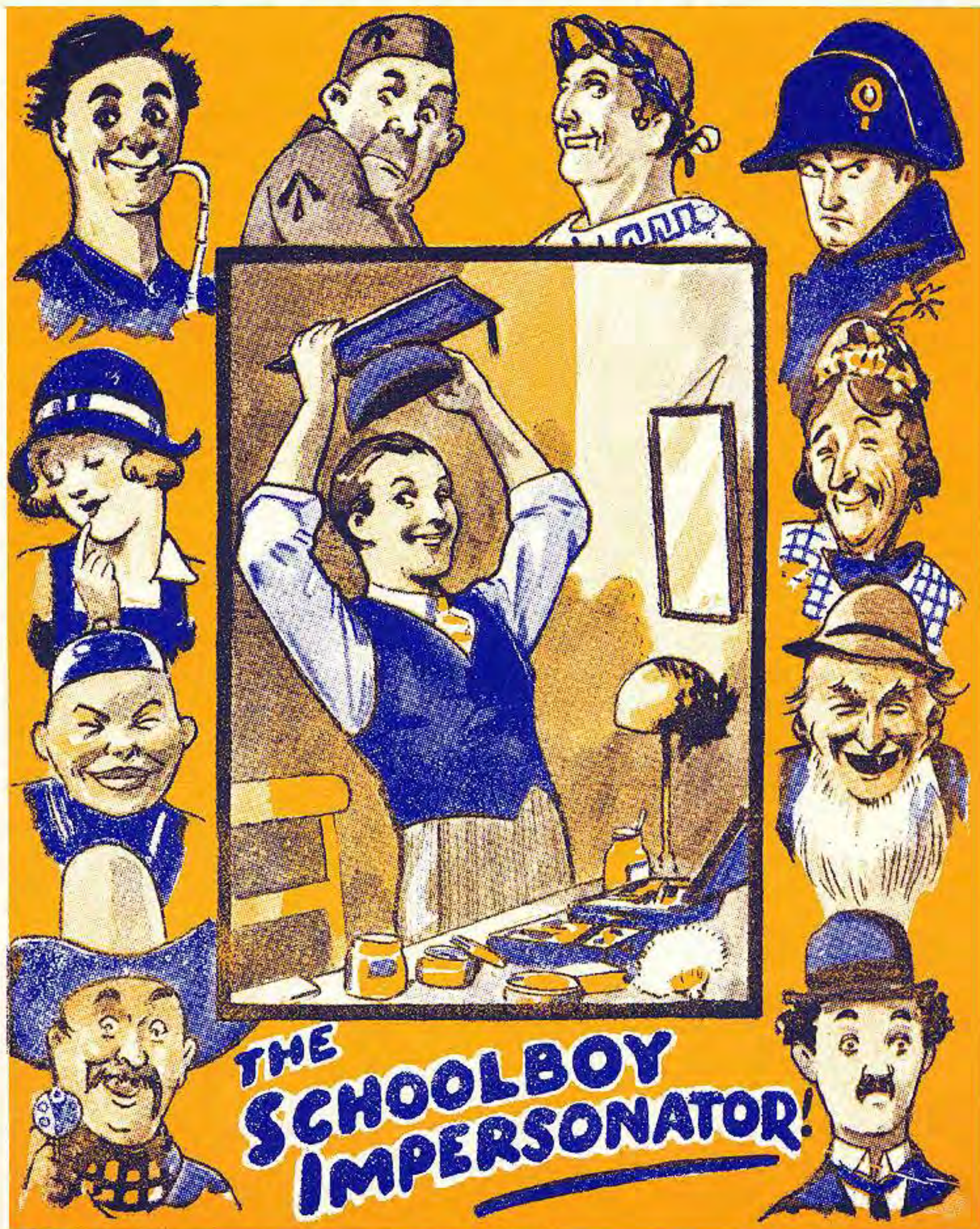


A Wonderful Story of Harry Wharton & Co. Inside!

The MAGNET²





Come Into The Office. Boys!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

WELL, chums, at long last I am able to devote a full page to this weekly feature. First of all, I must refer to our stupendous Free Gift Offer of a 32-page Atlas in full colours, in return for collecting eight coupons. For four weeks now the MAGNET and its companion papers, "Gem" and "Modern Boy," have contained these coupons; but if you have not yet started collecting them, and now wish to participate in this great free gift scheme, you can still do so by purchasing back numbers of the three papers mentioned. At the end of the scheme—which is two weeks hence—you will be instructed as to how and where to send in your eight coupons. Take my tip, chums, and don't miss this great offer. You'll treasure the Atlas when you get it, believe me!

Talk about history repeating itself! Over two thousand years ago a gentleman who rejoiced in the name of Shi Hwang-ti, and who happened to be the first Chinese emperor, built a wall. It was "some" wall, as Fisher T. Fish would say, for it ran from 200 miles east of Peking to the edge of the Gobi desert! There were 25,000 towers on it and 15,000 watch towers, and 1,000,000 slaughtered men were thrown into the foundations to make it stronger!

It was built to protect China against barbarian invaders, and now, after twenty centuries, I read that the Chinese are using the wall for the exact same purpose—to hold back the invading Japanese!

Here are some details which may interest you about

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

Three hundred thousand workmen laboured night and day for fifteen years to construct it! It is 25 ft. wide, and crosses mountains which are more than a mile high. It varies from 30 ft. to 60 ft. in height, and has a massive parapet on each side. It is, of course, one of the seven wonders of the world.

Needless to say, it would not stand up against a heavy bombardment of modern high-explosive shells, but its shelter is safer and much more comfortable than trenches. And those watch towers make excellent "spotting" positions and look-outs.

TALKING about these wars which always seem to be happening between the Chinese and the Japs, have you heard about

THE HUMAN BOMB?

The Japanese possess a courage that never takes human life into account, and a recent happening shows to what lengths they will go.

Several Japanese decided to make a break in the Chinese trench system. They got a long pole and fastened themselves to it. Then they loaded themselves and the pole with bombs and pushed out across

"No Man's Land." They reached the Chinese trenches all right, and then calmly blew themselves up!

The effect was terrific. So great was the mass of explosives that a tremendous break was caused in the Chinese trenches and the barbed wire protecting them. The Japanese soldiers poured across, and the Chinese were taken by surprise, and routed. It is one of the most amazing, cold-blooded actions which have ever taken place in the whole history of warfare.

By the way, chums, don't forget that I am still handing out pocket wallets and penknives in exchange for winning Greyfriars limericks and jokes! I haven't had much room lately to publish prize-winners' efforts in this feature of mine, but the more attempts sent in the better I shall be pleased. Here, for instance, is a joke that comes from E. Feldman, 70, Churston Avenue, Upton Manor, E.13, who will receive one of our handsome Sheffield steel penknives for it:

Peter Todd: "Listen here, Bunter. This is the fourth time I've asked for that five shillings I loaned you!"

Billy Bunter: "That's nothing, old chap! I had to ask six times before I got it out of you!"

WORTH KNOWING I

I was studying the other day a copy of the new Nestle's Free Gift Book which contains some marvellous gifts that would delight the heart of any boy. Clockwork Speed Boats, Cricket Bats and Sheath Knives are only three of the dozens of exciting things that you can get if you collect the Free Gift Coupons which are to be found in any wrapped variety of Nestle's Chocolates. If, however, you write to Nestle's (Gift Department), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8, they will send you a copy of the new Nestle's Free Gift Book and a Voucher for five free coupons.

I WAS telling you, not so very long ago, about the great strides which we can expect in the cinema industry in the next few years. We will have screens four and five times the size of the present ones. We will also have pictures in natural colour and in stereoscopic relief. Within the last week or so there has come news of

A CAMERA THAT SEES EVERYTHING!

You are familiar with the "slow-motion" camera, which takes pictures at a high speed and then slows them down for ordinary projection. But this is a super slow-motion camera. It takes no less than four thousand pictures a second! As the average speed is only sixteen pictures a second, you can realise what a

tremendous advance this is; and it will actually show how a golf ball is knocked out of shape when it is struck by a club!

In order to take pictures at this enormous speed it is necessary to produce a light of brilliant intensity, and the inventors claim that the light produced by their new circuit is equal to the concentrated light of forty thousand electric lamps of fifty watts each. This light is even brighter than the sun!

M. Downs, of Plumstead, asks me an interesting query. He wants to know which is

THE HIGHEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD.

This is the Central Railway of Peru, which runs through Ticto at a height of 16,060 ft. The trip across Peru on this railway is one of the most wonderful in the world. There are sixty tunnels, one of which is nearly two miles in length. There are sixty-one bridges and twenty-one zigzags. At a height of 16,000 ft. the atmosphere is so rarified that the trains on this run have to carry special supplies of oxygen with which to treat passengers who fall victims to "mountain sickness."

Here is a curious thing about atmospheric pressure. Do you know that if you carried a fountain-pen up a mountain to a height of 20,000 ft. the ink would be forced out? That is because the air outside would be so rarified that the air inside the pen would force out the ink in making its escape!

JACK BARKER, of Sheffield, asks whether it is difficult to become

A MEMBER OF THE M.C.C.

—otherwise the most exclusive cricket club in the world. It certainly is! And Jack hasn't much chance of achieving his ambition unless he is very much out of the ordinary. It is the custom to nominate a boy for membership of the M.C.C. a few days after he is born! Then, by the time he becomes old enough, he will have been on the waiting list long enough to become a member!

The same thing happens in the most exclusive public schools of this country. A boy is "entered" shortly after he is born—to make sure that there is room for him when he becomes old enough.

Perhaps you did not know that a similar procedure is gone through in entering horses for the Derby? These, too, are entered at their birth, and when they are old enough they are allowed to run in this classic race of the English turf.

Now for next week's programme. There's another first-rate issue in store for you next week, chums. Frank Richards "weighs in" with one of the most exciting—and most humorous—yarns he has yet written. It's entitled:

"ALL THROUGH BUNTER."

and you won't feel like putting down the MAGNET until you've read every line of it. As Fisher T. Fish would say: "It's the real goods, bo', I'll sure tell the whole world!"

Have you dropped me a line yet to tell me your opinion of "Nobby, the Shooting Star"? You know I am always anxious to learn what you think of our stories. Next week's chapters are more thrilling than ever. In addition to the foregoing, there will be a special "Boat-Race" number of the "Greyfriars Herald," another Soccer talk by "Linesman," while I shall be "in the office" as usual! Cheerio, chums!

YOUR EDITOR.

THE SCHOOLBOY IMPERSONATOR!



BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Trouble!

"**H**EM!" remarked Bob Cherry.
 "Um!" murmured Johnny
 Harry Wharton yawned.
 Bull.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh suppressed a yawn.

Four members of the famous "Co." of the Greyfriars Remove seemed to be getting tired. Which was not really surprising, as they had been waiting at the corner of the Form-room passage for a good quarter of an hour. And a quarter of an hour, on a half-holiday, and a sunny spring afternoon, was a long time to wait.

Frank Nugent knitted his brows.

"If you fellows don't want to wait you can cut!" he pointed out.

"Oh, we'll wait," yawned Bob.

"Pleased!" said Johnny Bull, with a perceptible touch of sarcasm, however.

"The waitfulness is an esteemed pleasure!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh solemnly. "But the longfulness is somewhat preposterous."

"Dickie can't be long now," muttered Nugent.

"Taking his time," remarked Wharton.

"If you don't want to wait——"

"Oh, rot! We'll wait!"

And the Famous Five waited. Frank Nugent glanced up the passage to the door of the Second Form Room, which was shut. Probably he was as bored with waiting as his comrades. At the same time, he was a little irritated by the signs of impatience that escaped them.

The chums of the Remove were waiting for Nugent minor. Four members of the Co. had not the slightest desire to wait for the scamp of the Second Form. If their eyes had never again

fallen on Dicky Nugent's cheeky countenance, they could have borne it with equanimity. But it was different with Frank. And Frank's chums fell in with his views as cheerfully as they could.

"The kid was coming out at three," remarked Bob.

"Now it's a quarter past!" observed Johnny Bull.

"He's got to finish," grunted Nugent. "You know that Twigg's down on him—down on him heavy! If he doesn't finish that rot he will get six."

Wibley, the Greyfriars amateur actor and impersonator, is up to his pranks again. But no one is more amazed at the outcome of his latest impersonation than Harry Wharton & Co. and William Wibley himself!

Bob Cherry closed one eye at his comrades as Nugent looked up the passage again. They grinned. That wink, and that grin, implied that there were four fellows present who considered that "six" from his Form master's cane might do Master Dicky some good. Unfortunately, Frank Nugent glanced round in time to catch both the wink and the grin, and his brows darkened.

"Look here, you fellows cut off!" he snapped. "You don't want Dicky this afternoon, anyhow."

"We want you, old bean!" said Wharton mildly.

"Well, I'm sticking to my minor."

"And we're sticking to you."

"The stickfulness is terrific, my esteemed Franky."

And the Famous Five continued to wait. Richard Nugent, of the Second Form, was under detention that afternoon, and his Form master, Twigg, had set him a Latin exercise. His pals in the Second, Gatty and Myers, had gone out of gates long ago.

The Famous Five were going up the river in a boat, and Frank had suggested waiting for Dicky and taking him along—apparently as a sort of consolation prize for his detention! Politely, though without enthusiasm, the Co. had assented. Now they were waiting. But Master Dicky, instead of being out at three, had not come out yet; and they had a strong suspicion that he was slacking and dawdling, instead of getting his work done.

It was no end of an honour and a distinction for a Second Form fag to be taken out by a party of Remove men. But Dicky was just the fellow to keep them waiting—from sheer carelessness, or even to let them see that he didn't think so much of them as they thought of themselves. Anyhow, he was keeping them waiting!

"Cut along and tell him we're here," suggested Bob Cherry, at last. "The coast's clear."

It was strictly against the rules to speak to any fellow under detention. It meant trouble if a beak came along. But the chums of the Remove were fed-up with waiting for Master Dicky. Really, their time was of some value.

"Well, he knows we're waiting," said Frank. "I told him we'd be ready for him at three. He said he would be out by then."

"Oh, blow!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"The blowfulness is terrific."

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"I've said that you needn't wait if you don't want to," snapped Frank.

"Rats! I'll cut along and give the young ass the tip—" began Harry Wharton.

"Hold on!" murmured Bob, at the sound of a footstep. "'Ware beaks! Twigg's coming!"

A short, plump gentleman appeared in the office.

Mr. Twigg, the master of the Second Form, came round the corner. He glanced at the group of Removees rather expressively, no doubt wondering what they were hanging about the Form-rooms for on a half-holiday. However, he did not speak to them, but passed on, and went into the Second Form Room.

"Now we shan't be long!" murmured Bob. "Twigg will let him loose."

Mr. Twigg had left the Form-room door half-open when he went in. The juniors watched it, hoping to see Nugent minor emerge. But the detained fag did not emerge. They heard the murmur of a voice, without catching the words; but they knew that it was Twigg's voice, in angry tones.

Frank's lips set.

"He's ragging Dicky!" he muttered. "The brute! He never gives the kid a chance! Rotten tyrant!"

To which Frank's chums made no rejoinder. They were perfectly well aware that Mr. Twigg was neither a brute nor a tyrant. Often and often he was "down" on Master Dicky; but Frank was the only fellow at Greyfriars who could not see that Dicky asked for it—or rather, begged for it. But it was futile to argue the point with Dicky's major, and the juniors said nothing.

Frank gave a sudden start.

"What—" he ejaculated.

From the open door of the Second Form Room came the sound of a swishing cane. It was accompanied by a loud yell.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob.

"The brute!" breathed Nugent.

Master Dicky, evidently, was getting the cane! That Mr. Twigg would be caning him without due cause was quite unimaginable by four members of the Co. More likely than not, he had left his detention task undone, or offended in some other way. But Frank Nugent clenched his hands, and his eyes gleamed. Frank did not exactly think that his young brother could do no wrong, but certainly he often acted as if he thought so.

Swish! Yell!

"That's two!" breathed Nugent.

"The rotter! He shan't ill-use my minor! I'll jolly well go—"

Harry Wharton caught him by the arm as he was starting up the passage. He was quite alarmed.

"You ass!" he gasped. "Hold on! Are you thinking of arguing with a beak?"

"Let go!"

"Rot! Stick here, you fathead!"

Swish! came again, followed by another yell; and it was clear that Twigg was laying it on hard. And then came a fourth swipe, and a regular bellow from Master Dicky.

It was too much for Frank Nugent. He tore his arm free from Wharton's grasp with a sudden wrench, and darted up the passage.

"Stop!" panted Wharton.

"Stop, you ass!" roared Johnny Bull.

The four rushed in alarmed pursuit. But they had no chance of stopping Nugent now. He rushed headlong into the Form-room, and they halted outside the door, utterly dismayed.

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Asking for It!

"STOP it!"

Frank Nugent panted out the words as he burst into the Second Form Room.

In that room, Dicky Nugent was bending over a form. Mr. Twigg's cane was lifted for another swipe.

But that swipe did not fall.

Mr. Twigg jumped almost clear of the floor in his excitement as Frank's panting voice fell on his ears, and he spun round towards Nugent, rather like a plump humming-top. Dicky, equally amazed, twisted round and stared at his brother, his eyes almost starting from his head.

"Wha-a-a-at?" ejaculated Mr. Twigg, in a gasping voice.

He stared at Nugent.

The Second Form master seemed as if he could not believe his ears. Indeed, he hardly could.

"Did—did—did you speak, Nugent?" he gasped. He gasped and stammered: "Did—did you say—did you say—s-s-s-stop it?"

Frank panted. In his angry excitement and indignation, he had not realised the audacity of his intervention. But he realised it now, under the amazed stare of the Form master. Still, he was not sorry. The castigation of Nugent minor had stopped, at any rate. And Dicky's painful wriggling showed that he was hurt. Twigg had certainly been laying it on unusually hard.

For a long, long moment the amazed Twigg stared at Nugent major. Then he laid down the cane quietly, his lips tightening. He turned to the fag.

"Nugent minor, you will complete your task before you leave the Form-room," he said, in a very quiet voice.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Dicky, looking thoroughly scared.

Twigg stepped across to Nugent.

"You, Nugent major, I shall take to your Form master!" he said. "Come with me!"

He dropped a hand on Nugent's shoulder, as if he half-expected the junior to bolt. But Nugent was not thinking of bolting. What he had done, he had done—and he had to face the music. He was ready to face it.

Mr. Twigg marched him out into the passage. There they passed the dismayed Co. Frank did not look at them as he passed. With Twigg's hand on his shoulder, he disappeared down the passage. Harry Wharton drew a deep breath when they were gone.

"Well, my hat!" he breathed.

"The utter idiot!" said Johnny Bull.

"Twigg's taking him to Quelch. If he took him to the Head, it would very likely be the sack."

Harry Wharton looked into the Form-room. Dicky Nugent was standing there, looking as dismayed as Frank's chums. He was wriggling from his whopping; but for once the scamp of the Second was thinking more of his brother than of himself.

"What was Twigg whopping you for, Dicky?" asked the captain of the Remove quietly.

"He's a rotten brute!" growled Dicky. "Just because I was drawing pictures instead of swotting at that putrid Latin."

"While we were waiting for you?" said Harry.

"Eh? Oh, I forgot you!"

Wharton made no reply to that. He glanced at the fag's desk, and spotted the "picture" that Dicky had been drawing instead of swotting at his task. He was not surprised to see that it was a caricature of Mr. Twigg.

That member of Dr. Locke's staff was

represented as an extremely fat gentleman, barrel-like in figure, brandishing a cane. Mr. Twigg was plump, and with the progress of years he grew plumper, and it was well known that he did not like allusions to his plumpness.

Dicky had depicted him as being twice as fat as Billy Bunter of the Remove. Richard Nugent was no artist, and there was no resemblance whatever to his Form master in the "drawing." But Dicky, who had no doubt intended to display that picture later among his pals of the Second, scrawled over it:

"THIS IS SILLY OLD TWIGG!"

Really, it was no wonder that Mr. Twigg had been wrathful. If ever a young rascal had asked for "six," Dicky Nugent had.

"You young sweep!" said Harry. "You've got your brother into a fearful row with your cheeky nonsense!"

"What did Frank butt in for?" asked Dicky. "I say, he might get barked for cheeking a beak like that! What a silly ass!"

Wharton left the Form-room without answering. He was assailed by a temptation to pick up Mr. Twigg's cane and complete the six that Nugent's intervention had interrupted. However, that would have done no good, and he was deeply anxious about his chum. In silence the chums of the Remove followed Mr. Twigg, at a respectful distance, and from the corner of Masters' Passage watched him enter Mr. Quelch's study with Nugent. There they waited, in dismal apprehension of what was to follow.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was busy that afternoon. It was a holiday for the Remove master, as well as for the Remove, and Quelch was enjoying it in his own way. There were black-letter manuscripts on the table, and Mr. Quelch was poring over them with keen attention—apparently finding some satisfaction in the crabbed characters and barbarous Latin of the Middle Ages. He forgot them, however, as he noted the look of concentrated anger on the face of his colleague, and rose to his feet, a little startled.

"What is it, Mr. Twigg?" he asked.

"This boy, sir—this boy, Nugent—" Twigg's voice trembled with anger. "This boy of your Form, sir, has ventured—has dared—to intervene between me and a boy in my Form whom I was punishing."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"I have brought him to you, sir, as his Form master!" said Twigg. "Had I taken him to the headmaster, sir, I have no doubt that he would be expelled from Greyfriars! It is due to my respect for you, personally, sir, that I place the matter in your hands."

"I am obliged to you, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "I can scarcely credit that any boy of my Form can have been guilty of such audacity. It passes my comprehension. Nugent, what does this mean?"

"Mr. Twigg was caning my brother, sir," mumbled Nugent, his face crimson. "I—I—I—"

"You intervened?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch blankly.

"I did, sir! Dicky—"

"That is enough! You need say no more!"

"But, sir, he—"

"Silence! Mr. Twigg, you may safely leave this matter in my hands. I think I can answer for it, sir, that this boy will never again be guilty of such audacious conduct. In such an event, sir, I shall myself request Dr. Locke to expel him from the school. Nugent, bend over that chair."

"I leave the matter in your hands, sir,

with complete confidence!" said Mr. Twigg, with dignity, and he walked out of the study.

The sound of swishing followed him. It reached the ears of the anxious and unhappy quartette at the corner of Masters' Passage. The whopping Nugent minor had received was severe, but it was as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine, compared with the whopping that the Remove master administered to Nugent major. Six hefty strokes rang from Mr. Quelch's study like so many pistol-shots. But Frank did not yell under the infliction like Dicky. He set his lips and his teeth and uttered no sound.

"Nugent"—the junior rose, with a white face—"you are gated for the remaining half-holidays of this term. You

at that moment was angry and indignant resentment.

His chums sympathised; but as they could not help feeling that he was utterly and hopelessly in the wrong, it was rather difficult to know what to say. His punishment was heavy, but Twigg had really let him off lightly, and so had Quelch. A fellow might have been sacked for what Frank had done.

There was hardly anybody in the quad. Most fellows were out of gates that glorious spring afternoon. But a fat youth, whose podgy face was adorned by a big pair of spectacles, was loafing about with a disconsolate air. Billy Bunter was at a loose end that afternoon.

