

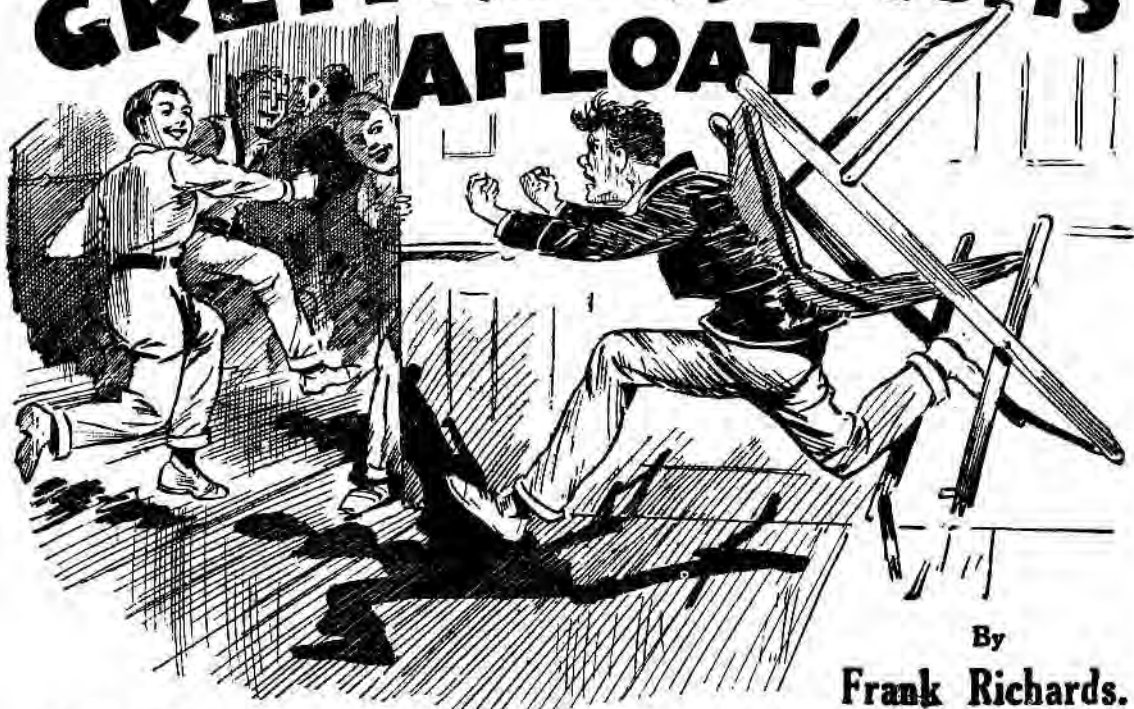
WONDERFUL FREE GIFTS IN A FORTNIGHT'S TIME!
(SEE PAGE 25.)

The MAGNET^{2D}



"A Stitch in Time."

GREYFRIARS CHUMS AFLOAT!



By

Frank Richards.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Done in the Dark!

BILLY BUNTER AWAKE.

It was quite unusual for Billy Bunter to awaken at midnight. Generally, when the fat junior of Greyfriars laid his bullet head on his pillow, and shut his eyes, they remained shut till rising-bell in the morning. Generally his deep snore went on like a saxophone solo, from dewy eve to rosy morn. But the circumstances were unusual.

The Owl of the Remove was not in bed in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars now. He was in a bunk on board the Sea Nymph yacht. The Sea Nymph was ploughing the waters of the North Sea. Harry Wharton & Co. had started on their Easter cruise that day. They were fast asleep in their state-rooms. Billy Bunter was awake.

Perhaps the sound of eight bells striking had helped to waken him. No doubt the unaccustomed motion, on a vessel at sea, had made his slumbers uneasy. But the chief cause of that unusual awakening was the awful snortiness inside Billy Bunter.

Billy Bunter had packed away a supper that might have lasted any ordinary fellow a week. It would have lasted Bunter till the morning—but for the motion of the sea. As it was, Bunter had lost that supper. And he had crawled into his bunk feeling that he would never be able to eat again. But when he woke at midnight, he was feeling quite different. Now he was feeling as if he could have eaten the hind leg of a mule. Seldom, if ever, had Bunter been so hungry. The loss of his supper, and the keen salt sea air, had done it. Bunter was ravenous.

So it was fortunate that he was on his cousin George Cook's yacht, and not in the old dorm at Greyfriars. At school, Bunter would have had to hold out somehow till brekker. Now all he had to do was to roll out of bed, and root for provender.

He sat up, yawned, rubbed his eyes, groped for his spectacles and jammed them on his fat, little nose, and rolled out. He slid back the sliding door, and blinked out.

Probably the steward was in bed. It would be just like him to be fast asleep when Bunter wanted food. Bunter was accustomed to the selfishness of mankind. But the Owl of the Remove knew where to look for provender, and he was ready to help himself—more than ready. To his surprise, the saloon was in darkness. The light was supposed to burn there all night—but somebody must have turned it out.

Bunter grunted.

"Beast!"

He groped his way. There was a switch somewhere, though he had forgotten precisely where. His fat hand groped on a half-open door, just as the Sea Nymph gave a roll.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

He pitched headlong. Bunter was not on his sea-legs yet, and every time the yacht rolled, it took him by surprise. He sprawled into one of the state-rooms, which, he did not know. He groped and scrambled, caught the edge of a bunk, and dragged himself up. The vessel pitched again, and he stumbled and clutched round wildly for support. His grasp closed on something in the darkness—he did not know, for a moment, that it was a nose, but he knew that he wanted a hold, and he held on with a grip like a vice. Then he suddenly

discovered in whose room he was, as a terrific yell came from the bunk, and he recognised the stentorian voice of Bob Cherry.

"Yooooop! Wharrer you at? Who's that? Oh crumbs! Let go my dose!" Bob had awakened quite suddenly, and he seemed startled.

"It's all right!" gasped Bunter. "Let go my dose!" shrieked Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

An unseen hand, clenched hard, las! I out from the darkness of the bunk, and landed on the widest part of Billy Bunter's circumference.

"Ooooooh!"

Bunter let go Bob's nose suddenly, and sat down.

"Ow!" Bob rubbed his nose. "You silly ass. Playing japes at this time of night! Wait till I get my pillow, you fat owl!"

"Ow! Beast! Wow!" gasped Bunter. "I say, Cherry, some idiot's turned out the light! Get out and turn it on, will you?"

"Swine!"

Bob Cherry did not get up. He reached over the side of the bunk with his pillow, and swiped.

"Oh!" roared Bunter, "Oh lor! Beast!"

He rolled. Another swipe barely missed him.

"Come back and have another, you fat frump!" hissed Bob.

"Beast!"

Bunter rolled out, and scrambled up. He blinked savagely round in the darkness. Where was that beastly switch? Holding on to the edge of the table with one hand, and with the other extended before him, Bunter groped. He gave a jump as his extended fingers came into contact with something that moved.

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COMING SOON—THE FINEST FREE GIFTS YET—

"Wha-a-at—" gasped Bunter. It was a human face that he had touched in the darkness. Someone else, apparently, was up at midnight. It made Bunter jump.

Thump! Billy Bunter, naturally, was not prepared for a sudden thump on the nose. It took him quite by surprise. He sat down with a bump, and spluttered.

There was a scuffling, brushing sound, as of someone hastily groping away in the darkness. Bunter sat and roared.

"I say, you fellows! Help! Yaroooh! Help! Burglars! Whoop!"

"Shut up, you fat idiot!" came a yell from Bob Cherry's room.

"Ow! I've been knocked down!" yelled Bunter. "I'm stunned—I mean, nearly stunned! Help!"

"What the thump—" came Harry Wharton's voice.

"What's that row?" growled Johnny Bull.

"The rowfulness is terrific!" came the voice of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Is that Bunter?" howled Nugent.

"Shut up, Bunter."

"Yaroooh! Help!" roared Bunter, "Burglars!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a sleepy chortle from the bunks. The idea of burglars at sea, twenty miles or more from land, was rather entertaining.

"Ow! Ow! Wow! Help!" yelled Bunter. "I'm hurt! Somebody punched me! Wow!"

The Famous Five of Greyfriars turned out. They did not believe that Bunter was punched—but they thought it was time that he was! So they turned out to punch him.

Harry Wharton found the switch, and flashed on the electric light. The saloon was suddenly flooded with illumination. They stared at Billy Bunter. He was sitting and spluttering wildly. A fat hand was pressed to his fat little nose—and through his podgy fingers there exuded a thin, red line! Bunter's nose was damaged—there could be no doubt about that!

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Harry Wharton, staring at him.

"Ow! Look at my nose! Wow!"

"How did you do it, you silly ass?" demanded Frank Nugent.

"Somebody punched me—"

"Rot! I tapped you on the bread-basket when you woke me up," said Bob Cherry. "But that wouldn't damage your silly boko."

"Ow, Wow! It was somebody in the dark—"

"Rats!" growled Johnny Bull.

"A burglar—"

"Some swimmer, that burglar!" chuckled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I suppose it couldn't be a burglar!" gasped Bunter. "But it was somebody! One of you fellows, I suppose—Beasts!"

"You silly ass, we've only just turned out," said Harry. "You must have knocked your silly little nose on something—"

"Ho hit me on the nose!" yelled Bunter.

"Who did?"

"Whoever it was. Wibley, if it wasn't one of you—where's Wibley?"

William Wibley was looking out of his state-room. He grinned.

"Not guilty, my lord!" he said. "You woke me up with your howling."

Harry Wharton gave the fat Owl a hand up. Billy Bunter held on to the

table, set his spectacles straight on his damaged nose, and glared at the juniors.

"Which of you was it?" he roared. "Dirty trick, punching a fellow's nose in the dark! Rotters! Beasts! If this is how you're going to behave on this cruise, I shall be sorry I asked you for Easter! Beasts!"

"You frabjous frump!" said Bob. "You must have banged your silly nose on something—"

"Somebody punched me!" yelled Bunter. "I just touched him in the dark, and he hit out and got me on the boko—"

"Rats!"

"The ratfulness is terrific."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Bosh!"

"It was one of you—"

"Fathead!"

And the Greyfriars fellows went back to bed, leaving Billy Bunter to rub his damaged nose. He rubbed it, and for some minutes, as he rubbed it, he continued to tell the chums of the Remove what he thought of them. Then, remembering that he was hungry, the fat Owl went in search of foodstuffs.

The water looks a beautiful green as the yacht Sea Nymph ploughs its way along the coast—and so does Horace Coker, the world's worst sailor! But Harry Wharton & Co. are happy, if Coker isn't, for the Greyfriars chums are having the time of their lives!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Beastly for Bunter!

"MORNING!" said George. "Sleep well, hay? Comfortable, what?"

George, otherwise Captain Cook, of the steam-yacht Sea Nymph, sang out cheerily in his fat throaty voice, as the chums of Greyfriars came on deck in the bright April morning. George's round, red face beamed under his natty yachting-cap. George was fat and round and comfortable and good-humoured. When the juniors had first seen George they had had an idea that he looked less like a yachtsman than like a hotel-keeper on holiday in yachting rig. They had since found out that that was just what George was.

It was with a good many doubts and misgivings that the Famous Five had accepted Billy Bunter's invitation to an Easter cruise on his cousin's yacht. But they had never dreamed for a moment how the sly and astute Owl of the Remove was pulling their leg.

Not till they were at sea, out of sight of land, had they learned, much to their surprise, that George was running that yacht as a business proposition, and that the cruise had to be paid for. Billy Bunter was getting his trip free of charge in consideration of having secured so many clients for George. Bunter had swanked all over Greyfriars as a fellow who was taking a big party on a yachting cruise for the hols. And

he had left his "guests" to find out how matters really stood, when it was too late.

George, however, knew nothing of his fat cousin's nefarious trickery. And on due consideration the chums of Greyfriars had decided to see it through. There were consolations. As Bunter's guests they could not have kicked him when he deserved it. As passengers paying their way they could kick him whenever he asked for it—as he so frequently did. And they rather liked George. And it was a good yacht, roomy and comfortable, and the fact that there was a mortgage on it, which George had to pay off from the profits of his holiday tripping, was no concern of theirs.

There was no nonsense about George. He had kept an hotel on shore once, now he was keeping a sort of floating hotel. Billy Bunter had been at pains to explain that the Cook branch was not the aristocratic side of the family; the Cooks were, in fact, a sort of poor relations to whom the Bunters were kind and patronising. But the Famous Five had an idea that they liked the Cooks rather better than the Bunters.

"Anything you don't like, just mention it," said George, beaming. "We aim to give satisfaction—complete satisfaction to all clients. Sleep all right?"

"Fine," said Bob.

"Brekker up to the mark, what?"

"Ripping."

"Good!" said George heartily.

"Glad to hear it! Not seasick?"

"Not a bit!"

"I hear you were larking in the night," said George. "Somebody tapped Billy's nose, what? Ha, ha! Well, boys will be boys! What? What?"

And George rolled away, beaming.

It was a fine fresh morning, the sea bright and blue, glistening in the April sunshine. Harry Wharton & Co. were feeling merry and bright. They had been to sea before, and were good sailors, and the motion of the Sea Nymph did not trouble them. Far in the distance there was a glimmer of the white cliffs of England. On the whole, they were glad that they had started on the Easter cruise. There was one fly in the ointment—a fat fly! But Billy Bunter could be kicked when necessary, so that was all right.

"I say, you fellows!"

Bunter rolled on deck, and the juniors grinned as they looked at him. Bunter's nose, like Marian's in the ballad, was red and raw. Evidently it had had a knock! But nobody except Bunter believed that it had been punched. Who could have punched it?

The fat junior gave them a glare through his big spectacles.

"Are you going to own up?" he demanded.

"Which and what?" asked Bob.

"Who punched my nose in the dark last night?" demanded Bunter.

"Nobody did, you fat ass!"

"Look at it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled the Removites, as they looked at it.

They seemed to think it aspect funny.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" hooted Bunter. "I call it a dirty trick! Was it you, Wharton?"

"You knocked it on something, you silly owl!"

"Yes, on somebody's fist!" grunted Bunter. "And if you think I'm going to stand this sort of thing you're jolly

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well mistaken—see? I've brought you on a ripping cruise—"

"Twenty-one guineas each, as per advertisement!" snorted Johnny Bull. "You wouldn't have got us here if we'd known."

"Oh, really, Bull! If it was you punched my nose—"

"It wasn't—but I'll punch it now—"

Bunter jumped back in time. "I want to know who it was!" he roared. "I tel. you I'm not going to stand it—see? I've a jolly good mind to whop you all round!"

"Mercy!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you think I'm going to stand—"

roared Bunter. "Sit down!" suggested Johnny Bull; and he gave Bunter a playful shove, and the fat Owl sat down with a bump.

"Yaroooooh!"

The juniors strolled away along the deck, leaving Bunter to splutter. (George came along and picked him up, with a fat and cheery grin.

"Larking—what?" said George, in his hearty way. "Ha, ha! Boys will be boys—what? Ha, ha! Very pleasant set of friends of yours, Billy. I had no idea you were in such a good set at your school—not at all. I was quite surprised. Very agreeable set of young fellows, indeed, what?"

Bunter snorted.

"I've told you more than once that I'm the most popular fellow at Greyfriars!" he snapped.

"Yea, you've told me so!" grinned George. "Ha, ha! You've told me a lot of things, what? But it's all right this time—your friends are really a very pleasant set of lads. Quite surprising."

Billy Bunter just then was far from regarding Harry Wharton & Co. as a very pleasant set of lads. There was a lingering pain in his fat little nose, where some nefarious unknown fist had punched it. That the unknown puncher was one of the six juniors seemed certain to Bunter, for who else could it have been? It could hardly have been the steward, or the steward's boy, or the engineer, or one of the crew. Bunter knew that he had not knocked his nose by accident. He knew that it had been punched—and he was angry and indignant.

Punching their noses all round would have been merely justice, and would have been very satisfactory. Unfortunately, it was not practical politics. But Bunter was indignant, and he was wrathful, and he was going to get his own back somehow.

He eyed the cheery chums of the Remove with a morose eye as he thought it out, and so far from being serious and concerned about Bunter's wrath they did not notice it—or Bunter—having, apparently, completely forgotten the existence of the fat Owl of the Remove. Bob Cherry was pointing to a large steamer in view on the starboard quarter, and suggesting that somebody should cut down and fetch up the field-glasses he had left in the cabin. To which the other fellows made counter-suggestions that Bob himself should run down and fetch them up. As he listened to the cheery exchange of remarks an idea flashed into Billy Bunter's fat brain, and he cut quickly below.

It was rather a steep companion-way, and rather dusky. Billy Bunter hooked a chair out of the cabin and laid it across the middle of the steps. Then he retreated into the saloon, grinning. Ten to one Bob would come down for those glasses, and he always came anywhere with a rush. Bunter, out of sight,

listened for a crash. It did not occur to his fat and fatuous brain for the moment that it was a dangerous trick to play. Whoever came running down those stairs was booked for a bump—and that was good enough for Bunter. If it was Bob who had punched his nose, serve him right; if not—well, he was a beast, anyhow!

Bunter grinned and listened. A couple of minutes passed, and then there was a step descending the companion. The Owl of the Remove subdued a chuckle.

Crash!

Bump!

"Oooooooop!"

"He, he he!" gurgled Bunter.

A heavy body rolled, and a loud voice roared. Somebody had come to grief on the stairs.

"Hefty haddocks! What—who—oh, ow—wow!" roared the voice; and Billy Bunter gave a squeak of dismay.

It was not the voice of Bob Cherry, or any of the Remove fellows! It was the voice of Cousin George—Captain Cook!

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

George stamped into the saloon, his round red face redder than usual, his eyes gleaming with wrath. He had fallen over the chair on the stairs, and he was hurt. Likewise, he was wrathful.

"Who—" he bawled. He sighted the dismayed fat Owl and glared. "You young ass! Playing silly tricks on the stairs—"

"It wasn't me!" gasped Bunter, in alarm.

George looked, at that moment, as if he had quite forgotten how a poor relation ought to treat an aristocratic relation. He looked positively ferocious.

"Who was it, then?" roared George.

"I—I don't know!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I know nothing about it, George. Besides, I thought it was Bob Cherry coming down—"

"What?" roared George.

"I—I hadn't the faintest idea you were coming down," gasped Bunter.

"Not that I put the chair there, you know. I wasn't going to make those beasts sit up for punching my nose last night—"

"You dangerous young manias!" roared George. "Might have broken my neck! Take that!"

Smack!

"Yarooooh!" roared Bunter as he took it.

Smack!

"Whoop!"

"And—" continued George.

But before he could add "that!" Billy Bunter hurtled out of the saloon, reached the stairs, and fled for the deck. It was rather unfortunate that George had left the chair there, after falling over it!

Crash! Bump!

"Oh crickey! Yarooooh! Whoop!" yelled Bunter.

He rolled and roared.

"My stars!" gasped George. "Well, now you know what it's like, you young idiot! How do you like it, you young dunderhead?"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" howled Bunter.

"Ow! I'm killed! I'm broken! I'm stunned! I'm smashed! Yarooooh! Whoooooop!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Pally!

BOB CHERRY looked down through the cabin skylight and grinned.

In the golden April afternoon the Greyfriars fellows sat in a row of deckchairs, chatting; but Bob

seemed more interested in what he saw in the cabin than in the conversation. So far only the Famous Five and William Wibley were passengers on the Sea Nymph, but there were more to come. Coker & Co. of the Fifth Form, had been invited on that cruise by Billy Bunter, and they were to join up when the yacht put in at Dover.

