

"THE MAN OF IRON!"

Amazing New Footer Story Starts This Week.

No. 1,050. Vol. XXXIII.

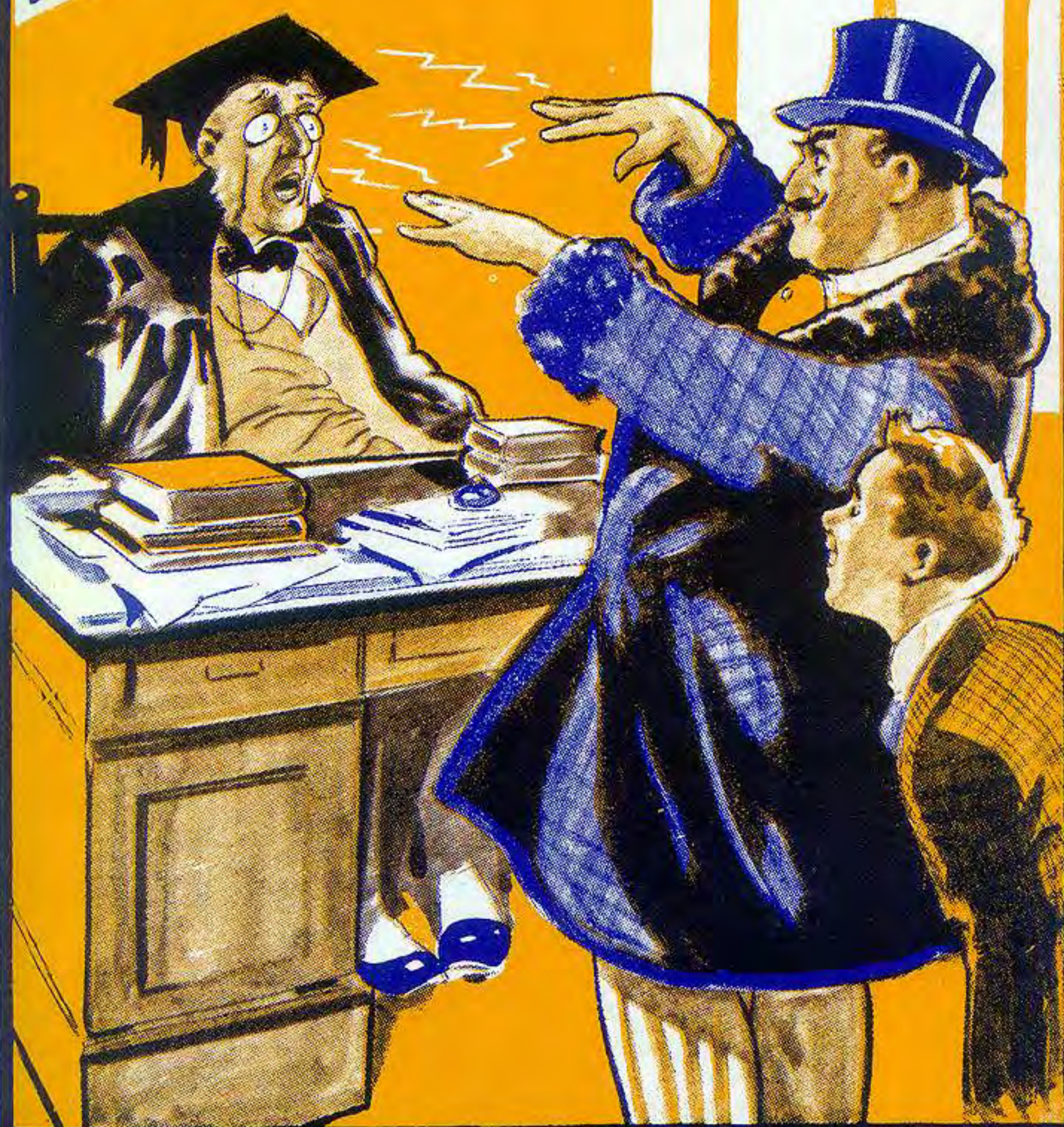
Week Ending March 31st, 1929.

The Magnet

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EVERY SATURDAY.



UNDER THE 'FLUENCE!

(A compelling incident from the grand long school story of Harry Wharton & Co. inside.)



This Week:

Sheffield United F.C.

One of the finest Cup-fighting Teams in League Football.

NOT so long ago there was told in the pages of the MAGNET the tale of the Sheffield Wednesday club. It was a tale of ups and downs. The Editor tells me that he has received a letter from a Sheffield reader who is upset because the tale of the Wednesday was told before the tale of the United. That, of course, is Sheffield all over. If you mention one of its football clubs before the other there is trouble.

On the principle of keeping the best till the last, however, I can justify dealing with the Wednesday of Sheffield before the United. And now I hope that my Sheffield United supporter reader will think I have got out of the trouble all right. That I shall be in trouble with the Wednesday supporters for getting out of it in that way doesn't matter at the moment.

Always in the Top Class!

Still, there is justification for the suggestion that the United have a more cheery story to tell than the Wednesday. The United climbed up into the First Division—by way of test matches which were long ago abolished—in 1893, and though there have been alarms and excursions since then, the name of Sheffield United has never been found in other than the top class. In fact, if you say "How's that?" the reply is "Not out!"

You have to talk a bit of cricket when you deal with the Sheffield United Football Club. The county cricket ground and the Sheffield United football ground at Bramall Lane are all a part of the same estate—the same field, if you like to put it that way.

Great Cup-Fighters!

Sheffield United have won the Cup three times, and have been beaten once in the Final tie. Also, on one occasion they finished at the head of the First Division, but that is so long ago that the supporters have almost forgotten that the feat was ever accomplished. In Cup-ties has the team shone most, however, and there was a great to-do in Sheffield a few weeks back when the United knocked the Wednesday out of the "silver bauble" competition.

At the moment, Sheffield United provide a weighty argument for any opponents to run up against. If they are not actually the heaviest side in the League, they come very near to claiming that distinction. And as they have shown this season, they take some moving out of the Cup competition.

Now let us put some of these heavy-weights of Sheffield United on the scales. We shall find a mixture of youth and experience, with experience bringing down the scale rather.

Beefy Backs!

Goalkeeper John Alderson comes under the heading of the experienced. Indeed, I may whisper that he is now something of a veteran, though you don't think it. Years ago he was on the Newcastle United books. Then he went to Crystal Palace, and was in their team once when they won a memorable Cup victory over Everton by six goals to nil. Not long ago I asked him what was the most memorable day in his football career. He immediately referred to that match. When I asked him why he remembered it, he said: "Because I spent most of the ninety minutes eating oranges." Sheffield United got Alderson in 1925, after the Palace had let him go, thinking he was nearing the end of his career. A goalkeeper courageous—over six feet and turning the scale at twelve stone.

There are other members of the defence who can also be numbered

among the heavy-weights. Bert Chandler, the right full-back, for instance. He is also a North-countryman who went to Derby County as an inside forward. They made a full-back of him, and sold him to Newcastle United for a big fee. Later he joined Sheffield United, and they have had no reason to think that they did not get a bargain.

As comrade at full-back he has Len Birks, a fine, dashing defender of the fearnought class. He is a product of the Potteries, and was brought to the front by Port Vale, when the United officials secured his services.

A Consistent Trio!

They are not afraid of making experiments at Bramall Lane, and real success has attended the switching of Tom Sampy from an inside forward position to that of right-half. Tom didn't play in the Final tie of 1925, when Sheffield United won against Cardiff City. He was twelfth man, and Boyle got the inside-right position. "But if I had been picking the team myself I should have put Boyle in," said Tom, when I sympathised with him. That shows the right spirit. He is an exception to the heavy-weight rule, being on the small side. The deputy for Sampy is Harry Cawthorne, once of Huddersfield Town, and a very good man to fall back upon.

Tranmere Rovers have supplied First Division clubs with many players in recent years, and Sheffield got one of

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THE BOYS OF BRAMALL LANE.



Reading from left to right, photo shows: Back row: Chandler, Matthews, Alderson, Cawthorne, Birks, Green. Front row: Partridge, Blair, Johnson, Gillespie (Captain), Tunstall, Sampy.

A QUEER NEW BOY!—New boys, as a general rule, lie very doggo on their first few days at school. Not so Crum, however, for this peculiar new boy asserts himself from the very start—even such lofty personages as prefects hasten to do his bidding! What is the secret of the new boy's amazing power over his schoolfellows?

Black Magic!



A magnificent new long complete school story of Harry Wharton and Co., of Greyfriars, introducing a new boy of an unusual type.

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Crum!

"THIS 'ere Greyfriars?"
"Eh?" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were standing at the school gates when the stranger arrived.

They were discussing the Easter holidays, and were quite interested in the discussion, but they saw the stranger while he was quite at a distance.

Being the nice boys they were they did not stare at him.

But if ever a stout, middle-aged gentleman asked to be stared at—indeed, begged to be stared at—this stout gentleman did.

It was not really a cold day, but he wore a magnificent fur overcoat, with a magnificent fur collar. He wore it open, and revealed to the dazzled gaze of the public a crimson waistcoat, decorated by a massive gold watch-chain. He wore a large tie of lightest blue, fastened by a diamond of enormous size. His hair was curly and rather long, and showed liberally under a silk hat which had an unusually large and curly brim. His face was fat, his nose large and aquiline, and a large gold-rimmed eyeglass adorned his right eye. If the stout gentleman had dressed himself especially to attract attention as he took his walks abroad he could not have succeeded better. His colour scheme was both original and striking.

Beside him walked a lad much more quietly dressed and rather good-looking, but otherwise resembling the stout gentleman—apparently his son.

Now both Wharton and Bob Cherry could not help observing the stout and multi-coloured gentleman when he burst on their view like a rainbow. They would willingly have taken a second look, and perhaps a third and a fourth. But Greyfriars men never stared; and, moreover, they would not have dreamed of hurting the feelings of the resplendent

gentleman, supposing that he had any. So they continued their discussion of the Easter holidays and the weather prospects, leaving the dazzling gentleman to pass by unregarded.

But he did not pass by.

Having arrived abreast of the gateway he halted, and the lad by his side halted, too.

He glanced at the old school—glanced at a portion of the quad that was visible, and then, without warning, dug Harry Wharton in the ribs with a plump knuckle, to draw his attention to a question.

Wharton turned round, gasping a little. It was not a Greyfriars custom to attract a fellow's attention by digging him in the ribs with a knuckle. The stout gentleman gave him a beaming smile and repeated his question.

"This 'ere Greyfriars, young 'un?"

"Oh! Yes," gasped the captain of the Remove.

And Bob Cherry added, with great gravity:

"This 'ere is!"

"Good!" said the stout gentleman.

"'Enry, this 'ere is Greyfriars."

The boy glanced in at the gateway, and then looked at Wharton and Bob Cherry.

"You fellows belong here?" he asked.

Henry had not left his aspirates at home like his resplendent parent.

"Yes," said Wharton.

"They look quite nice boys, 'Enry," said the stout gentleman. "You'll be 'appy 'ere, 'Enry."

Wharton and Bob exchanged a rather queer look.

Who the two strangers were, and what they wanted, the Remove juniors could not imagine, until the stout gentleman's words enlightened them. From his remark, it appeared that Henry was a new fellow for Greyfriars.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry involuntarily.

There were all sorts and conditions of fellows at Greyfriars School, and all

sorts and conditions of parents came to see them.

But, though Henry might have passed very well in the Lower School, if clad like the other fellows, his father would certainly have stood out most conspicuously among Greyfriars parents.

Even Mr. Bunter, the father of Billy Bunter of the Remove, was a quiet and unobtrusive man in comparison with this gorgeous gentleman. Even Mr. Vernon-Smith, the father of the Bounder, would have looked unassuming by the side of Henry's parent.

The juniors simply could not imagine this overwhelming gentleman interviewing the Head. Still less could they imagine the Head taking him on, so to speak, as a Greyfriars parent.

The stout gentleman, who seemed a very urbane and good-tempered gentleman, though afflicted by a remarkable taste in clothes, beamed on the two juniors.

Henry did not beam.

Perhaps the lad was more observant than his father, and perhaps more sensitive.

At all events, he did not fail to notice the rather queer look that the two juniors exchanged, and the glimmer in their eyes.

His face flushed.

At which the two juniors felt uncomfortable at once. Except for his eyes, which were large and very intelligent, the lad did not look particularly bright, and the Remove had not expected him to be so quick on the uptake.

He made a rather aggressive movement towards them.

"Don't you be cheeky!" he said.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Cheeky!" said Henry. "I don't want any sauce."

"Oh, my hat!" repeated Bob.

Wharton coloured.

"Sorry!" he said. "I didn't know you were a thought-reader, kid."

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The stout gentleman broke in. "What's the row, 'Enry?" he asked. "What are you rowing with these nice-looking little boys for?"

"They're cheeky!" growled Henry. "Nonsense! They seem to me very well-behaved," said the stout gentleman. "Mind your manners, 'Enry! When you are at Greyfriars you'll 'ave to remember that you ain't at Crum's Show any longer."

"Oh! A showman!" said Bob. He had wondered what the stout gentleman was. Now he knew.

Mr. Crum nodded affably. "I dessay you've 'eard of Crum's Show," he remarked. "Crum's 'Ouse of Magic is well-known, I think, all over the kingdom."

The Remove fellows had never heard of Mr. Crum or his House of Magic; its fame had not penetrated so far as Greyfriars School.

"A wonderful show, my lads," said Mr. Crum. "The marvels and mysteries of 'ypnotism, and countless other attractions. Ever heard of 'ypnotism?"

"Hypnotism, father," grunted Henry.

"If I 'ad time," said Mr. Crum affably, "I'd give you a sample of the marvel of 'ypnotism. Why, with a wave of my 'and I could make you think you was a pair of monkeys, and start you climbing hover that gate."

"I don't think!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Oh, can it, father!" said Henry impatiently. "We've come here to see the headmaster, not to jaw to two cheeky kids."

"Mind your manners, 'Enry," said Mr. Crum chidingly. "Don't you be touchy, 'Enry. Still, you're right; we'd better go in. I've got my train to catch at Courtfield arter I've left you 'ere."

And father and son walked in at the gates.

Mr. Crum paraded onward somewhat like a gorgeous bird of paradise, obviously pleased with himself, and not at all displeased by the glances he attracted on all sides. No doubt he was accustomed to receiving a lot of attention; indeed, he probably regarded it as good for business, and perhaps cultivated his striking appearance as an advertisement of Crum's Show and House of Magic.

Henry, on the other hand, seemed rather dissatisfied and a little sulky. He glanced back several times at the two juniors at the gate, and his glances were inimical.

Wharton and Bob Cherry looked at one another.

"So that's a new kid for Greyfriars!" murmured Bob. "I—I—I wonder if the Head knows!"

Harry Wharton smiled.

"Come on," he said. "Let's join the procession."

Quite a number of fellows were strolling towards the house in the wake of the gorgeous gentleman. The glitter of his big diamond could be seen from a great distance, and it seemed to exercise a magnetic effect on the Greyfriars fellows in the quad. Wharton and Bob Cherry joined up, and arrived at the House a few moments after Mr. Crum.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Amazing!

MR. QUELCH, the master of the Remove, looked out of his study window and frowned.

It was morning break at Greyfriars, and while the Remove were out of doors the Remove master was busy in his study.

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Mr. Quelch had been absent from Greyfriars for some time, and now he was back again he had plenty of work on his hands. He was busily arranging books and papers in his study, when he sighted the procession in the quadrangle.

He blinked from the window at Mr. Crum, as if dazzled by that resplendent gentleman.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch.

Twenty or thirty fellows were hanging on the traces of Mr. Crum, not exactly staring at that striking gentleman, which would have been contrary to the Greyfriars standard of good manners; but undoubtedly taking a deep interest in him. In fact, Mr. Crum's stately progress across the quad had caused something like a sensation in the school.

Mr. Quelch blinked and stared and then whisked out of his study. He came to the big doorway of the House just as Mr. Crum and his son reached it.

His gimlet-eyes fixed on Mr. Crum as that gentleman came ponderously up the steps.

Mr. Crum was so utterly unlike any visitor that might have been expected at Greyfriars that the Remove master could only imagine that he had wandered into the school by mistake. Mr. Quelch considered that the sooner that mistake was set right the better.

Mr. Crum, as he saw the angular figure in the doorway, paused and swept off his enormous silk hat with a graceful bow.

"Morning, sir!" he boomed in his deep voice.

"Oh—ah, good-morning!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "May I inquire—"

"You may!" said Mr. Crum graciously. "You the 'eadmaster?"

"No, no; I am a Form master. But—"

"I've called to see the 'Ead," explained Mr. Crum, who was obviously not bashful about stating his business in the hearing of any number of ears. "Name of Crum, sir."

"Indeed! What—?"

"This 'ere is my boy 'Enry."

"Oh, ah! But—"

"I'm putting him to this 'ere school," explained Mr. Crum.

"Oh!"

"I'm aware," said Mr. Crum, "that the fees are 'igh. But money's no object with me. I've made money, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

"Lots of it, sir," said Mr. Crum confidentially. "I can afford it, sir. Don't you worry. Where's the 'Ead?"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch faintly.

"Is—is—is Dr. Locke expecting your visit, Mr.—hem!—Crum?"

"That the name of the 'eadmaster?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, probberly he ain't expecting me," said Mr. Crum. "'Cause why, I ain't told 'im I'm a-coming. But I s'pose he can spare a man a few minutes. It won't take long to arrange about 'Enry. I've got a train to catch at Courtfield arter."

Mr. Quelch regarded the stout gentleman blankly.

"You—you—you have made no previous arrangements with Dr. Locke?" he ejaculated.

"Jest so. I'm going to make 'em this 'ere morning."

"My dear sir, this is quite—quite impossible," said Mr. Quelch, desirous of sparing this extraordinary gentleman's feelings as much as possible, but at the same time thinking it best to make the matter clear. "There are many preliminaries to be observed in entering a boy at Greyfriars—"

"I'm a busy man, sir," explained Mr. Crum. "The show never misses a night."

"The—the what?"

"Crum's Show, sir. Never misses a night. I 'ave to get things done between two shows. That's the 'ow of it. See?"

"I assure you that no boy can be placed at Greyfriars in this very informal manner, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "I advise you to find some other—hem!—more suitable school—"

"I've picked on Greyfriars," said Mr. Crum. "That's settled."

"But—hem!—but—"

"You ain't the 'Ead," said Mr. Crum. "I come 'ere to see the 'Ead. Take a man in to the 'Ead."

"It would be quite useless for you to see the headmaster, who is busy at the present moment," said Mr. Quelch. "You may accept my assurance that it is quite impossible—"

"Stuff!" said Mr. Crum.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Nonsense!"

"Sir!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Come along, 'Enry!" said Mr. Crum, and he rolled majestically into the House, heedless of the astonished Form master.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "If—if you insist on seeing the headmaster, though I assure you that it will be useless, I will send word to him if you will wait here a few moments—"

"Done!" said Mr. Crum, with a return of affability. "Only don't waste a man's time—I got a train to catch."

Mr. Quelch dispatched Trotter, the page, to the Head's study. In a couple of minutes Trotter returned to conduct the extraordinary visitor to the Head; and Mr. Quelch returned to his own quarters in quite a dazed state. He was not at all sorry to leave Mr. Crum to the headmaster to deal with. He had no doubt that the gorgeous gentleman would be very promptly dismissed by the Head of Greyfriars.

Dr. Locke had a slightly impatient expression on his face when Mr. Crum was shown in.

But he rose politely, and asked his surprising visitor to be seated.

"No time, sir," said Mr. Crum. "I got a train to catch at Courtfield. I come 'ere to place my boy 'Enry in this 'ere school, sir."

"Goodness gracious!" said the Head.

"He's a knowing card, is 'Enry," said Mr. Crum. "He don't know much, so far, of Latin and such. But he'll pick it up, sir, don't you worry. Name the figure."

"The—the what?"

"Money talks," said Mr. Crum, taking a fat cheque-book from his pocket.

"Name the figure."

"Bless my soul!"

"I got a train to catch," hinted Mr. Crum.

"I—I—I hardly know what—what to say," stammered Dr. Locke. "But—but it is quite out of the question, sir, for me to take a boy into this school in such a very informal way. There are certain preliminaries—"

"Take 'em as read, sir," said Mr. Crum.

"Bless my soul! I assure you, Mr.—er—Crum, that your boy's name must be submitted in the usual way, and then if—"

"I'm a busy man, sir," said Mr. Crum.

"There is also an entrance examination," said the Head. "What you propose is quite impossible. Good-morning, sir!"

Mr. Crum blinked at him.

"You ain't taking 'Enry?" he asked.

"Impossible."

"If it's a question of extry fees, name the figure."

"It is nothing of the kind," said the



Mr. Crum walked beside Dr. Locke, his arm linked in that of the headmaster. Henry Crum walked behind. Something in the situation seemed to appeal to young Crum as comic. But the Greyfriars fellows were only astounded and awed by the amazing and unusual sight. (See Chapter 3.)

Head tartly. "I fear you would not understand, sir, and my time is valuable. I am, indeed, very busy this morning."

"I brought 'Enry 'ere to leave him," explained Mr. Crum. "His box is booked for the school. I've seen to that."

"Absurd!" ejaculated the Head.

Mr. Crum's eye glinted behind his big gold-rimmed monocle. He seemed to be losing his affability.

"Absurd, hay?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly! I wish you a very good morning."

"I ain't going yet," said Mr. Crum.

"Really, sir—"

"I'm leaving this 'ere lad at Greyfriars."

"Impossible!"

"That's the programme," assented Henry, with a broad grin. "Greyfriars will suit me all right. I can 'old my own, anyhow."

Mr. Crum turned to him.

"No tricks 'ere, 'Enry!" he exclaimed.

Henry chuckled. Apparently tricks of some sort were under consideration in his mind.

"You 'ear what I say," said Mr. Crum firmly. "You remember that when you're a Greyfriars bloke you won't be Young Crum, playing second fiddle to Old Crum, in Crum's 'Ouse of Magic. You remember that, 'Enry."

"I'll remember, father," promised Young Crum.

"Really!" exclaimed Dr. Locke. "I have remarked, Mr. Crum, that my time is of value—great value. Really—"

"That's all right, sir!" said Mr. Crum. "I'll get off now, and ketch my train, leaving 'Enry 'ere."

"I have told you it is impossible," said the Head sharply. "Kindly retire from my study, taking your son with you."

"Bosh!" said Mr. Crum.

"Not 'arf!" said Henry.

Dr. Locke sat down.

"Please go!" he said. "I will ring for you to be shown out."

"'Old on!" said Mr. Crum.