Nobody seemed to be frightfully keen on Bunter's company on a half-holiday,

walked on without even telling Bunter not to bother or worry.

Bunter grabbed at Johnny Bull's sleeve.

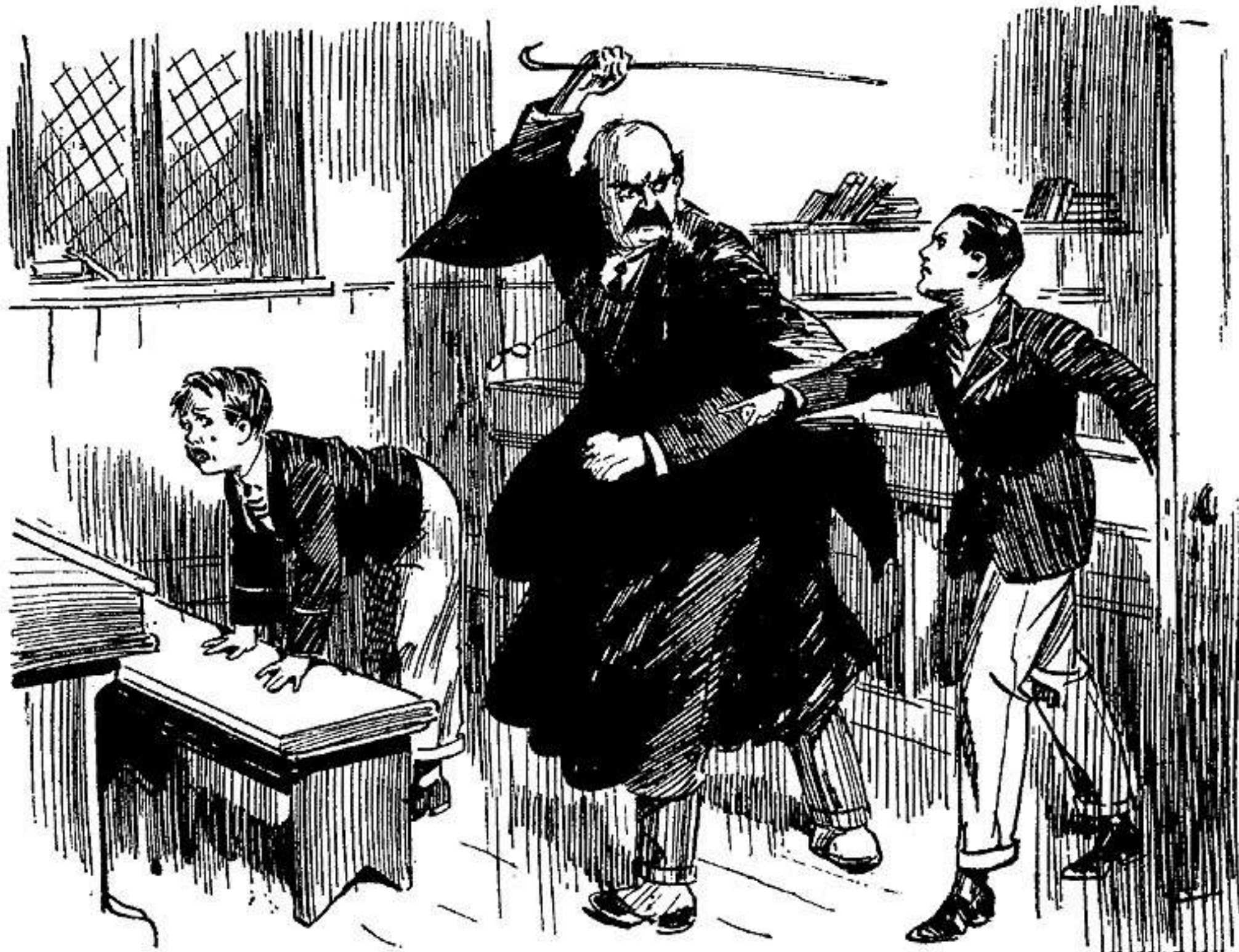
"I say, old fellow—"

"Leggo, ass!" grunted Johnny.

"But, I say, what's up?" asked Bunter. "What are you all looking like a lot of moulting owls for?" It had dawned on Bunter that something was amiss now. "Don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you, you beast."

"Oh, dry up!" said Johnny Bull, jerking at his sleeve. But the fat Owl held on.

"I say, I've been looking for you fellows!" said Bunter. "I've been disappointed about a postal order, old chap. I believe I mentioned to you that I was expecting a postal order, didn't I?"



"Stop it!" Frank Nugent panted out the words as he burst into the Second Form Room, where Dicky Nugent was bending over a form in front of Mr. Twigg, who was just lifting his cane to swipe. The Form master spun round like a plump humming-top as Nugent's panting voice fell on his ears.

will write five hundred lines of Virgil, which I shall expect by Saturday. Leave my study!"

Without a word the junior went.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

High Words!

HARRY WHARTON slipped his arm through Nugent's in silence, as he came down the passage, and led him away. They went out into the sunny quad, and the other fellows followed in glum silence.

Nugent's face was white and set. He was a sturdy fellow, but he was the least hardy member of the Co., and he felt that hefty six severely. But it was clear from his face that his strongest feeling

and he had not, so far, succeeded in inflicting himself on anybody. But his fat face brightened as he spotted the Famous Five coming out of the House. He rolled up to them—unaware that anything was amiss. Even the short-sighted Owl of the Remove might have noticed Nugent's face. But Bunter's thoughts, as usual, were concentrated on his fat and fatuous self.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Don't bother!" said Harry Wharton briefly, and he walked on with Nugent.

Billy Bunter blinked after him through his big spectacles. Then he turned his spectacles on the other members of the Co.

"I say, Bob, old chap—"

"Don't worry!" Bob walked on.

"Well, my hat!" said Bunter. "I say, Inky—" But the Nabob of Bhanipur

"Oh, rats! Hook it!" grunted Johnny Bull. He was in no mood to hear about Billy Bunter's celebrated postal order.

"Oh, really, Bull! Look here! What's up?" asked Bunter.

"Nugent's had six! Now buzz off, and don't worry!"

"He, he, he!"

Johnny Bull glared at the fat junior. Bunter apparently found something amusing in the circumstance that Nugent had had "six." He chuckled.

"You sniggering sweep—" began Johnny Bull, in wrath.

"He, he, he! I thought he looked rather doubled up," said Bunter cheerfully. "What a fuss to make about six! You fellows seem to be made of putty. He, he, he! What you fellows need is a little pluck."

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"You fat chump!"

"Well, you wouldn't see me making a fuss about six," said Billy Bunter disdainfully. "Loder gave me six the other day, and I laughed—just laughed. I said, 'Pooh, you can't whop, Loder!' Just like that!"

"You wouldn't make a fuss if you had six?"

"No jolly fear! I'd like you to see me taking six! It would be a lesson to you soft chaps," said Bunter. "I shouldn't turn a hair. I should—Wharrer you up to? Leggo! Oh, my hat! Whooop!"

Johnny Bull grasped the fat Owl with both hands, and jerked him over on his knees. Then his hand rose and fell with a mighty smack. That smack landed on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars, and it was followed by a howl that rang from one end of the quad to the other.

"Yaroooooh!"

Smack!

"Yooop! Stoppit!" shrieked Bunter. "Have you gone batty? Whooop! Leggo! Wharrer you up to, you beast?"

"Seeing how you take six," answered Johnny. "That's two! Keep where you are till you've had the six!"

"Whooop!"

Bunter did not keep where he was. Apparently he no longer had any desire to show soft chaps how he could take six. He fairly bounded away like a very fat, but very active kangaroo.

"Hold on!" roared Johnny Bull. "You haven't had six!"

"Beast!"

Bunter's howl floated back as he headed for the House at about sixty miles per hour. Obviously he didn't want Johnny to finish the six.

Johnny Bull grinned, and rejoined his chums, who had come to a halt

under the elms. Nugent was leaning on a tree, silent, his face very pale, and the other fellows waited in dismal silence also. Nugent spoke at last.

"I dare say you heard what Quelch said. I'm gated. No need for you fellows to stay in. You'd better get out."

"We'll stay in if you like, old chap," said Bob Cherry, with rather an effort.

"What's the good? Get down to the river."

"Well, I suppose it wouldn't be any good sticking in gates," said Bob. "It's rotten, old chap!"

"The rotten brute!" muttered Nugent, between his teeth.

"Quelch hadn't much choice in the matter, old fellow," said Wharton mildly.

"I'm not speaking of Quelch. He couldn't have done anything else. But that rotten tyrant Twigg—"

The juniors were silent and uncomfortable. Nugent gave them a flashing glance. He could read their thoughts, if they did not utter them. A bitter look came over his pale face.

"Of course, you think that Dicky deserved to be beaten like a dog!" he snapped. "You would!"

"He never got half the licking you got," said Harry Wharton quietly. "And if you knew why— Look here, Frank, he had a cheeky caricature of Twigg on his desk, and Twigg found him at that, not at his job."

"Oh, I dare say the brute had some excuse!" sneered Frank. "They always have some excuse if they want to pitch into a fellow."

There was really no reply to be made to that. If it was to be taken for granted that the most impudent young rascal in the Second Form was incapable of a fault, there was nothing for Frank's chums to say.

"Well, shall we get going?" asked Bob, after a rather uncomfortable silence. "No good wasting the afternoon."

"Dicky can't be long now," said Nugent.

His comrades looked at him. It appeared that Frank regarded the arrangement to take Dicky on the river as still holding good. The Remove fellows, it seemed, were still to hang about idly, waiting for that independent young gentleman till he was pleased to join up. Patience with a chum was all very well; but there was a limit. Johnny Bull gave a snort.

"The whole trouble's that young sweep's fault!" he exclaimed. "He jolly well deserved what Twigg gave him, and more. And if he comes near me this afternoon, I'll jolly well kick him!"

"My esteemed Johnny—" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Cheese it, old man!" muttered Bob.

Another snort from Johnny Bull. "What's the good of beating about the bush?" he grunted. "You fellows think just the same as I do."

"Speech is silvery, my esteemed and idiotic Johnny, but silence is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Nugent's face had set hard. "I don't want to bother you fellows with my minor, if you don't want him," he said, in a hard voice. "Wash it out."

He turned and walked away towards the House.

"Frank!" called out Wharton.

Nugent quickened his pace, and walked on without replying or looking back.

"Oh lor'!" groaned Bob. "Now Franky's back's up."

"The backupfulness is preposterous," sighed the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Let's go back to the Second Form Room," suggested Johnny Bull.

"What on earth for?"

"To kick that young scoundrel Dicky!"

"Fathead! Let's get out!" said Harry. "I don't think I could stand Dicky this afternoon. But—but— Well, old Franky's tempers never last long. Let's get on the river."

And the four juniors walked down to the Sark, rather worried about their chum, but undoubtedly relieved to have done with his minor. It was just as well that they waited no longer for Dicky, for that cheery young gentleman, released at last from detention, found that Paget of the Third was going out to fly a kite, and went with him, forgetful of the existence of the great men of the Remove. Harry Wharton & Co. ran their boat out, and pulled up the river past Popper's Island. And the bright sunshine, the keen March wind, and the healthy exercise soon banished the clouds of trouble from their faces.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Helping Wibley!

WILLIAM WIBLEY of the Remove opened the door of his study, and stared out into the passage with a rather irritated stare. The Remove passage was deserted, as he might have expected on a sunny half-holiday. Wibley grunted. He looked this way, and he looked that way, like Moses of old; but he had no better luck than Moses, for he saw no man.

"Br-r-r!" grunted Wibley. Apparently he wanted somebody. There are many ways of enjoying

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half-holiday, but Wib's way was unique at Greyfriars. Some fellows were on the river, some in the lanes or the woods, some on the playing-fields. Skinner & Co. were smoking surreptitious cigarettes behind the woodshed.

Billy Bunter was blinking at the tuck-shop window, devouring with his eyes the good things that he could not devour with his capacious jaws, owing to a disappointment about a postal order.

Dupont, the French junior, was making delicious omelets in his study, having a turn for cooking. Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, was walking in the quad with his minor, Hop Hi of the Second Form, talking in a language which other fellows likened to the cracking of nuts, and other fellows were variously occupied in their own various ways.

But none of their ways was Wibley's way. Wibley, who was prime mover and leading spirit in the Remove Dramatic Society, lived and moved and had his being in amateur theatricals. And he was in Study No. 6 in the Remove, revelling in costumes, make-up, wigs and beards and moustaches—and he had the revels all to himself. Nobody else was keen enough on theatricals to spend a sunny half-holiday indoors on their account.

Wibley, as he looked out of the door of his study, was hardly recognisable as himself. His rather lanky figure looked the same as usual; but his head was adorned by an artificial scalp with a bald spot, which fitted closely over his close-cropped hair, and gave him a weirdly middle-age look. His rather thin nose was made up to look like a fat one, and his mouth was half-hidden by a draggling moustache like Mr. Twigg's. Any fellow coming up the passage might have jumped at the sight of William Wibley. And a fellow who came up the Remove staircase, as Wib stared out of his doorway, did jump. The fellow was Frank Nugent, loafing about rather dismally with nothing to do. The effect of Mr. Quelch's six had rather worn off; but Nugent was not feeling bright.

He was gated, and nearly everybody else was out of gates. His thoughts followed his chums up the shining river. He had looked for his minor, but found that Dicky had gone out. He could have found occupation in getting on with the heavy imposition Quelch had given him, but he was not disposed to do that. He was coming up to his study to look for a book, when he caught sight of Wibley, and jumped. A man's head on a school-boy's body was rather startling to catch sight of suddenly.

"What the—who the——" ejaculated Nugent, forgetting his troubles for the moment in his astonishment.

William Wibley grinned as he caught sight of him, and his astonished stare. "Only little me!" he answered.

"Oh! Wibley, you ass!" exclaimed Nugent, recognising the voice, if not the face.

"Come along!" called out Wibley. "Desmond and Morgan have gone out, though I told them I should want one of them. You'll do!"

Frank Nugent came up the Remove passage. He was not specially keen on Wibley's company, and not in the least in a mood for amateur theatricals. But he was rather tired of his own company. Wibley stepped back into Study No. 6, and Frank followed him in.

The study was littered with all sorts of theatrical "props," sorted out of the property box Wibley kept under the window. Wibley, as president of the Remove Dramatic Society, had official charge of the "props."

"What's the game?" asked Frank,

without much interest, seating himself on a corner of the study table.

"Fathead!" yelled Wibley, in alarm. "Don't sit on my nose!"

"On your what?" gasped Nugent. "I'm sitting on the table, you potty ass!"

"You're sitting on my nose, you howling fathead!" yelled Wibley; and he dragged Frank off so suddenly that Nugent bumped on the floor. Then Wibley grabbed up a cardboard nose from the table, on which Frank had inadvertently sat. He glared at that nose! It had not been improved in shape by being sat upon.

"You clumsy ass!" growled Wibley. "I gave two-and-six for that nose——"

"You silly lunatic!" gasped Nugent, scrambling up from the floor. "Blow your silly nose!"

He moved to the door, apparently having had enough of William Wibley. But the play-actor of the Remove jerked him by the sleeve.

"Don't get stuffy!" said Wibley pacifically. "You can sit on the table if you like, now I've moved my nose! Don't sit on my eyebrows, though!" Wibley hastily jerked a set of artificial eyebrows out of the way. "Look here, I'm making-up, and I want a fellow to help. I'm working up the part of the beak in our play—'Baffling The Beak.' You haven't forgotten it, I suppose?"

"Eh! Yes—no!"

Sniff from Wibley. Wib not only acted in Remove plays, but wrote them, too. Many fellows helped in the writing of the play, but Wib generally blue-pencilled all contributions but his own, not pleasing the contributors thereby. At the end of the term the Remove Dramatic Society were going to give a play bearing the thrilling title "Baffling the Beak," in which Wib, of course, was to play the leading part. It was a play founded on school life, according to Wib. According to the other fellows it was chiefly founded on William Wibley. Wib had to appear all through it, in various disguises, which gave him full scope for his remarkable powers of impersonation.

Wibley was, indeed, a past-master in the art of make-up, and no character was too difficult for him to impersonate. He had scored great successes in the following roles: Napoleon, George Robey, Charlie Chaplin, Ching Lung Zoo, Nellie Wallace, a Texas cowboy, and a schoolmaster! A play that was nearly all Wibley was bound, in Wib's opinion, to be nearly all good. But everybody else being rather left out in the cold, there was a general lack of enthusiasm. Nugent, in fact, had forgotten all about it.

To Wibley it was the most important thing going on at Greyfriars School, if not within the limits of the wide universe.

"I've got that play practically finished," said Wibley. "All the work's left to me, as usual. But it's a ripper, Nugent! I come on in every scene——"

"Must be a ripping ripper, then," said Nugent sarcastically.

"Yes, rather," agreed Wibley, blind and deaf to sarcasm, like most happy possessors of the artistic temperament. "You see, I keep on appearing in different characters—as a junior, as a fag, as a senior, as captain of the school, as a French master, as a policeman, as a Scotland Yard detective, and so on—as well as the beak. It will be a revelation to the fellows of what I can do! In the French master's part I shall make-up like Monsieur Charpentier—that will get a laugh. In the beak's part I shall make-up as one of the other masters

here—that will get a giggle! The question was—which?"

Nugent yawned.

Wibley had said that he wanted a fellow to help him, but it seemed that what he really wanted was a fellow to listen to him talking about Wibley!

Wib, to himself, was a topic of immense and undying interest; but he had not, of course, so great an interest for other fellows.

"Got a suggestion to make?" asked Wib.

"Oh, make up as Quelch!" yawned Nugent.

"Fathead! Quelch is a foot taller than I am. There's some things that make-up won't do."

"What about getting on a pair of stilts?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Wibley. Wib was far too serious-minded to observe that that suggestion was a frivolous jest. "Couldn't be done! Sitting down, I could make-up as Quelch or anybody, but, of course, the beak in the play will have to move around a good deal. Elevators in the boots will do a good deal—and I'm rather tall, too—but there's a limit. It will have to be one of the small beaks—Wiggins or Twigg!"

Evidently Wibley, though he asked for suggestions, had already decided the point. The only use he had for suggestions was to refute them.

"Twigg's got an easy face to imitate," he went on. "That fragment of a torn doormat he calls a moustache, for instance. And his bushy eyebrows! And his bald spot—what? He's fat, but a fellow can pad to any extent! He's got a fat nose—well, that's easy. Think it would get a laugh if I appeared on the stage as old Twigg when I play the beak?"

The mention of Twigg drew a black look to Nugent's face. He did not answer; but Wibley was not keen on answers when he was talking.

"That's the big idea," he announced. "Twigg's got a lot of funny ways, and I know them by heart. He scratches his nose, you know—ever noticed him? He's got a voice that's simply pie—Oxford accent and a squeaky voice combined, you know—enough to make a cat laugh. I can do that. He won't see the play, to that's all right. Shouldn't like him to know I was guying him. He's not a bad sort, old Twigg."

"Isn't he?" grunted Nugent.

"Not at all—I rather like him, in fact. I've talked to him a lot of times lately, picking up his funny ways and his tone of voice. Of course, he doesn't know what I'm after. But you have to study your subject, you know. The fact is I'm making-up as Twigg now," explained Wibley. "Think I look anything like him?"

"Well, you look a silly ass—that's rather like him," grunted Nugent.

"Oh, don't be a fathead!" said Wibley crossly. "Look at me and tell me what you really think!"

When Wib asked a fellow to tell him what he really thought, he desired, like most people, to hear something agreeable. But Nugent was not in his usually agreeable temper, and the mention of Twigg had revived his feelings of angry resentment. Moreover, though Wib could make himself up to look like almost anybody he liked, practice was required to make perfect, and he had not so far succeeded in attaining anything but a very distant resemblance to the master of the Second Form. Success, no doubt, would come later, but it had not come yet.

"Well, you look jolly ugly, but not so ugly as Twigg," was Nugent's verdict.

"Oh, rats!" snapped Wibley. "Twigg's not ugly—he's as good-looking as most beaks! Rather a nice face, really."

"What rot!"

"You haven't been rowing with Twigg, I suppose?" asked Wibley, staring at the frowning junior on the corner of the table. It dawned on him that there was some personal feeling behind Nugent's remarks.

"He's been whopping my minor!" grunted Nugent.

"Well, why shouldn't he?" asked Wib. "He's your minor's beak. I dare say the kid asked for it—Twigg wouldn't whop him for nothing!"

"Well, he did—or next to nothing."

"That's rot, old chap," said Wibley kindly. "You're a bit batty about your minor—he's a regular young rascal, really."

"You silly fathead!"

"Well, don't let's talk about your minor, anyhow—a chap soon gets fed-up with your minor, I can tell you! If you take a tip from me you won't plank your minor down on your friends so much—they'll kick. I know I would! But never mind your minor—he doesn't matter. Look at me—"

"I'm looking!" said Nugent, with a gleam in his eyes, not the least little bit pleased by Wib's kind remarks about his minor.

"Well, what do you really think?"

"I think you're looking like a fool, as well as talking like one," answered Nugent deliberately; and he slipped from the study table.

"You think—what?" gasped Wibley. "Wha-a-t did you say?"

"Deaf—as well as silly?" asked Nugent.

"Look here—" roared Wibley.

"Oh, rats!"

"You cheeky ass! I fancy you want a whopping as well as your minor!" hooted Wibley. "And I've a jolly good mind to give you one!"

"You couldn't," retorted Nugent. "You can't box, and you can't play football—you can't do anything except make yourself up as a silly idiot—and you don't need any make-up to look that!"

With that Nugent stalked to the door. But that had been rather too much for Wibley's patience. He stepped after Nugent and let out his foot. There was a yell from Nugent as he staggered in the doorway.

"There, you cheeky ass!" exclaimed Wibley.

He had no time to say more. Nugent was round and rushing at him in a flash. His fist lashed out, and Wibley caught it with his nose—the artificial nose he had donned to imitate Mr. Twigg's fat little proboscis. That artificial nose crunched, and the real one below it was almost flattened under Nugent's knuckles, and Wibley sat down on his study floor with a bump.

"Ooooh!" he gasped.

Nugent gave him a glare and stalked out of the study. Wibley sat and gasped, and picked up the artificial nose, which had fallen on the carpet. He gazed at it. It was crunched—crumpled—squashed—ruined! From Wibley's own nose a thin stream of red ran—unheeded! He was not thinking of his own nose, but of Mr. Twigg's nose—which he held in his hand! Oblivious of Nugent and his departure, Wibley gazed sorrowfully at that ruined nose. Evidently, before he could play his part got up as Twigg, he had to

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provide himself with a new proboscis! Like the maid in the nursery rhyme, who was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when up came a blackbird and pecked off her nose—Wibley had to get a new nose!

He was breathing hard and deep when he rose to his feet. There was a pain in his nose—a rather severe pain. But William Wibley thought less of that than of the irreparable damage to his theatrical "prop." He jumped to the door and glared out into the passage. He was in time to see Frank Nugent disappear into his own study—No. 1 in the Remove.

Wibley was about to rush after him when he remembered that he was still fixed up with an artificial scalp and moustache—in imitation of Twigg. He was deeply wrathful—but he did not want to incur any more damage to his precious props. He stepped back into Study No. 6, and carefully removed those precious props.