Coker of the Fifth had felt that it was exceedingly gracious of him to accept an invitation from a Remove fag—as no doubt it was. But Coker had no idea of the lines upon which that cruise was really run, and the chums of the Remove were rather entertained by the anticipation of Coker's fate, when he should learn that it was a twenty-one guinea cruise—to be paid in hard cash! They wondered what he would do, especially to Bunter! Billy Bunter's method of securing "clients" for his Cousin George was really rather extraordinary, and liable to make those clients a little excited when they learned the truth.

Plenty of fellows at Greyfriars had been quite keen to come on that Easter cruise, not being aware of its real nature. Bunter had found himself quite popular for a time. Skinner & Co. had quite haunted him, and Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, had even stood him a festive spread in the hope of getting an invitation. Fishy had even come down to the yacht to see the party off, doubtless in the hope of a last-minute invitation.

It was rather amusing to think of what would have been Fisher T. Fish's feelings if he had joined the party and found out that he had a bill of twenty-one guineas to pay for the trip. Fishy's face would have been more worth watching than Coker's. But Billy Bunter had been rather careful in issuing his invitations. He had asked only fellows who had, or whose people had, supplies of cash, and no doubt he was aware that Fisher T. Fish would have been hanged, drawn, and quartered before he would have parted with a Continental red cent. He had "got away" with his nefarious trick on the Famous Five and Wibley; but a fellow like Fishy was quite a different proposition. So Fishy had not been asked.

But Coker had been asked; and Coker was to join up with Potter and Greene, his pals in the Fifth! And the chums of the Remove found considerable entertainment in anticipating how Coker would take it. They expected something in the nature of a volcanic eruption or a dynamite explosion. Bob Cherry, however, heedless of the discussion regarding Coker of the Fifth, watched the interior of the saloon below, with a grinning face, more interested in what was going on there at the present moment than in what was to happen when Horace Coker came on board at Dover.

"What's up, Bob?" asked Harry Wharton, looking round at him. "Anything funny down there?"

"Yea, rather!"

"What is it?"

"Bunter!" explained Bob. "Look!"

The juniors got out of the deck-chairs and looked down through the partly opened skylight. Below, they had a view of the top of Billy Bunter's head.

The Owl of the Remove did not look up. He was too busy to give a thought to anything but his own absorbing occupation. Nobody was there but Bunter. The fat Owl was seated at the table, and before him was a plate containing doughnuts. Bunter was travelling, steadily and methodically, through the doughnuts. As it was only an hour or so since lunch, and as Bunter

had packed away a lunch on a Gargantuan scale, anyone who did not know Bunter might have wondered how he could possibly scoff doughnuts, and where he could possibly find room for them.

"Going strong—what?" grinned Bob Cherry.

Snort, from Johnny Bull!

"The fat porker will be seasick again," he grunted. "Let's go down and stick the doughnuts down the back of his neck!"

"I was just thinking that Bunter ought to have a lesson about stuffing in this reckless way, at sea!" said Bob, shaking his head seriously. "After all, we're Bunter's pals—"

"Are we?" snorted Johnny.

"He won't come on deck till he's finished grubbing—"

"Leave that to me!" said Bob.

There was no time to lose, for Bunter was now at the last doughnut but one. Bob put his head in at the skylight and bawled:

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Grooogh!" Bunter, startled, blinked up, his mouth full of doughnut and jam.

"Oooogh! You silly ass—"

"Did you drop half-a-crown on deck, Bunter?"

"Eh? Oh, yes," said Bunter at once.

"Well, if it's yours—"

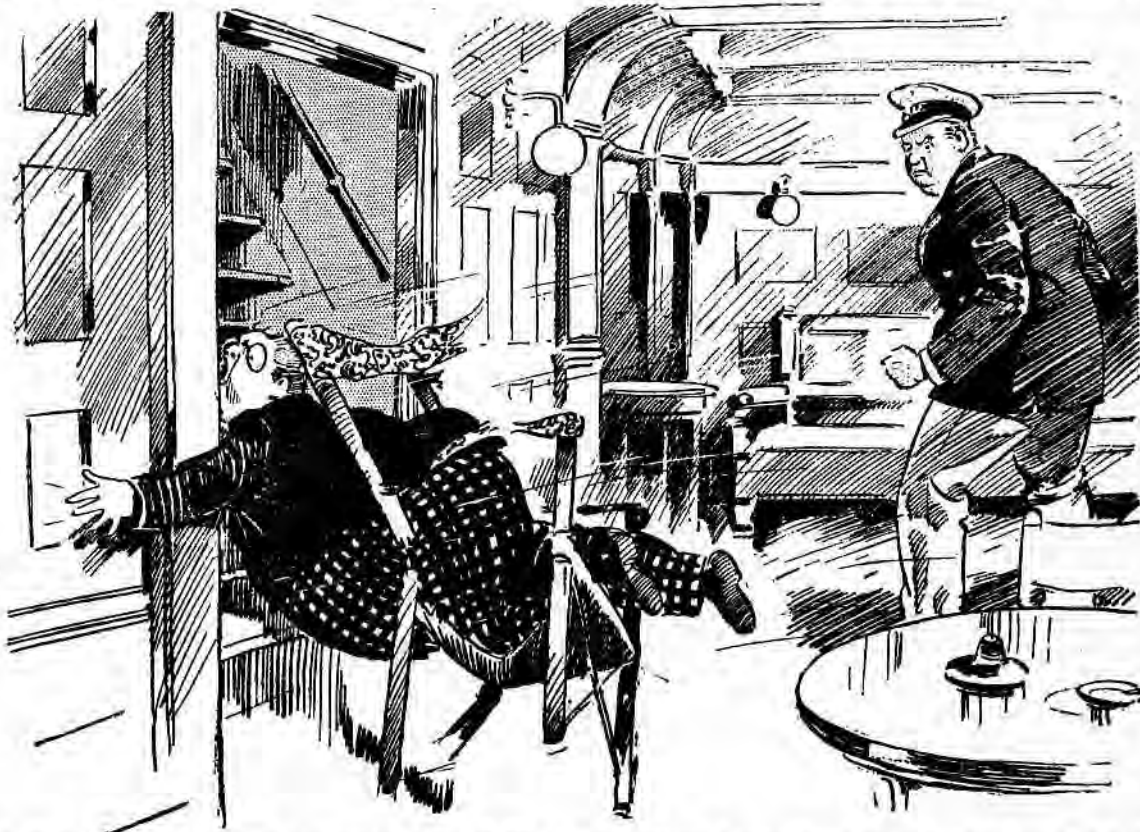
"It's mine. I—I heard it drop, only—only, I forgot to pick it up! I say, you fellows, that's my half-crown!" roared Bunter.

the half-crown was entirely imaginary, and had only been invented to entice Bunter on deck, these details were really rather surprising. "Well, if you're sure, Bunter—"

"I'm quite sure, you ass! Look here! Where is it? Have you got your foot on it?" demanded Bunter. Wharton was standing with one foot firmly planted in advance, looking, as he intended to look, as if he was concealing something under that foot. "Look here! You jolly well move your foot!"

"Hold on," said Frank Nugent gravely. "Keep your foot where it is, Harry, till we know whether it's Bunter's half-crown or not."

"Don't I keep on telling you it's mine?" hooted Bunter. "Take your



Billy Bunter hurtled out of the saloon, and fled for the deck, before George could smite again. Unable to stop himself in time, the fat junior collided with the deck chair. Crash! Bump! "Oh crikey!" he yelled. "Yaroooh! Whooop!" "My stars!" gasped George. "Now you know what it's like, you young idiot!"

"Well, he says we are, and I suppose he knows."

"Fathead!"

"It was because we are his pals that he invited us on this jolly old cruise—and landed us with a long bill to pay! Well, being his pals, I think it's up to us to be pally! If Bunter doesn't like it he shouldn't have selected us as pals. He certainly never consulted us about it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It would be only pally to give him a tip about stuffing at sea, and getting nial do mier, and making himself a general nuisance. What?"

"If it's a jape—" said Nugent.

"Exactly! I've got a tin of mustard, and—"

"What the thump—"

"Only a little tin, but I'm going to let Bunter have it. And I think he won't finish the doughnuts! I'm going to call him on deck; and you fellows keep him here while I cut down—"

"Well, if it's yours you'd better come up and snaffle it," said Bob. "If somebody else picks it up—"

"Don't you let anybody bag my half-crown!" roared Bunter. "I'm coming!"

With his mouth full of the last doughnut but one, and leaving the last one on the plate, Bunter rolled hurriedly on deck. If he had dropped a half-crown he did not want to lose it. He rolled up, with a jammy face, and blinked round him through his big spectacles, and Bob slipped below.

"I say, you fellows, where's that half-crown?" demanded Bunter. "I can't see it! Look here, if you've picked up that half-crown, it's mine. See?"

"Sure you dropped one?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Positive!"

"Well, you're such a spoofer—"

"I tell you I heard it drop!" hooted Bunter. "Just before I went down. It clinked quite loudly—quite a row!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton. As

foot away, you beast, and lemme pick up my half-crown! It may roll away and get lost."

"It won't roll away while I've got my foot here," said Harry. "It wouldn't roll away even if I moved my foot, if you come to that."

Which was certainly true, for a non-existent half-crown could scarcely have rolled.

"Gimme my half-crown, you beast!" howled Bunter. "Look here! If you don't gimme my half-crown I'll call George, and he'll jolly well make you—see?"

"If you really dropped that half-crown, Bunter—"

"I tell you I heard it drop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Nugent suddenly.

He had his eye on the skylight, and beheld Bob Cherry mixing the contents of the tin of mustard into the jam in the last of the doughnuts.

"You can cackle!" roared Bunter, quite unaware of what was going on below. "But I'm jolly well going to have my half-crown! I'll jolly well back your shin if you don't shift your hoof, Wharton, so there!"

"My dear man, if it's your half-crown, you're going to have it!" answered the captain of the Remove. "But we want it clear. Are you sure that you had a half-crown?"

"Quite sure, you ass!"

"Then you can produce a witness," said Wharton.

"Eh?"

"I mean, you must have borrowed it of somebody!"

"You silly chump!" roared Bunter. "Whom did you borrow it of?" asked Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry came back to the deck with a cheery grin on his face.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the excitement about?" he yawned. "Anything up, Bunter?"

"That beast won't gimme my half-crown!" yelled Bunter. "He's got his foot on it, and it's mine, and—"

Bunter broke off suddenly as Harry Wharton moved his foot. The polished deck was revealed where the foot had been, but no half-crown. Billy Bunter blinked at the empty space, and blinked at the juniors, who yelled.

"I say, you fellows, where's that half-crown?" he snapped.

"What half-crown?" asked Bob Cherry.

"The one you saw—"

"I never saw any half-crown," answered Bob, staring. "What on earth put that idea into your head, Bunter?"

"You—you—you silly idiot!" gurgled Bunter. "Didn't you yell down and ask me if I'd dropped a half-crown?"

"Oh, yes! No harm in asking a question, was there?" inquired Bob. "I never saw any half-crown that I know of. I just asked you if you'd dropped one, old fat bean!"

"You—you—you—" gasped Bunter. "There—there wasn't a half-crown?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. "You—you—you silly idiot! You—you—you silly ass! Pulling my leg!"

Words failed the Owl of the Remove, and he brandished a fat fist in Bob Cherry's grinning face.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

And he rolled down below again, leaving the chums of the Remove chortling.

"Now listen to the band," murmured Bob.

And the juniors listened. Bunter had gone back for the last doughnut, and they expected every moment to hear a terrific outburst. A fellow who gobbled jam that was loaded with mustard was bound to tell the world. A terrific explosion of coughing and sneezing was the next item on the programme. But it did not happen. The juniors listened, but they listened in vain. Instead of an explosion, there came a patter of steps on the cabin stairs, and the red and infuriated face of Billy Bunter appeared in view.

"Where's my doughnut?" he roared.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Catching Fish!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. stared at Bunter. Bunter glared at Harry Wharton & Co. It was a devastating glare. His very spectacles gleamed with wrath. He shook a fat fist at the surprised juniors.

The mate of the Sea Nymph stared at him; some of the crew stared at him. Bunter did not heed them. He brandished his fat fist at the Famous Five, and hooted with wrath.

"Gimme my doughnut!" he bellowed.

"Your doughnut!" gasped Bob.

"Yes, you rotter! Pulling my leg, and getting me away while you sneaked my doughnut!" roared Bunter. "Dirty trick! Have you scoffed it, you beast? You sneaked down while I was up here!"

"Scoffed it!" gasped Bob. "Oh, my hat!"

"Where is it, then?" hooted Bunter.

"You fat chump, it's where you left it!" roared Bob. "On the plate on the table below!"

"It isn't!" yelled Bunter.

"It is!" roared Bob.

"Yah! Rotter! Bagging a chap's grub! It was gone when I went back! That's what you sneaked down for! Beast!"

The chums of the Remove gazed at Bunter. Obviously he had not eaten that doughnut. He would have been exploding with the mustard, had he done so. But Bob had certainly left it on the plate, after loading it inside with mustard. If it was gone, it was a mystery—as mysterious as the punch on Bunter's nose the previous night. Harry Wharton stepped to the skylight and looked down. The plate was visible, but it was empty. There was no doughnut to be seen. Unless the steward had passed through and picked it up, it was really mysterious, and that was hardly probable.

"If you haven't scoffed it, give it to me!" roared Bunter. "It's the last of the lot—the last I had!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob. "If somebody else has bagged that doughnut, (Continued on next page.)"

Here she comes -



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HORNBY SPEED BOATS

he's going to get a surprise, whoever he is!"

"The surprisefulness will be terrific!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Gimme my doughnut!"

"You fat chump!" roared Bob. "I don't know what's become of your silly doughnut. You'll hear about it if anybody starts eating it. It will blow his roof nearly off!"

"Wha-a-at? Wharrer you mean?" howled Bunter. "It was a jolly good doughnut—full of jam! What was the matter with it?"

"Nothing; till I put the mustard in," answered Bob.

"M-m-mustard!" stuttered Bunter.

"Yes, you image; and if somebody's snaffled it, he will get the mustard instead of you!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

There was a sound like an explosion below. It was a mingled sound of yelling, howling, coughing, and sneezing. The juniors did not need telling the cause. Somebody was scoffing the doughnut that had been so carefully prepared for Billy Bunter.

"Urrrgh! Atchoo! Chook! Chook! Choo! Choo!" came in accents of woe and anguish.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Wharton. "Who the dickens—"

The juniors rushed down. But they found the saloon empty. The coughing, sneezing, howling, and spluttering came from one of the state-rooms. But it was not one of the juniors' rooms. It was one of the state-rooms reserved for Coker & Co.—presumably unoccupied. Evidently it was occupied now. By whom it was occupied was a deep mystery.

"Urrrgh! Gug-gug-gug! Ooooh!" came from within. "Woogh! Oooogh! Atchoooh! Choochoop!"

"Great pip! Who—"

"What the thump—"

"Who's in there—"

Wharton grasped the door to open it. It was locked on the inside. He remembered having noticed before that that door was locked, though he had certainly never dreamed of guessing that there was anyone inside. But it was only too clear that there was someone inside now, and that that someone had whipped out and bagged Bunter's doughnut while it was left unguarded. It was absolutely amazing.

"What's this row?" Cousin George, who had been taking a nap while the mate was in charge of the deck, came out of his room. "Larking, what—Well, boys will be boys! But what are—"

"Listen to the band!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Atchoooh! Atchoochoop!"

"Hefty haddocks!" gasped George, wide-eyed with astonishment. "Who's in there? Nobody should be in there. What—who—"

"He's sneaked my doughnut!" howled Bunter. "That beast Cherry put mustard in it, and he's sneaked it!"

"But who—" gasped George.

"Atchoo! Chooop! Whoop!" came in an anguished howl from within the locked room. "Aw! Carry me home to die! Wake snakes, and walk chalks! Yaroooh! I guess I'm burned a fowl! Whoop!"

There was a gasp from the Famous Five. They knew that nasal voice—the voice of Fisher T. Fish of the Greyfriars Remove. There was no doubt that it was the voice of the American junior—amazing as it was to hear it on board the Sea Nymph. The voice of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln could hardly have startled them more. They simply gasped.

"Aw! Grooogh! Aw! Atchoo—choooh—choooh—"

Captain Cook banged on the door.

"Here! Who are you? Open this door at once! What's this game—what—what? Now, then, answer!"

"Atchooohchoo—chooop!"

A hair-raising sneeze was the answer. Evidently that surprising occupant of the reserved cabin had scoffed the doctored doughnut, and scoffed it not wisely, but too well.

"I say, you fellows," stuttered Bunter, "it's Fishy!"

"Fishy, and no mistake!" exclaimed George. "You're right! Very suspicious indeed! Some thief or pilferer, perhaps—what? Very fishy!"

"I—I mean, it's Fishy—"

"I know it's fishy, and I'm jolly well looking into this!" exclaimed Captain Cook. "Here, open this door!"

He banged again.

"Oooogh! Atchoooh—choop— I guess I'm chook-chook-choked— Ow! Great gophers! I guess my pesky neck is burning some! Urrrgh!"

"It's Fishy, all right!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I'd know that nose toot anywhere! How on earth did he get here?"

"He came to see us off yesterday," said Harry. "But we thought—though I remember now he slipped ashore without us seeing him—or, rather, I suppose, he never slipped ashore at all! He's here—"

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"But what on earth's his game?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Goodness knows!"

"Atchoooh— Atchoochoop—" Obviously Fishy was suffering from mustard.

"Urrrrrgh!"

"Come out of that, will you?" roared George, banging on the door with a heavy, fat fist.

The door was unlocked, and Fisher T. Fish of the Remove staggered out. And at sight of him there was a yell in the cabin of the Sea Nymph.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER,

The Stowaway!

"H E, ha, he!" cackinnated Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

Cousin George chuckled.

Fisher T. Fish saw nothing funny in this. But he could not, of course, see himself. Fishy's face was crimson, his eyes streaming with water, almost starting from his head. His nose was fairly flaming. And as he tottered into view he was doubled up with a gargantuan sneeze—a volcanic sneeze that fairly roared. That terrific sneeze shook Fisher T. Fish from head to foot. He tottered, and held on to the cabin table with both hands, while he sneezed again and again. Coughs and gurgles were interlarded with the sneezes. Really,

Fisher T. Fish seemed almost in danger of turning himself inside-out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob Cherry. "Enjoying life, old bean?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You young gentlemen know this lad?" asked George. "I think I've seen him before. Didn't he come on board yesterday?"

"He came to see us off," said Nugent. "Goodness knows what he stayed on for, and where he's been all this time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "A jolly old stowaway!"

"Wha-a-at?" gasped George.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Wharton. "That's it! Fishy got out of sight, and stowed himself away! Oh, my hat!"

"Atchoochooh—choooooop!"

The steward brought Fisher T. Fish a glass of water, with a grinning face. Fishy felt a little better for the cooling draught. But the mustard was still burning, and he gasped and gurgled still.

The Greyfriars fellows chuckled gleefully. It was evident now that Fisher T. Fish, having failed to secure an invitation for that Easter cruise, had come down to see the party off, with the intention of stowing himself away. It had been easy enough, as he had the run of the yacht, and there were a number of unoccupied state-rooms; and nobody, of course, had suspected Fishy of having such an extraordinary design. So far he had kept his presence on the yacht a secret, and he might have kept it a secret still, but for the doctored doughnut. Snaffling that doughnut had betrayed Fishy!

