition has become wearisome.

"The Battle of the Baltic," by Southey, is very fine, and so is "Hohenlinden," by Campbell.

Next to battle ballads, I prefer humorous poems. This is where Tom Hood comes in. Most fellows will remember the amusing verses commencing:

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms."

One of our best writers of humorous verse was surely Sir W. S. Gilbert, whose partnership with Sir Arthur Sullivan produced such wonderful comic operas.

I am no lover of Nature poems, unless there is plenty of power in them, as in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." There is something altogether wild and fierce in this great ode, which many critics consider to be the finest in our language.

By the way, in writing of battle ballads just now, I left out one of the best that has ever been written. This is "The Ballad of Agincourt." It was written by Michael Drayton. You seldom hear of this poet nowadays, because he lived in the time of Shakespeare, and Shakespeare cut him out completely. But if there had been no Shakespeare, we should have heard a deal more of Drayton, and he would have got the credit he deserves. Here is a spirited verse from his "Ballad of Agincourt":

"They now to fight are gone:
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan.
To hear was wonder:
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder."

No article on poetry is complete without reference to Shakespeare. It needs a wiser and more experienced person than me to talk about Shakespeare. Mr. Quelch would manage it successfully. I have no doubt. But I ought to mention, in passing, that I love Mark Antony's address to the Romans, and also Wolsey's speech to Cromwell. Best of all, I love Ariel's song from "The Tempest."

In this issue of the "Herald," several familiar poems have been parodied. And here I will at once confess that I do not consider myself clever to be able to parody the great writers. Lots of people can write parodies. You can't go to a music-hall without hearing them. It simply means changing a few words and phrases about.

It is far more creditable to write an original poem; and when I grow up I hope to write something of real merit. At present, I shall confine myself to parodies and humorous poems, because Harry Wharton tells me they are appreciated by "Herald" readers.

Before closing, I should like to offer my best thanks to Bob Cherry and Tom Brown, who have assisted me in compiling this Special Parody Number. Bob Cherry's parody of "Excelsior" is one of the best things in this issue, and it is bound to raise hearty laughs at Billy Bunter's expense.

Harry Wharton tells me that some of you would be glad to have another number written entirely in verse—not a Parody Number, but a Poetry Number pure and simple. Of course, this is no easy task; but if I find that there is a universal demand for such a number, I will set to work on one, and it will appear in a month or two. Meanwhile, you have quite enough verse to go on with, and I don't want you to suffer from an excess of it!

Another four pages of fun next Monday!



Our skipper, Harry Wharton,
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great team of Greyfriars
Should face defeat no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a certain day
When Greyfriars and St. Jim's should
meet
In frenzied football fray.

And now the crowd's assembled,
Around the ropes they stand;
And clarion cheers for Greyfriars
Ring out on every hand.
The teams are coming out, sirs,
And louder grows the din;
While speculation runneth high
Which of the teams shall win.

Standing beside the goal-post,
O'erlooking all the field,
Was gallant Harry Wharton,
Determined not to yield.
Beside him stood Bob Cherry,
With Johnny Bull in tow;
And Hurree Singh and Nugent both
Were game to face the foe.

Yet the skipper's brow was sad,
And the skipper's speech was low;
"I've heard that Hazel cannot play,
It is a crushing blow.
Their forwards will be on us,
And goals will swiftly come;
For there is none to guard our goal—
The situation's glum."

Then out spake brave George Bulstrode,
A skilful goalie he:
"Lo, I will stand beneath the bar,
And none shall get past me.
Whether the shots be high ones,
Or whether fast or slow,
I'll fist them out, without a doubt—
At least, I'll have a go!"

"Dear fellow," murmured Wharton,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight into that mighty fray
He dashed with eager glee.
For Greyfriars, in their matches,
Spare neither self nor skill,
But grimly rush through mud and slush
And play up with a will.

Meanwhile, Tom Merry's forwards,
In manner brisk and bold,
Came racing down upon the goal
That Bulstrode had to hold.
Merry and Blake and Talbot,
D'Arcy and Noble, too,
Attacked the goal with heart and soul,
Resolved to dare and do!

How George Bulstrode Held the Fort; or, "Horatius" Up-to-date!

By DICK PENFOLD.

Bulstrode stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes;
Then a great shout of "Saved, sir!"
From all the crowd arose.
For Talbot shot with vigour,
And Bulstrode promptly dived;
He kicked with strength, and thus at
length
The 'Friars defence survived.

But hark, the cry is "Merry!"
And lo! the ranks divide,
And the Saints' skilful skipper
Comes with his sweeping stride,
His shorts are white and spotless,
His jersey red-and-white;
With zeal red-hot, he takes a shot—
Yea, drives with all his might!

But Bulstrode's on his mettle,
He makes a thrilling save;
And lusty cheers are surging
Like a tremendous wave.
Then Noble traps the leather,
But Bulstrode bars his way;
See how he stands, with nimble hands,
A giant in the fray!

And then the Greyfriars forwards
Take up the swift attack;
And Figgins is sent reeling,
And Kerr is on his back.
Then comes the rousing war-cry,
"Shoot, Wharton! Drive it home!"
Oh, never was a scene like this
Since days of Ancient Rome!

Now Wharton has the leather,
He kicks it hard and high;
So that the crowd imagines
'Tis soaring to the sky.
But in the net's top corner
That sphere of leather lands;
Now hearken to the tumult,
The cheers, the clapping hands!



"Well played, O worthy Wharton!
You've kicked a goal this day
Which in the Greyfriars annals
Shall surely live for aye!"
The plaudits of the populace,
They rang in Wharton's ear;
Even St. Jim's, of lissome limbs,
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

Now comes a welcome respite,
And fruit is handed round;
While weary players rest awhile
Upon the friendly ground.
Then back into the battle,
And onward with the fray!
This rousing fight shall sure delight
Three hundred hearts this day!

The Saints are now attacking
With energy and vim;
Tom Merry's jaw is firmly set,
And his expression grim.
George Bulstrode is bombarded
With shots of every sort;
But still he strives, and yet contrives
To hold the Greyfriars fort.

A stinging shot from D'Arcy,
A thrilling drive from Blake,
A volley from Dick Redfern
He saves without mistake.
The play is fast and furious,
Though not devoid of skill;
And the 'Friars are on top, so far,
They lead by one to nil.

Grey twilight is descending
Upon that famous field,
And running, breathless figures
Like phantoms are revealed.
In frenzied desperation
Tom Merry's men attack;
But Bulstrode, to the bitter end,
Contrives to keep them back.

The tussle now is over,
The battle fought and done;
And Greyfriars, thanks to Bulstrode,
Right gloriously have won.
With joy and jubilation
Still is the story told,
How gallant Bulstrode held the fort,
Like the brave men of old.

WE WANT TO KNOW—

When will the Economy Axe descend
upon Lord Mauleverer? His lordship is
reputed to have replenished his wardrobe
this week at a cost of forty pounds. Ye
gods and little fishes! Some of us
couldn't muster forty pence! I know
one fellow who is so hard up that he is
wearing the same pair of "bags" that
he wore on Armistice Day, and that's
going back some distance—what?

We've got a grand surprise for you next week!



Locked Out!

By **BOB CHERRY.**
(An up-to-date version of
"EXCELSIOR.")

(There is a moral attached to this poem of Bob Cherry's. Never be late for locking-up! William Gosling, the keeper of the gate, is a man who hardens his heart, like Pharaoh of old, and woe-betide the unfortunate fellow who is late for locking-up. He may have to share the sad fate of Billy Bunter, described in this poem.—Ed.)

The shades of night were swiftly falling;
Towards the Greyfriars gates came
crawling
A schoolboy, plump but far from fair,
Who groaned, in accents of despair,
"Locked Out!"

His brow was sad, and moist his eye,
He heaved a deep and tragic sigh.
And as he halted at the gates
He murmured, "Foiled, by all the
Fates!
Locked Out!"

"Try not the gates!" old Gosling cried.
"They're locked secure on either side.
At seven o'clock I shut 'em tight,
An' you must stay out there all night,
Locked Out!"

"Oh, stay!" cried Bunter, in distress.
"You won't be hard on me, I guess.
I'll tip you, if you'll let me in!"
But Gosling answered, with a grin,
"Locked Out!"

"Oh, Gosling! What will Quelch say?
He'll tan my hide at break of day.
I'll get a fearful flogging, see?
It is a shame that I should be
Locked Out!"

But Gosling to his lodge returned,
Where a bright log-fire bravely burned.
For Bunter he had not a care,
But left him in the keen night air,
Locked Out!

Black darkness hovered above, beneath,
And Billy Bunter gnashed his teeth.
"Oh, that some magic power had I,
That these two gates might open fly!
Locked Out!"

The east wind cut him like a knife,
He clutched the iron bars for life!
"I'll get pneumonia, sure as fate!"
He muttered, leaning on the gate,
Locked Out!

In Gosling's lodge he saw the light
Of that log-fire gleam warm and bright.
A tear stood in his trembling eye,
And still he murmured, with a sigh,
"Locked Out!"

"Help! Murder! Fire! It starts to
sleet!
Like icebergs are my frozen feet.
I have no greatcoat on my back,
And here am I, alas, alack,
Locked Out!"

"In cheerful studies others sit,
While pleasant fires are laid and lit.
They sit and read the works of Scott,
And thank their stars that they are not
Locked Out!"

"Here must I stay, and count the hours,
While sleet descends in icy showers.
Here must I brave the biting blast,
And stand, cold, shivering, and aghast,
Locked Out!"

"Oh, Gosling! Open wide the gates!
Lost, lost is he who hesitates.
Please let me in—don't make a scene!
For twenty minutes now I've been
Locked Out!"



"I'll get my postal-order soon;
I've waited for it many a moon.
I'll give you (when it comes) a bob."
His voice trailed off into a sob:
"Locked Out!"

Two weary hours elapsed, and then
Gosling, that most severe of men,
Came shuffling out into the night
To witness poor old Bunter's plight,
Locked Out!

With lantern swinging to and fro,
He braved the storm and sleet and snow.
And, peering at the earth, he found
A porpoise huddled on the ground,
Locked Out!

There, in the darkness, Bunter lay,
He'd given up the ghost, they say.
When Gosling raised him to his feet,
He heard a last despairing bleat:
"Locked Out!"

**ANOTHER BIG SURPRISE
NUMBER
NEXT WEEK!**

A special "Flogging" number next Monday!

TO A SKYLARK!

By **DICKY NUGENT.**

Hail to thee, blythe bird!
You are much preferred
To a thrush or swallow;
Yes, you beat them hollow!

Up into the sky
Oft I see you fly;
Singing, as you flit,
Twit, twit, twit, twit twit!

How I hate Cock Robin!
He is always sobbin'.
And the beastly linnit
Has no musick in it!

Little larks like you
I delite to view;
Soaring to the clouds
In your feathered crowds.

Singing like Caruso,
Can't think how you do so!
Vocal chords divine,
Preshus bird, are thine!

Still you fly and flit,
Singing twit, twit, twit!
Then the chorus sweet—
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet!

Standing down below
In this veil of woe,
I am moved to pity
By each tender ditty.

Even my pal Tubb
Always starts to blub
When, from regions airy,
You sing "Tipperary."