Then, breathing deep wrath, he started down the Remove passage towards Study No. 1, with the fell intention of rushing into that celebrated apartment and smiting its occupant hip and thigh!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Not Nugent!

BILLY BUNTER sniffed appreciatively.

Bunter was rather a dab at cooking himself, and he had a keen appreciation of good cookery!

The door of Study No. 10 in the Remove was partly open; and it was from that study, which belonged to Bolsover major and Napoleon Dupont, that the appetising scent of cookery proceeded.

"Nap" was cooking. It was nearly tea-time, though few fellows had come in as yet. Bolsover, as Bunter knew, was not in the House. Nap was getting a tea that would have appealed to any hungry fellow—and Bunter, of course, was hungry! That was Bunter's almost perpetual state. He had had nothing since dinner—except a cake he had found in Smithy's study, a few doughnuts he had discovered in Johnny Bull's study, and some bullseyes that Peter Todd had carelessly left on the table in Study No. 7.

So Bunter was hungry—almost ravenous! The worst of it was that Toddy had seemed annoyed, somehow, about the bullseyes, and he had a fives bat ready for Bunter if he came into Study No. 7 again—which looked as if Bunter would have to tea in Hall. Harry Wharton & Co. were still out of gates, so they were not available, excepting Nugent, who seemed so jolly ill-tempered this afternoon that Bunter had given him up as hopeless. Haunting the doorway of Study No. 10, sniffing at the delicious scent that emanated from within, the Owl of the Remove wondered what would be the outcome if he invited himself to tea there.

Bolsover, had he been present, would have kicked him out without ceremony; but Bolsover wasn't there yet. Nap was more amenable—but Nap, for some reason, did not like Bunter very much. Only that afternoon Bunter had called him a frog-eater—not foreseeing that, later on, Nap would be cooking delicious omelets in his study! A fellow couldn't think of everything! Still, Nap was a good-tempered fellow, and he had his full share of French politeness; and Bunter decided that there was nothing to be lost by trying it on.

So he inserted his fat face, and his big spectacles, into the doorway of Study No. 10 and blinked at Nap.

"Entrez, my shum!" said the French junior without looking round, thinking that it was his study-mate arriving. "Ze omelets are done wiz zemselves, and zey should be eat vile zat zey are chaud—zat is to say, hot."

"Right-ho, old chap!" said Bunter, rolling in.

Dupont stared round.

"C'est vous! Allez-vous-en, Buntair!" he snapped. "I zink zat it vas Bolsover! You can go and eat ze coal!"

Evidently there was nothing doing. Nap, in fact, was reaching for a cushion, and was going to hurl the same if Bunter did not depart. But the fat Owl rather prided himself on his presence of mind. That great gift came in useful now.

"Haven't you heard?" he exclaimed. "Poor old Bolsover—"

Nap started and dropped the cushion. "Vat! Is it zat somezing happen to my shum?" he exclaimed.

"Didn't you know?" asked Bunter. "They've carried him into Gosling's lodge—"

"Vat have happen?" shrieked Dupont.

"It's awful!" gasped Bunter. "Simply awful! You see, Bolsover never saw the lorry before it hit him, and—"

"Helas! My shum!" exclaimed the French junior, and he rushed out of the study, brushing Billy Bunter aside in his haste so suddenly that the fat junior sat down.

Napoleon Dupont's flying footsteps raced along the Remove passage. He was attached to Bolsover major—probably the only fellow in the Remove who liked him. Bunter's startling news alarmed him deeply, and he was anxious to get to the porter's lodge and see the injured junior. Billy Bunter, gasping for breath, picked himself up and blinked out of the study after him. Nap was going down the passage like a race-horse.

Frank Nugent stepped out of Study No. 1 with a book in his hand. After leaving Wibley he had gone into Study No. 1 for the book, for which he had originally come upstairs. He had remained in the study only a minute or two—but it would have been fortunate for him had he remained longer—he stepped out just in time to meet Napoleon Dupont in full career.

There was a terrific crash.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Nugent, staggering away and sprawling on the floor. "You potty idiot! What the thump is—"

"Mon Dieu!" Dupont reeled against the wall. "Ciel! Vy for you get in a vay—je suis presse—"

He recovered himself and rushed on, and vanished down the Remove staircase. Frank Nugent picked himself up rather more slowly. He gasped for breath as he went down the stairs after Dupont.

Billy Bunter chuckled.

Nap was gone—it would be some minutes, at the very least, before he discovered that the astute Owl had pulled his leg and that there was nothing the matter with Bolsover major. Those few minutes were Bunter's.

The fat junior whipped back into the study. There were six lovely omelets—three savoury and three jam! They were, as they looked, delicious, and Bunter's eyes gloated over them through his big spectacles. But he did not waste time in gloating! He had no time to lose if he were to escape with his plunder! The omelets were in two

dishes—three in each. Bunter caught up a dish in either fat hand and bolted out of Study No. 10.

The passage was clear. Bunter rolled down it in haste. He paused for a second at the door of Study No. 7—but only for a second! Peter Todd was there—with the fires bat! Bunter rolled on! He blinked into Study No. 6—William Wibley was there, removing his props before he went on the war-path after Nugent. Bunter, like the deep and dark blue ocean in the poem, rolled on.

He had to find a refuge before Nap came back—and especially before Bol-sovermajor appeared on the scene. Study No. 1 was vacant—he had seen Frank Nugent go downstairs, and he knew that the other members of the Co. had not

—but not in Wharton's. Besides, the footsteps came from up the passage, not from the direction of the stairs.

Headless of footsteps, and of everything else except omelets, Billy Bunter stood at the study table, his back to the door, gobbling. The second omelet was following the first, and on Billy Bunter's fat face there was an expression of ecstatic enjoyment. This was something like! This was life! There was no doubt that Nap could cook. Bunter gobbled and gobbled. His large mouth was crammed with delicious omelet when the door flew open as if a cannon-ball had struck it, and William Wibley rushed into the study.

"Got you, you cheeky rotter!" bawled Wibley, as he rushed in.

He expected to find Nugent in that

He realised that it was not Nugent. He had supposed that it was Nugent! It ought to have been Nugent! He had seen Nugent go into that study hardly five minutes ago. Still, it wasn't Nugent! It was Bunter! In surprise, Wibley released his victim, and Bunter sprawled on the floor, spluttering wildly. "Urrrrrgh!"

A mouthful—a large mouthful—of omelet, suddenly going down the wrong way, caused trouble! Billy Bunter spluttered and stuttered, and gurgled and guggled frantically.

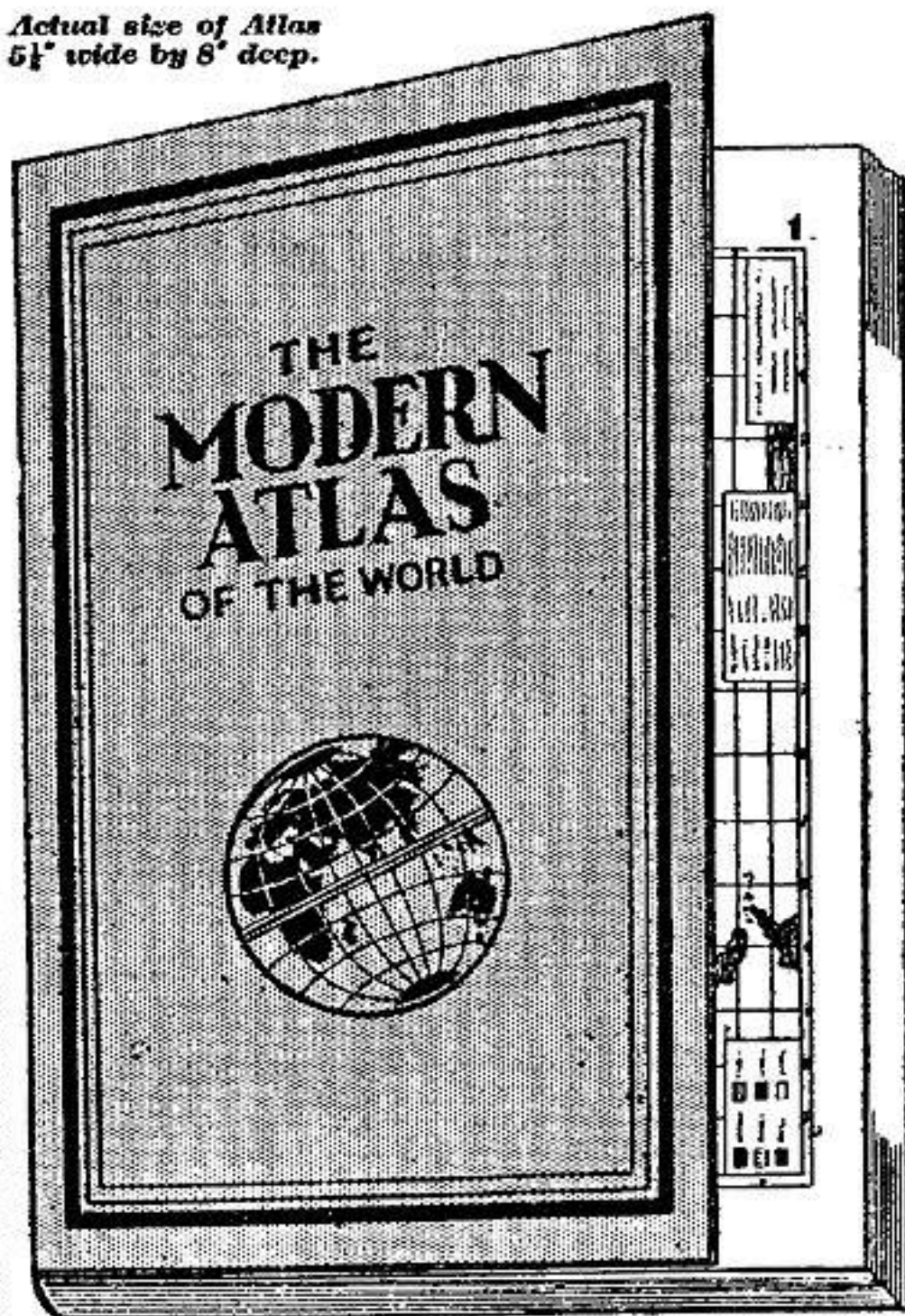
Wibley stared at him.

"Bunter!" he gasped.

"Oooogh! Woooooogh! Beast! Yooooogh! I'm chook-chook-choking—grooogh! Urrrrrrgggh!"

"Where's Nugent?"

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**THERE IS A COUPON—VALUE 5 POINTS—ON
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yet returned from the river. Billy Bunter rolled into Study No. 1 and shut the door.

He chuckled a fat chuckle.

Three savoury omelets and three jam omelets—there was enough, or nearly enough, even for William George Bunter! He had time to gloat over them now—and he gloated!

But while he feasted his eyes, he feasted his inner Bunter also! Savoury omelet disappeared at a rapid rate down Bunter's capacious gullet.

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter. "Good! That Froggy can cook! He's a beast—but he can cook. Oh! Fine!"

There was a sound of footsteps in the Remove passage. Bunter did not heed them! If Nap came back and missed his omelets he would hardly guess where to look for the purloiner. He was likely enough to look in Bunter's study

study. Had he paused one moment he would certainly have seen that the fellow standing at the table was not Nugent—even from a back view Bunter's figure was distinctive. But Wibley did not pause a moment. He did not pause a fraction of a moment. He did not pause at all. He rushed right in, grabbed at the occupant of the study, whipped an arm round his neck as he grabbed, got his head into chancery, and started punching.

Thump, thump, thump!

"Whoooo - hooop! Gug - gug - gug! Groooooch!" spluttered Billy Bunter, as a large portion of omelet went the wrong way. "Urrrgh! Yurrgh!"

Thump! Thump!

"Gurrgh! Oooogh! Mind my specs! Whoop! Leggo! Yurrrrgggh! Grooogh!"

"Why, what—who—" gasped Wibley,

"Gurrrrrrrgh!"

"I thought it was Nugent—"

"Wurrgh!"

Billy Bunter, crimson, gurgling, furious, staggered up. His fat little nose, like Marian's in the ballad, was red and raw. Wibley, before he discovered his mistake, had punched not wisely but too well. Bunter was wrathful. In his wrath, he even forgot the omelets. Wibley stood staring at him—and Billy Bunter, hitting out suddenly, took Wibley by surprise.

Crash!

A fat fist landed on Wibley's nose, already rather damaged. A punch with Billy Bunter's weight behind it would have made Carnera think! It swept William Wibley off his feet.

He went headlong, yelling.

Bunter blinked at him, for a second!

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He had knocked Wibley down! That was all right, so far as it went! Knocking a fellow down, who had punched a fellow's nose, was satisfactory. But there was one fly in the ointment. What was the fellow likely to do when he got up again?

Bunter could guess! He did not stay to ascertain. He whipped round, and rushed out of the study. Even the omelets did not tempt him to remain and learn, for certain, what Wibley would do when he got up again. While William Wibley rolled and roared, Billy Bunter whipped out of the study and vanished into space.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Omelets for Wibley!

CHER ami!—"Eh?"
"Dear shum—" "Oh, draw it mild!" grunted Bolsover major.

Bolsover major rather liked Nap. He chummed with him in Study No. 10. But demonstrativeness was not in his line. Napoleon Dupont rushed up to him in the quad, as he was coming towards the House, and would have hugged him had not Bolsover dodged in time.

"Mon cher ami!" exclaimed Dupont. "Tres cher ami—"

"Look here, what's up?" demanded Bolsover. "Have you gone off your rocker, or what?"

"I zink zat you are damage—but you are not damage! I zink zat you knock over viz a lorry, but you are not knock over! Zat Buntair he tell me zat you are injure, zat zey carry you in—" gasped Nap breathlessly.

"Pulling your silly leg!" grunted Bolsover major. "I've not been under a lorry that I know of. Look here, is tea ready?"

"Zat Buntair, he is one fibbair!" said Nap indignantly. "He make me zink zat my shum is damage. I rush—I fly—I buzz—"

"Oh, rot!" said Bolsover ungratefully. "Look here, don't play the goat! You ain't in France now! Let's get in to tea."

Napoleon Dupont moderated his transports, so to speak. He went into the House with Bolsover major, and they went up to the Remove passage together. They went rather quickly. It occurred to both of them that Billy Bunter might have had some ulterior object in spinning that unfounded yarn. Obviously he had wanted to get Nap out of Study No. 10. Why? Both the juniors thought they could guess why! They ran up the Remove staircase, and scudded along to Study No. 10. Nap gave a yell.

"Mon Dieu! Zey are gone!"

"What?"

"Zose so lofely omelets—trois omelets aux fins herbes, et trois omelets au confiture—"

"Speak English, you ass!" yelled Bolsover.

"Zree omelet vat you call savoury, and zree omelet vat you call sham—zey are gone—vanish—bunk—"

"That fat villain Bunter—"

"Cherchons ce cochon—search zat Buntair—zat peeg—"

"I'll burst him!" roared Bolsover major. "If it was Bunter, I'll burst him! Come on!"

Bolsover major rushed out, followed by Dupont. They tore open the door of Study No. 7—Bunter's study. Peter Todd was there, at tea with Dutton; a fives bat lay on the table. Toddy stared at two wildly excited faces.

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"Where's Bunter?" roared Bolsover major.

"Ask me another!" answered Toddy. "Tell him I want him if you find him! I've got a fives bat ready for him!"

"Oh, rats! Come on, Nap!"

They rushed out again. Bunter was not to be seen in the passage—at that moment, as a matter of fact, Bunter was in rapid motion, placing a safe distance between himself and William Wibley, and had reached the other end of the Fourth-Form passage—far out of sight. But a sound of gasping and panting in Study No. 1 caught their ears, and they looked into that study. Somebody was there!

William Wibley was there—standing by the table, mopping a streaming nose with a handkerchief, which was streaked with red. Wibley was feeling as if his hapless nose had been pushed nearly to the back of his head. In deep anguish, he was mopping up the crimson stream that flowed from it. He had not even noticed the four omelets that remained on the study table. His attention was wholly concentrated on his nose.

"Seen Bunter?" rapped Bolsover major.

"Oh, my nose!" moaned Wibley.

"Blow your nose! Seen Bunter?" roared Bolsover major.

Dupont grabbed him by the arm with one hand, and pointed with the other.

"Voyez!" he gasped. "Look!"

"Why, my hat!" Bolsover major stared at the omelets on the table.

"Mean to say—"

"Zose so lofely omelets zat I make—zey are here—"

"Wibley, you rotter—then it was you, not Bunter!" gasped Bolsover major. "I was after Bunter—and it was you all the time! My hat! I'll jolly well teach you to bag grub from my study!"

It was really a natural mistake! Bunter was nowhere to be seen! There were the purloined omelets—there was Wibley! What was a fellow to think?

Bolsover major did not stop to think twice—hardly once! He rushed at William Wibley!

"Here, look out! What—Oh crikey!" yelled Wibley, as Bolsover major grasped him. He had to leave off mopping his nose, much as it needed it. He whirled round the study in Bolsover's grasp.

"Vhop him!" yelled Nap. "Give him vat you call beans! Mon Dieu! Zose so lofely omelets zey are gone cold—zey are spoil—zey are no longer bon! Frappez—whack him verree hard! Punch him zo nose! Give him punch in ze eye! Keeck him! Keeck him verree hard on ze trouser!"

"You mad idiot, wharrer you up to?" yelled Wibley, who had not even seen the omelets. "My hat! Yaroooh!"

Bolsover major punched, and Wibley punched. They whirled and staggered, and bumped over a chair, and rolled on the floor together. Wibley was plucky, and he was wrathful; but he had no chance in the hands of the burly Bolsover. He was flattened out on his back, and Bolsover sat astride of his chest, glaring down at him.

"Hold him!" gasped Nap. "Zose omelets zey are spoil. It needs zat I make some more. I give him zose omelets zat he pinch. I give him zom on zo vat you call chivvy, isn't it?"

And the excited Nap grabbed up an omelet in either hand, and slammed first one, and then the other, on the upturned face of William Wibley.

It was rather lucky for Wibley that the omelets had gone cold. Had they been still hot, it would have been rather painful. But even cold, they were not nice, taken externally. Soft and

squashy omelet spread all over Wibley's face, and he gurgled horribly.

"Good!" panted Bolsover. "Give him the lot! I'll hold him all right! Let him have what he's pinched!"

"Yes, rizzer!" gasped Nap.

The remaining omelets were plastered over Wibley's face, and rubbed into his hair, by the excited Gaul—while the wretched Wibley struggled frantically under Bolsover major's weight.

Horrible sounds came from Wibley.

His mouth, his nose, his eyes, and his ears and his hair, were full of squashy omelet—omelet squeezed down his neck; savoury omelet and jam omelet and Wibley's features made a horrid mixture. It would not have been easy to tell which was Wibley and which was omelet.

"Zero! I zink zat vill do!" gasped Nap. "Venez avec moi, my shum, and I make some more of zose so lofely omelets—"

"Groooogh! Oooocogh! Woooogh!" came faintly from Wibley.

Bolsover major rose to his feet, chuckling.

"That's a lesson for you, Wibley!" he remarked. "Next time you want to raid a fellow's grub you won't come to my study."

"Je crois non!" chuckled Nap.

Wibley sat up, clutching at sticky, squashy omelet.

"Groogh! Oggh! You silly ass! Ooogh! Who raided your grub, you fathead? Woooogh! I don't know anything about it! Urrrgh!"

"You can tell that to the marines!" grinned Bolsover, and he followed Nap from the study, leaving Wibley gurgling.

Wibley crawled to his feet. He had quite forgotten Nugent by this time! He had almost forgotten the pain in his nose! What he wanted was a wash—and he wanted it badly! William Wibley limped away to the nearest bath-room, in search of hot water and soap. But it was a long, long time before Wibley got rid of the omelets.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Major and Minor!

HARRY Wharton & Co. came in ruddy and cheery from the river. Frank Nugent joined them as they went in to call over.

The little "breeze" in the ranks of the Co. seemed to have blown over; Frank was as good-tempered as usual as he joined his chums going into Hall. As Wharton had said, Nugent's tempers never lasted long. There was one fellow in the Remove who gave Frank rather inimical looks. That was William Wibley, whose face was still red and raw from rubbing and scrubbing. But Wib had had plenty of time to cool down, and he was not disposed to carry the "row" any further.

Mr. Quelch, who was taking roll, allowed his gimlet eyes to linger on Nugent for a moment or two, coldly and grimly; and Mr. Twigg gave him a glance across the Hall that was still colder and grimmer. Nugent caught Mr. Twigg's glance, and his chums saw his eyes gleam in response to it. Apparently he had forgiven his chums, but had not quite forgiven the master of the Second.

Dicky Nugent, the cheerful cause of all the trouble, looked quite merry and bright among the fags. Evidently he had forgotten the troubles of the afternoon. He looked—from a red mark on his nose—as if he had found later trouble, which, however, did not affect

his spirits. Paget of the Third had a dark shade under one eye. Flying the kite together had ended in a scrap. Tubb of the Third was telling Paget, in a whisper, that it was just fatheaded for a Third Form man to have anything to do with a cheeky fag. To which Paget rejoined that he had whopped that cheeky fag. Dicky was confiding to Gatty and Myers and Sammy Bunter that he had had to whop Paget!

After call-over, the Famous Five came out of Hall together in a cheery bunch. Bob Cherry had an engagement in the gym, and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh went with him; but Wharton slipped his arm through Nugent's, and gently but firmly led him away to the Remove studies.

"How many of your lines have you done?" he asked.

"None!" answered Frank shortly.

"Better get going, then," said Harry. "I've got fifty to do for Wingate—let's pile in."

"Oh, all right!"

And the chums of the Remove went to Study No. 1 together. Nugent had till Saturday for his imposition; but five hundred lines was rather a large order, and it was undoubtedly judicious to get on with it. They sat down on either side of the study table, and two pens were soon going strong. Wharton had finished his fifty lines, when there was a step in the passage and the study door was pushed open. It was the good-looking, cheeky face of Dicky Nugent that appeared there—not looking so bright as it had looked at call-over. Master Richard Nugent was one of those fellows who are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Evidently he had collected some more.

Nugent's pen ceased to race over the paper. Wharton gave the fag a friendly nod—though, perhaps, in his heart of hearts he would have preferred to give him a lift with his foot. He liked Dicky as much as he could, on Nugent's account; and he made allowance for a boy who was the spoiled darling of his mother and sisters at home; but he could not help getting fed-up with Dicky's happy custom of landing all his troubles on his major.

"Busy?" asked Dicky.

He asked that question in a rather resentful tone, which implied that he considered that he had troubles enough, without Frank being busy when he wanted him!

"Well, yes," answered Nugent. "I've got five hundred lines for Quelch."

"Oh, there's always something, of course!" grunted Dicky. "Well, if you can't help me, you can't! I suppose I've got to let Twigg rag me."

Nugent laid down his pen.

"What's Twigg been doing?" he asked.

"Same as usual!" growled Dicky. "He's got his rag out with me! I think he might be satisfied with giving me detention to-day. I couldn't go out with Gatty and Myers—there was nobody but that tick Paget when I got out at last—and he got cheeky and I had to whop him! Nice sort of a half-holiday—I don't think! Twigg makes out that I'm the most backward man in the Second—which is sheer rot! Look at Bunter mi."