Captain Cook regarded him with puzzled eyes. Why he should have stowed himself surreptitiously on board was a mystery to George. If he wanted a twenty-one guinea cruise for Easter, he had only to say so; there was ample accommodation on the Sea Nymph. But it was no mystery to the juniors. They knew that Fishy was blissfully unaware that it was a twenty-one guinea cruise. Fishy was on the make! Fishy was looking for a cheap holiday! Fishy had yet to make the discovery that the Famous Five and Wibley had made the day before. Fishy, in thus astutely seeking to bag a cheap holiday, had not the faintest idea that he was landing himself with a bill of £22 1s. 0d. He was likely to find that discovery was worse than the mustard!

"A stowaway!" said George. "Hefty haddocks! Well, no harm done! What's your name, my boy?"

"Atchoochooh—groooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"His name's Fishy!" chuckled Bob. "Fishy by name, and fishy by nature! He's in our Form at Greyfriars, sir. He's all right, as far as that goes! He didn't sneak on board to pinch the quadrant or bag the binnacle!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Aw! Wako snakes!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'll make potato-scrappings of the guy that put the mustard in that doughnut! Groooh!"

"I don't get you," said George. "Did you want to sail on this cruise, young man?"

"Yep!"

"Well, you're more than welcome—as a Greyfriars boy, and a friend of these lads! No objection, I'm sure."

"Oh!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, blinking at the plump skipper of the Sea Nymph with a watery and surprised blink.

Fishy had hoped to get away with the cruise, after stowing himself on the

yacht. But certainly he had not expected it to be so easy as this. This was simply pie.

"Make yourself at home!" said George, with a wave of a plump hand. "Steward, get a room ready for Master Fish!"

"Yes, sir!"

And George went back to the deck, leaving Fisher T. Fish staring and the other fellows laughing. The other fellows knew why George was welcoming the newly discovered passenger so heartily. Fishy didn't—yet!

"Waal, I'll say that guy is surely the real white article!" said Fisher T. Fish, dabbing his inflamed nose with his handkerchief. "I guess if I'd known he would take it like that, I'd have shown up sooner! I can tell you galoots I got pizen hungry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can snicker—Atchooooo! Choo-choo!" Fishy sneezed again. "But I'll say it ain't funny! I was pizen hungry, and that's a cinch! I guess I took the risk of moseying out in the night to look for grub, and that fat clam Bunter ran into me, and I sure reckoned I was spotted for a minute—"

"You!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

It was revealed now who had punched Billy Bunter's nose. That nefarious deed in the dark was explained. Bunter had run into the stowaway!

"I jest handed him a sockdolager on the boko, and hit that cabin again," said Fisher T. Fish. "But I thought I was cinched for a minute."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I reckoned I'd lie low after that, and I'll tell the world I was hungry!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I could surely have eaten Chicago canned beef—you want to believe me! A dozen times to-day I've opened that door an inch and peeped out to see if there was anything going and anybody about. But I never had a chance till I spotted that doughnut, and the cabin was empty—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors.

"And I nipped out, and nipped back with it, in less'n one shake of a 'possum's tail! And then—Atchooooo!—hoop!"

"He, he, he!" gurgled Bunter.

Billy Bunter, at least, was extremely glad that the stowaway of the Sea Nymph had nipped out and bagged that doughnut! He was more than welcome to it, so far as Bunter was concerned.

"And I made jest one big bite at that doughnut," groaned Fisher T. Fish, "and then—by the great, horned toad, you guys, I sure reckoned that my cabeza was being blown off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Aw! Can it!" snapped Fisher T. Fish. "The first bite I'd had for twenty-four hours—and it was all mustard—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you weren't going to show up?" asked Bob. "How long were you going to hide?"

"Waal I reckoned I'd keep out of sight till the yacht was well away from land," said Fisher T. Fish cautiously. "But I sure never calculated that that galoot Cook would be so handsome about it. I'll say he's a white man!"

The juniors roared.

"You'll find George all right!" yelled Bob. "He'll be glad! You needn't have stowed yourself away, Fishy! If you'd mentioned yesterday that you'd like to come, he would have given you the glad hand at once."

"Waal, how'd a guy know that?" said Fishy. "I don't know the man, and that fat clam Bunter never invited me, after I'd fed him up to the chin and spent nine-and-ninence—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I'll say the guy's acting very handsome, and I'm sure glad that I've shown up now!" said Fishy. "I was getting fearful hungry. I tell you guys it was fierce—sure fierce! I'd have cinched some grub last night if that fat clam hadn't been rooting about—"

"It was you hit me on the nose!" roared Bunter.

"You said it!" agreed Fishy. "I hope it hurt you!"

"Why, you beast—"

"You can go and chop chips!" said Fishy. "I guess I don't want you to invite me on this cruise now, Bunter! I guess an invitation from the skipper is

good enough for me. Say, what are you galoots sniggering at?"

Harry Wharton & Co. did not tell Fishy what they were sniggering at. They went back to the deck, leaving Fishy to make that discovery for himself, at his leisure. Billy Bunter grinned and rolled after them.

Fisher T. Fish was still feeling the effects of the mustard! But those effects were wearing off, and, on the whole, Fishy was feeling good!

His amazing stunt of stowing himself away on the Sea Nymph had proved a success beyond his hopes! He was sorry, indeed, that he had remained stowed away so long, now that George had turned out so heartily hospitable! But that, of course, Fishy could not have foreseen!

His scheme had been to keep out of sight till the yacht was well away from British waters, when it would have been a difficult matter to get rid of him, and Captain Cook would have little choice but to make the best of it.

Now, however, it had turned out all right! He was discovered—but he was welcomed as a member of the yachting party! Fisher T. Fish felt good!

He felt still better when the steward brought him a square meal, which he disposed of to the last crumb. He calculated that that meal, alone, would have cost him three shillings at the Greyfriars tuckshop! If this was a sample of what was to come, Fisher T. Fish guessed that he was in clover! On board ship he would not have to spend any money, and the mere circumstance that he was not parting with any money was enough to make Fishy happy. An Easter cruise, instead of mooching about the school on his lonely own while all the other fellows were away—a cruise absolutely without any expense to himself—weeks of holiday without spending a red cent—this was sure a cinch!

Fishy's nose was still rather red and his eyes rather watery when he went on deck to join the juniors there. But he was a happy Fish—as happy as any fish in the sea! But, alas, that happiness was destined to be brief!

Popular FRANK RICHARDS Scores Another Winner!



"... Swoosh! The whitewash descended in a flood. It swamped and splashed over the unseen head below. There was a gasping exclamation and a horrible gurgle. 'Yurrrrrgggh!...' "

Ginger Rawlinson (that's him in the tree) chuckled—but he wouldn't have chuckled had he known that his victim was not Jim Dainty, as he had intended—but his Housemaster! Gee, boys, you'll laugh fit to burst when you read famous Frank Richards' rollicking school story, entitled: "The Fourth Form at Grimslade" which appears in this week's issue of

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THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Fierce!

GEORGE, with his yachting cap pushed back a little from his plump brow, and a spyglass under his arm, walked the deck.

George never used that spyglass—never even pulled it out. It was simply a part of his outfit, and for appearances only.

George evidently fancied himself as a yachtsman, and believed that he looked the part to life. To other eyes, he looked like a fat man who was unexpectedly and incongruously packed into yachting clothes.

The Greyfriars fellows were rather amused by George; still, they liked him, and they agreed unanimously that he was an immense improvement on his cousin, William George Bunter.

But when George's round eyes fell on Fisher T. Fish, sitting in a deckchair with the juniors, he ceased all of a sudden to be a yachtsman, and became a keen and business-like hotel-keeper on the spot!

He came over to the schoolboys, and the business-like expression on his round, red face told Harry Wharton & Co. what was coming. They exchanged a grin as George planted his plump, stocky figure in front of Fisher T. Fish,



"Say, you guys!" gasped Fisher T. Fish breathlessly. "You're going to be done—that fat clam Bunter's pulled your leg—I tell you, it's the elephant's side-whiskers! You mosey aboard that shebang, and you'll have to— Whoooop!" His warning remained unuttered as Coker grasped him by the collar and shook him energetically.

and favoured that bony youth with a smile and a nod.

"Making yourself at home—what?" asked George.

"I should smile!" answered Fisher T. Fish.

"Like the yacht?"

"It's the bee's knee!" answered Fisher T. Fish cordially. "I'll say it's the elephant's side-whiskers!"

"Glad to hear it!" said George, in his hearty way. "Make 'em comfortable—make 'em satisfied—that's the idea—what? A little joke of yours stowing yourself away—what? Ha, ha! Boys will be boys! Of course, it makes no difference in the bill."

"The what?" ejaculated Fishy.

"What I mean is, the trip begins from the day you come on board," explained George. "If you miss a meal, owing to seasickness, or to—ha, ha!—stowing yourself away, you can make up for it at the next meal, or the next! Ample food is provided, and meals may be either taken or missed, at the passenger's option. You get me?"

"N-n-not quite!" said Fisher T. Fish, staring at him.

"I fancied I was making myself clear!" said George, while Harry Wharton & Co. tried manfully to suppress their chuckles. "Meals—ample meals, I may say meals on a generous scale, are provided for all passengers; but if the passengers miss any of them, that's their own look-out. No deduction can be made for any of them."

"Oh?"

"You, sir, came on board at the same time as these young gentlemen, and you have missed several meals. Tuck in as much as you like to make up!" said George heartily. "I keep a good table,

and I like to see my clients do themselves well—what? But, to prevent misunderstanding, it's only fair to mention that no deduction is made for meals that are missed."

Fisher T. Fish gazed at him.

"The trip starts from the day you come on board! That's clear, I hope?" said George.

"I—I guess so; but what—"

"I gather from your remarks, sir, that you are of American nationality," said George. "That is quite all right—no objection to foreigners on this ship! But in the matter of the cheque—"

"The—the what?"

"The cheque," said George. "I suppose there is somebody in England responsible for your expenses?"

"Ex-ex-expenses!" babbled Fisher T. Fish.

"You see, I can hardly send a bill across the Atlantic, to New York, or Philadelphia, or Boston, or—"

"Noo Yark!" said Fishy. "But what—"

"New York," agreed George, "is a great city. I've been there—nearly got a crick in the neck looking up at the skyscrapers! But, of course, I don't expect to have to send a bill to New York. You see that?"

"I—I—I calculate not!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "Will you tell me what, in the name of jumping Jehosaphat, you're talking about, Mr. Cook?"

"If you have the cheque with you—"

"What cheque?" yelled Fisher T. Fish.

"The cheque for twenty-one guineas," said George. "If not, please give me the name of your guardian, or lawyer, or what not, in England, from whom I

shall receive it. Payment in advance for the cruise is my invariable rule."

Fisher T. Fish gazed at him, and his jaw dropped. The expression on his bony face was so extraordinary that the chums of the Remove could restrain their merriment no longer. They yelled.

Fishy looked round at them. Then he gazed at George again. He was slow to assimilate the dreadful truth. But he got it at last.

"You—you—you— Great gophers! You—you don't mean that this cruise has to be paid for?" stammered Fishy.

George opened his eyes.

"Eh! Do you think I'm running this yacht for my health?" he asked.

"Great Christopher Columbus!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"I don't get you," said George. "Did you stow yourself away on this ship, thinking you were getting a free holiday, or what? The cruise costs twenty-one guineas—"

"Jumping snakes!"

"Come, come!" said George, his genial grin fading, and the business-like expression growing much more pronounced on his fat face. "Come, sir! Mean to say you fancied that you were getting an expensive cruise for nothing?"

"Of course I did!" yelled the dismayed Fish. "Wasn't that fat clam swanking all over Greyfriars about his cousin's yacht and a cruise for Easter? Did he say a word about paying for the cruise? I'll say he never did! Nope!" Billy Bunter chuckled.

"You see, I never asked Fishy, because I knew he was too stingy to pay for anything," he explained. "He

came on board of his own accord. It's his own look-out, ain't it?"

"That is so," agreed George. "That certainly is so. I'm sorry, Master Fish, if you fancied that you were getting a cruise for nothing. You should certainly have made some inquiry before coming on board. You should certainly not have stowed yourself away—most certainly not. It's against the law to stow yourself away on a vessel—you're liable to punishment. However, as you have come on the cruise—"

"I haven't!" yelled Fishy.

"You are here!" said George sternly. "It's a swindle!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish. "I sure ain't going to pay a Continental red cent! Nope!"

"Take it smiling, Fishy!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "You're for it now! Make the best of it."

"That's good advice," said George. "An Easter cruise, including a visit to the Mediterranean, is very reasonable at twenty-one guineas. Few firms offer it at the price! Ample accommodation—excellent food—"

"Twenty-one guineas!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "Great snakes! I can see my popper's face if I ask him for twenty-one guineas for an Easter holiday! I've been done! I ain't paying a red cent."

"That is not what I should have expected of a friend of these young gentlemen, sir!" said George, with dignity.

"Hold on—he's no friend of ours!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "No jolly fear!"

"The no-fearfulness is terrific." "Pay up and look pleasant, Fishy!" grinned Johnny Bull. "You came here on the make, but you can't diddle George."

"Pay up!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess not! I calculate not! Look here, you turn this doggoned shebang back, and put me ashore! See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "To-morrow," said George, "we put in at Dover to take some other passengers on board. You can go ashore then if you like, and out out the cruise. Your bill will be for three days in that case."

"Forget it!" yapped Fisher T. Fish. "If you squeeze a Continental red cent out of me, Mister Captain Cook, I guess I hope I'll be there when you do it! Yop!"

"Your bill for three days," said George, "will be three guineas, and cheap, too! Will you pay now?"

"I ain't paying at all!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

"Very well," said George. "The account will be sent to your headmaster at Greyfriars, to be passed on to your relatives. I have nothing more to say to you, Master Fish! You are a young rascal!"

And George rolled away, sniffing. Fisher T. Fish turned an almost agonized look on the juniors.

"Three guineas!" he groaned. "Three—great gophers!—guineas! That's three pounds three shillings! Why, the Head will make out that I've got to pay, as I came on this god-darned shebang of my own accord! What d'you calculate?"

"I calculate you've got it right, old bony bean!" chortled Bob. "Next time you stow yourself away on a pleasure cruise, you'd better make sure first that there's no charge."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "That fat clam never let on—"

"He, he, he!" from Billy Bunter. "It's sure fierce!" groaned Fisher T. Fish. "Say, did you galoots know, or was you diddled?"

"We never knew," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "We found out after

we'd started. But we're seeing it through, and you'd better do the same."

"I guess not! I say, does Coker know—he's coming on board at Dover—" "I fancy not!" chuckled Bob. "It's a jolly old surprise in store for jolly old Coker."

"It's sure fierce! I ain't paying three guineas! If I'd guessed—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Aw, can your cackling!" roared Fisher T. Fish. "It's all the fault of that fat piecan—swanking about his cousin's yacht, and taking a guy in! And if I got to cough up three guineas, I'll sure take it out of his hide."

"It's your own fault," said Johnny Bull. "We were diddled—but you weren't! Nobody asked you to stow yourself away on the yacht."

"Fishy was on the make, as usual!" chuckled Bob. "But this time he isn't getting by with it. You'll have to pay up, Fishy."

"I'll sure make that fat clam wriggle a few, then!" howled Fishy, and he jumped up, and hurled himself at Billy Bunter.

"Yaroooh! I say, you fellows, help!" yelled Bunter, as he went bumping on the deck, in the ferocious grasp of Fisher T. Fish.

All Fishy's happy satisfaction was gone now. Paying for anything gave

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Fishy a pain. Paying for a cruise he had expected to get for nothing, was, as he said, fierce! That bright idea of stowing himself away on the yacht had been a ghastly frost—like so many of the cute Fishy's bright ideas! There was only one consolation—to take it out of Bunter! The enraged Fishy proceeded to take it.

Bang! Bang! Bang!
Fiendish yells came from Billy Bunter as Fishy, grasping his fat ears, banged his bullet head on the deck.

Bang! Bang!
"Take that, you fat clam!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Take that, you pie-faced piecan! Take that, you ornery mugwump!"

Bang!
"Yaroooh! Help! Rescue! I say, you fellows—whoop!" roared Billy Bunter. "Draggimoff! Yaroooh! Yankimoff! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors were laughing almost too much to stir—but they made an effort to go to Bunter's rescue. But Captain Cook was first. George strode across the deck, bent over Fisher T. Fish, and grasped him by the back of the neck with a plump but sinewy hand. The enraged Fishy was jerked bodily away from Bunter. Bunter sprawled and roared.

"This won't do," said George. "Larking is all very well—boys will be boys—but this won't do! I shall be glad when

you go ashore at Dover, Master Fish! I don't like your manners!"

"Leggo, you piecan!" yelled Fishy, wriggling. "I'll say I'm going to make potato-scrappings of that fat clam! Leggo!"

"Yaroooh! Keep him off!" yelled Bunter. "Oh crickey! I say, you fellows, keep him off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled George suddenly, as the infuriated Fishy backed his shin. "Hefty haddock! Ooooh!"

"Now leggo, you ornery piecan!" howled Fishy.

But George did not let go. That back on the shin seemed to have made him cross—which really was not surprising. He sat down on the edge of the skylight and jerked Fisher T. Fish across his knees, face down. Fisher T. Fish struggled and wriggled in horrid anticipation. But George, if he was plump, was strong. Fishy was held as in a vice in George's left; and George's right rose and fell like a carpet-beater.

Slap, slap, slap, slap!

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors.

Fisher T. Fish shrieked, too, still more loudly. Billy Bunter sat up, rubbing his head, and grinning.

Slap, slap, slap, slap!

"Wake snakes!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Let up! Yaroooh! Oh, great gophers and great horned toads! Yoop! Let up!"

Slap, slap, slap, slap!

"There!" gasped George, letting Fisher T. Fish go at last. "Now if you don't behave—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

There was no doubt that Fisher T. Fish was going to behave after that. It was a long time before Fishy could sit down with any comfort. And when the effects of the slapping wore off, Fishy was still tormented by the awful thought of the bill that had to be paid! And he was going to be landed at Dover, and from there he would have his fare to pay back to Greyfriars, at his own expense! He shuddered to think of it! Really, it was cruelty to animals!

That night, Fisher T. Fish was heard groaning aloud in his bunk. Bob Cherry looked in, supposing that he was seasick, and ready to help if he could. But Fishy was not seasick—he was only groaning, in sleepless anguish, over the loss of his money! Three guineas—and his fare from Dover—if that was not enough to make a galoot groan, Fishy would have liked to know what was.

It was worse than seasickness—it was worse than toothache. There was nothing that Bob could do! A citizen of the United States who had had a financial loss, was out of the reach of comfort! Fisher T. Fish was beyond human aid!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Coker All Over!

"DOVER!" said Coker. "Yes, but—"
"Get a move on," said Coker. "Don't slack about, Potter, with the train getting into the station."

"But—" said Greene.

"For goodness' sake, stir your stumps!" said Coker of the Fifth. "Do you want to spend the rest of your lives in this train, or what?"

Coker of the Fifth was on his feet, grabbing bags and rugs and things. Coker of the Fifth was an efficient fellow, though he had never, with all his efforts, succeeded in making his pals, Potter and Greene, as efficient as himself. Perhaps that was just as well, however.

"We go on in this train to the harbour!" yapped Potter.
 "Oh!" said Coker.
 "Unless you want to walk the rest!" hissed Greene.
 "Don't be a fool, Greene!"
 "Well, if you're getting out—" said Potter.

