

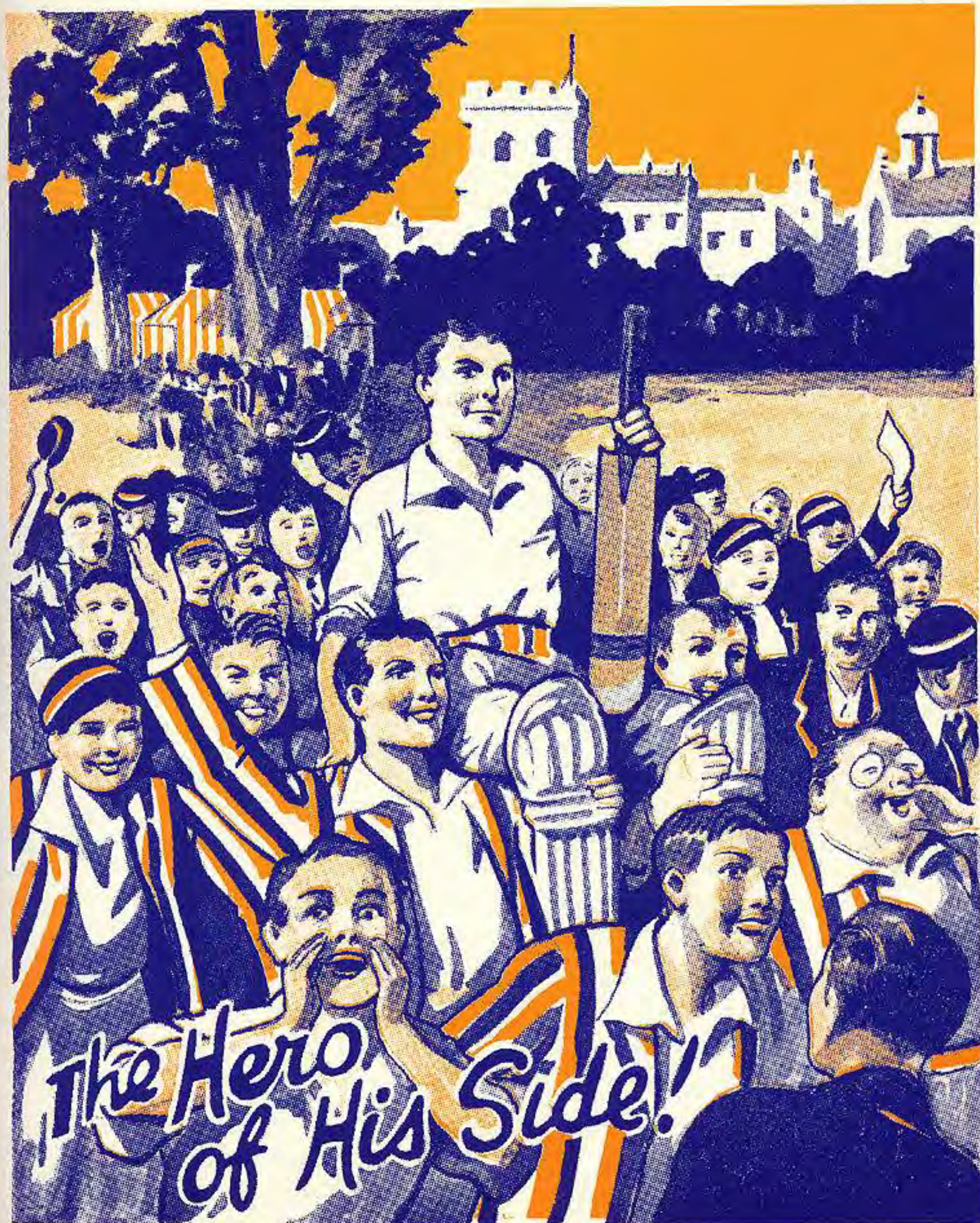
"THE WORST MASTER IN THE SCHOOL!" Thrilling Adventure Story of
HARRY WHARTON & CO.

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The Hero
of His Side!

THE WORST MASTER

IN THE SCHOOL!

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Bunter Puts His Foot Down!

"I'll jolly well make you!" said Billy Bunter.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"I mean it!" declared Bunter, with a severe blink through his big spectacles. "I'll make you—and that's that—see?"

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at Billy Bunter.

The Remove fellows had gathered on Little Side at Greyfriars for games practice. Strange to relate, Billy Bunter had joined them there.

That was quite unusual.

Even on compulsory days, it was unusual for Billy Bunter to turn up for games practice if he could possibly devise an excuse for getting out of it. This was not a compulsory day, so it was quite surprising to see the fat Owl of the Remove there. But there he was—in flannels, looking as if he was on the point of bursting out of them.

It was Monday; and on Wednesday the St. Jim's cricketers were coming over. So Harry Wharton & Co. were rather in the state of living, moving, and breathing cricket. Really, they had no time to waste on Bunter. And when Billy Bunter pointed out that he was the man, above all others, that was wanted in the St. Jim's match, they laughed, and were willing to let it go at that.

But Bunter wasn't. Wharton, the captain of the Remove, would as soon have played the House cat as Billy Bunter, and the fat Owl's offer of his valuable services were declined without thanks. But his announcement that he would "make" Wharton play him on Wednesday caused the chums of the Remove to sit up and take notice, as it were.

"You—you—you'll make me!" ejacu-

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lated Harry Wharton, staring at the fat face adorned by big spectacles. "My only hat! How are you going to get on with the making, old fat man?"

"The howfulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I mean it, and I know how!" declared Bunter. "I'm a jolly good cricketer, as all you fellows know—"

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"I'd like to see you handle a bat like I do, Bob Cherry!"

"Couldn't be done!" said Bob, shaking his head. "If I handled a pickaxe, I should handle it as you do a bat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! You fellows make out that Smithy can bowl! Does he bowl like I do?" demanded Bunter. "I ask you!"

"If he did, he wouldn't be found dead in the Remove Eleven!" answered Harry. "Run away and play now, Bunter! We're going to be busy! Lascelles is coming to put us through practice to-day."

"But what's the matter with the fat chump?" asked Frank Nugent. "He doesn't like cricket—he never turns up if he can help it! Why this sudden enthusiasm?"

"Well, a whole day match is different," explained Bunter. "All the fellows playing on Wednesday get off morning classes."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I'd rather play cricket than stick in the Form-room with Smedley!"

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

The mystery was revealed now. Billy Bunter's sudden and unaccountable enthusiasm for the noble game of cricket was explained. Cricket, being a form of exertion, did not appeal to him much. But it was better than Latin grammar in the Form-room. Hence Billy Bunter's desire to play in the St. Jim's match on Wednesday.

"Of course, I'm keen," Bunter hastened to explain. "I don't do a lot of practice; but, then, I don't need so much as you fellows do. Some fellows are born cricketers. I'm one of them! I'm going to play on Wednesday, Wharton! I'm not sticking in the Form-room with that beast Smedley while you fellows are enjoying yourselves! No jolly fear! Besides, you want to beat St. Jim's, I suppose. You want a good, all-round man—good at batting, good at bowling, good at fielding. Well, I'm an all-round man!"

"The all-roundfulness of the esteemed Bunter is preposterous!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a glance at the fat Owl's rotund figure. "There never was anybody so terrifically all-round!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I mean it!" roared Bunter. "If you're set on leaving out the best man in the Remove, Wharton, I'm jolly well going to make you play me—see?"

"But how?" gasped Wharton.

"I'm going to speak to Lascelles! You can't go against the games master!" said Billy Bunter. "Even Wingate of the Sixth can't stand up against the games master! If Larry Lascelles tells you to put me in, I go in! I'm going to speak to Lascelles as soon as he comes down!"

"Oh crikey! Is that how?"

"That's how!" said Bunter firmly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites yelled. It was quite true that, had a cricket captain left out a really good man from a fault of judgment, the games master would have given him at least a strong hint on the subject. Had Billy Bunter been the cricketer he fondly believed that he was, no doubt Mr. Lascelles would have supported his claim to play.

As it happened, he wasn't! Bunter's cricket was as good as his football. His football was as good as his rowing. His

—ANOTHER UNUSUAL SCHOOL ADVENTURE!

rowing was as good as his tennis. His tennis was as good as his fives. And they were all good for nothing! Only Bunter was unaware of it.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Larry!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Roll away, Bunter, now you've done your funny turn!"

Billy Bunter did not roll away. Bunter meant business. Mr. Lascelles, who was games master as well as maths master at Greyfriars, appeared in the offing. The handsome, athletic young master was very popular at Greyfriars; the fellows liked his cricket if not his mathematics. Rather to the surprise of the juniors, he came accompanied by Mr. Smedley, the master of the Remove, who seldom gave the junior cricketers a look-in.

Smedley was the reverse of popular. His stealthy ways had earned him the name of the Creeper and Crawler in the Form. He made the Removites long for their old Form-master, Mr. Quelch, to return—which showed how much they disliked him!

"What the thump does that man want coming down to the cricket?" growled Vernon-Smith, with a scowl at the temporary master of the Remove as he came along with Lascelles.

"Perhaps he's improving!" suggested Bob. "He's dropped in several times lately to see our practice."

"Bother him!" grunted the Bounder. "Blow him!"

"Don't let him hear you bothering and blowing him!" grinned Bob. "You don't want a detention on Wednesday when the St. Jim's men are here."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!"

"Beast! I'm going to speak to Lascelles—"

"Roll away, barrel!"

"Shan't!" roared Bunter.

"Give him a prod with your bat, Smithy!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith promptly obliged. He had his bat in his hand, and he gave Billy Bunter a prod on the widest part of his circumference. There was a gasping howl from Bunter.

"Urrgh! Beast! Woooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now roll away, old fat man!" said Harry Wharton. "We're going to be busy, and we've really no time for your little jokes!"

"Beast!" gasped Bunter. "You'll jolly well see whether I'm joking! I'm going to speak to Lascelles!"

And the fat Owl of the Remove, still gurgling from Smithy's prod, rolled to meet the games master as he came. Bunter was not going to grind Latin on Wednesday morning, while the other fellows played cricket, if he could help it! Bunter meant business!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bowled!

"If you please, sir—" squeaked Billy Bunter.

Leaving Mr. Smedley, Larry Lascelles was coming towards the group of Remove cricketers when Billy Bunter rolled in his way. The games master paused, and glanced at him inquiringly.

"What is it, Bunter?" he asked. He had an impression that there was some joke on, as there was a grin on every face except Smithy's. Smithy was scowling in the direction of Mr. Smedley.

"That silly ass Wharton, sir!" said Bunter.

"What? Who?" ejaculated Mr. Lascelles.

"I mean, Wharton, sir—he's leaving me out on Wednesday!" explained the Owl of the Remove. "I want you to speak to him about it—as games master, you know! I'm sure you wouldn't think it right, sir, for a skipper to leave out a better man than himself, just because he doesn't want to be put in the shade."

"Certainly I should not think that right, Bunter!" said the games master, with a smile, "and I am quite assured that Wharton would not do so. You are a young ass, Bunter!"

"Eh?" ejaculated Bunter.

"A young ass!" said Mr. Lascelles, and he walked on, leaving Bunter blinking after him through his big spectacles.

He supposed that Bunter was done with. But he was mistaken. Bunter was not by any means done with.

Having blinked after Larry Lascelles, in indignation and wrath, Billy Bunter rolled after him, and grabbed him by his sleeve.

"I say, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Don't bother now, my boy," said Mr. Lascelles kindly, and he jerked his sleeve away.

"Look here," hooted Bunter, "I'm going to have fair play! That's what I want, see? Give a fellow a chance."

"Dry up, you fat ass!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Beast!"

"Roll away, you idiotic barrel!" grunted Johnny Bull.

Everybody in the Remove loathes Mr. Smedley, the tyrant Form-master, but that doesn't worry Smedley. He's at Greyfriars for the villainous purpose of ruining the Bounder of the Remove. Once that is accomplished, Mr. Smedley, "the worst master in the school," intends to disappear quietly!

"Yah! Look here, gimme that ball!" exclaimed Bunter. "Look here, sir, I want you to see justice done. You're games master, and you're bound to see that a man has fair play. Just watch me bowl!"

"I have seen you bowl, Bunter!" said Mr. Lascelles, smiling. "Come, come! Another time, I will give you some instruction, but just now—"

"I don't need it!"

"What?"

"I want you to see what I can do!" hooted Bunter hotly. "Put up any man you like at the wicket! If I don't get him out, all right! There isn't a man in the Remove that can stand up to my bowling, when I try, I mean. They make out that Inky and Smithy can bowl—but I could bowl their heads off."

"You fat duffer, you're wasting Mr. Lascelles' time!" said the captain of the Remove.

"You shut up, Wharton! You needn't show off your jealousy before Mr. Lascelles! I dare say he's noticed it, though!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Instead of jawing, go to the wicket, and see if you can stop my bowling," said Bunter scornfully. "If your bails ain't down first ball, I—I'll eat them."

"You fat chump—"

"Yah!"

"Well, well, let Bunter try!" said the games master good-humouredly. "We've no time to waste, but one ball will not take long. Go to the wicket, Wharton,

and let us see Bunter get you out first ball."

"Very well, sir!" said Harry. And he took his bat to the wicket.

"Gimme that ball, Cherry!"

"Catch!" said Bob, tossing the leather to Bunter. It was quite an easy catch at a distance of six feet, and Bunter put both fat hands to it. But he missed the ball, which clumped on his podgy chin, and elicited a loud yell from him.