"Bunter minor is a silly ass—and you're not!" said Harry Wharton. "Twigg expects more of you than of young Bunter."

Dicky stared at him—a cool and disparaging stare, which would certainly have earned him a kick, had he not been Frank's minor. He did not trouble to reply, however, but went on, addressing his major.

"I've brought my Caesar here—I've got to mug up the muck before prep. Twigg watches me like a cat in prep! Only yesterday he spotted me sticking a pin into Sammy Bunter in prep—of course, the fat idiot yelled, and got Twigg's eye on me! That was why I was detained—all Bunter mi's fault," said Dicky in an aggrieved tone. "I can tell you, a man gets fed-up with Twigg! Silly old ass, you know, with his bald spot! I say, Frank, I wish you'd help me with this rot—I shall get into another row."

"Look here, kid, Frank's loaded up with lines," said Wharton. "I'll help you, if you like, till prep."

"Well, that's all very well, if you keep your temper and don't get snappy!" grumbled Dicky.

"I'll try!" said Wharton mildly.

"It's all right," said Nugent hastily. "I've done sixty lines—the rest can wait—I've got till Saturday."

"My dear chap, get on with the washing—and leave Dicky to me," answered Wharton. "Come on, kid."

Nugent hesitated, but he nodded, and resumed his lines. Dicky, not at all satisfied with this arrangement, grunted assent and sat down at the table by Wharton's side and opened his Caesar.

The "Gallic War," of course, was easy stuff for a Remove fellow, though it presented many difficulties to Nugent minor—chiefly because he disliked work!

"Twigg's been jawing me," said Dicky. "He got me after call-over. Got me in his study and talked for ten minutes by the clock! He said I was wasting my time here—that I should get a rotten report! I've heard it all before, you know—and I came jolly near telling him so! And what do you think he did?"

Dicky paused—a dramatic pause! Evidently Twigg had done something awful!

"Took up a Caesar," said Dicky, in a voice thrilling with indignation, "and started on stuff that we did last term! Makes out that a fellow ought to be able to construe stuff that he's been through before! Catching a fellow, you know! Of course, I was simply bottled! He had the cheek to say he wasn't satisfied, and now he's got a special eye on me, goodness knows where it will end! Fancy a man having to mug up stuff that he's mugged up before and forgotten!"

"Awful!" said Wharton, with a touch of sarcasm. "Well, let's go it, and you'll be able to stand up to Twigg next time he catches you."

Dicky yawned portentously. "You translate the stuff," he suggested. "If you put it in English, it will be as good as a crib! I had a crib once, but Twigg spotted it and chucked it into the fire—I'd given Fishy of your Form a bob for it, too! Just scrawl it out for me, and I'll keep it, and—"

"You won't!" said Wharton curtly. "This study isn't a shop for cribs! Buck up, you lazy young sweep, and go at it along with me. Now then, begin at the beginning—*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*—"

"I know that all Gaul was divided in three parts!" grunted Dicky. "Even Sammy Bunter knows that."

"—*quarum unam incolunt Belgae*—" "Well, just scribble it down!" said Dicky persuasively.

Wharton looked at him. The "help" that Dicky wanted, apparently, was to be provided with a "crib"—a translation which would save him the trouble of doing any work! The ultimate result would not have been to improve Dicky's knowledge; but the young scamp was thinking only of tiding over present difficulties. That was not the help that

the captain of the Remove was prepared to give—not to mention the danger. Certainly, a fellow who was discovered providing fags with "cribs" would have been booked for a Head's flogging.

"You can write it down," said Harry quietly. "We'll translate it together. It won't do you any good otherwise. You write it down as we work it out."

That was not what Master Dicky wanted.

"I knew you'd be snappy," he said. "You've got a rotten temper, and you don't want to help me, either. I haven't come here to be jawed."

Nugent laid down his pen again. Harry Wharton was breathing rather hard.

"It's all right, Harry," he said. "My impot can wait. I'll help Dicky. You out, old chap. You don't want to listen to it."

Wharton rose from the table.

"I may as well cut," he said. "But, look here, Frank, helping your minor is one thing—Twigg wouldn't mind that—but giving him cribs is another. That would mean a row if it came out."

"Frank isn't a funk," remarked Dicky.

Wharton's eyes glittered. He came very near taking Richard Nugent by the scruff of his neck at that moment.

"Shut up, Dick!" said Frank hastily. "It's all right, I tell you, Harry. You needn't bother about it."

"That's all very well. But if Twigg finds out that that young rascal is using a crib written in your fist—"

"Do fellows in the Remove ever mind their own business?" inquired Dicky. "Quelch ought to teach 'em that."

"You cheeky young rotter!" roared Wharton, his temper failing suddenly. "If you want to be booted down the Remove staircase—"

"I'd jolly well hack your shins!" retorted Dicky.

"For goodness' sake, Harry leave us alone!" exclaimed Nugent. "Are you going to begin ragging my young brother, like everybody else?"

Wharton drew a deep, deep breath, and walked out of the study. Dicky Nugent gave a laugh as he went, which very nearly brought Wharton back again. But he restrained his feelings and went on his way, leaving major and minor together.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Brotherly Bunter!

"SAMMY, old chap!"

Anyone who had heard Billy Bunter addressing his minor in those honeyed tones might have supposed that Billy Bunter was the most affectionate of brothers.

The voice of the fat Owl of the Remove was soft as that of a cooing dove.

Sammy Bunter, of the Second Form, grunted. He did not seem to be touched by Billy's affectionate address. Perhaps he knew what it was worth.

It was the following day, and classes were over. Most of the Remove fellows had gone down to games practice, but only four members of the famous Co. were "urging the flying ball." Frank Nugent was in his study, getting some more of his lines done. Five hundred was a large order. He had to get them done by Saturday. Moreover, on Saturday afternoon there was a Form match with the Shell, and Nugent was to play for the Remove, which he could not do unless his imposition had been handed in. So Nugent was grinding. Billy Bunter had no taste for kicking a footer about, and as it was not a compulsory

day, the fat Owl was giving the football field a wide berth. For once Billy Bunter was affectionately interested in his minor, Sammy of the Second.

It was not often that Bunter was taken that way. Family affection was not highly developed in the Bunter tribe. Billy sometimes forgot that he had a minor at Greyfriars at all—quite unlike Nugent of his Form. Sometimes he hardly saw Sammy for weeks.

But circumstances alter cases. This Thursday afternoon Billy Bunter was as affectionate a brother as could have been desired, and he had been specially looking for Sammy. He found that fat fag loafing under the elms in the quad, with a lugubrious expression on his podgy face. Nugent rumor was not the only fellow in the Second Form who suffered under Mr. Twigg's belief that fellows came to school to learn things.

"You're looking down, Sammy!" said Billy Bunter, looking at his minor through his big spectacles. "You're not looking happy, Sammy."

Another grunt from Sammy. "Tell a fellow about it," urged Bunter. "Is it trouble with Twigg?"

Sammy stared at him through the big spectacles that made him look so like his major.

"Yes, it is," he grunted. "Look here, what are you getting at? What's the game?"

"Oh, really, Sammy! I hope I'm an affectionate brother," said Billy Bunter, with dignity. "Naturally, I want to keep an eye on you, as you're my young brother at the same school. Nugent isn't the only man in the Remove who looks after his minor."

"You're a bit late starting it!" said Sammy sarcastically.

Bunter coughed. There was no doubt that Bunter had left it rather late to display this keen interest in his minor.

"Well, you see, a fellow has a lot of engagements," explained Bunter. "I mean, a popular fellow like me. When a fellow's popular, fellows take up a lot of his time, and it's really hard for a fellow to get a minute to himself."

"Can it!" grunted Sammy.

"I've been looking for you specially this afternoon," said Bunter reproachfully. "I heard young Gatty say you'd been in a row with Twigg. What is it, Sammy?"

Sammy blinked at him in sheer astonishment. Unless Billy Bunter was taking a leaf out of Nugent's book and bothering about his minor in the Second Form—for the first time in his fat life—there was no accounting for this. But if that was it, Sammy was more than willing to give Billy his head. He would have been jolly glad of a major like young Nugent's to land his troubles on. Hitherto, Billy had given him no encouragement whatever.

"It's rotten Roman history," he growled. "That idiot Twigg thinks he's going to stuff that rot into us. I came a mucker in class. I told him that Pontius Pilate was one of the Twelve Cæsars."

"And wasn't he?" asked Bunter.

Billy Bunter's knowledge of the subject was evidently not much more advanced than Sammy's.

"No," growled Bunter minor, "he wasn't. And Twigg's told me to write out the Twelve Cæsars, with the principal event in each reign. Nice, ain't it?"

"Oh lor!" said Bunter. "Well, you can get it all out of the book."

"I know that, fathead! That's what Twigg wants me to do. But it means a lot of work!" groaned Sammy.

"You shouldn't be afraid of work,"

kid," said Bunter admonishingly. "Work never did a fellow any harm."

"It's never done you any harm, if you could help it!" said Sammy sarcastically. "Look here, suppose you help me?"

There was a long pause. Apparently Bunter's new and unexpected outburst of brotherly affection did not go so far as that. Work did not appeal to him any more than to his minor. A disinclination to work was one of Bunter's most prominent characteristics. Generally, Bunter would take twice as much trouble to dodge work as any other fellow would have taken to get it done. The pause was long—very long.

"Well, look here," said Bunter at last, "I'd do it like a shot—"

"Come on, then!"

"Only—" said Bunter hastily.

"Oh, there's an only!" jeered Sammy.

"You see, it's hardly cricket to do a fellow's work for him—practically deceiving a beak," explained Bunter. "Nugent does that for his minor, and it's bound to lead to trouble in the long run. It's practically deceit, Sammy. Almost as bad as telling a lie!"

"Do you ever tell anything else?" inquired Sammy.

"You cheeky little beast! I—I mean, be reasonable, Sammy. Deceit's an awful thing, and if you begin that kind of thing you might grow into a regular fibber, like—"

"Like you?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "I was going to say like Skinner. I always try to set you an example of truthfulness and—and uprightness, Sammy."

"You don't have much success!" said Sammy.

Billy Bunter breathed hard. How was a fellow to be brotherly and kind to a young sweep who answered a fellow like this? Bunter was tempted to take Sammy by the collar and give his head an unbrotherly bang on the nearest tree. Sammy watched him warily.

"But I'll tell you what," said Bunter. "I can't do your work for you. That wouldn't be honourable and high-minded, and you know how particular I am about such things. You know I've got principles."

"I know," said Sammy, with a nod. "If you put 'em all in a nutshell there would be lots of room for the nut!"

"You cheeky little—I—I mean— Look here, we'll talk it over," said Bunter. "I know the whole thing, of course. Got it all in my head. I can rattle off the Twelve Cæsars from—from Nebuchadnezzar to—to Xerxes."

"I don't believe they were Cæsars at all," said Sammy suspiciously.

"You're a young ignoramus, Sammy. Look here, let's go into the tuckshop and talk it over—over some tarts."

Sammy Bunter's face brightened wonderfully. This was brotherly, at least! He doubted whether Billy could help him with Roman emperors, but if Billy could help him with jam tarts, that was better still.

"Had a tip from home?" he asked.

"Well, no. I've been expecting a postal order, but it hasn't come yet," said Bunter. "I haven't had a tip, Sammy. But you have, so it's all right."

"Oh!" gasped Sammy.

He understood now. Billy Bunter's brotherliness had needed explaining. Now it was explained. He was not, after all, imitating Frank Nugent in dealing with his minor. He was after the loaves and fishes, as usual.

"I haven't—" began Sammy.

Bunter held up an admonishing fat finger. "Now, don't tell any whoppers,

Sammy! I'm surprised at you! I jolly well know that you had a tip this morning, because the pater mentioned it in his letter. He said he was sending you five bob this week because he sent me five bob last week. Don't prevaricate, Sammy!"

"I was going to say—"

"I hope you weren't going to tell an untruth, Sammy! Lot of good me setting you an example if that's the kind of thing you do!"

"You silly ass! I was going to say—"

"Look here, Sammy, be a sport!" urged Bunter. "You know I'd whack out a tip with you, don't you?"

"No fear!"

"Hem! And I'm going to help you with those Roman emperors," said Billy Bunter. "What price doing the paper for you? You can copy it out."

Sammy grinned. His major's high principles seemed to have performed a vanishing trick all of a sudden.

"Yes," said Sammy, "but—"

"If I get that paper done for you, will you come to the tuckshop?" demanded Billy Bunter.

He was coming out into the open at last.

"Yes, rather! But can you do it?" asked Sammy dubiously. "I don't want to get into another row with Twigg over that paper."

Bunter grinned.

"If I can't, I know a fellow who can!" he said. "Suppose we go to the tuckshop first, old chap—"

"Suppose we get the paper done first!" contradicted Sammy.

"I hope you trust me, Sammy!" said the Owl of the Remove, with a great deal of dignity.

"As far as I can see you!" assented Sammy.

"You little—I—I mean, all right! I'll come back here when I've got the paper done, and you'll only have to copy it out," said Bunter. "Say about an hour."

"Right as rain!" agreed Sammy.

Billy Bunter rolled away to the House. Sammy Bunter blinked after him, with a rather peculiar blink. He was wondering what Billy would have thought if he had known that Sammy had already spent the five shillings!

Fortunately, Bunter did not know that!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Not So Brotherly!

FRANK NUGENT gave an angry grunt. He did not seem in the best of tempers that afternoon, and the sight of Billy Bunter's fat face and glimmering spectacles in the doorway of Study No. 1, did not seem to improve his temper.

"Oh, you're here!" said Bunter, blinking at him.

"Yes. Get out!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Don't bother, fathead! I've got lines!"

Bunter did not get out. He got in! Frank Nugent frowned, and his hand wandered to the inkpot.

"I say, old chap, you don't mind if a fellow works on one side of the table?" asked Bunter. "Toddy's got the table in my study—and he's talking to Dutton! A man can't work there."

"What is it—lines?" asked Nugent, relenting.

"Not exactly. I'm helping a kid out of a scrap!" explained Bunter.



Johnny Bull grasped Bunter with both hands and jerked him over his knees. Then his hand rose and fell with a mighty smack. The smack landed on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars, and it was followed by a howl that rang from one end of the quad to the other. "Yarooooooh!"

"You are!" exclaimed Nugent, in astonishment.

"Yes, old fellow! Dash it all, a fellow can be good-natured," said Bunter. "And Twigg's hard enough on him, as you know."

Frank's brows knitted. The mere mention of Twigg was enough to bring a frown to Nugent's brow these days.

"The fact is, I'd like you to give me a hint, here and there, if you had time," said Bunter. "Mind, I'm not asking you to do the work! You've done a lot for your minor, if you come to that."

"My minor!" ejaculated Nugent. He stared blankly at Billy Bunter. "Is my minor in a row with Twigg again?"

"Not exactly in a row," said the Owl of the Remove. "But they had Roman history in the Second to-day, and Twigg seems to have cut up rather rusty. Your minor ain't a whale at history, Nugent."

Nugent was aware that his minor was not a "whale" at any branch of knowledge. It was quite probable that he had had trouble in the history class; though if he had been set a task it was rather surprising that he had not brought it to his major. It was still more surprising if he had asked—and obtained—help from Billy Bunter!

"Mean to say my minor's asked you to help him?" exclaimed Frank.

"He hasn't asked me," answered Bunter. "I've offered to do the paper."

That answer, as a matter of fact, was quite truthful. Dicky Nugent certainly hadn't asked Bunter anything. And Bunter certainly had offered to do the

paper! But Billy Bunter's truth was remarkably like any other fellow's fibs!

"Well, my hat!" said Nugent blankly.

"You don't mind if I work here," said Bunter, sitting down. "Too much jaw in my study for a fellow to work! Get on with your lines, old chap—I won't interrupt you! I want quiet to work this out!"

In sheer astonishment Nugent got on with his lines. Wharton had cut up rather rusty with Dicky the day before, and he wondered whether that was the reason why his young brother had not come to him in Study No. 1. Or perhaps the fag, knowing that he had a heavy imposition on hand, was giving him a rest. That would have been unusually considerate of Dicky! It was an agreeable thought to Nugent! But the most amazing thing was that Billy Bunter had taken on the task! Bunter really was not the man to exert himself in helping a lame dog over a stile!

But there he was—with a paper before him, chewing the handle of Wharton's pen, with a thoughtful wrinkle in his fat brow.

Had Bunter really intended to write out that paper, he would have found difficulties in the way. Certainly, he could have got it out of the history book! But that, as Sammy had remarked, was work! Billy Bunter was unemployed, but he was not genuinely seeking work!

"I say, Nugent——"

"Well?" Frank paused in his scribbling.

"Member the names of the Twelve Cæsars?" asked Bunter.

"Of course."

"Well, I seem to forget some of them," said Bunter. "I remember Nebuchadnezzar——"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And—and Thesus——"

"Great pip!"

"But Twigg wants the chief event of each reign, too!" said Bunter. "I want to make the paper all right, or—or the kid will get into a row. I don't want that."

"I don't, either," said Frank, laughing. "Look here, Bunter, it's jolly decent of you to offer to do the paper, but you're more likely to do harm than good. You'd better leave it to me."

Billy Bunter suppressed a grin. In the innocence of his heart Frank did not suspect that that was Bunter's game.

"Well, I dare say you're more up in Roman history than I am, old chap," said Bunter. "I've heard Quelch praise you for it."

"I can do it on my head," said Frank. "Leave it to me, old fat bean. I'll chuck this impot for a bit, and get it done in half an hour."

Bunter did not need telling twice!

"Well, if you don't need my help——" he said.

"Ha, ha! No."

"I'll take a rest in the armchair, then," said Bunter. "I say, is that your toffee on the mantelpiece?"

"No: Wharton's!"

"I dare say he won't mind if I sample it! If he makes a fuss, tell him it fell into the fire."

Nugent made no answer to that. He set to work on the Roman history

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(Continued from page 13.)

paper, and Billy Bunter, extending his fat limbs in the study armchair, set to work on the toffee. Half an hour passed quite pleasantly to Bunter.

The Roman history paper presented no difficulties to Nugent. He had the subject at his finger-tips, as Bunter was well aware. Certainly he was not likely to include Nebuchadnezzar or Xerxes or Theseus in his list of the Twelve Cæsars.

Forgetful of his own unfinished task, Frank worked steadily, while Billy Bunter disposed of the toffee. The history paper was finished at the same time as Wharton's toffee; so Bunter had the consolation of knowing that he had not wasted his time.

"Here you are, old bean!" said Nugent.

And Billy Bunter detached his weight from the armchair.

"Thanks, old chap!" said Bunter. "I'll take this along to Sammy at once—"

"To Sammy?" repeated Nugent.

"I mean, Sammy's going to take it to the Second Form Room," said Bunter hastily, and he bolted out of Study No. 1 with the precious paper before Nugent could ask any more questions.

He stopped on the Remove staircase to blink at the paper and chuckle. Then he slipped it into his pocket and rolled out of the House in search of Bunter minor. He found the fat fag loafing under the elms.

"Got it already?" asked Sammy eagerly.

"Here you are, old chap!" Bunter handed over the paper, with a chuckle. "You can bet it's all right. Nugent's a whale at it!"

"You got Nugent to do it?" asked Sammy, as he blinked at the paper.

"Ho, he, he! I fancy he thought it was for his own minor!" chuckled Bunter. "I didn't tell him so, of course. I hope I'm not the fellow to tell a whopper! But he seems to have fancied so, somehow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Sammy.

"The fact is, I'm a bit of a strategist," said Billy Bunter. "That ass Nugent is potty about his minor—it's easy enough to pull his leg! I know he'd do it if he thought it was for that little beast Dicky! I hope he'll get his lines done in time for Quelch on Saturday! He, he, he!"

Sammy Bunter examined the paper carefully. He was satisfied with it, and he grinned and folded it, and put it in his pocket.

"I can copy that out in my fist," he remarked. "It's all right for Twigg. I dare say he will be pleased with me for once! Ha, ha!"

And Sammy Bunter started for the House.

A grab at his fat arm jerked him back.

"Hold on, Sammy! What about those tarts?"

"What tarts?" asked Sammy.

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Billy Bunter gave him a severe blink. "No larks, Sammy! You jolly well know that you agreed to come to the tuckshop if I got that paper done for you."

"So I will!" answered Sammy.

"But—"

"Come on, then!"

"Only it won't be much use coming to the tuckshop!" explained Sammy calmly. "I'll come if you like—a promise is a promise! But I've spent the five bob."

"Eh?"

"Spent it."

"Spip-spip-spent it!" stuttered Bunter.

"Yes—it went before dinner—"

"You—you—you—" Bunter fairly gurgled. "Mean to say you're stony?"

"Yes—leggo my arm! I've got to copy out this paper—"

"You—you—you—you've been pulling my leg! I've been spoofing Nugent—and—and you've spent the five bob! Why, you—you—Gimm—that paper back!" roared Bunter. "Think I'm going to help you spoof your Form master, you deceitful young sweep! Gimme that paper!"

Sammy Bunter jerked his arm away and ran. After him ran Billy Bunter, fairly spluttering with rage. He had spoofed Nugent into doing the paper—and he regarded that proceeding as rather masterly strategy. But being spoofed himself was another matter! Sammy's masterly strategy was a horse of quite another colour!

Bursting with wrath and indignation, the Owl of the Remove rushed after the unscrupulous Sammy!

Sammy put on a spurt. He reached the House steps and dashed in. He barely avoided a collision with Coker of the Fifth, who was coming out. Coker stepped aside just in time. Sammy raced on, and Coker of the Fifth, turning back from the door, glared after him wrathfully.

"You cheeky young sweep—nearly butting into me!" he roared. "By gum, I'll jolly well—Yaroooooop!"

Billy Bunter happened next!

Bunter came in like a bullet from a rifle, and as Coker now had his back to the doorway, he naturally did not see the second Bunter coming! Neither did Billy Bunter see Coker till he crashed!

Crash! Bump!

Coker rolled over on the floor. Billy Bunter rolled over on Coker!

"Urrrrrrgh!" gurgled Coker.

"What—who—which—how—Yooogh! Gerroff! Oh, my hat Gurrgrgh!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

Sammy Bunter vanished in the distance. Billy Bunter would have been glad to vanish also. But Coker's grip was on Billy Bunter!

"You—you—you—" stuttered Coker. He scrambled up, still gripping Bunter.

"Barging a Fifth Form man over, by gad! Take that!"

"Yaroooo!"

"And that—"

"Whooooop!"

"And that—"

"Ow! Wow! Yaroooooop!"

Billy Bunter made a frantic wrench and tore himself away—and ran for his fat life!

Coker of the Fifth tramped out into the quad, snorting. Thing-wei coming to a pretty pass, Coker considered, when a fag of the Lower Fourth barged a Fifth Form man over. He was glad to remember that he had given that fag of the Lower Fourth three hefty smacks.

Bunter wasn't glad. He remembered those hefty smacks longer than Coker did—but without any gladness whatever.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Wibley Tries It On!

"F AITH, and it's great!" declared Micky Desmond. "Topping!" said David Morgan.

William Wibley smiled. He almost purred.

He was pleased!

Wibley was an artist to the finger-tips. He liked admiration! He liked praise! He liked flattery! And he liked it—like pineapple—in chunks!