The stout gentleman placed himself in front of the surprised headmaster, fixing his dark, magnetic eyes on Dr. Locke's, and his large, white hands began to make strange motions in the air, as if weaving invisible patterns.

Dr. Locke stared at him blankly.

His expression indicated that he feared that Mr. Crum had gone out of his mind.

"Really, sir—" he gasped.

"You sit still!" said Mr. Crum.

"Sir!"

"Sit still!"

The Head made, as it appeared, an effort to rise. But he sank back again in his chair with a dazed expression creeping over his face.

Mr. Crum continued to weave invisible patterns. His hopeful son watched him with deep interest.

Amazing as was the performance of the stout showman, this was evidently

nothing new to Old Crum and Young Crum, new and strange as it was to the headmaster of Greyfriars School.

There was deep silence, till it was broken by Mr. Crum's voice.

"Mister 'Eadmaster!"

"Yes?" said Dr. Locke dreamily.

"I'm leaving my boy, 'Enry, at this 'ere school."

"Yes," said the Head.

He spoke as if not of his own volition, but as if the voice came from some cunning piece of mechanism.

"That's settled," said Mr. Crum, with a fat wink at Young Crum.

"Yes," said the Head.

"Oh, my eye!" said Young Crum. And settled it was!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Surprise for the School!

"I SAY, you fellows!" Billy Bunter came rolling along from the corner of the Head's corridor, his fat face full of excitement.

"I say, you fellows!" he yelled.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"They're coming!" howled Bunter.

"I say, the Head's coming along arm-in-arm with the Bird of Paradise!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Rats!"

"The ratfulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

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"Honest injun!" yelled Bunter.
 "Gammon!"
 "Cheese it, Bunter!"
 "You'll see them in a minute," shrieked Bunter. "I tell you the Head is walking arm-in-arm with that gorgeous old duck!"
 "Tell us another funny story," said Vernon-Smith.
 "I tell you—"
 "Rats!" said Peter Todd.
 "You'll see!" shrieked Bunter.
 "Look!"

They looked; but they could scarcely believe their eyes.

Dr. Locke, the revered Head of Greyfriars, was altogether too lofty and dignified a gentleman to walk arm-in-arm with anybody. Even with Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, his right-hand man and personal friend, he never walked with linked arms. That he would walk in that familiar attitude with the gaudy gentleman whom the Bouncer had already named the "Bird of Paradise" was inconceivable.

Yet so it was!

Mr. Crum emerged from the Head's corridor walking beside the Head, his arm linked in that of the headmaster.

Henry Crum walked behind, grinning. Something in the situation seemed to appeal to young Crum as comic. But the Greyfriars fellows were only astounded and awed.

They all knew that the stout showman had brought his son to Greyfriars, without notice, without warning, intending to leave him there, apparently in sublime ignorance of the fact that a boy could not be entered at a public school in that easy-going manner. That Young Crum would stay was unthinkable. Even had he been a specially desired person he would have had to go through the usual routine. The Head was well known to be a polite old gentleman, with old-fashioned, courtly manners, so the fellows expected him to explain the matter gently to old Crum and dismiss him with feelings unhurt—or as unhurt

as the circumstances permitted. But this—

The fellows looked on in awe.
 "My only summer hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Jevver see anything like it?" asked Vernon-Smith. "The Head! Arm-in-arm with that unspeakable old outsider."

"Frightful old freak!" remarked Skinner.

"Some sort of a juggler, or tumbler!" said Snoop.

"Looks like a cross between a chucker-out and a circus performer," said Angel, of the Fourth.

"Might be a very nice chap, all the same," murmured Lord Mauleverer, of the Remove. "Why not?"

"Oh, you're an ass, Mauly!"

"Thanks, dear man!" said his lordship, unmoved.

Mr. Crum sighted Harry Wharton in the amazed throng, and gave him a smile and a nod. Mr. Crum seemed to have taken rather a fancy to the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

"Ere, young 'un!" he called out.

"That's you, Wharton!" grinned Skinner. "Is the old merchant a friend of yours? Relation, perhaps?"

"Showy sort of relation," grinned the Bouncer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Wharton gruffly. And, after a moment's hesitation, he obeyed Mr. Crum's beckoning finger and advanced to meet him.

"You've got some nice boys 'ere, Mister 'Eadmaster," said Old Crum, in a voice that was deep and loud, and heard far and wide.

"Yes, quite so!" said the Head.

"They look a nice lot—very gentlemanly," said Mr. Crum, sweeping the crowd with his big gold-rimmed monocle.

"Undoubtedly."

"Unsolicited testimonial," murmured Skinner. "Cheeky old ass!"

"Couldn't have been referrin' to you,

Skinner," murmured Lord Mauleverer. "He said gentlemanly."

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"What's your name, sonny?" asked Mr. Crum, with an affable smile to the captain of the Remove.

Wharton did not exactly like being addressed as "sonny" by the stout gentleman, but he realised that it was in the kindness of his heart that Mr. Crum used that extremely familiar mode of address.

"Wharton, sir," he answered.

"You're a nice boy, you are," said Mr. Crum.

"Thank you, sir," said Wharton demurely, marvelling at the same time that the Head stood by smiling benevolently while Mr. Crum took the centre of the stage in this style.

"I'd like my boy 'Enry to be in the same standard 'ere with you, young feller," said Mr. Crum.

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Skinner. "He thinks they have standards at a school like Greyfriars."

Harry Wharton did not move a muscle.

Wharton had his faults, as even his best friends admitted; but even his enemies had never accused him of being a snob. The stout gentleman's misapprehension was a perfectly natural one, as he was on strange ground. The captain of the Remove did not share Skinner's derisive merriment.

"We call them Forms here, sir," he answered. "I'm sure I should like your son to be in my Form."

"Forms, hay?" asked Mr. Crum. "That sounds to me like something you sit on, sonny. They called 'em standards in my school, when I was a boy."

"No doubt!" murmured Skinner to his friends. And Skinner's friends chortled.

"Standards or Forms, what's in a name?" said Mr. Crum genially. "What's the number of your standard—I mean, Form?"

"We call it the Remove, sir," said Harry.

"Well, that's a queer name for a standard—I mean, Form," said Mr. Crum in surprise.

"It's really the Lower Fourth Form, sir," explained Wharton.

"I see!" assented Mr. Crum. "As I said afore, what's in a name? Mister 'Eadmaster, I want you to put my boy 'Enry in the Remove, along of this nice-mannered young cove."

"Certainly," said the Head.

Henry Crum gave Wharton a far from friendly look. He had not received the same impression as Old Crum from his talk with Wharton at the school gate. But he made no demur.

"Well, that's settled," said Mr. Crum. "I got a train to catch, and so I'll be 'opping. You'll be all right 'ere, 'Enry?"

"Ain't I all right anywhere?" said Henry.

"You are, my boy, you are!" said Mr. Crum, with an affectionate grin at his son. "Right on the nail, 'Enry. You make friends with that pleasant-mannered young cove Wharton—he's the right sort."

Grunt from Henry.

"Mind," said Mr. Crum, "I ain't had much eddication myself, 'Enry, never having had a rich father like you got. But I know a few things, all the same, and I can spot the genuine quality at a look. This 'ere lad Wharton is the right sort, and you can take your father's word for it. Stick to 'im. Now I'll be 'opping."

Mr. Crum shook hands with his son, and shook hands with Dr. Locke, and walked out of the House.



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Like a gorgeous bird of paradise, to which the Bounder had humorously compared him, Mr. Crum sailed across the quad and disappeared.

His business at Greyfriars was finished, and he did not seem to be a man to waste time after he had finished his business.

"Well, my hat!" murmured Wharton.

"Oh crikey!" said Skinner.

"Crum, you will come with me to see your Form master," said the Head; and he led young Crum to Mr. Quelch's study.

The door of that study closed on them.

The Greyfriars fellows looked at one another and fairly gasped.

"So that fellow's stopping here!" stuttered the Bounder.

"What's Greyfriars coming to!" said Skinner, shrugging his shoulders. "The Head must be off his rocker."

"Right off it!" said Toddy.

"And he's coming into the Remove!" said Bob Cherry, with a whistle. "Well, I dare say he's all right."

"The all-rightfulness is probably great," agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But the queerfulness is terrific."

"Blessed if I can understand it," said Wharton.

"I say, you fellows, it's rotten," said Billy Bunter. "They really ought not to let rank outsiders into Greyfriars, you know."

"They let you in, dear man!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"You fellows notice something odd about the Head?" asked Ogilvy. "He was different from usual somehow. Looked like a man half-asleep."

"Quite asleep and dreaming. I should say, to let that frightful bounder into the school," said Skinner. "I think it's disgraceful."

"And yet they say that a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind!" remarked Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you cheeky idiot—!" howled Skinner.

"Well, the kid's going to be in the Remove," said Bob Cherry. "I dare say he's all right, and the Bird of Paradise doesn't seem a bad chap, though he's a bit of a corker. Give him a chance."

"Give him a licking, you mean, for his cheek in butting in here," growled Bolsover major.

"Oh, chuck it, Bolsover!"

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, came along.

"What are all you juniors doing here? You should not crowd in the passages! Disperse at once!" boomed Mr. Prout.

And the crowd dispersed, still excitedly discussing the amazing fact that Henry Crum was now a member of the Greyfriars Remove.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Crum of the Remove!

MR. QUELCH had looked from his window and watched the disappearance of the stout and gorgeous gentleman, and wondered why the boy was not going down to the gates with him. Certainly he did not suppose that young Crum was remaining at Greyfriars. The Remove master received the surprise of his life when the Head tapped at his door and entered the study, followed by Henry Crum.

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet looking inquiringly at the headmaster and past him at young Crum.

"I trust I am not interrupting you, Mr. Quelch," said the Head in his courteous way.

"Not at all, sir."

"This lad, Henry Crum, is to enter your Form, Mr. Quelch."

Mr. Quelch almost fell down.

"My—my Form, sir?"

"Precisely."

"This—this lad?"

"Yes," said the Head. "His father has just left him here, and has requested that he may be placed in the same Form as Wharton."

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch.

He gazed at the Head.

Had it been possible to suppose that the Head of Greyfriars was capable of looking on the wine when it was red Mr. Quelch certainly would have supposed so at that moment. That, at least, would have accounted for his proceedings. Otherwise, they seemed quite unaccountable.

But that supposition was, of course, unthinkable. So Mr. Quelch could only wonder in amazement.

"Crum!" said the Head.

"Yes, sir?" said Henry demurely.

"This is your Form master, Mr. Quelch."

"Yes, sir."

"But, Dr. Locke," said Mr. Quelch helplessly. "I—I do not quite understand. I have not heard of this before. Am—I to take it that you have previous knowledge of this boy?"

"None!" said the Head.

"I certainly supposed that you had not seen him before to-day—"

"That is the case, Mr. Quelch."

"Or heard of him, sir?"

"Perfectly so."

"Yet you are admitting him to Greyfriars?"

"Precisely."

"Without inquiry?"

"Quite so."

"Without even the usual medical certificate?"

"Exactly."

"Dr. Locke, is the boy suitable for this school? As you are placing him in my Form, I surely have a right to ask."

"Certainly, Mr. Quelch," said the Head urbanely. "As you know, I am always glad to hear your opinion, and value it very highly. The boy is quite suitable to enter Greyfriars."

"May I ask how you have ascertained this, sir?" asked the astounded Remove master.

"From his father, sir."

"But the statements of an absolute stranger, sir—and such a very—hem!—unusual sort of person, sir—"

"I assure you that I am quite satisfied, Mr. Quelch," said the Head. "I regard Mr. Crum as a friend."

"Oh! Really, sir—"

"I desire his son to be under your very particular charge, Mr. Quelch. I am sure he will prove a credit to your Form. His father thinks so, and I fully agree with him."

"But—but—" Mr. Quelch fairly floundered. "The state of the boy's knowledge, sir—is that ascertained?"

"Not yet."

"Surely, sir, he cannot take his place in the Lower Fourth Form without some kind of an examination, at least."

"I shall ask you, as a personal favour, Mr. Quelch, to take him specially in hand if he is ignorant of the subjects taken in the Remove," said the Head. "I shall esteem it a personal obligation."

"Certainly, sir, if you put it like that," said Mr. Quelch. "I am entirely at your disposal, sir. But—"

"The circumstances are perhaps a

little unusual," said the Head, passing his hand over his brow, as if in an effort at reflection.

"They are, most undoubtedly, sir," said Mr. Quelch, with emphasis. "Never in the history of Greyfriars has any boy been admitted in this manner without knowledge of his antecedents; or his qualifications—"

"Quite so. I recall that at first I declined to entertain Mr. Crum's proposal," said Dr. Locke. "I changed my mind; I do not now recall why. But the matter is settled, Mr. Quelch. For any additional trouble that may be given you in the matter I shall rely, not so much upon your duty as master of the Remove, but upon your consideration for me personally, sir."

"My dear sir, you may rely upon me absolutely," said Mr. Quelch at once. "I shall be only too happy."

"Thank you, Mr. Quelch. I will leave the boy with you now."

"Very good, sir!"

And the Head quitted the study, with a slightly perplexed frown on his face—really as if he were trying to recall why he had changed his mind and decided to admit young Crum to the school in so unusual and extraordinary a manner.

Young Crum glanced after him as he went, with a covert grin on his face—which did not escape the eagle-eye of Mr. Quelch.

"Crum!" rapped out the Remove master.

"Yes, sir?" said Crum.

"With the unusual circumstances of your admission to this school, Crum, I have nothing to do; that matter is settled," said Mr. Quelch. "But as you are to be placed in my Form, I must ask you some questions. 'Your name?'"

"Henry Christopher Crum, sir."

"Your age?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"Your home address?"

"Crum's Show, sir."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Father's a showman, sir," explained Crum. "The show goes on the road, and never stays long anywhere."

"Bless my soul! But you have some fixed address?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Greyfriars School, sir."

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon Henry Christopher Crum. That youth was looking quite serious; and the Remove master could not decide whether he was very stupid or very impertinent. Fortunately for Henry Christopher Crum, Mr. Quelch gave him the benefit of the doubt.

"You misapprehend me, Crum!" he said tartly. "It may be necessary to communicate with your father. He has some fixed address, I presume?"

"Ponker's, the agents, in the Strand, sir," said Henry Christopher. "They fix up engagements for the show, sir, and forward letters."

"Bless my soul! And where will you go in the holidays?"

"On the road, sir."

"On the road?" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"With the show," explained Henry cheerfully. "I've always done stunts in the show, sir, with father; we're billed as Old Crum and Young Crum. Father's Old Crum; I'm Young Crum."

"Upon my word!"

Mr. Quelch gazed at this remarkable pupil. Henry met his gaze with cheery confidence and good-nature. The Remove master suppressed his thoughts, whatever they were, and went on:

"Have you received any education suitable for admission to a school like Greyfriars?"

"I can read and write, sir."

"Something more than that is required in my Form," said Mr. Quelch dryly. "Have you any elementary knowledge of Latin?"

"No, sir."

"Or French?"

Henry grinned.

"Toss of it, sir. We've stunted in France more than once, and I picked up a lot of the lingo."

"You must not refer to a language as a lingo, Crum."

"Very well, sir."

"Nor use the word 'stunt.' It is not really a word, but an extremely undesirable expression imported from America."

"I'll do anything you say, sir," said Crum meekly.

"Very well, very well!" said Mr. Quelch, disarmed by that answer. "I am sure you will do your best, my boy; and certainly I cannot impute it to you as a fault if you are somewhat backward. It will cause certain difficulties in your instruction in my Form, no doubt; but the Head has requested me to take you specially in hand, and if you do your best, no doubt, you will very soon improve. You seem an intelligent boy, at least."

"Thank you, sir!"

"You have a box, I suppose—"

"It's coming, sir," said Crum.

"Father ordered my things in Courtfield this morning, and ordered Chunkley's to send them on to the school."

"Indeed! Your father appears to have entertained no doubt as to your admission here?"

Henry grinned for a second.

"I s'pose not, sir."

"Do not say s'pose, Crum. Say suppose."

"Suppose!" said Henry obediently.

"You will hear the other boys talk, Crum, and you will endeavour to model your language on theirs," said Mr. Quelch. "In such matters you will probably learn more from the other Remove boys than from me."

"Yes, sir."

"Until your box arrives you must wear the clothes you are now wearing," said Mr. Quelch. "Remove boys wear Etons, but doubtless your father has seen to that." A bell clanged out over Greyfriars. "Third lesson is now due, Crum. You will follow me to your Form-room, and you may sit and listen to the lesson; as yet you cannot share in it."

"Yes, sir," said Crum.

Mr. Quelch left his study; and Young Crum followed him to the Remove-room, where the juniors were already gathered for third lesson. And as soon as he entered the Form-room Henry Christopher Crum was the cynosure of all eyes.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Crum in Class!

HENRY CHRISTOPHER CRUM sat in the place assigned him by Mr. Quelch. He was quite well aware that all the Removites were keenly interested in him, but he did not seem to mind. Doubtless he had grown accustomed to the public gaze during the years that he had "stunted" with Crum's Show. After the concentrated stare of crowded tents and crammed halls, the stare of a school Form-room probably did not amount to much in Young Crum's estimation. Not that Mr. Quelch gave his pupils much time or leisure for staring. He was aware that an element of excitement had been introduced into the Remove-

room, and Mr. Quelch was a gentleman who insisted upon having attention fixed upon the words of wisdom that fell from his lips.

Third lesson that morning dealt with Roman history—a subject upon which the juniors were not keen. They were far keener on Henry Crum, and the mystery of his admission to Greyfriars. But Mr. Quelch kept them up to the mark.

"Bunter!" he rapped out suddenly.

"Eh? Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Why are you staring round?"

"I—I wasn't, sir."

"I saw you, Bunter."

"I—I mean, I—I wasn't staring at Crum, sir! I—I didn't know he was there, sir—I never noticed him come in with you, sir!" stuttered Bunter.

"Take fifty lines, Bunter."

"Oh dear!"

Bunter was rather glad to escape with fifty lines: he had not expected to get off so cheaply, from the glint in Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye.

A few minutes later, Crum moved his head hastily to dodge an ink-ball slily whizzed at him by Harold Skinner. Crum certainly was a youth with his wits about him. He could not have been expecting an ink-ball; but he eluded it, and it passed him and dropped on Russell's head—eliciting a sharp ejaculation from Russell.

Mr. Quelch's eyes gleamed.

"Skinner!"

Skinner could have sworn that Mr. Quelch's head was turned away when he whizzed the ink-ball. But this was not the first time that Remove fellows had suspected that Mr. Quelch had eyes in the back of his head.

"Yes, sir!" groaned Skinner.

"You have thrown something at Russell! I will keep order in this class! Hold out your hand."

Whack!

"Whooop!"

"Silence!"

Henry Christopher Crum grinned. Russell, as he wiped ink from his collar, gave Skinner an expressive look—expressive of what was to happen after class. With a cut in hand, and a punch in the bush, so to speak, Skinner rather wished that he had let the new junior alone.

"Bolsover!"

"Yes, sir!" grunted Bolsover major.

"You are to attend to the lesson, Bolsover, and not to stare in a rude and ill-bred manner at Crum," said Mr. Quelch. "Boys at this school are expected to have better manners, Bolsover."

Bolsover major turned crimson.

"And who came after Claudius?" asked Mr. Quelch, resuming the lesson.

"Agrippina, sir," said Vernon-Smith.

Some of the Removites grinned. This was one of the little jests upon which the Bounder sometimes ventured in class. Mr. Quelch was not in a mood for the Bounder's jests.

"Vernon-Smith! After class you will write out the names of all the Roman Emperors from Augustus to Trajan, and bring the paper to my study before tea-time. You will give the dates of accession and of death, and the principal events in their reigns."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Smithy, wishing fervently that he had not spoken. This was a task that was likely to keep Smithy busy for some time after class.

"Who can tell me the name of the emperor who succeeded Claudius?" said Mr. Quelch, repeating his question in another way.

Half the Remove were able to inform him that it was Nero.

"What can you tell me about Nero, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch, who had a dutiful way—intensely exasperating to William George Bunter—of devoting special attention to the backward members of his Form.

"Nero, sir?" gasped Bunter, to gain time.

"Yes—Nero."

"He—he—he was an emperor, sir."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch, in his most sarcastic tone. "I trust that that is not the sum total of your knowledge of Nero, Bunter."

"Oh! No, sir! He—he was a bad hat, sir—"

"What?"

"I mean, he was a fearful bounder, sir—that is, an awful character, sir," stammered Bunter. "He murdered the princes in the Tower—"

"He murdered the princes in the Tower!" repeated Mr. Quelch, almost dazedly.

"Yes, sir; and never smiled again!" said Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"When he was dying, sir," went on Bunter, who seemed to be full of information this morning, "he said: 'Kiss me, Hardy!'"

"Bless my soul!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Remove. Bunter on Roman history was really entertaining.

"Silence, Bunter, you stupid boy—"

"Isn't that right, sir?" asked Bunter anxiously.

"Right!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"No, Bunter, it is not! Are you not aware that Nero lived more than a thousand years before the princes were murdered in the Tower?"

"Oh, dear! Then—then he couldn't have done it, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I forgot, sir! I—I meant to say, sir, that—that when he was in the neatherd's hut, sir, the old lady told him to mind the cakes, and he let them burn, and when she nagged him, sir, he said: 'Take away that bauble!'"

"Silence, Bunter! You will come to my study for an hour after tea, and I shall give you some special instruction."

"Oh lor'!"

"I trust," said Mr. Quelch, almost glaring at the class, "that no other boy in the Remove is so abysmally ignorant as Bunter. What can you tell me about Nero?"

Crum made a slight movement. He did not speak, but Mr. Quelch noted his movement and glanced at him. If the showman's son was able to join in the lesson, Mr. Quelch was ready to welcome him into the fold.

"Can you tell me anything about Nero, Crum?" he asked.

"I think so, sir," said Crum. "What about Sir Alan Cobham, sir?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"He's an 'ero, sir," said Crum.

Mr. Quelch gazed at Crum, and the whole Remove gazed at him, unrebuked this time. Crum's contribution seemed to have taken away the breath of the whole Form-room.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch at last, as soon as he was able to articulate. "You—you misunderstand me, Crum. I was not speaking of a hero. I was speaking of a Roman emperor who was named Nero."

"Oh, sir! My mistake, sir," said Crum. "Never 'eard of the bloke, sir."

"The—tho what?"

"The bloke, sir."

"You must not say bloke, Crum."