"Don't be an idiot, Potter!"
 Horace Coker sat down again. Bags and rugs and things were strewn round him. He frowned at his companions. Potter and Greene seemed to be getting their ears up, and Coker did not like it. They had been cheeky once already on that railway journey, when they had dragged Coker, almost by main force, back from the London train, in which he had nearly landed them.

"We shall soon be there," said Coker.
 "Don't slack about when the train stops. If it carries you past Dover—" "It doesn't go past Dover!"
 "Eh?"

"Unless it dives into the sea," said Potter, with ferocious sarcasm, "of course, it may!"

"Don't be a silly dummy, Potter. The worst of you fellows," said Coker, "is that you will jaw. You fancy you're clever. Well, you're not. I've told you Potter and Greene looked at one another. They had had a day or two

away from Coker since the school had broken up for Easter. It had been quite a happy day or two. Being away from Coker had a bracing effect on a fellow. They had felt rather dubious about re-joining Coker for the holidays. Still, a fellow had to put in Easter somewhere, and a cruise at sea in a pleasure yacht

was an attractive idea, even with Coker on hand.

And it depended on Coker. Bunter, of the Remove, had invited Coker, and asked him to bring his friends if he liked. He hadn't asked Potter and Greene personally. They did not know that that was because Coker had lots and lots of money, and they hadn't. They were far from having penetrated the deep duplicity of the Owl of the Remove.

Coker had so far descended from the lofty height of his dignity, as a Fifth Form man, as to accept a junior's invitation for the holidays. He was taking Potter and Greene with him. On the whole, they were glad to come, though every now and then they felt an almost frenzied desire to brain Coker. Happily Coker never knew what a series of narrow escapes he had.

The train stopped, and Coker once more collected bags and rugs and things, and the three Fifth-Formers of Greyfriars alighted.

"Hallo, there's a Greyfriars kid!" said Potter, with a nod towards a bony youth who was standing on the platform, looking round him with a pair of very sharp eyes.

Coker frowned.
 "Leave him alone," he said, "On board the yacht we shall be civil to Bunter, though he's only a Remove fag. That's up to us. But it's like his cheek to come and meet our train—" "It isn't Bunter."

"Eh?"
 "It's that American kid, Fish."
 "Well, leave him alone, whoever he is," said Coker. "We don't want people

to think that we know Lower Fourth fags."

But Fisher T. Fish was not to be left alone. His cute eyes spotted the Fifth Form party, and he darted towards them.

"Say, you guys—" began Fishy.
 Fisher T. Fish had landed from the Sea Nymph, a sore and savage Fish. He was waiting now for Coker & Co. to give them a tip. He was aware that Coker & Co. knew nothing of what awaited them on board George Cook's yacht. They had been spoofed by Billy Bunter's precious "invitation," like the Remove fellows. And it was Fishy's idea to "put them wise" before they went on board.

Not that Fisher T. Fish cared a Continental red cent about Coker, and whether he was diddled or not. That did not concern him in the very least. What concerned him was to put a spoke in George's wheel. If Coker learned in time that he was expected to pay for the pleasure cruise on which he had been invited, it was pretty certain that Coker would never put his foot on board the Sea Nymph. On the other hand, if he did not make the discovery till he was at sea, it was quite possible that he would make the best of it, as the Famous Five and Wibley had done. Fishy was there to warn him in time, and deprive George of his three expected passengers. That would be "one in the eye" for George, at least. Fisher T. Fish could have forgiven him the slapping, but a bill for three guineas got Fishy's goat. A bill for three guineas

(Continued on next page.)

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was worse than three thousand slappings. Fisher T. Fish was out for revenge.

But the warning words on Fishy's lips were not uttered, because Coker, as Fishy began to speak, gave him a surprised and haughty stare, and then a shove on the chest which sent Fishy staggering back.

"Come on, you men!" said Coker. "Waal, I sww!" ejaculated Fisher T. Fish. "Say, ho—"

Potter and Greene paused as Fishy cut after them, bundling through the crowd. Coker gave an impatient snort.

"Are you coming?" he rapped. "Do you want to stop and talk with that fag? Do you want people to think we know Lower Fourth fags, or what?"

It was probable that the crowd of people who had poured out of the train at Dover were more interested in their own affairs than in Coker of the Fifth. It was quite possible that they might not have noticed him talking to a Lower Fourth fag—indeed, that they might not have noticed him at all! But Horace Coker was always Coker. He was not likely to forget what an important personage Coker was, even if it was overlooked by the general public.

It was with misgivings that the great man of the Fifth had decided that he might know Bunter, temporarily, on board ship; but obviously to Coker that was the limit. To have his acquaintance claimed by a Lower boy, before a lot of people, was unthinkable. And it was not even Bunter to whom even Coker felt that he had to be civil to a certain extent; it was only Fish.

Coker sniffed and marched on, and Potter and Greene went with him. But Fisher T. Fish was not to be denied. It was not as if he was trying to do Coker a good turn. Fishy would not have bothered about that. He was trying to do Captain Cook a bad turn. So he stuck to it. He dodged among numerous passengers, caught up with the Fifth-Formers, and actually had the amazing and astounding cheek to catch Coker by the arm.

"I say," gasped Fishy, "listen to a guy! I've come here to put you wise. You're going to be done, and I say—Yaroooooo!"

Coker smote.

Coker was not a patient fellow; but if he had been a patient fellow, he would hardly have stood having his arm grabbed by a fag in public. He smote, and Fisher T. Fish sat down with a yell.

"I say—" exclaimed Potter. "You needn't say anything, Potter; just come on!"

"But—" said Greene.

"Shut up, Greene!"

Fisher T. Fish scrambled up.

"Oh, great gophers!" he gasped.

"The pie-faced mugwump! The pesky piccan! I'd sure let him rip if it wasn't for doing that dog-gone boob in the eye! Here, Coker! Coker!"

Once more Fishy rushed in pursuit, yelling to Coker to stop.

"Coker!" he roared. "Hi!"

"Well, of all the cheek!" gasped Coker. "That dashed fag, shouting a man's name at the top of his voice! I'll—"

"But, I say—" began Potter.

"Don't jaw, Potter!"

"Look here—" gasped Greene.

"Don't jabber, Greene!"

Coker faced round. To be pursued by an excited fag, shouting his name, was impossible, unendurable, and intolerable. He waited for Fisher T. Fish to come up, with an expression on his face that might have warned a really cute

and spry galoot that it was safer not to come up. But Fisher T. Fish came on regardless.

"Say, you guys!" He gasped it out as he came up breathlessly. "You're going to be done. That fat clam Bunter's pulled your leg. I tell you, it's the elephant's side-whiskers! You mosey on board that shebang, and you'll have to— Whooooo!"

Coker's grasp was on Fishy's collar by that time. He started shaking Fishy, and he shook him with energy. Shake, shake, shake!

"Urrrrgggh!" gurgled Fishy.

Shake, shake, shake!

"Gurrerrgggh!"

Fishy could say no more. His warning had to remain unuttered. He could only wriggle in Horace Coker's powerful grip, and gurgled and gasp. He gurgled and gasped at a terrific rate.

When Coker had done shaking him, he let go, and Fishy sat down. He sat and gurgled for breath.

Coker marched off again. Potter and Greene followed, rather anxious to get out of sight of staring eyes. Coker did not seem to mind how much attention he attracted, but Potter and Greene were rather keenly conscious of it. They departed, and they were long out of sight before Fisher T. Fish got his second wind.

"Oh Jerusalem crickets!" gasped Fishy. "Oh, great gophers and jumping snakes! Grooooh! The pesky piccan! The all-fired mugwump! Ooooh! This is sure fierce! Wow! Ow!"

Fisher T. Fish did not look for Horace Coker again. He had had enough of Horace Coker!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Cheek!

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"Say on!" said Bob Cherry.
"What about a run ashore?" asked Bunter. "Dover's a frightfully historical place. There's a castle—"

"We can see it!"

"And a wonderful harbour—"

"We're in it!"

"And Spokeshave's Cliff—"

"Spokeshave's? Oh, my hat!"

"I mean Shakespoke's—that is, Shakespeare's. And—and lots of things!" said Billy Bunter. "I believe Dover was one of the Sunk Ports."

"Do you mean the Cinque Ports, fat-head?"

"Yes, that's it," said Bunter. "Something of the kind, anyhow. There were five ancient and celebrated ports, and they were called the Cinque Ports, because cinq is French for five. See?"

"Where did Bunter accumulate all this knowledge?" asked Bob Cherry.

"The knowledge is truly terrific."

"Well, we've had it in class with Quelch, you know," said Bunter. "I happen to have a good memory, that's all. The other Cinque Ports were—lomme see—yes—Portsmouth—"

"Great pip!"

"And—and Rotherhithe—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"And—and Dublin—"

"Help!"

"You fellows never can remember anything," said Bunter severely. "After all, a fellow goes to school to learn things!"

"Well, I certainly don't remember that Portsmouth and Rotherhithe and Dublin were Cinque Ports!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"You benighted ass!" said Johnny Bull. "The Cinque Ports were Dover,

Hastings, Romney, Sandwich, and Hythe."

"Rot!" said Bunter. "Anyhow, Dover was one, and here it is. There was a siege of Dover Castle once; I remember it in history class. Sir Hubert de What's-his-name was besieged by the French, or—or the Germans, or—or somebody, in the reign of King What-do-you-call-um."

"Go it!" said Bob admiringly. "It's as good as doing a holiday task, you men, to hear Bunter on history."

"Well, I remember things you know," said Bunter. "Comes in useful, when a fellow goes about, to remember the historical associations of a place. King Thingummy landed at Dover, I believe, in the year something-or-other, at the time of the what-do-you-call-it!"

"Fine! Keep on!"

"King Charles the Second landed at Dover in 1660, at the time of the Restoration!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Yes, I knew it was King Somebody," assented Bunter. "That was after Sir Hubert de Who-was-it held the castle against the—Turks."

"Turks! Oh crickey!"

"I—I mean the Greeks!" said Bunter hastily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blasphemy! I see anything to cackle at. It's up to a fellow to remember a little of what he learns at school," said Bunter.

"Well, you remember a little!"

grinned Bob. "A very little!"

"The littlefulness is terrific."

"You benighted bandersnatch!" said Johnny Bull. "It was Sir Hubert de Burgh, and it was in the thirteenth century, and he held the castle for King John against the French and the rebel barons."

"Yes; that's what I was saying," agreed Bunter. "And there was a sea-fight or something off Dover once. I think it was the Spaniards, or the Portuguese, or—or the Swiss, or somebody—"

"The Spanish Armada—" began Johnny Bull.

Johnny's memory was rather better than Bunter's.

"Well, the place is full of historical interest," said Bunter. "Reeking with it, in fact. Why not run ashore and have a squint at it? Coker's coming soon, and you're not in a hurry to see Coker, are you?"

"Hardly!"

"You'll see him soon enough!" argued Bunter. "I suggest going ashore and staying till we move off. See? The less you see of Coker, the better you'll like it. What? Mind, I'm not suggesting this just to keep you out of Coker's way, you fellows."

"Not really?"

"I'm thinking entirely of you chaps. I'm not afraid that you fellows will let anything out if you see Coker—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"George won't be back yet. I hope he won't meet Coker on the pier! I say, you fellows, you oughtn't to slack about while we're hanging on here. There's no end of things to be seen in Dover. Go and see 'em, see? It's a fearfully historical place. There's an old cannon somewhere, called Queen Somebody's Thingummy. That's worth seeing! Go and see it! I shan't be able to come—"

"You won't?"

"No. You see—"

"Let's go, you men," said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see, I've got to be here to receive my guests," said Bunter. "Coker may butt in any minute. The fact is, Coker's a bit Fifth-Formy, you know, and I'd rather there weren't a



Coker replaced his straw hat and plumped down in his chair again. "Any more of your silly tricks," he said to Potter and Greene, "and I'll knock your heads together!" The next moment Bob Cherry crept up behind him, reached out with his stick, and tipped the hat over Coker's nose.

lot of fags about when he comes on board. No need for you fellows to show up on the spot. If you see Coker on the pier, don't say anything to him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter was evidently uneasy lest Coker of the Fifth should learn the true nature of that trip from the Famous Five. He did not want Coker to learn the facts till it was too late. George, of course, supposed that Coker knew the facts, as he had supposed that Harry Wharton & Co. knew them. George was no party to Bunter's duplicity. The fat Owl realised that he was treading on rather thin ice. The less that was said before Coker was fairly at sea in the yacht the better, from Billy Bunter's peculiar point of view.

Once at sea, Coker would have to make the best of it; at least, Bunter hoped that he would. Bunter was getting a free trip in consideration of having secured all these clients for George. If Coker learned the facts too soon and "chucked" it, it would be a disappointment for George and George might prove ungrateful. Obviously the less said the better.

Harry Wharton & Co. decided to put in a few hours ashore, especially as Bunter was unable to come along. The loss of Bunter's society was enough to make any trip attractive. Wibley went with them, and the fat Owl watched them go with much satisfaction.

As a matter of fact, they did see Coker on the pier, as Bunter dreaded. It was rather a problem to the Famous Five whether they ought to give Coker a "tip" about what he had to expect. They had been doing themselves by the unscrupulous Owl, and Coker was

going to be done in his turn. Ought they to give him a tip or not?

That question was still undecided in their minds when Coker spotted them and decided it for them. Coker gave them a cold stare and turned away with his nose in the air. Coker had no more politeness to waste on the heroes of the Remove than on Fisher T. Fish. Coker's chief feeling was that he wasn't going to be claimed as an acquaintance in public by a gang of fags.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob Cherry. "Hallo, Coker, old bean!"

Coker knitted his brows.

"Come on, you men, for goodness' sake!" he snapped. "Don't let people think we know that mob!"

"Coker!" roared Bob Cherry in a voice that might have been heard half-way to Folkestone. "Hallo, hallo, hallo, Horace!"

Coker, goaded, swung round towards him.

"Look here!" he hooted. "Keep off! Keep your distance! Don't talk to me! You're not at Greyfriars now, you cheeky fag! Hook it!"

"Same old Coker!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Cut!" snapped Coker.

"All serene, old bean," said Bob amiably. "I was only going to ask you if you'd had an accident."

"An accident?" Coker stared. "What do you mean, you young ass? I haven't had any accident!"

"What's the matter with your face, then?" asked Bob, gazing with a serious gaze at Horace Coker's rugged countenance.

"My face? Nothing!" Coker passed his hand over his face. "Is there anything on my face?"

"There jolly well is," said Bob. "Have you banged it on anything in the train, Coker?"

"Certainly not. What do you mean?" Coker passed his hand over his face again. He was conscious of no damage there. "What is there on my face, you little idiot?"

"Oh! Only your features!" said Bob cheerily. "They look as if an elephant had trodden on them. But, of course, they always do!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold this bag a minute, Potter!" gasped Coker.

He almost hurled a suitcase at Potter, and charged towards Bob Cherry.

"Come on, you fellows!" said Bob. "Let's give Coker a run! Come on. Horace, old bean—race you to the end of the pier!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker lost that race. He was red and wrathful when he came back, and rejoined Potter and Greene. Harry Wharton & Co. strolled cheerily into the ancient town of Dover, as heedless of the wrath of Horace Coker as of the idle wind which they regarded not.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Spot of Bother for Bunter!

SNORE!

"What the thump's that row?" asked Coker.

Snore!

Had Coker been accustomed to the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars instead of the Fifth he would not have needed

(Continued on page 16.)

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GREYFRIARS CHUMS AFLOAT!



(Continued from page 13.)

to ask. That row was the snore of William George Bunter, fast asleep.

The fat junior was stretched on the roomy divan in the saloon, with his head resting on a cushion, his eyes shut, and his mouth open, and round the latter several smears of jam and toffee. Billy Bunter was taking a little nap while awaiting the arrival of his distinguished guests, and so he had not been on deck to receive them. He looked a thing of beauty and a joy for ever as the steward showed Coker & Co. in.

"Only Bunter!" said Greene, with a grin.

Snore!
Coker looked at him and grunted. He had had many misgivings about accepting an invitation from a fag. Really, it had been a cheek of Bunter to ask him. Coker, however, had worked it out that he could, without loss of dignity, know Bunter on ship-board while making it plain to him that on shore he had to keep a respectful distance. These matters were very important to Horace Coker. Potter and Greene were not specially pleased at being the guests of a Lower Fourth fag. But they were pleased to be getting an Easter cruise for nothing. Potter and Greene rather liked getting things for nothing. Indeed, it was largely because they were keen on things for nothing that they were so pally with Coker. Coker was the rich man from whose table the crumbs fell.

Potter and Greene only grinned at the sight of the sleeping beauty; but Coker grunted and frowned. His feeling of misgiving intensified. Really, he did not like even a dashed steward, even a dashed steward's dashed boy, to know that he, Horace James Coker, of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, knew this sticky, jammy, snoring little beast!

"Sticky little rotter!" remarked Coker. "Like his cheek to be asleep when we get here! I'll wake him up." Bunter was lying on his back on the divan, his well-filled waistcoat upward. Coker jammed a bag on that well-filled waistcoat, and there was a startled gasp from Bunter. His eyes opened.

"Ow! Beast!" he gasped. "Lemmo alone! Tain't rising-bell! Oh!" Bunter realised that he was not in bed at Greyfriars, and sat up. "Ow!" He rubbed his waistcoat where Coker had jammed the bag. Coker had a heavy hand, and there was rather a nasty jar where the bag had landed. Bunter gasped for breath and groped for his spectacles. With his big spectacles Bunter did not see an awful lot, without them he was more owl-like than ever. Bunter knew that somebody had jammed something on his fat waistcoat, but he did not, for the moment, see who it was.

"You silly, burbling, blithering idiot!" gasped Bunter. "Playing silly tricks on a chap. You babbling, blithering cuckoo! There!"

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Billy Bunter was never in the best of tempers when he was suddenly woke up after a feed. A pain in his circumference did not improve his temper. He grasped the cushion on which his bullet head had rested and hurled it. There was a crash as it collided with Coker's features.

There was another crash as Coker sat suddenly down.

"Oooogh!" spluttered Coker.

"There!" gasped Bunter. "Take that, Bob Cherry, you silly fathead!" "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Potter and Greene.

Evidently the short-sighted Owl supposed that it was Bob Cherry who had given him a playful tap on his waistcoat.

"Oooogh! Urrgh!" spluttered Coker, sitting up quite dizzily and rubbing his nose. "My hat! Why, I'll—"

Coker leaped up. He forgot for the moment that he was a guest—Bunter's guest—on board Bunter's cousin's yacht. All he remembered was that he was a Fifth Form senior, floored by a cheeky fag. He hurled himself at Bunter.

"Ow! Leggo!" roared Bunter, as Horace's powerful grasp closed on him.

"I'll punch your nose! I'll—Whoop! I tell you I'll—Yooooooh!"

Bump!

Bunter rolled off the divan to the floor. As he scrambled to his feet Coker let out a foot. Billy Bunter plunged wildly forward and landed on his hands and knees, roaring.

"Yarooooooh!"

"Hold on, Coker!" gasped Potter.

"I'm going to wallop him!" roared Coker. "Look at my nose!"

"But I say—" gasped Greene.

"Shut up, Greene!"

"Are you always as polite as this to your host when you're on a visit?" asked Potter, with sarcasm.

"Oh!" Coker remembered that he was a guest on the Sea Nymph. "Oh! Well, look at my nose!" The cushion had rather damaged Coker's nose. "What did the young ass buzz a cushion at me for?"

"Oh lor!" Billy Bunter realised that his guests had arrived. "Is—that you, Coker? I thought it was that other beast—"

"What?" hooted Coker.