Hail to thee, blythe bird,
Singing twit, twit, twit!
(Too much lag to rime
This last twiddley-bit!)

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOY wanted, for weeding garden in spare time. Those who are fond of fruit need not apply. The last boy I had practically ransacked my private orchard. Payment at the rate of sixpence per hour will be given to a really industrious worker.—Apply in person, to Dr. LOCKE, Greyfriars School.

PERSONAL VALET WANTED, to wait on aristocratic gentleman day and night. Splendid salary, with free feeds thrown in.—Write or call. A. A. D'ARCY, School House, St. Jim's.

SITUATION WANTED.

NOTISS! i have been out of a job for 2 months, and i am sick of eating the bread of idleness. Will some jenn-nerous 6th-former appoynt me his head cook and bottle washer? In my last plaice i never broke more than a duzen artikles of krockery per day. Apply **SAMMY BUNTER**, Second Form, Greyfriars School.

THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!

(Continued from page 12.)

Harry. "Quelchy has put him under my wing—"

"Keep him there," said Russell. "We don't want him under our wing!"

"Not at all," said Ogilvy, shaking his head.

"Bow-wow! I'm to introduce him to his new study-mates—"

"Look here, Quelchy oughtn't to plant a new kid in this study," said Russell warmly. "We've had it to ourselves since Drake and Rodney left. We don't want any new kids here."

"Better tell Quelchy so," said Wharton, laughing. "I've got to introduce him, that's all!"

"Take him into the next study, and introduce him to Smithy and Redwing instead."

"You haven't see him?"

"No; and don't want to!"

Wharton left the study, and proceeded to look for the new junior.

The spread being over in Study No. 1, Wharton had remembered the existence of James Lee of the Remove, and he was devoting a few more minutes of his valuable time to that unimportant individual.

The captain of the Remove spotted Billy Bunter on the stairs, coming up, and called to him.

"Bunter, where's Lee?"

"Blow Lee."

"Did you take him down to Hall?"

"If you think I'm going to waste time on cheeky new kids, Wharton, you're making a mistake. I've nothing to do with the cad."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton.

"Didn't he rise to the bait?"

"Eh, what?"

"Postal-order N.G.?" asked Harry.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"I suppose he landed in Hall, anyway," said Wharton. "He's got a tongue in his head, I suppose, and could ask the way." The captain of the Remove started downstairs, and as he was passing Bunter, the fat junior caught him by the arm.

"I say, Wharton—"

"Let go—in a hurry!"

"Hold on a minute. Do you know anything about that new fellow, Wharton?" asked Bunter, with mysterious impressiveness.

"Nothing at all. Why?"

"He's fishy!" said Bunter.

Wharton stared at the Owl of the Remove.

"Fishy?" he repeated.

"Awfully fishy—shady, you know," said Bunter.

"You fat idiot!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Is a fellow fishy and shady because he won't lend you money?" demanded the captain of the Remove angrily.

"Yes—I—I mean, no! 'Tain't that! But I heard him talking with that man who came with him—"

"You eavesdropping worm!"

"How could I help it when I was under the seat he was sitting on?" demanded Bunter warmly.

"Wha-a-at?"

"It was your fault," said Bunter. "You drove me to it. You know perfectly well that I asked you to wheel me home from Lantham on your bike. You can't deny it. If I had to travel home by rail without paying my fare, you can blame yourself."

"You awful young rascal!" exclaimed Wharton. "Why, you might have been given in charge to a policeman!"

"Nice for Greyfriars, a thing like that!" said Bunter. "I hope you're sorry now. Might have disgraced the school. I should have been called a bilk."

"You were a bilk, you fat worm!" said Wharton wrathfully. "And I'll jolly well see that you pay the fare all the same, or kick you into the middle of next term!"

"It's paid," said Bunter hastily.

"How it is paid, if you travelled under the seat to dodge paying it?" asked Wharton.

"That cad lent me the money at Friar-dale Station—"

"Who did?"

"That cad Lee—"

"So a fellow is a cad if he lends you money to save you from being locked up for swindling, is he?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"A cad for saving you from being taken into custody, and shady and fishy for declining to be diddled?" asked Wharton. "I think you're improving, Bunter. Sit down!"

"Yaroooooh!"

Bunter had no choice about sitting down; Wharton grasped him by the collar, and sat him down on the stairs—hard.

Bunter was left roaring, as the captain of the Remove went down to look for Lee. The fat junior had had no chance of relating the strange things he had heard in the train; not that Wharton would have listened to the tale of an eavesdropper, in any case.

In the lower hall, Wharton came on Jim Lee. The new boy was standing by himself, staring into the blazing fire in the hall, with his hands in his pockets. One or two fellows had spoken to him, a careless word or two meant good-naturedly enough; but Lee had scarcely answered, and he had been promptly left to himself. Wharton tapped him on the shoulder, and Lee started and looked round.

"Had your tea?" asked Harry.

"Yes, thanks."

"You haven't seen your study yet?"

"Not yet. I—I don't know where it is."

A GREAT SCOOP!

"My Schooldays!"

The hitherto unpublished story of Georges Carpentier's boyhood, written by himself,



appears in our magnificent companion paper, the
"BOYS' FRIEND." Out To-day!

Don't miss it on any account!

"Any fellow would have told you. Anyhow, Quelchy told me to see you landed, so come on."

"Very well."

For the second time Wharton conducted the new junior upstairs to the Remove passage. This time he piloted him to Study No. 3. Russell and Ogilvy looked at him a little grimly. They had no animus against the new fellow, but they did not see why he should have been "planted" in their study. Still, they were prepared to be civil.

"Here he is," said Wharton. "This is Lee, the new kid. Lee, that chap with the face is Ogilvy—"

"You silly ass!" roared Ogilvy.

"And the lad with the ears is Russell—"

"Why, you cheeky chump—" exclaimed Russell.

"Now you're introduced," said Wharton cheerfully. "Anything more I can do for you, Lee?"

"Nothing, thanks!"

"Right-ho, then!"

Harry Wharton went back to his own quarters, having done his duty; and once more dismissed the new fellow from his mind.

Jim Lee stood just inside the study, with a very uncertain expression on his face, and a slight colour in his cheeks. Russell and Ogilvy eyed him, and took compassion on his evident unwillingness to inflict himself upon them.

"All right, kid, you can trot in," said Russell.

"Make yourself at home," said Ogilvy. "It's all right."

"Thank you!" faltered Lee.

"You see," explained Russell, "there are some other studies with only two in them, and Quelchy might have stuck you with Wharton and Nugent, or with Smithy and Redwing, or with Bolsover major and Frenchy. But it can't be helped, and we're not grouching."

"I—I suppose I couldn't have a study to myself?"

"Not jolly likely! What the thump do you want a study to yourself for?" demanded Russell. "Rotten lonely, I should think."

"I—I'd like it—if it was possible—"

"Well, it isn't! Mauleverer had a study to himself when he first came, I remember, but Vivian's with him now. Aren't you satisfied with this study, and the chaps in it?" demanded Russell, rather warmly.

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, then, don't be an ass! I dare say we shall get on all right," said Russell more amicably. "I dare say we shall be friends. Anything the matter with you?"

"Eh? No."

"You're looking jolly down in the mouth."

"Oh! I—I—"

"Go easy, old chap," said Ogilvy. "Fellow's bound to feel a bit down on his luck his first day here. Misses the merry old family circle, and all that. Nobody to tuck him up to-night."

Russell chuckled.

"Well, buck up, Lee," he said. "We're not going to eat you; and in a few days you'll forget that you ever had a home and a family, and you wouldn't be sent back home for tons of money."

"That's right," said Ogilvy. "Two or three days, kid, and you'll be jolly glad you came to Greyfriars. You're in the best study in the Remove, anyhow, and that's something."

Lee glanced round Study No. 3. It was a cosy little room, but certainly not palatial.

Coker's a fool on a motor-bike! Is he a rascal, too?

"I mean, the study with the best fellows in it," grinned Ogilvy. "Some of the rooms are larger—one or two smaller. But this is the pick of the bunch, considering everything. Catch on?"

Lee smiled faintly.
"Yes," he assented.
"Box come?" asked Russell.
"I think so."
"Anything in it?"
"Yes; of—of course!"
"Good! We'll help you unpack," said Russell. "Won't we, Don?"
"Yes, rather!" assented Ogilvy. "I expect it's in the dorm by this time. Come on, Lee, and we'll help."
"But—" stammered Lee.
"Oh, come on!"

Russell and Ogilvy left the study, pushing the new junior out into the passage before them. Lee was rather puzzled; this eagerness to help him unpack his box surprised him somewhat. Kindness was all very well; but Study No. 3 seemed to be carrying kindness to amazing lengths. However, he accompanied them to the Remove dormitory, where Ogilvy switched on the electric light.

"Where is it? Oh, this will be it—it's been opened—"

"The housekeeper—" began Lee.
"Oh, yes; Mrs. Kibble has to nose through a fellow's box!" assented Russell. "But she's a good sort; I've known her overlook a lot of things that some Housedames would jump on. Hero goes!"

Russell threw up the lid of the box. With Ogilvy's help, he began to turn out the contents.

Lee watched them, too amazed to speak. Russell looked up from his knees before the box impatiently.

"Where is it?" he asked.
"Where is what?" asked the amazed Lee.

"The tuck."
"The—the tuck?"
"Yes. Where's the tuck?"
"There isn't any tuck!" gasped Lee.
"You utter ass! Didn't you tell me there was something in your box?" roared Russell, in great exasperation.
"And so there is. Clothes, shirts, books—"

"Clothes, shirts, books!" said Russell, in tones of the most profound contempt and indignation. "You crass dummy! Do you suppose I thought you'd come to Greyfriars without a shirt to your back?"
"I—I—"

"Well, you are a green spoony, Lee!" said Ogilvy. "I suppose you can't help it; duffers are born, not made, I believe. But you oughtn't to have brought us up to the dorm for nothing. You know that!"

"I—I didn't understand—"
"Ignorance of the law is no excuse for crime," said Ogilvy solemnly. "I've got a brother a barrister, and I've heard him say so. Whether you understand or not, you've brought us up to the dorm—and there's no tuck, only your silly old shirts. Bump him, Dick!"
"You bet!"

"I—I say—" gasped Lee.
"You needn't say anything. Just sit down."

Lee sat down, with a bump, on the hard floor of the dormitory. The two juniors collared him and bumped him almost before he knew what was happening. He sat and gasped.

Russell and Ogilvy, laughing, quitted the dormitory. Lee sat for a minute or two, in sheer astonishment; then he

picked himself up ruefully. Greyfriars School was a new and strange place to him, but he was beginning to learn the weird manners and customs of the Remove already.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bolsover Wants to Know!

"BUNTER says he's fishy!"

"Rot!"

"He says he's shady!"

"Rubbish!"

"Well, I suppose I can ask a new kid a few questions if I like?" roared Bolsover major.

Harry Wharton frowned. Prep was over, and most of the Remove fellows were in the junior Common-room. Jim Lee had not put in an appearance there, so far, though it was now close on bedtime.

"You can ask him all the questions you like," said Harry, "but you're not going to bully the new kid, Bolsover."

"Bunter says—"

"Blow Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Wharton!" chimed in the Owl of the Remove.