"Well, sir, I mean, I never 'card of the covoy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch did not tell Crum that he



Lord Mauleverer was deep in thought when suddenly the study door opened. As the schoolboy earl was leaning on it, the natural result was that he fell backwards into the study—suddenly and hard. "Ow!" he gasped. Crum stared down at him, and burst into a laugh. (See Chapter 7.)

must not say covey. He signed to him to be silent, and proceeded with the lesson. His grim face checked the merriment in the Remove. Ignorance, to Mr. Quelch, was ignorance: a state of mind to be rectified, with or without the aid of the cane. He did not see anything comic in it at all. The Removites, on the other hand, found something very entertaining in a fellow who had never heard of Nero, and who supposed that the Remove master was speaking of an 'oro.

But as the lesson continued, all merriment vanished from the Remove under the influence of Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye and vinegary tongue, and they were reduced to a proper state of seriousness. Indeed, by the time third lesson came to an end, Nero was far more unpopular in the Remove Form-room than he had ever been in Rome; and by the time the Remove reached the end of Nero's reign, they wished that Galba had butted in much sooner than he did.

More than a dozen fellows who were unable to construe Nero's semi-final remark, were told to write out "Qualis artifex pereo" a hundred times. And then, to the relief of the Remove—and perhaps of the Remove master—third lesson came to an end, and the Lower Fourth trooped out into the quad—glad to get away from ancient Rome into modern England.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Difficult Task!

"WHARTON!"

"Yes, sir."

Harry Wharton dropped behind as the Remove trooped out. He stopped at his Form master's desk, in an attitude of respectful attention, not allowing his

face to betray his desire to join the other fellows in punting about a footer before dinner. As captain of the Remove, and head boy in the Form, Wharton was often called upon to perform little duties, and he expected something of the kind now; it was the duty of the Form captain to assist the Form master in many ways. But certainly the captain of the Remove did not expect what he was about to hear.

"You have noticed the new junior, Wharton?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir," said Harry, repressing a smile.

"He is somewhat out of the ordinary run of Greyfriars boys, Wharton."

"So I've noticed, sir."

"That, of course, is not his fault," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, no, sir, of course not!" agreed Wharton.

"For certain reasons the Head has decided to give him a—a trial as a Greyfriars boy," said Mr. Quelch. "I need not state the reasons."

Mr. Quelch would have found some difficulty in stating the reasons, as he did not know what they were, and was, indeed, extremely puzzled and perplexed to account for the headmaster's strange action.

"The boy seems intelligent and well-behaved," went on Mr. Quelch. "Little, however, is known of his antecedents. His previous education has not fitted him to take his place in the Form-room; but that can be remedied. He is, of course, too old to be placed in the Second or Third Form, which, otherwise, would be more—hem—suitable. I am speaking to you freely, Wharton, as head boy of my Form, and a dutiful head boy."

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

"I should be glad, Wharton, if you would find time to take a little personal

interest in this boy Crum, and give him a little assistance in learning our ways and settling down to them."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"I am sure you will, Wharton, and no doubt your friends will do the same."

"I'll speak to them about it, sir."

"Very good! I shall place the new boy in your study, Wharton—"

"Oh!"

That ejaculation might have warned Mr. Quelch that there was rather a lack of enthusiasm on the part of his head boy. Perhaps Mr. Quelch did not notice it. Perhaps he did not want to notice it. At all events, he went on regardless.

"There is room for a new boy in Study No. 1, with you and Nugent. This will make it easier for you to keep a friendly eye upon him. I do not think there is any harm in the boy; but he is practically unknown to us, and I prefer to place him with a boy of strong character like yourself. You will tell him which is his study, Wharton, and take him there, and give him any assistance in your power."

"Very well, sir."

"Thank you, Wharton!"

The captain of the Remove left the Form-room with a rather thoughtful brow.

He was flattered by Mr. Quelch's confidence and reliance; but he certainly was not keen on having the queer new kid "planted" in Study No. 1 in the Remove. But as that could not be helped, Wharton resigned himself to it as cheerfully as possible. He went out into the quad, and looked for his own special chums there. He found Nugent, Johnny Bull, Bob Cherry, and Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh waiting for him in a little group by the House steps.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What did the Beak want, old bean?" asked Bob.

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Wharton smiled rather wryly. "That new kid's put in my study," he said. "I'm to keep a fatherly eye on him. Any other fellow want him? I'll stand out with pleasure!"

There was a chuckle from the Co. "Keep him, old chap!" said Johnny Bull. "You're welcome to him. I dare say he's quite nice."

"The niceness is probably terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a dusky grin.

"Oh, we'll take him in!" said Frank Nugent good-naturedly. "I don't suppose there's any harm in him. We needn't ask him to help us in Roman history."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "The fact is," said Bob, "I don't exactly want him in my study, but I think I'll jaw to him a bit. He may feel a bit out of it here."

"Come along with me and find him, then," said Harry. "I've got to take him in hand, and I may as well begin now."

"Any old thing," said Bob. And Wharton and Bob Cherry went to look for Crum, while their chums joined in the punt-about.

They found Crum strolling in the quad by himself, under the old trees that were now gleaming with the green of spring. He had his hands in his pockets, and was staring about him with great interest. Greyfriars was a new experience for young Crum. But while he was interested, he was obviously not overwhelmed by his new surroundings. There was a cool self-possession about Henry Christopher Crum that was rather new in a new "kid" in a big, crowded school.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" greeted Bob Cherry cheerily.

Crum eyed them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he answered.

"Like Greyfriars?" asked Bob.

"More or less. A bit slow, what?" yawned Crum. "Sleepy old place! But awfully nice and refined, I've no doubt. What do you fellows want? Looking for a thick ear apiece?"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"You're the blokes we met at the gate this morning," said Crum. "You was making fun of my father! If I could handle the two of you, I'd jolly well bang your heads together."

Bob Cherry's eyes began to sparkle.

"Don't worry about the two of us!" he retorted. "Greyfriars style isn't two to one. Pick your man if you're hungry for trouble!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton hastily. "Cheese it, Bob! Remember, he's a new kid, and strange here, old chap!"

"Oh, all serene!" said Bob. "But he'd better keep a civil tongue, all the same. Look here, Crum! We weren't making fun of your father. We were a bit struck by him, I admit. But, dash it all, if a man sports clothes that are warranted to kill at forty rods, he must expect fellows to be a bit struck. Don't go round hunting for offences."

Crum's eyes gleamed.

"You thought my father wasn't good enough to come into your mouldy old school!" he snapped.

"Not at all," said Wharton. "We thought the whole thing a bit unusual and—"

"Oh, I know what you thought!" said Crum disdainfully. "Well, I'm here, good enough or not, and I'm staying as long as I choose, and you can like it or lump it. Go and eat coke!"

And Crum turned on his heel and walked away, whistling.

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Wharton and Bob looked at one another.

"Cheeky young sweep!" growled Bob.

"Well," said the captain of the Remove slowly, "the Bird of Paradise, as Smithy called him, is his father, and you can't blame any chap for standing up for his father."

"No fear," agreed Bob, at once. "That's all right. I—I say, we never meant any offence, and it would be rather rotten if the kid thought us a pair of silly snobs. He will find some snobs here, but we don't want him to put us down as that sort. Let's go after him."

The two juniors followed Crum.

Their consciences were quite clear, and they had nothing to blame themselves for. But it was evident that Crum was touchy on the subject of his resplendent parent, and quick to take offence on that subject.

"Here, kid!" said Wharton good-naturedly. "Don't buzz off! I've really got to speak to you. Mr. Quelch has put you in my study, and I'm to take you there and show you the place."

"Your study?" repeated Crum.

"Yes."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we have studies to ourselves in the Remove—rooms, you know," explained Wharton. "Yours will be No. 1 in the Remove, with Nugent and me."

"Just my luck!" grunted Crum.

Wharton knitted his brows a little. He had resigned himself to having this unusual new fellow in his study, with an effort. It was rather disconcerting to find that Crum viewed the prospect with anything but gratification.

"Well, it can't be helped, I s'pose," said Crum. "If you've got to show me the place, get on with it!" It was noticeable that when Crum spoke excitedly or hurriedly, his aspirates were conspicuous by their absence. That, however, did not concern Wharton, and he did not heed it.

"Well, come on!" he said, rather gruffly.

"I'm arter you."

Crum followed Wharton to the House. Bob Cherry—his geniality apparently exhausted for the nonce—walked away to join in the punt-about. Many glances were turned on Crum as he went into the House with Wharton, and there were many smiles. He did not seem to mind.

He went up the staircase with Wharton and up the Remove staircase, into the passage which belonged to the Lower Fourth. Wharton led him into Study No. 1.

Crum looked round.

"This 'ere the room?" he asked.

"This is it."

"Oh, my eye!"

Crum did not seem much impressed by Study No. 1.

"Bit poky—what?" he asked.

"We don't think it poky."

"Used to it. I dessay," said Crum.

"I dessay I'll get used to it, too. What do we do in this 'ere room? Don't we do our lessons downstairs in the big room with the old covey?"

"Yes; but we use the study for prep."

"What's that?"

"We prepare lessons here every evening."

"Oh, crumbs! Sort of working overtime?" said Crum.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"And we keep our things here, and have tea here if we like," he went on.

"I'll find you a place for your things and your books, and so on."

"I ain't got any books, so far."

"Mr. Quelch will see to that. If you

want to tea in the study with Nugent and me—"

"I don't!"

"Well, you needn't, if you don't like!" said Wharton, repressing his annoyance. "You can tea in Hall, if you choose. I'll take you there at tea-time."

"You needn't trouble. I can find my way about, I s'pose? I ain't blind!"

"Just as you like. Mr. Quelch asked me to show you round," said the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, rot!"

Wharton breathed hard and deep. But he controlled his temper. Certainly he did not want a row with this peculiar new fellow.

"Look here, Crum," he said, after a pause, "we're going to be study-mates, and I can help you a lot if you like, and I'm willing to do so. We're not likely to chum very much, but that's no reason why we shouldn't be friends. No need to be enemies, that I can see!"

Crum's lips curled.

"Well, we ain't likely to be friends," he said. "I ain't feeling friendly with a bloke that turns up his nose at my father!"

Wharton coloured.

"I did nothing of the sort!" he snapped.

"You jolly well did!"

Wharton looked at him in silence. He was not specially interested in Henry Christopher Crum; but he wished him well and was willing to help him, as a stranger in the land, to find his feet in his new surroundings. But just at that moment he was powerfully tempted to knock Henry Christopher spinning across Study No. 1.

"You're a snob!" said Crum deliberately, "that's what you are! You looked my father up and down! You're a snob! I don't like you, and I ain't going to be friends with you! So chow on that!"

"You can't call a fellow names here, Crum," said the captain of the Remove, very quietly. "That's a lesson you'd better learn at the start."

"Snob!" retorted Crum.

Wharton clenched his hands.

All the Remove knew that Harry Wharton had a rather hasty temper—a temper that was not wholly reliable, and that had caused trouble more than once. All the Remove, therefore, would have been surprised had they seen him at the present moment. He unclenched his hands and walked quietly out of the study, without answering the new fellow's taunt. But his face was almost pale with anger as he went down the Remove passage to the stairs.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Mauly Means to be Kind!

LORD MAULEVERER coughed.

Afternoon classes were over and the Remove were out. Mauly was the first Removite to come in to tea.

Mauleverer was passing Study No. 1, on his way to Study No. 12, when he coughed, and paused, and coughed again.

The study door was half open. From the room came a strong scent of tobacco-smoke.

It was not the scent of a cigarette; it was much more powerful than that. A potent whiff of it caught Lord Mauleverer, and made him cough, and it amazed him.

Someone was smoking in the study that belonged to Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent; and that it could not be the captain of the Remove or his chum Mauly was assured. As it was a

cigar that he scented, it seemed that some master must have dropped into the study, though it was certainly remarkable for a master to smoke in a junior study. It could scarcely be a junior, for even Skinner & Co., though they smoked surreptitious cigarettes, never ventured on cigars.

Mauleverer was puzzled, and, being puzzled, he glanced into the study to see who was smoking there.

To his amazement, he beheld the new junior Crum, sprawling in the armchair, with his feet on the table, a cigar between his teeth.

Crum was blowing rings of smoke, and watching them float towards the study ceiling, with an air of satisfied contentment.

He glanced at Mauleverer through a little cloud of smoke, and gave him a nod.

"Hallo, face!" he said.

Lord Mauleverer gazed at him. Perhaps involuntary disapproval had shown in his lordship's looks, for Crum's greeting was anything but genial.

"What?" ejaculated Mauleverer.

"Face!" repeated Crum.

Lord Mauleverer realised that this was intended to be offensive. But his lordship was not easily offended.

"Want anything?" asked Crum.

"Yaas."

"Cough it up!"

"I want to know what the deuce you mean by smokin' in Wharton's study?" said Lord Mauleverer. "Wharton's a friend of mine!"

"You're welcome to 'im!" I'm smoking in my own study," answered Crum. "This 'ere poky 'ole is my study, if you want to know, features!"

"Wha-a-at did you call me?"

"Features!"

"Good gad!" said Lord Mauleverer.

The new fellow's vocabulary was something new for Greyfriars.

"That all?" added Crum.

Lord Mauleverer considered, in his deliberate way.

"No," he said, at length, "that's not all."

"Get it off your chest, nose!"

"If you're smokin' in your own study it's your own bizney, I suppose," said Mauleverer; "but, as you're a new chap, I'll mention that smoking isn't allowed in this school."

"Gammon!"

"Wha-at?"

"I see a fat old bloke smoking a cigar," said Crum.

"Mr. Prout smokes cigars," Mauleverer was able to recognise the portly Fifth Form master from Crum's elegant description. "But I was speakin' of the fellows. Even in the Sixth they aren't allowed to smoke!"

"What's that?"

"Eh! What's what?"

"Sixth! Sixth what?"

"Oh, I mean the Sixth Form—the top Form in the school—seniors and prefects. Nobody but a master can smoke at Greyfriars, and even the masters don't smoke much. It's bad form in a boy!"

"Think so?" grinned Crum.

"Yaas."

"Thanky for your opinion. Take it away with you and boil it!"

"Oh, gad! There are silly fellows here who smoke cigarettes sometimes, and get licked for it," said Mauleverer. "But they're rather looked down on by the other men."

Crum blew out smoke, and grinned through it.

"It's bad for the health," said Mauleverer gently. "Smoking stunts the growth. Any fool could tell you that."

"One's telling me now—what?" said Crum agreeably.

Lord Mauleverer breathed rather hard. He really wanted to set this extraordinary new boy right. It was obvious that Henry Christopher Crum had much to learn, and that his early boyhood must have been passed in strange and weird surroundings, to judge by his habits. His lordship was good-natured and tolerant to a fault, but he found the new fellow's manner hard to bear.

"Even the shady blighters don't smoke cigars here," he said. "You surely know, kid, that you can't smoke cigars at your age. It's enough to make you ill."

"Do I look ill?" jeered Crum.

"Well, you look rather pasty," said his lordship frankly.

Crum glared.

"What about your own blooming dial?" he demanded.

"Oh gad!"

Lord Mauleverer had to make a mental effort to realise that a "blooming dial" was a human face.

"I'm not raggin' you, kid," he said. "I'm only givin' you a tip as a new kid. You'll be caned if you're caught smokin'."

"Rats!"

"I assure you, Crum, that if a master or a prefect found you with a cigar in your mouth, you'd get six," said Lord Mauleverer earnestly.

"Six what?"

"Six whacks with a cane."

"Rubbish!"

"Apart from that, what about your study-mates?" asked Lord Mauleverer. "This atmosphere is enough to make them sick when they come in to tea."

"They can like it or lump it."

"They're quite nice fellows," said Mauleverer. "You don't want to row with them, Crum."

"I don't care a straw!"

"Well, I felt bound to give you the tip, as a new kid," said Mauleverer.

"I'm done. Let it drop."

Mauleverer turned to the door.

As he stepped into the passage he caught sight of a head rising into view on the Remove staircase. It was the head of George Wingate of the Sixth Form, head prefect and captain of Greyfriars. Wingate, of the Sixth was coming up to the Remove passage, and if he entered that passage, as obviously he was about to do, he was certain to scent the potent aroma from Study No. 1.

Mauleverer turned back into the room.

"Crum," he whispered, "put that smoke away. Open the window. Wave a newspaper or somethin'. There's a prefect coming along."

"What's that?"

"Oh gad! A Sixth Form man—a prefect. Chap who carries a cane and whacks juniors who don't behave themselves."

"Ho won't whack me."

"He will, old bean, and jolly hard, if he catches you smokin'."

"Bosh!"

Crum continued to smoke his cigar. Lord Mauleverer stepped out of the study again and closed the door, taking care that it latched. Unpleasant as the new fellow seemed to be, Mauleverer's natural instinct was to help any fellow who was in trouble, and there was no doubt that Crum was booked for trouble, if Wingate caught him smoking a cigar. Mauleverer leaned against the closed door, with as idle and casual an attitude as he could assume at a moment's notice, as Wingate came across the landing and along the passage.

Wingate stopped.

"Is that new kid Crum about?" he asked.

"Crum?" repeated Mauleverer, to gain time.

"Yes. I want to see him."

"Oh!"

Mauleverer did not move. In the kindness of his heart he wanted to save the new fellow from a thrashing, if he could.

"I saw him a few minutes ago," he remarked meditatively.

"Well, where?" asked Wingate, naturally concluding, from the fact that Mauleverer remained leaning on the door of Study No. 1 that Crum was not in that apartment.

"Let me see," murmured his lordship.

"I couldn't see him in the quad," grunted Wingate. "I thought the kid would be in his study, bother him. Have you seen him since class?"

"Yaas."

"Where did you see him?"

"I saw him goin' to the tuckshop after class," said Lord Mauleverer.

He was stating the facts. He had seen Crum heading for the school shop after the Remove were dismissed. He did not add that that was an hour since. He was bound to tell the truth, but he was not bound to add unasked details.

Wingate grunted.

"Oh, all right!"

The Greyfriars captain turned and tramped away towards the stairs again. Lord Mauleverer gazed after him meditatively. He had told the truth—his lordship never did anything else—but undoubtedly he had given the prefect a wrong impression, and he wondered whether, in his desire to shield the new fellow from punishment, he had sailed a little too near the wind. That was rather a worry to his lordship, who was particular in such matters.

As he was thinking it over the study door opened from within, and as Mauleverer was leaning on it, the natural result was that he fell backwards into the study—suddenly and hard.

"Ow!" he gasped.

Crum stared down at him and burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh gad! Ow!" Lord Mauleverer sat up dazedly. "Oh, you silly ass! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Crum. "Was you leaning on the door? Silly chump to lean on a door that opens inward. I'd just opened it. Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate of the Sixth, half-way down the Remove staircase, heard that roar of laughter and came striding back.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Not a Licking!

WINGATE came across the Remove landing again with a grim brow. Lord Mauleverer picked himself up and dusted his trousers. Crum, lounging in the doorway, glanced carelessly at Wingate. "Mauleverer, you young rascal!"

"Yaas, Wingate!" said his lordship resignedly.

"Crum was in the study all the time!" exclaimed the captain of Greyfriars angrily.

"Yaas."

"You told me he was in the tuckshop!"

"Nothin' of the sort, dear man. I told you I saw him goin' to the tuckshop after class. So I did."

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Wingate let his ashplant slip down into his hand.

"You knew that he was in the study?"

"Yaas."

"And you were sending me on a fool's errand to look for him in Mrs. Mumble's shop?"

"Yaas," sighed his lordship.

"I suppose you think it's rather funny to pull a Sixth Form man's leg—what?" asked Wingate grimly.

"Not at all," said Lord Mauleverer. "Judgin' by your looks, dear man, it won't be funny at all."

"Quite so," agreed Wingate. "I'm going to give you six for wasting my time, you young sweep! I—"

Wingate broke off and sniffed. He sniffed again, and then stared into the study, where the atmosphere was clouded with cigar smoke.

"Somebody's been smoking here!" he exclaimed. "Cigars, too! Great pip! Was that why you were trying to keep me out of the study, Mauleverer?"

Lord Mauleverer did not answer. The fat was in the fire now, so to speak. He had failed in his benevolent design to save the new fellow from a thrashing. Wingate did not need an answer; he quite understood how the matter lay, and he turned a grim glare on Crum.

"You've been smoking here?"

"Jest that," agreed Crum.

"Smoking cigars?"

"No."

"It smells like a cigar."

"That's what it is," said Crum.

"What do you mean, then?" snapped Wingate angrily.

"I mean wot I say," answered Crum. "You asked me if I'd been smoking cigars. I ain't. I've been smoking a cigar. See?"

"Oh gad!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

The fellow's nerve in bandying words with the captain of the school was amazing, especially on such a topic! Mauly could only account for it on the supposition that Crum was so totally ignorant of public school manners and customs that he simply did not know what he was doing.

Wingate's eyes gleamed.

"You shady, disreputable young rascal!" he said. "You've been smoking a cigar in your study?"

"You've got it."

"Your Form master asked me to give you a look-in," said the prefect. "He thought that a queer young fish like you might be up to something. It seems that he was right."

"What's biting you?" asked Crum. "I've smoked cigars before, and I'll be smoking them agin. Father lets me smoke cigars."

"Oh, my hat! Then—" Wingate checked himself in time. It was not fitting to state in the presence of the son what he thought of the father. "Well, now you're at Greyfriars you're not to smoke cigars, or anything else, see?"

"No, I don't see," answered Crum. "Who are you, I'd like to know?"

"Who am I?" repeated Wingate.

"Yes. I ain't taking orders from any bloke that comes butting in. Not if I know it."

"I am Wingate of the Sixth—captain of the school—a prefect. You are a junior boy, and juniors have to obey a prefect's orders." Wingate, angry and amazed as he was, was explaining the situation quite patiently to this weird new Removite.

"I don't like the idea!" said Crum.

"You don't like the idea?" ejaculated Wingate.

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"No, I don't."

"Well, whether you like it or not, that's that!" said Wingate. "I'd like to go easy with a new kid who's been brought up goodness knows how; but if you smoke again you'll be thrashed, see?"

"Will I?" said Crum rebelliously.

"You will—and hard."

"Who'll thrash me?" demanded Crum.

"I will!"

"You won't!" said Crum.

Wingate gazed at him in silence for some moments. Lord Mauleverer wondered whether he was dreaming.

"Ye gods!" said the Greyfriars captain at last. "What sort of a merchant have they landed on us this time? Where do you come from Crum?"

"Crum's Show and 'Ouse of Magic, Old Crum and Young Crum," answered the new junior cheerfully. "Father's Old Crum. I'm Young Crum."

"Did your father ever thrash you for your cheek?"

"No, he didn't."

"Ah! That was an oversight," said Wingate. "I'll set that right. Step into the study."