"I mean I thought it was that beast Cherry!" Bunter scrambled up, prepared to play the polite host, but keeping a wary eye on Coker. "I say, where's my specs? I put them somewhere! Where's my specs? Steward!"

"Here you are, sir!"

Bunter jammed his spectacles on his fat little nose, and blinked at the Fifth-Formers.

"Jolly glad to see you fellows," he said affably. "I didn't know it was you woke me up, Coker, old chap—I thought it was some other silly idiot! How are you, old fellow?"

Grunt from Coker! He did not like "old fellow" from a fag. Still, he could not very well resent that cheeky familiarity in the circumstances. Really, if a fellow consented to know a fellow, why, he did know a fellow, and that was that! Still, Coker did not like it.

"See anything of the fellows on the pier?" added Bunter, rather anxiously.

"We saw some cheeky fags!" grunted Coker.

"Oh lor! Did they tell you anything?"

"Eh! What was there to tell us?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Bunter hastily. "I thought they might have, that's all!"

Of course, there was nothing for them to tell you—absolutely nothing!"

Coker stared at him. Potter and Greene exchanged a rather peculiar glance. As a matter of fact, they had been rather struck by Fisher T. Fish's eagerness to tell them something, and still more by the few words Fishy had managed to jerk out before Coker put the stopper on him. Now Bunter, evidently, was afraid that Harry Wharton & Co. had told them something. It was really very odd—all the more so because Potter and Greene had been wondering a good deal about that Easter cruise, and how on earth Bunter, the hardest-up fellow at Greyfriars, could possibly afford to ask a crowd of fellows on an expensive cruise.

"Fellows might say anything, you know," added Bunter. "Not that there would be anything in it, you know—nothing at all!"

"In what?" asked Potter.

"Oh, nothing!"

"That kid Fish met us when we got off the train," said Potter. "He was trying to say something, only Coker shut him up!"

"Oh lor! The rotter!" gasped Bunter. "Fancy that beast trying to give a fellow away! Not that there's anything to give away, you know! Don't you fellows fancy anything of that sort?"

"Well, my hat!" said Potter.

"You see, Fishy's stingy," said Bunter. "He's an American, you know—it gives him a pain to have to pay for anything. That's why he went ashore at Dover—mean, you know."

"Pay for anything?" repeated Potter blankly. "What was there to pay for?"

"Oh, nothing! I say, you fellows, you'd better see your rooms," said Bunter, feeling that it would be judicious to change the subject. "It's all right—take my word for it that it's all right! Anyhow you fellows needn't worry—it will be up to Coker, of course! I knew that all the time."

"What will be up to me?" ejaculated Coker.

"Eh? Oh, nothing!"

"Is that kid mad?" asked Coker, gazing at Bunter in wonder.

"Look, like it," said Potter. "Mad as a hatter, I should say. Will you tell us what you're talking about, Bunter?"

"No fear I mean yes, old chap! That is to say, I—I wasn't talking about anything! I say, lovely weather, ain't it?"

"Never mind the weather. What the dickens—"

"But—but it's beautiful weather—nice shower after the rain—what?" Bunter hardly knew what he was saying—he was getting rather confused. "It's all right—I'm not keeping anything dark—don't you fellows run away with that idea. It's all right if that sneak Fishy never told you anything—"

"What was there to tell us?" demanded Greene.

"Oh, nothing!" gasped Bunter. "Nothing at all! I—I say, you fellows, the steward's waiting to show you your rooms. I—I'll go and—see if—George is coming."

Billy Bunter rolled away to the deck. Coker & Co. stared after him and then at one another. Unless the Owl of Greyfriars was wandering in his mind, they could not make this out at all.

Bunter rolled on deck in a state of perspiration.

It was like Bunter never to meet troubles half-way—never to meet them at all if he could help it! Unfortunately, in the long run, they had to be

met—and the "long run" had now materialised.

Invigilating fellows on board the Sea Nymph under the pretence of inviting them for a holiday cruise, and revealing later that the cruise had to be paid for, was rather an unusual and extraordinary proceeding.

There were people who might have called it deceitful—Bunter knew that. People might have called it unscrupulous.

Bunter did not care very much what they called it, so long as he got away with it in a manner satisfactory to himself. But he realised that there was a horrid doubt about this.

Harry Wharton & Co. had made the best of it, and had not even let George

know how they had been taken in. But they were fellows in Bunter's own Form at school—easy-going, rather accustomed to making allowances for the egregious Owl. But Coker—

Coker was the man to cut up rusty about nothing—next to nothing. He was the fellow to march straight off the yacht when he found out how matters stood—and to kick Bunter before he went!

Bunter realised, rather late, that he had taken a lot of risks in dealing with a fellow like Coker. Really it would have been wiser to leave Coker out. But he had had to bag fellows with money, who could pay—and Coker had lots and lots of money. His Aunt Judy was an unfailing source of supply.

Coker was exactly the man Bunter wanted if—if all went well. But it was now driven in upon Bunter's fat mind that that was a very big "if."

Luckily, the other beasts were ashore; and George was occupied ashore also with business matters. And if Coker could be kept in the dark till the yacht pulled out to sea—

It was rather a worry. Bunter had feared that there would be a spot of bother. He now realised that it was a large spot—a very large spot indeed!

There was a heavy tread on the companion. Horace Coker came up. Potter and Greene were unpacking below; Coker was taking a look round. Billy Bunter blinked at him and rolled

(Continued on next page.)

PROMOTION AND RELEGATION!

AS we approach the end of the football season, the struggle for the honours, and the struggle to avoid relegation, becomes more and more desperate. It seems quite likely, looking at the League tables just now, that some of the biggest questions of the season—promotion and relegation—will not be decided until the last day of the campaign. And the decision may then rest on a goal-average fraction.

This fact doubtless prompts an interesting question which has just reached me from a reader. "Suppose," he said, "that two clubs in the running for promotion, or concerned with relegation, not only finished level on points, but also had exactly the same goal-average, how would it be decided which should go either up or down?"

I don't think there are many people who could answer that question off-hand, but the case is provided for in the League rules.

It is there stated that in the event of points being equal and goal-average being also equal, the two clubs concerned shall play off a deciding match, or matches, on neutral ground.

It would, of course, be a huge coincidence if two clubs, either near the top or the bottom of a section, finished with points and goal-average exactly the same, but it is rather strange that this has never yet happened, and consequently it has never yet been necessary, in the history of League football, for the rule which I have quoted to be put into force. But it may be necessary one of those days. Only a few weeks back Tottenham Hotspur and Stoke City were the two leading clubs in the Second Division, and their total of points, also their goal-average, were exactly the same.

GOAL-AVERAGE COUNTS!

THERE have been some amazingly close finishes in this promotion struggle. I remember the year Portsmouth got up to the top class. They were level on points, and their goal-average was also pretty close, too. On the last day of the season Portsmouth won their game by five goals to one, and Manchester City won theirs by eight goals to nothing. Then the pencil and paper had to be brought out to decide which had gained promotion. In the excitement, many sums with the wrong results were worked out, and a London evening newspaper actually announced that Manchester City had gained promotion, and that Portsmouth would have to stay in the Second Division. It was the other way about, really, for the accurate result of the sum was that Portsmouth's goal-average was one two-hundredth part of a goal better than that of Manchester City.

MORE INTERESTING SOCCER QUERIES ANSWERED HERE!



Each week our Soccer expert disposes of perplexing problems. Send your queries along to him, c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4—then watch for the answer on this page.

Another of my readers, thinking about this goal-average business, wants to know whether I think it quite fair that a championship, promotion, or relegation, should be decided on a narrow goal-average margin. He thinks that when two teams finish level on points they should play off for the honour irrespective of goal-average.

While I agree that it is hard luck for a club to lose an honour on a small goal-average fraction, I can't agree with my reader friend that there is anything unfair about it.

When the clubs start on a football season the players know that goal-average may count at the finish. Therefore, it is up to them to score every possible goal, and also to put forward every effort to prevent the opposition from scoring.

Suppose goal-average did not count in the event of two teams finishing level. A side which was four or five goals down in a match would be tempted to stop trying for the rest of that match, and the game would lose some of its attractiveness. The fact that goal-average may count at the end keeps the teams going right to the last kick of each match, or at any rate it should have that effect.

STRANGE SITUATIONS!

STRANGE things happen in football matches, and a funny one reaches me from a Sidecup reader, who wants to know what should be done. The ball was shot by a player from a few yards out, and was going low for the net when it struck a dog which had just run on to the field. The ball was thus prevented from going into the net, but the referee, feeling sure that the shot would have scored, allowed a goal. I am sorry, in a way, to be compelled to say that, strictly speaking, this referee went beyond the rules, though he was obviously guided by a sense of fair play. It is clearly stated in the rules that a goal shall only be scored when the ball

has passed between the goalposts under the bar, and it is added, as a further instruction, that in no circumstances shall a referee award a goal unless he is absolutely satisfied that the whole of the ball has passed under the bar.

Note when the dog stopped the ball it had not passed under the bar, and though it was definitely a case of bad luck for the side which had virtually scored a goal, the referee should not have awarded one. What he should have done, in my view, when the dog interfered with the play, was to stop the game and drop the ball at the spot where the dog did interfere.

It has occasionally happened in football that a shot which was going straight for the net has been stopped by the referee. In such cases the referee cannot award a goal, however confident he may have been that a goal would have been scored. Equally, if the ball goes in off the referee when it would not otherwise have done so, then he must still award a goal.

Another reader wants to know whether it is in order for the goalkeeper of one side to take penalty kicks at the other end of the field?

The answer is in the affirmative. There is nothing in the rules which debars any player of a side from taking a penalty kick, and I have known goalkeepers in first-class football who habitually took their side's penalty kicks. One of them was "Tiny" Joyce, a big fellow who used to keep goal for Miltwall.

He had his own way of taking his side's penalty kicks, usually starting his run from his own goal, and not stopping till he had kicked the ball from the twelve yards' spot. Whether it is advisable for a goalkeeper to take penalty kicks is another matter altogether.

"LINESMAN."

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towards him. He grinned his most ingratiating grin.

"Like your quarters, old fellow?" asked Bunter.

"Look here——" snarled Coker.

But he broke off. "Old fellow" from Bunter was distinctly irritating. But what could he do when he was two cheeky young scoundrel's guest?

"Eh?" said Bunter. "Rather a decent yacht, old chap?"

Coker breathed hard and did not answer.

"Jolly glad you're coming, old bean!" said Bunter affably. Affability, he felt, was his cue. It was necessary to keep Coker in a good temper—as good a temper as possible. He was unaware that his affability was gradually working Coker up to a state of suppressed fury.

"Oh!" said Coker.

"You can see a lot of things from here. That's Dover Castle yonder, old thing."

"Do you think I don't know a castle when I see one?" asked Coker.

"Oh! Um!"

Coker walked away aft. Bunter rolled after him, still affable. Coker walked forward. Again Bunter rolled after him. Coker crossed the deck. Bunter crossed it.

"I say, old chap," said Bunter, rather perplexed by this activity of Coker's, "if you'd like a walk, I'll take you on the pier."

"If you call me old chap again——" roared Coker.

"Eh?"

"Don't jaw!"

"Oh, really, Coker——"

Coker went below. Bunter blinked after him. He had done his best, but Coker was not in a good temper. If this was how that Fifth Form fathead behaved when he was—or supposed himself to be—a guest, how was he going to behave when he found out that he had been tricked on board to pay for his cruise? More clearly than ever Billy Bunter realised that there was going to be a big spot of bother.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Straw!

"PACK UP!" said Coker.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"I said pack up!" grunted Horace Coker.

Potter and Greene looked at Coker. They were in the state-room they were going to share. They were feeling rather good. Greene liked the upper bunk, Potter liked the lower—so that was all right. There were only two bunks, so Coker couldn't be landed on them in the same room—that was still more all right!

It was quite a roomy room; space for a fellow to put his things, and stretch his legs—very comfy, in fact. The furnishings were rather shabby for such a splendid yacht—they noticed that with some surprise. A man who could afford to run the Sea Nymph on pleasure cruises with a crowd of guests might have been expected to spend a little more on the furnishings. Still, that was only a detail.

On the whole, Potter and Greene felt good. They knew, too, that Coker was rather a poor sailor; for some days when they got to sea he was likely to be on his back, and his friends relieved of his company. Altogether, the outlook was rather bright.

So when Coker put his head in at the

doorway and told the mto pack up. Potter and Greene were astonished and annoyed. They had hardly finished unpacking yet.

"Might a fellow ask what you mean—if you happen to mean anything, Coker?" Potter inquired with sarcasm.

"I mean what I say!" answered Coker. "I generally do!"

"Not gone suddenly off your rocker?" asked Greene.

"No!" roared Coker.

"Well, then, what are you getting at?" snapped Potter. "What are we to pack up for, I'd like to know?"

"Because we're going ashore."

"We can take a stroll on the pier without packing up, I suppose?"

"Don't be an idiot, Potter."

"There's an idiot here," said Potter.

"But I don't think I'm the idiot."

"I don't see what you're calling Greene an idiot for," said Coker.

"What's Greene done?"

"Oh crikey!" said Potter and Greene together.

"I'd better explain," went on Coker.

"The fact is, I've made rather a mistake."

He paused, perhaps expecting Potter and Greene to look surprised at this statement. But they were not surprised to hear that Coker had made a mistake. They would have been surprised to hear that he hadn't.

"It won't do!" further explained Coker.

"What won't?" shrieked Greene.

"This!" said Coker.

"Do you mean this cabin? It's all right," said Greene.

"I don't mean this cabin, Greene.

"Try not to be a silly ass! I know you can't help it; still, nothing like trying," said Coker. "I mean, the whole thing won't do! We can't go on this cruise."

"We can't go on this cruise!" repeated Potter, like a fellow in a dream.

"You bring us a long railway journey, you plank us on this yacht, we unpack our bags, and then you tell us we can't go on this cruise!"

"Exactly! I made a mistake, as I said," said Coker. "It seemed rather different at Greyfriars, though I had my doubts then—a lot of doubt. My idea was that on a yachting cruise—a good distance from anybody who knows me—I could put up with a Lower Fourth fag—be civil to him, and all that. I took it for granted, of course, that he'd have tact enough—sense enough—to keep his distance, and understand that he couldn't put on airs of familiarity with a Fifth Form man. Well, it was a mistake—and I own up to it. Now I'm here it's perfectly plain that it won't do."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Luckily, there's no harm done," said Coker. "Lots of time to get off the yacht. Bunter's cousin—Pook—I mean Jook—or is it Cook?—yes, Cook—well, Cook's ashore, and we can leave some decent excuse for him. If we meet him before we go we'll put it civilly. But we're going."

Potter and Greene gazed at him.

"I haven't unpacked yet," said Coker.

"You fellows seem to have—well, you can pack again. Don't waste time about it!"

Potter and Greene still gazed. They seemed at a loss for words.

"The sooner we're gone," resumed Coker, "the better! In the circumstances, I'd rather not thrash Bunter before we go—but it will come to that if I have any more of his cheek! I made a mistake in thinking I could stand it—and I own up to it! I can't!"

"And what about us?" shrieked Greene, finding his voice.

"Eh? You?" Coker stared. "What do you mean?" It did not seem to have occurred to Coker, so far, that Potter and Greene had to be considered in any way. "I don't understand you, Greene."

"We've come on this yacht for an Easter cruise——"

"I know that. Well, I've told you the cruise is off," said Coker. "Do you want me to tell you again, or what?"

"You silly chump!"

"That's enough, Greene. If you're disappointed, I'm sorry."

It seemed to occur to Coker that Potter and Greene might be disappointed. "But there's a limit—and standing impudent familiarity from a fag is the limit! That little fat pig Bunter treat me just as he might treat one of you fellows!"

"Oh!" gasped Potter. "D-d-does he?"

"I might have expected it. In fact, I had a lot of doubts," said Coker, shaking his head. "Still, it's not too late. Get your bags packed, and I'll call the steward——"

"But——"

"Don't waste time! I never saw fellows like you for wasting time——"

"Look here, Coker!" roared Potter.

"Don't yell, Potter!"

"Look here——" shrieked Greene.

"Don't rave, Greene!"

"Do you think we're standing this?" yelled Potter. "You silly idiot! You howling ass! You—you—you burbling, benighted dunderhead! We're not going ashore, see? We're staying here, see? And if you don't like it, you can jolly well lump it, see?"

"If we can stand Bunter, you can stand Potter, see?" roared Greene.

"Who are you, if you come to that?"

"Who am I?" gasped Coker.

"Yes—who?" roared Greene. "A silly ass, if you ask me! A howling fat-head, if you want to know. A cheeky, fatheaded, dunderheaded chump, if you're curious about it, see?"

Coker stared at his friends. It was quite uncommon for them to tell him these painful truths.

"We're not going to pack!" resumed Potter. "We're staying here! You can clear if you like! Go and eat coke, in fact!"

"And shut up!" added Greene.

"Wha-a-t?" gasped Coker.

"Shut up!"

"Well, my hat! I—I—I'll——"

"And get out!"

"Gig-gig-gig-got out!" stuttered Coker.

"Yes, get out before you're put."

"Pi-pip-pip!"

"Yes, put! Here, shove him out!" said Greene.

Potter and Greene, for reasons unknown to Coker, seemed to be in a fearful temper! They advanced simultaneously on Coker, grasped him, and hurled him headlong out of the doorway.

Coker went sprawling.

He sat up, almost gibbering in his astonishment. Potter and Greene glared at him, still belligerent. Even the worm will turn; and Potter and Greene had turned! They were fed-up with Coker!

"My hat!" gasped Coker. "You cheeky rotters! I'll jolly well——"

Without wasting time in stating what he would do, Coker proceeded to do it. He scrambled up and charged at his comrades.

The next moment three Fifth Form men of Greyfriars were rolling round the saloon in deadly combat. Coker was a hefty fellow; but two to one was long odds. Coker's intention was to give his friends what they deserved.



"Like a basin, Coker, old bean?" asked Bob Cherry. "Nothing of the sort," said Coker. "I'm quite all right! If you think there's anything wrong with me, I can only say—Wurrrrrrrgggh!" The Sea Nymph rolled a little, and, shuddering from head to foot, Coker hung on to the rail convulsively.

Instead of which, it was Coker who got what he deserved.

To his surprise, and still more to his annoyance, he found himself jammed on the floor, and his head tapped thereon, frequently and hard.

Tap, tap, tap!
"Yaroooh!" roared Coker.
Tap, tap, tap!
"Oh crumbs! Leggo! I'll smash you! I'll spifficate you! Whooop!" roared Coker. "Yarooooooo-p!"

"There," gasped Potter, "that'll do! There's some more if you want it, though!"

"Lots more!" gasped Greene.
"Heaps more!" said Potter.
They went back into their state-room, rather breathless, but feeling better. Horace Coker sat on the floor, gurgling spasmodically—very breathless indeed and feeling worse!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Coker Solves the Problem!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" bawled Bob Cherry.
Bunter jumped.
Crack!

Really, it was Bob's own fault. The Famous Five had come back to the Sea Nymph, merry and bright after their explorations in the ancient Cinque Port. Bill Bunter was seated in a deckchair, with his fat little legs stretched out, and his round eyes closed behind his round spectacle.

Bunter was not exactly asleep—he was just pleasantly dozing—but he remained unaware of the fact that a cheery party

of juniors had arrived—till Bob Cherry, leaning over the back of his chair, announced his presence with a roar that might have made Stentor of old feel like a cooing dove.