But really William Wibley deserved all the praise he was now receiving from his study-mates in Study No. 6.

It was Saturday afternoon.

That afternoon Harry Wharton & Co. were playing the football match with the Shell—with the exception of Frank Nugent.

Nugent was in his study, grinding out lines.

Mr. Quelch had considered that there was ample time, between Wednesday and Saturday, to turn out even such a very heavy imposition as five hundred lines. So had Nugent's chums, as a matter of fact. But it seemed that it wasn't so!

Nugent's time had been a great deal taken up with his minor, now in constant hot water with his Form master. Dicky being, from Frank's point of view, an injured innocent, and Twigg a tyrant, he naturally helped Dicky all he could—from which it resulted that when Saturday came round, those five hundred lines were not more than half-done.

Nugent had helped his minor—and, inadvertently, Billy Bunter's minor—to elude the wrath of Mr. Twigg—which was satisfactory so far; it went. But it left him work to do on Saturday afternoon; and Tom Redwing had had to take his place in the Remove Eleven for the Form match.

In Study No. 1 Frank was grinding at his lines, to get finished before Quelch inquired after them. He had watched the beginning of the football match, and gone in very reluctantly to grind. Now he was working against time—not in the best of tempers.

Frank was not enjoying the half-holiday that Saturday. But in Study No. 6, along the passage, all was calm and bright. William Wibley, at least, was enjoying himself; in his own peculiar way! Wibley had brought it off at last.

After careful study, and deep thought, and many experiments, Wib had perfected his outfit as Twigg. With the help of Micky and Morgan, he had now fixed himself up in that outfit, and was surveying the result in a tall glass in Study No. 6, with immense satisfaction.

Wib was rather tall for his age; Twigg was short for his! So with elevators in his shoes and specially high heels, Wib made himself tall enough for Twigg. Sideways it was easy to extend—Wib easily padded out to the rather plump girth of the Second Form master. Clothes were an easy item—Wibley had the funds of the Remove Dramatic Society to draw upon as well as his own pocket-money, for the purchase of the necessary garments.

At make-up Wib was a past-master, and his flexible features lent themselves to the game. Scanty locks and bushy eyebrows, like Twigg's—a ragged moustache, like Twigg's—a "property" nose, exactly like Twigg's—made a very good imitation of the Second Form beak. And Wibley added other touches—wonderful, artistic touches—a touch here, and a touch there, with the hand of a master!

The result was really astonishing! Twigg himself, had he seen Wibley just then, might have supposed that he had a twin!

Micky Desmond and David Morgan were hearty in their praises. They were rather proud of Wibley in Study No. 6—almost as proud as if he had been able to shoot goals at Soccer. Certainly, there was no fellow in the Remove who was a patch on William Wibley at this game!

"If I hadn't lint ye a hand," said Micky, "I'd believe it was Twigg himself standing there, intirely!"

"It's the jolly old limit!" said Morgan. William Wibley smiled sweetly. This was very different from what he had heard from Frank Nugent a few days ago, when he had been experimenting with that disguise. Certainly, in those early stages, he had not looked much like Twigg!

But if Nugent had seen him now—

Even that cantankerous ass, Wibley considered, would have to own up that he had got away with it! He would have liked Frank to drop in! But the hapless Nugent was in Study No. 1, grinding out lines, and not likely to think of taking any interest in amateur theatricals.

Wibley smiled serenely into the glass; and Micky and Morgan exchanged a private wink behind his back. They admired Wibley in these theatrical stunts—but not quite so much as Wibley admired himself! At this sort of thing William Wibley was the goods—he was aware of it, and was not slow in admitting it.

"Blessed if I don't half-think it's old Twigg himself looking out of the glass, you fellows!" said Wibley. "That ass Wharton thinks I can't play football! Well, I can jolly well play his head off in this line! This is going to make a sensation when we put 'Baffling the

Beak' on the stage! I don't mind telling you fellows that it will be me first, and the rest nowhere!"

"Sure it's the limit!" said Micky. "It will make them howl, when we get the play on, to see you in that rig, Wibley! Half the fellows will believe it's really old Twigg takin' a part."

"I think it's pretty good!" said Wibley.

"Fine!" said Morgan, "You could go downstairs and let the beaks see you! They'd take you for Twigg."

"Um!" said Wibley. He was proud of his success; but he was not disposed to put it to such a test as that.

"I'll tell ye what," said Micky, "Thry it on some of the fellows! Nugent's in his study—thry it on him!"

"Nugent's a silly ass!" growled Wibley. "I owe him a licking! He spoiled my nose, and I had to get another from the shop at Lantham."

(Continued on next page.)

WITHOUT priding myself that I am anything in the nature of a second Sherlock Holmes, I can certainly scent real ambition in a staccato question just to hand from a MAGNET reader: "At what age can I become a professional footballer?" There are quite a number of people without inside knowledge who, if that question were to be put to them, would reply: "As soon as any big football club is prepared to sign you on."

Strictly speaking, however, it is not quite so simple as that. The laws of the Football Association do not allow any club under its control to sign a lad on as a professional until he has passed his seventeenth birthday. So my young and ambitious friend will now know how soon he can become a "pro" player—as soon as he is seventeen.

It was not always against the rules for a professional football club to sign on, as a paid player, a boy who was less than seventeen years of age. This step was taken as recently as 1926, when the Football Association decided that it was not in the best interests of the game that lads younger than seventeen should be persuaded to take up the career of a professional footballer.

Before this rule was put on the books there were plenty of instances of boys under seventeen years of age being professionals and playing in first-class football.

I remember a West Bromwich Albion player named Wilson leading their first team attack within three months of celebrating his sixteenth birthday. To-day, however, a player can only turn out with a first-class club, if he is under seventeen years of age, as an amateur.

EXPERIENCE ON THE WING!

THERE are, of course, plenty of instances among modern footballers of players who have been in the first-class game, as amateurs, before they had reached the age when they could sign on as "pros." Clifford Bastin, the present Arsenal outside-left, who gained practically all the possible honours of football before he was twenty years of age, was playing for Exeter City when he was sixteen.

At the age of eighteen he was the central figure of a transfer in which quite a lot of money was involved. Another young player, and one who has come right to the forefront this season, is Albert Geldard, the Everton outside-right. He played for Bradford City as an amateur

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR ALL FOOTER FANS!



In addition to solving Soccer problems of general interest, "Linesman" replies to readers' own queries. All letters should be addressed to: "Linesman," c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

before he could sign as "pro," and when he was still quite a boy he was transferred to Everton for a big figure.

By the way, it will be noticed that most of the really young players figure in the outside-wing positions, and the boy who is comparatively well-built does not do himself much harm in playing against grown men if he figures on the wing. The outside-rights and outside-lefts of football do not come into personal contact with opponents so frequently as centre-forwards, half-backs, or full-backs.

In this connection the story of Bastin's entry into the first team is interesting. The Arsenal manager considered, a few seasons back, that Bastin would eventually be a really good inside-left. He would not, however, run the risk of playing Bastin in that position when he was only eighteen; so, to give him experience of first-class football, the boy was played on the wing. And on the wing he has played ever since, with one or two exceptions when emergencies demanded that he should play inside.

This rule which says that a player must be seventeen years of age before he can be signed on as a "pro" is, like many other rules, one through which holes can be driven. Not long ago, in mid-week, I was on the ground of a first-class football club. There was no match on, and the pitch was being rolled with a hand-roller pulled by two boys. The official of the club who was with me, referring to these boys, said: "They are to be footballers in the future, but as yet are too young to be signed on as professionals. So they are on the staff as extra groundsmen. Work such as rolling the pitch helps them to get stronger, and one of these days you will see both of them playing in the colours of our team."

SUPERSTITION IN FOOTBALL!

EVERYBODY knows that the footballer, like other people, is superstitious, and that these superstitions take all sorts of queer twists. There was the case, for instance, of Jock Rutherford, the one-time Newcastle player, who would never come out of the dressing-room on to the football pitch other than last. He thought if he was not last out he would be unlucky.

This week I am able to pass on a quaint story of what is to me a new sort of superstition. It concerns the Tottenham Hotspur club. The players of the Spurs have come to the conclusion, during the present season, that they have good luck during the second half of a match if they change their shirts at half-time, no matter whether it is necessary to change or not owing to the weather conditions.

The Spurs' players have two lots of white shirts. One set are of the usual cotton material, and the others are made of silk.

In many matches this season the Spurs have played in the cotton shirts in the first half, and then changed to the silk ones during the interval. This change has invariably been made if the side has not done too well in the first half.

As a matter of fact, the Tottenham players connect this superstition with their exit from the Cup competition. When they played at Luton in a Cup Tie they had to play in red shirts because their white ones would have clashed with those of Luton. The club had only one lot of red shirts, and when the side were two down at half-time it was impossible for the players to change. "If only we could have got into our lucky silk shirts at half-time we might have saved the game," was the way one player finished this story. Funny, isn't it? "LINESMAN."

Then he grinned.

"By gum, though—I'll try it on him! He's always doing young Nugent's work for him—and Twigg would be ratty if he knew! Well, suppose I walk in, as Twigg, and call him over the coals."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Micky and Morgan. The idea of pulling Frank Nugent's leg to that extent tickled them immensely.

"He simply couldn't spot it!" said Wib, with another glance into the glass, "I'm just Twigg—all Twigg—Twigg to the life! I've been practising his squeak, too—I've got that all right!"

"Anybody could squeak like Twigg!" agreed Micky.

"That's where you're wrong—anybody couldn't!" contradicted Wibley. "But I can! See if the coast's clear, and I'll trot along and see Nugent."

Micky and Morgan looked out into the Remove passage. No Remove man was to be seen there. But a fag of the Second Form was coming across the landing—Nugent minor.

Judging by the cloud of sullenness on his face, Dicky was in hot water once more. He stared along the passage at the two fellows in the doorway of Study No. 6, scowled, and went into Study No. 1—where the scratching of Frank Nugent's busy pen ceased at once. Dicky, as usual, was bringing his troubles to his hapless major.

"All clear?" asked Wibley.

"Only that young tick Nugent minor—he's gone into Nugent's study—" answered Micky Desmond.

Wibley chuckled.

"I'll catch 'em together—and give 'em Twigg!" he said.

And he went out of Study No. 6, and walked along the passage to Study No. 1—Micky and Morgan following at a distance, and suppressing their chuckles.

The sound of voices, through the half-open door, came to William Wibley's ears, as he reached Study No. 1.

"Look here, Dicky, I've simply got to get this lot done." There was an unusual note of impatience in Frank Nugent's voice, "What is it now?"

"It's that beast Twigg again!" groaned Dicky, "I've got a translation to do. Look!"

"Well, that's easy enough, kid." Nugent had looked at the paper, "You can do that on your head."

"Gatty and Myers are waiting for me—"

"Well, they'd have to wait if I did it with you."

"Oh, don't be a rotter, Frank! Do it for me!" urged Dicky, "I'll come back for it, and copy it out, see."

"And suppose Twigg takes you through it, and you can't construe stuff that you're supposed to have translated?" asked Nugent gruffly.

"Oh, he won't! If he does, I'll chance it! Look here, Frank, you might do this for me! We've got a game on—young Paget's gone out with his kite, and Tubb—and we're going to bag it, just to show the Third that we don't care a straw for them. If I don't go they'll think I'm funkling."

"I can't do your work for you, Dick, and help you to pull Twigg's leg like that! I'll help you with the translation—but you must go through it too."

"I suppose Wharton's been giving you a sermon!" jeered Dicky, "I think you might give a chap a hand! You jaw me often enough—I think you might do something besides jaw! But that's you all over—you make a fellow rely on you, and then let him down."

There was a pause; and Wibley, out-

side the study, paused—wondering what Frank would say to that! He thought it was rather a pity that Dicky's genuine Form master was not on the spot to hear this conversation.

"Put it on the table!" said Frank, at last, in a low voice. "I'll do it for you, Dick—but it's wrong, and you know it is."

"That's a good chap!" said Dicky, "There it is, and—"

He was interrupted by a sharp rap on the door. William Wibley pushed it wider open, and walked in. Nugent looked at him, and jumped to his feet, his face crimson. Dicky spun round, and fairly squealed with dismay.

If Wibley had needed any proof that his get-up as Twigg was perfect, the startled looks of the Nugents, major and minor, would have given it to him.

Obviously they recognised him as Twigg—and were utterly dismayed by the arrival of Dicky's Form master!

"Oh!" gasped Nugent.

"Oh lor!" groaned Dicky.

The same terrifying thought was in both minds—had Twigg heard what was said in the study, as he came up? If a "beak" had heard a Remove man arranging to do work, which a Second Form fag was to palm off as his own, it was a rather serious matter for both. And the supposed Mr. Twigg immediately proceeded to disclose the fact that he had heard all.

"Nugent minor!" Wibley had Twigg's rather squeaky, high-pitched voice to perfection. "What do I hear?"

"Oh lor!" repeated Dicky, in utter consternation.

Wibley raised an accusing finger. Then he scratched his nose with it—one of Twigg's little habits. Wibley always gave the most careful attention to detail. But he scratched his nose very carefully—it might have come off if scratched hard!

"I am surprised! I am shocked! Nugent major, it appears that you encourage your minor in carelessness—in slackness—in actually attempting to delude and deceive his Form master!"

It was Twigg to the life! In the passage, Micky Desmond and David Morgan exchanged glances of blissful enjoyment, and subdued their merriment.

There was no merriment in Study No. 1. Far from it. Nugent's face was pale with mortification. This meant another report to his Form master—and a very serious one! He had absolutely no defence to make—except that he was too easy-going to refuse his young rascal of a minor anything he wanted. That defence would not have helped him much with Quelch.

"I hear you," went on the high-pitched voice, "scheming—I may say plotting—yes, plotting—to deceive me! I have given this boy of my Form a translation to do—and it was your intention, Nugent major, to do the work for him—and—and encourage him to palm it off on me as his own!"

Nugent's pale face reddened with shame.

Dicky stood dumb with dismay.

Wibley-Twigg raised his hand again, and pointed to the door.

"Go! Nugent minor, leave this study! If I find that you have visited your brother's study again, I shall chastise you with the greatest severity! Take your paper with you! Take care that you do your work thoroughly and well! Go!"

With the paper in his trembling hand, Dicky crept past the "beak" and left the study. He stared at the two grinning juniors in the passage. Micky

and Morgan could restrain their feelings no longer, and they burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dicky scowled at them savagely, quite unaware of the motive of their merriment. He tramped away to the Remove staircase, and tramped down—glad to escape so cheaply, but faced by the dismal prospect of having his work to do himself. Evidently that warlike expedition against Paget and Tubb of the Third was "off"—so far as Richard Nugent was concerned. Dicky had fully expected Twigg to send him to his study, to be caned there. Wibley, however, was not likely to do that.

As he went down the stairs, he passed a tall, angular gentleman coming up. He hardly glanced at Mr. Quelch—but Mr. Quelch glanced rather curiously at the fag's scared, sulky face as he passed him. The scamp of the Second went to his Form-room to work out the translation—and for once, he put his beef into it.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Micky and Morgan were yelling, in great glee—when Mr. Quelch's head came into view on the Remove staircase.

They suddenly ceased to yell.

"Oh, tare and 'ouns!" gasped Micky, "Quelch!"

"And Wib—" gasped Morgan.

"Howly mother av Moses!"

Morgan made a step towards Study No. 1. But Mr. Quelch was coming across the Remove landing with his long strides—there was no time to warn Wibley! Mr. Quelch stared at David Morgan, who backed away in confusion. He stopped at the door of No. 1 and tapped—and Micky and Morgan gazed at one another in eloquent silence. Wibley's wonderful outfit was to be put to a severer test than William Wibley had foreseen!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Playing A Part!

WILLIAM WIBLEY was enjoying himself—for the moment, at least.

His enjoyment was about to cease suddenly—but Wib was not yet aware of that.

He stood in Study No. 1, with a stern eye fixed on Nugent's flushed face.

Wibley had had his little trouble with Nugent a few days ago, and, as he had said, he owed him a licking. But Wib was a good-natured fellow, and quite forgiving. He was bent on pulling Nugent's leg; but, at the same time, he was doing him a good turn. Frank's weakness in dealing with his selfish and exacting minor was fairly certain, sooner or later, to get both of them into trouble. The genuine Twigg was certain to be greatly exasperated if he discovered that the tasks he set Nugent minor were done by Nugent major. That would mean whoppings for the unthinking fag, and a report to Quelch for Frank, who was already in his Form master's black books.

By keeping Dicky away from Study No. 1, Wibley was saving them both from trouble. That was his kind intention. At the same time, he could not resist pulling Frank's leg, and testing his remarkable powers of impersonation to the limit. This was the kind of thing that William Wibley enjoyed thoroughly.

Under the stern looks of the man he supposed to be the master of the Second, Frank stood, flushed and shamefaced. After a long pause the high-pitched voice squeaked at him again:

"Nugent major, have you any excuse



In his wrath, Bunter even forgot the omelets. Wibley stood staring at him—and Bunter, hitting out suddenly, took him by surprise. Crash! "Ooooooh!" A fat fist landed on Wibley's nose and swept him off his feet.

—any explanation to offer of what I heard at this study door?"

Nugent set his lips. He had weakly yielded to what amounted to trickery, and he expected to be reported to his Form master and punished. He told himself that he was not going to have "jaw" from Twigg as well. Twigg, after all, was not his beak. He had a right to report him, but not to jaw him.

"I didn't know you were listening at the door, sir," he answered, with bitter coolness.

"What?" ejaculated Wibley. Such an answer to a Form master was startling, unnerving, almost hair-raising, and Wibley, in his surprise, almost forgot to reproduce Twigg's squeak. "What?"

"You heard what I said!" snapped Frank.

"Boy, you are impertinent! I shall certainly—"

Knock!

It was a knock at the door.

Wibley-Twigg looked round. He supposed that it was Micky or Morgan coming in. His jaw dropped at the sight of Mr. Quelch.

The Remove master pushed open the door.

"Nugent, are you here? Nugent, your lines have not been handed to me—Oh! Is that you, Mr. Twigg?"

Quelch stared at Wibley-Twigg.

Wibley's heart thumped.

He was for it now!

The idea of making up in imitation as Twigg, for his part in "Baffling the Beak," seemed to Wibley a big idea. But he did not expect a Form master to see eye to eye with him in such a matter. Wibley felt a cold chill, to the very marrow of his bones, under the gimlet eyes of Henry Samuel Quelch.

But he played his part—desperately! There was nothing else to be done. He

dared not—if he could help it—let Henry Samuel Quelch discover that it was a boy of his own Form who was thus "guying" a Greyfriars master!

Fortunately, even Quelch's gimlet eyes did not penetrate the disguise. Nugent had no suspicion of the truth, and Quelch had none. It was, by happy chance, a misty afternoon, and the study was a trifle dusky. William Wibley was glad that the visibility was not good.

Quelch was simply astonished. No beak at Greyfriars, excepting himself, had any business in Remove studies. What Twigg was doing there was a mystery to Quelch. He was not pleased. No beak liked another beak butting into his Form! So Mr. Quelch's manner, though quite polite, was icy.

"Ah, Mr. Quelch!"

Wibley hardly dared speak in the high-pitched squeak of Twigg. But he had to risk it. He had to carry on. It was neck or nothing now with the spoofer of the Remove. But Wibley was quick on the uptake. He had an explanation ready.

"I—I had occasion to speak to Nugent concerning his minor," he explained, his heart beating with trepidation—"his minor in my—my Form."

Nugent compressed his lips hard. It was coming now, he supposed!

"I was going to help my minor, sir, when Mr. Twigg came in," said Frank Nugent bitterly. "Mr. Twigg thought he had a right to listen to what we were saying—"

"Nugent, you are impertinent to Mr. Twigg!" said the Remove master sternly. "How dare you make such a remark!"

"Mr. Twigg will tell you the same, sir," answered Frank coolly. "He has a report to make to you."

"Is that the case, Mr. Twigg?"

"No. Not at all—nothing of the kind!" squeaked the hapless Wibley. "By no means! A mere trifle! Let it pass!"

Nugent stared at him, and his lip curled. He concluded that Twigg did not want to be shown up as an eaves-dropper. That was the only way Nugent could possibly account for Twigg's forbearance.

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch, glancing from one to the other in surprise. "Nugent, I came here for your lines!"

"They're not finished yet, sir. I've fifty more to write."

"Indeed! In that case I will allow you to hand them to me after tea," said Mr. Quelch. "Do not fail to do so, Nugent, or your imposition will be doubled! If you are finished here, Mr. Twigg—"

"Oh, certainly!"

Wibley was edging to the door.

"Then let us go down to tea," said Mr. Quelch, more cordially. It was a relief to him that Twigg had no more complaints to make.

"Oh, yes! Certainly!"

Mr. Quelch and the hapless spoofer left the study together. In the passage Micky Desmond and David Morgan stared at them, wide-eyed. They had wondered what would happen when Quelch went into Study No. 1. Wibley evidently was still "carrying on." They could imagine his feelings as he went towards the stairs with the Remove master.

"Howly mother av Moses!" murmured Micky, as the two disappeared down the staircase together.

"Poor old Wib!" murmured Morgan.

And they followed on, keenly interested to see what was going to happen. They were not so interested as Wibley himself. Inwardly Wib was

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quaking. He had to go with Quelch. But every moment he dreaded that the gimlet eyes would spot him; and the thought of going down into the presence of other masters was dismaying, especially as the genuine Twigg might appear on the scene! That possibility was absolutely unnerving! But Wibley managed somehow to keep his nerve, and his outward manner, at least, was quite composed as he went down, Micky and Morgan staring at him over the banisters.

Wib was cudgelling his brains for an excuse to escape. To walk into Common-room, where the beaks had their tea, with Quelch was simply impossible! Twigg was quite probably there!

"Dear me! I had quite forgotten!" squeaked Wibley-Twigg suddenly, at the foot of the stairs. "I—I must go to my study! Pray do not let me detain you—"

"I will walk that way!" answered Mr. Quelch genially.

Wibley suppressed a groan.

He had hoped that Quelch would leave him. But Quelch did not leave him. Wibley dared not go to Twigg's study, lest Twigg should be there! But, after what he had said, he had to walk into Masters' Passage. Wibley halted there. He was desperate now.

"I—I—I forgot! The Head desires to see you, Quelch!" he said. "I—I should certainly have mentioned it before!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch. "Really, Twigg, I wish you had! I do not like to keep Dr. Locke waiting!"

To Wibley's immense relief, Mr. Quelch left him and hastened away to Dr. Locke's study. Wib fairly gasped with relief. He stayed only to see Mr. Quelch turn into Head's corridor. Then he turned to flee. It was at that moment that Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, came out of his study in Masters' Passage. He stared at the disguised junior—so surprised, in fact, that Wib dreaded for a moment that he was detected, and his heart sank almost into his high-heeled boots.

"My dear Twigg!" exclaimed Prout.

Wibley recovered. That address showed that he was not detected.

"Oh—ah—yes!" he stammered.

"Then you have returned?" exclaimed Prout.

Wib realised that the genuine Twigg must have gone somewhere.

"Ah—h'm—yes—as—as you see!" he stammered.

"Did you lose your train?" asked Prout.

"My—my train?" Wib realised that the genuine Twigg must have gone to catch a train. "Oh—ah—yes! Quite!"