Coming Shortly!

FREE REAL PHOTOS!

Look Out For Them!

"I think Bunter would say anything about a chap that wouldn't lend him money," grinned Bob Cherry. "What was it you were saying about Bolsover this morning, Bunter?"

Bolsover major turned a glittering eye on Bunter, and the fat junior backed away in alarm.

"N-n-nothing!" he stuttered. "Not a word! I never mentioned Bolsover—never even thought of him! As for saying he was a mean cad not to lend a chap a shilling, I never dreamed of it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So I'm a mean cad, am I?" roared the bully of the Remove, his attention turned upon Bunter now.

"Yes—I mean, no! Certainly not! I—I say, we were speaking about that new kid, Lee, you know," gasped Bunter.

Russell and Ogilvy came into the Common-room. Bolsover major, after giving Bunter a threatening glare, turned to them.

"Got it with you?" he asked.

"It? Oh, the new kid! No!"

"He seems to be keeping himself out of sight," granted Bolsover major. "Why can't he come in here?"

"Shy, perhaps," suggested Squiff mildly.

Snort, from Bolsover major. Shyness,

certainly, was not a failing of Percy Bolsover himself.

"Rot!" he answered. "Bunter says that—"

"Bother what Bunter says!" snapped Peter Todd.

"I tell you Bunter says—"

"That you're a mean cad for not lending him a bob?" asked Bob Cherry, and there was a chortle.

Billy Bunter retired to the other end of the long table. He did not like the expression on Bolsover major's face.

"Bunter says—" persisted Bolsover.

"You don't care twopence what Bunter says," interrupted Harry Wharton quietly. "You just want to rag the new kid. Cut it out, Bolsover. What the thump do you want to be such a beastly bully for?"

"Perhaps you've given him the tip to keep out of sight?" snorted Bolsover.

"Well, I'll jolly well have it out in the dorm!"

"Look here—"

"Go and eat coke!"

Bolsover stalked away in dudgeon, and the captain of the Remove compressed his lips a little. Jim Lee was nothing to him; but, as captain of the Form, he intended to see that Bolsover major did not indulge his love for bullying at the new junior's expense.

Wingate of the Sixth looked into the Common-room a little later, and shepherded the Lower Fourth off to their dormitory. Lee did not go with the rest, and Wingate, looking over the Remove, missed him.

"That new kid hasn't turned up for bed," he said. "Russell, he belongs to your study, I think. Go and fetch him!"

"Oh, all right," drawled Russell.

Dick Russell left the dormitory and went down to Study No. 3 in the Remove passage. The light was burning there, and Russell pushed open the door. The new fellow had evidently remained in the study oblivious to bedtime, though his study-mates had kindly told him that it was at half-past nine. The study clock—like many junior study clocks—did not "go," and so Lee probably had not observed the time.

Russell looked in—and started.

Lee was there. He was seated at the table, his arms on the table, and his head resting on his arms. He was not asleep; and it came into Russell's mind that the new fellow was "blubbing." He looked the picture of dejection and despondency as he sat limply at the table.

"Hallo! Buck up, kid!" said Russell.

Lee started violently, and sprang to his feet. He had not been "blubbing"; there were no traces of tears on his face. But his face was white—though in a moment it was flooded with crimson as he met Russell's curious look.

"I—I—" he stammered.

Russell felt a mingling of compassion and contempt. Howsoever keenly a fellow missed home comforts, he ought not to give way to despondency like this, in Dick Russell's opinion. Russell had almost forgotten his own first day at school; he remembered that he had felt "down"; but, certainly, he hadn't crumpled up like this.

"Don't be an ass, Lee, you know!" he said. "Buck up! What's the good of moping like a boiled owl? You'll have the fellows calling you mammy's baby boy if you carry on in this style!"

Lee's cheeks were burning.

"I—I wasn't thinking of home," he stammered. "I—I— What do you want?"

"Nothing, old bean; only it's bedtime,

Read about Billy Bunter at his best in next week's MAGNET!

and Wingate's sent me to lug you along to the dormitory!"

"Oh, I'll come!"

Lee pulled himself together, and left the study with Russell, turning out the light. They arrived together in the Remove dormitory, and most eyes were turned on Lee, there. Bunter's chatter had directed general attention towards the new junior.

Lee did not meet any of the glances turned on him. He proceeded quietly to turn in, apparently unconscious of the fact that he was an object of interest to the rest of the Remove. Bolsover major eyed him in a rather surly way, but did not speak. Wharton kindly pointed out his bed to the new boy; and Lee was glad to get into it, under the mistaken impression that his first day at Greyfriars had come to an end at last. His first day's experiences were by no means at an end yet, as he was to discover.

Wingate came in to put out the light, and retired after doing so. The door had hardly closed on the prefect when Bolsover major sat up in bed.

"Anybody got a candle?" he asked.

"I have," said Skinner.

"Light it, then!"

"Let Wingate get clear first, old scout!"

"Blow Wingate!"

But Bolsover major had to wait. Five minutes elapsed before Harold Skinner struck a match and lighted the candle. Then the bully of the Remove turned out of bed.

Harry Wharton sat up.

"No bullying, Bolsover," he said quietly.

"Who's bullying?" snarled Bolsover.

"What are you out of bed for?"

"Find out."

Two or three other fellows turned out—Skinner and Stott, and Desmond and Snoop, and Bunter. Jim Lee had closed his eyes, but he opened them wide now. Bolsover major came over to his bed.

"Get up!" he snapped.

"What for?"

"Because you're told."

Lee hesitated; but three or four fellows were round his bed now, grinning. He understood that it was a "rag," and he sat up.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked quietly.

"Don't worry, Lee," called out Harry Wharton; "there's not going to be any ragging."

"Not unless Bolsover wants some," remarked Bob Cherry. "In that case—"

"The ragfulness will be terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You fellows shut up!" said Bolsover major. "Can't a new kid be spoken to, I'd like to know. You needn't shiver, you little idiot—nobody's going to bite you."

"I'm not shivering," said Lee calmly.

"You're a new fellow here," said Bolsover major. "New kids are supposed to speak up for themselves, and tell the chaps who they are and where they come from, if they're not ashamed to say. What's your name?"

"Jim Lee."

"Where do you come from?"

No answer.

"I say, you fellows, I told you he was fishy—"

"Shut up, Bunter! I'm doing the talking. Now, young Lee, if you've got a home, where is it?"

"In London," said Lee.

"Why can't you say so, then?" growled Bolsover major. "Who was



Lee closed on Bolsover and was through his guard in a twinkling. Bolsover gave a gurgle, staggered back under a terrific upper-cut, and fell his full length on the floor. "My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Phew!" (See Chapter 10.)

that johnny who came to the school with you?"

"My cousin, Mr. Driver."

"I heard he was your guardian—"

"He is my guardian, too."

"Jolly queer!" commented Bolsover major. "What the thump are your parents doing to make your blessed cousin your guardian?"

"I have no parents."

"Oh!" said Bolsover, rather taken aback. "Sorry."

"Is that all?" said Lee, very quietly.

Bolsover major grunted discontentedly.

"Bunter says he heard you talking to that cousin of yours in the railway train," he said. "Jolly queer if Bunter's got it right. You didn't want to come to Greyfriars?"

"No."

"And why not?" demanded Bolsover.

"That's my business."

"Oh, is it? Bunter says—"

"I don't want to hear what a spying cad heard, hiding under a seat in the railway train," said Lee. "If I had known he was there I would have kicked him."

"And serve him jolly well right!" commented Bob Cherry.

"Bunter says this Driver man said you'd got to be of use to him at the school, or he wouldn't pay your fees here," said Bolsover major. "Now, what does that mean?"

Lee compressed his lips. Most of the Removites were peering towards him in the dim light. Bunter's strange tale had aroused a great deal of curiosity.

"It's queer," said Skinner. "It's fishy, in fact. I think Lee ought to explain that."

Lee's face had paled. The juniors thought it strange, odd, "queer"; but he knew that not one of them had the remotest suspicion of the facts. What would they have thought if they had known that Ulick Driver, old boy of Greyfriars, was a professional "crook," and that the boy who was in his power had been sent to the school for nefarious purposes? Such a suspicion was not likely to enter the mind of any Greyfriars fellow. Lee knew it—he knew that his dark secret was safe. It was not discovery that he feared—that was impossible. But the thought of the scorn and loathing that would have followed discovery—that was in his mind, and it drove the colour from his cheeks.

Harry Wharton broke in.

"Don't take the trouble to answer, Lee. Bunter is our special fibber—he makes these things up as he goes along. He couldn't tell the truth if he tried. It's constitutional, you know."

"It's the truth!" roared Bunter, wrathfully.

"Don't be funny!" urged Bob Cherry. "What the merry dickens do you know about the truth, Bunter? You're not even acquainted."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, Bunter says so and Lee denies it," said Bolsover major. "I dare say it's all gas—we know Bunter. But if Bunter's right, there's something a bit queer and fishy about Lee."

"Lee hasn't denied it, though," said Skinner, maliciously.

Jim Lee raised his head.

"I've nothing to say to an eaves-dropper, or to any fellow who is fool

Who stands by and waits for Coker to rescue a girl? You must not miss our next thriller!

enough to take notice of an eaves-dropper," he said.

"Hear, hear!" from Johnny Bull.

"Well, it's between Bunter and Lee," said Bolsover major. "You stick to your yarn, Bunter?"

"Certainly I do," howled Bunter. "I heard—"

"That's enough! Lee won't have it, so he's calling you a liar. You can't let a new kid, just arrived, call you a liar. You're going to lick him."

"Eh?"

"You're going to fight Lee!" said Bolsover major.

"Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where are you going, Bunter?" howled Bolsover major.

Bunter dived into bed.

"I'm sleepy," he gasped; "I—I'm simply dropping off! Can't stay up another minute!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Roll over, you fat oyster!"

"I—I say Bolsover, we—we've got to turn out at rising-bell, you know. Late hours are—awfully bad for the—the complexion, you know. I—I—I'm going to sleep."

"Lee!" snapped Bolsover major.

"Well?"

"You're going to fight Bunter. Yank him out of bed."

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bolsover Asks for It!

HERE was a chuckle in the Remove dormitory. For once Bolsover major's rough sense of humour was not disapproved.

A fight between Billy Bunter and the new boy was not likely to be a very serious affair, but it was quite likely to be entertaining. There was a chorus from the beds.

"Go it! Wade in, Bunter!"

"Toe the line, fatty."

"Mop him up, podgy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows, I'm going to let him off!" gasped Bunter. "I'm not going to lick a new boy. It—it's cruel. Besides, he lent me one-and-three to-day. I'm not going to thrash a chap who lent me one-and-three."

"Yank him out of bed, Lee," grinned Bolsover major.

But Lee did not stir.

"Do you hear me?"

"I'm not deaf," said Lee coolly; "but I'm not going to touch that fat fellow. Why should I?"

"Funky?" sneered Skinner.

Lee shrugged his shoulders.

"Look here, young Lee," said Bolsover major in his most bullying tones, "I'm letting you off lightly. You can fight Bunter, or you can fight me. Take your choice."

"Better make it Bunter, I guess," grinned Fisher T. Fish.

Jim Lee shook his head.