"I was jest going down."

"Step into the study, I tell you."

"Shan't!"

"What?" roared Wingate.

"Shan't!"

The next moment Crum went spinning into the study, under a hefty shove from the angry prefect, and sprawled on the carpet. He roared as he sprawled, and sat up glaring. Wingate followed him in, gripping the ashplant, his eyes glittering.

"Now, you young rascal—"

"Blow you!" howled Crum.

"Get up!"

"Shan't!"

"By Jove!" gasped Wingate. He stooped and grasped the new junior by the collar, and heaved him to his feet.

Crum retreated across the study and stood with his back to the wall. His face was quite as angry as Wingate's. Lord Mauleverer looked in at the doorway, greatly distressed.

"Crum, old bean," he exclaimed, "do take a fellow's word for it! You can't carry on like this. You can't really."

"You shut your tater-trap," retorted Crum.

"My—my what?"

"Tater-trap!"

"Oh gad!" Lord Mauleverer had never before heard a mouth described as a potato-trap. "Crum, dear boy—"

"Swallow it!" jeered Crum.

"Wingate, the chap doesn't know his way about here," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Go easy with the young ass."

"Get out of the study."

"Oh, yaas!"

Lord Mauleverer stepped out of Study No. 1, but he lingered outside in his kind anxiety for the new fellow. Wingate fixed his eyes on Crum and pointed to a chair with his cane.

"Bend over that chair, Crum," he said.

"What for?" demanded Crum.

"I'm going to cane you."

"You ain't!" said Crum.

His dark, magnetic eyes were fixed on Wingate's with a strange stare—a stare of such singular fixity that Lord Mauleverer, looking in, wondered whether the new fellow was a little out of his mind. There was such an intensity in the gaze that the dark eyes seemed fairly to burn.

Wingate, who was about to stride across the study to collar him, paused. For some moments the captain of Greyfriars seemed irresolute, and Mauleverer's amazed glance turned on him in deep wonder. Twice he saw Wingate

start towards Crum, as if resolved to collar him and cane him; but each time the prefect paused again and moved back. Finally he stopped and stood looking at Crum, all the anger gone from his face and a dreaming expression replacing it.

Crum grinned.

"You going to lick me?" he asked jeeringly.

"No!" said Wingate.

"I thought not! Get out of this study!"

"Yes, Crum."

"Chuck that cane out of the landing window as you go downstairs."

"Yes, Crum."

"Say you're sorry afore you go."

"I'm sorry, Crum."

"That'll do! Get out!"

Wingate walked out of the study. Lord Mauleverer looked at Crum's grinning face, and then looked after Wingate. He was wondering whether he was dreaming this. The Greyfriars captain went down the Remove staircase, opened the landing window, and tossed his ashplant out into the open air. Then he closed the window and went on down the stairs and disappeared, without once looking back.

"Good gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.

He almost pinched himself to make sure that he was awake. What had happened had not only astounded him—it unnerved him. Wingate of the Sixth, captain of Greyfriars, head prefect of the school, had obeyed Crum's orders like a fag obeying a Form master, or rather, like a child obeying a parent. It was unthinkable, but it had happened under Lord Mauleverer's doubting eyes.

"Good gad!" he repeated.

He looked at Crum.

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" grinned Crum. "Didn't I tell you that that bloke wasn't going to lick me! I didn't come to Greyfriars to be licked, and you can lay to that. Now, you 'op it!"

Lord Mauleverer walked away, still wondering whether he was dreaming.

— — —

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch Does Not Understand!

"BUNTER!"

"Yes, sir?" said Billy Bunter, blinking apprehensively at Mr. Quelch through his big spectacles and wishing that he had not wandered near Masters' passage. Bunter had had enough of Mr. Quelch and special instruction in Roman history for one day.

"Kindly find Wingate and tell him I desire to speak to him in my study, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said the fat junior, in great relief. He had feared that he was to be called on the carpet for some of his many sins—Bunter had too many on his fat conscience to hear his master's voice without alarm. "Yes, sir! Certainly, sir."

William George Bunter rolled away to the Sixth Form passage, and tapped on Wingate's door.

There was no answer; and the Owl of the Remove opened the door and blinked into the study through his glasses.

Wingate of the Sixth was there.

He was seated at the table, unoccupied, except that he was staring at the table. There was a dazed expression on his face, and a wrinkle of deep and worried thought in his brow. Bunter blinked at him curiously, wondering

The Removites really could not believe their eyes as Loder of the Sixth knelt meekly down and took off Crum's boots. "Well, this beats it!" murmured Squiff. "Is that new kid a giddy magician, or what?" (See Chapter 11.)



what was the matter with the captain of the school.

"I say, Wingate——"

The Sixth-Former turned his head.

"Well?" he asked.

"Mr. Quelch wants to speak to you in his study."

"Oh, yes! Very well."

The Sixth-Former spoke mechanically. That there was something on Wingate's mind, something that weighed heavily, even an obtuse duffer like Bunter could see. He wondered with great curiosity what it was as he rolled away to the Rag.

Wingate left the study and proceeded to the Remove master's quarters. Mr. Quelch gave him a sharp look as he came in.

"I expected you to come here, Wingate," he said rather tartly.

"Did you, sir?"

"You have not forgotten, I presume, that I asked you to make some observation of the new junior, Crum."

"No, sir," said Wingate. "I haven't forgotten that."

The Remove master's eyes dwelt on him keenly. There was something odd and unusual in Wingate's look and manner that did not escape Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye.

"Is anything the matter with you, Wingate?" he asked.

"No, sir! I—I think not."

"You are not ill?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Well, to come to the point," said Mr. Quelch testily. "Have you observed the boy Crum?"

"I went to his study and saw him, sir," said Wingate. "He had been smoking a cigar."

Mr. Quelch jumped almost clear of the floor.

"Smoking a cigar!" he exclaimed.

"Do you mean a cigarette, Wingate?"

"No, sir; a cigar. He explained that his father allowed him to smoke cigars."

"Bless my soul! What kind of a boy has the Head been induced to admit to this school?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch,

aghast. "Did you not intend to report this to me, Wingate?"

"No, sir."

"No?" exclaimed the Form master. "I scarcely understand you, Wingate. I asked you to observe this boy, being uneasy on account of the strange circumstances of his admission here. You find him engaged in a perfectly revolting action in one of his age, and yet you did not intend to report the matter to me. What do you mean?"

Wingate passed his hand over his brow, as if in an effort to collect his scattered thoughts.

"I—I certainly should have reported the matter to you, sir," he said. "I am quite aware of that."

"Certainly you should. You punished him, I presume?"

"No, sir. I was going to cane him, but—but——"

"But what?" snapped the Form master.

"He ordered me out of the study, sir."

Mr. Quelch stared at that answer, as well he might.

"Are you jesting, Wingate?"

"No, sir."

"You seriously tell me that this boy, a junior in the Lower Fourth Form, ordered you out of his study, and that you obeyed the order?"

"Yes, sir. I—I hardly know why," said Wingate. "I have been trying to think it out, and it puzzles me. All I know is that I felt that I had to go, and I went. I can't explain it."

Mr. Quelch's anger faded away, and an expression of great solicitude took its place. Like everyone else at Greyfriars, he liked Wingate, and he was concerned for him now.

"I am afraid, Wingate, that you cannot be well," he said gently. "What you say is most extraordinary. I will not trouble you further about the matter now; you had better go to your study and rest a little."

"Very well, sir," said Wingate. "The fact is, I don't feel quite as usual, sir,

just now, though I hardly know what's the matter."

He left Mr. Quelch's study.

The Remove master stood for some minutes in thought. He was in a deeply perplexed frame of mind, and he felt extremely concerned for Wingate. He was, indeed, thinking more of the Greyfriars captain than of Crum; but he remembered that youth at last, and left his study to seek him. Tea was going on in Hall, and Mr. Quelch glanced into Hall and found that Crum was seated at the table there with five or six other Remove fellows. It was seldom that more than half a dozen of the Remove "tea'd" in Hall; hardly a fellow did so if funds would run to tea in the study. Crum, assuredly, was the only Remove man who preferred Hall to his own quarters. Loder of the Sixth was in charge of the table, and he was speaking to Crum as Mr. Quelch came quietly in.

"You frowsy young ruffian, don't gurgle your tea like a grampus! Where in goodness' name were you brought up?"

The other juniors grinned, and Crum flushed angrily.

Then there was a movement as Mr. Quelch was seen, the Removites rising respectfully to their feet. Crum did not move; and Mr. Quelch signed to the juniors to be seated again.

"Crum!" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Stand up!"

"Yes, sir."

Crum stood up.

His manner to Mr. Quelch was one of great respect. The Form master could not help observing that, and again he said to himself that the boy's faults were probably only those of a bad training and bad surroundings. His voice was gentler as he proceeded.

"Crum, I hear that you smoked a cigar in your study after class."

"Sensation in Hall!"

(Continued on page 16.)

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Court in the Act!

by
Dicky Nugent.



The final story in the amazing "cat-burglar" series, featuring Jack Jolly & Co., the heroes of St. Sam's.

riddikulus things," said Mr. Lickham, with a sigh. "You had better run away now, my boys, in case the old tyrant should come along. I hope to see you again before I look my last upon the hysterical walls of St. Sam's."

Jack Jolly & Co. scuttled away, and Mr. Lickham felt much brighter. And when Mr. Swishingham and Mr. Chas. Tyser came along, to tell him it was time for the eggsecution, he took a scroodriver from his pocket, and proceeded to scroo up his curridge.

"I am ready, gentlemen," he said, with quiet dignity.

The two masters looked quite distressed as they led Mr. Lickham away to Big Hall.

"We tried to beg you off, Licky," said Mr. Swishingham, "but the Head wouldn't hear of it. He has a hart of grannit."

"Nero was a hero, compared with Dr. Birchmall," said Mr. Tyser.

The big bell was tolling for a General Assembly, and a sollum seen met Mr. Lickham's gaze as he was marched into Big Hall.

All the St. Sam's fellows were in their places, and on the raised platform stood Dr. Birchmall—a majestick, awe-inspiring figger, armed with three birchrods tied into one.

The Head's eyes were hevvily bandaged, and Mr. Swishingham ventured to inquire weather somebody had given him a black eye overnight.

"No, no," said the Head. "I have bandaged my eyes in order to represent Justiss. Not Mr. Justiss, but the Goddess of Justiss. They say that she is blind, you know; and as I happen to be the instrument of Justiss, it behoves me to be blind, too. Savvy?"

"I savvy," said Mr. Swishingham.

"Have you brought the prisoner along?" demanded Dr. Birchmall.

"Yes, sir."

"Then kindly hoist him on to the sholders of Fossil, the porter, so that I may proceed to birch him black and blew!"

There was a buzz of amazement in Big Hall as Mr. Lickham was marched towards the platform.

"Dr. Birchmall!" cried Burleigh of the Sixth, jumping to his feet. "What are you doing of? You can't birch a Form master!"

The Head frowned.

"The man Lickham is no longer a Form master," he said. "He has forgotten his right to remain a member of my skollastic staff. He is a rascally cat-berglar!"

"Grate pip!" gasped Burleigh.

"Last night," said Dr. Birchmall, "I caught him red-handed, in the very act of braking into Herr Guggenheimer's bed-room! He has been in the habit of bergling the masters' bed-rooms for some time past. And now his game is up, and he has been laid by the heels!"

There was a drammatick paws.

"I never done it!"

Mr. Lickham's voice rang out like a toxin through Big Hall. It was the voice of an innocent man, and most of the St. Sam's fellows cheered loudly, and made horrible grimaces at the Head. They were quite safe in doing so, for Dr. Birchmall—the instrument of Justiss—was blindfolded.

to the punnishment-room, telling him that he would get it in the peck when morning came.

Morning was here now, and Mr. Lickham was in an aggerny of apprehension. He coward, like the cowered he was, at the prospect of being birched black and blew in the presence of the whole

school.

"It is unfair!" he cried wildly. "It is unjust! I have never carried out a cat berglery in my life! My hands are clean!"

That was true enuff, for Mr. Lickham washed his hands regularly once a week.

The condemned master continued to tramp two and fro, and fro and two; and there seemed to be no consolation for him in this dark hour of dawn.

But pressently there was a knocking on the door of the punnishment-room.

"Who—who is there?" faltered Mr. Lickham. And he had visions of two stern-faced

masters, come to march him away in custerdy to Big Hall.

"It's us, sir—Jack Jolly & Co.!" came the reassuring reply. And Mr. Lickham recognised Jack Jolly's voice, speaking through the keyhole. "We've heard all about last night's affair, sir, and we've come to tell you to keep your pecker up. We beleve in you, sir—we would steak a day's pocket-munny on your innocence!"

"Hear, hear!" cried Merry. "You are no cat berglar, sir. If you wanted to bergle, you would do it honnestly and openly, in broad daylight."

"Of corse!" chimed in Bright. "You had no hand in this, sir, and old Birchmall has put his foot in it, as usual! He's made a garstly blunder."

"Rely on us to back you up, sir, through thick and thin!" cried Jack Jolly.

Mr. Lickham was deeply moved by these eggsspressions of loyalty. He had always been a most sane gentleman, but now he was quite touched.

"My boys!" he said brokenly. "You are taking a grate risk in coming up here to tell me this. I thank you from my hart for your loyalty. I shall now be able to face my fate with fortytude. As you know, I am to be publicly flogged—"

"The flogging won't come off, sir, if we can help it!" said Jack Jolly. "Who ever heard of a Form master being birched? It's riddikulus!"

"But Dr. Birchmall is always doing

DAWN broke silently over St. Sam's.

There was no sound to be heard, save the twittering of birds, the clang of the rising-bell, the hussle and bussle of a waking school, and the usual noise the dawn makes when it brakes.

It was a hopeless dawn for Mr. Lickham, the master of the Fourth. Hevvly of hart, and haggerd of face, he paced two and fro in the punnishment-room.

The sound of the rising-bell smote upon Mr. Lickham's ears like the nell of doom. He was silent, but he could not keep his teeth from chattering. And cold shivers were chasing themselves down his spine. For in another hour he was to be arranged before the assembled school and publicly flogged, and then eggspelled.

And he was innocent!

There had been a number of cat berglaries at St. Sam's recently, and suspishun had fallen upon Mr. Lickham. It had fallen upon him so hevvily that he was compleatly crushed.

Dr. Birchmall had caught him in the act of climbing through another master's bed-room window, late at night. This was a perfectly innocent action, but the Head, in his narsty, suspishus way, had chosen to regard it as proof of Mr. Lickham's guilt. Without lissening to the Form master's eggspanations he had bundled him off

"Silence!" cried the Head sternly. "I mean, dry up! That is to say, put a sock in it! How dare you applaud this guilty skoundrel? Have you taken Lickham on to your shoulders, Fossil?"

"I'm jest a-goin' to, sir," said the school porter.

"Buck up, then!"

But, before Mr. Lickham could be hoisted on to Fossil's shoulders, an eggstraordinary thing happened.

Jack Jolly of the Fourth stepped out from his place, and hurried towards the platform, carrying in his arms a dummy figger. It was an effigy of Dr. Birchermall, which had been left over from the Guy Forks sellybrations of last year.

St. Sam's looked on spellbound as Jack Jolly, motioning Mr. Lickham to stand aside, and exchanging a knowing wink with Fossil, laid the dummy figger across the porter's shoulders. Meanwhile, the Head was fuming and fretting, and clawing at his beard with impatience.

"All ready, sir!" said Mr. Swishingham. He had tumbled to Jack Jolly's little despection, and was grinning from here to here. "Shall I guide your hand, sir, for the first stroke?"

"Do!" said the Head.

And the next minnit the flogging began.

Swish, swish, swish!

"Yarooooo!" yelled Mr. Lickham, who thought it proodent to pretend that he was reseaving the strokes. "Ow! Yow! Groo! Stoppit! Chuckitt!"

The spectacle of Dr. Birchermall flogging his own effigy was so commicle that the St. Sam's fellows farly shrieked with larfter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

The Head quite misunderstood that larfter. He natcherally thought it was at the eggspense of Mr. Lickham.

"Larf away, my boys!" he chortled. "But it's no larfing matter for Lickham!" Swish! "He will remember this lesson to his dyeing day!" Swish, swish! "And he will bare the marks of it for many a day to come!" Swish, swish, swish!

Mr. Lickham continued to holler, and to wine and plead for mercy. And once he hollered in real Ernest, for he happened to get too close, and the Head caught him a fearful swipe with the birch.

"Yarooooop!" roared Mr. Lickham. And he danced up and down the platform like a dervitch.

Not until he was utterly eggshausted did the Head desist from his eggser-tions. And then Jack Jolly stelhly removed the dummy figger, which had had nearly all the stuffing knocked out of it.

"There!" panted the Head, snorting like a pair of very old bellows. "Let that be a lesson to you for life, Lickham! You will now go and pack your belongings, and shake the dust of St. Sam's from your feet! You are eggspelled in disgrace!"

Grinning all over his dille, Mr. Lickham walked out of Big Hall. And as he went he darted a greatfull glance at Jack Jolly, who had saved him from the fearful indignity of a birching.

The master of the Fourth had been publickly eggspelled; but he had no intention of shaking the dust of St. Sam's from his feet just yet!

II.

"ONE o'clock!" whispered Jack Jolly.

It was a dark and stormy night, and St. Sam's was bathed in bright moonlight. Everybody was sleeping the sleep of the just, with the eggseption of Jack Jolly & Co.—and one other.

Our heroes were crouching behind one of the old elms in the quad. Ever since midnight they had been watching and waiting, in the hope of catching the cat-berglar who had lately caused such a sensation at St. Sam's.

It seemed that their watching and waiting were in vane, and Merry, stretching his cramped limbs, suggested that they gave it up and went back to bed.

"Shush!" whispered Jack Jolly suddenly; and he seized his chum's arm and dragged him back into the shadders. "Look! There's somebody climbing up the Skool House wall!"

Merry and Bright followed Jack Jolly's glance. With baited breth, they watched a sinnister, stelhly figger, clinging to the ivy of the wall, and climbing up with the agility of a munky.

"The—the cat-berglar!" muttered Merry.

"No, it isn't; it's Dr. Birchermall!" breathed Bright.

"Same thing!" said Jack Jolly. "Dr. Birchermall and the cat-berglar are one and the same—a fact which I suspected all along. Look! He's crawling through Mr. Swishingham's bed-room window!"

The juniors watched with fassinated eyes. In the moonlight they could clearly detect the figger of their respected headmaster, who was in the



The spectacle of Dr. Birchermall flogging his own effigy was so commicle that the St. Sam's fellows farly shrieked with larfter.

act of cocking his leg over the window-sill. Another minnit, and he had vanished into Mr. Swishingham's room.

"So it's the Head who's been carrying out these cat berglaries, and he planted the blame on to poor old Lickham!" eggscclaimed Merry. "Shall we give the alarm?"

"Not yet," said Jack Jolly. "Let's wait till he comes down again, and then shadder him!"

"Good wheeze!"

Trembling from head to foot with eggitement, the juniors waited for the cat-berglar to reappear.

They didn't have to wait long. Dr. Birchermall came slowly into view, on the instalment sistem. First his legs, then his lean body, and lastly his head, emerged from the open window of Mr. Swishingham's bed-room. As he climbed down the ivy, the juniors notissed that he carried a book of some sort under his arm.

"That's Swishingham's stamp-album!" muttered Jack Jolly. "The Head has pinched his vailable collection of Brittish stamps. Some of them are worth lots of munny; they date right back to the rain of Queen Victorier!"

"My hat!"

Dr. Birchermall climbed down the ivy with the agility born of long pracktiss.

Not for nothing had he made a study of "First Steps in Crime," and "Berglary for the Beginner."

He dropped softly on to the flagstones of the quad, with a sickening thud.

"After him!" whispered Bright.

"One minnit!" said Jack Jolly. "Me and Merry will shadder him, while you go and wake a cupple of masters. We shall want proof of the old rascal's guilt, and the evidence of three juniors wouldn't be good enuff."

So Bright hurried away into the bilding. He rushed upstairs to the masters' sleeping quarters, and awoke Mr. Swishingham and Herr Guggenheimer.

"Buck up, sir!" said Bright. "If you want to recover your stamp-album there's not a second to lose."

In a state of dish-bill, the two masters pelted down the stares, with Bright close behind. On reaching the quad, they almost collided with Jack Jolly and Merry.

"Come quickly!" eggscclaimed Jack Jolly, all agog with eggitement. "We've shadderred Dr. Birchermall to his lawn. He's digging a hole in the ground to berry the plunder!"

"Grate pip!" gasped Mr. Swishingham. And he led the way to the Head's lawn.

A strange seen was being enacted in the moonlight.

Dr. Birchermall, a ghostly, sinnister figger, armed with a spade, was digging away as if for a wager. He had his back to the masters and juniors, and was blissfully unconshus of their approach.

Mr. Swishingham and Herr Guggenheimer watched him grimly. If looks could have killed, the Head would have pitched headfirst into the hole he was digging, and given up the ghost. At last Dr. Birchermall stopped digging, as his spade struck something with a metallick chink.

Dropping on to his knees, he dived his hands into the hole, and brought them up again full of munny, which he gloated over like an old miser.

At this, Herr Guggenheimer could contain himself no longer.

"My munny!" he eggscclaimed. "My German marks and fennigs, which vos stolen! Hair Birchermall, you vos a thief and a blaggard! Hock der Kaiser!"

So saying, the infuriated German master sprang upon the Head like a tiger.

Dr. Birchermall lept in the air as if he had been shot. He gave a wild shriek of alarm and terror. But his iron nerve did not desert him, even in that crysis.

"Hands off!" he cried. "Don't touch me! Don't lay so much as a finger on me! You should never interfere with a sleepwalker, or the conskwenses may prove fatal!"

"A—a sleepwalker!" gasped Herr Guggenheimer, stopping short in amazement.

Dr. Birchermall nodded.

"I'm walking in my sleep, gentlemen," he eggspained. "The strange actions which you have seen me perform are the rezzult of overstudy."

The Head did not add that the books he had overstudied were "First Steps in Crime" and "Berglary for the Beginner."

Mr. Swishingham pounced upon his stamp-album.

"Dr. Birchermall!" he cried. "You bergled this from my bed-room!"

"Did I?" mermered the Head innocently. "Well, there's no knowing what

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(Continued from page 13.)

Every fellow looked round, even great men of the Fifth who happened to be in Hall stared at Crum.

A Greyfriars fellow who smoked cigarettes was regarded as a young bouncer. A Greyfriars fellow who smoked cigars had never been heard of hitherto. In that respect, at least, Henry Christopher Crum was making history at Greyfriars.