"Wow! Beast! Chucking a ball at a fellow! Wow! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get going, Bunter!" said Mr. Lascelles.

"Stand clear, you men!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "Goodness knows where a ball will go when Bunter handles it."

"Yah!" retorted Bunter.

He rolled to the bowler's end, with the ball in his fat paw.

Billy Bunter's confidence in himself was unlimited. He always fancied that he could do a thing—until he came to do it! Then, generally, he found that he couldn't! But that did not diminish his belief in his own uncommon cleverness. He was always ready to try again, with just as much confidence. If there was a rottener cricketer at Greyfriars than Coker of the Fifth, it was Billy Bunter of the Remove. But that was a fact, obvious to all others, that never could be driven into Bunter's head.

He was going to show the fellows what he could do now, and the games master, too. Having taken Wharton's wicket first ball, he would have proved his quality. His claim to play in the St. Jim's match could hardly be denied, after that. And he would get out of lessons on Wednesday morning—which was the consummation devoutly to be wished, and more important than Remove matches, or Test matches, for that matter.

The juniors backed to a safe distance from Bunter. They knew his remarkable powers as a bowler—only too well.

Where the ball would go when it left his fat paw was a mystery; except that it certainly would not go anywhere near the batsman. In any other direction it might go, but certainly not in that. Mr. Lascelles watched him with a wary eye, too, ready to dodge.

In fact, only one person on the spot was not watching Bunter, and that was Mr. Smedley, the temporary master of the Remove. Smedley took so little interest in the Form games, that he had never noticed Bunter's quality, remarkable as it was. And his eyes were fixed on Herbert Vernon-Smith.

In point of fact, it was to see the Bounder at cricket that he was there, though why he should be interested in that, would have puzzled any fellow in the Remove. All the fellows knew that he watched Smithy like a cat, in class and out of class, to spot him when he kicked over the traces. But there was nothing to watch on Little Side, except cricket; and there even the reckless Bounder was hardly likely to break any rules.

Still, there Smedley was, his tall figure at a little distance, the only man who was not interested in the antics of William George Bunter! But he was going to be interested soon—very soon!

Billy Bunter took a little run, turned himself into a fat catherine wheel, and would have delivered the ball—to parts unknown—had not his foot slipped. But his foot did slip, and he smote the earth with his fat little nose, in a state of great astonishment, the ball still in his

hand. There was a roar from the Removites.

"Bravo, Bunter!"

"Do that again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Oogh!" gasped Bunter. "Wooogh! Oooogh!" He struggled up. "I say, you fellows—ooogh—I—I slipped—wooogh! I've banged my nose—ooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Bunter!"

"Over!"

Billy Bunter gave a snort. Any fellow might have slipped over—in Bunter's opinion, at least! There was nothing, so far as Bunter could see, for fellows to yell at, like a lot of hyenas. He toddled away for another run, and blinked along the pitch at Wharton.

The batsman was giving the bowler a chance. Instead of handling his bat in the usual manner, Wharton was standing clear of the wicket, and balancing the bat upright on the palm of his hand! That unaccustomed attitude showed how much danger he supposed his wicket to be in from Bunter's bowling!

Billy Bunter took another little run! Once more he revolved like a catherine wheel. This time he did not slip. He did not fall down. The ball left his hand with plenty of force. Bunter had got speed, if he had not got direction. Where the ball went was, for a second, a mystery. Certainly it did not go anywhere near the wicket—not within yards and yards of it. It flew at an angle quite unexpected by Bunter. For one second it remained a mystery where it had gone. Then a fiendish yell from Mr. Smedley apprised all Greyfriars that it had gone in his direction.

The Remove master was seen to leap into the air, as he uttered that yell. He clapped both hands to his nose. He fairly danced.

"Oh crumbs!" howled Bob Cherry.

"Smedley's got it."

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Squiff.

"Bunter, you dangerous idiot—"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Lascelles, in horror, as he stared round at the hapless Smedley. "Bunter, you young ass—goodness gracious!" He ran towards the Form-master, in great concern.

Vernon-Smith chuckled. That disaster to the Creeper and Crawler amused the Bounder of Greyfriars. What the man wanted on Little Side, the Remove cricketers did not know. Certainly he could not have wanted what he had got!

"Oh! Ow! Urrgh!" roared Mr. Smedley, clapping his nose in anguish. "Oh! What—what—oh! Oh! Oooogh!"

"I say, you fellows," squeaked Billy Bunter. "Where's that ball?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Has somebody fielded that ball?" howled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Smedley has!" roared the Bounder. "He's fielded it with his boko! Look out, Bunter!"

"My dear sir, are you hurt?" exclaimed Larry Lascelles, as he reached the master of the Remove.

Mr. Smedley withdrew his hands from his nose. His fingers were red. His nose was streaming! Bunter, the demon bowler, had tapped the claret! Smedley was hurt—there was no doubt about that! And he was in a raging temper. There was still less doubt about that.

"Hurt, sir!" he roared, glaring at Larry. "Cannot you see that I am hurt? Are you a fool?"

"Really, Mr. Smedley!" gasped the games master.

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"How dare you allow a boy to throw a cricket ball at me?" roared Mr. Smedley.

"It was an accident. Bunter did not mean— Pray calm yourself, Mr. Smedley!" gasped Larry Lascelles.

Smedley did not calm himself. He made a fierce rush towards Billy Bunter. Bunter, aware now where the ball had gone, blinked at him in terror through his big spectacles. Smedley never was a good-tempered man. Even a good-tempered man might have been annoyed by Bunter's bowling. Smedley had an absolutely terrifying expression on his face as he rushed at the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter gave him one terrified blink as he came. He did not stop for another. He revolved on his axis and flew.

"Stop!" shouted Mr. Smedley.

"Oh, lor'!"

Bunter did not stop. Not for any consideration would he have stopped just then. He flew. He bounded! He whizzed! Bunter had no chance of figuring in a cricket match, but he looked now as if he had a really good chance for the school mile! The rate at which he covered the ground was amazing, considering the weight he had to carry. His feet seemed hardly to touch the grass. After him went the Form-master, going all out.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Bunter!"

"Put it on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors doubled up with merriment as they watched the chase. Pursued and pursuer vanished off the cricket ground, Bunter still ahead, and going strong. Shrieks of hilarity followed them.

"I think," said Mr. Lascelles, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, "that we are wasting time. Let us get going."

And the games master and the Remove cricketers got going, untroubled further by William George Bunter. Bunter was not thinking of cricket now as a means of dodging classes on Wednesday. Bunter's fat thoughts were wholly occupied in dodging an infuriated man with a damaged nose.

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THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Blow for the Bounder!

"NO!"

"But, sir!"

"I have said no, Wharton, and I mean no. The matter is closed," said Mr. Smedley.

He made a gesture for the captain of the Remove to leave his study.

Wharton did not go, however.

He stood before the Form-master's table, his eyes fixed on the cold, hard face of the Creeper and Crawler.

That face had an aspect rather different from usual. It was the day following Bunter's exploits as a bowler. The lapse of twenty-four hours had not healed the damage to Mr. Smedley's nose.

A bang on the nose from a cricket ball was not, in fact, a light matter. The damage might have been quite serious. Fortunately, it was not very serious. But it was painful, and it did not add to Mr. Smedley's good looks.

His nose was swollen a little, and, like Marian's in the ballad, it was red and raw. No doubt his temper, never good, was a little affected by the injury. That day had not been agreeable in the Remove Form-room, especially to Billy Bunter!

Still, that damaged "boko" was no excuse for the line Smedley was now

taking. There was absolutely no excuse for it. Outsider as the man was, Harry Wharton was surprised and perplexed. He had been sent for, to his Form-master's study, and had wondered what the trouble was going to be! What Smedley had to say took him entirely by surprise.

"You may leave my study, Wharton!" said Mr. Smedley.

"I'm bound to speak, sir!" said the captain of the Remove quietly. "You are new here, sir, and perhaps don't quite understand—"

"That will do, Wharton!"

"You've told me that Vernon-Smith cannot be excused from morning classes to-morrow for the cricket match, sir! It's always been the rule that a man playing in School matches is let off classes on the day of the match."

Mr. Smedley shrugged his shoulders.

"We play Form matches on half-holidays," went on Harry. "But a School match is a different matter. The St. Jim's match is a whole-day match. We pitch stumps at ten in the morning. If you ask Wingate, sir, who's head of the games, or Mr. Lascelles, they will tell you—"

"I am satisfied with my own decision, Wharton," said Mr. Smedley calmly. "I see no reason to change it. I sent for you to give you ample warning, so that you may make the necessary change in your team. I do not desire you to be put to any unnecessary trouble, of course. But I refuse to allow a boy of Vernon-Smith's bad and disrespectful character to leave classes in order to play cricket."

Wharton breathed hard.

He could not deny, of course, that Smithy's character was a little dingy, so to speak. A fellow who had very nearly been expelled for bad conduct was not a credit to his Form, or to his school. Still less could he deny that the Bounder was disrespectful. But all that had nothing to do with cricket. Any man at Greyfriars who was booked to play in a School match was let off classes for the purpose. It was the rule; it was taken for granted; there had never been an exception to it. The Creeper and Crawler seemed bent on making history at Greyfriars!

Mr. Smedley pointed to the door.

Still Wharton did not go. He was not going to lose the best man in his eleven, if he could help it. He still hoped to make Smedley understand that he could not do this.

"May I point out, sir, that Vernon-Smith can't be spared from the Remove eleven?" he asked. "I'd as soon stand out myself as leave Smithy out."

"Indeed! I was not aware that you were such close friends!" answered Mr. Smedley sarcastically.

"We're not close friends," said Wharton. "I've had more rows with Smithy than with any other fellow in the Form. That's got nothing to do with cricket. Smithy's down to play because he's wanted in the team. If I loathed the sight of him I should play him all the same."

"You will not play him to-morrow, Wharton," said Mr. Smedley coolly. "What he does in the afternoon is, of course, no concern of mine, as Wednesday is a half-holiday! But he will attend classes in the morning, like the rest of the Form. You and the other members of the eleven will be excused morning classes, and any other boy you may select in Vernon-Smith's place. But I refuse to make any concession whatever to a boy of Vernon-Smith's bad character."

"It may mean being beaten by St. Jim's, sir."

"I should be sorry for that!" said

Mr. Smedley. "You will tell Vernon-Smith, from me, that he is not given leave to-morrow morning. And now leave my study, Wharton!"

"But, sir—"
"If you pursue this subject further, Wharton, I shall punish you with a detention for two-morrow's half-holiday."

Wharton's eyes flashed.
He choked back angry words with difficulty, turned, and left the study. Evidently, there was nothing to be done with Smedley.

With a heightened colour, Wharton returned to the Remove passage. His chums were waiting for him in Study No. 1 there, curious to know what the

since he came here in Quelch's place. Smithy's a bit of a cough-drop, I know, and the way he carries on doesn't make the beaks love him. But that rotter—that worm—can't barge into cricket and muck up matches. That's what the miserable tick has got to learn!"

"But what has he done?" roared Bob Cherry.

"He's refused leave for Smithy to-morrow morning!" growled Wharton.

The four juniors stared at him blankly.

"Oh, my hat! But he can't!" said Bob. "A man always has leave for a School match. You'll have to explain that to Smedley—"

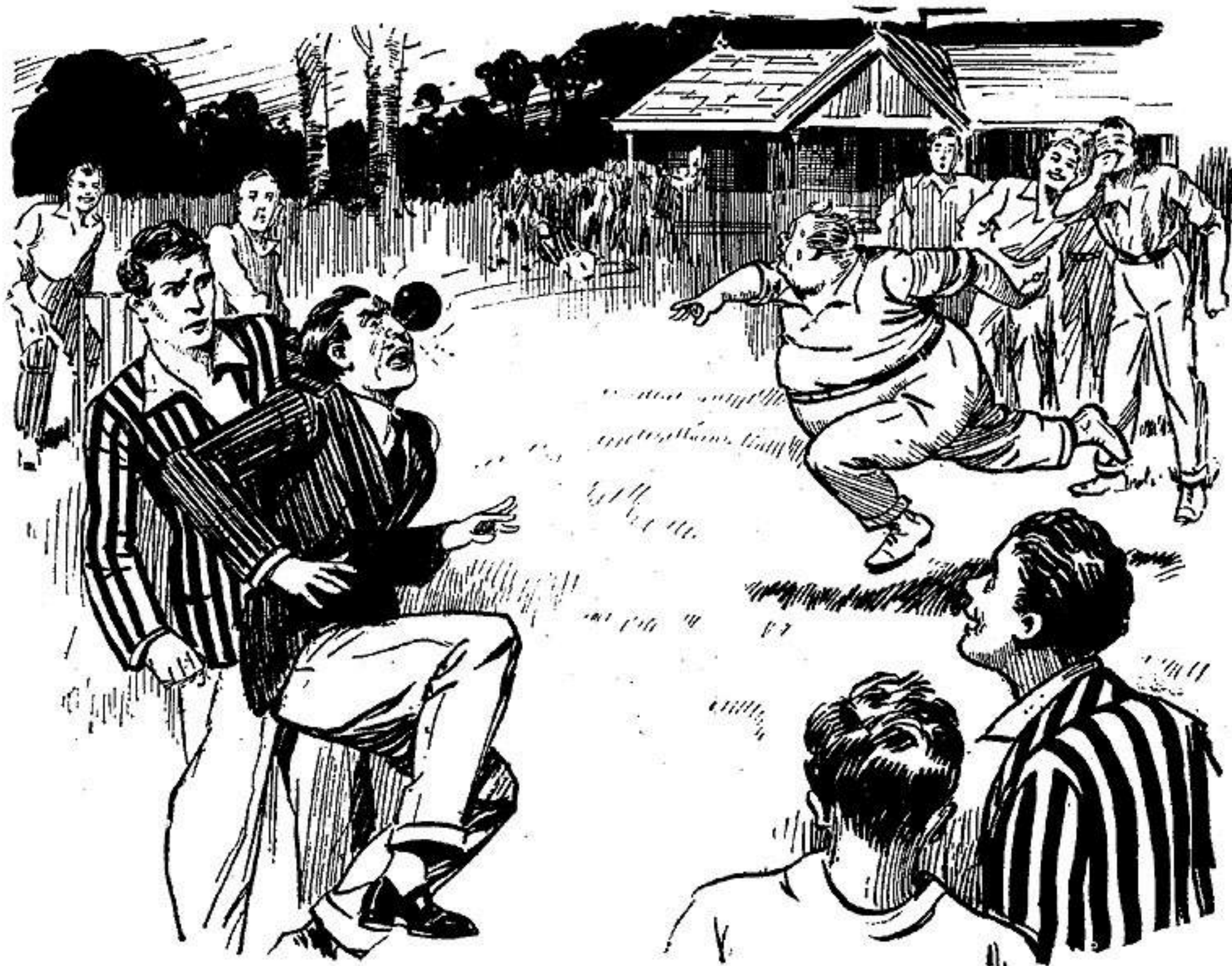
liked him; but Smedley seems to have some sort of personal grudge."