Naturally, Bunter jumped! Any fellow would have jumped. And the top of his bullet head crashed on Bob Cherry's jaw, so suddenly did Bunter jump.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter, rubbing the top of his head.

"Whoop!" roared Bob, staggering back, clapping his jaw with both hands in anguish. "Whoo-her-hoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the rest of the party.

"Ow! Banging a fellow's napper—" gasped Bunter.

"Yow-ow-ow! Wow! My jaw!" howled Bob. "Oh crikey, I believe it's broken! Oh crumbs! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at the chums of the Remove.

"I say, you fellows, you've come back! I say, that silly idiot hurt my head! Ow! Making a fellow jump—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob was sorry that he had made Bunter jump. He had reason to regret it. His jaw had a dislocated feeling. He caressed it tenderly, as if to make sure that it was still there. It felt as if it wasn't!

"You silly chump!" gasped Bob. "I've a jolly good mind—"

"You asked for it, old man!" said Harry Wharton laughing. "Coker come, Bunter!"

"Oh! Yes. He's in a rotten temper about something," said Bunter. "I was nice to him—awfully nice—but he got

ratty, for some reason, and he's been scrapping with the other beasts, too—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Has he seen George yet?" chuckled Nugent.

"No—and—and—I say, you fellows, mind you don't say anything to Coker!" said Bunter anxiously. "I—I dare say George won't speak to him till to-morrow, and—and then it will be all right, I—I hope."

"The hopefulness is terrific!" grinned Horace Jamset Ram Singh.

"D-d-do you fellows think Coker will cut up rusty?" asked Bunter, with an anxious blink at the Famous Five.

Now that the hour was at hand, so to speak, the fat Owl was getting more and more uneasy on that point.

"I rather think so," said Johnny Bull. "Frightfully rusty, I should say. You'd better look out for squalls."

"I—I say, you fellows, you—you'll stand by me, of course, said Bunter. "If—if necessary, you'll collar Coker and—and hold him down, won't you? You'll be pally? It's up to you, you know."

"It's up to us to see you safe after swindling Coker, because you've swindled us?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! That's a rotten way to put it! I—I wish I—I hadn't asked Coker now!" groaned Bunter.

"George may cut up rusty, too, if Coker makes a row about it! I shouldn't wonder if George turned out quite nasty! That's the worst of being kind to poor relations, you know. They're not grateful."

"Hallo, that's Coker!" said Nugent, as a booming voice came from below.

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Horace Coker's voice was loud enough to be heard on deck—indeed, it might almost have been heard from the Admiralty Pier to the Prince of Wales' Pier.

"Are you fellows coming, or are you fellows not coming?" Coker was demanding, evidently addressing Potter and Greene.

"Fathead!"

Both replies were heard by the grinning juniors on deck. Evidently there was a rift in the Fifth Form lute.

"Well, I'm going!" boomed Coker.

"Go, and be blowed!"

"Go, and be boiled!"

"This," remarked Wibley, "sounds as if Coker & Co. don't love one another any more."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stick there, then!" came Coker's bawl. "I'm done with you! Stick there, and be civil to a cheeky fag! Stick there, and be blowed! You can play up to a fat, sneaking, measly fag in the Lower Fourth, if you like! I dare say it will suit you. It doesn't suit me."

"Ass! Chump!"

There was a loud snort, expressive of Horace Coker's scorn for his discarded friends. Then his heavy tread was heard in the companion, and Coker came on deck. He looked a little untidy, as was only natural after his argument with Potter and Greene. He was red, and he was wrathful. He gave the Famous Five a glare, to which they responded by sweet smiles, which had no placating effect on Horace Coker whatever.

"I—I say, Coker!" gasped Billy Bunter. "I—I say, old chap—"

Bunter could not make this out. Coker, it seemed, was going. If he had discovered the reality of that invitation to an Easter cruise, Bunter could have understood it. But he hadn't. Coker was still in a state of blissful ignorance on that point. So why he was going was a puzzle to Bunter.

Coker transferred his glare to Bunter. "If you call me old chap again, Bunter," said Coker, in a concentrated voice, "I'll chuck you into the harbour!"

"Oh, really, Coker—"

Coker calmed himself a little. After all, Bunter was, for the moment his host. Coker realised that a fellow had to be a bit civil to his host. Even if that host was a measly fag in the Lower Fourth, who put on airs of familiarity with a Fifth Form man.

"Look here! I'm going!" said Coker. "Sorry, and all that; but it's a bit too thick. Kind of you to ask me, and all that, but it won't do—see?"

"But—but I say!" gasped Bunter.

"I might have known it wouldn't do," said Coker. "In fact, I felt that it wouldn't do. Now I know it. That's that—see?"

Bunter blinked at him.

"You—you mean that you—you don't want to come as my guest?" he stammered.

"You've got it," assented Coker. "Like your dashed cheek to ask me, really. But I dare say you meant well, so I won't kick you. It won't work, anyhow."

"Oh lor!" gasped Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled. They had expected Coker to cut up rusty when he learned the real conditions of that cruise. But they had not quite expected him to cut up rusty before that. But that was Coker all over.

"But—but you'd enjoy an Easter cruise, Coker."

"That's all right," said Coker. "I'm

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not chucking up an Easter cruise. I've told my people I'm going for an Easter cruise, and I'm going. One of those pleasure steamers, where you pay for the cruise—that will suit me. Plenty of them to choose from. In fact, I was reading an advertisement of one the other day. A yacht—same name as this yacht—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a shriek from the Famous Five. Evidently Coker had seen Cousin George's advertisement, without realising in the least that it referred to Cousin George's yacht.

Coker gave them a glare.

"What are you fags cackling at?" he demanded. "Shut up, anyhow! Well, Bunter, you're a cheeky, sneaking, little, sticky beast, but I'm sorry to let you down. But it won't do, and it's no good making any bones about it. I can't stay here as your guest, and that's that!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I say, Coker, d-d-don't go for a minute. I—I—I say, if—if you're thinking of a cruise, you—you pay for, that—that could be arranged on this—this yacht—"

"Eh?"

"I—I mean, I could fix it up!" gasped Bunter. "The—the fact is, my Cousin George is—is willing, if I speak to him, to—to take a—a certain number of paying passengers."

"Oh!" said Coker.

"You—you can p-p-pay, if you like. I—I'll arrange the whole thing. I'll speak to George. Pay just the same as on any other pleasure trip. Just like an—an—ordinary passenger."

"Oh!" repeated Coker. "If that's straight, Bunter—"

"Straight as a string!" gasped the fat Owl, hardly daring to believe in his good luck. "If—if a passenger pays, the—the charge is twenty-one guineas for the whole Easter cruise, including a trip to the Mediterranean."

"That's quite reasonable," said Coker. He was quite calm now—indeed, quite good-tempered. "If you mean that, Bunter—"

"I—I do! Honour bright!" gasped Bunter.

There was no doubt that Bunter meant it—every word.

"You think your cousin would be agreeable to that?" asked Coker.

"Oh, yes—quite!"

"Mind, I want no nonsense about it," said Coker. "I want it perfectly straight. If I stay on this yacht, I stay as a paying passenger, and I shall ask my Aunt Judy to send Cook a cheque. That's plain, and I mean it, and no nonsense about it—see?"

"Qu-quite all right," said Bunter breathlessly. "George will be pip-pip-pleased. Quite p-p-pleased. I—I'll tell him, and—he'll fix it up with you. If—if Potter and Greene stay, you can p-p-pay for them, too."

Coker thought it over. Harry Wharton & Co. watched him with the keenest interest. They suppressed their merriment.

"Well, that puts quite a different complexion on it," said Coker, at last. "I'll go down and speak to Potter and Greene. They've been playing the goat—the cheeky goat. But, of course, they were a bit disappointed. A fellow can overlook it. But mind this, Bunter, and don't let there be any mistake about it, if I stay on this yacht, I pay my way, and Potter and Greene come as my guests, not as yours. And I ask my Aunt Judy to send Cook a cheque to cover the lot. And if you don't like that, I go ashore here and now."

"Oh crikey! I—I mean, I—I like it. I like it no end!" gasped Bunter. "It—it will suit me to a—a—a T."

"Well, if you're sure your cousin will agree—"

"Oh crumbs! I mean, yes—quite sure!"

"That's settled, then," said Coker, his brow quite clear now. "I'll go down and tell the chaps. And it's clearly—quite clearly—understood that we come on this trip as paying passengers, and no nonsense about it!"

"Quite!" gurgled Bunter. "Oh, quite!"

Coker tramped below again. Harry Wharton & Co. gazed after his burly form, and then gazed at one another. Billy Bunter wiped the perspiration from his fat brow.

"Well, my hat!" said Harry Wharton.

"My only summer bonnet!" said Bob Cherry.

"I—I say, you fellows, you—you needn't tell Coker anything!" gasped Bunter. "N-n-no need to tell him anything now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Really there was no need to tell Coker anything. The matter was arranged to Coker's satisfaction, and to Bunter's satisfaction, and, later, to George's satisfaction. There was, in fact, satisfaction all round. Quite a rare state of things in this imperfect universe.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Hats Off!

LIGHTS twinkled through the dusk of the spring night.

Harry Wharton & Co. on the deck of the Sea Nymph, looked back at the twinkling lights along the cliffs of their native land. There was a steady hum from the engines that mingled with the incessant wash of the waves. The Sea Nymph was pitching just a little, which did not worry the chums of the Remove at all. They liked the sea, and were in a cheery mood. One by one the lights dropped out of view, and England vanished into the dusky night. Frank Nugent, who had been reading Byron, spouted an appropriate quotation:

"Once more upon the water, yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me
Like a steed
That knows its rider!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"Barge on!"

"I forget the rest!"

"Thank goodness!" said Billy Bunter peevishly. "I remember we had that in English poetry with Quelch. Rot, ain't it?"

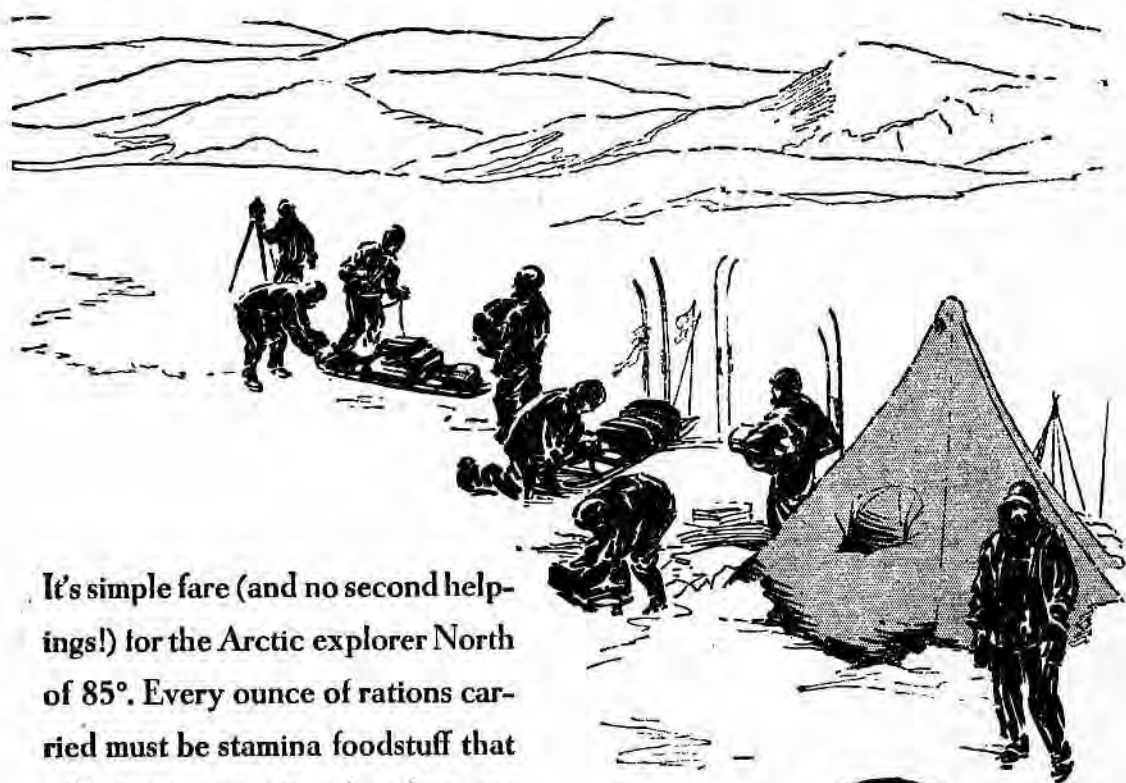
Nugent recommenced, regardless:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee, in vain!
Man marks the earth with ruin;
His control
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed. Nor doth remain
One shadow of man's ravage, save his own—"

Snore! came from Billy Bunter, leaning back in his deckchair. Poetry had that effect on Bunter. The juniors strolled farther along. Billy Bunter's snore was not musical, though it was, perhaps, as a matter of choice, "referable to his conversation. From the

(Continued on page 22.)

North of 85°—



It's simple fare (and no second helpings!) for the Arctic explorer North of 85°. Every ounce of rations carried must be stamina foodstuff that will give a man strength to keep on—and on—and on. *Chocolate always finds a place on the sledge.*

For your own explorations and ramblings you can't beat chocolate. Better get Bournville if you want a chocolate that tastes extra good. For dealing with that "empty feeling," Bournville is really fine. And 2d. now buys such a jolly big chunk!



Also in 1d. bars

CADBURYS

2oz. Bournville Block 2d.

GREYFRIARS CHUMS AFLOAT!

(Continued from page 20.)

other side of the deck, where two Fifth-Formers were stretched in deckchairs, a murmur of voices came to them.

"That silly idiot—"

"That dummy—"

The juniors grinned. Potter and Greene, apparently, were discussing the great Horace, who was below. They did not mention his name, but it was easy to recognise his description.

"I know there was something fishy about it," Potter went on. "Now I've got it all from the steward. This yacht is a sort of floating boarding-house, and you have to pay for the cruises. Those Remove kids are paying, just the same as we are."

"We?" murmured Greene.

"Well, Coker! That cheeky young ass Bunter was just swanking about his cousin's yacht at school. It's a trip—a cruise you pay for! That man Cook is as much a yachtsman as Coker is a cricketer. Merely a hotel-keeper!"

"Looks it!" agreed Greene.

"It doesn't matter, as Coker's footing the bill. He seems pleased about it. He doesn't seem to understand that that was young Bunter's game all along."

"Does he ever understand anything?"

"Well, not! With a brain like his, how could he?"

"I wonder," said Greene meditatively, "whether there ever was such an ass as old Horace before in the history of the world?"

"Hardly!" said Potter.

"Not outside a home for idiots!" said Greene.

"Not outside a lunatic asylum!" said Potter.

"Look at his football!" said Greene.

"Look at his cricket!" said Potter.

"Look at him in class!"

"Look at him anywhere!"

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned silently. They found this conversation, on the subject of the great Coker, rather entertaining. But it ceased, as there was a heavy tread on deck. It was always easy to know when Coker was coming. His tread was rather like that of the "huge, earth-shaking beast" in Macaulay. His burly form loomed up in the dusk, and he dropped into a vacant chair between Potter and Greene, which creaked in protest as it received his weight.

"Rather ripping—what?" said Coker, apparently in good humour.

"Topping!" said Potter.

"You fellows feel the sea yet?"

"Not at all."

"Don't be over-confident," said Coker. "You will! We've been to sea together before, you know, and I remember you're rather rotten sailors!"

"Do you remember being seasick yourself?" asked Potter.

"No," said Coker, "I don't! If you're going to be nasty, Potter, just because I'm giving you a friendly tip, it's simply childish! Go easy on supper."

"The fact is, I'm rather hungry!" said Greene.

"I dare say. Go easy on supper, all the same. Of course, I shall look after you if you're ill. But I don't want to have to stay up all night nursing invalids. That really isn't what I've come on a cruise for. Take my tip, and go easy on supper."

"Look here, Coker—"

"Don't argue, old chap! Just take my tip! Seen anything of those fags?"

"I believe they're on deck somewhere," yawned Potter.

"Don't be too jolly civil to them,"

said Coker. "Keep them at a distance. Anything like cheeky familiarity has got to be put a stop to at the start. We can't have them making out that they know Fifth Form men. What are you yawning about, Potter? Sleepy?" Coker was unaware that his conversation had that effect on his hearers. "I think you might keep awake when a fellow's talking to you. The fact is, there's been a lot of laughing and chuckling among those Remove kids. Talking about me, I dare say."

"I shouldn't wonder! Enough to make 'em laugh!"

"What?"

"I—I mean—" Potter realised that he had been too frank. "I—I mean—cheeky young scoundrels! You'll keep 'em in order, Coker."

"I intend to," said Coker. "I've brought a cane among my things, and if they don't behave themselves they'll get it hard! I believe in whopping fags. It does 'em good! At Greyfriars, as you know, I'm a short way with fags. They'll find it the same here if I have any cheek!"

Bob Cherry put his finger to his lips as a sign to his chums, and tiptoed behind the high back of Coker's chair. He reached over, and gently detached the straw hat from Coker's bullet head. With that prize in his hand, he crouched low behind the chair. The other fellows, suppressing their chuckles, blotted themselves out of sight. Coker gave a sudden, violent start as his hat departed in that mysterious manner, and stared round him quite blankly.

"What the thump—" exclaimed Coker, in amazement.

"Eh—what's the row?" yawned Greene.

"Did one of you fellows hook off my hat?" demanded Coker. "Look here, this sort of babyish trick—"

"Who's hooked off your silly hat?" snapped Potter.

"Well, somebody has! Look here, what have you done with my hat?" exclaimed Coker. "Which of you was it? Have you got it, Greene?"

"Not that I know of."

"Have you got it, Potter?"

"Hardly."

"Well, one of you has!" roared Coker. "And I can tell you that I don't like these silly jokes! Give me my hat, and don't play the goat!"

"Who's got your hat?" hooted Potter.

"Can't you drop your silly hat off your silly head without supposing that somebody has hooked it off?"

"I didn't drop it! It was jerked off!" bawled Coker. "And if you think a trick like that is funny, you're making a mistake—see? What have you done with it?"

Coker stooped forward, peering in the dusk at the deck to see whether his straw had been dropped there. As he did so, Bob Cherry rose silently behind Potter's chair, and dropped the straw hat on Potter's head over his cap. Potter gave a jump.

"What the merry dickens—"

He grabbed at the unexpected hat in great surprise.

Coker glared round at him.

"Why, there's my hat! You've got it on yourself! You silly ass, making out that you never touched it, and you've put it on your own head! What the thump do you want my hat for?"

"I—I never—" gasped Potter.

Coker grabbed the hat. Potter rose and stared round. Bob, crouching once more under the slanting back of the deckchair, was quite invisible.

"It's somebody larking!" exclaimed Potter.

"Yes, and I jolly well know who it

is!" snorted Coker. "Call yourself a Fifth Form man, and playing silly tricks like a Second Form fag! Sit down!"

"I tell you—"

"Sit down, and stop playing the goat! Simply kiddish!" said Coker. "Larking with a man's hat! Bah!"

"I tell you, I never!" shrieked Potter.

"Oh, chuck it! Don't do it again, that's all!" snapped Coker. "Don't behave like a hooligan on a Bank Holiday! Larking with a man's hat! Pah!"

Potter breathed hard, and sat down. Coker replaced the hat on his bullet head and leaned back in his chair. He was annoyed.

Behind his chair, Bob Cherry rose once more, silent as a spectre. He reached over, grabbed Coker's straw hat, and jammed it on Greene's head with the same movement of his arm, and instantly ducked.