"Yes, sir," answered Crum.

"You are a new boy here, Crum, and I am loth to deal harshly with you," said Mr. Quelch. "But you must understand clearly that, if you have formed such shocking habits you must cease them entirely at this school. No boy here is allowed to smoke. I require you to give me your word that you will never smoke again at Greyfriars."

Crum seemed to consider that.

"S'pose I don't, sir?" he asked.

Another sensation in Hall! Fellows were craning their necks now to look at the junior who answered his Form master in this style.

"What? What did you say, Crum?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"S'pose I don't, sir?"

"I refuse to suppose anything of the kind, Crum. If you refuse to give your word, or if you break it when given, I shall punish you so severely that you will remember it for a very long time."

Crum eyed him in a very curious way, with a strange gleam in his eyes. Under the steady glare of the boy's strangely magnetic eyes Mr. Quelch felt, for a moment, an odd sensation, as if his will-power was weakening under a will stronger than his own. The next moment the new junior lowered his gaze, and Mr. Quelch recovered with a start. He wondered what had so strangely affected him for that moment.

"Very well, sir," said Crum at last. "My father told me to obey all orders I got from a master, sir."

"Your father gave you very good advice, in that case," said the Remove master dryly. "I advise you to bear it in mind."

"Yes, sir," said Crum, with a touch of earnestness. "I ain't never done nothing, so far, that my father wouldn't like. He's been a good father to me, sir, and I ain't the covey to forget it. I'll do whatever you tell me, sir; and if you want me to give my word, I promise that I won't never smoke again while I'm at this 'ere school, sir."

"Very good; I shall trust you to keep that promise, Crum. If you have any tobacco about you now, place it on the table."

"Yes, sir."

All eyes were on Crum, as he turned out a packet of Turkish cigarettes and three fat Havana cigars, wrapped in silver foil. Mr. Quelch gazed at them blankly. He had taken cigarettes from Skinner and Snoop more than once, but potent Havana cigars were new and strange in the Greyfriars Remove.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "Loder, will you have those—those things destroyed when you leave Hall?"

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"Certainly, sir!" said Loder.

"You will take care to get rid of them?"

"Without fail, sir!"

Mr. Quelch left the Hall. He was more perplexed than ever by the new boy, recalling that strange moment when his very will-power had seemed to crumble under the steady stare of the dark, strong eyes. There was something strange about the new junior—something odd and bizarre, and Mr. Quelch could not understand what it was. But somehow he was now less surprised than he had been before at the incident Wingate had related to him.

Crum went on quietly with his tea.

"Dirty little beast!" said Bolsover major, who was sitting beside him.

Crum glanced at him.

"What's biting you, long-legs?" he asked.

"What! You cheeky little smoky reptile—"

"Swallow it!" said Crum. "Turn your blooming features some other way, will you? They give me a pain in the weskit."

Bolsover major gasped for breath. Never had the bully of the Remove been answered in this strain before.

"Why, you—you—" he stuttered.

"Silence there!" rapped out Loder. "Crum, you nasty little beast, I can't understand why your Form master hasn't thrashed you. But if you make a row at this table I'll set you right. Shut up!"

Crum's lips opened for a retort, but he seemed to think better of it, and closed them again. He went on with his tea, and when it was over, and the juniors went out, Loder picked up the cigars and cigarettes. He took them away to his study—to get rid of them, according to instructions. That evening his chums in the Sixth, Walker and Carne, sat with him, with the study door locked, and anyone who had been able to look into the study would have seen the three black sheep of the Sixth getting rid of Crum's cigars, in a manner of which Mr. Quelch, or the Head, would certainly not have approved.

But if Henry Christopher Crum's inside was hardened to potent nicotine, Loder & Co. were not in the same state, and later that evening Loder, Carne, and Walker were seen looking like ghosts, and obviously in deep trouble. They had got rid of Crum's cigars not wisely, but too well.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for Bunter!

"HORRID little beast!"
"Filthy toad!"

Wharton and Nugent made those remarks when they came into Study No. 1 to prep.

The two juniors had "tea'd" with Bob Cherry, and Mark Linley, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh in Study No. 13, and they did not come along to No. 1 till it was time for evening prep.

But although a considerable time had elapsed, the study was still reeking with the fumes of the cigar Crum had smoked there.

"So that's the kind of worm he is!" said Nugent. "Poof! The room smells like a tap-room."

Wharton threw the window open wide. Nugent waved a book about, to clear off the smell of tobacco.

Wharton's brows were knitted. He had felt quite kindly towards the new fellow, and had fully intended to carry out his Form master's request and keep a friendly eye on Crum. That youth's offensive reception of his kind offices

had chilled him; and now the discovery of his study reeking with smoke was something like the last straw.

"We're not going to stand this, Nugent," he said quietly. "I want to go easy with the fellow, but he's not going to make this study reek like a pub."

"No fear!" said Nugent emphatically.

Henry Crum came in as the juniors were speaking. He glanced at the open window and at the book Frank Nugent was waving in the air, and grinned sarcastically.

"Found it smoky?" he asked.

"Yes," snapped Nugent.

"Well, I ain't smoking 'ere any more," said Crum. "Old Quelch asked me to promise him not to do it any more, and I gave him my word."

"I hope you'll keep it," said Wharton dryly.

"I ain't never broke my word," he said angrily. "And I can tell you I only promised Quelch because I'd promised my father to obey a master's orders 'ere—any master's. Quelch couldn't make me if I didn't choose."

"Rot!" said Wharton tersely.

"You don't believe me?"

"Oh, don't be an ass," said the captain of the Remove. "You seem to have been allowed to do as you liked before you came here; but you won't find it like that at Greyfriars. Here you'll have to do as you're told."

"Think so?" jeered Crum. "Well, you've got it wrong, young feller-me-lad, and I'm going to do as I blinking well choose, see? If I hadn't promised Quelch I'd put on a cigar 'ere now."

"You'd get it rammed down the back of your neck if you did."

"Who'd do it?"

"I would, jolly quick!" snapped Wharton.

"You couldn't!"

Harry Wharton made a step towards the new junior. But he controlled his temper once more.

"Well, as it's not going to happen we needn't worry about that," he said. "Let it drop."

"I've said you couldn't; and I say again you couldn't," said Crum, in a deliberately taunting tone.

"That makes twice," said Wharton, with a curl of the lip. "You can say it again if you like, and then again, and keep on saying it till dorm, if it's any good to you."

And he sat down at the study table and sorted out his books.

Crum looked at him with hostile eyes. He was evidently prepared for a quarrel, and seemed rather to be seeking one; but the quiet contempt in the Greyfriars fellow's manner put him at a loss.

"Precious snob!" he said.

Wharton flushed, but did not look up from his books. Frank Nugent glared across the table at Crum.

"You smoky, shady little beast!" he exclaimed. "You'd better hold your cheeky tongue if you don't want the licking of your life. You're checking the best fighting-man in the Form, if you only knew it."

"He don't seem keen on fighting," jeered Crum.

"And do you know why that is?" asked Nugent scornfully. "It's because he could break a pasty-faced shrimp like you into little pieces if he chose to hit you. That's why."

"Oh!" ejaculated Crum, apparently surprised by this statement. It was a new view to him. "He ain't rowing with me because he thinks he could lick me. Is that it? Well, he couldn't lick one side of me, if I didn't choose to let him. Nor could any other bloke at Greyfriars."

"You brought a good opinion of yourself along with you when you came here," said Nugent.

"I know what I'm talking about," said Crum coolly. "I'm taking any amount of old buck from the masters, because I promised my father that I would. But I ain't taking any from the fellers, and don't you forget it. If you knowed more about me you'd keep a civil tongue in your 'ead."

Wharton looked up. "Nobody here is uncivil except yourself, Crum," he said. "You seem to want to make enemies in this study."

"I don't," said Crum. "I ain't got no quarrel with that bloke"—he nodded towards Nugent—"but you turned up your nose at my father, you did, and you're a snob. You think I ain't good enough for this school. Snob! That's what you are!"

Wharton breathed hard. But the fact that Crum was resenting a supposed slight to his father disarmed him. He could respect the fellow's feeling on that subject, in spite of his way of expressing it. And the fact that he could have knocked Crum out—to all appearance, at least—with one hand made him more patient. A fellow under fifteen who smoked cigars was certainly of little use in a fair fight; and there were few fellows in the Remove who could stand up to the captain of the Form with the gloves on. That there was an unsuspected hypnotic power behind Crum's dark, glinting eyes certainly did not occur to Wharton for a moment.

"Look here, Crum!" he said quietly. "You've got it wrong. I wouldn't take the trouble to explain to anyone else, but you're new here, and it won't do you any good to make enemies. You fancy that I slighted your father; and I tell you I never meant to do anything of the kind. Your father did not think so himself. He asked the Head to put you in the Remove because it was my Form."

Crum remained unconvinced. "You looked at 'im!" he said. "Well, a cat may look at a king!" said Wharton, half-laughing. "Your father didn't seem to mind."

"He's an easy-going old covey," said Crum. "You looked 'im up and down. Noticing he dropped his blooming aitches."

"Well, I couldn't help noticing that, I suppose," said Harry. "For goodness' sake, Crum, let it drop, and don't make a fool of yourself. Mr. Quelch has asked me to lend you a hand, and I'm ready to do it. Like me to put you on to prep?"

"No, I wouldn't; and 'sides, I ain't got any prep to do. Old Quelch has given me a blinking book to read instead. All about blinking Roman kings and queens and such," grunted Crum. "You can go and eat coke with your prep."

"Right-ho!" Wharton and Nugent settled down to work. Crum sat and read his book, getting his first insight into ancient history. He did not seem to find much of an entertaining nature in the lives of Roman emperors. He yawned and grunted over the book for a long time, and spoke at last.

"Look 'ere, ain't you coveys finished?"

"Not yet!" "Quelch says I'm to read this 'ere blinking book so long as you're at prep," grumbled Crum. "Buck up for goodness' sake."

"We're not lingering it out because we like it," explained Nugent. "We have a certain amount we must do."

"Get on with it, then, and let a bloke

get away from this blooming poky little 'ole you call a study."

"Oh, my hat!" A fat face, adorned by a pair of big spectacles, looked in at the doorway of Study No. 1. Billy Bunter blinked at Wharton and Nugent, and did not, for the moment, see Crum, who was sprawling in the armchair, with the table and the two juniors between him and the door.

"I say, you fellows!" began Bunter. "Hook it! Prep!" said Harry.

"Blow prep! I'm finished!" "Blow away, then, while we finish."

"I thought that fellow Crum was here," said Bunter. "I want to speak to him. I say, you fellows, what a freak! He, he, he!"

"Ring off, ass!" "And his pater!" chuckled Bunter.

"That coat! That waistcoat! Those spats! That hat! He, he, he!"

"Crum's here, you fat duffer!" growled Nugent.

"Eh?"

Bunter jumped, as Crum rose into view, and glared across the table at him, his face red with anger.

"Oh! I say!" gasped Bunter. "I—I didn't know you were there, Crum, old chap! I—I mean, I looked in for a friendly chat! I say, I wasn't speaking about you, old fellow, and not about your father, either! I—I was speaking of Nugent's father."

"What?" exclaimed Nugent.

"I—I mean, I was talking about Wharton's uncle—"

"My uncle!" ejaculated Wharton.

"I—I—I mean—don't be offended, Crum, old chap!" gasped Bunter, as Henry Christopher continued to glare. "The fact is, old fellow, I admire your father no end. First time I saw him, I recognised him as—as one of Nature's noblemen, you know. Fine old English gentleman, and all that."

"Oh, my eye!" ejaculated Crum.

"And I—I like you, old fellow," said Bunter. "I came to ask you to a spread in my study! You'll come, won't you, old bean?"

Crum came round the table. Wharton and Nugent grinned. They were aware that Henry Christopher was well supplied with money; he had been changing currency notes in the tuckshop that afternoon. Evidently Bunter was aware of it, too. There was no doubt that William George Bunter desired to make friends with the new fellow—with a business eye on the loaves and fishes. Unfortunately, it was impossible to explain away the remarks he had made before he was aware that Crum was in the study.

The new fellow reached Bunter—and gripped him by the collar. William George Bunter spun round in his grip.

"I—I say, Crum, old chap—yaroo!" roared Bunter.

Bang!

Billy Bunter's bullet head smote the study door. It smote it hard. The door did not seem damaged; but Bunter's head seemed considerably damaged, to judge by the wild roar that rang along the Remove passage.

"Yaroooh! Yoop! Whoop!"

Bang!

"Yaroooh! Help! Murder! Fire!"

roared Bunter. "I

say, old fellow—leggo, you beast! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton and Nugent.

Bunter had come there to make friends with Crum, but he did not seem to be getting on very well. It really was unfortunate, from Bunter's point of view for the new fellow was, so to speak, a Crum that had fallen from a rich man's table. But the Owl of the Remove had put his foot in it, as he often did. Obviously, he was not going to make friends with Crum now.

After the second bang of Bunter's head on the door, Crum twirled the fat junior into the passage, and reached after him with a boot.

Bunter travelled.

His wild roars died away down the Remove passage; and Study No. 1 saw no more of him. Bunter was still rubbing his head when the Remove went to their dormitory that night; and he was careful to give Henry Christopher Crum a wide berth. He had had enough of Crum.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Black Magic!

LODER of the Sixth glanced over the Remove dormitory, and scowled. Loder of the Sixth was not looking his best. Loder had got rid of Crum's cigars, in Loder's own way; and he was still feeling as if he had had a bad Channel crossing. He looked sickly, he felt sickly, and still more he felt angry and irritable, and anxious for some head upon which to pour out the vials of wrath. Nobody in the Remove being specially keen on trouble with Gerald Loder, the juniors generally avoided catching his eye. Bunter, who groaned as he sat on his bed and rubbed the spot where his head had smitten the door of Study No. 1, drew Loder's attention by that sound of woe; and the bully of the Sixth looked at him.

"What's that row about, you fat image?" he inquired graciously.

"Ow! My napper hurts!" said Bunter, blinking at Loder apprehensively. "It's been knocked! Ow! A beast banged it on a door! Wow!"

Loder paused.

With the effect of a potent cigar raking him fore and aft, as it were, he was simply yearning to "take it out" of somebody. But even Loder could hardly cane Bunter for groaning because somebody had banged his head on a door. Still, as a dutiful prefect, with a kind interest in Lower boys, he could inquire who had done the banging, and cane the banger; thus performing his duty and relieving his feelings

(Continued on next page.)



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at the same time. So that was what Loder decided upon. It really did not matter to Loder just then whom he caned, so long as he caned somebody.

"Who has been bullying you, Bunter?" he asked.

"Ow! That beast Crum."

"Crum!" Loder of the Sixth had forgotten Crum. "The new kid? Where is he? He don't seem to be here."

Crum had not yet arrived in the dormitory. All the rest of the Lower Fourth were there.

"Where is Crum, Wharton?" asked Loder.

"He hasn't come up."

"I can see that he hasn't come up, you young idiot. I asked you where he was," snapped Loder. "Don't talk like an idiot."

Wharton's eyes gleamed. He did not know what was the matter with Loder, but he knew that the bully of the Sixth was in a bad temper. But bad temper from Loder had no terrors for the captain of the Remove.

"You want to know where he was?" he asked.

"Yes, and sharp."

"In the Form-room."

Loder stared.

"In the Form-room, at this time of night?"

"Oh, no; this afternoon," answered Wharton coolly.

"What do you mean?" roared Loder. "I'm not asking you where the kid was this afternoon, but where is he now?"

"Excuse me. You asked me where he was, Loder," answered Wharton politely. "I've told you where he was. I don't know where he is."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder took a grasp on his ashplant.

"So you're making a little joke, are you?" he asked grimly. "I'm not asking for little jokes, Wharton. I—"

Loder was interrupted by the entrance of Crum. The new fellow lounged into the dormitory with his hands in his pockets, and glanced round him carelessly. Loder's attention was transferred to him. It was Crum's cigar that was making Loder feel so exceedingly uncomfortable within; and he wanted to avenge that cigar. He fixed a grim look on Crum.

"This 'ere is the dormitory, I s'pose?" asked Crum.

"This 'ere is," said Peter Todd gravely. "You s'pose right."

There was a chuckle from the Removes.

"Bloke told me it was bed-time," said Crum. "I don't usually go to bed till midnight. 'Arf-past nine! My eye! But I told father I'd do as the blooming masters told me! So 'ere goes!"

"Crum!" rapped out Loder.

"Hallo, you!" said Crum cheerily.

"Why did you not come to the dormitory with the rest of the Form?"

"Didn't want to," answered Crum.

"You have kept me waiting."

"I don't mind your waiting, old covey," said Crum. "Wait as long as you like, and welcome! Which is my blinking bed?"

"So you think you can go to bed at any time you like, Crum?" asked the prefect.

"Cert'nly," answered Crum. "I shouldn't 'ave came up now, only a bloke with a plate on his 'ead told me to." This was apparently Crum's description of a master's mortar-board. "Look 'ere," he went on, "you was jawing me at tea-time, you Loder. Don't give me any more now. I don't like it."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Skinner.

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Loder's grip tightened on his cane. He had needed some sort of an excuse for using that cane; and Crum assuredly was giving him excuse enough.

"You will take a hundred lines for being late for dorm," he said. "And I hear that you have been bullying Bunter."

"That's a lie!" said Crum.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Blinking, he! I ain't a bully, and never was!"

"Did you knock Bunter's head on a door?"

"If that fat bloke in the blinkers is named Bunter, I jolly well did. I'll do it agin, too!"

"That kind of ruffianism isn't allowed at Greyfriars," said Loder. "You will bend over that bed, Crum."

Crum eyed him warily.

"I don't want any trouble with you, or any other bloke," he said. "Can't you leave a bloke alone? I'll tell you this—I banged that fat freak's 'ead for slanging my father. I'd do it agin!"

"Your father? Do you mean that fat jackanapes who brought you to this school?" sneered Loder. "That circus man, or whatever he is!"

Crum's eyes flashed.

"That's enough!" he exclaimed.

"You shut up!"

"Shut up!" repeated Loder blankly. It was rather new for a Lower boy at Greyfriars to tell a Sixth Form prefect to shut up.

"Yes, shut up, afore there's trouble!" said Crum. "Let me alone, and I'll let you alone! Hold your cheeky tongue, and done with it!"

The Remove fellows stared at Crum. Even Billy Bunter left off rubbing his head in his amazement. Only Lord Mauleverer did not share in the general amazement. After what he had witnessed already, Lord Mauleverer was prepared for anything from Henry Crum. He had seen the captain of Greyfriars obey an order from Crum, like a fag obeying a headmaster; and he surmised that he was about to see something of the kind happen again. His lordship fixed his eyes intently on Crum.

Loder stood for some moments, as if nonplussed. He was utterly astounded by Crum's cool insolence. But if he wanted a pretext for thrashing Crum he had it now, in abundance. He gripped the ashplant almost convulsively, and started towards Young Crum.

Crum stood facing him, and his dark eyes were fixed on Loder's. There was a mocking grin on his face.

In the Remove dormitory there was a breathless silence.

Nobody there liked Loder or approved of him and his ways; but few would have blamed him for giving Crum a terrific thrashing just then. A junior who talked to a prefect as Crum had talked to Loder was asking for it. Nobody doubted that he was going to get what he had asked for.

But Loder, as he strode savagely towards the new junior, was seen to pause, as if the steady, unwinking stare of the dark, powerful eyes daunted him. He wavered and hesitated, and finally stopped: Crum, in his turn, advanced towards the bully of the Sixth.

The Removes gasped.

"I'm fed-up with you and your cheek," said Crum. "You 'ear that, Loder!"

"Yes!" said Loder meekly.

"I say, we're dreaming this, you men!" murmured Johnny Bull, in amazement. "Has Loder gone potty?"

"The pottiffulness is terrific!" said

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, in blank amazement.

"Give me that there cane!" said Crum.

Breathlessly the Removes watched. Meekly as a lamb, Gerald Loder, prefect and Sixth Form man, handed his cane over to the junior.

"Now 'old out your 'and!" said Crum.

Harry Wharton rubbed his eyes. Really, at that moment, he doubted the evidence. Loder of the Sixth was holding out his hand to be caned, as if he were a fag of the Second Form.

Whack!

"Ow!" yelled Loder.

"Now shut up, and keep shut up!" said Crum. "You 'ear me!"

"Yes!" gasped Loder.

Crum flung the cane across the dormitory. He stared round at the spell-bound Removes. They were looking at him in wonder, in amazement, almost in awe.

"Which is my blinking bed?" he demanded.

Bob Cherry pointed out Crum's bed. "Orlright! You needn't stare at a bloke!" He sat down and began to take off his boots. Then he called to the prefect. "Here, you, Loder!"

"Yes, Crum."

"Come and take my boots off."

"Yes, Crum."

It was the climax! The Removes really could not believe their eyes, as they saw the bully of the Sixth kneel meekly down, and take off Crum's boots.

"Well, this beats it!" murmured Squiff. "Is that new kid a giddy magician, or what?"

"I guess he's got me beat!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Loder must be out of his mind!" muttered Harry Wharton. "What—what in goodness' name can it mean?"

Lord Mauleverer did not speak. But his eyes were fixed on Crum's with the same intentness as before. A suspicion had been working in his lordship's mind since the episode of Crum and Wingate in the afternoon; and that suspicion was now a certainty.

Loder did not meet any of the amazed glances turned on him. In dazed silence, the juniors turned in; Loder put out the lights and left the dormitory. There was a burst of excited voices.

"Crum, what's the matter with Loder?"

Crum chuckled from his bed.

"That's telling!" he answered.

"How did you do it, Crum?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Find out!"

"Look here, Crum—" began Hazeldene.

"Shut up, and let a feller go to sleep!"

Crum evidently did not intend to explain in what mysterious way he had brought the bully of the Sixth to heel.

It was long before the Remove slept that night. Every fellow but one was puzzling over the strange happening: The exception was Lord Mauleverer, who had thought the matter out, and thought that he saw light. Bolsover major and some of his friends had planned a ragging for the new fellow in the dormitory that night; but the ragging was tacitly dropped; even Bolsover major was not keen on trouble with Crum, after what he had witnessed. No one in the Remove, of course, believed in magic; but if this was not a case of black magic, there seemed to be no accounting for it. While the Removes wondered and pondered, Crum dropped off peacefully

to sleep, and woke the echoes of the dormitory with a snore almost as powerful as William George Bunter's.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Not Taking Any!

HENRY CHRISTOPHER CRUM was a marked man in the Greyfriars Remove the next day.

Not a man in the Remove was likely to forget the incident of the dormitory.