"His grudges aren't going to muck up our matches! The cur—"

"Who's the happy man?" drawled a voice in the doorway. The Bounder of Greyfriars, in flannels, with a bat under his arm, looked in with a cheery grin. "Wharton, old bean, you're losing your majestic composure—your voice can be heard along the passage. Coming down to practice?"

The Famous Five looked at him. Evidently Smithy had no suspicion of the blow that had fallen.

Herbert Vernon-Smith was looking his best now. Rebel as he always was,



Bunter took a little run and then revolved like a catherine-wheel. The ball left his hand with plenty of force. Where it went was, for a second, a mystery. Then a fiendish yell from Mr. Smedley apprised all Greyfriars that it had gone in his direction. "Oh! Ow! Urrgh!" roared the Form-master, fairly dancing with pain.

Crooper and Crawler had wanted him for. They stared as he came in with a flushed and angry face.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Trouble with the beak?" asked Bob Cherry.

"The rotter!" said Harry.

"What's the row?" asked Frank Nugent.

"The cur!"

"The rowfulness seems to have been terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"The blighter!"

"Give it a name, old chap!" said Johnny Bull.

"The man's a worm, a rotter, a cur, and a rank outsider!" said Wharton. "We're not standing this. I'm going to Lascelles about it."

"About what, fathead?"

"You know that the man's down on Smithy. He's been down on him ever

"Think I haven't, ass?"

"But he can't do this!" exclaimed Nugent.

"He fancies he can," breathed Wharton. "Mucking up a cricket match because he's got a down on Smithy! The tick!"

"What's Smithy done lately?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Nothing, that I know of! Nothing since the silly ass floured Mossoo, and that's blown over long ago. In fact, he's been jolly careful not to give Smedley an excuse for coming down on him, with the St. Jim's match just at hand. Smithy may be a bad egg, but this time he's done absolutely nothing, and Smedley's going out of his way to jump on him."

"He does seem to have his knife into Smithy!" said Nugent thoughtfully. "Blessed if I know why! Quelch never

blackguard as he sometimes was, the Bounder was a great man at games, and of late he seemed to have lived only for cricket.

His narrow escape from the "sack" had had no lasting effect on him. Even his father's stern threat of disinheritance, if he should be expelled from school, failed to keep the reckless and headstrong Bounder to the straight and narrow path. Very reluctantly indeed did his feet tread the path of reform. But when cricket was on, the dingy side of Smithy's character was lost to sight. Breaking bounds after lights out, haunting forbidden precincts outside the school, seemed to have vanished entirely from his thoughts. The most exacting "beak" could have found no fault with the Bounder just at present. Now he was in a particularly cheerful mood, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,372.

looking forward to the morrow's match, and to the big part he was going to play in it.

"What on earth's the trouble?" he asked, glancing from face to face. "You fellows are not rowing, surely?"

"No, ass!"

"You were calling somebody pretty names when I looked in!" grinned Smithy. "Who's the happy man?"

"Smedley!"

"Oh, that worm!" The Bounder's cheerful face darkened. "Has he been givin' you some of what he's been givin' me all the term? What's the latest?"

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"No leave for you for the St. Jim's match!" he said.

Vernon-Smith stood very still in the doorway. For some moments he did not speak. His face hardened, and a glint came into his eyes. The Famous Five stood silent.

"So that's the latest?" said the Bounder at last. "Does he make out that I've done anythin' special?"

"No!"

"The cur! He won't get away with this!" said the Bounder. "I'm goin' to play in the St. Jim's match to-morrow, with or without leave. If Smedley tries to stop me, so much the worse for Smedley."

"No good playing the goat, Smithy!" said Bob Cherry uneasily.

The Bounder laughed—a harsh laugh.

"That's why he's been takin' an interest in our cricket lately. He's had no chance of nailing me in the Form-room, or out of bounds. I've been careful not to give him an openin'. So he's found one—he's bargin' into the games! I tell you he's not getting away with it! I'm going to play in the St. Jim's match to-morrow, Smedley or no Smedley!"

And without waiting for an answer the Bounder stamped away, with so savage a look on his face, that fellows in the Remove passage stared at him as he went.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Uncle and Nephew!

B UZZZZZZZ! Mr. Smedley, in his study, reached for the receiver as the telephone bell rang.

He was sitting by his open window looking out into the summer sunshine in the quad. His eyes were on a group of Remove fellows, at a little distance, and there was a faint smile on his hard face as he watched them. In the middle of the group stood Herbert Vernon-Smith, with a black scowl on his brow, talking excitedly. He was too far off for Mr. Smedley to hear what he was saying; but there was no doubt that the Bounder was fiercely angry.

It was clear to Smedley that the scapegrace of Greyfriars had heard the news from Wharton. And he smiled—an unpleasant smile. If ever a fellow looked as if he was bent on reckless rebellion, the Bounder did at that moment. And a fellow in Smithy's precarious position, could not afford to be rebellious.

Turning from the window, the master of the Remove put the receiver to his ear. He wondered irritably who was calling him. There was always a possibility that some relative of Eustace Smedley, Master of Arts, might hear that he had a temporary post at Greyfriars School, and communicate with him, which would have been a little awkward for Mr. Lucius Teggers, who had borrowed the young tutor's name for

his own purposes. From the genuine Smedley himself there was no danger, as the firm of Leggett & Teggers had packed him safely off to Canada to take up a post in a school there. But the man with a borrowed name never felt quite easy in his mind. Probably, however, the caller was merely someone who wanted Mr. Quelch, and did not know that the Remove master was away from the school. "Mr Smedley" barked into the transmitter.

"Hallo!"

"Is that Mr. Smedley?" came a deep, sharp voice over the wires.

The Creeper and Crawler gave a violent start.

He knew that voice!

It was the voice of Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith, the father of Vernon-Smith of the Remove!

For a moment the man with a borrowed name was taken completely aback. He sat staring blankly at the telephone.

But he pulled himself together quickly. He gave a cough, and answered in a husky voice.

"Speaking!"

"Oh, very good! Have you a cold, sir?"

"A slight touch——"

"Sorry! I remember you had a cold when you phoned me in the Easter holidays."

Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith, millionaire and financier, was a very keen gentleman. He knew all that was to be known about stocks and shares; and he had a very considerable knowledge of human nature.

But he did not know why Mr. Smedley had a "cold" when he spoke to him on the telephone! It never crossed his keen mind that Mr. Smedley, so-called, was his nephew, Lucius Teggers, whose natural voice he would have known!

Keen as he was, the millionaire was rather blinded by his habit of concentrating his thoughts entirely upon his own point of view.

Having determined to disinherit his son, if he was disgraced at school, and to adopt his nephew Lucius in his son's place, Mr. Vernon-Smith had been very glad when the Head gave Smithy another chance of making good. That Lucius Teggers could hardly feel glad also, he was aware.

But certainly he never suspected that Lucius was taking his own measures to prevent the scapegrace from making good.

He knew that Lucius must be disappointed! No doubt he expected him to take that disappointment philosophically—so far as he thought about the matter at all.

But he did not think about it much or often. Indeed, in these busy days in the City, he hardly thought about it at all. The rise and fall of stocks and shares occupied his mind.

Mr. Smedley, alias Lucius Teggers, scowled at the telephone. He was wondering, with a sinking heart, what this call meant.

If it meant that the millionaire was coming to the school, it spelled difficulty and danger for the man with the borrowed name.

So far he had successfully avoided meeting his uncle, since he had taken on the name and character of Smedley. He had hoped that he would get through with his task at Greyfriars before there was any danger of a meeting. But he was not through yet—far from it!

Blissfully unconscious of the troubled thoughts of the man at the other end of the wire, Mr. Vernon-Smith barked on:

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"I gather that Mr. Quelch has not yet returned to Greyfriars, sir?"

"No!"

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting you yet, Mr. Smedley," went on Mr. Vernon-Smith, far from guessing that he was never going to have that pleasure, if Mr. Smedley could prevent it. "I trust, sir, that my son has been giving you no trouble, and that you have a better opinion of him than his former master appeared to have."

"I regret to say, no, Mr. Vernon-Smith!" answered the husky voice. "I am sorry to have to say so, but your son is still the worst boy in the Form as when Mr. Quelch was here."

There was a grunt on the wires. That piece of information evidently did not please the millionaire.

"Well, the young rascal knows what to expect if he does not mend his ways," snorted Mr. Vernon-Smith. "However, I will not waste your time, Mr. Smedley. I rang you up to tell you that I may find time to-morrow to come down to the school."

Mr. Smedley gritted his teeth.

"I have heard from my son that to-morrow is the date of some cricket match, to which I believe the boys attach some importance. A match with another school, I understand. What? It seems that Herbert is playing for Greyfriars, and I shall be very glad to see him do so. I am a busy man, as you may guess; but I shall find time to—"

Mr. Smedley saw his chance.

"Your son will not be playing cricket to-morrow, Mr. Vernon-Smith!" he interjected.

"What? Why?"

"I regret that, owing to his bad conduct, I have been unable to give him leave to play."

"Good gad!"

"I am sorry, of course—"

"What has he done?" barked the millionaire.

"His general conduct—"

"Come, come, sir! This is a special occasion! I am a busy man—but I may squeeze an afternoon to-morrow. I should be very happy to see my son playing for his school—for no other reason, sir, should I think of leaving London at the present time. Can you not stretch a point, sir, and give Herbert leave?"

"I am sorry, but it is impossible, sir!" answered Mr. Smedley's carefully husky tones. "His conduct has been so extremely bad and disrespectful—"

"I ask it as a favour, sir!" barked Mr. Vernon-Smith. His tone implied that it was a great honour to be asked a favour by so great a man.

But Mr. Smedley was adamant! He had good reason to be!

"I regret, sir—"

"You refuse?"

"I am compelled to do so, sir—"

Grunt! Whir! Mr. Vernon-Smith had rung off.

Evidently he was deeply displeased.

That mattered little to Mr. Smedley so long as the millionaire did not come down to the school. He replaced the receiver, rose from the telephone, and wiped a spot of perspiration from his brow.

The dreaded interview with the millionaire was off! It had to be avoided somehow, and he had avoided it. At the same time he had put in a bad word for the reckless son with the angry father. Upon the whole, Mr. Smedley was not sorry that the millionaire had phoned, trying as the ordeal had been to him.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

LARRY LASCELLES drove his hands deep into the pockets of his flannel bags, and moved uneasily about his room. He was listening to what Harry Wharton had to say, and it seemed to worry him.

Larry's bat lay on the table—a theodo-

RHYMES OF THE REMOVE.

No. 18.—A Famous Victory.



This week our clever Greyfriars Rhymester visualises Harry Wharton fifty years hence, telling of the Remove's most thrilling encounter with the mighty Shell.

Old Wharton, at his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun.

His face, in 1994,
Was quite a wizened one;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Margarine.

The little child looked up to him
And said: "Oh, grandpa, pray
Relate once more that story grim
You told the other day!"
His eye lit up. "Aha!" said he.
"That was a famous victory."

"It happened long ago," he said,
And blew his ancient nose;
"Old Wingate saw us up to bed
And left us to repose.
When all was peace, he shut the door.
But after peace, my dear, comes—war!"

"Ah, how I still recall that night,
That story, who can tell?
Of how Removeites went to fight
Against the mighty Shell.
With pillows in their hands," said he,
"They won a famous victory."

"We launched at first at Hobson's force
A sudden front attack;
But their defence held out, of course,
And we were driven back.
Our lines broke badly as we went.
They followed us, on vengeance bent."

"But that, my dear, was no mistake,
Our troops were not at fault,
For we had never hoped to take
Their dorm by front assault.
We knew their strength, and were afraid
That they could cope with any raid."