There was a gasp from Greene and a roar from Coker. Coker could really hardly believe his eyes as he glared round at his straw hat on Greene's head.

"You, this time!" he roared. "My hat! Are you off your rocker, grabbing a man's hat and jamming it on your own silly head—what?"

"I—I never!" gurgled Greene. He removed the hat, and Coker grabbed it. "I—I say, it's one of those fags larking—"

"Oh, chuck it!" said Coker scornfully. "If you can't behave yourselves, I can tell you that I'm jolly well not going to stand it! Potter first, and then you, larking with a man's hat! I've a jolly good mind to knock your two silly heads together! I jolly well will if you play any more tricks!"

"I tell you—" raved Greene.

"Don't yell at me, William Greene!"

"I tell you—" hooted Potter.

"Don't roar at me, Potter!"

Coker plumped in his chair again, his straw hat once more on his head. But there was no rest for that hat. A shadowy figure rose for a moment behind Coker's chair, and the hat was tipped over Coker's nose. Then Bob, feeling that he had exhausted the joke, scudded away across the deck. Horace Coker gave a roar that the Bull of Bashan might have envied as the hat tipped over his nose. He grabbed it, jammed it on his head, and rose to his feet with a bound. With his right hand he reached at Potter, with his left at Greene. He grabbed them simultaneously, and, before they knew what was happening, brought their heads together with a resounding crack. He had said that he would do it—and he did!

Crack!

"Yow-ow!" yelled Potter.

"Yaroooooh!" roared Greene.

"There!" said Coker.

And, in great dudgeon, he stalked away, leaving Potter and Greene rubbing their heads, and a group of juniors at a little distance chuckling with glee.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not Seaisick!

"DON'T overdo it!" said Coker. Coker had recovered his good temper by the time the Easter cruisers gathered at the supper-table. Potter and Greene did not seem quite so good-humoured as Coker—perhaps because of a lingering ache where their heads had established contact. Harry Wharton & Co. had



Many hands grasped Coker, and in a sprawling, gasping, gurgling heap, he was bundled into his bunk. The next moment his clothes and his other possessions were piled on him there, his suitcases being added to the top of the heap. "Yoooooop!" roared Coker, struggling helplessly.

bright and smiling faces. Billy Bunter was in great form. In the presence of foodstuffs, Billy Bunter always found life worth the trouble of living.

Captain Cook presided at the table with his round, red face beaming. It was quite a cheery party; only Potter and Greene wondering a little whether they would get through that Easter cruise without dropping Coker over the side.

Coker, in the kindness of his heart, was looking after his friends, generously forgiving and forgetful of the absurd larking with his hat. He was, in fact, quite concerned about them.

The party on the Sea Nymph had full value for their money so far as food was concerned. The "grub" was good and it was ample. Salt sea air made fellows hungry, and every fellow at the table was doing justice to the provender. If the fags stuffed themselves and were sea-sick afterwards, that was their own lookout; but Coker was keeping a friendly and concerned eye on his pals. He did not want them ill the first night at sea. He was not concerned about himself. In point of fact, Coker had been to sea several times, but he had never been to sea without trouble. Nevertheless, he was convinced that he was a good sailor, just as he was convinced that he could play football and cricket. Coker had a belief and faith in himself, absolutely without limit.

Coker was hungry, too, and he tucked in, as if determined to make a good second to Billy Bunter. At the same time he admonished his friends for their own good. Potter and Greene showed no signs of gratitude.

"Better leave that pie alone, Potter!" advised Coker. "Shove it this way, old chap! It looks a decent pie! But don't touch it."

"I like pie!" breathed Potter.

"You don't want to be ill all night,

Potter. Take my tip and don't touch that pie."

Heedless of Coker's tip, Potter touched the pie to a reckless extent. So did Greene.

"Well, you're asking for it!" said Coker. "Don't say I didn't warn you! I say, this is a ripping pie! I'll have some more."

Coker demolished what was left of that pie.

"Leave that pudding alone, Greene!"

"Look here—"

"Don't argue, old chap. That always was your fault arguing. Take a tip from a fellow who knows. Steward, take that pudding away from Greene. Potter, you're looking a bit pale."

"Rubbish!" said Potter.

"A bit green and yellow," said Coker. "There's rather a swell on the Channel, Potter. Do be careful, old man! You're a rotten sailor!"

Coker's jaws were rather busy with the excellent provender, but he found lots of time to use them in admonition to his friends. Indeed, it was hardly possible for Potter and Greene to get a morsel to their mouths without friendly and concerned urgings from Coker not to overdo it.

"Jellies won't do you any good, Potter. I think I'd leave that sugary fruit stuff alone, if I were you, Greene."

"You're not me!" pointed out Greene, going strong on the sugary fruit stuff. "If you were, you'd be talking sense."

"That's merely childish, Greene. Nuts!" ejaculated Coker. "Are you eating nuts, Potter?"

"Have some?" said Potter.

"Yes, I'll have some. I like nuts. But you leave them alone. Don't take unnecessary risks. I'm speaking for your own good."

"Not just because you like wagging your chin?" asked Potter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's simply infantile, Potter. Well, if you're determined to make yourself ill, I can't stop you. Don't blame me!"

"Give us a rest, old man!"

Snort from Coker.

"Well, if you fellows think that I'm going to sit up all night, nursing you, you're jolly well mistaken, that's all," he said. "I tell you plainly, I'm not! Don't touch that creamy pastry, Greene! Have a little sense!"

Coker was so concerned about Greene, that he reached over and hooked away the creamy pastry. It was nice, and Coker ate it. Coker had a healthy appetite, and he ate well, taking large helpings of everything that was going. After supper the party went on deck. The moon had come out from a mass of fleecy clouds, and its light shimmered on the choppy billows of the Channel.

"Lovely night!" said Coker. "Stand here by the rail, you fellows; it will be handy when you begin to feel queer. How are you now?"

"Right as rain!" said Potter. "How are you?"

"Don't be an ass, Potter! I'm a good sailor; you're not! Not feeling a bit queer inside—"

"Not at all!"

"You will, after that supper. The tub's rolling a bit," said Coker. "Well, I warned you! Ooooooh!"

"What's the matter?" asked Greene.

"Nothing. The blessed ship pitched, that's all. Made a fellow catch his breath. You're looking rather white, Greeney."

"Not so white as you are, old bean!" chuckled Greene.

cheery chums of the Remove had tea while Coker was busy on repairs.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Strategic!

"STRATEGY!" said Coker. "Eh?" yawned Potter and Greene.

"Strategy's the thing!"

Billy Bunter, half asleep in a deck-chair in the shadow of the boat, blinked towards three shadowy figures leaning in a row on the rail.

From below came merry sounds of music. There was a piano in the saloon, and Harry Wharton was thumping it, and his comrades were joining in a cheery sing-song. They sounded as if they were enjoying life.

Potter and Greene would rather have liked to throw over their Fifth Form dignity and join the cheery crowd in the saloon. But Coker, as usual, was talking. It never occurred to Coker what an enormous lack of interest fellows had in his remarks.

"I've brought a cane among my things, as I told you," went on Coker; "but there's a certain difficulty about thrashing those young sweeps as they deserve. They pile on a fellow. Of course, I can handle half a dozen fags. Still, there's something a bit undignified in it."

Potter favoured Greene with a wink, fortunately unnoticed by Coker in the dimness of the deck. Whether for reasons of dignity, or for other reasons, Coker was not going to deal with the Famous Five all in a bunch.

"Wharton's the ringleader," went on Coker. "Giving him a jolly good whopping will be a lesson to the lot of them—what?"

"Will he let you?" asked Potter blandly.

"Don't be a silly ass, Potter!"

"Um!" said Potter.

"I can't scrap with a mob of fags—altogether too undignified," said Coker. "But if I go down now and thrash Wharton, what will happen? A general scrap—not the sort of thing for a Fifth Form man to mix in! Well, that's where my strategy comes in!"

"Ah! Um!" said Potter.

"I shall turn out at eight bells—that's midnight," said Coker. "They'll be separate then—see? I shall look in on Wharton—with the cane! I shall give him six on his pyjamas—same as a Greyfriars prefect, you know! That will be a lesson to him—and to all of them! What do you think?"

"Oh, my hat!" said Greene.

"Rather strategic—what?" said Coker, with a touch of complacency. Evidently Coker was rather taken with his own strategic powers.

"Oh, frightfully!" said Greene. "But, look here, Coker, why not let the whole thing drop, and let's have a quiet time?"

"Don't be an ass, Greene!"

"After all, we've come on a cruise, and we don't want a lot of ragging all the time, Coker!" remarked Potter. "Why not chuck it?"

"Don't be an idiot, Potter!"

The three seniors strolled along the deck. Coker was still talking, and his friends were entertained by his conversation—perhaps! Billy Bunter sat up and blinked after them and grinned. When they were at a safe distance the

fat Owl rose from the chair and rolled below. A rousing chorus was going strong when Bunter arrived in the saloon.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Bunter.

But it was some time before Bunter could get a hearing. When, however, there was a pause and Bunter got out his news, there was general interest for once in what the Owl of the Remove had to say. Harry Wharton especially was deeply interested to hear of the treat that the strategic Horace had in store for him at midnight's witching hour.

"The cheeky ass!" he said wrathfully. "Dear old Coker!" said Bob Cherry.

"He never knows when he's had enough. Fancy old Coker being so strategic as all that! But Coker's not the only man who can be strategic. We're rather whalcs on strategy ourselves. I shouldn't be surprised if the wrong party gets that cane to-night."

The sing-song was resumed, Coker & Co. still walking the deck; Coker entertaining his friends with his bright conversation. Perhaps it was not surprising that Potter and Greene felt sleepy and decided to turn in rather early. The piano was shut at last, and the merry voices were silent, and the juniors dispersed to their rooms. Coker went to his bunk, but not to sleep. And—if Coker had only known it—the Famous Five of the Remove had not gone to sleep, either.

It was half an hour before midnight when silent, fitting figures stole out of their rooms and gathered in Harry Wharton's state-room. There were faint, suppressed chuckles as they waited in the dimness in that state-room for Horace Coker to get on with his strategy.

Eight bells sounded at last. Then a number of listening ears heard the sound of an opening door at a little distance.

"Look out!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton was in his bunk, with the bedclothes over him. The other fellows crouched on the other side of the room. There was a footfall, and the sliding door was opened wide. A glimmer of light from the saloon fell into the room, revealing the burly form of Horace Coker in the doorway. In Coker's right hand was a cane; the cane he had so thoughtfully packed among his things in case the juniors should require whopping, as the sagacious Horace had foreseen that they very likely would.

Coker stepped in. He gave the junior in the bunk a light poke with the cane to awaken him. Wharton did not need much awakening. He sat up.

"Hallo, who's that?" he yawned.

"Me!" said Coker. "Don't be frightened—"

"That's all right; it's too dark to see your face!"

"What? More cheek!" said Coker darkly. "Well, I'm going to give you something to cure all that! Get out of that bunk, Wharton."

"What for?"

"And bend over that chair!" said Coker, quite in the manner of a Greyfriars prefect. "I'm going to give you six! I'm tackling you alone, because it's rather below my dignity to mix up in a scuffle with a mob of cheeky fags! I'm making an example of you, Wharton, as the ringleader of the gang. See? Now get out of that bunk, sharp!"

"I'd rather stay in, thanks."

"Do you want me to hook you out?"

"Well, yes, I think so."

Coker made a stride at the bunk. He grasped Wharton with his left hand to hook him out. He rather expected the junior to resist. But Wharton did not resist. He came out with a jump and grasped Coker.

And then—greatly to Coker's surprise—shadowy figures seemed to fill the room, and hands were laid on Coker on all sides.

"Why—what—who—how—" gasped Coker.

"Floor him!"

"Why, what— My hat! I— Yaroooooh!"

Bump!

Coker was floored!

"Face down!" said Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you young scoundrels!" gasped Coker, bewildered. "You're all here! Wha-a-at are you all doing here?"

"You, old bean!" answered Bob. "You've come here to be done, haven't you?"

"Leggo! Gerroff! I—I'll—"

"Sit on his head, Johnny! Stand on his legs, Inky! Squat on his shoulders, Frank! That's right! You stand on his legs, too, Wibley! He wriggles an awful lot. Regular worm! You hold his ears, Wharton! Plenty of room to hold. But keep clear and give me room for the cane!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mind if I borrow that cane, Coker?"

"Leggo! Gerroff! Urrrrgh!" came in suffocated accents from Coker. "If you dare to touch me with that cane I'll— Yaroooooop!"

Swipe!

"You see, we're going to make an example of you," explained Bob. Swipe! "We're going to give you six!" Swipe! "Don't make that row, Coker!" Swipe! "It was jolly thoughtful of you to bring this cane aboard—" Swipe! "It's coming in jolly useful!" Swipe!

"Whoop! Yoooop! I'll smash you! Yaroooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's six," said Bob. "And there's one for luck!"

Swipe!

"Yoooooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now roll him home," said Bob. "Had enough, Coker?"

"Yaroooooop!"

Coker was rolled out and rolled home. It was a sprawling, gasping, gurgling heap that was landed in Coker's cabin. Potter and Greene must have been sleeping very soundly—very soundly indeed—if they did not hear Coker's frantic yells. But perhaps they did not want to hear. Perhaps they wanted Coker to enjoy the results of his strategy all on his own. Coker was having a frightfully exciting time. He was bundled into his bunk, and all his clothes and his other possessions were piled on him there, his suitcases being added to the top of the heap. There was little to be seen of Coker when the juniors finally left him. But his voice could still be heard. It was heard for quite a long time afterwards.

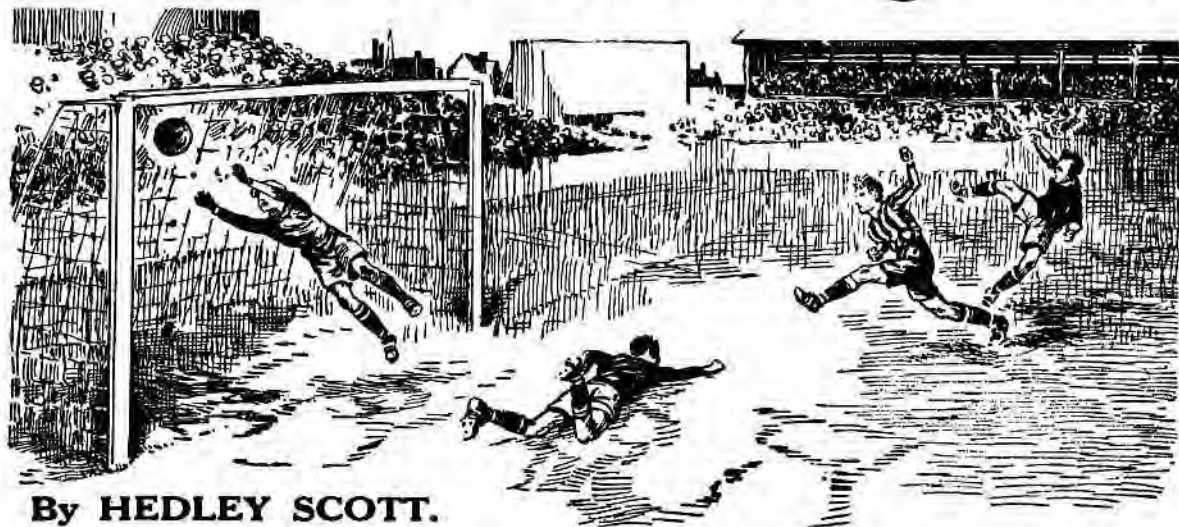
But that was all. Coker did not go on the warpath again. For once, Horace Coker realised that he had had enough!

THE END.

(The next yarn in this exciting holiday series is entitled: "SAVED FROM THE SEA!" Make sure of reading it, chums, by ordering your copy EARLY!)

STIRRING STORY OF SOCCER AND DETECTIVE ADVENTURE.

NOBBY, the 'Shooting Star'!



By HEDLEY SCOTT.

HOW THE STORY STARTED.

A fugitive from Don Carlos' circus, Nobby, a sixteen-year-old wail, meets Ferrers Locke, the detective, who introduces him to Lord Douglas Weatherstone, chairman of the Perriton Rovers F.C. Nobby very soon becomes professional, but falls foul of Lord Douglas' rascally nephew, Daniel Willoughby Thundersley. Later, Nobby is legally adopted by Lord Douglas. Thundersley then plots with the Don to remove the youngster. Nobby is lured to a disused garage, where he is bound and gagged, and placed in a large packing-case, which is afterwards dispatched to Weatherstone Court. Meanwhile, Locke's boy assistant, Jack Drake, is returning to London by car when he narrowly misses colliding with another car, which crashes on its side in a hedge.

(Now read on.)

Mysterious!

As Jack Drake approached the hedge, he saw a tall man straighten up dazedly, wipe a smear of crimson from his face, and heard him swear.

"Are you hurt—badly?" asked Drake.

The driver of the Daimler turned on him like a wildcat.

"You young fool!" he snarled. "It was your fault! You might have killed me!"

"Think again," said Drake calmly. "If you usually turn out of a second-class road into a main road at forty-five miles an hour without even sounding your hooter, it's a wonder to me that you've lived to be as old as you are. Look here, old man, you know it was entirely your own fault. Lucky, too, you didn't get badly damaged."

"You fool!" roared the infuriated driver of the Daimler. "I was in a hurry. I've got to catch the mail plane to Amsterdam. Most important! I—I—" He reeled, spun round, and collapsed right at Drake's feet.

In a moment the youngster was on his knees opening the man's collar. Was he badly injured, he asked himself, or was this just a fainting fit—a reaction? And while Drake did what he could for the man a constable came into view.

"What's the trouble? Ambulance case?"

"I don't think so," replied Drake; and briefly he explained what had happened.

"Better get him off to hospital, son," said the man in blue. "I'll soon get an ambulance. That's a nasty cut he's got above the eye."

Drake was stanching the flow of crimson from the wound while the policeman was making his survey of the wrecked car and speaking at the same time. The youngster knew that the cut was only a slight flesh wound. Obviously the driver had fainted from shock more than anything else.

In a surprisingly short time an ambulance arrived, by which time, too, the driver had recovered his senses. He stated repeatedly that he was all right, but, despite his protestations, the ambulance men performed their first-aid services and drove him away.

Drake, thinking perhaps the unfortunate man had some luggage in the overturned car, opened the jammed door of the saloon, and looked inside. The interior was dark and empty. To make certain, however, Drake struck a match and peered in. There was nothing in the spacious saloon, and Drake was about to fling the guttering match away, when his sharp eyes caught sight of a spot of colour shining out from the seam of the leather cushions. He struck another match, sought that "spot of colour," picked it up, and jumped as if he had been stung!

For that "spot of colour" was nothing more or less than the small charm he had given to young Nobby at their first meeting!

"Well, I'll be blowed!" breathed Drake, his brows knitted in perplexity. "Now how the deuce did that get here?"

For a second or so he started to theorise, then, realising the futility of it, decided to follow the injured man to hospital. There he would be able to ask him the question—how came that charm in his car?

With a word to the constable who had now closed his notebook, Drake entered the Rolls, and sped off to the local infirmary. Then he learned that the

victim of the crash was being overhauled by the doctor.

"Know who he is?" asked Drake of the attendant.

"By name of Smithson," was the reply of the latter, as he opened a passport which, among other things, had been taken from the injured man's pocket for identification purposes. "Looks as if he were on his way to Croydon Air-port, sir."

"He said as much," replied Drake, eyeing idly the few articles on the attendant's desk. "Looks as if he'll miss the night plane, too!"