A fellow who had ordered a Sixth Form prefect to take off his boots, and had been obeyed, was, as the Bounder expressed it, "some lad."

All the circumstances attached to Crum, and his coming to Greyfriars, would have marked him out in the Remove; but the affair of Loder put the lid on it, as it were.

Remove fellows were eager to see what might happen when Loder saw Crum the next day. Loder could not fail to be aware that he had cut a ridiculous figure in the eyes of the Lower Fourth; and could hardly fail to know that the Removites would talk about the occurrence and spread the story all over Greyfriars. Surely Loder would take the first opportunity of giving Crum the thrashing of his life. Every fellow who knew Loder felt sure of it.

And when, after breakfast, Loder was seen in the quad, with Crum in the offing, the two of them became the centre of a fixed and almost painful attention.

Loder, as he came along the path, glanced at Crum, and a perplexed frown was observed on his face.

He looked as if he were puzzled about something, as no doubt he was.

But he walked on, without speaking to Crum or giving him a second glance.

As for Henry Christopher, he took no notice of Loder at all.

"Well!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath.

"What does it mean?" muttered Nugent.

"Goodness knows!" said Wharton. "There's something jolly queer about that new kid!"

"The queerfulness is terrific!"

"Loder's letting him alone!" said Johnny Bull. "Loder let Crum cane him and bully him! Is Loder mad?"

"Must be, I should think," said the captain of the Remove. "There's something in this too deep for me."

Crum came into class that morning with the rest of the Remove. His box had arrived at Greyfriars, and he was in Etons now, and looked, more or less, like the other fellows. There was nothing special to distinguish him from the rest of the Remove, except a kind of lurking cheek and impudence in his manner.

That was unmistakable; and it had an irritating effect on some of the Remove men. Apart from that, Crum seemed a good-tempered and good-natured fellow enough, and disposed to be friendly with anyone whom he did not suspect of looking down on him or his remarkable parent. But on that topic he was extremely touchy, and disposed to take offence whether it was intended or not.

There were snobbish fellows at Greyfriars, as elsewhere; and fellows like Skinner and Snoop and their kind affected to disdain a junior who was the son of a showman; and Billy Bunter was especially shocked to know that Crum had worked for his daily bread from an early age. Work, in any shape



"Take your blinking features away, Bunter," said Crum. "They give me a pain. And you can take a jam-tart with you, you cheeky, fat worm—this 'ere one!"

And Crum slammed a jam-tart upon the Owl of the Remove's little, fat nose.

(See Chapter 12.)

or form, certainly never had appealed to Bunter.

But fellows like this were few; the greater part of Greyfriars did not care two straws about such things.

Harry Wharton, whatever might be his faults, most assuredly had no taint of snobbishness in his character; yet it was upon Wharton that Crum's resentment was chiefly fixed. He seemed to have forgotten that Bob Cherry shared in his resentment; it was, indeed, rather difficult for even a touchy and suspicious fellow to dislike the cheeky Bob. Wharton, more quiet and reserved than his cheeky chum, gave Crum a different impression. Quite without intending it, he made the showman's son feel an uncomfortable sense of inferiority, which added fuel to the fire of a fancied injury.

All the Remove were soon aware of Crum's enmity for the captain of the Form. He lost no opportunity of displaying it. Even in coming into the Form-room he shoved rudely past the captain of the Form, and grinned sneeringly and challengingly when Wharton turned to see who had shoved. Wharton, rather to the surprise of the other fellows, kept his temper.

The obvious fact that he could have knocked the rather weedy new junior half across the Form-room with one sweep of his strong arm helped him to keep his temper; a more hefty fellow would not have escaped punishment. If Crum was aware of the reason of Wharton's forbearance, he gave no sign of it. It was obvious to all the Form that he wanted to provoke Harry Wharton into a quarrel; which was surprising enough, for any fellow could see that he was nothing like a match for the captain of the Remove.

Crum did not join in the Form work. Mr. Quelch set him a special task, and,

when time permitted, gave him special attention.

Towards his Form master, at least, Crum's manner was without fault. He was respectful and attentive, and seemed anxious to learn.

Mr. Quelch was more and more mollified as he observed it.

Crum was absolutely without the necessary preparation for entering a school like Greyfriars. Most of the Form work was utterly strange to him; and to get him into shape to join the Remove in the usual classes was a special and not an easy task for the Form master. Mr. Quelch had to do the work that should have been done at a preparatory school or by a tutor before Crum came to Greyfriars; and he had to do it in addition to attending to a numerous Form—not all of them as anxious to learn as Crum seemed to be.

It was not surprising that Mr. Quelch was not pleased by such an addition to his Form.

But the Head's inexplicable decision to admit Henry Crum to Greyfriars and to place him in the Remove left Mr. Quelch no choice in the matter; and having Crum on his hands he did his best with him.

Certainly the new junior was quick and intelligent. He proved to be painstaking also, and Mr. Quelch was relieved to find his task rather less difficult than he had anticipated. Had Crum been as obtuse as Bunter, or as lazy as Skinner, the Remove master might have despaired of making anything of him. But he was neither lazy nor obtuse; and in dealing with his Form master he gave no sign of the cheeky impudence which seemed to be an inseparable part of his character in dealing with others.

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In morning break, when the school shop was opened, Crum headed for that establishment. It was already well known that the showman's son was liberally supplied with pocket-money. Old Crum was a wealthy if unusual gentleman, and young Crum seemed to be provided with all he wanted in the way of cash.

Billy Bunter blinked after him dubiously as he went into Mrs. Mumble's little shop, and—still in a dubious mood—followed him in. Bunter could not help realising that Crum had not encouraged his advances—the banging of his bullet head on a study door was a hint strong enough even for the Owl of the Remove to see.

But Billy Bunter was in his usual impecunious state, owing to the non-arrival of a postal-order that had been long expected. So he followed Crum in, and gave him a friendly fat grin.

"Beginning to feel at home here—what?" asked Bunter affably.

"More or less," answered Crum.

"Bit of a change after the show, or whatever it was—eh?"

"No business of yours!" answered Crum.

Bunter grinned.

"We don't say 'yourn' here," he remarked. "We say 'yours.'"

"Ave they turned you into a teacher?" asked Crum. "If they 'ave, you can give me lessons. If not, not! Catch on to that?"

"No offence, old chap!" said Bunter hastily.

"Not so much of your old chap!" grunted Crum.

"I'll try those tarts, if you don't mind," said Bunter, with a hungry blink at the ample supply set out before Crum.

"You won't!" said Crum grimly.

"The fact is, old chap, I want to be friends," said Bunter. "Look here, you haven't made any friends here, you know."

"Don't know that I want to," retorted Crum. "A silly lot of snobs and chumps, if you ask me!"

"I'm no snob," said Bunter. "I'm really not, old fellow. I don't look down on you because you're a low bounder."

"Eh?"

"I know you can't help it," explained Bunter genially. "Brought up as you've been, how could you? I don't blame you in the least, old fellow. Most of the fellows wouldn't touch you with a barge-pole. I'm not that sort."

Crum stared at him.

"Let's be friends, old bean," urged Bunter. "I've got a lot of influence in the Form, and I can see you through. I can help you a lot. I say, I was expecting a letter this morning—"

"Go and tell some other bloke about it," suggested Crum.

"With a postal-order in it," said Bunter unheeding. "Owing to some delay in the post it hasn't come. It leaves me in a rather difficult position. You'd hardly think it, but I'm actually short of cash at the present moment."

"You look it!" remarked Crum. "Short of the price of a cake of soap, I should say, from your 'ands!'"

William George Bunter breathed hard. The progress of his friendship with this unpleasant fellow was undoubtedly slow and difficult. He decided to take Crum's remark as a joke and gave a feeble chuckle.

"Ho, he, he!"

"Got a pain anywhere?" asked Crum.

"Eh? No."

"Then what are you making that row for?"

"Oh, really, Crum—"

"You've got a lot of friends in the school, ain't you?" asked Crum.

"Swarms!" said Bunter.

"Go and talk to some of them, then, and give me a rest."

"Look here—" roared Bunter.

"I'm looking," said Crum; "and I see a fat, ugly mug."

Bunter could not help feeling that he was not getting on. This unpleasant beast seemed absolutely deaf to the voice of the charmer. But Bunter was a stickler. Crum was, indeed, his only resource in the matter of the postal-order; that postal-order was too well known at Greyfriars to serve with any but a new boy.

"Don't be so huffy, old chap," murmured Bunter. "As I was saying, I've been disappointed about a postal-order. Now, I suppose you could hand me the half-quid, and take the postal-order when it comes. What?"

"I could," agreed Crum.

"Thanks, old chap—"

"Don't you be in a 'urry," grinned Crum. "I could—but I jolly well ain't going to!"

"Ten bob ain't much to a wealthy chap like you, Crum," urged Bunter; "and the postal-order will be here this afternoon."

"It ain't so much to me as it is to you, that's a cert," agreed Crum. "But I'm keeping it in my trouser-pocket, all the same."

"Look here, Crum—"

"Swallow it!" jeered Crum. "I ain't lending you any money, you fat fooler! Leave a bloke alone!"

William George Bunter realised at last that there was nothing doing. He fixed a scornful stare on Crum. That stare started at Crum's nose, and descended to his feet; then it travelled up again from Crum's feet to Crum's nose. This was what Bunter called looking a fellow up and down, and it was supposed to have a crushing effect. Often, however, it failed of its effect—and certainly it failed in the present instance.

"Anything wrong with your blooming eyes?" asked Crum. "What are you rolling them about like that for? Going potty?"

"You cheeky cad!" howled Bunter. "You—you unspeakable, low bounder! Don't talk to me! I'm rather particular whom I allow to speak to me."

"When they won't lend you money, you mean?" jeered Crum. "Take your blinking features away with you! They give me a pain. And you can take a jam-tart with you, you cheeky, fat worm—this 'ere one!"

And Crum slammed a jam-tart upon Bunter's fat little nose, and was about to follow it up with another, when the Owl of the Remove beat a hurried retreat. He emerged, gurgling, into the quad.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "You look jammy, Bunter!"

"Ow! Grooogh! Lend me your handkerchief, old chap!" gasped Bunter. "I'm smothered! Grooogh! I'm sticky! Lend me your hanky!"

"There's one sticking out of your own pocket, fathhead!"

"I don't want to make that all sticky."

"Oh, my hat! It doesn't matter about mine, I suppose?"

"That's it, old chap; hand it over."

Bob Cherry chuckled, and, seeming to think that it did matter about his handkerchief, he did not hand it over. Bunter dragged out his own and mopped away jam and crumbs.

"That beast Crum shoved a tart on my face," he gasped. "I'd jolly well lick him for it, only—only a gentleman can't very well lay hands on such a low

bounder. I say, Bob, old fellow, you go in and thrash him. I'll hold your jacket."

"You'll hold my jacket?" asked Bob.

"Yes, old fellow," said Bunter cagerly.

"Well, one good turn deserves another," said Bob; "I'll hold your car!"

And he did.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "Leggo, you beast! Ow, wow!"

Bunter jerked his fat ear away and fled. A little later he came on Harry Wharton and caught him by the sleeve.

"I say, Wharton, old chap—"

"Well, fatty?"

"That fellow Crum says you're a stuck-up snob, old chap."

"Does he?" said Wharton grimly.

"Yes. And a stiff-backed prig—"

"Anything else?"

"Lots and lots! You'll lick him, won't you, old chap?"

"No," said the captain of the Remove; "I'll lick you!"

"Eh? What? Tarooooop!" roared Bunter. "Leave off thumping a chap, you beast! Oh, my hat! Ow, wow, wow!"

And Bunter fled once more, leaving the captain of the Remove chuckling. Really, it was not Bunter's lucky day!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Forced to Fight!

"**N**OTHING in it!" said Skinner, shaking his head.

"The fellow seems keen," remarked Snoop.

"What's the good of that, when he couldn't lick a dinner-plate?"

Harold Skinner was turning it over in his mind.

Any fellow who was up against the captain of the Form was sure of a certain amount of sympathy and support from the amiable Skinner. Sympathy cost nothing; and support stopped short of the point of getting Skinner into trouble personally.

Naturally, it occurred to Skinner's thoughtful mind—thoughtful on such subjects—to make capital out of the new fellow's obvious dislike and hostility towards Wharton. Skinner was the fellow who made the most ruthless fun of Old Crum—his looks, his manners, his class, or want of class; his clothes, and the way he wore them; his son, and his son's cheek in butting into Greyfriars School. Nevertheless, Skinner was prepared to give Young Crum his whole-hearted sympathy, and as much support as was prudent in a row with the captain of the Remove. But, as he said to Snoop, there was nothing in it.

Crum was keen—he could not very well have been keener. His desire to quarrel with Wharton and force him into a scrap was obvious to the least observant fellow; it was so open that it was becoming rather difficult for Harry to avoid trouble. Fellows were already beginning to whisper that Wharton's hot temper had given place to cold feet; that if he had reasons for dodging a scrap with Crum, they weren't precisely the magnanimous reasons his friends made out.

Crum openly was of that opinion. He was fully persuaded that Wharton was afraid of him, and did not conceal that opinion.

Crum was undoubtedly keen; yet Crum must have known that he had simply no chance in a fistical encounter with the captain of the Remove. He was not a weakling, but his training had been far from an athletic one; and a

fellow who had been accustomed to smoke without stint at Crum's age obviously could have little stamina. He knew a little of boxing, but his skill was nothing to Wharton's.

All the Remove believed that Crum would get the fight he was asking for if he kept on asking, and that he would not by any means be happy when he got it.

It was a chance for Skinner to butt in and bring matters to a climax before the hostility had time to die a natural death, but Skinner saw nothing in it. It was not of much use to bring about a fight in which his champion would be knocked out in one or two rounds so easily that the victory would not even add anything to the victor's laurels.

"Nothing in it, Snoopy," Skinner repeated, with a yawn, as they talked the matter over in the Rag after class. "That moocher Crum is simply no good against Wharton. He may have been a great gun in Crum's Show and House of Magic—whatever the dickens that may be—but he's no good when it comes to scrapping with his Magnificence. I'd push him on like a shot if he were; but he ain't!"

"That's all you know!" said a sulky voice, as Crum's face rose into view over the high back of a big armchair.

"Hallo! Listening!" said Skinner, not at all discomposed.

"I 'eard you," scowled Crum. "And I can tell you I'll give Wharton the thrashing of his life if I can get him up to the scratch. He won't fight."

Skinner eyed him critically.

"He won't fight, because you ain't worth it," he explained. "He's rather afraid—"

"Of me!" sneered Crum.

"No; of having to attend an inquest if he hit you."

Snoop chuckled.

"You'll see, you cheeky rotter," growled Crum. "I'll bet you two to one in quids that I knock him out."

"My father isn't a showman!" sighed Skinner. "I can't afford to bet in quids. But if you think you can pull it off, I'll be your second and back you up no end. You may give Wharton a tap or two before he slaughters you—and that will be so much to the good."

And Snoop chortled.

Crum sat down in the armchair again, scowling. He knew what all the Remove thought of his chances against Wharton; and he could not have supposed himself that he was a match for the sturdy junior. But he was determined not to wait any longer. His hostility to the captain of the Form had intensified every day that he had been at Greyfriars; and perhaps he had his own reasons—reasons he certainly would not have cared to state—for expecting to get the upper hand in the encounter.

The Famous Five came into the Rag a little later, in a cheery little crowd, with several other fellows—Squiff and Toddy and Lord Mauleverer. As they stood chatting in a group by the fire, Crum rose from his chair and walked across to them.

"You, Wharton!" he snapped.

The captain of the Remove glanced at him. His promise to the Remove master to befriend the new fellow, if he could, tied Wharton's hands to a great extent, and he had a chivalrous disinclination to scrap with a fellow who was plainly not his match.

But there was a limit to his patience, and he was getting very near the limit now.

"Well?" he asked.

"I've called you a snob a good many times," jeered Crum.

SIR HILTON POPPER ON THE WARPATH!

There's a crusty old codger—Sir Hilton Popper to be precis—who lives in the vicinity of Greyfriars. And Sir Hilton Popper's weakness is looking for trouble, especially where Greyfriars boys are concerned. As a natural consequence Sir Hilton Popper finds trouble—in fact a whole pile of trouble; and the person mainly responsible for it is young Cum, the amazing new boy in the Remove!

How this comes about, and what part Cum's hypnotic powers play in it, is told, as only Frank Richards can tell a school story, in next week's issue.

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"Quite so!" agreed Wharton, unmoved. "You're welcome to your opinion. Is that all?"

Some of the juniors grinned.

"No," said Crum doggedly, "that ain't all! Now I'm calling you a coward as well."

Wharton coloured.

"The fellows here know whether I am a coward or not," he said quietly. "I don't value your opinion on the subject very much. If you're finished, shut up."

"There's a draught in this room!" said Skinner gravely. "Anybody got cold feet?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're a snob and a funk," said Crum, "and if you won't put your hands up for that, I'll pull your nose and see what that will do."

And Crum stretched out his hand towards the captain of the Remove—only to give a yelp of pain as it was knocked aside by Bob Cherry.

"Chuck that, you rotter," said Bob. "Wharton, old man, you've got to lick that cheeky cad whether you like it or not. If you don't, I jolly well will."

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent.

"The lickfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Wharton," said Hurren Janset Ram Singh. "Patience is a cracked pitcher that may go too long to the well."

Wharton glanced round, and then looked at Crum's angry, hostile face. He gave a curt nod.

"Done!" he said quietly. "I don't want trouble with the fellow, and I think I've shown that."

"You have!" grinned Skinner. "No mistake about that. You have."

"Shut up, Skinner, you cad," growled Johnny Bull.

"My dear chap, I'm only corroborating the statement of our respected Form captain—a very true statement."

Wharton took no heed of Skinner.

"If you want a scrap, Crum, I'm your man," he said. "The sooner the better—we may as well get it over. Here—after prep: nobody's likely to butt in then and stop us."

"It's a blinking go!" said Crum.

He lounged away. Lord Mauleverer's intent glance following him. His lordship had not spoken, but he had been an extremely interested spectator of the scene. He spoke now.

"Wharton, old bean. I'd like to be your second, if you'll let me, dear man."

Wharton nodded with a smile.

"Right you are, old chap, if you think you'll have energy enough left after prep."

"Oh, yaas, dear man."

"Mauly's job won't last long," grinned Bob Cherry. "I fancy the Crum bird won't want more than one round."

"Think not?" asked Mauleverer.

"Well, look at him!"

"He seems to expect to pull off a win."

"Blessed are those who don't expect!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "You don't fancy he's got a dog's chance, Mauly?"

"I fancy he thinks he has!" said Lord Mauleverer. "But I rather think he will be licked, all the same."

"What-ho!"

Lord Mauleverer walked away, with a very thoughtful expression on his noble countenance. The Famous Five dismissed the matter from their minds, and talked about more important matters. A scrap with a fellow like Henry Christopher Crum was not an affair to make much of, in the opinion of the Famous Five. But Lord Mauleverer did not dismiss the matter from his mind—and it was fortunate for the captain of the Remove that he did not!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,050.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Fair Play!

"CRUM, dear man," Lord Mauleverer tapped Henry Christopher gently on the arm, in the Remove passage.

The Remove had not finished prep yet; but Crum, who did not join in the regular prep of the Form, was lounging in the passage. Mauleverer, apparently, had left his work unfinished. That was not a new departure of his lordship's. It was quite common with him to leave work unfinished, when he started it at all.

Crum glanced at him, and nodded.

"You're Wharton's second, I'ear," he said.

"Yaas."

"You're going to see him licked."

"I hope not, dear man."

"You'll see!" grinned Crum.

"Yaas, I shall see," agreed Lord Mauleverer gently. "That's what I want to talk to you about, Crum. I'm buttin' into this matter to see a fair fight. Catch on?"

Crum gave him a rather surly look.

"Think I ain't going to fight fair?" he snapped.

"Yaas."

"You cheeky duffer—"

"I'm not the fellow to be down on any fellow for anythin'," said Lord Mauleverer. "But I rather fear they didn't teach you fair play where you came from, Crum, wherever that was. You know, as well as every other chap in the Form knows, that you've not got a dog's chance with Wharton in a fair fight—but you've forced him to scrap, and you expect to win. There's only one explanation for that."

Crum eyed him silently.

"I was knocked out by what happened between you and Wingate, when it happened," said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "But I thought it over—I'm a thinkin' chap, you know, sometimes. You played the same with Loder—and that made it clear in my mind. I've taken the trouble to make a little inquiry about Crum's Show—and Old Crum and Young Crum. See?"

Still Crum did not speak.

"I know," went on Mauleverer placidly, "why the Head let you into the school. Your pater hypnotised him."

Crum started violently.

"That's Crum's Show," said Lord Mauleverer. "Hypnotism—putting the 'fluence on people and makin' them play the goat. I've seen such shows, an' it's a horrid, weird thing. You can play the same tricks as your father, and you can do it easily. It's a gift that's likely to get you into trouble if you're not careful. You hypnotised Wingate, and you hypnotised Loder—and you're countin' on hynotising Wharton and thrashing him while he's under the influence and unable to put up a good fight if you don't choose. You don't dare to deny it."

Crum set his teeth.

"You meddling booby!" he muttered. "If I blinking well chose, I'd put the 'fluence on you and make you jump out of a winder."

Lord Mauleverer smiled placidly.

"You'd find me a tough customer," he said. "You can't hypnotise everybody, an' I believe you can't hypnotise anybody at all, unless he's taken off his guard. Anyhow, you're not goin' to play that dirty trick on Wharton. He's a friend of mine; but if he were an enemy, I'd see fair play, all the same—a weakness of mine, old bean."

"Mind you own business."

"I'm making this my bizney. You've forced Wharton into a fight, and I've no objection in the world, if it's a fair fight. But it's got to be fair. First sign I see of the 'fluence on Wharton, I'm goin' to explain to all the Remove the dirty trick you're playin', and you'll get jolly near lynched, as well as kicked out of Greyfriars when it comes to the Head, as it's bound to if it's talked about the school."

"So you're threatening me!" snapped Crum.

"Yaas."

And with that cheery reply Lord Mauleverer walked away to Study No. 1.

Crum remained standing in the Remove passage with a black cloud on his brow.

He had not taken the trouble to deny Mauleverer's accusation; he knew that

Mauly read him like a book. Indeed, it was not likely to be long before a similar explanation of the new fellow's mysterious powers occurred to others.

Mauleverer, evidently, did not intend to give him away so long as he played fair. It was not in Mauly's nature to give anybody away. He had a wonderful capacity for minding his own business.