"We fell back into open ground,
Which was our big idea;
For there Bob Cherry's force came round
And took them in the rear.
Too late they started to retreat—
We'd led them to their own defeat!"

"One warrior nearly lost his life!
A chap named Peter Todd
Fell through a window in the strife,
And landed in the quad.
When he recovered consciousness
The fight was over, more or less."

"For Quelchy heard the awful noise
And came up at a spurt.
Quoth he: 'They say boys will be boys,
But these boys will be hurt!'
And so we were, but you'll agree
That 'twas a famous victory."

lite stood on its slim legs in a corner. Mathematical books filled shelves, amid photographs of well-known cricketers. As maths master, Larry was a good and capable man; as games master he was rather an idol—and the juniors especially thought a great deal more of his bat than of his theodolite, of his cricketers' photographs than of his volumes on mathematics.

It was as games master that the captain of the Remove had called to see Larry, and he had found a sympathetic listener. At the same time, Mr. Lascelles was worried and uneasy. Games master had great authority in games. Even Wingate of the Sixth, head of the games, listened to him as to an oracle. But where his authority clashed with that of a Form-master, the position was rather dubious. Tactful masters avoided such clashes. Larry never had any trouble with any of the staff, even with the pompous Prout, or the snappish Hacker. Smedley, apparently, had no tact.

"We're fairly dished, sir, if Mr. Smedley doesn't change his mind," said the captain of the Remove. "You've noticed Smithy's form, sir—"

"Naturally! You want him in the match."

"And it's the rule, sir—any man in a match—"

"Did you not explain that to your Form-master?"

"I did, sir; but if you explained—"

Mr. Lascelles paced up and down the room. He disliked the idea of a clash with a beak. Yet he could not stand idly by and see a cricket team dished in an important fixture for no serious reason. The juniors had a right to appeal to him, though what he could do for them was another matter.

"It's making a lot of feeling in the Form, sir!" said Harry. "It seems so unnecessary! It isn't as if Smithy had done anything special lately. And—and, of course, Smithy's wild about it. Any fellow would be. And—" Wharton broke off. He could not tell even a kind and friendly master like Larry Lascelles, that he was afraid that the hot-headed Bounder might do something rash and reckless if Smedley persisted in this act of injustice.

"I will speak to Mr. Smedley," said the games master at last. "I think there must be some sort of misunderstanding. At all events, I will do my best for you, Wharton; but you will remember that, if he is resolved on this, I can do nothing. A Form-master has the final decision in such a matter relating to a member of his Form."

"Thank you, sir."

Leaving the junior to await his return, Mr. Lascelles left the study, and went along to Smedley's. It was rather late in the evening. Wharton had left the matter till after prep, and there had been long and rather excited discussion in the Remove before it was decided to appeal to the games master. It was useless to make an appeal to Smedley; but something might result from getting Larry to go as ambassador.

It was an unpleasant task for Larry. He had seen little of the temporary master of the Remove, but he had not liked that little.

And the man's action in this case seemed to him tactless, if not tyrannical. No other master at Greyfriars would have acted as Smedley had done. Certainly not Mr. Quelch, in his time. Larry was well aware that the Bounder's general line of conduct was enough to exasperate any beak, and put up the back of authority. Still, there was a limit; and, besides, it was not only the

scapegrace of the school that felt this blow, but all the Remove cricketers.

He tapped at Mr. Smedley's door, and entered.

He did not expect a pleasant interview with the man, and he did not get one. Smedley did not rise as he entered, and did not give him a welcoming look. No doubt he guessed why the games master was there, and wanted him to understand at the start that there was nothing doing. Larry's glance dwelt for a moment on his red and bulbous nose.

"I hope you are not feeling the result of that accident on the cricket ground yesterday, Mr. Smedley!" he remarked, by way of a polite opening.

Smedley passed his hand over his nose.

"On the contrary, I am feeling it very severely!" he answered tartly.

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Lascelles politely. "It was rather unfortunate that that clumsy boy, Bunter—" He coughed. "However, I have dropped in to speak about another matter. The juniors seem rather perturbed at losing Vernon-Smith's services in the match to-morrow. Of course, you are aware that it has always been the custom—"

"That is not a matter I can discuss, Mr. Lascelles!" interrupted the master of the Remove curtly.

"I should like you to give me a hearing, sir!" said Larry quietly. "The matter is rather in my province, as games master."

"I have not been informed by Dr. Locke that a games master has authority to interfere between a Form-master and the boys of his Form."

Larry Lascelles breathed rather hard.

"Not at all, sir! Far from it! But when I point out to you that this boy, Vernon-Smith, cannot be spared from the game if Greyfriars are to put a good team into the field, I am sure that you will reconsider—"

"Nothing of the kind!"

The man's manner was distinctly hostile. Probably the Creeper and Crawler liked Larry no more than the cheerful and healthy young games master liked him. There was a pause.

"The juniors feel rather strongly about this, sir!" said Mr. Lascelles at last.

"Indeed!"

"May I ask, sir, why you have departed from the usual school rule, to allow morning leave for any boy selected to play in a school match?"

"Vernon-Smith's bad and disrespectful character!" answered Mr. Smedley coolly. "I decline to make any concession whatever where that boy is concerned."

"Then it is useless for me to say more?"

"Quite!"

Larry Lascelles stood looking at him with a glint in his eyes. Smedley eyed him calmly. The power was in his hands, and the games master knew it, and knew that he intended to use it.

"I do not think that the headmaster would take your view in this matter," said Mr. Lascelles at last.

"If you choose to place it before him, I have no objection, sir! I shall certainly uphold my point of view," said Mr. Smedley dryly. "I hardly think that Dr. Locke would overrule a Form-master in a matter affecting his Form."

Lascelles bit his lip.

"There is one other point you might consider, sir!" he said quietly. "This act is, I fear, generally regarded as an act of injustice. Vernon-Smith is a headstrong and hot-headed boy. He is

very frequently in trouble, of one kind or another. Latterly he seems to have improved a great deal. You, as his Form-master, must have been glad to see this—"

"I had not observed it!"

"Whether you have observed it or not, sir, it is a fact!" said Mr. Lascelles, "and it would be a pity if a headstrong boy should be provoked into some act of recklessness by a sense of injustice—"

Mr. Smedley's eyes glinted in a way that puzzled the games master. Larry Lascelles was not likely to guess that that was just what the Creeper and Crawler wanted!

"Really, sir!" drawled Mr. Smedley, "you are suggesting that I should make concessions to a disrespectful and rebellious boy, under the threat of further disrespect and rebellion if I refuse."

"That was not my meaning. I meant—"

"Your meaning is clear enough to me, sir, and I decline to be moved by any such consideration. The matter is definitely closed, and I cannot discuss it further."

Larry Lascelles gave him a look, and left the study without another word. Mr. Smedley smiled as the door closed on him.

So far he had been unable to catch the Bouncer out. For all the good he had done at Greyfriars he might as well have remained at the office of Leggett & Teggars, in Regent Street, London. Unless the scapegrace of the school played into his hands he was powerless. Would Smithy play into his hands on the morrow? He thought it likely, and it seemed that Larry Lascelles thought so, too! An act of reckless rebellion against authority meant the sack—and the sack for Smithy meant disinheritance by his father and the prospect of millions for Lucius Teggars! Mr. Lascelles, as he walked away from the study with a knitted brow, was not likely to guess the thoughts in the mind of the man he had left.

Harry Wharton was waiting for him. Mr. Lascelles' look, as he came back, showed that there was nothing to hope for.

"Nothing doing, sir?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"I am sorry—no!" said the games master. "Mr. Smedley seems to have made up his mind. There will be no leave for Vernon-Smith on Wednesday morning, Wharton."

"Then I've got to scratch Smithy?"

The games master pondered.

"On the whole, I should not do so, Wharton," he answered. "To-morrow is a half-holiday, and Vernon-Smith will be free in the afternoon. If the St. Jim's captain is agreeable, as I have every reason to believe he will be, you can play a substitute in the field and carry on till Vernon-Smith is available. If they win the toss and give you first knock, there is a very good chance of the Greyfriars innings lasting over lunch, and Vernon-Smith can go in with the tail in that case. It is taking a risk, of course, but I think the risk is worth taking rather than leaving him out and taking on another man."

Wharton's face brightened.

"You've hit it, sir!" he exclaimed. "If St. Jim's bat we're all right—and if they make us bat we'll hang on somehow till Smithy can barge in. Right as rain!"

Mr. Lascelles smiled.

"I hope it will be right as rain," he said, and the captain of the Remove left him, to rejoin the cricketers in the Rag and tell them how matters stood.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Good Advice Not Wanted!

"HAVE a little sense!" snapped the captain of the Remove. Tempers were, perhaps, getting a little "edge-wise."

It was Wednesday morning, the day of the St. Jim's match—a golden morning of sunlight. Billy Bunter was not the only fellow who thought that it would be more agreeable to play cricket that morning than sit in the Form-room, grinding Latin, or in Mossos's classroom, mugging up French. The lucky members of the eleven would finish after first school for the day, while the rest went on through second and third lessons. Herbert Vernon-Smith was not, like Bunter, thinking of dodging work, but he was thinking of more reckless proceedings than the fat Owl of the Remove would ever have dreamed of, even for the noble purpose of getting out of work!

After breakfast some of the cricketers went down to look at the pitch. Vernon-Smith was with the Famous Five and Squiff and Tom Brown and Toddy and the rest. The brightness of the sunny morning was not reflected in the Bouncer's face. He was scowling blackly.

Knowing his value to the team, knowing how sorely his services would be missed in a match with men like Tom Merry & Co., from St. Jim's, the Bouncer expected the other fellows to be as keen as himself on defying Smedley and his tyranny.

But they were nothing of the kind.

They were thinking of cricket, not of entering into a reckless and hopeless tussle with a Form-master.

Smedley was everything unpleasant that they could think of. His act was one of tyranny. All that was admitted. But he was master of the Remove in the absence of Mr. Quelch, and as such he had unquestioned authority. Only the Bouncer was likely to think of questioning that which was unquestionable. And his proposal to "cut" class in spite of Smedley was frowned on by all the cricketers, much as they wanted him in the team.

"Yes, have a little sense, Smithy!" said Bob. "If you could get away with it it would be different; but you couldn't!"

"There's a chance, and a jolly good one!" growled the Bouncer.

"The chancefulness is not terrific, my esteemed Smithy," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a shake of his dusky head. "If we were playing awayfully, perhaps; but here, under the esteemed and disgusting eye of the iniquitous Smedley—"

"Smedley's going out in second lesson."

"How do you know?" asked Frank Nugent.

"I heard him ask Capper to go for a walk! Second lesson's French with Mossos, so Smedley won't be taking the Remove. The Fourth are having maths with Lascelles, so Capper will be free. They're going out together."

"Oh!" said Bob rather thoughtfully.

"Look at it!" argued the Bouncer. "We all go in to first lesson with Smedley! After that the Remove goes to Mossos for French, and Smedley goes out for a walk with Capper! He will be off the scene! I can cut the French class and turn up here for cricket. Mossos won't even know I'm supposed to be with him, very likely. Anyhow, he can only mark me absent. I don't mind a licking afterwards for cutting class; that doesn't matter."

Harry Wharton was silent.

It was a temptation!



As Mr. Smedley made a fierce rush at him, Bunter turned and fled. The rate at which Bunter covered the ground was amazing, considering the weight he had to carry. After him went his Form-master, going all out. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Go it, Bunter!" "Put it on!" The juniors doubled up with merriment as they watched the chase.

He wanted the Bounder, and he wanted him sorely in the Remove eleven. If St. Jim's took first knock a substitute in the field could keep Smithy's place open—but the Bounder was wanted for bowling and fielding; there was no branch of the game in which he was not useful to the side. Even with his place kept for him, to play in the afternoon, his absence was a severe handicap.

While if Greyfriars batted first, and were all out before the end of third lessons, Smithy was out of the team for good, and could not even join up in the afternoon. Which probably meant defeat, for against Tom Merry & Co. the Greyfriars men had to go all out to keep their end up. They could not afford such a loss from their ranks.

The other fellows were silent, too, waiting for Wharton to speak. To play a man who was cutting class was a risky proceeding in a home match, under the eyes of authority.

Yet the way the Bounder put it it looked safe. Smedley would be out of gates and would not know till he came in. It was easy enough to cut the French class. Lascelles, who certainly would not have approved, would not be on the scene; he had to take the Fourth in maths.

"Safe as houses!" said the Bounder eagerly. "Smedley may have me up before the Head for it! I don't care! It's not a sacking matter! Fellows have cut class before and got off with lines! If it's a lickin' what does it matter?"

Tom Redwing was with the cricketers. He was not in the team, but he was as keen on the game as any fellows that were. He had said nothing, but his face was very thoughtful. Since the

Bounder had quarrelled with his chum they had hardly spoken, though they still shared the same study. He hesitated to speak now. Even when they had been chums the Bounder had been impatient of his good advice. Certainly he would not have welcomed it now. But as he saw indecision in Wharton's face Tom spoke.

"It's not safe and it won't work!" he said quietly.

Vernon-Smith glanced round at him, with a flash in his eyes.

"Nobody asked your opinion!" he snapped.

Redwing coloured.

"Oh, shut up, Smithy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Redwing's opinion is worth a dozen of yours, you hot-headed ass!"

"Look here, Wharton, do you want me to play, or not?" demanded the Bounder angrily.