"I'm not fighting anybody if I can help it," he said. "Certainly not that fat duffer in glasses. He would burst if I hit him, I think. I'm going to bed."

"Him or me?" grinned Bolsover.

"You, then," said Lee, getting off the bed.

"Wha-a-t?"

Bolsover was quite taken aback by this cool acceptance of his challenge. He stared at Lee, his eyes glinting and his square jaw protruding threateningly.

"You'll fight me, will you? By Jove, I'll give you all you want, then! Come on, you cheeky cad!"

"Stop it!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Lee, get back to bed. I'll see that that bully doesn't worry you."

And the captain of the Remove jumped up.

"He's not going to hide behind you, Wharton!" howled Bolsover major, in great wrath.

"I'm not hiding behind anybody," said Lee. "Much obliged, Wharton, but I'm not afraid of this lout—"

"This what!" gasped Bolsover.

"Lout!"

"Why, I—I—I—"

Bolsover major rushed right at the new junior, his rugged face aflame with rage. Harry Wharton hesitated. He was quite prepared to do his duty as captain of the Form; but with his intervention rejected by both parties, he was rather at a loss.

And the next moment it was too late for interference. Bolsover major's heavy

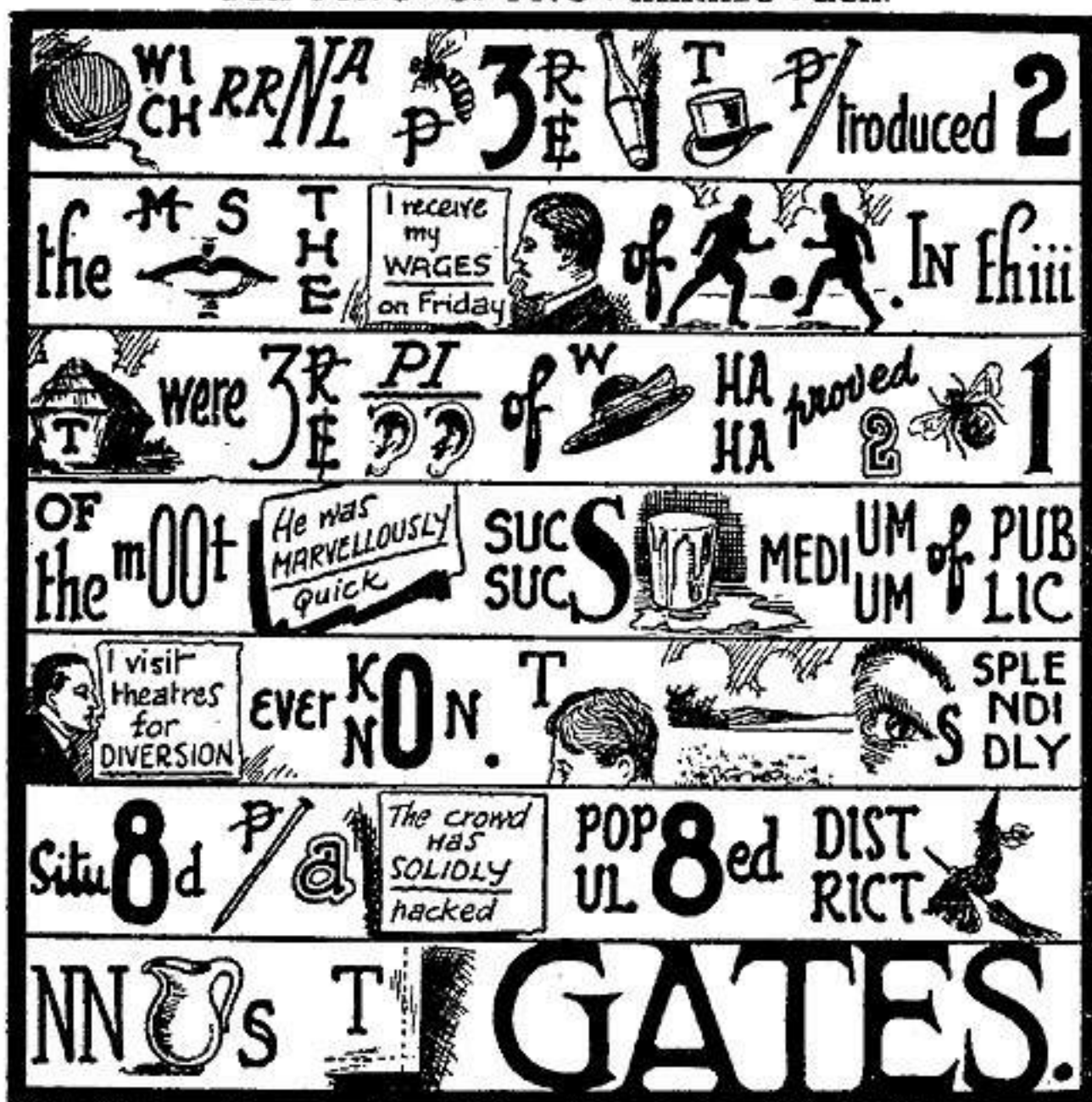
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rush bore Lee backwards, and he was driven back past half-a-dozen beds before he was able to stand his ground. Bolsover's attack was a good deal like that of a bull.

Three or four hefty blows came home on Lee's face and chest, as he was driven back. But he stopped at last, and sprang clear, panting. And then, with a swiftness that Bolsover was quite unprepared for, Lee closed in on him, and was through his guard in a twinkling. Something that seemed like a lump of iron came up to Bolsover's chin. Bolsover gave a gurgle, and staggered back under that terrific uppercut, and fell his full length on the floor, with a resounding crash.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Phew!"

"Jerusalem!" murmured Fisher T. Fish. "I guess that was some sock-dolager."

The Removites stared at the scene. Bolsover, on his back, was gasping. He felt his jaw with his hand, as if to ascertain that it was still there. It felt as if it wasn't.

"Ow, ow, ow, ow!" Bolsover was mumbling.

Harry Wharton whistled.

"Well, you can hit, Lee!" he remarked. "By Jove! Bolsover has asked for more than he wanted this time."

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Cave!" called out Lord Mauleverer suddenly. There was a sound of footsteps in the passage outside.

The crash of the bulky Bolsover on the floor had been heard; indeed, it would have been surprising if it had not been heard. Evidently somebody was coming to investigate.

The juniors bolted back into bed like rabbits into their burrows. Skinner hastily blew out the candle. There was a sound of scrambling into sheets and blankets. Bolsover major managed to pick himself up somehow, and crawled dazedly into bed. The door of the dormitory opened, and Mr. Quelch looked in, and switched on the light.

"Boys! What—"

Only a sound of steady breathing greeted the Remove master. He stared into the dormitory.

"I heard a sound here—a heavy fall! Is any boy here awake?"

Every boy there was awake, as a matter of fact. But every boy there looked as if he were sleeping the sleep of the just.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch.

And he turned out the light and retired, shutting the door, looking quite perplexed.

There was a faint chuckle in the darkness, when the Remove master was gone.

"Is any boy here awake?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I heard a sound," continued Bob—"a heavy fall!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think Bolsover must have felt it, as well as heard it," continued the humorous Bob. "Did you, Percy dear?"

"Ow! Groooogh!"

"How's your jaw, old man?"

"Go and eat coke."

Most of the juniors expected Bolsover major to turn out of bed when the coast was clear again, to try conclusions further with the new boy. But he did not. Bolsover's jaw was aching, and his head was singing; and even the bully of the Remove had had enough. And when the Remove turned out at rising-bell in the morning, Bolsover major did not even look at Jim Lee.

Jim Lee was one of the first down in the Remove next morning. He went out into the quadrangle, in the crisp, frosty winter air—by himself. He would have had no lack of company if he had sought it, but he did not seek it. Just before breakfast Bolsover major came up to him in the quad.

Lee was on his guard at once. But to his surprise, Bolsover's manner was not hostile.

"That was a hefty punch you gave me in the dorm, Lee," was Bolsover's first remark.

"You asked for it."

"I know! That uppercut's a bit new to me. I didn't quite see how you got it in. You can box."

"A little."

"A lot, I should say, unless it was a fluke. I'd like you to come into the gym after lessons and show me how you did it."

"Oh!" said Lee.

Apparently Bolsover major's respect had been won by that powerful drive on the jaw—of which very visible signs remained.

"Don't think I take any notice of Bunter's yarns," added Bolsover, "I was only ragging, you know."

Lee smiled, a strange smile.

"Well, will you?" asked Bolsover. "I'm willing to be friends, if you are."

Jim Lee was about to nod his head in assent. But he did not. His face hardened strangely.

"No!" he answered.

"Wha-a-at?"

"No!"

With that, Jim Lee turned and walked away, leaving Bolsover major staring after him blankly. Harry Wharton and Co. had come out of the School House, Bob with an old footer under his arm, for a punt about before breakfast.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, new kid!" boomed Bob, in his cheery stentorian tones. "Line up."

Lee looked round quickly.

"Join up for a punt about, Lee," called out Harry Wharton cheerily.

Jim Lee looked at the juniors. They looked bright, fresh, happy and cheery—fellows seemingly with hardly a care in the world—while upon his own young shoulders black care weighed so heavily. He would have joined them—gladly—how gladly.

But he did not.

Without even answering, the new junior walked away, with his hands driven deep into his pockets. Harry Wharton looked after him blankly.

"Not a very sociable chap, what?" grinned Bob Cherry. "What's the trouble with him? Shy?"

"Blessed if I know," said Harry. "He doesn't seem to want to make friends here. Well, he can suit himself."

"What-ho!"

And the chums of the Remove punted the ball about, enjoying themselves in their own strenuous style till the bell rang for brekker. Behind the elms in a corner of the quad, Jim Lee paced by himself, his hands in his pockets, his brows dark and drawn.

He had made his resolve, and he was keeping it. Resistance to Ulick Driver seemed impossible; but there was a limit—he would make no friends, even acquaintances if he could help it, at the school—whatever the fellows thought, he would keep clear of all that. He was an Ishmael—his hand against every man, every man's hand against him—but at least he would not be a false friend and a treacherous comrade. That was Jim Lee's resolve.

He might have to go on like this for weeks before the thing he dreaded happened. And much can happen in the course of a few days, even.

The great thing at the moment was that his secret was undiscovered.

THE END.

(The next story of Greyfriars, which will appear in the MAGNET Library next Monday morning, is a dramatic account of a very brave act which led Horace Coker into trouble. The story is entitled "Detective Bunter!" So you know the great Billy is well to the fore!)

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"SPEECHES" AND NEW MEMBERS WANTED AT ONCE!

The Greyfriars Parliament

Grand Money Prizes for "SPEECHES"



THERE have been record attendances at the recent meetings of the Greyfriars Parliament. When the Speaker took the chair last Monday all seats were taken. There was a crowd of representatives behind the Speaker's chair, and the gangways were invaded.

The Speaker was about to open the proceedings, when Mr. Coker brought forward a complaint.

Mr. Coker: "I don't call it fair. Here have I been keeping my seat by placing my hat on it, and then that silly duffer Bunter goes and sits on it!"

Mr. Bunter: "I didn't!"

Mr. Coker: "You did! Here's my hat, squashed as flat as a pancake!"

Mr. Tom Dutton: "What did you want to sit on the rat for, Bunter? I call it cruelty to dumb animals!"