The attendant sorted out the contents of the injured man's pockets tidily, put them all in a japanned steel box, and locked it.

For some moments Drake waited. Then he glanced at his watch.

"I'll run the chap along to Croydon," he announced at last, to a very disinterested attendant. "We can just do it. May I use your phone, old chap?"

"Certainly, sir!"

In a moment Drake was calling up Ferrers Locke at Baker Street.

"Hallo, guv'nor!" was his greeting. "Shall be a bit late. Had a bit of a smash—No-no; nothing to worry about. Car's all right—so am I!"

Locke's voice came plainly even to the ears of the attendant.

"Don't be long, young 'un. We've got a job in front of us. Something's happened to Nobby—"

"What?" exclaimed Drake, his eyes dancing with excitement. "Something's happened to Nobby? Good lor'!"

And forthwith he began to blurt out his discovery of the charm. With his back to the swing doors of the emergency ward, he did not see, of course, the tall man who emerged with a strip of plaster over his white face.

It was the injured driver of the Daimler. The man came forward in jerky strides, all eagerness, obviously, to continue his journey to Croydon. The attendant drew him on one side and informed him that Drake was willing to speed him there.

"He won't be a minute, sir," said the attendant confidently. "Believe he's Drake—you know. Ferrers Locke's THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,313."

assistant. Heard him ask for Mr. Locke, anyway." He stared wonderingly at the change of expression in the injured man's face. "Hallo, come over queer again? Hold up!"

But there was no danger of the driver fainting again. It was the shock of learning that the youngster, whose back was now turned towards him, was the assistant of Ferrers Locke—Ferrers Locke, the greatest detective in the world—that drained the colour from his face and made him reel.

With beating heart the man lingered a second or so. Distinctly to his ears came Drake's next words:

"Right-ho, guv'nor. I'll detain him in some way. As you say, perhaps he can throw light on Nobby's disappearance—"

The injured man did not wait to hear more. The worst thing in the world had happened. Nobby's disappearance—detain him. How had Nobby's disappearance been traced to him?

While those lightning-like thoughts chased through his brain he made for the main doors and raced down the steps as fast as his legs could carry him.

Taking the pavement in a single bound, he jumped into the driving-seat of the Rolls, slipped in the gears, and was speeding away into the darkness with his foot hard down on the accelerator.

Meanwhile, Drake had replaced the receiver and turned to the attendant.

"If they don't look sharp with the man he'll never catch his plane," he remarked.

The attendant scratched his head.

"He's just gone. Suddenly made up his mind and flew off like a rabbit. Didn't even stop to take his wallet and things. What—"

He broke off short, and gaped stupidly at Drake, for the youngster seemed galvanised into sudden action. To his ears came the powerful hum of the Rolls, and in a flash Drake was through the swing doors and down the steps. Too late! The rear light of the Rolls twinkled back at him mockingly, and then faded from sight as it swept round a bend in the road.

Locke Gets Busy!

"CONFOUND IT!" Drake was indignant with himself. The man he had wanted to detain had slipped through his fingers—wriggled away right under his very nose.

No other car was available at the moment to offer a chance of pursuit, and every passing minute made the trail of the runaway more difficult to follow.

Drake tried to tell himself that the man wouldn't make for Croydon now.

Such a course would be useless, for the man hadn't his passport with him, it was the attendant who said was true. All the same, Drake speedily phoned through to the Croydon authorities and asked them to detain the fellow, should he put in an appearance.

When at last a taxi drew up in front of the marmory in response to his summons, Drake felt the utter hopelessness of entering it to give chase to the man. Already the police had been notified of the theft of the Rolls, and particulars of its number plate had been broadcast to the surrounding districts. That the man would abandon it somewhere seemed fairly certain.

Drake kept the taxi waiting, what time he interviewed the house surgeon.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the latter, "but I cannot give you permission to examine the man's belongings. They were taken from him in good faith, and are, of course, treated confidentially. Short of a police warrant, I cannot let you inspect them, let alone take them away."

Drake ground his teeth in his impatience. Once more he phoned through to Ferrers Locke. This time his tone was vibrant with remorse.

"I've let the fellow slip through my fingers, like a duffer," he confessed. "The dog must have heard part of our conversation and taken fright. He's pinched the car, too, guv'nor."

"Can't be helped, my lad," came Locke's reply. "Sheer bad luck! 'You say he's left his things behind? Run your eye over them. What's that—they won't let you? We'll soon alter that! I'll be with you in exactly a quarter of an hour. Yes, I'll bring Pycroft with me. He's just blown in for a chat."

Punctual to the minute, Locke's sports car drove up.

"Cheer up, my lad!" smiled Locke, noting the disconsolate expression on Drake's face. "Accidents will happen! We'll soon have that bird. He can't get far."

At which Drake's habitual cheerfulness returned.

In company with Ferrers Locke and Inspector Pycroft, an old friend of the "family," he interviewed the house surgeon a second time.

Inspector Pycroft, who was in uniform, speedily took charge of the runaway's effects.

Locke, Drake, and the burly inspector began to examine them.

"Nothing much to go on here," said Pycroft bluntly. "Passport, a wad of money, a bunch of keys, fountain-pen, and a receipt."

"He's obviously mixed up in Nobby's disappearance," said Locke. "How else do you account for the finding of the charm?"

"Do you believe there's anything in that, Locke?" asked Pycroft. "I

mean this charm." He turned it over idly in a broad palm as Drake gave it to him. "There must be hundreds of 'em in existence."

"Think I wouldn't know it when I saw it," remonstrated Drake. "Besides, you're wrong, Pycroft. As far as I know, that's the only one in existence. It was given me by an Egyptian fellow for whom the guv'nor and I once did a service."

Locke nodded.

"The boy's right; But, in any case, Pycroft, the bird has flown. He can't be an honest citizen, or he wouldn't have bolted. I'll wager you a box of cigars to a penny that his passport references turn out to be forgeries, and that the wrecked Daimler is a stolen car! Let me have a look at that receipt—thanks!"

With a sniff Pycroft handed over the required receipt, which turned out to be a document confirming the picking up and cartage of a packing-case from Little Willerden to London.

"Where's Little Willerden?" asked Drake. "I've got a feeling that that receipt might help us."

"Fat lot of good that receipt'll turn out!" sniffed Pycroft. "You seem to see a clue in everything, Jack. Little Willerden—lemme see!—it's a one-eyed village on the Great West Road."

"I'm inclined to agree with Drake," said Locke. "That receipt bears to-day's date. We're particularly anxious to learn all we can about the mysterious fellow to whom it belongs. You never know, Pycroft, we might learn quite a lot from that slip of paper."

Inspector Pycroft, who was essentially a practical man, not a theorist, sniffed more deprecatingly than ever.

"Well, while you're wasting your time at Little Willerden, I'll hang on down here," he said. "Expect my men will round up the fellow before the hour's out."

"All the better," smiled Locke. "But there's no need for all of us to cool our heels here. Take care of my Rolls, old man, if they bring it back."

"Oh, they'll bring it back—with the sneak-thief as well. So long!"

Pycroft commandeered the telephone, and began to put calls through to the various district stations to see if any news of the stolen car and the thief had come to hand. But each police station had nothing to report yet.

Snorting his disgust, Pycroft asked for a police car to be sent to him from Croydon Police Station, what time Locke and Drake were heading for the small village of Little Willerden by a series of short cuts.

(There's a big surprise in store for Ferrers Locke and for you, chums, so be sure and read next week's exciting chapters.)



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No. 28 (New Series).

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

April 15th, 1933.

THE NEW Official Herald

EXTRA GOOD EDITION

PET MOUSE WANTED.
For 10 minutes only. Lender will receive One Chunk of Cake for his trouble. Apply at once to W. G. BUNTER, Esq., Study No. 7, Remove Passage.
N.B.—Any beast who suggests that I need the mouse to put into the kitchen and scare the cook so that I can pinch one of her big plum cakes is a suspicious rotter. As a matter of fact, I need it because I'm studying botany—so there!—W. G. B.

LODER'S HECTIC BREAKFAST—IN DIARY FORM

(N.B.—We can't give you the actual extracts from Loder's diary for two reasons: (1) We haven't seen his diary, and (2) There isn't a diary to see! However, we know the inside story stuff, and so we'll give you a good idea of what Loder would have written in his diary last Wednesday morning if he had kept one!—Ed.)

8 a.m. Called for bag. No answer. Sallied forth and grabbed a cheery Remove and called Wilby. Cuffed him and kicked him till he agreed to make toast and lay breaker. 8.10 a.m. Breaker laid and toast made. Kicked Wilby out of study and started tucking in.

8.15 a.m. Scrubby-faced seconded of a sweep looked in. Said he had orders to sweep all chimneys and mine was the first. Told him to go to the devil, and the rotter promptly threatened to go and ask the Head for further instructions. Called him back hurriedly and told him to go ahead, but not to make more mess than necessary.

8.20 a.m. Atchoooo! Whoosh! The seconded seems to be fetching down soot by the ton! Look here, you black-faced villain—choooo! 8.25 a.m. Mmmmmmm! Grooooo! Buttered toast and soot's the vilest mixture I ever tasted! Can't go on! Shall have to trot along to Walker's den and have breaker with him. Yarooooo! The seconded's thrush-like whiffy brush in my face! Help!

8.30 a.m. Soot everywhere! Inches deep over the floor and table! Why doesn't the villain collect it up better? I'd kick him down the stairs, but I suppose the Head wouldn't stand for it.

Whoosh! 8.35 a.m. Not content with ruining my study, the rotter has knocked me down and emptied a bucket of soot over my head! I'll slaughter him! I'll smash him! I'll— but the dangerous nuisance's gone! Better go up to the bath-room instead. Ow!

8.45 a.m. Passed Wilby on my way back from the bath-room. Cheery young hound burst out laughing as

LONZY'S LITTLE LETTERS

Dear Editor,—Inditing this epistolary effusion from beneath my bed on the floor of the Remove dormitory by the ophthalmic illumination of a pocket-lens, I write in order to originate the pertinent interpolation: For what purpose do these in authority in this scholastic edifice provide dormitories? An impression I received in early youth from my Uncle Benjamin was that a dormitory represented the necessity for a common congregational apartment for intending participants in a common activity.

Apparently that volitional estimation of a dormitory's functions does not find unequivocal approbation among my fellow-scholars, whose ideas for the utilization of its amenities consist of the forcible propulsion of pillows through the atmosphere at an uncontrollably excessive velocity, specifically with the intention of effecting their collision with the respective anatomies of other occupants of the location.

Reluctantly, at this point, I must terminate, an intrusive pedal extremity on my ankle and a pillow, projected with appalling momentum, on my nasal organ, making it self-evident that I can no longer wish material security once more myself in this dormitory situation.

Transitorily yours,
ALONZO TODD.

(The words in Lonzy's letter weighed so heavily that the Post Office surcharged us 3d. on it. Fact!—Ed.)



I passed—why, I can't make out. He looked a bit dirty, too, as though he had been near a sweep. If I thought the young cub had put that sweep up to it, I'd—but I suppose it's impossible. 9.0 a.m. Complained to the Head about the sweep's be-

haviour. His reply was staggeringly: NO SWEEP HAS BEEN ANYWHERE NEAR THE SIXTH STUDIES THIS MORNING! But for the soot piled all over my room, I should think I'd been suffering from night-mare. Who the thump was it that came into my study and did the foul job, I wonder? It's a baffling mystery!

DICKY NUGENT'S WEEKLY WISDOM

This is almost like a problem in Geometry. Sammy Bunter owes me five bob. He says if only I'll give him a chance to turn ROUND he'll act SQUARE. But I'm afraid that if I give him that chance, he won't look at from the RIGHT ANGLE!

STRANGE CUSTOM "TROW, SIR!"

New boys at Highcliffe are not allowed to have their trousers turned up. If they do, they're promptly and politely "turned down!"

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



The Courtfield Council School's Billy Bunter's report that there was a shark in Pegg Bay proved unfounded. It was a giant porpoise which had started the

STOTT HEARS THE WORST

Mystery Complaint Diagnosed

Stott has been frightfully worried lately about the back of his neck, which gets inflamed whenever his collar rubs it.

His study-mate Skinner, who is inclined to be pessimistic where other chap's troubles are concerned, took rather a serious view of it. He told Stott that it was unwise to neglect ailments, however trivial they might appear to be at the moment, because they would probably get much more serious later on.

He instructed the cases of several fellows he had known who had come to very untimely deaths through neglecting to take things in time. Stott looked white and haggard with fear during the next few days. Skinner cheered him up by the best of his ability. He pointed out that it was no good giving up hope entirely; there was still a chance, faint as it might be. Possibly one or two operations—serious ones, of course—would pull Stott through; one never could tell. Stott consulted Mr. Quick about his trouble. Mr. Quick thought he detected a few minute boils and advised eating less chocolates.

Not satisfied, Stott saw Dr. Pillbury. The doctor said they were pimples and gave him a box of ointment. The trouble remained.

Still not satisfied, Stott saw a skin specialist in Courtfield. The skin specialist said it was a rash and gave him a bottle of lotion to dab on the neck. The trouble still went on.

Skinner gloomily remarked that he had known chaps who had seen a dozen specialists and then expired.

Frenzied with fear, Stott wrote to the Editor of "Healthy Hints," begging him to say exactly what it was he was suffering from.

He got some satisfaction at last. In the following number this "Answer to Correspondent" appeared:—

"REMOVITE" (Greyfriars). You are undoubtedly suffering from an eruptive epidemic exudation of possibly disquaternary character originating subcutaneously.

We might have guessed as much. Stott, of course, is awfully relieved; he says it's comforting to understand just what's wrong. Incidentally, the rash has suddenly disappeared.

MIDNIGHT HORROR

Weird Moans of Spectral Stroller

Broom!

The last stroke of midnight rolled out from the old clock tower at Greyfriars, then died away into eerie silence. What was that?

A blood-curdling moan floated across the still, unmanly air—then another. The few who did not sleep, and heard it, thought of ghosts and trembled as they drew the bedclothes more tightly around them.

Moan!

Again that strange, unearthly sound. What was it and whence came it?

As-a-a-a-a-a! What's that?

Do our eyes deceive us, or are we really looking at a dim, shuddering spectral shape, gliding down the stairs in the ghostly moonlight from the box-rooms?

Great snakes, it's real! What is it? Is it the Ghost of Greyfriars? Is it some headless, disembodied monster, revisiting the haunts of his earthly existence? Is it—

No, it isn't. Now we come to look closely it's Skinner, returning from a surreptitious midnight smoke in one of the box-rooms and greatly regretting that he ever learnt to inhale the fragrant weed.

Sorry you've been troubled!

"MOVING" WITH THE TIMES!

The unusual spectacle of sprinters running at top speed yet remaining stationary has drawn enthusiastic crowds of spectators to the Reg every evening this week.

How's it done? Well, there's no secret about it, so we may as well tell you right away that Fish's Moving Platform works the trick. Fishy picked it up for a mere song at a Courtfield sale of theatrical junk. He guessed he'd got back his ducks by charging sixpence a go in the Reg, and for once he guessed correctly; his only difficulty was to keep back the crowds that wanted to use it!

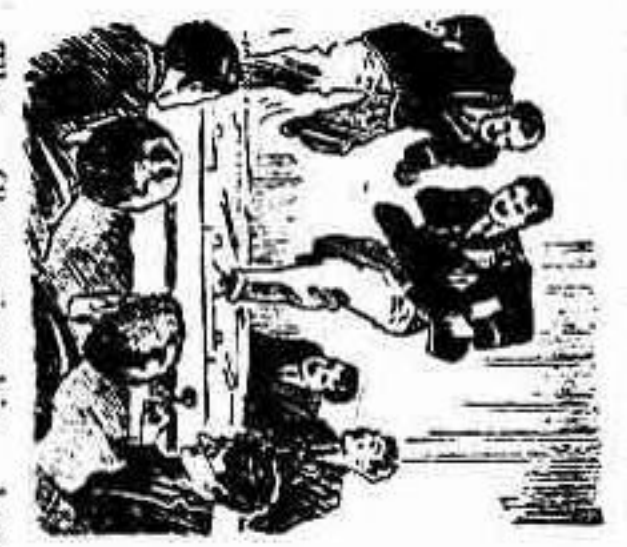
In the days of its prime when it was used on the stage, it was worked by electricity. Fishy uses a

handle instead, and as the machinery includes a system of efficient gears the handle does the job quite well.

In order to give everybody a chance to see it working, Fishy fixed it up on the big table in the Reg. Bolsover, by force of weight, became the first customer. Boy, unfortunately, was a little slow in starting. The results of that little peculiarity of his were startling to the spectators and painful to Bolsover, for exactly one second after stepping on to the platform he found himself whirled back and shot off the table on to the floor!

Subsequent customers were careful to get well into the stride before jumping on to the (literally) "facing track!"

Fishy's Moving Platform is wide enough to take two or three people at a time and some exciting races have been seen during the week.



The Chumpship has been won by Bob Cherry, who had to run against Russell in the final heat. The duel between these two created terrific excitement. Bob winning only by a short head on the post after covering one and a half yards in ten minutes—some going on Fish's track, believe us! No getting away from it, chaps, we in the Remove do "move" with the times!

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!



Harry Wharton & Co. are exhibiting at the Courtfield fete, as Mrs. Minnie found when she fell faint while serving in the school tuckshop.

Justing aside, Claude Hoskins of the Shell, is worth hearing on his violin—and he received quite an ovation at a Courtfield charity concert!

AS OTHERS SEE THEM

What I Think of Tom Redwing

By Sidney James Snoop

What I think of Tom Redwing varies according to circumstances. If he happens to be within nose-punching distance, I think he's a jolly fine fellow—a chap the Remove should be proud of. On the other hand, if I'm in no danger of receiving a dot on the book from him, my opinion changes considerably.

Just at present Redwing happens to be away from the School for several days, so I fancy I'm safe in putting my views plainly. Let me say, then, that I don't approve of a sailorman's son being allowed to mix with gentlemen like myself. I know there are democratic asses like Wharton and Cherry who glory in hob-nobbing with the proletariat, but give me the society of the Upper Ten for preference!

Since he found that treasure some time ago, Redwing has been pretty well off for "cof," so I suppose there's hope for him one day. But there's no mistaking his humble origin at present, and I, for one, don't like it. Fancy a horsey-handed son of toil mixing with gentlemen like Skinner and myself? (Help!—Ed.) The mere idea is enough to make any right-thinking man protest.

I'll grant you that Redwing is not a bad chap in his way; he'd lay down his life for a friend and all that kind of rot. But chaps belonging to the lower orders do that kind of thing, anyway, so it's nothing to shout about specially.

What I don't understand is the chap's extraordinary popularity. You'd think that chaps like Skinner and your humble would be popular—chaps who go the pace and know the way of the world; but far from it! We take a very minor place in the estimation of the Remove compared with Redwing.

Evon Smitty, who used to be our leader and pal, has succumbed to Redwing's mysterious fascination. It beats me! Anyway, whatever Smitty and the other silly asses may think, I shall never chum in with the chap. He may be good enough for the rest of the Remove; but he's not good enough for me!

(We are providing Snoop with police protection till our readers have calmed down again after reading the above! In the meantime, Tom Redwing is writing about Snoop for our next issue. Let's hope he says enough to make Sidney James' hair curl!—Ed.)

TO BE HOPED NOT

While playing dominoes in the 3Jag, Peter Todd tilted his chair and fell over on his somewhat prominent nasal organ. We hope that game of dominoes won't mean he'll wear a "dummy nose!"