"You know I want you!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "Don't talk rot! If I thought it safe I'd say yes; Smedley's a brute and a rotter to barge in like this. It looks safe. But what do you think, Redwing?"

"What the thump does it matter what Redwing thinks?" snarled the Bounder.

"For goodness' sake, shut up and let a man speak!" exclaimed Wharton. "I want to hear what Redwing thinks."

"Then I'll tell you," said Tom quietly.

"This looks to me like a catch. If Smithy cuts out French class to play cricket he won't get through. Smedley will stop him, and it means a scene on the field under the eyes of the St. Jim's men."

The Bounder gritted his teeth.

"Let him try!" he said, with blazing eyes. "If the cur barged in while I

was batting, I'd knock him down with my bat!"

"Nothing he'd like better, if you did!" said Tom. "He wants to see you sacked from the school—and you'd be sacked for that."

"Oh rats! Smedley will be out of gates."

"Oh, you're an ass!" said Tom sharply. "You say you heard Smedley say he was going out in second school. Well, if you heard him say so, he meant you to hear him."

"What?" exclaimed the Bounder.

"I tell you, it's a catch!" said Redwing. "Why Smedley's so keen on catching you I don't know; but we all know that he is. He knows the kind of headstrong ass you are; and he expects you to cut class, when you know that he's off the scene. He will come in and nail you at cricket."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob.

"Rubbish!" snarled the Bounder.

Smithy was not going to be convinced, chiefly because he did not want to be convinced.

Wharton looked startled.

"Redwing! Do you really think that Smedley would play rotten tricks like that?" he exclaimed.

"I'm sure of it!" said Tom earnestly. "Why has he barged in at all? He doesn't care whether Smithy plays cricket or not. Why did he speak to Capper, about going out, in Smithy's hearing? Do you think that's a mere coincidence? I tell you if Smithy's on the cricket ground in second school, Smedley will nail him there—and drag him off by his collar—"

"I'd smash him!" said the Bounder between his teeth.

"That's what he wants," said Tom quietly. "He can count on you making a fool of yourself in such a case—"

"You cheeky idiot—"

"We're not risking it," said the captain of the Remove decidedly. "Fancy a scene before all the St. Jim's crowd—and it would give Smedley an excuse for detaining Smithy in the afternoon, too. It can't be done!"

"It can be done!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith savagely. "And we're going to do it. And if Smedley barged in, we'd run him off the field—"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said the captain of the Remove. "Larry's given us the best tip, and we're taking it. We can't risk it."

"I tell you—" roared the Bounder.

"It's settled!" said Harry. "Come on, you fellows, the bell will be going in a minute or two."

Vernon-Smith stood trembling with anger. That he might be playing into his enemy's hands, that Tom Redwing's cool head might be saving him from disaster, mattered nothing to him. He was resolved to have his own headstrong way if he could. But that depended on Wharton; and Wharton had decided against him. He made a stride towards Redwing.

"You meddlin' ass!" he said, his voice thick with rage. "Who asked you to butt in? You— Take that!"

The Bounder struck out savagely, and Bob Cherry had just time to knock his arm aside.

"Stop that, you hooligan!" growled Bob.

Redwing turned quietly and walked away. Smithy rubbed his elbow—Bob's tap had not been a gentle one. He glared at Bob, as if inclined to hurl himself at the junior.

"Cut that out, Smithy!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "Can't you keep your silly temper, you fathead!"

"If I don't play at the start, I don't play at all!" snarled the Bounder.

"Oh rats!"

The bell rang, and the juniors walked back to the House—not in the best of tempers. It was a rather perturbed and angry Form that Mr. Smedley took in first school that morning.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The St. Jim's Match!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were free from classes after first school. The rest of the Remove had five minutes before they had to arrive in No. 10 class-room for French with Monsieur Charpentier.

During those minutes Herbert Vernon-Smith urged the captain of the Remove to come round to his way of thinking.

As they stood in the quad the tall figure of Mr. Smedley passed, going down to the gates with Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth.

Smedley did not glance at the juniors, and seemed to have forgotten their existence.

Wharton, watching him as he went out of gates with Mr. Capper, wondered whether Redwing was right. It was difficult to suspect even the Creeper and Crawler of such trickery.

What was to be thought of a Form-master who deliberately gave a reckless, headstrong fellow a chance to cut

class, with the intention of reappearing unexpectedly, and catching him in the act?

It seemed very steep to Wharton, who, of course, had no idea that Mr. Smedley was not a schoolmaster at all, but an impostor playing the part for his own purposes.

"You can see that he's gone," said the Bounder, with a jerk of his head towards the gates. "The coast's clear. Safe as houses till third lesson, when the cad will come in—and I can go in for third school. Even if I have to chuck an innings, it's worth it."

"I know that. But—"

"Well, call it a go, then."

Wharton shook his head.

"We can't take the chance," he said. "If Smedley did come in, and found you at cricket, it would mean a scene. And you're fool enough to kick up a shindy, instead of quietly walking off when he told you."

"Catch me walkin' off if he told me!"

"Well, that does it!" said Harry impatiently. "If you want to be bunked from Greyfriars, it's your own affair; but we can't have a shindy on the cricket ground with a visiting team here. I shouldn't wonder if Redwing's right, and the whole thing means that this miserable worm is just laying a trap for you—"

"Hang Redwing!"

"Oh, don't be a silly ass! Get along to the French class, and mind you don't play the goat there, and get Mossoo's rag out, and get a detention. You're fool enough!" said Wharton gruffly.

"Will you play me or not?" hissed the angry Bounder.

"No!"

"Then leave me out of the match!"

"Oh, shut up!"

With a crimson face and lips tight shut, the Bounder went into the House. He was one of the fellows who arrived in No. 10 for French—and he gave Redwing a look of hate when he saw him there.

Tom smiled faintly. He had no doubt that the Bounder would be glad that he was where he was before second school was over. The whole thing, to Tom's mind, was a trap to catch the scapegrace of the school; and, left to his own devices, there was no doubt that Smithy would have been caught.

The Bounder sat through the French with a sullen, savage brow. He was a far keener fellow than Redwing, and far more wary; yet he could not, or would not, see what was plain enough to Tom.

The fact that he would have been defying authority, by cutting class to play cricket, would have given an added zest to the game—for the Bounder!

Monsieur Charpentier did not find him an attentive or respectful pupil in that lesson! Indeed, it was only the danger of a detention for the afternoon that prevented Smithy from breaking out in a reckless rag. But, in spite of what he had told his skipper, he was keen to play in the St. Jim's match, if it was yet possible for him to do so. Even Smedley could not meddle on a half-holiday.

Meanwhile, the cricketers from St. Jim's arrived.

Tom Merry & Co. came in their brake from the station in a cheery crowd. All of them were well known at Greyfriars—Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther, Blake, and Herries, and Digby, and D'Arcy, Figgins and Kerr and Wynn, and three or four other fellows.

The eleven looked as fit as fiddles, and Harry Wharton, as he looked them over, was inclined to regret that he had not let the Bounder have his way. Any cricketer could see that the St. Jim's men would take a lot of beating. As expected, Tom Merry, like the sportsman he is, readily agreed to allow Wharton to play a substitute until the time came for Vernon-Smith to put in an appearance.

Wharton had the luck of the toss.

He gave St. Jim's first knock, and it was arranged for Frank Nugent to field in the place of an absent Greyfriars man.

That made it a certainty that the Bounder would be able to play later; for even if the St. Jim's innings was over before lunch it was certain that the Greyfriars first innings would not be. There was plenty of time for the Bounder, after classes, to come in with the "tail," at all events.

Which was a satisfaction to the Remove fellows; though Wharton would have been very glad of Smithy's bowling at the start.

However, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh and Squiff were in great form, and Tom Brown was very good, and they gave the visiting batsmen plenty to think about.

Tom Merry and Figgins opened the innings for St. Jim's, and the Nabob of Bhanipur took the first over against the St. Jim's skipper. Tom Merry put on ten for the over, and then Figgins had the bowling from Squiff. Figgins cut the ball away and ran.

"Look out, Nugent!"

Frank Nugent was a good field, but he was not so good as the Bounder. Vernon-Smith, probably, would have brought off that catch. Nugent did not bring it off. It was a narrow miss, but a miss was as good as a mile—or as bad! Frank coloured a little as he picked up the ball and tossed it in.

Figgins, after that narrow escape, proceeded to knock up runs, without giving chances in the field. And the captain of the Remove wondered again whether he might not have risked it with Smithy.

But about a quarter of an hour later he ceased to wonder, and was thankful, from the bottom of his heart, that he had listened to Redwing, when he saw a tall figure in the distance, coming down to the cricket ground.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

No Catch!

LUCIUS Teggers, alias Smedley, smiled as he turned in at the school gates.

His walk with Mr. Capper had not lasted long.

It had been easy enough to make an excuse for leaving the Fourth Form master and walking back to the school. Mr. Capper was left to continue his walk alone.

Cricket was going on, on Little Side. Fellows who had leave for games were there—fellows who had not, should have been in class. But Mr. Smedley had a very shrewd idea that one fellow, at least, was at the cricket ground without leave.

Knowing the Bounder's headstrong nature as he did, he had calculated well. He had hardly a doubt of catching the scapegrace napping.

Even a respectful and law-abiding fellow might have been tempted to take the chance of cutting class, after being

unexpectedly and unjustly disappointed. And Herbert Vernon-Smith was neither respectful nor law-abiding. He was always disposed to rebellion, even without cause. And now he had plenty of cause.

With a smile on his face Mr. Smedley walked down to Little Side. His hard, keen eyes watched the white-clad figures on the green. He could see that the visitors were batting—Greyfriars in the field. Hardly a doubt crossed his mind that Vernon-Smith was among them.

And when he found him there, what would follow? Ordered off the field, under the staring eyes of the visiting team, the Bounder's rebellious temper was very likely to break out. Taken by the collar, marched off the ground, like a cheeky fag by a prefect, was the Bounder likely to go quietly? It was anything but likely.

But resistance to a master meant one thing, and one thing only—the sack! In his mind's eye, the Creeper and Crawler could see it all—the angry Bounder, his eyes ablaze, forgetful of consequences, forgetful of everything, savagely resisting, struggling—sealing his own fate! Mr. Smedley saw it all with his mind's eye, but, thanks to Tom Redwing, he was not going to see it with the eye of the flesh!

Arrived on the ground, he scanned the cricketers in the field. Squiff was bowling now to Tom Merry, Tom Brown was keeping wicket, the other members of the team were in their places. There were eleven fellows in Greyfriars caps, but to his surprise and annoyance the Creeper and Crawler did not recognise Vernon-Smith among them.

He saw Harry Wharton's eyes turn on him for a moment. He caught the expression of surprise, followed by involuntary contempt, on the face of the captain of the Remove.

Wharton knew now that Redwing had been right. It was not by chance that Smedley had returned from his walk with Capper before second lesson was half over and come down to the cricket. It was a trap—in which the Bounder would have been caught had he had his own wilful way.

Wharton turned his eyes from Smedley the next instant. He had no time to waste on the Creeper and Crawler.

But he was deeply thankful that Smithy was not there! It was enough to make a cricket captain shudder, to think of what would have happened, had he been there!

Other fellows noticed the tall figure in the offing, and they shared Wharton's feelings.

Standing still, watching the men in the field, Smedley knitted his brows. The Bounder was not there—that was certain! But he could not believe that he had miscalculated. He had felt so certain of his prey! It was more likely that he had been seen coming, and that Smithy had dodged out of sight into the pavilion, perhaps, and another fellow had hastily taken his place, to delude the watchful beak.

Setting his lips, Smedley walked to the pavilion. He soon discovered that Herbert Vernon-Smith was not there. St. Jim's batsmen, waiting their turn, glanced at him, wondering what he wanted. One of them—an elegant youth in wonderfully cut flannels, with an eyeglass in his eye—politely addressed him.

"Lookin' for somebody, sir?" asked D'Arcy of St. Jim's.

Smedley glanced at him.

"Yes. Probably you know Vernon-Smith! Is he here?"

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus, with a nod.

Smedley's eyes gleamed.

"Where is he?" he asked.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy shook his head.

"Sowwy, but I weally do not know," he answered.

"Did you not see where he went?" asked Mr. Smedley. He had taken D'Arcy's reply as an answer to the second part of his question. D'Arcy meant it as an answer to the first part. So there was a slight misunderstanding.

"No, sir, I have not seen him at all," answered the swell of St. Jim's innocently.

Smedley stared at him.

"You said that he was here!" he snapped.

"Bai Jove! Did I?" exclaimed

some sort of a beak. He wondered what such a bargee was doing at Greyfriars!

"I have already remarked, sir," he said with dignity, "that I have not seen Vernon-Smith. And I am bound to point out, sir, that I object vewy stwongly to bein' chawactewised as an idiot! I wegard it as an oppwobwious expwession, and—"

"Cheese it, Gussy!" murmured Blake. "I wefuse to cheese it, Blake! I wegard—"

"Fool!" snapped Mr. Smedley. He was too annoyed and irritated to remember good manners—and the swell of St. Jim's seemed to have an exasperating effect on him somehow. He strode away.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus, his eyeglass following Smedley. "Did you men heah that? He called me a fool! I've never even seen the blightah before—"

"He must have seen you before," argued Monty Lowther.

"Eh, why?"

"How would he know if he'd never seen you before?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You uttah ass, Lowthah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Bai Jove! I've a jollay good mind to go aftah him, and tell him what I think of his mannaahs. Jevver see such a fwightful bargee?"