Mr. Coker: "This is a hat—at least, it was one!"

Mr. Tom Dutton: "It's not much like a cat, anyway. I never knew you were so tender-hearted, Coker!"

Mr. Coker: "That chump will be the death of me! Now, Mr. Speaker, what about my hat?"

The Speaker: "What about it?"

Mr. Coker: "Isn't Bunter to pay for a new one?"

The Speaker: "That is a private matter to be negotiated between the two hon. members."

Mr. Coker: "It was a new hat!"

Mr. Peter Todd: "Once it might have been."

Mr. Coker: "What do you mean by that?"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I said your flat hat might have been new once."

Mr. Coker: "Do you think I wear secondhand hats?"

Mr. Peter Todd: "I don't think about it; but I consider it was a good thing when Bunter laid his avairdupois on it. It was a shocking old tile. I am not surprised. You always wear out your hats by using them to talk through!"

The Speaker: "We have not met here to-night to discuss the merits of the Coker headgear. With regard to the peril to hats, it seems to me a bad arrangement that members should have to fight for places. Seats for the Greyfriars representatives should be numbered and reserved. Then we should know where we were." (Heah, heah! from Lord Mauleverer.)

Mr. Frank Nugent: "There would be worse fights than ever."

The Speaker: "I'd see there were not. But the matter can be dealt with later. I have to put before the House a few remarks on pocket-money and what to do with it, from Reader NORMAN WEIR, 105, Holmfield Road, Blackpool, N.S."

Mr. Bunter: "May I ask what Reader Weir knows about pocket-money?"

The Speaker: "I assume he is well versed in the subject."

Mr. Bunter: "Does that mean that he has got some money?"

The Speaker: "Undoubtedly he has."

Mr. Bunter: "Did you say 105 was the number of his road?"

The Speaker (referring to the paper): "Yes, that is correct."

Mr. Bunter was seen to be making a few notes, and it was presumed he intended writing to Reader Weir to ask him to cash a mythical postal-order.

The Speaker: "Reader Weir says, 'My speech is: What to do when you get your pocket-money. Don't spend it all, but put some away in the Post-Office Bank, so when you run short of cash you can just run to the bank and draw some out.' (I hope Bunter will take heed.) 'This is all I have to say this time: but I hope to make a more successful one next time.' There you are, gentlemen, that is tabloid counsel. I dare venture to say that if nations, as well as individuals, acted on this sage advice, the world would be a far happier place."

Mr. Richard Penfold: "That reminds me of a verse I once heard at a theatre. It ran:

"Time is money, and money is time,
And don't you go forgetting it.
Always make as much money as you can,
But don't get time for getting it."

The Speaker: "To the point, but rather outside the scope of our discussion. The question is: What to do with pocket-money?"

Mr. Bunter: "Spend it!"

Mr. Fish: "That's no good. You can make your money more by letting it out."

Mr. Johnny Bull: "Slylock!"

Mr. Fish: "If I am going to be called names, I shall claim the Stilton Hundreds! That's what you jays call resigning. In our Congress, if we feel tart, we just chuck it up."

The Speaker: "Mr. Fish means the Chiltern Hundreds."

Mr. Fish: "Cheese it!"

Mr. Wibley: "Personally, I find it all but impossible to save money. I am interested in theatrical companies and conjuring, and the cost is prodigious."

Mr. Bunter: "For my part, I simply dare not stint myself. The money I receive has to go in upkeep. If I did not spend the cash on food I should fade away."

Mr. Peter Todd: "He faded away like a beautiful dream!"

Mr. Alonzo Todd: "My Uncle Benjamin always says we think too much of money. Money is nothing after all."

Mr. Bunter: "Ain't it, though? I should just jolly well think it was something! You find yourself outside the tuckshop and without a sixpence with which to satisfy the gnawing cravings of hunger!"

Mr. Penfold: "I should recommend Mr. Bunter to fill his soul with lofty thoughts. Then he would cease to be hungry. Great men are seldom hungry. They think of poetry and other splendid things. Why, a man told me the other

day that after he had read my last poem his appetite left him entirely!"

Mr. Bulstrode: "No wonder, either! It was enough to make a grasshopper turn pale!"

Mr. Penfold: "I spurn the imputation."

The Speaker: "Putting all spurnery aside, it seems to me Reader Norman Weir has made out a good case. Save your cash; then you will have it. If Mr. Bunter denied himself a few cheese-cakes and other confections, he might in time become a billionaire. I have a brilliant speech from Reader H. B. D. AXLETT, 164, Portswood Road, Southampton. I do not propose to read the whole of this speech, which discusses whether white men should box black men. The controversy raises a whole heap of questions; but, frankly, I am not disposed to fall in with the suggestion that white boxers cannot beat black ditto because of the thickness of the latter's heads. But I will read an extract: 'I do not say that a white man cannot defeat a black, for that has been done, but a black man holds a great advantage. The negro possesses great strength, and has a skull like that of a bull. Moreover, look at the staying power of a black in Africa, enabling him to travel sixty miles in a day and not feel done. He has extraordinary strength, and, if he had all opportunities, would be able to defeat anyone.'

Mr. Bob Cherry: "I am interested in the speech—what we were privileged to hear—but I take grave exception to the ideas put forward. It seems to me that science and brain always must tell. If brain is faced by superior brute strength, it is for brain to defeat the force opposed by using intellect. In fencing, the clever fighter with a rapier can beat the bully with a bludgeon. Knowledge must prevail in the long run. The man who knows, wins in the end, and the man who does not know serves him, and is glad to do so. I feel very strongly on this point. It is no use saying if this were so, or if that were not so. One must work with the world as it is. To reason differently is like the question about having a brother. I have no brother. Quite so. But if you did have a brother, would he like cheese? That is a reductio ad absurdum."

Mr. Bunter: "Don't come Quelching here with your Latin!"

Mr. Bunter's interruption passed unnoticed.

The Speaker: "I consider Mr. Cherry is right. There is nothing against the black man qua black, but we are never going to sit down to the same theory—and very tame it is, too—that the white man has, by reason of his civilisation, reached a pitch of muscular inferiority which renders him unable to meet a black. It is altogether an intolerable assumption—one not in the least warranted by history, nor by contemporary fact. But I think this House will like to thank Reader Axlett for his clever and thoughtful speech."

The debate stood adjourned.

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THE FIRST CHAPTER.
The Fire on the Mud Flats!



"EGAD, I feel like a new man!"
Ferrers Locke made that announcement in a tone of the deepest satisfaction.

The great detective and his clever young assistant, Jack Drake, had spent the week-end in the company of Brian Flaxwell, the well-known marine artist.

Flaxwell, a keen amateur yachtsman, had invited the two to accompany him on the maiden voyage of his new two-tonner, the *Seamew*.

From Leigh-on-Sea, at the mouth of the River Thames, they had voyaged round to the popular yachting resort of Burnham-on-Crouch. They had spent Saturday night in an old-world hostelry, and had sailed back to the Thames on the following day.

The weather had been cold and there had been but little sun. But the amateur yachtsman and his two guests had been well clothed to resist the weather. The wonderful ozone-laden air had brought the glow of robust health back to the cheeks of Locke and Drake after a fatiguing week in the fog and grime of London.

Now, at the conclusion of the voyage, Locke expressed his whole-hearted satisfaction with the brief holiday.

Flaxwell, sitting at the tiller of the yacht, smiled and nodded.

"What did I tell you, Locke?" he said. "I had an awful job to get you two to leave your stuffy old quarters in Baker Street. There's no tonic like a short sea trip; and

the air round this part of Essex is the most bracing in the country."

"You bet it is!" said Drake. "Personally, I feel fit to tackle all the crooks in creation single-handed—also, a thumping good dinner!"

A jolly laugh left Flaxwell's lips.
"I can't guarantee to supply you with the crooks, my boy," he said. "But when we get back to Leigh you shall certainly help to tackle the rabbit-pie the cook will have ready for us."

He put the helm over slightly, bringing the yacht closer in to the wide expanse of mud flats which stretched from the shore on their starboard side.

Dusk was falling. A slight mist was creeping up the Thames with the incoming tide. A long string of yellow lights showed faintly astern of the *Seamew*. These indicated the mile-and-a-half long pier of Southend-on-Sea. On the starboard beam, beyond the mud flats, was the residential district of Westcliff. The slopes of Leigh could be seen indistinctly on the starboard bow.

"There's one advantage of yachting from Leigh," said Flaxwell, after a pause. "You can always get back to port. We should have to wait out here until high tide to get into Southend."

"The tide goes out about a mile, I suppose?" said Locke.

"Yes, it's very awkward for the Southend and Westcliff yachtsmen. But at Leigh we are fortunate in having that salt-water channel known as the Ray."

"It's a river that flows out from the shore, isn't it, Mr. Flaxwell?" inquired Drake.

"No," replied the marine artist; "it is merely a channel through the mud flats, and extends nearly to the front at Leigh.

When the tide goes out, this channel, which is a few feet deep, is left filled with seawater. Thus the famous Leigh bawleys—or fishing boats—and craft of this size are able to get in and out of port, no matter what is the state of the tide."

For a time silence fell. As darkness settled deeper over the sea and land, the following breeze freshened. Locke and Drake drew their overcoat collars tighter about their throats. They had thoroughly enjoyed their wintry yachting trip to Burnham. Now the detective, as well as his young assistant, looked forward to the excellent hot meal which they knew would be awaiting them at the home of Flaxwell, in Leigh.

Keeping the *Seamew* as close to the edge of the mud flats as the depth of water permitted, Flaxwell looked alertly for the entrance to the Ray.

"Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed at length. "We're a bit later than I expected; but now we sha'n't be long!"

Putting the helm hard over, he brought the yacht's bow sharply round to starboard. Then the *Seamew* bowled rapidly along the salt-water channel, with a low mud bank close on either side of her.

A few yachts, dinghies, and other craft were lying on the mud flats. These belonged to ardent, all-the-year-round sportsmen. The light from the lantern on the forestay of the *Seamew* reflected into pools of water which lay about the waste of mud. There was something heart-chilling and eerie about these grim mud flats in the gloom of the winter's evening.

Ferrers Locke took off his gloves and began to refill his pipe.

Suddenly he looked up as a dull report

Ferrers Locke helps to solve a mid-ocean mystery next week!

caught his ears. A flash of light caught his eye.

"Hallo, what was that?" he said. "Surely there's no one about this place at this time of night?"

Flaxwell and Drake followed the detective's gaze. Some three hundred yards on their starboard bow they saw a flickering light. Obviously, it exuded from a port-hole of a small craft which was lying on the flats.

"I expect old Seymour's tinkering about his motor-boat," said the artist. "Ever since he bought the thing last autumn, he's spent half his time aboard her."

"Seymour?" repeated Ferrers Locke. "Who's he—a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly; the old boy's merely an acquaintance. He's an old Leigh resident who had a rope yarn business in London; but last summer he retired—he hadn't been doing over well in business during the last year or two, and he sold out."

"Well, he seems to have queer tastes for an old boy," said Locke. "It isn't many people, even though keen on motor-boats, who spend time tinkering about here in the evening."

"Oh, Austen Seymour always was a bit queer. No one has ever been able to make him out altogether. But, despite a few eccentricities, he seems to be well respected in the district."