"Are you not going to Canterbury this afternoon, then?"

"Oh—h'm—no! I—I have changed my mind!" gasped Wibley. "The—the weather—"

It was a comfort to learn that Mr. Twigg was not in the school. There was no danger of running into his counterpart!

But Mr. Prout was evidently surprised.

He had reason to be surprised. He had walked some distance with the real Mr. Twigg on his way to Courtfield to catch a train for Canterbury, so it was quite surprising to find Twigg in the House.

"But the weather is quite good," said the surprised Prout—"a little misty, perhaps. Are you going in to tea now?"

"Yes—no—that is—"

The unhappy Wibley knew not what to say. He had got rid of Quelch, and now he had Prout on his hands. He dared not go to the Common-room and face all the beaks in a bunch; he dare not stay where he was. Quelch would not be many minutes in learning that Dr. Locke did not expect him, and he might come back and inquire what it all meant—and Wibley did not want to tell him.

"Let us go together," said the genial Prout.

"The—the fact is, I—I am not going in to tea," stammered Wibley-Twigg. "I—I have a slight headache. I—I think that a walk in the—the quadrangle—"

"My dear fellow, I will come with you," said the sympathetic Prout.

Wibley could have shrieked.

"No. Oh, no! Pray do not let me keep you away from your tea, my—my dear Prout—"

"I am in no hurry for tea, my dear Twigg. In fact, I was thinking of taking a stroll before tea. Let us go."

Greyfriars masters often found it difficult to get rid of Prout, who was a chatty gentleman. Wibley found the same difficulty now. Prout slipped an arm through his and walked him off.

Wibley went—in the lowest of spirits. There was no help for it, and he went! Prout walked him out into the quad.

Micky and Morgan stared after them from the staircase.

"Well, my hat!" said Morgan. "Wib's for it. What's going to happen now?"

"Oh, Wib will come through, all right," said Micky. "He's got the cheek of the Ould One. Let's go and have tea."

Evidently, they could do nothing for Wib, in his peculiar predicament. And it was tea-time. So they went back to Study No. 6, to have their tea. While they had their tea they wondered what was going to happen to William Wibley. But they did not wonder so anxiously as William Wibley did!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bumps for Bunter!

"GOAL!"

"Well kicked, Smithy!"

It was the last goal in the game, and Vernon-Smith had put the ball in the net, almost on the

stroke of time. Remove fellows round the field cheered the Bounder. Hobson & Co., of the Shell, were a tough team to handle. The score had been two all when Smithy shot the winning goal, and the Bounder looked very pleased with himself.

"Good man, Smithy!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Goal!"

"Remove wins!"

"Wonders will never cease!" remarked Hobson, the captain of the Shell, apparently quite surprised by that result.

"The wonderfulness is not terrific," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The winfulness is a deadly cert for our esteemed selves."

"Fathead!" said Hobson.

Harry Wharton & Co. came cheerily off the field. They had had a good game, and enjoyed it; and a good win, which they also enjoyed. They crowded into the changing-room in cheery spirits. That Saturday afternoon had been more enjoyable to them than to their chum, wearily grinding out lines in Study No. 1. But, really, that was Nugent's own fault. The "impot" had been given him on Wednesday, and he had had the rest of the week to get it done. But for his troublesome minor, he might have played in the Form match.

Loyal and attached as the Famous Five were, the Co. had naturally forgotten all other matters while engaged in the game of Soccer. But as they changed, after the match, they remembered Frank. He had come down to the ground to see the ball kicked off, but they had not seen him since.

"Poor old Franky!" said Bob Cherry.

"If it was anybody but Quelch, a chap could have lent him a hand with his lines. But Quelch's too downy!"

"He's had lots of time!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Chap shouldn't put off till to-morrow what he can do to-day."

"It's his blessed minor," said Harry. "That kid seems almost to have come to live in our study lately."

"Franky shouldn't stand it."

"Bow-wow!" said Bob.

All the Co. agreed that Frank shouldn't stand so much nonsense from his young brother. But they liked him all the better for standing it, all the same. That did not alter the fact that they had a keen desire to kick Master Dicky for worrying his major so much.

"The fact is, Nugent's pals ought to do something for him!" declared Johnny. "What about giving that young scamp a whopping? He wants one."

"There never was a kid that wanted one more!" agreed Bob. "But it's no good telling old Franky so."

"No need to tell him. Next time the young sweep butts into the Remove passage, let's whop him. Then he will stay away."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"It might mean a scrap with Frank afterwards," he said.

"Oh, blow Frank!" grunted Johnny Bull. "I've a jolly good mind to tell him just what I think of his minor. It's time somebody did."

"My esteemed Johnny, the silvery speechfulness saves a stitch in time, but the golden silence is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well, as the English proverb remarks," observed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Good old English proverb!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "That giddy old moonshee who taught you English was some lad, Inky!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter

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met the chums of the Remove as they came away from the changing-room. "Tea in my study, you know."

"Toddy had a remittance?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Oh, really, Bull! The fact is, Toddy's teeing out," said Bunter. "Toddy told me he was teeing with a Fourth Form man after the match. Dutton's gone out. So—"

"Then who's standing tea in your study?"

"I am!" said Bunter, with dignity.

"Great Christopher Columbus!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Has your postal order come? If it has, break it gently."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! The fact is, my postal order hasn't come," said Bunter. "I was expecting it this afternoon, but there's been some delay in the post. Looks like being delayed over the week-end now."

"Only over the week-end?" chuckled Bob. "Not over the term-end? Or the year-end? Or the century-end?"

"Beast! I mean it will be along on Monday," said Bunter. "In the—the circumstances, I shall have to borrow ten bob from one of you fellows. I don't mind which."

"Isn't Bunter an accommodating chap?" said Bob admiringly. "He doesn't mind which of us lends him ten bob. Now, which is it going to be?"

"The whichfulness is terrific."

"If you're too jolly mean to lend a chap ten bob, when he's expecting a postal order by the very next post—"

"We are!" admitted Bob. "We're a frightfully mean lot. Mean as they make 'em!"

"I say, you fellows, don't walk away while I'm talking to you!" Billy Bunter set his fat little legs into rapid motion, to keep pace with the juniors. "I say, it's no good going to your study for tea. Wharton. Nugent hasn't finished his lines yet, and he's in a frightful temper. I looked in and spoke to him, and he chucked a book at me."

"I hope he didn't miss," said Harry.

"Beast! He's as ratty as anything, Twigg came and caught his minor in the study—"

"Oh, that minor!" said Bob.

"There was a fearful row," went on Bunter. "I saw it all—I mean I heard it all—from my study."

"You fat idiot!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Has anything happened?"

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter cheerily.

"From what I make out, Twigg came up, and started thrashing young Dicky in the Study, and Nugent chucked an inkpot at him—"

"What?" yelled the Co.

"Then Quelch came up, and—and Nugent chucked an inkpot at him—"

"At—at Quelch?" gasped Bob.

"Yes. I heard Quelch say 'You young blighter, I'll take the skin off your back!' His very words!"

"You—you heard Quelch say that?" stuttered Wharton.

"His very words. He was foaming with rage."

The Co. came to a halt and regarded William George Bunter with grim looks. Bunter rattled on cheerily.

"Quelch and Twigg went downstairs together, grinding their teeth like—like anything! At least, Twigg was grinding his teeth. Quelch couldn't, of course, or they might come out. I think they've gone to the Head about Nugent."

"You—you—you—" gasped Wharton.

"So you'd better leave Nugent alone," continued Bunter. "He's in a fearful temper—simply savage and ferocious. Look here, what about going to tea in Study No. 10? That French chap is

cooking something. I could smell it along the passage. Bolsover hasn't come in, so that's all right. If Nap isn't civil we'll jolly well rag him—what? I believe he's got omelets. And I can tell you he makes simply tip-top omelets. You fellows back me up, and—"

"B-b-back you up!" gasped Bob.

"Yes, old chap! You needn't worry about Nap. I can tell you he jolly well wants ragging! The things he says about you fellows are awful! He calls you a coshng, Bob. He calls you all coshngs! You fellows back me up, and we'll jolly well have those omelets. And, I say— Whooooo!"

Four pairs of hands were laid on Billy Bunter at the same moment. There was a fearful yell as the fat Owl was swept off his feet.

Bump!

"Yaroooooh!"

Bump!

"Gug-gug-gug! Oooooop!"

Harry Wharton & Co. hurried up to the Remove passage, followed by a roar from Billy Bunter.

"Yow-ow-ow! Whooop! Beasts! Ow! Wow! Yooooop! Oh crikey! Ooooooh!"

The celebrated Bull of Bashan had nothing on Bunter at that moment. He sat and roared. Leaving him to roar, the chums of the Remove hurried to Study No. 1, anxious to learn what had happened during the football match.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Tart Tempers!

FRANK NUGENT laid down his pen wearily and rose from the study table as there was a tramp of feet in the Remove passage.

He had written his last line of that long impot when the juniors came in after the football match. The last fifty lines had been written slowly; he was thinking of other things. In the belief that it was Mr. Twigg who had visited the study, he was worried about his minor; and he was feeling tired and a little nervy after being shut up so long in the study on the "grind." His face was far from cheerful as four ruddy-faced juniors appeared in the doorway.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob.

"Done?"

"Just done," grunted Nugent.

"Has Twigg been here?" asked Harry. "Bunter was spinning one of his idiotic yarns—"

"He's been here."

"And Quelch?"

"Yes."

"Not a row?" asked Wharton anxiously. He was not likely to believe Billy Bunter's thrilling description of the happenings in Study No. 1, but he could see that something had occurred.

"Oh, no!" Nugent's lip curled.

"Twigg didn't want a row. He came here and found Dicky; spying on him, I suppose—"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Johnny Bull.

"Well, I don't see how he happened to butt in otherwise; Twigg never comes up to this passage," sneered Nugent. "He stopped and listened at the door—"

"What rot!"

"Rot or not, that's what he did—and it's like him!"

"It's not like him," said Harry Wharton quietly. "Twigg's not a bad sort. If you were talking, I dare say he heard what you said as he came up. But what did it matter, anyhow? I suppose you weren't talking any deadly secrets with your minor?"

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"I was going to do a translation for him; Dicky wanted to get out—"

Snort—from Johnny Bull.

"You were going to do work for your minor to palm off as his own! You'll get him into a fearful row some day when Twigg finds it out."

"Well, Twigg's found it out—that's what he heard at the door!" said Nugent, with the same bitter sneer on his face—very unusual there, and very unpleasant to see. "He listened, as I said."

"Then the fat's in the fire!" said Wharton in dismay. "You can't expect Twigg to overlook a thing like that. Did he bring Quelch up?"

"No; Quelch came in after my lines. I should have had them done before and handed in, only I stopped to watch the football start."

"You'd have had them done yesterday if you hadn't been putting in the time to help your minor spoof Twigg!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Shut up, old bean!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Look here, Frank, what's the upshot—another row with Quelch?"

"Oh, no!" sneered Nugent. "I expected it; but Twigg let it all pass, and said nothing to Quelch."

"Oh, my hat! That was jolly decent of him!"

"Was it? I was going to bring it all out about his listening at the door, and he didn't want that."

"Oh, rot!" said Wharton uneasily.

"I don't see why else he should have let it pass—and he did! I dare say he will take it out of Dicky," said Frank bitterly. "He can rag the kid as much as he likes as he's his Form master."

Another and more emphatic snort came from Johnny Bull.

"Look here, Frank, don't be a silly ass!" he said. "Twigg's all right! He's as decent as any other beak at Greyfriars. Any beak would get waxy with a slacking young sweep like your minor!"

"You can leave my minor alone, Bull!" said Nugent, with a gleam in his eyes.

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"I wouldn't touch him with a barge-pole!" retorted Johnny. "But I'd jolly well touch him with my boot—and hard, too—if he wasn't your brother!"

"You'd better not!"

"Look here——"

"Oh, dry up, both of you!" interjected Bob Cherry. "What's the good of ragging? Thank goodness Twigg let it drop, anyhow—whatever he let it drop for!"

"I've told you what he let it drop for!" sneered Nugent. "And I've no doubt he will take it out of Dicky! I'll find some way to get square if he does."

"Going to whop him?" asked Johnny Bull with heavy sarcasm.

"My esteemed and absurd Johnny Bull——"

Nugent gave Johnny Bull a dark look. In his present worried and troubled and nerry state tact was needed in dealing with him. Johnny Bull had many good qualities, but tact was not numbered among them.

"Where's Dicky now?" asked Wharton.

"Grinding at his translation, I suppose—unless Twigg's whopping him!" said Frank.

"Well, Twigg's not whopping him now," said Bob. "I saw Twigg walking in the quad with Prout when we came away from the football. I dare say he's forgotten all about Dicky."

"He doesn't forget him long." Nugent gathered up his imposition. "I've got to get this to Quelch. I suppose you fellows want your tea. Don't wait for me."

"You won't be long taking that to Quelch. We'll have tea ready by the time you come up."

"I'm going to see my minor."

"Bring him up to tea with you," said Harry amicably. "We're going to have rather a spread; we've beaten the Shell——"

"I can't! Twigg's forbidden him to come to this study again. More of his rotten tyranny!"

"Well, dash it all, if the man heard you arranging with Dicky to spoof him——" began Johnny Bull.

"I've heard enough from you, Bull! Can't you possibly mind your own business?" asked Frank.

Johnny Bull breathed hard and deep. A hot answer trembled on his lips. Fortunately, he kept it there.

"Well, look here, Frank, hadn't you better give your minor a wide berth for a bit?" asked Bob. "If Twigg finds you in his Form-room——"

"I'm going there to see Dicky."

"It's asking for trouble."

"I don't care!"

"Look here, old chap!"

"Oh, leave me alone!" snapped Nugent. He went to the door with his impot in his hand. "You're all down on poor old Dicky—I know that! Well, you won't see him in this study again, Wharton, if that's what you want! But I'm not turning him down just because he's up against a brute and a tyrant."

"We'll wait tea for you," said Harry quietly.

"Don't do anything of the sort. I shan't be coming in to tea."

"Look here, Frank——"

Without waiting for the captain of the Remove to finish, Frank Nugent walked out of the study. Wharton's face reddened. His own temper was rising a little.

Bob Cherry gave a dismal groan.

"Blow that young sweep! What did they want to send him to Greyfriars for?"

"Just the place for him—if Twigg only gave him a few more lickings!"

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growled Johnny Bull. "Twigg's too easy with him."

"Well, let's have tea," said Bob. "Franky's got his jolly old back up, but I dare say he will get it down again. I'm jolly hungry, for one!"

And the four juniors got on with tea—for which they were all quite ready after a football match in a keen March wind. But it was not so cheery a meal as tea in Study No. 1 usually was. There was a slight rift in the Co.—only a slight one, but it dashed their cheery spirits. They hoped that Frank would change his mind and come up to tea. But he did not come.

Nugent, with a grim and clouded face, went down the stairs and made his way to Mr. Quelch's study. The Remove master was not there; he was at tea with the other beaks in Common-room by that time. Nugent laid the stack of lines on the Form master's desk and left the study.

He went towards the Form-rooms, but he hesitated as he went. In the circumstances, it was only judicious to keep clear of the Second Form Room, as Bob Cherry had advised him. But he banished his hesitation, with an angry shrug of his shoulders. As tea was going on in Common-room, Twigg was most likely there and safe out of the way. Nugent, of course, was quite unaware that Mr. Twigg had gone to Canterbury that afternoon. Frank opened the door of the Second Form Room and went in.

"Dicky!"

But Dicky Nugent was not there. Nugent glanced at his minor's desk, where some papers lay. Dicky had been getting on with his translation after his scare in Study No. 1. Perhaps he had gone to tea—the fags tea'd in Hall—or perhaps he had got tired of work—anyhow, he was gone, and his translation was left unfinished.

Had he been there, it was a chance for Nugent to have helped him through, with nobody about. But he was not there, and Nugent frowned and made his way to Hall, where he expected to find him.

But Dicky was not at the fag table in Hall, either. As a matter of fact, Dicky had had his tea and gone—but he had not gone back to work.

Nugent dropped into a chair at the Remove table and had his tea—moodily. He was not disposed to join his friends in Study No. 1, also, he wanted to find Dicky, and he remained only a few minutes at tea. Dicky had to get that translation done, and Frank was ready to help him—in spite of Twigg! Frank left Hall again, and went out into the quad, looking for Dicky.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Disastrous for Dicky!

WILLIAM WIBLEY groaned inwardly.

In a way he was pleased. Prout, walking ponderously under the elms with the supposed Twigg, had not the remotest suspicion that it was not the genuine Twigg he was talking to. That was a testimonial to the excellence of Wib's make-up, which was rather gratifying.

But he was in a state of quaking uneasiness. Playing Twigg in the Remove studies was one thing—playing Twigg when the Remove Dramatic Society gave a performance was all very well—but playing Twigg in the open quad, and in company with a beak, was terrifying.

Every moment Wibley dreaded to be spotted.

Prout was talking—resuming some discussion he had had with Twigg earlier in the day, which had been interrupted by Twigg being called away. Prout's chats with the other beaks were often interrupted like that. Victims of Prout's conversation would suddenly remember a class or an appointment with the Head, or any old thing, to get away from Prout. Fortunately for Prout's self-satisfaction, he was not a suspicious gentleman.

He was quite pleased to resume that discussion with Twigg. And Prout's conversation, luckily for Wibley, was a one-way traffic. Prout had no great use for answers or rejoinders. He was prepared to do all the talking.

Indeed, he was rather pleased with this Twigg. The genuine Twigg sometimes grabbed a share of the conversation; this Twigg was only too glad to confine his remarks to "Yes" or "Really" or "Um." The genuine Twigg would interrupt Prout, this Twigg was glad to let him run on uninterrupted. Prout realised that Twigg was a more intelligent man than he had hitherto supposed. He seemed willing—more than willing—to absorb knowledge from an older and wiser man, without any of those irritating interruptions or arguments that had often displeased Prout.

Twigg, in Prout's opinion, had improved! He had changed—though Prout little dreamed how he had changed!

It was lucky that "Yes" and "Really" and "Um" satisfied Prout as Twigg's contributions, for the unhappy Wibley hardly heard a word he was saying, in his worry and uneasiness.

He hoped that Prout would go, or let him go! Prout did neither! Finding Twigg in this unusually reasonable and intelligent state, Prout enjoyed that chat too much to cut it short.

Like the little brook in the poem, Prout went on for ever! They paced the Elm Walk side by side—Prout oratorical, Wibley quaking.

Groaning inwardly, William Wibley contrived to keep up an outward appearance of polite interest in Prout's oratorical periods. All he could do was to edge his way, with great cunning, into the most secluded part of the quad, where the general eye did not fall on them. Several persons had looked at Twigg walking with Prout, because they happened to know that Twigg had started for Canterbury that afternoon. But to Wibley there was suspicion in every glance. He was glad to edge Prout into the secluded Elm Walk, where they were screened from general observation as they walked to and fro.

It was something to be out of sight. But Wibley was not, if he had been aware of it, quite out of sight. He did not observe Dicky Nugent under the elms, for the simple reason that Dicky dodged behind a tree and kept in cover.

To Dicky, Wibley was Twigg! He did not want to meet Twigg's eye—with his translation lying unfinished on his desk in the Form-room.

Behind the thick trunk Dicky shook a fist at Twigg.

Dicky, under the influence of the scare he had had, had worked hard at his translation in the Form-room till tea-time. Then he had gone to tea—and then, as he knew very well, he ought to have returned to the Form-room to finish his task. But it was one of Dicky's ways to leave undone that which he ought to have done—and the scare had worn off!

He went out to look for Gatty and Myers, who had not come in to tea. But Gatty and Myers were still out of gates.



As Dicky Nugent let fly with the orange that was intended to crash on the back of Wibley-Twigg's head, Wibley-Twigg turned round. Crash! The missile squashed fairly and squarely on the impersonator's artificial nose instead. "Ow! Oggh! Urrgh!" gurgled Wibley, staggering.

Dicky was in possession of a large and juicy orange, which he had generously intended to whack out with his pals. Failing to find his pals, Dicky sat on the wall near the Elm Walk, with the intention of disposing of that orange on his lonely own. Then he sighted the two beaks, walking and talking, and as one of them was Twigg—or, at least, appeared to be Twigg—Dicky took cover. Twigg, of course, would begin on him at once if he saw him—he would want to know whether that translation was done! So Nugent minor hunted cover.

Wibley was wondering whether Prout would ever chuck it. So was Dicky Nugent! Instead of walking and clearing, the two beaks walked to and fro, never more than a few yards from Dicky, keeping him prisoner behind the elm, as it were.

Screened by the big trunk, Dicky shook his fist. Under his breath he called Twigg all sorts of names.

Every now and then he peered round the trunk, but they were still there. Dicky would have given a week's pocket-money to hurl his orange at them. But even the reckless young rascal of the Second Form did not do that.

He waited—with the drone of Prout's voice coming to him every now and then, and an occasional squeaky remark from the supposed Twigg.

But everything comes to an end at last. There was an end even to the chats of Mr. Prout.

The Fifth Form master halted.

"Shall we continue this conversation in Common-room, my dear Twigg?" he asked. An inward monitor warned Prout that he was rather late for tea.

"Ah, yes! Oh! Yes! Quite!"

"Come, then, my dear fellow."

Prout started for the House.

Wibley, of course, could not go to Common-room with him. Neither did he intend to cross the open quad again if he could help it. In the stress of distressing circumstances, Wib's brain worked quickly.

"Dear me! Have I dropped my handkerchief?" he ejaculated. "Bless my soul! I must look. I will rejoin you in a moment, Prout."

Fortunately, Prout had no desire to help his colleague look about for a lost handkerchief—also, now that he had remembered tea, he realised that he was hungry. He nodded and walked on.

Wibley stood breathing hard—almost panting.

Prout was going at last, really going; it seemed too good to be true, but he was actually going!

Standing on the Elm Walk, his back to the tree that concealed Dicky Nugent a few yards away, Wibley watched him go with intense relief.

Prout's portly form disappeared beyond the elms.

He was gone!

Wibley gasped with relief.

He did not intend to go back to the House, under a sea of eyes, in his present rig. It was wiser to dodge into some remote spot and get it off—he had his own clothes on underneath.

He stood for a few moments, considering what remote spot to seek. He was quite unaware that from behind a trunk a few yards in his rear, a fag of the Second Form peered with gleaming eyes.

Dicky Nugent glared at the back of the head of the supposed Form master. One brute was gone, but the other was there—still there, standing there like a stuffed dummy, as Dicky termed it to

himself. Why hadn't he gone with Prout? Was he over going?

Dicky's grasp closed almost convulsively on the big, juicy orange in his grubby hand. The temptation was strong! Only Twigg was there—and Twigg had his back to him! If a fellow buzzed an orange at the back of his head, a fellow could scud in time. Nobody was in sight—it was safe as houses. This was the beak who had whopped Dicky—had made him work—had cut him off from the Remove study where he could get his work done for him. Dicky longed and yearned to buzz that orange at the back of Twigg's head and scud.

The old ass was standing there like a stuffed dummy, just as if he were asking for it. Dicky breathed hard.

It was as safe as houses now Prout was gone! Twigg would be bowled over—and long before he could get up and investigate the active fag would have vanished into space.