Heedless of D'Arcy's opinion of his manners, Mr. Smedley almost stamped away from the group of cricketers. He shouted across the field to the captain of the Remove.

"Wharton!"

Wharton heard the call—every fellow on the cricket ground heard it. But he did not heed it. Even a master could not call a fellow's attention away when cricket was going on.

"Wharton!" roared Smedley.

He strode on the field. His face was red with anger. He could not believe that he had miscalculated—that his trap had failed to catch the quarry. Smithy had been there, and was hiding somewhere out of sight, and all the juniors knew it—that was Smedley's belief. He was not going to be beaten so easily as all that.

"Wharton!"

"You're interrupting the game, sir," said Harry Wharton, compressing his lips, and his eyes gleaming at his Form-master as he came striding up. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had the ball now, but he delayed getting going in view of this extraordinary interruption of the proceedings. Tom Merry and Figgins stared, from their wickets, blankly at the angry Form-master.

"I want no impudence from you, Wharton!" snapped Mr. Smedley. "Tell me at once where Vernon-Smith is, or you will repent it!"

"So far as I know, he's in the French class-room," answered the captain of the Remove icily.

"That is false, and you know it!"

Smedley was too enraged to think of measuring his words now.

"I think you forget yourself, Mr. Smedley," answered Harry Wharton with cool contempt, and he turned away.

"Cherry, where is Vernon-Smith?"

"In the French class, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me that he has not been here playing cricket?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

Mr. Smedley stared round at the cricketers, and then, controlling his feelings with a great effort, walked off the field.

"Well, my hat!" murmured Bob. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,372.

BRAVO, BRISTOL!

Have a chuckle at this yarn for which S. Brewer, of 89, Bell Hill Road, St. George, Bristol, 5, has been awarded one of this week's

MAGNET POCKET KNIVES.



Son (at Zoo for first time): "If a lion escaped from its cage what would you do, dad?"

Father: "Run with all my might."

Son: "Yes, and the lion would run with all its mane!"

Send in that rib-tickler of yours—
NOW!

Arthur Augustus, in surprise. "I do not wemembah sayin' so! He is not heah that I know of."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Smedley irritably. "I asked you if he was here, and you said 'yes, rather!'"

"Oh! Now I undahstand, sir!" said D'Arcy amiably. "You asked me if I knew Vernon-Smith, sir, and I said 'yaas, wathah!' I know him vewy well! He has played cwicket at St. Jim's—"

"You young idiot!"

"Eh?"

"Have you seen Vernon-Smith here?" hooted Smedley.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy screwed his eyeglass a little more firmly into his noble eye, and fixed it on the Creeper and Crawler. He had never seen the man before, but could see that he was

"Redwing was right, after all. That putrid bargee was laying a trap for Smithy."

"And if we'd let the silly ass have his way Smedley would be yanking him off the ground this very minute," said Nugent. "And Smithy kicking and struggling, as likely as not."

"But what a rotten trick!" said Johnny Bull.

"Rotten cad! Worm!"

"Thank goodness we took Redwing's tip!" said the captain of the Remove. He signed to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and the Nabob of Bhanipur carried on. Cricket was resumed after the brief and disagreeable interruption, and Smedley was dismissed from mind.

In a black and savage temper Smedley strode away to the House. He was beginning to realise that something had gone wrong with his scheme, but even yet he could not believe that Vernon-Smith was to be found in the French class-room. That doubt, however, was soon set at rest. He hurried down the passage to Class-room No. 10, hurled the door open, and stared in. Monsieur Charpentier, in the full flow of French irregular verbs, stared round at him.

"Monsieur Smedley, vat is it?" asked the French master.

Smedley did not answer; his eyes fairly devoured the French class. They rested on the sullen face of Herbert Vernon-Smith; he stared at Smithy as if he would pierce him with his gaze.

Tom Redwing's lip curled. He had been right—even the Bounder had to admit that now. Smedley was there to see whether Vernon-Smith was there. Fortunately, he was.

But even yet Smedley could not quite believe it. The young rascal had seen him coming and dodged in. Was that it? He turned to the surprised French master.

"Monsieur Charpentier, I see that Vernon-Smith is here—"

"Smeat—oui!" assented Mossoo.

"Was Vernon-Smith late for your class?"

"Non, monsieur! He come in viz ze ozzers."

"He has been here all the time you have been with the class?"

"Mais oui! But yes!" said the puzzled French master.

Mr. Smedley left the class-room. The Remove fellows stared after him. Redwing shrugged his shoulders, and the Bounder laughed. In a far from enviable frame of mind the Creeper and Crawler stamped away to his study. He had planned that trap for the Bounder with great cunning—and he had caught nothing in the trap. And he had not even the comfort of knowing how very near he had been to making a catch!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Detention!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH fairly bolted from the class-room when the juniors were dismissed for break. He scudded down to the cricket ground to see how the game was getting on.

Most of the Removites followed, even Billy Bunter deigning to give the game a look-in. St. Jim's were still batting, but Tom Merry and Figgins had fallen—the first to Hurree Singh's bowling; the latter to a catch by Wharton in the field. Three other men were down, the total being five wickets for 70.

The elegant figure of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was at one end of the pitch now, and Fatty Wynn at the other. D'Arcy

was getting the bowling from the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, but was not, as he had intended to do, making hay of it. The Bounder looked at the score and then stood watching the game, his face sullen. But for the Creeper and Crawler he would have been in the game instead of standing watching it till the bell rang for third school. Even the reckless Bounder did not think of cutting third school, of which Mr. Smedley would be in charge. But third school was the last for the day, and after that he would be free—and all the Smedleys in the wide world could not prevent him from joining up with the cricketers.

"Rotten!" said Billy Bunter's voice at his elbow. "Look at that ass Inky; he can't get that duffer D'Arcy out! They want a bowler, Smithy."

The Bounder grunted assent.

"And that silly ass Wharton had the offer of the best bowler at Greyfriars, and hadn't sense enough to close on it!" added the Owl of the Remove.

"Lucky he didn't!" grunted Vernon-Smith. "Smedley was after me all the time, and he would have barged in while I was playin'."

Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"Oh, really, Smithy!" he said peevishly. "I wasn't speaking about you! I was speaking about the best bowler at Greyfriars—me!"

"You silly Owl!" hooted the Bounder.

"Well, I'd have played," said Bunter. "They made out that I couldn't bowl, because that silly ass Smedley got his head in the way of the ball on Monday. Man ought to have sense enough to keep his head out of the way of a fellow's bowling. I say, Inky can't take D'Arcy's wicket! Bet you that ass Gussy will still be there when we go in to third school."

There was a clatter of falling bails.

"How's that?"

"Out!"

"Bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy stared down at his wrecked wicket in astonishment. "Gweat Scott! Extwaordinawy!"

And the swell of St. Jim's carried his handsome bat back to the pavilion. Passing Blake coming in, he bestowed a serious shake of the head on that youth.

"Extwaordinawy, wasn't it, deah boy?" he asked.

"Eh? What was?" asked Blake.

"My gettin' out—"

"Not at all! Your staying in for half a dozen overs, you mean, don't you?" asked Blake innocently.

"Wats! Nothin' of the sort, Blake! I mean—" But Jack Blake marched on to the wicket without staying to learn what Arthur Augustus meant.

"Well, that ass D'Arcy is out," remarked Billy Bunter. "I fancied he wouldn't last long. Not much of a bat, you know." Bunter was prepared to vary his judgment according to the event. "Rotten bat, in fact! What do you think, Smithy?"

"I think you're a blitherin' idiot."

"Beast!"

"Feelin' a bit left out, Smithy, old bean?" asked Skinner, joining the Bounder, in his agreeable way. Smithy gave a scowl by way of answer.

"Smedley would have copped you if you'd cut this morning," went on Skinner. "I say, it almost looks as if he was banking on it, the way he went out and came in unexpectedly. Think he would?"

"I know he did—the cur!" snarled the Bounder. "And I'll make him sit up for it, too, some time."

As the field were crossing over Harry Wharton found an opportunity to speak

to the Bounder. He was anxious for a word with him.

"It's pretty clear now that Redwing was right, Smithy," he said. "Did the Creeper and Crawler come to Mossoo's class-room?"

"Yes—and found me there."

"Then it's all right. I say, Smedley's taking the Remove in third school; for goodness' sake, be on your guard! The brute seems bent on catching you out; don't give him a chance for handing out a detention."

"You seem to be gettin' on all right without me!" sneered the Bounder.

"Oh, don't be an ass! Remember what I've said. Smedley's out to dish you, and he will bag you this afternoon if he can. Don't give him a chance."

"I'll watch it!" growled Vernon-Smith.

Wharton ran back to his place.

The bell rang, and the onlookers trooped off, leaving the cricketers to themselves again. Billy Bunter snorted as he went, feeling that if every fellow had his rights he would be performing great stunts in the cricket field instead of going in to grind Latin with the Creeper and Crawler. The same thought—with more reason—was in Smithy's mind, and his brow was black as he went.

But Wharton's counsel was not lost on him, and he resolved to be very much on his guard in that lesson. If he gave Smedley a pretext for a detention the game was up. The Creeper and Crawler had scored a defeat that morning, and he would make up for it in the afternoon if he could.

That he was in no amiable temper was clear when he came into the Form-room. His hard eyes glinted under his brows, and his lips were set in a vicious line. The fellows in the Form envied the cricketers more than ever when they saw Smedley's face. They were going to have an uncomfortable hour, that was clear.

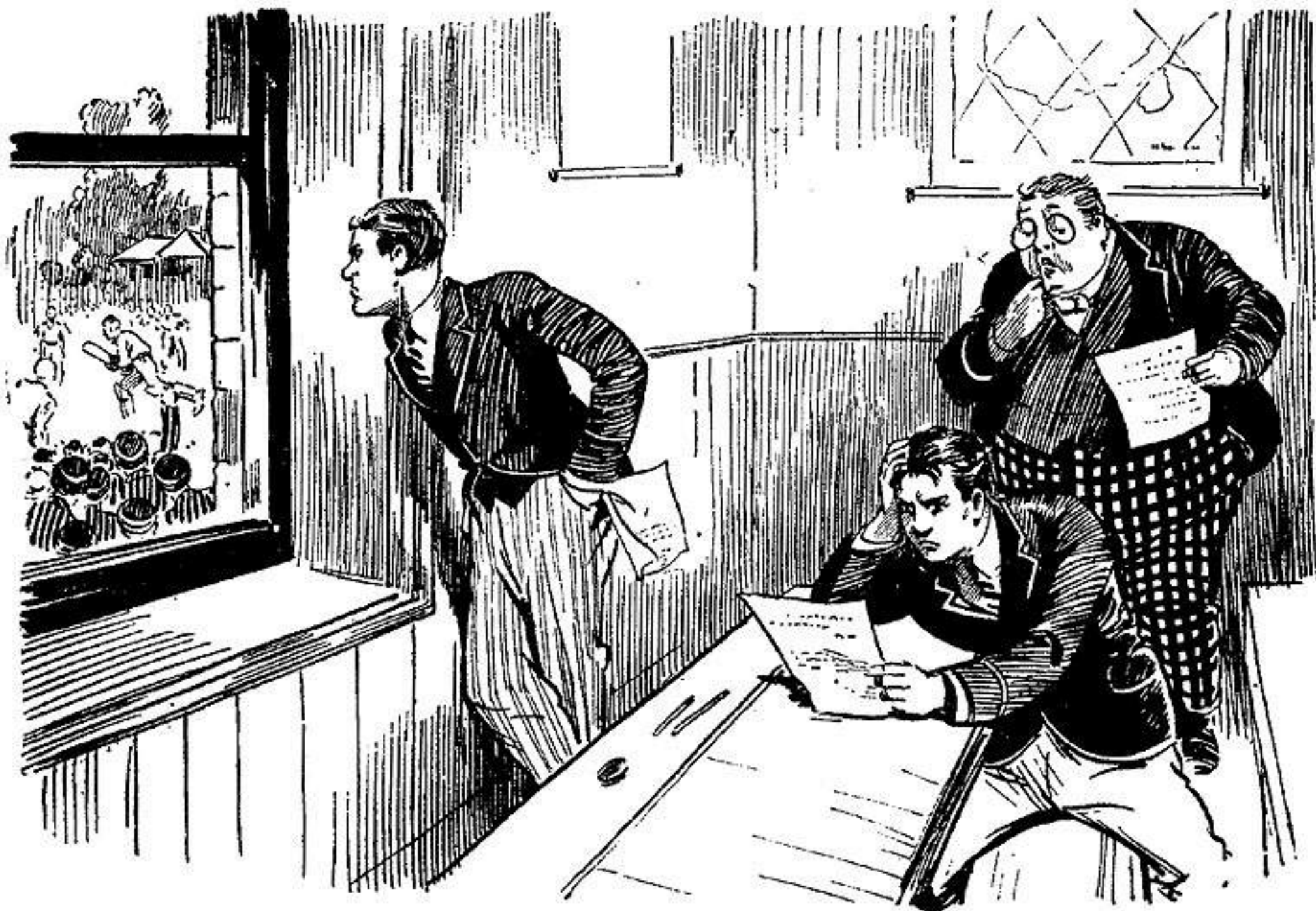
And they did! Lord Mauleverer was the first victim, his lazy lordship getting a hundred lines for yawning. Bunter came next, getting a rap on his fat knuckles for eating toffee in class. Bolsover major was "lined" for shuffling his feet; Kipps for putting his hands in his pockets; Dupont for inadvertently speaking in French, his native language; Russell for dropping a book. Then the cane came into play, Skinner getting a "cut" for inattention; Snoop one for whispering to Skinner; and Stott one for whispering to Snoop.