As he finished speaking, the light on the motor-boat grew bigger and seemed to shoot upwards suddenly.

"My giddy aunt!" cried Jack Drake, starting up. "That boat's on fire!"

A couple of seconds later there was absolutely no doubt about the matter.

A great yellow flame welled up in the after-part of the motor-boat. The breeze caught it and sent it sweeping forward over the cabin of the craft. The mud flats about the boat assumed the colour of ochre, while the pools of water nearby shimmered with gold.

Flaxwell regarded the boat with staring eyes. But as the side of the Seamew scraped along one of the mud banks of the narrow channel, he drew his attention back sharply to steering his yacht.

"This is a queer go!" muttered Locke. "I don't see anyone on the mud near the boat."

"Perhaps," suggested Flaxwell, keeping his gaze on the channel ahead, "Seymour wasn't on his boat as I said when we first saw that light."

"Then how the dickens did the thing catch fire?" said Drake.

"There's such a thing as spontaneous combustion," said the marine artist. "Some oily waste, and—"

"Look here, Flaxwell," broke in Ferrers Locke. "I think we ought to look into this matter. The old boy might have knocked over an oil lamp."

"By gad, if he has, and he's still on board, it's a bad look-out for him! Stand by, you two fellows, to lower the sails directly I give the order! I'll stop the yacht at the nearest point to the motor-boat."

Locke and Drake stood by, their eyes fixed on the motor-boat, which was now enveloped in a sea of flame. A possibility entered the minds of each. That was, that if this man, Austen Seymour, who owned the boat, had been responsible for the fire, he had escaped from the boat and was on the other side of the burning craft. If he were there, he could not be seen from the Seamew.

There was now something awe-inspiring in the aspect of this great beacon of fire on the apparently deserted mud flats.

Directly Flaxwell issued the command, Locke and Drake lowered the sails. Then the yachtsman turned the bow of his craft towards the right-hand mud bank, and the boat slowed down. Before it came to a stop, Locke and Drake grabbed a couple of patent fire extinguishers and leaped out on the mud. Both knew well, however, that they might only be of assistance should there be a sudden change of wind—a remote possibility.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Grim Relics!



LUCKILY, the detective and his young assistant were shod in stout rubber sea-boots. Resolutely they splashed through pools of water and through the soft, yielding mud, littered with cockle shells.

Shouts from a shoreward direction announced that other men were making their way toward the scene of the conflagration.

The detective and Drake plunged through the mud to within ten yards of the burning boat. But here they were forced to come to a halt. By this time the motor-boat was a seething furnace of flame from bow to stern. It was beyond human power to save the craft. But the circumstance that caused the two to experience anxiety was that there was no one save themselves in the vicinity of the vessel.

Brian Flaxwell, who had anchored the Seamew, joined his guests.

"By Jove!" he said, in an awed tone. "If Seymour was aboard his boat, he'll have been burned to ashes before this!"

Some lights came bobbing towards them. They proved to be lanterns in the hands of a party of Leigh fishermen, who had been attracted by the blaze. As they arrived on the scene the fire was beginning to die out.

"I say, my men," cried Flaxwell eagerly, "are any of you aware whether Mr. Seymour came out to his boat to-day?"

The leading fisherman turned and addressed the man close behind him.

"There, what did I tell you, George?" he said. "Warn't I right when I said it was Mr. Seymour's boat, the Fireflame?"

"An appropriate name for the boat," commented Ferrers Locke grimly. "But do you know whether Mr. Seymour was on board?"

"I shouldn't say so, sir."

"Why not?"

"Well," replied the man, "he wouldn't stay aboard that there craft to get burned, would he, now?"

Locke drew a hard breath.

"Look here, my good man," said he. "Mr. Seymour is not here among us. He certainly didn't leave the motor-boat when she caught fire. Either he was not on the boat at all this evening, or else he has met his death here."

The jaws of the fishermen dropped slightly.

"You—you mean, sir, that he's been all burnt up?"

"I mean," said Locke, "that he has most certainly been burned if he was on board. That is a matter to be inquired into. None of you men saw him to-day?"

A young fellow in a sou'-wester stepped forward.

"I saw him this afternoon, sir. He spoke to me down by the cockle sheds. Said he was a-goin' to paint the cabin of his boat, he did."

"Did you see him go ashore again?" asked Locke.

"No, sir, that I didn't. But it ain't by no means likely that he'd have stayed out here till this hour, I should think."

"It's facts we want to ferret out," said Locke. "Do you know Mr. Seymour's address, Flaxwell?"

"I know where he lives," put in an old fisherman. "I've taken bait up to his house. It's the Chalet, in Parade Road."

"Then, my man," said Ferrers Locke, "I should be glad if you would make your way to that address. Find out whether Mr. Seymour is at home or not. If he is, tell him that his boat has been destroyed. If he is not, come to the head of the jetty, where I will meet you. You shall have a ten-shilling note for your trouble."

"Thank you kindly, sir!"

While the old fisherman set off, Locke and the others waited for the fire to burn itself out. During this wait a few other boatmen and other local worthies joined them on the mud flats. There were quite a dozen lanterns among the party, and Locke noted the fact with considerable satisfaction.

At last the fire had died down sufficiently to be finally extinguished by means of the patent apparatus brought from the Seamew.

The woodwork of the motor-boat had been destroyed, with the exception of

portions of the bottom, which had rested in the damp mud. The engine had dropped, and glowed red-hot in parts. Some broken crockery and other debris lay among the ashes of the destroyed vessel.

With the aid of the lanterns, Locke, Jack Drake, and the others, began a search through the wreckage.

The first find of importance came from Drake.

"Look, sir!" he cried.

Ferrers Locke turned to find his assistant pointing to a portion of a human skull!

"Good heavens!" gasped Flaxwell, going a shade paler. "Then Seymour was on the motor-boat!"

As the detective took the hot, gruesome relic of the fire in his gloved hands the fishermen gathered round with awed expressions on their faces. There was no doubt in the minds of any of them now that Austen Seymour, the owner of the boat, had been destroyed in the conflagration.

"I've heard tell that old Seymour had a weak heart, sir," volunteered one of them. "Mebbe when he was in the cabin o' the Fireflame he had a stroke. Then he fell forward, knocked over an oil-lamp, and set afire to hisself."

"Excellent, my man!" exclaimed Locke, with a flicker of a smile at his lips. "You should really volunteer your services to Scotland Yard. If you do, you can tell 'em to apply to Ferrers Locke for a reference."

"Ferrers Locke!"

The fisherman looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"That is my name," said Locke. "But come, men, let us resume our search. The tide is coming in fast, and we have little time. Drake, go to the Seamew and fetch a couple of sacks."

While Drake went squelching his way through the mud on his errand, the search commenced again. The fishermen worked with a will, proud beyond measure at finding themselves associated with the world's most famous crime investigator.

By the time Jack Drake returned with the sacks, some human bones had been discovered. In addition, the following personal articles had been raked up from the charred remains of the motor-boat—a silver cigar-card-case, a metal tie-clip, and a gold cuff-link, which bore unmistakably the letters A. S. in monogram. A few coins, some broken mechanism, which looked like the interior of a clock, and the twisted ironwork of a lantern were the only other discoveries.

Ferrers Locke put all the objects found into the two sacks brought by Drake—the skull and bones into one, and the other articles in the other sack.

He turned to the fishermen.

"Well, men," he said, "there's no object in staying longer. I will hand these relics over to the proper authorities. Thanks for your assistance. Now, Flaxwell, let us be getting back to the Seamew."

That portion of the Ray in which Flaxwell's yacht was anchored had now been obliterated by the incoming tide. The detective, Drake, and the yachtsman had to wade up to their knees in water to reach the little vessel.

Once aboard they lost no time in getting up the anchor and picking their way cautiously inshore.

While Flaxwell and Drake discussed the strange affair of the motor-boat, Locke took the two sacks into the little cabin. There, under the light of a lantern, he carefully examined each find.

Jack Drake, coming in to tell him that they were about to come to their final anchorage, found the detective holding up the grinning skull to the light.

The four front teeth protruded horribly. Locke pulled open the jaws and pulled out a dental plate on which were these four teeth.

"I say, sir," said Drake, struck by a sudden thought. "It's strange that the dental plate is so intact after passing through that fire."

"Exactly the idea that struck me, my boy," said Locke, with an approving nod. "For a time the skull would protect the plate. Then, possibly, the skull fell into the few inches of water which was at the bottom of the boat. It was found among the damp ashes, where there had obviously been some little water."

He took from his pocket a powerful magnifying-glass. First of all he examined the

Read about Jack Drake's thrilling dive into the mighty Atlantic—next week!

artificial teeth and the palate arch of the dental plate. Then he peered intently at the molars, which adhered to the jaws of the skull.

"Well, Drake," he said as he replaced the glass in his pocket, "beyond the fact that the victim of this affair had four artificial teeth at the front of his mouth and was a smoker, there is nothing else to be learnt."

"There are tobacco stains on the teeth, sir?"

"Yes, and on the roof of red vulcanite of the plate there is a dark-coloured deposit."

Just then they heard the voice of Flaxwell calling to Jack Drake to come and let go the anchor. The detective replaced the dental plate in the skull. Having put the grim relics of the fire back in the sacks, Locke also went on deck to assist. When later the yacht had been made all snug for the night, the detective, followed by Flaxwell and Drake, made their way to the jetty. There they found the old fisherman whom Locke had sent to Seymour's residence. He was in the company of a policeman and a number of other local worthies.

At the sight of the detective the old fellow elbowed his way out of the throng.

"Mr. Seymour wasn't at home, sir!" he announced, excitedly. "His housekeeper, Mrs. Stibbins, told me that his last word to her was that he was a-goin' to his motor-boat."

The detective rewarded the man and told the police-constable of the relics he had collected from the burn-out motor-boat.

"Perhaps, sir," said the policeman, "you

would have no objection to my accompanying your man?"

"None at all, Mr. Locke. Again let me thank you for your services. You will probably be required to attend the inquest, I'm afraid."

"Yes, I'm afraid so," replied the detective, with a wry smile. "Still, we must all do our duty as citizens of this great country."

Leaving the polite police-inspector, the party, Locke and Drake set off with the constable. Flaxwell went home direct to acquaint his household with their return to Leigh, and to make sure of having the rabbit-pie ready for his guests.

The home of Mr. Seymour in Parade Road proved to be a pleasant-looking, small detached house. Mrs. Stibbins, the housekeeper, was in a great state of suspense. She had been alarmed by the news of the fire brought by the fisherman. At the sight of the police-constable with Locke and Drake in attendance, she almost swooned.

The trio assisted her into a front room and settled her in a chair. Then the police-constable, as official spokesman, broke the news of the discovery of the charred remains. Mrs. Stibbins broke down completely and for some moments only her sobs broke the silence. When she recovered somewhat, she burst into lavish praise of the deceased.

you, Mr. Seymour was a teetotaler. He didn't smoke neither, or else I'd—"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Stibbins," said Locke sharply. "Are you sure Mr. Seymour was not a smoker?"

The housekeeper appeared surprised.



Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake grabbed a couple of patent fire-extinguishers and leaped on to the mud. Both knew, however, that they might only be of assistance should there be a sudden change of wind—a remote possibility. The flames from the boat leapt high into the night. (See Chapter I.)

will bring them along to the station. It's clear that poor old Mr. Seymour has lost his life in the fire."

With a glance back at the incoming sea, Locke followed the man. Drake, Flaxwell, and a number of others brought up the rear.

An astute inspector at the station took down a statement from Locke and received the relics. He also expressed his gratitude to the detective and the others for their promptness and energy in obtaining these links of evidence of the death of the local motor-boat owner.

"We shall have another look over the wreck of the boat by daylight to-morrow, sir," he told Locke. "The tide will clear out the ashes and possibly we may find something else. I will send the constable along and inform Mrs. Stibbins of the affair."

"Perhaps," said Ferrers Locke, "you

"A real gent was Mr. Seymour," she said. "I've been in his service these last ten years and I know. There weren't a better Christian gent in the whole o' Essex. Always went to church on a Sunday morning, he did. He never touched a drop o' strong drink, and I never heard him come out wid a swearword in me life."

"A model man," murmured Locke sympathetically.

"Ay, you're right, sir, he was. But for one thing there was no better than him—he would go a-messin' about in that there motor-boat of his on a Sunday afternoon. I told him, 'Mr. Seymour,' says I, 'there's no good ever come of anyone a-messin' about wid a motor-boat on the Sabbath—mark my words.' And there, what did I tell him!"

The housekeeper dabbed her eyes. Then, as the constable rose to depart, she remembered the requirements of hospitality.

"I'm sorry I can't offer you gentlemen anythin' to drink," she said. "As I told

"I've known him for ten years," she said, "and I've never even seen a cigarette in his mouth. He didn't even keep cigars in the house for friends, not having people to visit him much. Otherwise, I'd have offered each o' you kind gents one, believe me."

"I do believe you, Mrs. Stibbins," Locke assured the woman. "Perhaps, instead, you would supply me with a sheet of notepaper and a pen."

Greatly wondering, the woman obtained the requisite articles. Locke scribbled a brief note which he placed in the envelope and handed to the constable.

"Kindly hand that note to your very polite superior officer when you return to the station," he said. "I have pointed out a slight discrepancy between the appearance of some of the relics he has in his possession and the statement made to us about Mr. Seymour being a non-smoker. Perhaps the police would care to investigate the matter. Now you must excuse us. Drake and I have a very urgent appointment with a rabbit-pie."

Make no mistake about it—"A Mid-Ocean Mystery!" is simply IT!

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THE THIRD CHAPTER. A Commission for Locke.



FERRERS LOCKE was standing on the station at Southend-on-Sea waiting for the train to take him back to London.

It was some days after the detective's brief yachting holiday. Drake was in town busy with a minor case connected with a cloth robbery. Locke himself had been summoned to attend the inquest on the remains found in the burnt out wreck of the Fireflame.

Now the inquest was over. It had been established to the satisfaction of the coroner and the police that the human remains were those of Mr. Austen Seymour, the retired merchant of London. And the verdict had been duly recorded—"Death by Misadventure."

As Ferrers Locke waited for the train, he was joined by a portly man of about sixty years. The white toothbrush moustache of this smartly-dressed individual gave him the appearance of a retired Army colonel. In reality he was A. J. C. Harnett, the manager of the Verity Insurance Company of London.

"Ah, Mr. Locke," said the insurance man, "I hoped I should see you again. After the inquest I stopped to chat with one of the detectives who has been engaged in making inquiries in connection with the motor-boat tragedy. May I travel to town with you?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Harnett."

Upon the train entering the station, the insurance manager ushered Locke into a vacant first-class carriage. When the detective had settled himself, Mr. Harnett took a seat facing him.

As the train drew out of the station of the popular seaside resort, the insurance manager came to the point with business-like abruptness.

"Mr. Locke," he said, "I wish to engage your services to make some investigations on behalf of my company."

Ferrers Locke smiled.

"I half expected you might put that proposition to me, Mr. Harnett," he said. "In anticipation I have arranged my business affairs so that I can immediately undertake the commission. You wish me to probe further into this case, which has been officially closed by the inquest to-day?"

"Exactly, Mr. Locke. The police have done their best to unearth any evidence of foul play or suicide. And, to be perfectly candid, I think myself that Mr. Seymour, who in recent years suffered from a weak heart, succumbed to an accident on his boat. Still, I wish to leave no stone unturned. Mr. Seymour was insured very heavily with us."

"He carried a policy for five thousand pounds, I understand?"

"Yes. He was a 'good risk' when we took him on seven years ago. But we stand to lose a clear four thousand over this matter. As Mr. Seymour's daughter died three years ago, the money will go to his only living relative, his cousin, Mr. Gilbert Pascoe of South America."

"He was the short, hump-backed man, with the blue spectacles and bald head, who was in court to-day."

"That's right. Mr. Pascoe came to England from the Argentine three months ago. He's living in St. John's Wood, I believe, and returns shortly to his own home across the water. He is made the sole heir in the will of Mr. Seymour. Perhaps, Mr. Locke, you might care to—ah—interview him."

The fingers of Ferrers Locke drummed on the window of the railway carriage. His thoughts seemed more concerned with the mud flats which they were now passing.

Yet the alert brain of the detective fully comprehended what was in the mind of the insurance man. Mr. Harnett wanted to make sure that the man Pascoe had not in any way been responsible for the death of Austen Seymour. If such were the case, or if it could be definitely proved that Mr.

Seymour had committed suicide, no money would have to leave the coffers of the Verity Company.

"There is one detail about this case which struck me as a trifle curious, Mr. Locke," resumed the insurance manager. "It was the fact which you yourself brought to the notice of the police in the note you sent to the inspector. Mrs. Stibbins affirmed that Mr. Seymour did not smoke. The teeth—both natural and artificial—in the skull which was found, revealed traces of tobacco discoloration."

"Quite so," murmured Locke. "Our friends, the police, investigated the matter. And you heard Mr. Pascoe, in his evidence to-day, say on oath that Mr. Seymour had frequently smoked while on visits to his home in London. Mr. Seymour's valet, James Stobbs, corroborated the statement by affirming that he himself had seen Mr. Seymour smoke."

"On the face of it that seems conclusive evidence," admitted Mr. Harnett. "I do not blame the coroner and police for accepting it. They could do nothing else. But as the manager of the insurance company which has a large sum at stake, I may be pardoned for viewing with some slight suspicion the statement by Mr. Pascoe. You see, he stands to gain so much by the death of Mr. Seymour."

"True, Mr. Harnett. But it is dangerous for a detective to commence work from the premise that any particular individual is guilty of a crime. In this case, though, I must confess I have conceived a rather remarkable theory. It is a theory which I can and will test. And it is my firm belief that when I have tested my theory I shall be able to give you the answer to the question whether or no there was any foul play in this case."

The detective leaned back in his seat and placed his finger-tips together.

"The cuff-link with the monogram A. S. was proved to belong to Mr. Seymour," he resumed. "Unfortunately, the dentist who made the plate for him died some time ago. However, Mrs. Stibbins testified to the fact that he wore a plate with four false teeth on it. Mr. Seymour was seen by several people to go out to his motor-boat on the Sunday afternoon. No one saw him return. Mr. Pascoe did not visit Leigh that day, nor has he ever visited Mr. Seymour at the Chalet. Thus, on the face of it, it does not appear that Mr. Pascoe is a murderer."

"Believe me, Mr. Locke, I—I do not like to entertain the idea—but it would not be necessary for a man to be present to set that boat afire. Supposing someone had been bribed to put highly inflammable material in the boat; this might have been fired by a mechanical contrivance. Clockwork mechanism was found after the boat was destroyed."

Ferrers Locke smiled.

"That clockwork may have belonged to a clock," he said. "There was an old boatman who sometimes assisted Mr. Seymour with the craft. I had a short chat with him after the inquest. He seemed a perfectly guileless individual. There was nothing, as far as he knew, to cause such a swift and fierce fire, save the overturning of an oil lamp. But, according to my theory, which I do not propose to propound until it has been tested, the clue to the mystery—if there is any mystery at all—lies in the skull."

"In the skull?"

"Yes; that dental plate which was in the skull we found. So important did I consider that plate, that before I left Leigh after my visit to my friend Brian Flaxwell, I obtained the permission of the police to take a wax cast of it. Here it is."

To the astonishment of the insurance man, Ferrers Locke took a small cardboard box from his pocket. It contained a wax model of Mr. Seymour's dental plate.

"The police see nothing of importance in that plate," said Locke. "Perhaps they are right. But since you desire me to investigate the matter for you, I am going to test my theory with this." And Ferrers Locke tapped the little box which contained the wax crest of the dental plate.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A House-Breaking Expedition!



"Is Mr. Pascoe in, matey?"

James Stobbs peered from the door of the trim little residence in Mount Crescent, St. John's Wood, with a scowl on his dark face. His questioner was an unshaven man in overalls, who bore a bag in his hand.

"Mr. Pascoe isn't in," said the valet. "What is it that you want?"

"I've got here a horder for to view the electric-light meter," said the workman.

Mr. Stobbs glanced at the printed form the man held, and opened the door wider.

"Well, come in!" he said curtly. "The meter's in the cupboard under the stairs. You blokes are a blessed nuisance!"

He shut the door and ungraciously indicated the exact whereabouts of the meter. Hardly had he done so, than another knock sounded.

"Drat it!" muttered Mr. Stobbs. "I'm fed up with this job. I'm more like a blessed housemaid than a valet!"

The newcomer proved to be a youth in a high collar. For nearly five minutes this voluble fellow tried to persuade Mr. Stobbs to join a society which had as its aim the exclusion of all foreign waiters and valets and other domestics from the British shores.

Just as Mr. Stobbs had got rid of the youth, the man from the electric company came through the hall.

"Nothing wrong with the meter," said the man cheerfully. "The company just like to know you ain't getting too much power for your money. Good-day!"

Undoubtedly, Mr. Stobbs would have had a severe shock could he have seen his two callers half an hour later. The couple met in the cosy sitting-room of a certain residence in Baker Street.

"Well, sir," said the youth, "did you get the information you wanted?"

The man who had called to see the meter gave a satisfied smile.

"I did, Drake, my boy," he said. "I know the lay of the house; and particularly the position of the bed-rooms of Gilbert Pascoe and his valet. They are, I'm sure, the only two living in the house at present. And now, Drake, how do you relish the prospect of a little house-breaking expedition?"

Drake's eyes opened wide.

"House-breaking, sir?"

"That's what it will amount to, I'm afraid," said Locke. "I've got a strange theory about this Seymour case, my boy. I'm determined to test it at all costs; and to test it as speedily as possible before the insurance company pays out, it is necessary for us to break into the house of Gilbert Pascoe."

"Well, I'm game for anything, sir!"

Ferrers Locke would give no details of his theory or his plans. But that evening he pored over a plan of Pascoe's house and garden which he had prepared.

Midnight found the two would-be house-breakers in the garden behind the house in St. John's Wood. The whole neighbourhood was wrapped in darkness and silence. With the skill of a practiced burglar, Ferrers Locke raised the kitchen window with an instrument he had brought. Then he and Drake cautiously clambered into the house.