Dicky was tempted—strongly tempted! And he fell!

Gripping the orange, he moved a little round the elm and took aim. He took deadly and accurate aim, and the orange flew, like a bullet to its billet.

And at that moment Wibley turned round.

Wib had decided on the secluded spot to seek to get rid of his disguise before he went back to the House. He turned round, to make his way there.

"Oh!" gasped Dicky, in horror.

Crash!

A second before, that orange would have crashed on the back of Wibley-Twigg's head, and Dicky would have scudded for it, safe as houses! But one second made all the difference!

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As it was it crashed on Wibley-Twigg's nose, squashing the artificial nose on the real nose and damaging both. And as he was now facing Dicky, the terrified fag was in full view as he did it.

"Ow! Oggh! Urrrgh!" gurgled Wibley, staggering.

Dicky, rooted to the ground with terror, stared at him. Wibley clasped his nose for a moment. Then he made a single bound at Dicky. He forgot, for the moment, that he was Twigg. He forgot all things but the agonising pain in his nose. He grasped the fag.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

"Oh!" roared Dicky. "Yaroooooh! Oh crikey! Whooop!"

Smack, smack, smack!

Grasping Dicky's collar with his left hand Wibley smacked with his right. He smacked hard, and he smacked often. The scamp of the Second yelled and squirmed and struggled and howled. And loud above his yelling and howling sounded the hefty swipes from the enraged Wibley.

Smack, smack, smack!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Knocked Down!

FRANK NUGENT gave a start. He was looking for his minor, up and down and round about the quad, but he had not found him yet. Having drawn other quarters blank, he came along the Elm Walk by the wall, and then he learned where his minor was. Loud yells and howls of anguish suddenly fell on his ears.

"Dicky!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Ow, ow! Wow! Leggo! Oh, you beast! Leave off!" shrieked Dicky.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

Nugent broke into a run and came suddenly on the scene. He had supposed for a moment that someone was bullying his minor—perhaps Loder of the Sixth, or perhaps Bolsover major of the Remove. He halted in utter amazement at the sight of Dicky, squirming and struggling in the grasp of a beak—of

Twigg, who was smacking his head right and left.

Frank's eyes blazed.

What Dicky had done he did not know! But he knew that he was not going to see Twigg handle him like this.

Smacking heads was a punishment strictly taboo at Greyfriars. No master ever dreamed of smacking a fellow's head. But Twigg was smacking away at Dicky's unfortunate head as if for a wager.

Only for a second Frank halted. Then he rushed on.

"Stop it! Let my minor alone, you brute!" he shouted.

Smack, smack, smack!

Wibley did not heed—probably he did not hear. The pain in his nose was intense, and his temper was at boiling-point. He smacked and smacked.

"Ow, ow! Yooop! Whooop!" roared Dicky frantically.

Smack, smack!

"Stop it!" yelled Frank.

And as Twigg did not stop it Nugent rushed right at him, grasped him by the arm, and dragged him off Dicky by main force. Laying hands on a Form master was a serious thing—so serious a thing that no Greyfriars fellow would ever have dreamed of it. But Nugent was reckless and blind to consequences now. He dragged Twigg back savagely.

"You brute!" he yelled.

The next moment he yelled again as the back of Wibley's hand smote his nose, and he staggered. As he staggered away Wibley smacked again at Dicky's head. He was not finished yet!

Smack, smack!

Nugent fairly sprang at him. Before he fairly realised what he was doing, he had hit out, and Twigg went sprawling.

"Oh!" roared Wibley-Twigg as he sprawled.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Dicky. "You've done it now, Frank!"

Wibley sprawled gasping on the ground, his head singing. Frank had put terrific beef into that drive, and Wibley was quite dazed. Frank stared down at him.

He had knocked down a beak! Dicky almost gibbered at him in his terror.

"Frank! You idiot!" gasped Dicky through his chattering teeth. "You—mad idiot! You'll be sacked! Oh, you fool!"

Nugent's face whitened.

"Cut off!" he muttered.

"You—you fool!" Dicky gazed in horror at the sprawling beak. "You'll be sacked—and so shall I! And it's all your fault! Oh, you fool!"

"Dicky—"

"I never touched him—you know I didn't! Oh, you mad fool!" groaned Dicky. "Why couldn't you mind your own business? Oh, you madman!"

Nugent's face was drained of colour. He knew what the consequences were for a fellow who raised his hand to a master!

"He—he was hurting you, Dicky—" he muttered.

"You fool! I chucked an orange at his head! Oh, you fool!"

"You—you what?" Frank gasped.

"Oh!"

"You idiot! You mad idiot! Oh crikey!"

Nugent gave his minor one quiet look and walked away. The sprawling beak made a motion to rise, and Dicky scuttled away through the elms in a state of funk and panic that gave him no leisure to think of his brother.

Wibley sat up.

"Oh crikey!" he gasped.

Had the junior and the fag been still

present they would have been surprised to hear such an ejaculation from Mr. Twigg! But they were gone.

Wibley rubbed his head.

"Oh crumbs! Wow! The silly ass! Wow! Ow!"

Wibley picked himself up, his head still singing. He stared round and then quietly slipped away among the elms in quest of that quiet spot where he could get rid of his disguise. Wibley was more than fed-up with playing Twigg!

Frank Nugent walked away towards the House.

His face was so white that it drew many glances on him as he crossed the quad. Wingate of the Sixth tapped him on the shoulder.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked.

"Eh! Nothing!"

Frank walked on, leaving the Greyfriars captain staring.

He went into the House and slowly up the stairs. He was done for now at Greyfriars—there could be no doubt about that! He had knocked down a Form master! He was done for—with a crash!

There was a scuttle of feet behind him as he went up the Remove staircase. He knew who it was before he looked round. A faintly bitter look came over his colourless face as he glanced round at Dicky.

The fag clutched his sleeve.

"Frank, look here! We shall have to go up before the Head as—as soon as Twigg comes in—you know that!" panted Dicky.

"I know!"

"I never touched Twigg, except buzzing the orange at him! You—you hit him!"

The wretched fag was thinking only of himself.

"Yes," said Frank.

"You—you'll have to tell the Head! I—I—I'm not going to be sacked! You can jolly well be sacked if you like, but I'm not going to be!" said Dicky shrilly. "You couldn't mind your own business—"

Nugent winced.

"I was rather a fool not to mind my own business," he said, with a tremble in his voice. "If I'd listened to my friends, instead of bothering so much about you, this wouldn't have happened!"

"Who asked you to bother about me? You've knocked down a beak—it's the sack! And I'm dragged into it—"

"I shall tell the Head it was only me! So will Twigg! You needn't be frightened, Dicky—you won't be in it!"

Nugent went on up the stairs. Dicky went down, somewhat comforted by his brother's assurance. Frank crossed the Remove landing with slow and dragging steps. Micky Desmond and David Morgan were there, and they stared at his ghastly face. Having finished their tea, Micky and Morgan were thinking of going in quest of Wibley, wondering what on earth had happened to the impersonator of Twigg. But they forgot all about Wibley at the sight of Frank's face.

"Howly mother av Moses, what's the matter entirely?" exclaimed Micky, in alarm.

"Nugent, old chap!" exclaimed Morgan.

Frank passed them without a word. Morgan caught his arm, but Frank shook his hand off and went on to Study No. 1.

"Something's up with him!" said Micky. "But phwat?"

"Goodness knows! Let's go and look for Wib!"

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And the two juniors went down the stairs.

Frank Nugent opened the door of Study No. 1 and went in.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Waiting or the Chopper!

H ALLO, hallo, hallo!" Tea was long over in Study No. 1. The chums of the Remove were chatting over the football match while they waited for the ball for call-over, though they were perhaps thinking more about Frank than about football. They were glad to see him come in, but, after a glance at his face, they stared at him in alarm. Harry Wharton ran towards him across the room.

"Frank—Frank, old man, what—" "What on earth's up, Franky?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Everything," answered Frank quietly. "I—I've done it now! I—I'm for it! Twigg—" He broke off.

"Trouble with Twigg?" asked Bob.

"Yes." "Dick, of course!" Johnny Bull gave a snort. "You've let that young rascal land you in another row with his beak?"

Frank looked at him.

"Yes," he said again.

"Well, if you ask me, you jolly well deserve what's coming to you!" growled Johnny Bull. "If you won't have any sense—"

"Shut up, old chap!" muttered Bob.

"It's time somebody talked plainly, I think," snorted Johnny. "Everybody but Frank knows that his minor is a selfish little beast, and that Frank's making him worse. He wants kicking instead of coddling, and it would do him good."

"Do shut up!" exclaimed Harry.

The Co. fully shared Johnny's opinion, but there was a time for all things. Frank Nugent smiled bitterly.

"Let him run on," he said. "I dare say he's right. I shouldn't wonder if Dick gets on better without me here. If that's so, it will be a comfort."

"Without you here? What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm done for. I'm going to be sacked."

"Frank!"

"My esteemed idiotic Franky—"

"Sacked!" gasped Bob.

Johnny Bull stared in silence. He wished that he hadn't spoken now. It was not the first time that Johnny had wished that.

"What have you done?" asked Harry.

"Knocked down Twigg!"

"Knocked down Twigg!" repeated the captain of the Remove faintly.

He could hardly have been more overwhelmed if Frank had told him that he had knocked down Quelch or the Head.

"Yes."

"Frank, are you mad? You—"

"He was smacking my minor's head. He slapped at me when I dragged him off. And—and I suppose I lost my temper. I suppose I was a silly fool. Dicky thinks so, at least." Nugent's lip trembled. "Well, I knocked him down. I left him sprawling on the ground."

"Sprawling on the ground—Twigg! Good heavens!"

"You know what it means. I may be called up before the Head any minute now. It's the last train home, and good-bye to Greyfriars!" Nugent's voice was low, but it was steady. "I'm not going to whine. I've asked for it, and I'm going to get it. The worst of it is that I know now that I was a fool. It seems that Dicky buzzed an orange at the man's head. No wonder

he smacked the cheeky little ass! Still, he was going it too strong. Of course, I never knew what Dicky had done. He told me after—"

Frank Nugent's chums stood gazing at him in horrified silence. He had been a fool, and he realised it. That knowledge came too late. There was only one outcome for striking a master. It meant instant expulsion from the school.

"You—you awful fool!" said Bob, at last.

"Dicky's told me that."

"Dick!" repeated Wharton.

"Yes. He was right. If there's a bigger fool at Greyfriars, I'd like to see him before I go." Nugent gave a weary shrug of the shoulders. "No good talking. You can't think me a bigger fool than I think myself. The game's up. I'm done for here. You needn't worry. If ever a fellow asked for it, I have!"

There was a long, long silence in Study No. 1. The Co. were simply overwhelmed with dismay. The silence was broken by a tramping of feet in the Remove passage, and a sound of laughter, which jarred on the ears of the dismayed fellows in Study No. 1.

Three juniors tramped past the open doorway—Wibley, Micky Desmond, and Morgan. Micky and Morgan were chortling like fellows enjoying a good joke. Wibley was rubbing his nose, which was red and raw. He was grinning, but rather wryly. He had a pain in his nose, and an ache in his head. He had a bundle in his hand which contained the outward semblance of Mr. Twigg, little as the fellows in Study No. 1 guessed it.

The three passed on, the chortles floating back as they went. Harry Wharton & Co. were not in a mood to inquire what the joke was. But Wharton stepped to the door, and called:

"Have you fellows seen Twigg?"

Wibley & Co. turned at the question. Micky and Morgan chortled still more explosively, and Wibley grinned more widely. Wharton noticed, without interest, that Wibley's face showed traces of make-up. Wib had washed it off at the tap in the woodshed; but there were many traces left.

"Seen Twigg?" repeated Micky.

"Which Twigg?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Morgan.

Wharton stared.

"What do you mean? Have you seen Twigg—the Second Form beak? Has he gone to the Head, do you know?"

"Ha, ha!" roared Micky. "I fancy not. Think he'll go to the Head, Wib?"

"Hardly," chuckled Wibley.

And the three went on to Study No. 6, roaring with laughter. Wharton knitted his brows, and stepped back into Study No. 1.

The summons to the Head, which Nugent expected every moment, did not come. When the bell rang, the Famous Five went down and joined the crowd of fellows going to Hall. As Nugent had not been sent for, they expected that the chopper would come down at call-over, and their feelings were unenviable as they went in with the Remove.

The Head was not there. Quelch, who was taking roll, looked the same as usual. Apparently he knew nothing of any unusual happening. Harry Wharton & Co. looked round for Mr. Twigg.

Twigg was there. To their utter amazement, Twigg was looking quite normal. Dicky Nugent, in the ranks of the Second, had his eyes on his Form master in silent anguish. But Mr. Twigg took no notice of Dicky. He did not glance towards the Remove. He did not look in the least excited or

angry. He looked, in fact, quite pleasant and cheerful.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Twigg had had quite a nice afternoon with some friends at Canterbury, and had returned to Greyfriars in time for roll-call, pleased with his little excursion.

Certainly he had not the faintest idea that he was supposed, by five fellows in the Remove, to have been knocked down that afternoon under the elms in the school quad.

Nugent gazed across at him blankly.

Twigg did not glance at him. Obviously he did not remember the existence of Dicky Nugent's major, or take any interest in him.

Nugent could only wonder.

He answered mechanically to his name when Mr. Quelch called it. When the Greyfriars fellows went out, Nugent was not called on to stay behind. He went with his chums like a fellow in a dream. What it all meant was a mystery to him.

Dicky ran up to him in the passage. The fag was as amazed as his major. He caught Frank by the sleeve.

"I—I say, Twigg's asked me for that translation!" he muttered. "He—he's said nothing about you—about what you did. I say, what does it mean, Frank?"

"No good asking me."

"He—he can't be going to let it pass—"

"Is it likely?"

"I can't understand it," mumbled Dicky. "Is—is he mad, do you think?"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Well, I heard him say to Wiggins that he'd had a very pleasant afternoon at Canterbury. He can't have been at Canterbury, can he? He was here. But—but he's said nothing; only about that translation. He's told me to go to his study and wait for him. That means a whopping; but it's only because I haven't done the translation which—"

"Serve you right, if that's all!" answered Frank; quite an unusual answer for him to make to his minor.

And he left the fag staring, and followed his friends to Study No. 1.

There the Famous Five waited in horrid expectation of the "chopper" coming down. But the chopper did not come down. It was really mystifying.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Light at Last!

WILLIAM WIBLEY grinned. His nose was still red and raw, and had a pain in it.

But he grinned as he looked into Study No. 1 in the Remove. Five fellows were there, looking as if they were waiting for execution. Wibley had kindly come along to put them out of there misery, as it were. But he could not help grinning.

"You fellows don't look frightfully cheerful!" said Wibley.

"We don't feel cheerful!" growled Johnny Bull. "Get out, for goodness' sake! Take that grin away!"

"I've got something to tell you."

"Go and tell somebody else!" grunted Bob Cherry.

"You ain't interested in my theatrical stunts?"

"No!" roared Bob.

"But I can tell you, my latest is a real corker!" said Wibley. "I've perfected my outfit as the beak in our play 'Baffling the Beak'—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Nugent.

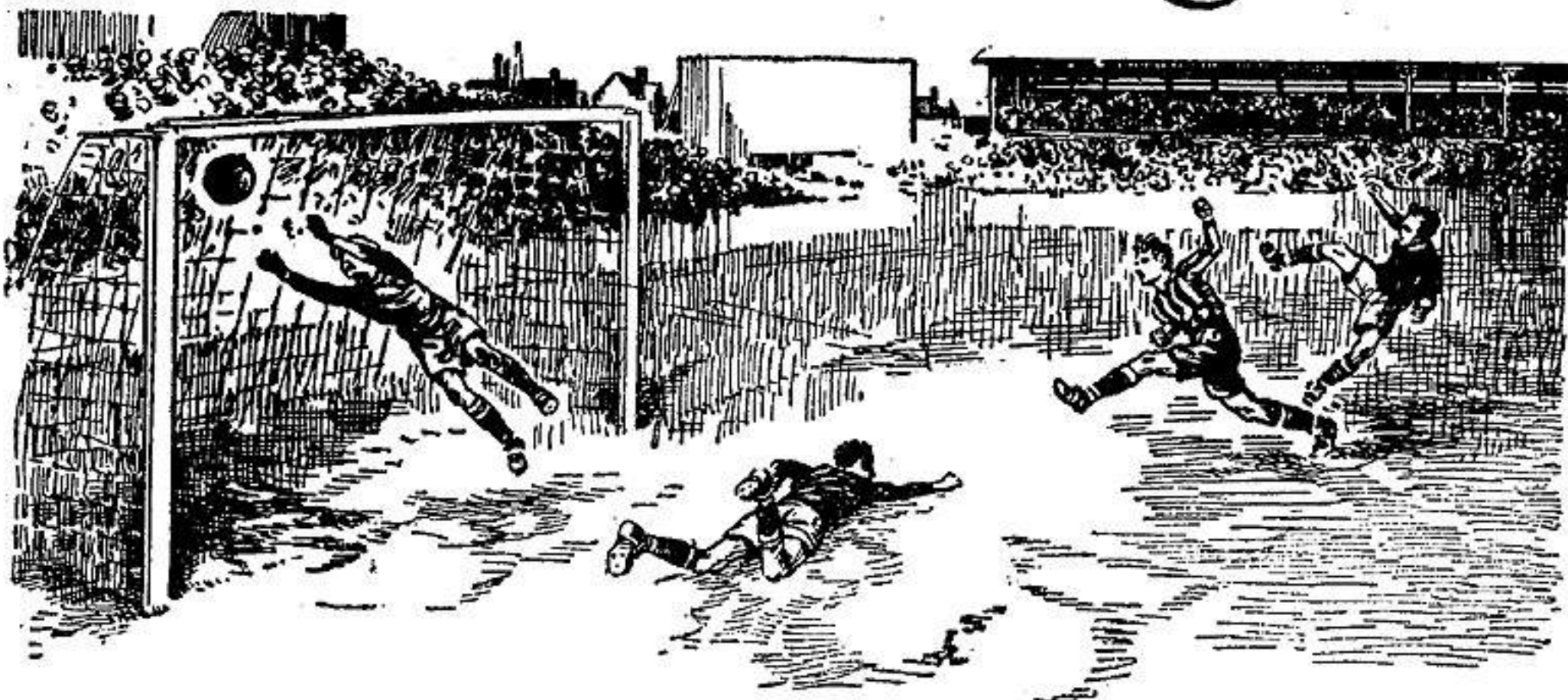
Wibley did not shut up.

"The big idea is to make up an imitation of one of our own beaks," he said.

(Continued on page 28.)

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NOBBY, the 'Shooting Star'!



HOW THE STORY STARTED.

Having run away from Don Carlos' circus, Nobby, a sixteen-year-old waif, meets Ferrers Locke, the detective, who introduces him to Lord Douglas Weatherstone, chairman of the Perriton Rovers F.C. From ground-boy, Nobby soon becomes professional, only to fall foul of Lord Douglas' rascally nephew, Daniel Willoughby Thundersley, who determines to bring about his downfall. Later, to avoid exposure by his bookmaker, to whom he owes money, Thundersley rifles his uncle's safe. While escaping, he bowls over Nobby, who is captured by the police. Realising that a mistake has been made, Lord Douglas apologises to Nobby and requests him to stay to dinner.

Nobby's Luck!

AFTER dinner, his lordship stretched himself in a deep armchair, carefully selected a Havana cigar, and blew smoke rings ceilingwards for five minutes or so without speaking a word.

Nobby, sitting opposite him, felt strangely comfortable and at peace with the world.

Through the dense smoke clouds that began to envelope him his lordship shot several glances at the youngster. Finally he tossed the cigar away and faced Nobby squarely.

"I've been thinking, my boy," he said at length. Then stopped abruptly.

Nobby said nothing—just waited.

"Are you comfortable in your apartment, Nobby?" was his lordship's next question. "I mean, do they look after you—an' all that—what?"

"Rather, sir!" said Nobby warmly. "Mrs. Sullivan is a dear old thing—bit crude, but her heart's made of gold."

"Hum!" His lordship lapsed into silence again. Then: "Nobby, this is a huge place."

"Like a palace, sir—"

"Hum! A large place—and an old man like me gets a bit lonely. You see that portrait?" He indicated a large oil painting directly over the mantel. "That's my son."

"Is it, sir? Of course—now I can see the likeness!"

"Yes; he's supposed to be like me, Nobby. Good chap is young Ronald—red-headed, like yourself. In India, you know—Government job."

Nobby looked interested.

"Missed young Ronny about the place from the first year he went abroad," continued his lordship, half to himself. "Tell me, Nobby, how would you like to live here?"

Nobby did not realise the full significance of the question.

"Oh, I should think it would be grand, sir," he said simply.

Lord Weatherstone smiled mischievously. He liked this youngster, noted that the reply was made without any touch of envy. And that decided him.

"Nobby," he said sternly, "I'm going to give you an order—"

"Yes, sir," said Nobby, rising to his feet. "What is it, sir?"

"Go straight home, pack your bags, get in a taxi—or, better still, take the car—and come back here. You're going to live here with me—keep an old man company."

Nobby's eyes opened wide. Had he heard aright? Was he dreaming? Ho, Nobby—a boy without a name—to share this palace of a place with Lord Douglas Weatherstone? He nearly pinched himself to make sure that he was awake.

"Of course, young man if you think my company will get on your nerves, call it off," said his lordship hastily.

"I—I—I wasn't thinking of that, sir," stammered Nobby. "But, really, sir, you can't mean it! I—I—I—"

Lord Weatherstone assumed a severe expression.

"Look here, Nobby, my lad! I have given you an order, and my orders are usually obeyed." He rang for the butler. "I shall not hear of any refusals."

Nobby stammered and stuttered in a hopeless mixture of unintelligibility. He tried to say that he wasn't good enough to live in a grand house like this—that

he didn't deserve such kindness, and so on. But Lord Douglas Weatherstone had the family weakness of being obstinate—he had made up his mind.

Terrence, the butler, moved into the room like a noiseless shadow.

"You rang, my lord?"

"Tell the chauffeur to take this gentleman home. Tell him to wait and bring him back here. You will also prepare Master Ronny's room for this gentleman. He will be staying here with me indefinitely."

"Very good, my lord," replied the butler, without the flicker of an eyelid to betray his surprise. "Might I inquire, my lord, the name of this young gentleman?"

Nobby felt his colour rising.

"Thundersley," said his lordship, without hesitation. "You will remember that, Terrence."

"Yes, my lord." The butler retired like a piece of well-oiled machinery, and was back again in the dining-room within two minutes. "The car is ready for Mr. Thundersley, my lord."

With wonder written largely in his healthy face, young Nobby made for the door at a kindly nod from Lord Weatherstone. He was still wondering whether the whole thing was a dream when he arrived at Derham Street, collected his bags, told his landlady of his good fortune, and paid her a good sum over and above what was due in the matter of rent.

"Begorra, now," beamed Mrs. Sullivan, "I always thought, indeed, that 'twas too much a gentleman ye were to stay long with Mrs. Flora Sullivan. But 'tis that same Mrs. Sullivan as'll be wishing ye good luck."