Vernon-Smith so far seemed to have escaped attention, but his turn was coming; he knew that it was coming, and he told himself that he had to keep his temper and not give the Creeper and Crawler a chance.

But it was easier for the hot-headed Bounder to tell himself that than to keep to it.

Latin papers had been given out to the Form, and Smithy was particularly careful with his paper. His thoughts were on the cricket field, and never had Latin grammar seemed so weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable to him. But he forced himself to write a good paper, and he made few mistakes. It was still some time before the end of the lesson when Smedley came among the forms, glancing at the papers over the juniors' shoulders.

Bunter, whose paper was a remarkable study in blots and smudges, was told to begin again, with the intimation that he would be kept in till he had completed the paper. Lord Mauleverer, whose paper was a blank, his lazy lordship not yet having made up his mind to commence, was given detention for



The three detained juniors had been left with Latin papers, but none of them settled down to work. Smithy glanced through the window at the distant cricket, Mauleverer sat at his desk, regarding blank paper with a meditative gaze, while Bunter was waiting for the others to start. "Get going, Mauly!" he protested. "No need for all three of us to work. I'll copy your paper, see?"

the afternoon on the spot. Then Smedley came behind the Bouncer, picked up his paper, and glanced at it.

"Disgraceful!" he said.

Possibly the Creeper and Crawler had expected to see a paper full of mistakes, knowing, as he did, that Smithy was thinking of cricket, and that he was chafing under a sense of injustice. As a matter of fact, the paper was as good as any in the class.

That made no difference to Smedley. It was not as a Form-master that he was there, except in appearance. He had his own game to play.

"You can do better than this, Vernon-Smith," he said.

"What's the matter with my paper, sir?" asked the Bouncer quietly, though his eyes were gleaming.

"I have said that it is disgraceful," said Mr. Smedley. "This is deliberate impudence on your part, Vernon-Smith!" He stepped out from the forms, tore the paper across and across again, and tossed the fragments into the wastepaper-basket, the Bouncer eyeing him with sullen fury. "You will write out the whole paper again this afternoon, Vernon-Smith."

"This afternoon!" repeated the Bouncer.

It had come!

The Creeper and Crawler had meant all along to detain him. He would have been glad of an excuse. But he was prepared to act without an excuse. Mauly and Bunter would be keeping the Bouncer company in detention, if that was any comfort! The Bouncer sat very still. When he spoke he choked down his fierce resentment, and forced himself to speak quietly.

"I'm expected at the cricket this afternoon, sir."

"Silence, Vernon-Smith!"

"It's an hour's paper, sir! If you'll

let me leave it till the evening, and hand it in to you before prep—"

"I have said, Vernon-Smith, that you will write out that paper in the Form-room this afternoon," said Mr. Smedley coldly. "Kindly say no more on the subject."

The Bouncer's temper broke out at that.

"And when I've written it out, what then?" he shouted. "What excuse are you going to make for keeping me in, and dishing me over the cricket?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Skinner. All the class stared blankly at the Bouncer. That kind of talk was rather new in the Form-room.

Smedley's eyes gleamed. He had calculated on the passionate, ungoverned temper of the scapegrace of the school. This time, at least, he had calculated well. The Bouncer had delivered himself into his hands.

"Vernon-Smith, how dare you! I had given you an hour's task; now I shall detain you for all the half-holiday."

"Think I didn't know you meant that all along?" exclaimed the Bouncer, utterly reckless now.

"Silence!" roared Mr. Smedley, red with anger. "You are detained for the afternoon, Vernon-Smith! Another word, and I will cane you in addition."

Redwing looked anxiously at the Bouncer. He fully expected an outburst of rage, which might have led to a visit to the headmaster and a flogging. But some lingering remnant of common sense restrained the Bouncer, and he gritted his teeth and was silent. But it was plain in his face that he was not going to keep detention that afternoon—a less keen eye than Smedley's would have read that in his furious looks. The Creeper and Crawler had failed that morning. He was going to

succeed that afternoon, unless the unexpected happened.

But it is often the unexpected that happens!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bad News!

"WATHAH good, deah boys!" That was the opinion of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of the St. Jim's Fourth, the ornament of the cricket eleven that had come over to Greyfriars.

Tom Merry & Co. all agreed with Arthur Augustus that it was rather good.

It was, in fact, more than "rather good." It was very good indeed. One hundred and thirty on the first innings was more than Tom Merry & Co. had expected to knock up on the Greyfriars ground.

It was more than the Remove men had expected them to knock up, and they never would have knocked it up had the Bouncer been playing. All the home team were sure of that.

Smithy was missed as a bowler, and he was missed in the field. The bowling had been good—very good—especially Hurree Janset Ram Singh's. The nabob of Bhanipur was in great form. Squiff and Tom Brown had been good, but not so good as Inky. The Bouncer was wanted. His bowling was very nearly on a par with Hurree Singh's. And in the field all the home players were good men, but the very best were wanted to beat St. Jim's, and Smithy was one of the very best. That catch, for instance, which Nugent had dropped, would almost certainly have

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(Continued from page 13.)

landed in Smithy's palm. And after that dropped catch Figgins had knocked up thirty. So much depended on so little.

But school was over now, and it was going to be all right. So Harry Wharton & Co. told themselves.

Even that reckless ass Smithy must have had sense enough to behave himself in third lesson, and avoid getting a detention. They were sure of that, rather forgetting the old fable of the wolf and the lamb.

When Greyfriars took their first knock, Wharton was going to open with the Bounder, and there was a general anticipation that that innings was going to make the fur fly.

So, well ahead as the visitors were, the Greyfriars fellows came off the field quite cheerfully, the innings having ended in good time for lunch, which was the school dinner.

As the Remove were now out, Wharton expected to see the Bounder, but he was not to be seen. But Billy Bunter put in an appearance, with a lugubrious expression on his fat face.

"I say, you fellows, that beast has been a frightful beast in class!" he told the Famous Five. "Never was such a beast! Horrible!"

They guessed that he was speaking of Smedley. The description seemed to fit.

"Making out that a man's paper was no good, you know," said Bunter. "There may have been a few blots. A smudge or two. Perhaps a smear. But what do you fellows think of giving a chap the beastly thing to write out again on a half-holiday. What?"

"Hard cheese, old fat bean!" said Bob Cherry commiseratingly. "Lucky you're not wanted in the cricket, isn't it?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! It's all your fault, Wharton!" said Bunter, deeply aggrieved.

"Mine!" ejaculated the captain of the Remove.

"Yes, yours! If you'd put me in the team I shouldn't have been in the Form-room at all, and you know I asked you. You can't deny that," said Bunter accusingly. "Now you've got me landed for a detention all through refusing to play me against St. Jim's."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" grunted Bunter. "I can tell you the Creeper and Crawler has been making us sit up! Mauly's got detention, too; he's got to stick it this afternoon."

"Poor old Mauly!"

"Never mind so long as Smithy hasn't got a detention," said Bob.

"Eh? He has!" said Bunter.

"What?" roared the Famous Five together.

"I say, you fellows, don't yell at a chap!" said Bunter peevishly. "You make a fellow jump. I say, I've got the whole rotten paper to write out again."

"Is Smithy detained?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes. Smedley said his paper was disgraceful. Still, he said mine was, too, so I dare say it was only his rotten temper. It will take me an hour to write out that putrid paper again," said Bunter dismally.

"An hour! Smithy's got an hour's detention, then?"

"Oh, no! You see, he cheeked Smedley, and the beast gave him detention for the half-holiday. Mauly and I got an hour each. I say, you fellows—"

Harry Wharton left his friends and ran towards the House. His face was set, and almost pale. This news put the lid on.

"Redwing!" He spotted Tom near the House. "Is it true that Smithy's booked for the afternoon?"

"Yes, Smedley—"

"Where is he?"

"I think he went up to his study—"

Wharton ran into the House. He almost raced up the stairs to the Remove passage and burst into Study No. 4.

Herbert Vernon-Smith was there.

His face was black as a thundercloud. He gave the captain of the Remove a scowl.

"Oh! You've heard?" he snarled.

"You've got yourself detained!" exclaimed Wharton. "You know how much we need you this afternoon, and you've got yourself detained!"

"Do you think it was my fault?" exclaimed the Bounder savagely. "The cur meant to detain me all the time. My paper was all right—I'll answer for it that it was the best of the lot—do you think I was fool enough to give him an excuse? But he didn't need one."

"You couldn't get a half-holiday's detention for a bad Latin paper, Mauly and Bunter haven't."

"The cur hasn't got his knife into Mauly and Bunter!" said the Bounder bitterly. "He meant it all along! I told him so, and that made an excuse for detention. But it would have come, just the same, if I'd said nothing."

"You might have held your tongue, anyhow," said Wharton, breathing hard. "Even that rotter has to have an excuse."

"I tell you it was no good. Can't you see his game?" sneered the Bounder.

"Redwing spotted it this morning. He knows that I shan't keep detention this afternoon, and he expects to catch me out. I've been trying to think of a dodge. If it were an away match, I could cut easily enough; but here, under the brute's eyes, what's to be done? He may pretend to go out as he did this morning; but we're wise to that now. He will be watching."

"If he's done this to dish you of course he will be watching!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "Whether it's your fault or his there's nothing doing—a man under detention can't play cricket."

"I'm going to play!" said the Bounder stubbornly.

"You can't!"

"I shall!"

Vernon-Smith's eyes glittered, and he breathed very hard. It was easy to see that he was in an utterly reckless, indeed almost desperate, mood—just the mood, in fact, that Lucius Teggers desired him to be in. Even a just detention would hardly have kept the Bounder in that day; and an unjust one roused all the fierce obstinacy of his nature. If the thought came into his mind that he was playing into his enemy's hands, he dismissed it. He was not in a frame of mind for caution or prudence.

"I shall play!" he repeated. "I'm not standing for this! Keep my place open, and, somehow or other, I'm going

to do it. It may be possible to lock the blighter in his study—"

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Or fix up a spoof telephone-call and get him away—I worked that once on Quelch—"

"Wash it out," said the captain of the Remove. "No man is playing in the Remove eleven on such terms as that. Larry Lascelles may be able to do something, if we ask him—"

"Was he able to before?"

Wharton was silent. He had lost the man he had counted on to pull the St. Jim's match out of the fire, and he knew it.

It was a heavy blow, but he was not the fellow to enter into any of the Bounder's reckless and desperate schemes. For one thing, he knew that they would be futile.

All the power was in the hands of the Creeper and Crawler, and so long as he could keep up appearances sufficient to satisfy the headmaster, there was no chance of defeating him. And—coming down to brass tacks, as it were—the fault was the Bounder's. Smedley was persecuting him, that was clear; but no such persecution could have been directed against any fellow but the scapegrace of the school. The fellow who had rejoiced in the reputation of being the worst fellow at Greyfriars, had no leg to stand on. No other man in the Remove could have been treated like this.

To the games master, or the headmaster, or to anyone who had a right to intervene, Smedley had only to reply that Vernon-Smith was disrespectful, rebellious, a constant mutineer against authority. And it was true! If it had not been true, Smedley could not have carried on as he was doing now.

Now, the Bounder was fiercely rebellious against injustice. But he had been as fiercely rebellious against strict justice many a time. Nobody was likely to believe that he was in the right, when, as a rule, he was recklessly and unscrupulously in the wrong.

Wharton turned to leave the study.

"Hold on!" snapped Vernon-Smith. "I tell you, I'm going to work it somehow—I'll stick at simply nothing—"

"Oh, cut all that out!" said Harry. "Smedley's a cur; but you've been asking for this, ever since you came to Greyfriars. I'd go to the Head about it, but what's the good, when he knows that you're the fellow who put ink into his hat and chucked a bag of flour at Mossos's head? Of course, he will back up a Form-master against a fellow like that!"

"I don't want any of your dashed sermons now," said the Bounder savagely. "I'm going to play cricket to-day, and Smedley's not going to stop me."

"You silly ass, that's what he wants, if he's watching for a chance to get you bunked."

"I don't care! I'll put paid to him somehow! I'm not knucklin' under to that cur! Look here, keep my place open! Somethin' may turn up. It's worth while, if I come in on the last wicket."

"I'll do that! But—"

"I'm goin' to play!"

"Oh, rot! There's nothing doing."

"Look here—"

Harry Wharton left the study.

The Bounder kicked the door savagely shut after him. He paced to and fro, thinking, bitterly, desperately. Somehow or other, he was going to beat the Creeper and Crawler, and play in the St. Jim's match. He was utterly reckless as to the means. But how—how? That was the question to which the Bounder, resourceful as he was, could as yet find no answer.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder Breaks Out!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Yaas?"

"You might get going!" said Billy Bunter.

Bunter felt aggrieved.

After lunch, the cricketers had gone down to Little Side again. Most of the Remove went with them. But there were three members of that Form who were booked for the Form-room.

Now, the Greyfriars innings had started, and the Bounder, at the Form-room window, had a distant and partial glimpse of the game, through the trees and buildings.

Smithy, Bunter, and Lord Mauleverer, had been marched in to detention. None of them liked it. But only one of the three was thinking of breaking detention.