But the fight in the Rag that evening had to be a fair fight, with no hypnotic tricks such as Crum had played on Wingate and Loder, and such as old Crum had played on the headmaster.

Henry Christopher understood that clearly.

He was still standing in the passage, with a clouded brow, when Skinner and Snoop came along and joined him.

"Right as rain, old bean?" smiled Skinner.

He winked at Snoop as he spoke.

Crum looked anything but "right as rain." He looked troubled and thoughtful and doubtful.

Skinner had no doubt that he had reflected on the difficulty of the task he had taken on, and repented of his temerity in challenging one of the best boxers in the Lower School of Greyfriars. Skinner, cunning as he was, had no suspicion of the real state of affairs.

Crum did not answer him; he seemed sunk in thought. Skinner favoured Snoop with another wink, and Sidney James Snoop giggled.

"Buck up, old bean!" said Skinner. "Feeling a bit of a draught—what? Rather too late to back out now."

Crum gave him a glare.

"Who's talking about backing out?" he growled.

"The fellows would laugh you to death, you know," grinned Skinner. "You've fairly asked for it."

"Begged for it," grinned Snoop. "Buck up!"

Crum gritted his teeth.

"I ain't backing out. I'm standing up to the best man this 'ere school can put ag'in me, and chance it. If I'm licked, I'm licked! Think I ain't never been licked afore?" He sniffed. "I ain't led a soft life like you blokes 'ere. I've roughed it—ard, sometimes. I know Wharton's going to beat me, but I'm going to 'urt him all I can."

(Continued on next page.)

TO AND FROM YOUR EDITOR.

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Address your letters: The Editor, The MAGNET Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

IN next week's bumper issue of your favourite paper you will find in place of the usual Dicky Nugent "shocker" a topping indoor game which is entitled "The Bunter Hunters!" You all know Billy's weakness for cakes; you're all familiar with his methods of snapping up a free feed. Well, these two things form the starting point of next week's Free Game. From two to six players can take part in this novel game, and I can promise you plenty of excitement. All you will need is a dice and a few counters. Buttons will serve as counters if necessary. Full particulars, rules, etc., will be found in next week's MAGNET, boys, so make certain of your copy—and your FREE game by ordering your MAGNET to-day!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,050.

A WEIRD NEW BOY!

How do you fellows like young Crum of the Remove? Isn't he the last thing in new boys? Just you wait until next week! Crum fairly makes the fur fly. Sir Hilton Popper comes into the picture, and the crusty old baronet—But there, I shall be spoiling things if I tell you too much at this stage. But rest assured, chums, next week's story by Frank Richards is well up to the standard.

THE NEW SERIAL!

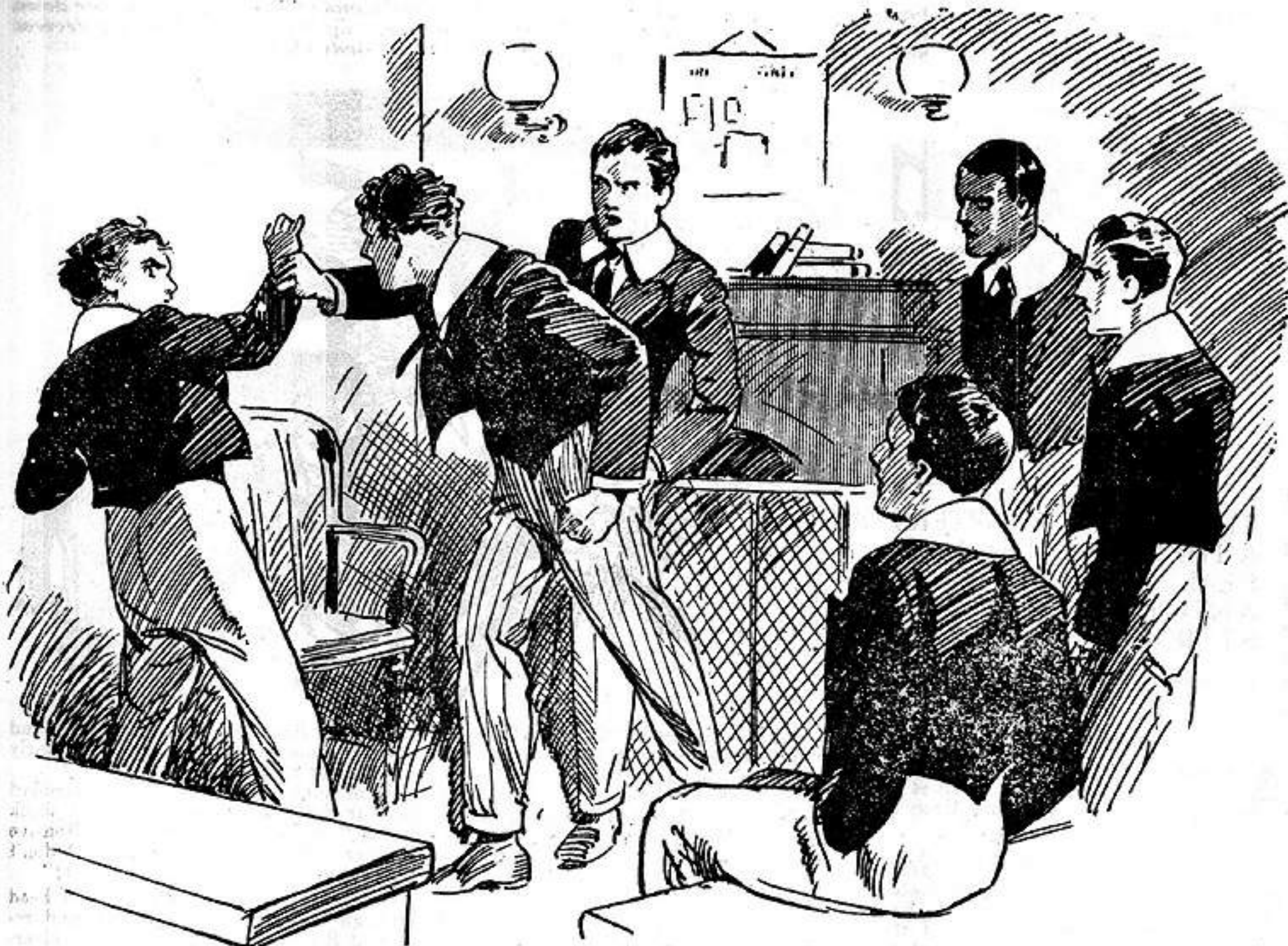
This week you have before you the opening chapters of our football story. What do you think of this new feature? Drop me a line on this subject; your opinion will be appreciated, whether it be a favourable or adverse one. By the way, talking of letters reminds me that I want to tell "M.E." whoever he

is, that he writes a jolly interesting letter. What's more, if "M.E." will only add his full name and address to his communications I shall be only too pleased to reply to him personally.

WHO EATS THE MOST?

"Loyal Reader" of Manchester is very intrigued to know whether Bunter major eats more than his minor. I don't think there's much doubt as to which member of the Bunter clan eats the most. Look at it this way. William George Bunter is in the Remove, and Removites I take it are in receipt of more money than the average fag in the Second. Bunter minor, as you know, is in the Second Form, and I don't think his Form-fellows tolerate him half as much as the Removites do William George. It follows, then, that Bunter major gets more opportunities of shifting tuck—usually other people's—than does his minor. But one of these days Sammy Bunter may be promoted to a higher Form. And then—But let the future take care of this question. "Loyal Reader" has had his question answered.

Your Editor.



"If you don't put up your 'ands, Wharton," said Crum, "I'll pull your nose, and see what that will do!" Crum stretched out his hand towards the captain of the Remove—only to give a yelp of pain as it was knocked aside by Bob Cherry. "Chuck that, you rotter!" cried Bob. (See Chapter 13.)

"Good man!" said Skinner cordially. "You've got pluck."

"Which is more'n you 'ave!" said Crum.

And there was another giggle from Snoop, in which Skinner did not join this time.

Crum walked down to the Rag.

He was waiting there, with a dogged look on his face, when Harry Wharton & Co. came in.

"I'm ready!" he rapped out.

"Same here!" said Harry.

"The samefulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Shut the door and keep out the esteemed and execrable prefects."

The door was closed, and a ring was formed. Wharton and Crum threw off their jackets and donned the gloves. Lord Mauleverer gave Crum one keen, searching look and was satisfied. He knew what that savage, dogged scowl meant—it meant that the fellow who had planned to win a fight unfairly had at least pluck enough to see it through when he was forced to play the game.

Crum had no choice. A word from Mauleverer was enough, if he made any attempt to use his strange hypnotic powers. He could still have called off the fight. Wharton would willingly have let the matter drop. But Crum had pluck; he did not think of calling it off.

"Time!"

Vernon-Smith, watch in hand, was keeping time.

The Remove fellows looked on, half-smiling, at the first round. Now that the two juniors were confronted, eye to eye, foot to foot, it was easy to see what little chance Crum had.

But he fought gamely.

For three rounds he stood up to the captain of the Remove, and his attack was so hard and determined that Wharton had to hit out, and hit hard, and Crum's punishment was pretty severe.

In the fourth round he crumpled up under a terrific uppercut, and the Bounder, grinning, began to count.

"One, two, three——"

Crum did not stir.

"Four, five, six——"

Still the new boy did not move. That uppercut had sent his senses swimming. As through a haze he saw the juniors around him; from afar, it seemed to his dazed brain, came the Bounder's monotonous voice:

"Seven, eight, nine—— Out!"

Crum sat up dizzily.

"All over," grunted Bolsover major. "What a show! What on earth was the fellow asking for it for, if this was the best he could do?"

"Goodness knows!" grinned Skinner.

Lord Mauleverer smiled. He was well aware that the fight would have ended very differently but for his intervention. But Crum had fought a fair fight, and a plucky one, and Mauly had nothing to say.

Wharton glanced at the defeated junior, hesitated, and then went to him. Crum gave him a glare as he staggered up.

"Look here, Crum," said Wharton earnestly. "we've scrapped now, and it's over. I tell you again that you were mistaken. I never meant for a minute to be disrespectful to your father. I give you my word. Now give me your paw, old bean, and let's forget all about it."

Henry Christopher Crum looked at

him for a long moment before he spoke. His face grew redder and redder.

He spoke at last.

"Father told me you was a decent chap," he said slowly. "Father knew. I tell you, I'm sorry. I meant to—to—to—never mind what, but I'm glad I was prevented—now. I never liked you, because I knowed you was a better chap than I was, and I'm sorry. If you'll shake 'ands, I'll be glad."

Wharton smiled.

"There's my fist," he said.

He shook hands with Crum. Bob Cherry helped the new junior on with his jacket. Crum went slowly to the door; but he stopped to speak to Lord Mauleverer before he went out, in a low voice unheard by the others.

"It was a fair fight," he muttered.

"Yaas."

"I've been licked."

"Yaas."

"I deserved it," said Crum.

"Yaas."

"And—and I'm glad! I ain't such a rotter as you might think," muttered Crum. "I'm glad you put a spoke in the wheel—honest!"

"I believe you, old bean," said Lord Mauleverer softly. "Forget all about it."

Crum nodded, and went out of the Rag. The fight was over, and with it ended the strange new boy's feud with the captain of the Remove.

THE END.

(There will be another magnificent long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's MAGNET, entitled: "THE SCHOOLBOY HYPNOTIST!" Don't miss it, chums, whatever you do!)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,050.

A BAD PATCH! The Storrydene boys have lost nine matches right off the reel; no wonder their supporters are down in the dumps; no wonder their chairman thinks it high time somebody gingered up the Villa. And fate decrees at this moment that "Tiny" Scannan, the man of iron, should make his bow at Bedwell Park!

The Man of IRON

by WALTER EDWARDS

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A THRILLING SERIAL STORY DEALING WITH THE UPS-AND-DOWNS OF THE STORRYDENE VILLA F.C.



One Down!

AS with some men, so with some football clubs—each strikes a "bad patch" at some time or other.

Take the case of Storrydene Villa.

The famous Midland club had started the season in fine style, winning match after match with a regularity which had speedily placed them at the top of the league table; then, when it looked as though they could do nothing wrong, they had entertained the lowly Bowland Rangers at Bedwell Park, and had gone down to the tune of five goals to nil! They had actually been outplayed and soundly trounced by a mediocre side that was perched precariously upon the bottom rung of the league ladder, a side that had not notched a single point from the opening of the season until their memorable meeting with the redoubtable Villa.

That spectacular victory over the champions created a stir throughout the football world, but nobody—least of all the Storrydene fans—was greatly perturbed about the matter.

"Our boys must have been a bit stale," was the general verdict. "Wait until Saturday and see what they do to Newcastle!"

So the fans waited, and they received a rude shock when news came through from the North to the effect that the home side was leading by two clear goals at half-time. And full time score did nothing to dissipate the gloom, for Newcastle succeeded in beating the visitors by four goals to one.

Things went from bad to worse after this unexpected reverse, and seven weeks passed without Storrydene gaining a point.

Nobody in Storrydene was in anywise elated about this unhappy state of affairs, of course, and the local Press and the club's supporters had many harsh things to say about the rot that had set in; but the person who never lost an opportunity of really "slanging" the players was Sir Aubrey Ailen, the portly, purse-proud little baronet who practically owned and controlled the club.

This gentleman, who had made a fortune out of rat poison, was something of a despot, a pompous, self-made man who

looked upon professional footballers as so much dirt beneath his elegantly-shod feet, and the fact that he made no secret of his feelings with regard to the Soccer pro did nothing to endear him to the hearts of "Hefty" Hebble, the Storrydene skipper, and the other players.

Indeed, four or five of the lads were all for open revolt, for they were getting heartily sick of Ailen's coarse insults and bullying abuse, and certain it is that there would have been serious trouble up at Bedwell Park had it not been for the soothing, level-headed influence of Hefty Hebble.

"Stick together, boys," was the big fellow's advice, when the others looked as though they were going to get out of hand. "We're a happy little family, you know, and our luck is bound to change in a week or so! As for Sir Strawberry, let the fat rotter get into the corner and bite his chin!"

The other fellows would growl and scowl as they saw the wisdom of their skipper's words, and so things went on.

Then came the home fixture against Tormouth Vale, a game that looked like a "gift"—even for Storrydene Villa. The Vale, like the Villa, had struck a bad patch, but their troubles had almost overwhelmed them when Dai Johnson, their "crack" centre-forward, had been injudicious enough to break a leg in a motor-cycle accident.

"Tormouth won't stand an earthly!" declared the Storrydene fans, brightening up at the thought of winning a match. "Our boys will be all over 'em!"

Saturday, a day of light breezes and bursts of sunshine, brought perfect Soccer conditions, but Sir Aubrey Ailen looked even less amiable than usual as he strode towards the dressing-room with the idea of giving the players their Saturday afternoon lecture. It was his invariable rule to burst in upon the lads about twenty minutes before the kick off, and it never occurred to him that his blustering tirade of threats and abuse did a great deal towards putting many a fellow clean off his game.

Hefty Hebble and his men received the portly little martinet in stony silence on the day of the Tormouth match, and Ailen snorted aggressively as he came to a standstill and glared round through his gold-rimmed monocle. Completely

bald, with flat features, beady eyes, and a waxed moustache, he looked singularly unlovely at that moment.

"I'm sure you lot will be distressed to hear that I've received a great shock to-day," he said, in his most offensive manner. "As a matter of fact, I don't know 'ow—h'm—how I've survived!"

Hefty Hebble thrust his tousled head through the neck of his jersey and regarded Sir Aubrey in that quiet, clear-eyed way, that never failed to irritate the little, portly baronet.

"Well, haven't you got anything to say?" snapped Ailen. "I mentioned that I've received a great shock to-day and—"

"Quite so, sir," nodded Hebble. "What about it?"

He guessed that Sir Aubrey was trying to be funny at their expense, and he saw no reason why he should encourage the humorist.

"What about it!" echoed Ailen, turning a dull shade of purple. "I'll tell you what about it! Caring nothing for the consequence, indifferent to the fact that the shock might prove too much for me, a man in the club came up to me and assured me that there was an outside chance of you fellows winning a match this afternoon! Think of it, Hebble! He actually said that you lot might beat Tormouth Vale! And this in spite of the fact that you've not won a match for eight or nine weeks!" He rubbed his podgy hands together and creased his flabby countenance into a mirthless kind of grin. "I tell you straight that the shock almost proved fatal!"

His grin vanished as he looked round at the hard-eyed young men who refused to share his crude joke.

"A win for the Villa would be such a novelty that I'm sure I should expire on the spot!" he said, with heavy sarcasm.

"I assure you, sir, that we shall all do our utmost to beat the Vale!"

It was Torry Carson, the fair-haired youngster who filled the centre-forward position, who made the remark, and there was something in the quietly spoken words which brought an ugly, suspicious light into the baronet's beady eyes.

"What d'you mean by that, you

cheeky young pup?" he demanded, glowering.

"Exactly what I said, sir," returned Terry, with a bright smile. "We shall certainly go out of our way to win this afternoon!"

"Huh!" snorted Sir Aubrey. "That'll be a change, I must say! Of course," he ran on, taking a step towards the smiling youngster, "if I thought you were trying to be funny because I said I should expire on the spot—"

"Oh, sir, how could you suggest such a thing?" broke in Terry Carson, in mock dismay. "Why, we would rather lose match after match than the slightest harm should come to a hair of your head! That is—I mean to say—"

But it was too late, and a mighty roar of laughter echoed through the dressing-room as Sir Aubrey ran a podgy hand over his shiny, bald pate.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Terry's put his foot in it again!"

"Is that meant for impertinence, you pup?" snorted Sir Aubrey, his well-nourished body quivering with rage and indignation.

"No, sir. I assure you—"

"Then hold your tongue!" snapped Ailen fiercely. "And you lot had better stop that cackling," he ran on, glaring at the other players, "'cause I've got something to say to you! I'm fair sick of paying you good wages week after week and getting nothing in return, and if you make a mess of things this afternoon I shall want to know all about it! I'm not keeping you lot in luxury for the fun of the thing, and I don't collect a bunch of bone-lazy football pro's as a hobby; so the best thing you can do is to pull your socks up and beat the Vale by about ten goals to nil! They're the weakest side in the league, so it ought to be a walk-over for you!"

His little eyes were snapping as he looked across at the big-limbed, well-proportioned form of Hefty Hebble.

"I hope I am not asking too much of you, gentlemen!"

"Not at all, sir," answered Hebble in his quiet, unruffled way. "Anything in the nature of an apology is wholly unnecessary!"

"Apology!" exploded Sir Aubrey. "Do I look as though I'd apologise to a lot of lazy, good-for-nothing shirkers who don't try to win matches? I tell you straight, Hebble I'm getting about fed-up with keeping you as pets, and if you don't brighten up your ideas between now and this evening I shall do something drastic! That's a fair warning, mind you, and I mean what I say!"

The door opened, and the referee popped his head into the room.

"You fellows ready?" he asked.

"Sure!" nodded Hefty Hebble. "We'll come along at once!"

"Don't forget!" warned Sir Aubrey, as the footballers trooped out of the dressing-room. "You either win handsomely this afternoon or put up with the consequences! I'm a man of my word, and I won't stand any more dilly-dallying from a lot of work-shy, feeble-minded oafs who—"

"Oh, go and bite your chin!" growled the Storrydene skipper.

"What did you say, Hebble?" fumed Sir Aubrey.

"I remarked to Grace, sir," returned Hefty, "that we might win!"

"Might win!" echoed Ailen, with a snort. "See to it that you do win, my good fellow!"

The ground appeared to be packed as the local side trailed across the cinder track, but it was a very half-hearted cheer that greeted Hefty Hebble and his warriors. Truth to tell, the Storrydene fans were getting depressed and dis-

gruntled at the Villa's long spell of ill-luck.

"Don't make any mistake to-day, boys!" roared a voice from the grandstand. "You ought to eat 'em—boots an' all!"

"Shut up, What's-name!" shouted another wag. "Do you want 'em to die of heart failure?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A crooked little smile flitted across Hefty Hebble's rugged countenance as a deluge of chaff and derision came from all parts of the ground.

"Anyone would think that we don't try—that we like losing matches!" he said, turning to Terry Carson. "Snakes alive, I shall be as sick as mud if anything comes unstuck to-day! Still, I don't see how it can—"

"Anything can happen in a footer match, old man!" declared the fair-haired youngster sagely. "You can be perfectly sure that we shall do our best to lick the Vale, and we can't possibly do more than that! I wonder what old Ailen meant by his threat?"

Hefty Hebble shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Goodness knows!" he said. "As a matter of fact, I rather doubt whether he knows himself!"

This was a shrewd surmise on the part of Hefty Hebble, for the baronet had used his threatening words without having any definite plans in mind. All he knew was that something drastic had got to be done in order to stop the rot, but the exact nature of that particular something was elusive—very much in the air.

Sir Aubrey was a good judge of a footballer, and he had grace enough to admit to himself that Hebble and the others were first-class players; but what annoyed him to a point of frenzy was the fact that such a workmanlike side should have struck a really bad patch. This meant that someone had to bear the brunt of his displeasure, so it followed as a natural sequence that it was the players themselves who came in for his splanetic outbursts of insults and abuse.

Sir Aubrey, a fat cigar between his lips, his fat hands clasped behind the tails of his morning coat, was standing on the clubhouse balcony when Hefty Hebble and the visitors' skipper tossed for choice of ends, and he muttered savagely and scowled in disgust when the coin fell, and it was seen that the luck was with Tormouth Vale.

An outburst of ironical cheering was taken up on all sides as the Villa lined up and faced the watery sun, though it would take a student of mob psychology to understand why the crowd adopted this curious attitude towards the local lads—unless, of course, there was a grain of humour in the thought that Storrydene's troubles had started even earlier than usual—before the kick-off, in that they had lost the toss!

Tilting his glossy silk hat to the back of his head, Sir Aubrey chewed upon his cigar and watched the opening stages of the game through narrowed eyes, and it looked as though he would succumb to an attack of epilepsy when, after a little under nine minutes' play, the Tormouth outside-right slammed home a cross-shot from the fringe of the penalty-area and gave his side an early lead.

"G-o-o-a-l!"

The thunderous roar that went up must have been heard all over the town, and the Tormouth Vale supporters looked like mental cases as they flung hats and sticks high into the air and embraced each other with the touching fervour of long-lost brothers.

"Vale—Vale!"

"That's the ticket, lads!"

"Well played, Bobby boy!"

As for Sir Aubrey Ailen, he was behaving like a man demented as he stood on the clubhouse balcony and shook clenched fists above his head.

"You bone-lazy scoundrels!" he shouted, his voice husky, his beady eyes protruding. "You're not trying, I tell you—you're not trying!"