Both were shod with special felt-soled boots. And in case of accidents, Locke had brought a couple of masks. These he and Drake adjusted over their faces directly the detective had shut the window.

No word was spoken. Drake had received full instructions as to the part he was to play in advance.

Very quietly and cautiously they made their way upstairs, assisted by the dim light of a tiny electric lamp held by the detective.

Beside a door on the first landing, Jack Drake came to a halt. He knew this was the room of the valet, James Stobbs. There he was to stay until the detective had completed his own particular work.

Ferrers Locke himself went to the door of Gilbert Pascoe's bed-room. A fraction of an inch at a time he turned the door knob. But the room was locked. The detective

took a skeleton key from his pocket. In less than ten seconds the lock had been noiselessly thrust back. Then he entered.

His ears were assailed by the heavy breathing of the occupant of the bed to the right of the room. Locke switched on the small, mellow light of his torch.

"I'm in luck," he thought to himself. "The fellow sleeps like a log."

Next moment he found even more reason for congratulating himself on his good fortune. For, on the washhand stand, he saw the object he had come to seek. He placed the lamp on the washhand stand, so that the dim light shone away from the sleeper. Then he drew a small wooden box from his pocket and placed it open by the side of the lamp. The box contained some special plastic wax.

Finally, from a glass tumbler on the washhand stand he extracted a dental plate on which six artificial teeth were attached. Quickly and dexterously the detective took a wax impression of the plate. The impression he very carefully placed in the wooden box, which he put back into his pocket. The dental plate of the sleeper he dropped into the water in the glass tumbler.

With his electric lamp in his hand, Locke safely gained the door. But as he had almost shut it, a gust of wind from a half-open window closed the door with a sharp little bang. Locke switched off his light and remained motionless, every nerve taut. But nothing but the sound of the heavy breathing came from the other side of the closed door.

As Locke switched on his torch again, he saw Drake holding up a warning finger. The detective crept along the passage. The soft shuffling sound of footsteps came from the valet's bed-room. Again Locke halted and switched off his light.

In the chill and darkness of the night, Locke and Drake, one on each side of the doorway, waited for developments. The electric light was turned on inside the room. The door was opened, and the valet, garbed in striped pyjamas and armed with a poker, appeared.

Before a cry could leave his lips, Locke and Drake sprang at him, one from either side of the doorway. Drake snatched the fire-iron from the man's grasp, while Locke covered the fellow's mouth with his hand. "One sound and you're a dead man!" said Locke in a gruff, threatening voice.

It was only bluff, but the sight of the two masked intruders had put quite sufficient fear into the heart of the valet.

While the detective kept the fellow's mouth covered and a jujitsu grip on his arm, Drake took gags and bonds from his overcoat pocket. In a couple of minutes Mr. James Stobbs was gagged and trussed up. Then the two carried the valet to his bed and made him as comfortable as possible between the blankets.

"Good night, my friend," said Locke in the same gruff voice. "You may not sleep much and you'll feel a bit stiff in the morning. But think yourself lucky you've come to no real harm."

And as the two turned off the light and left their victim, they could hear the snores of Mr. Gilbert Pascoe still reverberating from the bed-room farther along the passage.

Leaving the house by the way in which they had entered, the detective and Drake

crossed several gardens and emerged in one of the deserted streets of St. John's Wood. Needless to say, they had discarded their masks. A belated taxi howled along towards them, and Locke hailed it.

"Going south?" asked the taxi-man, slowing up.

"Yes," replied Ferrers Locke, "to Scotland Yard—and drive like blazes!"

To Drake's surprise the detective occupied a portion of the journey in carefully examining two dental plate impressions by the aid of his electric lamp. One of these impressions was that obtained in the house of Mr. Gilbert Pascoe. The other was the one Locke had made from the plate discovered in the skull found after the burning of the motor boat at Leigh. Each of these impressions Locke examined very carefully with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. When at length he replaced all the articles in his pockets, he gave a sigh of intense satisfaction.

Arriving at Scotland Yard, Locke paid off the taxi-driver generously and entered the building. As luck would have it, he learned from a constable that his old friend, Inspector Pycroft, was on duty.

Ferrers Locke thereupon expressed a desire to see Pycroft personally. In consequence, he and Drake were escorted direct to the inspector's room.

Inspector Pycroft rose from his desk with an exclamation.

"Hallo, Locke, my dear fellow! What brings you here at this unearthly hour?"

"The Austen Seymour case, Pycroft."

He shook hands with the inspector, and then he and Drake settled themselves into chairs.

Inspector Pycroft furrowed his brow.

"The Austen Seymour case!" he repeated.

"Ah, that was the affair of the motor-boat fire down at Leigh?"

"Quite so. I've come to advise that you should make an immediate arrest."

Inspector Pycroft blew his cheeks out and gazed at his visitor in surprise.

"An arrest! Why, hang it all, Locke, the matter's closed! It was proved to the satisfaction of the authorities that Austen Seymour met his death by misadventure."

Ferrers Locke helped himself to a cigarette from a box on Pycroft's desk. Calmly lighting it, he said:

"Well, he didn't."

The inspector half rose to his feet, an uneasy expression on his face.

"What do you know, Locke?" he demanded. "You're not suggesting the police have overlooked something? Was it—murder?"

"Tut, tut! Calm yourself, my dear fellow," said Locke. "It wasn't as bad as all that."

Pycroft spread his hands out in a hopeless gesture. He knew Locke well enough to be sure that the detective wouldn't come to the Yard at that hour without the strongest reason. The inspector frankly was uneasy of the reputation of the force in which he served.

"Then if it wasn't murder, what the blazes was it? And whom do you propose we should arrest?"

Locke blew a smoke ring towards the ceiling.

"Austen Seymour!" he replied.

Not only the inspector but Jack Drake was startled. For one fleeting moment the

boy feared that his chief had succumbed to a sudden mental breakdown.

Inspector Pycroft got out of his seat and faced Locke sternly.

"Look here, Locke," he said, "is this some subtle joke of yours? Mr. Austen Seymour was burned in that fire at Leigh. Why, hang it all, man, some of his bones were found, not to mention a number of his personal belongings."

"The personal articles like the cuff-link belonged to Mr. Seymour all right," said Locke. "But the skull and bones—no. That is to say, they belonged to him only in the sense that he bought them."

Inspector Pycroft sank back into his chair and wiped his brow with a handkerchief.

"Give me the full particulars, Locke," he said weakly. "If what you say is true, it's clear that we've overlooked something."

"Only one thing, inspector," said Ferrers Locke, "the clue in the skull."

"And that was?"

"The dental plate. It was, if you remember, discoloured slightly with tobacco stain. I pointed out that fact myself to the police. I also intimated to them that Mrs. Stibbins, Seymour's housekeeper, stated that Seymour had never smoked."

"But," said Pycroft, "that cousin of his, Pascoe, and the valet, Stobbs, said on oath at the inquest that they had seen Seymour smoke."

"And they were quite right," replied Ferrers Locke, with a smile. "For Pascoe and Seymour are one and the same person!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Drake. "Then it was Seymour you visited to-night, sir?"

"Exactly, my boy," said Locke. "But let me explain things from the beginning to the inspector. The whole thing was very simple, Pycroft. Mr. Austen Seymour, for years a quite respectable merchant, got into financial difficulties. He sold out of his business and retired. But he did not get much for a business which needed a good deal of capital to set it on its legs again. Therefore, in the light of what I have discovered, it must be presumed that Mr. Seymour found himself unable to live in the comfortable way he hoped."

Locke lighted another cigarette and resumed.

"From inquiries I made during the last few days, I discovered that some time ago he made the acquaintance of a man of shifty character called Stobbs. Stobbs, in his early days, had been a medical student. But he had given way to drink. In all probability he suggested to Seymour the method of raising money which led to the burning of the motor-boat."

"Ah, he was heavily insured!" murmured Pycroft.

"That was it. Seymour was insured with the Verity Company to the tune of five thousand pounds. The idea was that Seymour himself should profit by his own supposed death. Therefore, for three or four months in advance, he led a double life. Seymour himself wore a wig. When he took on the role of Gilbert Pascoe from the Argentine, he discarded this. He padded his back to give it the appearance of a hunch. He wore tinted glasses and a little make-up on his features. So, as Pascoe, he took a

(Continued on page 28.)

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THE CLUE IN THE SKULL!

(Continued from page 27.)

house in St. John's Wood. To further distinguish Pascoe from his true self, he adopted smoking and spoke with a gruff voice. It was this that led to his undoing."

Ferrers Locke drew the two wax casts of the dental plates from his pocket, and laid them on the desk.

"After the inquest," he resumed, "I had a tinge of suspicion of Pascoe and his valet. Having taken one cast of the plate found in the skull, I determined to find out whether Pascoe was wearing a plate as well. If such was the case, I wanted to get a cast of that also. This I succeeded in doing. Previously, by making inquiries of dentists in the St. John's Wood district, I found that a man named Pascoe had two fairly respectable teeth removed and a temporary plate containing a set of six teeth constructed. One friend Seymour, you see, was endeavouring to leave nothing to chance. Moreover, he knew that when he placed the personal articles and bones in the motor-car, his other dental plate would also have to be found."

"But the skull and bones?"

"That is a matter for you to clear up, my dear Pycroft. Without doubt, though, he purchased these from Stobbs. And either Stobbs, who was a former medical student, had these in his possession, or else he got them from some other student. Exactly how far Stobbs himself was in the attempted swindle will be for the Court to decide."

"By Jingo!" murmured Inspector Pycroft, as though to himself. "An amazingly clever swindle! Of course, Seymour, in the role of Pascoe, intended, as soon as he obtained the money from the insurance company, to go to the Argentine."

"That was his intention, undoubtedly," replied Locke. "And now, inspector, if you will compare these two wax casts, you will find that the plates worn by Seymour and Pascoe agree in every particular save the number of teeth. Seymour didn't let Mrs. Stibbins know he had changed his plate to one bearing six teeth, I should add."

The inspector examined the casts carefully.

"Well, Locke," he said, looking up, "I must congratulate you on an extraordinarily clever piece of work! By Jove, I wish I had done it!"

"Well, you shall have the credit of arresting Seymour," said Locke, smiling. "If you will send to Mountain House, Mountain Crescent, St. John's Wood, you will doubtless discover him still snoring in his bed."

The valet, Stobbs, is all trussed up to await you. You see, Drake and I had to take the law a little into our own hands to discover the full evidence of the attempted swindle."

Next evening the papers were full of the amazing sequel to the Leigh motor-car affair. At the trial the facts were proved to be much as Locke had anticipated. Austin Seymour himself, as a first offender, got off lightly with a sentence of ten months in the second division for his gigantic attempt to swindle. James Stobbs, admitted supplying Seymour with some human relics which he had obtained from a friend of his. But, as it could not be proved that he had taken an active part in formulating the nefarious plot against the insurance company, he was let off with a fortnight's detention.

The manager of the Verity was duly grateful, and the company voted Locke a handsome reward in the shape of a cheque for three hundred pounds.

But apart from the monetary reward—welcome though it was—Ferrers Locke afterwards referred to the Austin Seymour affair as one of the most satisfactory cases in which he had ever been engaged.

THE END.

(Another amazing tale of Ferrers Locke, the world-famous detective, in next week's issue.)

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