Once more in the dreamy comfort of the cushioned Rolls-Royce which bore him and his meagre baggage to Weatherstone Court; once more in the presence of the soft-footed, respectful butler and a line of footmen who stood like statues as he passed between them. Next moment the dream—for Nobby

still thought he was dreaming—transplanted him to a spacious room on the first floor, panelled and heavily curtained. In the hearth a freshly lit fire was crackling merrily; a scintillating chandelier of pure crystal shed a wondrous, soft luminance over the handsome, massive furniture. The rich, heavy pile of the luxurious carpet gave to the feet, the hand-carved oaken four-poster bed promised such delightful, undisturbed repose as Nobby had only dreamed about in those miserable days at the circus.

The butler withdrew; and, looking round, Nobby saw the white face of Alphonse. In the Weatherstone household, Alphonse was a footman-valet. He hastened to inform Nobby of the latter qualification with such a contrite expression on his face that Nobby laughed.

"Still thinking about that little mistake over the burglar, Alphonse?" said Nobby. "Forget it, man! We all make mistakes."

Whereupon, Alphonse's white face radiated a respectful smile, and Alphonse told himself—as he would tell the rest of the servants—that his lordship's guest was a good fellow, a sport—a gentleman.

"It will be my pleasure to attend you personally, sir," said Alphonse. "I hope, sir, I shall give you every satisfaction. Allow me, sir, to unpack your bags!" This as Nobby began to wrestle with his two suitcases. "Allow me, sir."

Still in a whirl, Nobby sought out his lordship.

"Ah, there you are, Nobby! Soon back, what? Now see that that fool Alphonse looks after you. Kick him, you know, if he slacks! Alphonse always improved with a kick or two, so young Ronny used to say. Now make yourself at home. Do what you like. You'll be able to keep yourself fit in the gym—"

Nobby's eyes lit up.

"The gym's in the east wing, next to the swimming pool. Don't go there much myself. Getting too old for that sort of nonsense, my boy. But I shall expect you to make use of it."

"And I will, sir. I—"

Nobby started to thank his lordship afresh, but the genial old sportsman would have none of it.

Finally, Nobby timidly inquired the reason for the name of Thundersley that had been given to him on the spur of the moment.

"Oh, that, Nobby? Well, Thundersley is the family name, you see. And as I intend to adopt you legally, I saw no reason why I shouldn't start calling you that right away. Brummmmmmp! Confound this gout!"

His lordship's sudden outbreak, skilfully brought into play at the right moment, put an effective stop to Nobby's fresh amazement, stuttered thanks, and general bewilderment.

Twenty-four Hours!

WHEN the one-time waif turned in between the soft, white sheets that night, something suspiciously like a tear glistened on his eyelids. Nobby's whole world had gone topsy-turvy in such wonderful fashion that he could hardly believe it to be true. Yet there was nothing mythical about the wondrous room in which he slept or the generosity of his benefactor. Lord Weatherstone's kindness had touched the youngster's heart.

Who can blame those tears? There was nothing unmanly about them; they were the outward and visible sign of a heart bursting with gratitude and joy—a boyish heart which had known precious

little kindness over a wearisome stretch of tormenting years of suffering and bitterness.

When the dawn broke the birds were singing in the trees that swayed their branches across Nobby's windows. Spring, the season of life, of promise, was in the air. Nobby was singing, too. For life was beginning afresh, and a wonderful vista opened up before him.

His lordship was singing. The servants heard him splashing about in his bath and bellowing the place down with what he fondly imagined was a popular dance tune. Strange conduct, they told themselves, for a peer of the realm who had sustained a loss of two thousand pounds; who suffered untold agonies of gout, and was, in consequence, trying to himself and everyone around him. Strange—but gratifying. Life at Weatherstone Court began to look up with a vengeance!

"Are ye wanted? No, ye are not wanted, Mister Thundersley!"

Old Sandy Macfarland was very emphatic about that.

It was the same morning, and the players had turned up sharp to time for practice and training. Even Daniel Willoughby Thundersley was punctual for once.

He scowled blackly at the trainer-manager.

"Are you telling me seriously that I'm not wanted for Saturday's match?" he asked, with some heat.

"Seriously, indeed!" snapped Sandy. "I'll not mince my words with ye, either. Since the match with Blampton I've decided to rest ye for a while, Thundersley. I've no time for folk like ye in my team, ye ken? Temper, selfishness, and the like, have never made a footballer worth his salt. Just ye run away and gie yerself a strong talkin' to."

Thundersley bit his lip.

"But I say, Sandy, the Rovers can't afford to drop me!"

The trainer-manager turned on him like an angry mastiff.

"Can't?" he ejaculated. "Quite frankly, I would do without ye for keeps. That's how much I think we can afford to do without ye. Ye can thank your uncle that ye haven't been fired out of the club. I sent him a letter yesterday tellin' him my views of your usefulness to this club."

Having delivered himself of this "strong medicine," old Sandy walked away, leaving Thundersley white with rage and mortification. Among Thundersley's weaknesses was his vanity. To be dropped from the team hurt him like a knife-thrust. To be dropped indefinitely—why, it made him writhe.

The players did not view his exclusion from Saturday's side with much misgiving.

Like Sandy, they were "fed to the back teeth" with the amateur's airs and graces.

Turning, Thundersley found his eyes meeting those of young Nobby. He

quailed before them and coloured up uncomfortably.

All sorts of questions thrummed through Thundersley's harassed mind. Had the "red-headed nobody" recognised him when he had made his getaway? Did he suspect him? Did anybody suspect him? How was it that Lord Weatherstone had kept the news of the robbery out of the papers? Did he suspect his own nephew?

The questions tortured Thundersley, had tormented him for hours. Looking up again, he read in Nobby's fixed stare an accusation. In turn Nobby read the truth! Thundersley it was who had rifled Lord Weatherstone's safe! Nobby needed no telling in actual words. He knew just as if the villain had written out a confession that he was the burglar who had made off with two thousand pounds from his lordship's safe; that it was Thundersley who had escaped over the wall and knocked him down in the process.

Nobby felt his position keenly. Waiting his opportunity, the youngster took Thundersley aside and faced him squarely.

"Thundersley," he began, "there was a robbery at his lordship's house last night—"

"Was there, begad!" Thundersley's astonishment was well feigned, but it did not deceive Nobby. "You surprise me. Much stolen?"

"There was a robbery," went on Nobby, relentlessly, "and someone escaped with the loot over the park wall."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Thundersley. "How exciting. Funny, I didn't read anything about it in the papers this morning."

"No! His lordship kept it out of the papers for my sake—in a way," continued Nobby.

Thundersley's brows elevated inquiringly.

"For your sake. 'Fraid I don't cotton on to that," he said easily.

"The chap who escaped over the wall knocked me down as he landed," said Nobby, never taking his eyes off Thundersley, "and I was arrested by mistake."

"By Jove! That was deuced awkward for you—"

"It wasn't, as it turned out," said Nobby. "You see, I recognised the burglar-merchant before he could make off with his ill-gotten loot."

Thundersley's face went white.

"He was a red-headed chap," went on Nobby relentlessly, "about your build—"

Thundersley tottered in his tracks.

"Did you tell his lordship that?" he asked wildly. "Did you tell him that?"

The man's agitation, his fear, his terror was pitiable in the extreme. Nobby knew now that he had made no mistake.

"You cur!" he blazed. "You rotten, low down, sneaking cur—"

Thundersley started back as if he had been stung. His jaw dropped—his face was strained with lines of stark fear now.

"You—what—what the deuce do you mean?"

"I mean, you rotten hound," snapped Nobby, "that you were the burglar! I haven't told his lordship so—yet. But unless you tell him so yourself within twenty-four hours I shall have to tell him."

(Thundersley's in the cart with a vengeance this time. Will he make a clean breast of it all, or will he— Anyway, you'll be surprised when you read next week's thrilling chapters.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,310.

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Magnet 25/3/33

THE SCHOOLBOY IMPERSONATOR!

(Continued from page 25.)

"You remember I told you the other day, Nugent—"

"Be a good fellow, and cut," said Harry Wharton. "We're rather worried, old chap. Never mind theatricals now."

"But it's because you're worried that I've trickled along to tell you," said Wibley.

"What?"

"I'm a good-natured chap. I thought it would cheer you up."

"Well, it doesn't! Cut off!"

"But I haven't finished yet—"

"Look here! Shut up and bunk!" growled Johnny Bull. "Bother your silly rot! I'll jolly well buzz an inkpot at you if you stand there grinning."

"Keep cool, old bean," said Wibley amicably. "I only want to ask Nugent if he thinks better of my outfit than he did the other day. You thought I wasn't much like Twigg the other day, Nugent. But to-day—"

"Oh, don't be an ass! I haven't seen you playing the goat to-day, and I jolly well don't want to! Leave us alone!"

"You haven't seen my playing the goat!" agreed Wibley. "But you've seen me playing Twigg!"

Harry Wharton gave a start.

"Playing Twigg?" he repeated.

"As large as life! Didn't you notice me pass you, when you came away from the footer? I was talking to Prout."

"Talking to Prout?"

"Yes."

"I noticed Twigg talking to Prout!" said Bob Cherry, staring.

"That's a testimonial," said Wibley blandly. "You thought I was Twigg! And I'll bet Nugent thought I was Twigg when I was snacking his minor's head for buzzing an orange at me and nearly cracking my boko, and he floored me—"

"Fuf-fuf-floored you!" gasped Nugent.

Wibley rubbed his head reminiscently.

"You needn't have punched so jolly hard," he said. "But I'm glad, for your sake, that it wasn't Twigg's head. You'd have been sacked by this time."

There was a silence—of utter amazement—in Study No. 1. It was followed by a general gasp of relief. Harry Wharton & Co. understood now why Twigg had said nothing, and done nothing about that startling happening under the elms.

"You?" gasped Bob Cherry.

Wibley smiled serenely.

"Little me," he assented modestly.

"Rather good, don't you think? It will bring down the house, I fancy, when we give the play. Twigg to the life, what? Cheer up, Nugent, old bean! You're not going to be sacked for knocking Twigg down—it was me you knocked down! Feel better?"

There was no doubt that Nugent felt better when he had grasped it. All the Famous Five were feeling better. It was like light after darkness—sunshine after storm! At a bound, the chums of the Remove recovered their usual cheery spirits.

"You've had rather a scare, old bean," rattled on the cheerful Wibley. "Well, serve you right! I dare say it will be a lesson to you—and you needed one! If it had been the genuine Twigg you'd have been in a bad box! What?"

Nugent breathed hard and deep.

"So—it was you!" said Bob. "More of your giddy theatrical stunts—more of your fatheaded impersonating! You're a jolly clever fellow, Wib—"

"Granted!" assented Wibley.

"And I dare say it would bring down the house, as you say, if you made up in imitation of a Greyfriars beak in our play—"

"Sure to!"

"But you're not going to do it!"

"Eh?"

"There's a limit, and that's the limit!"

"Look here—"

"Nugent's had a lesson, and, as you say, he needed one. But there's another fellow who needs a lesson—a fellow who plays fatheaded tricks and worries fellows with them—a fellow who's jolly clever, but needs a lesson not to be too jolly clever—and that's you, Wib! And you're jolly well going to have that lesson! Collar him!"

Wibley made a jump for the passage. The Famous Five made a jump for Wibley. Wibley jumped fast—but the Famous Five jumped faster! And for the next five minutes William Wibley had the time of his life. It was a dusty and dishevelled and dismal Wibley that crawled out of Study No. 1, without sufficient breath left to tell the Famous Five what he thought of them. Which, in the opinion of the Famous Five, at least, was a just reward for the Schoolboy Impersonator.

THE END.

(Next week's MAGNET will contain another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled: "ALL THROUGH BUNTER!" It's a scream of a yarn, too, chums, so don't miss it! You'll find another Free "Atlas" Coupon, too, in this bumper issue.)

RESULT OF OUR WORD-MAKING COMPETITION.

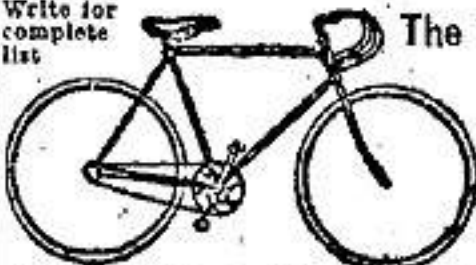
Owing to the fact that thirteen competitors sent in Correct Solutions in this popular contest, in which a HOME CINEMA was offered as FIRST PRIZE, I am faced with the difficulty of dividing the Home Cinema into thirteen equal parts. It just can't be done—not unless I take a hatchet and do it! And if I did that the thirteen prizewinners would want to look for me, with a hatchet! As the cost of the Home Cinema is £35.0., the best and fairest way out of the difficulty is for me to divide that amount equally among the thirteen competitors. This I have done, and, accordingly, postal orders for five shillings have been forwarded to each of the following competitors:

- W. D. ANDERSON, Greystoke, Penrith, Cumberland.
- P. ARNOLD, 76, Constantine Road, London, N.W. 3.
- J. CLEPHANE, 8, West Claremont Street, Edinburgh.
- F. M. CUDLIP, 4, Balloch Road, Catford, S.E. 6.
- R. EVEREST, 30, Oliver Crescent, Farningham, Kent.
- J. FOSTER, 51, Bentley Bar, nr. Atherstone, Works.
- R. HASLAM, Barwood Mount, Ramsbottom, Manchester.
- S. JOHNSON, "Glencast," Avenue Road, West Hartlepool.
- A. MATFIELD, 28, Mendip Road, Bedminster, Bristol, 3.
- K. RANGER, 189, Twickenham Road, Leytonstone, E. 11.
- T. H. SMITH, 5, Woodcote Village, Purley, Surrey.
- E. SNOWDEN, 12, Retford Place, Bradford.
- W. L. VINTON, 93, Spring Grove Crescent, Hounslow, Middlesex.

100 "RICBY" MODEL PLANES were also promised to runners-up, but in the checking it was found that no less than one hundred and thirty-nine readers, whose efforts each contained one error, tied for them. Therefore, to avoid disappointment to any of these entrants, the number of prizes has been increased by thirty-nine, so that every one of them shall have a model plane. Owing to lack of space, we are unable to print such a long list here, but the winners' names may be seen on application at our offices, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C. 4.

THE EDITOR.

Write for complete list



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All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, UNION JACK SERIES, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

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No. 25 (New Series).

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

March 25th, 1933.

THE NEW Greyfriars Herald

EXTRA GOOD EDITION

BARGAINS IN PETS!
Owner will sell all rights to Three Splendid White Mice for Threepence. Mice missing at present; runnoured to be inside Mrs. Keble's cat. But you can't always tell, can you?—G. TUBB, Third Form Room.

AS OTHERS SEE THEM

What I Think of Micky Desmond

By Tom Dutton

I should like every reader of the "Greyfriars Herald" to understand that I'm not deaf.
That I'm a little hard of hearing, I'm willing to admit. But deaf—never! This being so, you'll easily understand that I get somewhat annoyed with the kind of fellow who either mumbles down into his own neck or else tries to split my ear-drum with his yelling.
Desmond is one of that kind. With him there's no half-way line. Either he stands about half-a-mile away and mumbles, or else he puts his mouth into my ear and does his best to deafen me! All that he told you last week about his interview with me is bosh. I heard him all right. He was insulting and I punched him on the nose, and I'd jolly well do it again—in fact, I think I will, anyway! But now, of course, he has to make out I'm in the wrong!

Who should know the English language best—an Englishman brood and born, like me, or a wild Irishman who's liable to lapse into Erse or Gaelic at any odd moment? The answer's obvious, and if young Desmond tries to blame my ears for his rotten English, sensible readers will know what to think of him!

Apart from his speech, I fancy there's not a lot wrong with Desmond. He's an erratic kind of chap and hobnobs with Skinner and that crowd at times, but he's sound enough at heart, I should imagine. But sound or not, I'm jolly well going to punch his nose for what he said about me last week. In fact, I think I'll pack up writing and trot along and do it while I feel like it!

(We may add that Dutton duly carried out his threat and Desmond's pals duly carried out Micky!—Ed.)

DICKY NUGENT'S

WEEKLY WISDOM

That silly old fogey Coker's swanking like anything over the roof-and-tumble he had with Courtneld tuffs last week. He says he struck six before he left them. The school clock struck twelve last night!

NOT SURPRISING

When a beggar stopped Bolsover in the lane the other day Bolsover gave him a CUFF. Yet he seemed quite surprised when the fellow turned SHIRTY!

Hero's Modest Story

Loder, the black sheep of the Sixth, a hero! Greyfriars has hardly got over the shock of it yet; but it's true enough!
The graphic story of his amazing rescue of Tom Brown from the jaws of death on the railway line is one to bring a flush of pride to the face of any Friar. Whatever Loder may have been in the past, he's justified his existence this time with a vengeance!
Brown fell over on the railway line across which he was taking a short cut back to the School and caught his napper on the metals, with the result that he temporarily lost interest in his surroundings. While he lay there helpless, along came Loder, and . . . but let the hero tell the rest of the yarn in his own modest words:
"To think was to act with me. I saw at once his appalling danger from it in straight, clean-cut lines! The ground shook, the train's whistle shrieked madly. In a wild inferno of noise it was upon me."
"One more second and young Brown and I would have been hurled into eternity. But in that one second, I acted!"
"How I did it, heaven knows. All I know is that the only thing I saw was Brown's unconscious body lying across the track. By instinct or by sheer luck—have it which way you will—I did it! I found myself lying on the bank with Brown by my side, and I knew I had pulled it off!"
"Of course it was nothing. I merely did what any other fellow in my place would have done. All the same, I must say I did it jolly well, and if I don't get a medal for my courageous act, I jolly well ought to!"



—realised that only by risking my own life could I hope to save Brown!

"Did I hesitate? Did I stop for an instant to think of the frightful consequences of failure? NO! I! Into the valley of death I plunged!"
The thunderous roar of the approaching express was deafening. I caught a glimpse of it hurtling towards me, smoke streaming

NEW POOL 'N REVOLT

Millionaires' "Change System" Demand

What are we coming to, eh? Here's all our old millionaire pals, Maundy, D'Arcy, De Courcy & Co., holding meetings to protest against their reduced incomes! We've heard a lot about Trade Depression from the papers, but we really didn't think things were as bad as that!

Smithy and Sir Jimmy Vivian rolled up to the gathering, too, and quite a number of wealthy lads from St. S. Highcliffe, Abbot's Ford, Grimslade, and several other schools. The meeting, which took place in a private banqueting-room in a restaurant at Wapshot was supposed to be secret, but, as usual, our representative got in without a great deal of trouble—disguised as an ornamental palm, as a matter of fact!

D'Arcy of St. Jimmy's, who presided, said that it was without doubt fellows who were brought up to disavow most havin' to regard their financial position, but these hard times it simply had to be one. Things were all wrong nowadays. The price of monocoques was ridiculously high, and as to divers, he found it difficult to keep himself going in spots an' toppings!

Vernon-Smith said that years ago his pater entertained every night on his yacht quite a lot. Now the pace was too hot, and he found he could not, not a carved a job, wasn't it rot, what? (Laughter)

De Courcy, whose air had been liberally sprinkled with sniffs and some practical jokes, complained bitterly of the super-tacks. Lumley-Lumley, an American plutocrat, said he guessed things were real bad. Personally speaking, he had had a rather bad dinner and he found hard to make both ends meet.

After a lengthy discussion it was decided to send a telegram to the Prime Minister demanding that he change the system.
The Prime Minister was disappointed. "Sorry, we've run out of systems for the one you've got."
D'Arcy, who was extremely annoyed about it, has now, we hear, decided to hurl a bombshell at the Prime Minister's door.
He will decline to wear a single fancy waist-coat from now until the end of the month!

AMATEUR COWBOYS

CAUSE STAMPEDE

"Rodeo" Scenes at Friardale

Squiff, Delaney, Russell and speak again, we're going to ask Butirode achieved immortal fame in the annals of Greyfriars last week by riding four hundred ponies in the direction of the sea and stampeding a herd of cattle that happened to be grazing on the hillside!



They assure us that the stampede was quite unintentional and was evidently caused by the beasts' unintelligent failure to understand Trans-alantic cowboy methods.

LONZY'S LITTLE LETTERS

Dear Editor.—How may one attain comprehension regarding the indubitably existent tendency to interminable antagonisms between groups of juveniles whose divisibility eventuates from the particular condition of their occupying different studies?

The circumstance of my association with Study No. 7 is to me personally of no special significance. Yet Cousin Peter, not content with an indicative ascription as to the imperative necessity for intelligent anticipation of prospective aggressive measures relative to extraneous studies—a futile and fallacious pretence in the estimation of the signatory to this epistolary effusion—has gone so far as to proscribe my reception of a considerable amplification of an aural appendage, his precise words being—"I apologise for the necessity of the utilisation of his perverted terminology—that unless I fight for the Study he will give me a thick ear."

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!

(We have read this letter aloud to six fellows. The only one who didn't yoll for the police was Tom Dutton!—Ed.)

ALONZO TODD.

Compensiously yours,

ALONZO TODD.

Robert Ogilvy, the Scottish junior, prepares a baggis for festive occasions—but even Bunter refuses to help him eat it! Strange, isn't it?

Johnny Bull is an expert at clucking, and the other day gave an exhibition in the gym. He didn't drop one! Skinner, by the way, is an expert "lead-swinger."

BANK OF ENGLAND MOVES

Burnt Note Sequel

You remember we told you last week how Klips accidentally burnt Bolsover's ten-bob note in the course of a conjuring trick? Well, you'll all be glad to know that Bolsover's going to get compensation for it—if he lives long enough.

Wingate put him up to the wheeze and Bolsover's awfully grateful. He hadn't realised previously how simple it would be to recover his loss. What he did, on Wingate's advice, was to report the matter to the Bank of England.

The Bank of England, after holding a special board meeting behind locked doors in Thread-needle Street, decided to issue a simple Application Form containing a mere 900 questions.

After working on this document for three or four hours, Bolsover succeeded in completing it. He promptly posted it back to the Bank.

By return of post the Bank sent a number of other documents to be completed by the person from whom Bolsover had got the note, the person who had passed it to that person, and so on back as far as they could go. They also instructed Bolsover to obtain a report on his own character from the Head and to swear to the circumstances before a Commissioner for Oaths at a trivial cost of five bob.

Bolsover did all this.

Detectives then visited the school to question Bolsover and Klips and take their fingerprints.

The Bank have now written to say that the matter will be reconsidered and fresh documents issued for him to fill up in twelve months' time.

After that, Bolsover will have to attend an examination at the Bank.

It is estimated that Bolsover will get his ten bob back quite a long time before he qualifies for his Old-age Pension. It is gratifying also to note that the cost of recovering the ten bob will not exceed five or six pounds.

Boloy is naturally very bucked about it!

News in a Nutshell

UNAVOIDABLY POSTPONED.

We regret to announce that the Remove's First Annual Frog-jumping Contest has been postponed.

Monsieur Charpentier has unfortunately eaten all the competitors!

OBVIOUS!

Smith minor is said to be so shy that he leaves the School House by way of the ivy outside his study window.

He evidently can't face the Remove "stars"!

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

"CURIOUS"—No, Fisher T. Fish is not a manufacturer. What your friend meant was that he was always "on the make"!

WANTED—A RAZOR!

Bunter's postal order has turned up at last—and grown a beard and whiskers during the journey!