This peculiar point of view seemed to amuse the crowd, and the enraged baronet showed unmistakable signs of pique as his words were received with a cataclysm of derisive merriment.

"Never mind, old son!"

"Better luck next time!"

The optimistic prediction may have been made in all good faith, but the fact remains that luck seemed to go right against the Villa from that very moment. Even Sir Aubrey must have known that they were trying desperately, straining every nerve and muscle in order to get on level terms with the visitors; yet, strive though they did, something unforeseen always happened just when it looked as though they might pierce the enemy defence.

Tight-lipped and determined, they continued to struggle desperately for the next forty-odd minutes; but they were still a goal down when a long-drawn-out note of the whistle sent them back to the dressing-room for a well-earned breather.

Payment By Result!

IT was destined that the second half of that memorable game should be even more disastrous than the first, for within three minutes of the restart the visitors' centre-forward found the net with a feeble shot that Gordon, the Storrydene custodian, ought to have saved "on his head." As it was, he slipped and stumbled at the critical moment, and the crowd ripped out a wild cheer when the ball hit his legs and rolled into the net. The goal was a "gift."

"Well played, Gordon!"

"When did you sign on for the Vale, old man?"

"Set 'em alight, Tormouth!"

Such was the disgust of the Storrydene supporters that they remained silent for the most part, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders in a hopeless manner which suggested that nothing could surprise them. But there was one individual—a mountain of a man in the front row of the grandstand—whose full-bodied, stentorian bellow made itself heard even above the general din.

"This ain't football!" he roared, standing up and shaking a leg-o'-mutton fist at Hefty Hebble. "This is daylight robbery; you're gaining money by false pretences!"

The scathing words were greeted by a deep-throated rumble of laughter.

"You've said it, old son!"

"The little 'un's quite right!"

The latter remark brought another burst of merriment from the crowd, for the "little 'un" was a burly, big-limbed gentleman who must have weighed anything up to eighteen stone. The massive head, square and close-cropped, was set upon a short, thick neck, whilst the hard-bitten countenance was as remarkable as it was unlovely. The heavy features were battered and irregular, a queer assortment of facial defects, the ears being as large as cabbage leaves, and the nose the size of a cherry. Indeed, taken all in all, the big-limbed individual was no Adonis.

Yet, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance, he gave one the impression of power, of strength, for there was

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something about the set of the enormous jaw which suggested that the big fellow made it a hard-and-fast rule to get his own way in everything.

"Put your backs into it, you lazy trash!" he shouted, as the players lined up once more. "I'd like to be behind you with a whip, by thunder!"

"That's the stuff, guv'nor!"

"Ginger 'em up!"

The gigantic fellow was scowling ferociously as he grunted and dropped back into his seat, but less than five minutes passed before he was on his feet again, shaking his fist and roaring abuse.

For Coyne, the Storrydene inside-right, had distinguished himself by missing what looked like being a certain goal. Finding himself confronted by an untenanted goalmouth, he had lost his head completely, and in lashing out in wild fashion he had sent the leather sailing high over the crossbar.

This was the last straw, and the vast crowd rose in its might, and to the sky-splitting uproar was added the stentorian bellow of the purple-faced giant in the grandstand.

"It's robbery—daylight robbery!" shouted the big fellow. "Why do you people put up with it?" he demanded hoarsely. "Why do you patronise such a club? Show a bit of spirit and get your money back! You don't call this football, do you?"

And the answer came from all parts of the enclosure:

"NO!"

Snorting fiercely, the big-limbed fellow sat down again as the players lined up for the fifth time that afternoon, and for the rest of the game he sat perfectly still, his massive shoulders hunched, his square, close-cropped head thrust forward in the manner of a giant tortoise. And he neither moved nor spoke when, on the stroke of long whistle, Gordon essayed to clear with a swinging punch and merely succeeded in deflecting the ball into his own goalmouth.

The local fans, on the other hand, gave tongue in no uncertain manner, and the packed ground was in a state bordering upon pandemonium when the worried-looking ref put the whistle to his lips and brought the game to a close.

Sitting grim-faced and statuesque, like some great, unlovely gargoyle, the giant in the grandstand thrust his massive jaw forward and stared into space, and so absorbed was he in his own thoughts that he appeared to be oblivious of the people who were squeezing past him on the way to the exits.

"Buck up, matey!" cried one jovial-looking sportsman, giving the big fellow a hearty slap on the back. "It's no good being downhearted, 'cause—Hi! 'Old on!"

But the frantic appeal came too late, for he was gripped and swung clean off his feet. He must have weighed all of fourteen stone, yet he might have been a feather-weight to judge from the effortless manner in which the other fellow was holding him at arm's-length above his bullet head.

"Perhaps this will teach you to keep your hands to yourself!" growled the latter, scowling up at his wild-eyed victim. "Take that, you cheap trash!"

He paused for a second, but for a second only; then, swaying slightly, he thrust his mighty shoulder forward and sent his fourteen-stone burden hurtling clean out of the grandstand!

"Got anything to say to that?" he demanded, turning upon the crowd that was surging round him. "Anybody else looking for trouble?" He snorted con-

temptuously as no one seemed eager to take up the challenge. "Then get out of the way!" he growled, barging forward and thrusting his way through the press.

Reaching the exit at the far end of the stand, he passed down the stone steps and made his way towards the block of offices, and so ferocious was his mien, and so ugly the red light in his little, close-set eyes, that the uniformed attendant made no attempt to impede him as he kicked open the door and strode into the red-brick building.

Coming to a standstill before an oak door marked "Sir Aubrey Ailen—Private," he rapped with a force which threatened to split the wood.

"Go away!" came a throaty voice from within. "Clear out, whoever you are!"

"Open up!" shouted the big-limbed fellow, rattling the handle. "I want to have a word with you, Ailen!"

"Go away!" came the baronet's angry bellow. "I'm not to be disturbed!"

Crash!

The thrust of a mighty shoulder sent the heavy door flying back upon its hinges, and the gigantic stranger looked anything but apologetic as he strode across the threshold and faced Sir Aubrey Ailen. The portly baronet was quivering with white-hot fury as he glared at the intruder, and strange, stuttering noises came from him in his efforts to articulate.

"What do you mean by it, you scoundrel?" he rasped at length. "How dare you break my door down and force your way into my private office? Hang it all, for two pins I'd phone through to the police and give you in charge! Do you hear that, you impudent scoundrel!"

"Sure!" answered the stranger, nodding his close-cropped head. "Still, I don't advise you to go near that telephone!"

"D-do you dare to threaten me, fellow?" stammered Ailen, his beady eyes glinting. "D-do you dare—"

"Sure!" repeated the other man. "I happen to be made that way, as you'll notice before you're much older! Sit down, Ailen!" he ran on hospitably. "I've got something to say to you!"

An anxious, uneasy expression crept into Sir Aubrey's eyes as he searched that unlovely countenance for signs of insanity, but it did not take him long to convince himself that his visitor was sane enough, even though he might become violent at any moment. Also, he found that he was interested in the stranger—and this, in spite of the fact that he wished to be alone.

"I'm busy—" he began, for it was against his principles to allow anyone to dictate to him.

"I know you are!" cut in the big fellow. "But sitting here, moping like a sick hen, isn't goin' to get you out of your mess! I'm the man you want, and I've got a proposition to put up to you!"

"I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about," said Ailen, "and I'm not in the mood to waste any more time on you! For one thing, you're not the man I want; and for another, I don't wish to hear anything about your proposition! Clear out!"

"Just a moment!" growled the stranger, sweeping books and papers aside, and perching himself upon the edge of the flat-topped desk. "I've got a whole lot to say to you, Ailen, and you're goin' to hear it! I make it a cast-iron rule to get my own way in everything, so it ain't likely that I'm goin' to break the rule for you or anyone

else! What's more," he added, "I get my own way by sheer force when gentle persuasion fails!" He showed his square teeth in a grin. "Not that I've much use for gentle persuasion when a punch will answer the same purpose!"

Sir Aubrey looked anything but joyous as he jammed his gold-rimmed monocle into position.

"Really," he said, "I don't understand what you're driving at! As I said just now, I'm very busy—"

"I know you are—wondering what you're goin' to do about the rot that's set in!" He grinned again as he saw the tell-tale light that crept into the baronet's dark eyes. "You think the Villa should have won this afternoon, but I tell you that they won't win another match until there's some discipline in the side—iron discipline! The fellows are too slack and easy-going, and they won't do any good until they're gingered up! What they want is a master—a man who'll rule 'em with a rod of iron, a man whose word is law—and it's because I'm the man you're looking for that I've come to you this afternoon!"

He straightened himself up and stretched his magnificent frame.

"I've been a man-tamer all my life, Ailen," he ran on, "and you've only got to mention my name in the Transvaal to see the Kafirs turn green about the gills! But they all come the same to me—niggers, Chinks, Dutchmen, greasers! If you gave me a gun and a whip I could rule the Congo single-handed, so it stands to reason that a bunch of professional footballers ain't goin' to give me much trouble! Ailen," he continued earnestly, "give me complete control of the team, and I'll have the Villa winning matches in less than a fortnight! I'll make these fellows play until they drop in their tracks—make 'em, I say! What I don't know about bossing blacks isn't worth knowing, and—"

"But these pro's of mine happen to be white men," put in Sir Aubrey, showing signs of interest.

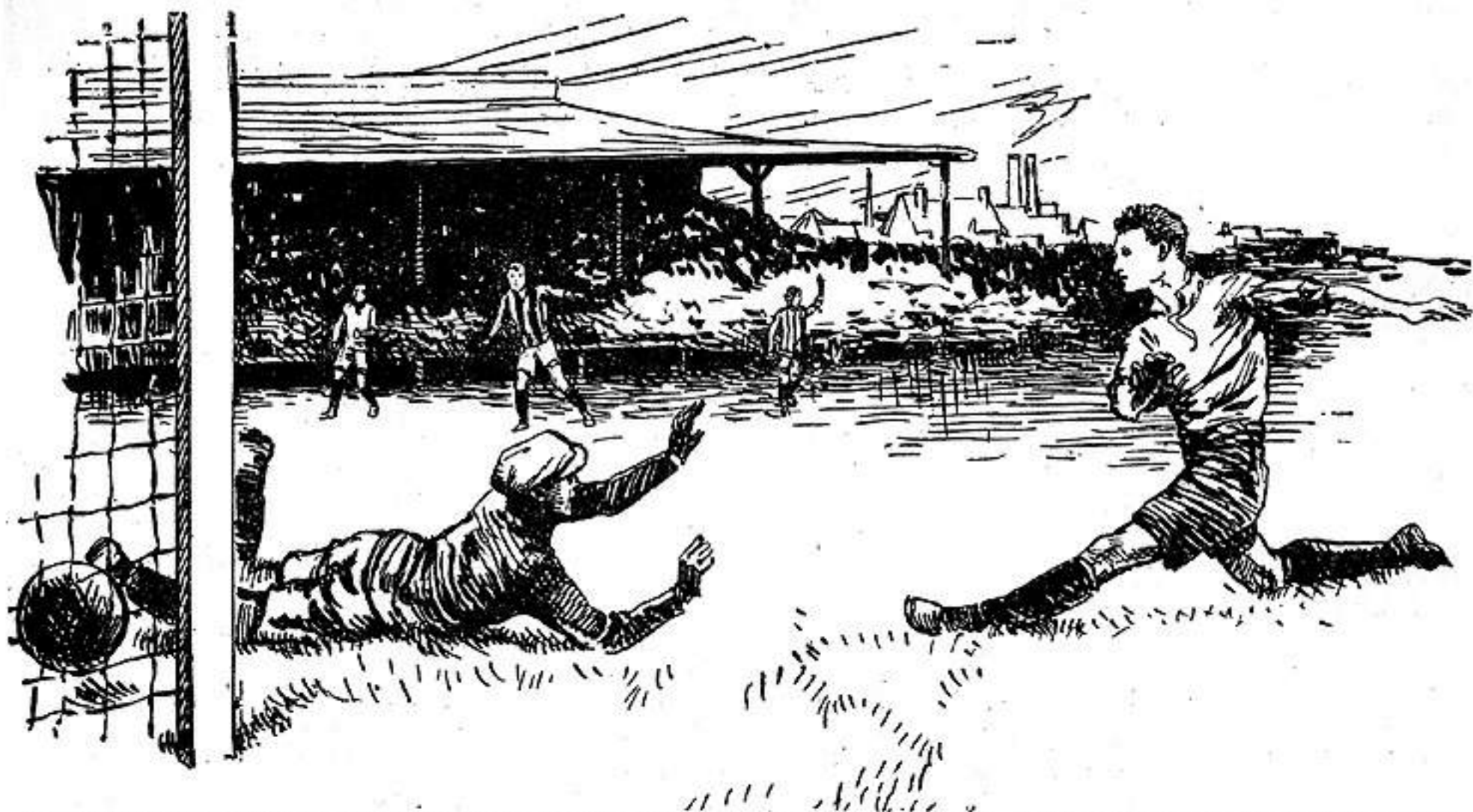
The other man gave him a contemptuous laugh.

"White men, are they?" he grunted. "From what I've seen of 'em, they don't seem to have an ounce of backbone and grit amongst the lot of 'em! What they want is a master, Ailen, and that's what they're goin' to get!"

"One moment!" he said, as Sir Aubrey was about to say something. "You're goin' to make me skipper," he announced calmly, "and we're going to come to a little private arrangement by which you pay me ten pounds a win! Each time the Villa wins a match I get ten pounds, but for a draw or a defeat I get nothing! I don't ask for wages; I just want to work on that basis—payment by results! That's a straightforward proposition, Ailen, and I reckon you ought to jump at it!"

The stranger's forceful manner had carried Sir Ailen clean off his feet, and it was with a sudden start that the baronet realised that he knew nothing about the fellow—that he had never even set eyes upon him until he had forced his way into the private office.

"Not so fast, my man," he said, waving a podgy hand—"not so fast! I'll admit that I like your idea of ruling the players with a rod of iron, and I'll go a bit further and say that you look like a person who could run the team on those lines, but you seem to forget that I know nothing whatever about you. For instance, I don't know your name."



Gordon, the Storrydene custodian, ought to have saved "on his head." As it was, he slipped and stumbled at the critical moment, and the ball rolled into the net. (See page 25.)

"Ain't one name as good as another?" asked the big fellow, twisting his heavy features into a toothy grin. "Call me Scannan, if you like—'Tiny' Scannan."

"Where do you come from?" pressed Sir Aubrey, after a long, thoughtful pause.

His visitor made a vague gesture with a large red hand.

"The world's a mighty big place!" he returned evasively. Then, changing the subject: "But what about this proposition, Ailen?" he asked.

"I should like you to remember that my name is Sir Aubrey Ailen!" reproved the portly baronet, with a return of his old pompous manner. "I would 'ave—h'm!—have you know that my employees are expected to treat me with that respect which is mine by right!"

"So I'm an employee, am I?"

"Well, I won't go so far as to say that, Scannan," answered Ailen, "but I'll admit that I'm considering the matter. Now, then, what do you know about Soccer?"

"Everything!" replied Tiny Scannan promptly. "And I'm one of the finest all-round players in the country to-day!" He swayed across the desk and stabbed the blotting-pad with a thick forefinger. "Do you think I'd want to boss the show if I didn't know the game inside-out?" he demanded almost fiercely. "Do you think I'd want to rule this tired trash if I wasn't a better man than the whole lot of 'em put together?"

He sat up and smote his massive chest with hairy fists, much in the manner of the gorilla that he so closely resembled.

"I'm a man of iron, Ailen, and it's as a man of iron that I'm goin' to carry out my job!"

"I quite understand that, my dear fellow," said Sir Aubrey, with a characteristic change of tone, "but I think you ought to know that the job isn't going to be nearly so simple as you imagine! I'll admit that you'll be handling common football pro's, but I must warn you that some of our fellows—Terry Carson and Hebble, for instance—are threatened with intelligence

and a fair measure of breeding! I—er—mean to say, you can't put them on the same level as your niggers—"

"Can't I, by thunder!" cried Tiny Scannan, slipping off his perch and towering above his well-nourished employer. "We'll dashed soon see about that, old man! Physical force counts with all men, no matter whether they're white, black, brown, or yellow, and it's physical force that's going to count in running this outfit!"

He clenched his fist and shook it above his close-cropped bullet head.

"Storrydene Villa's going to win matches, Ailen," he vowed, his sonorous voice ringing through the room, "or Tiny Scannan will want to know the reason why! And let any man oppose my will," he ran on, working himself into a passion, "and I'll crush him, smash him, break him—like that!"

And a massive cut-glass inkstand went whizzing through the air, to crash into the fireplace and shatter into a score of pieces.

The sound of breaking glass came faintly to the ears of the players in the dressing-room but Hefty Hebble and his men little guessed that the smashing of that inkstand was a portent—an omen of all the trials and troubles that were in store for them!

It was Monday morning, and Sir Aubrey Ailen, chairman of Storrydene Football Club, was seated before the flat-topped desk in his private room up at the Bedwell Park ground. The newly-created baronet was not a picture of manly beauty at any time, for his waistcoat was too rotund, and his dark eyes too small and shifty; but on this chilly morning he looked particularly unlovely. There was a tell-tale spot of colour upon the high cheekbones of his flat features, and the staccato tapping of his pudgy fingers upon the surface of the blotting-pad suggested that he was impatient as well as angry.

Gnawing at one end of his waxed moustache, he glared across at the moon-faced clock upon the wall and muttered savagely; and a wave of uncontrollable fury swept through his

portly figure as he waited for the hour of ten to strike. The austere minute hand was almost perpendicular, and the eyes of Sir Aubrey glowed dully as the moments ticked slowly away. Those forty seconds seemed like an eternity to the man at the desk, but at length the sedate, monotonous chimes began to echo through the room.

Dong—dong—dong—

"Hurry, can't you?" muttered the baronet, addressing the peevish remark to the timepiece on the wall; and his thick fingers closed tightly round the massive silver inkstand in threatening fashion.

Mockingly indifferent to Sir Aubrey's bellicose stare, the moon-faced clock struck in its usual ponderous fashion; and it had chimed several laborious notes when a snarl broke from the football magnate, and the inkstand went whizzing through the air with vicious force, sending a large quantity of best blue-black spurting in all directions, and weaving a new pattern on the expensive carpet.

Crash!

The heavy silver missile struck the target full in the face, smashing the glass into a score of pieces and smothering the dial with ink; but the clock showed commendable strength of purpose by ignoring the cowardly assault and completing its striking with irritating precision.

Dong—dong—dong!

It seemed to get the last word in, after all, and the enraged baronet half rose from his armchair and seized a thick ebony ruler.

The fighting blood of the Ailens was roused.

"Defy me, will you, you lying Swiss?" he shouted, taunting the clock with the fact that it was a minute slow. "Take that!"

The next moment the ruler flashed across the room and buried itself in the ink-stained dial!

(A great yarn this, chums—what? But you'll like it even better when you read next week's gripping instalment. You can only make certain of reading it by ordering your copy **WELL IN ADVANCE!**)

FAMOUS FOOTBALL CLUBS.

(Continued from page 2.)

them—Vincent Matthews, the centre-half, and the heaviest man in this heavy side. He bumps the scales down at thirteen stone. This season he played for the Rest in an International trial match, and if he continues to develop may get a Cap soon.

The left half-back, Harry Green, and a consistent worker, has already several Caps in his wardrobe. There are few better left half-backs in the country. He went to Sheffield from Nuneaton just after he had been married, and the change followed the introduction to his wife of a Sheffield official. "How would you like to live in Sheffield?" asked the Bramall Lane official. "I wouldn't mind," said the lady. And George Henry was duly approached and signed on.

A Veteran, But a Live Wire Still!

It is in the forward line where we find real notabilities of the United team, however, and the great personality of the side—perhaps the greatest personality in modern football. His name—you would guess it, if you knew anything about football—is "Billy" Gillespie. From his place at inside-left he organises and controls the forward work of the United. He has captained the side for years, and played for Ireland as captain for years, too. Time after time Sheffield people have said that they could manage without Gillespie—that he was getting old and that sort of

thing—but they have had to bring him back. One man can't win the Cup, but it was Billy Gillespie who did most to help Sheffield United to win the Cup in 1925.

No wonder opponents always try to stop Sheffield's left wing, for Gillespie has a flying partner in Fred Tunstall, who is high up in the list of goal-scorers season after season. You have to watch very carefully when he gets going along the wing, otherwise you wouldn't see him, and goalkeepers have to watch when he cuts in and shoots, otherwise they might get hit and knocked senseless with the ball. He is as strong as any with his left foot. From Scunthorpe and an English International.

Shooting Stars!

In the centre Harry Johnson, son of a former Sheffield United player of other days, can best be described as a live wire which sometimes gets disconnected. That means consistency is not his strongest point. But when he is in form then pity the opposing defence. Against the Wednesday in the recent Cup-tie to which I have referred he got three goals.

John Blair, the inside-right, has the distinction of being the only Scottish-born player regularly in the team. He was obtained from Tottenham Hotspur earlier in the present season. A fine, upstanding footballer of the impetuous type. To complete the team is Albert Partridge, an outside-right discovered by Colin Veitch when at Newcastle.

"COURT IN THE ACT!"

(Continued from page 15.)

a man will do when he's sleepwalking. He isn't responsible for his actions."

"But you are wide-awake now!"

"Oh, yes! I have just woke up," said the Head, rubbing his eyes and blinking around. "Dear me! To think that I pinched all this munny and stuff in my sleep and that poor old Lickham was blamed for it! I shall have to cancel his eggspulsion, and make him a hansom apology."

"You will!" said Mr. Swishingham, grimly. "If you don't we'll jolly well hand you over to justiss! I consider, Dr. Birchmell, that you are a skoundrel of the deepest dye. However, if you will give Mr. Lickham redress—"

"A new suit of clothes?" ventured the Head.

"No. A publick apology, and complete reinstatement. If you will do this, we will promise to say nothing more about the matter."

"Mum's the word!" said the Head, with a sly wink. "And I, in turn, will promise not to do any more sleepwalking!"

Thus ended the mysterious affair of the cat burglaries at St. Sam's.

THE END.

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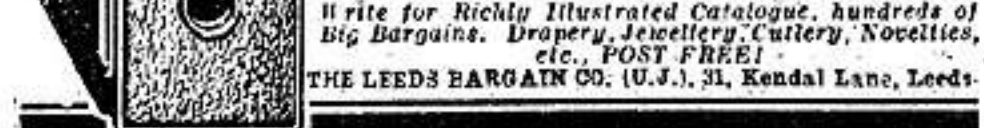
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