Mauly took it with his usual placid calm. Billy Bunter took it peevishly. The Bounder took it with savage rage.

Mr. Smedley had brought them there and left them with their Latin papers. An industrious fellow could have done the work in an hour. So Mauly and Bunter could have got off in sixty minutes had they been industrious; which they weren't. The Bounder, being detained for the whole afternoon, had to remain there till half-past five. Smedley had kindly provided him with a task to keep him busy.

None of the three had touched his work, so far. Smithy was clamped to the window, getting glimpses of distant cricket. Lord Mauleverer was sitting at his desk, regarding blank paper with a meditative gaze. Billy Bunter was waiting for the others to start.

He uttered a protest at last. Smithy did not heed. But Mauleverer politely

acknowledged his remark, though it did not interest him.

"Oh, yaas!" he assented.

"Well, get going, then," said Bunter. "I can't begin till you do."

"Why not?" asked Mauly, in surprise.

"Oh, really, Mauly! We've all got to do the same paper, and that beast, Smedley, isn't here to watch us. No need for all three of us to work," explained Bunter. "I'll copy your paper, see?"

"Oh gad!"

"Or Smithy's! I don't mind which!" said Bunter generously. "But it will have to be one or the other. So get going, old chap. I don't want to stick in here all the afternoon."

Lord Mauleverer grinned.

"Suppose you get goin'?" he suggested. "Eh?"

(Continued on next page.)



If you are in doubt over any cricket problem, write and get "Umpire's" expert opinion. Address your queries to: "Umpire," c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

A NEW TEST MATCH AGREEMENT!

WE are getting all worked up about the first Test match, which will, of course, be played on the ground of the Nottinghamshire County club at Trent Bridge. We are also trying to decide, in advance, whether England will retain the "Ashes" or whether the Australians will take them back home.

So, perhaps, this is the best time of all to remind my readers that the "Ashes" may not be won at all this season. Does that surprise you? Well, it may, but it is a fact all the same. There is a new regulation in force this season concerning the fifth Test match which may so work out that the series of games will end with honours even at the finish.

On previous occasions when the Australians have been over here, the agreement has been that the last Test match of the five should be played to a finish if, after the fourth match neither side has gained an advantage. You will remember that this was the position in 1930, England and Australia having won one game each when it came the time to play the fifth Test. So that Test was played to a finish.

But the arrangement for this season—a new one, as I said—is that if, after the fourth Test match neither side has won two Test matches, or if the results are even, the last one will be played to a finish.

Now consider the possible position. Three of the first four matches may be drawn, and England may have won the other one—or Australia for that matter. In these circumstances the last Test will be played to a finish, and as the other side may win that last one, the result of the series would then be one game each. It's rather a good thing there aren't any real "ashes" isn't it, or we should have to consider the possibility of dividing them into two separate heaps. However, let us hope that it won't be a case of three out of the four being drawn.

DON BRADMAN'S ADVICE!

I THINK I might be able to forecast pretty accurately the results of these coming Test matches if I knew how many runs Don Bradman would make. He is most obviously the menace from the England point of view. When I asked him, on a previous visit to this country, to give me a hint or two about the secrets of his success which I might pass on to my "listeners," he started at the very beginning.

"The first point which a young batsman should remember," he said, "is to keep the eyes on the bowler until the ball has actually left his hand."

This great batsman considers it fatal to take the eyes off the bowler after he has started his run. Having had a look round at the setting of the field, watch the bowler was the gist of the Bradman advice. Watch his hand, especially if he is a slow bowler, because by so doing you may get an inkling of the amount of spin he is likely to impart to the ball, and also which way he intends to make it turn.

To know what is coming is half the battle so far as the batsman is concerned. Having watched the bowler and gained as much information as possible therefrom, the next important thing, according to Bradman, is:

To watch the ball right on to the bat.

He has told me that he has been able to see the ball through the air and note which way it was spinning. Anyway, by watching closely you can get the best idea of the pace. Point number three which Bradman made was this:

Don't make up your mind what sort of shot you are going to play till you know what sort of ball is coming. That's another quick way of getting out.

While passing on these Bradman tips, and especially that one about watching

the ball all the way, I may add that I am quite sure part of the secret of his success lies in his marvellous eyesight. All the best batsmen have been gifted in this direction. They see the ball a fraction of a second earlier than ordinary batsmen, and are consequently able to move their feet into position for making the stroke at an earlier stage.

THE TREATMENT OF BATSI!

A YOUNG Winchester player sends me a question the reply to which may be of general interest, as we all have to get new bats from time to time. This question concerns the treatment of a bat in the oiling sense, and to make quite sure that I got the reply right I visited one of the biggest bat-makers in the country. There I saw thousands of bats stacked—more bats than you might think would be used by the world in a year.

The advice of this bat-maker regarding oiling was on these lines.

As soon as you get a new bat, it should be oiled once, all over, with the best raw linseed oil. After this one soaking the back of the bat should not be oiled again, as this merely adds unnecessary weight. Only the face and edges should be oiled afterwards. During the first week after purchase the bat should be oiled, roughly, every other day, but after that once a fortnight is quite enough.

I hope this bit of advice will enable my Winchester friend, as well as all my other readers, to get hundred per cent. efficiency from their "run-makers."

"Playing a game the other Saturday," writes a "Magnetite from Birmingham," "we had considerable trouble with the bails, because there was a strong wind blowing. Do you think we could have got over the trouble by agreeing to play without bails, and if we had done this should we have been breaking the rules?"

Strictly speaking, bails are a part of the implements of the game, and they should be there to "complete" the wicket. But, if owing to the wind it is found impossible to keep the bails on, then by mutual agreement they may be dispensed with. This has actually been done in a county match.

Last season when Leicester were playing Hampshire at Leicester the bails were taken away because they would not stop on, and the match proceeded.

Obviously, when the bails are off, the umpire must watch all the more closely whether the ball just touches the wicket. If he decides that the ball has touched the wicket, then he must give the batsman out.

"UMPIRE,"

"And I'll copy your paper, old fat bean."

"Oh, don't be an ass, you know!" said Bunter peevishly. "You're wasting time talking this rot, Mauly. I say, Smithy! Ain't you going to begin, Smithy? Smedley may give us a look-in, you know."

"Oh, shut up, you fat fool!" said the Bouncer, over his shoulder.

"Beast!"

"Smedley won't be lookin' in," yawned Lord Mauleverer. "There's a masters' meeting this afternoon, and he's sure to go. May be hours."

"Well, we've got to do the papers, and leave them in his study," grunted Bunter, "so there's no need to waste time. Don't you be so jolly lazy, Mauly! What are you grinning at, you ass? When you've got a job of work to do, the thing is to tackle it. Grasp the nettle, you know! Don't laze about and slack. The way you sit there doing nothing is simply sickening, Mauly."

Lord Mauleverer chuckled placidly.

The Bouncer stepped down from the window. He had glimpsed Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry making runs. And he had glimpsed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of St. Jim's, jumping into the air, with a ball in his hand! One of the Greyfriars batsmen was out already.

Smithy was keen on games at all times. But never had he been so keen on a game as he was on the St. Jim's match.

It was one of the biggest of the junior fixtures. It was a sort of send-off to the cricket season. He was in tremendous form, and knew that he would play a great game and get the limelight that he loved. And opposition always had the effect of making him more determined and obstinate. Added to that was a sense of persecution and injustice. At any time he was the fellow to take risks. Now he was in a mood to take the most reckless risks.

He had come into the Form-room with the other detained fellows. But he had no intention whatever of remaining there. If he was playing into his enemy's hands he did not care! His obstinate mind was made up.

"What's that, Mauly?" he asked. "Did you say there was a masters' meeting?"

"Yaas! It's on the board."

"I say, you fellows, I wish you'd get on with the papers—"

"Shut up!" hissed the Bouncer.

"Oh, really, Smithy!"

"I'll kick you if you don't shut up, you fat fool!"

"Beast! It's all your fault we're here!" exclaimed Bunter wrathfully. "Smedley only wanted to keep you in; and he's keeping in a couple of other fellows just to make the thing look fair. All your fault! Look here, get your paper done, and let a fellow have a squint at it—Wow! If you kick me again, you beast, I'll—Yarroop!"

"Chuck it, Smithy!" said Lord Mauleverer quietly. "That won't buy you anythin', you know."

"If that cur is at the beaks' meetin', it's a chance!" muttered the Bouncer. "It's not much good startin' battin' if that tick will barge on the field and haul me off. Biffin' him with the bat wouldn't do any good. I couldn't carry on."

"Hardly!" grinned Mauleverer. "Better make up your mind to stick it, Smithy."

"Don't be a fool!"

"Fools are born, not made, old bean! Look at yourself, f'rinstance—"

"On, shut up!"

"Pleased if my conversation palls on you!" said Lord Mauleverer affably.

"But I wish you'd do your paper. It

would save Bunter and me a lot of trouble."

"Idiot!"

The Bouncer tramped about the Form-room in angry, discontented thought. Lord Mauleverer gave a deep yawn, dipped his pen in the ink, and started on his Latin paper at last, much to Bunter's relief. And the fat Owl dipped a pen in the ink also, and prepared to follow Mauly's lead. There was a possibility of trouble if he produced precisely the same series of mistakes as Mauly! But anything was better than work!

Vernon-Smith was not even thinking of the Latin paper. He had no intention of touching it. He was going to play in the St. Jim's match, if he was sacked from the school ten minutes after stumps were drawn! To that pitch of obstinate recklessness had the scapegrace of Greyfriars come!

If Smedley was at the masters' meeting, surely he had a chance of escaping his spying eyes. Would he cut the meeting for the purpose of keeping watch on a detained junior? The Bouncer in his heart knew that he would; but he tried to think otherwise. Anyhow, he was not going to stay in the Form-room. Half an hour had gone by, and every minute of it was an exasperation to him.

He went to the window again. Temple of the Fourth was in sight, and the Bouncer called to him.

The Fourth Former came to the window and stared up.

"Seen my beak?" asked Smithy.

"No!"

"See if he's in the study, will you, there's a good chap?"

"Oh, all right!"

Cecil Reginald Temple sauntered away and went along by Masters' Windows. He did not hurry himself, and it was ten minutes or more before he came back. The Bouncer waited, chafing with impatience.

"The jolly old bird's not in his nest!" said Temple. And, having given that information, Cecil Reginald resumed his elegant stroll.

Smithy knitted his brows. Smedley was not to be seen in the quad, and he was not in his study. That looked as if he had joined the Staff meeting in the lecture-room.

On the other hand, he might be in the House, keeping an eye on the Form-room passage, to spot the rebel if he went out. In that case, he would not spot him if he dropped from the window! There was something rather amusing in the thought of the Creeper and Crawler sitting at the end of the passage, watching the door of a room which no longer held the Bouncer. But—

There were plenty of "buts." Vernon-Smith dismissed them from his mind. It was a chance—or, at least, he was obstinately and recklessly resolved to think that it was a chance. He clambered into the window.

"Smithy, old man!" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer, looking round, alarmed for the reckless fellow. "Chuck it, old bean! You haven't an earthly."

The Bouncer did not trouble to reply.

Mauleverer jumped up. He was really concerned to see a fellow asking for trouble like this.

"Smithy, don't be such an ass! You know jolly well the man's got his eye open for you and he wants to catch you out! He will stop you—"

"He will be sorry if he does!" said Vernon-Smith, between his teeth.

"Have a little sense, Smithy!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Vernon-Smith slid out over the broad

stone window-sill, held by his hands, and dropped to the ground. The die was cast now!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Unexpected!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH stood under the Form-room window, panting a little, his heart beating rather fast.

In the bright May sunshine he looked over the quadrangle.

A good many people were in sight up and down and round about. Loder and Carne and Walker of the Sixth were talking, in a little group, at a distance. In another direction he could see Coker and Potter and Greene of the Fifth Form. Nugent minor and Gatty and Myers and Sammy Bunter of the Second Form were trotting towards the school shop. Hoskins of the Shell was walking with Hobson of that Form. But the Bouncer noted that no master was to be seen. The beaks were all at the meeting in the lecture-room. Surely Smedley was with the rest!

At all events, there was no sign of him.

The Bouncer's spirits rose.

If he got through with the cricket he did not care what happened afterwards. Anyhow, a fellow wasn't sacked for breaking a detention. The worst to look for was a Head's flogging, and even that was unlikely. Lines, detentions, canings—what did they matter?

Once he was in flannels, among the other cricketers, even Smedley's rat eyes would not pick him out from a distance. Not unless he came to look for him.

The Bouncer started to run.

Now that he was out of detention the sooner he got to the cricket ground the better. A quick change in the pavilion and he would be ready for "next man in." If Wharton asked questions, he would "stuff" him with a yarn that Larry Lascelles had got him off. Anyhow, he was going to play cricket!

"Vernon-Smith!"

He came to a dead halt suddenly.

A tall figure rose from a bench under one of the ancient elms, and came towards him.

The Bouncer's face went white.

It was Smedley, directly in his path!

The man was not at the masters' meeting. He was not in his study. He was not watching the door of the Form-room like a cat watching a mouse-hole!

He had been out of sight, sitting under the elm, keeping watch on the Bouncer's path if he headed for the cricket-ground. And there he was, stepping into the truant's path, with a sneering smile on his hard face that enraged the Bouncer beyond endurance.

"You have left the Form-room, Vernon-Smith!" The Creeper and Crawler stood in front of him, barring his way.

"Can't you see I have?" snarled the Bouncer.

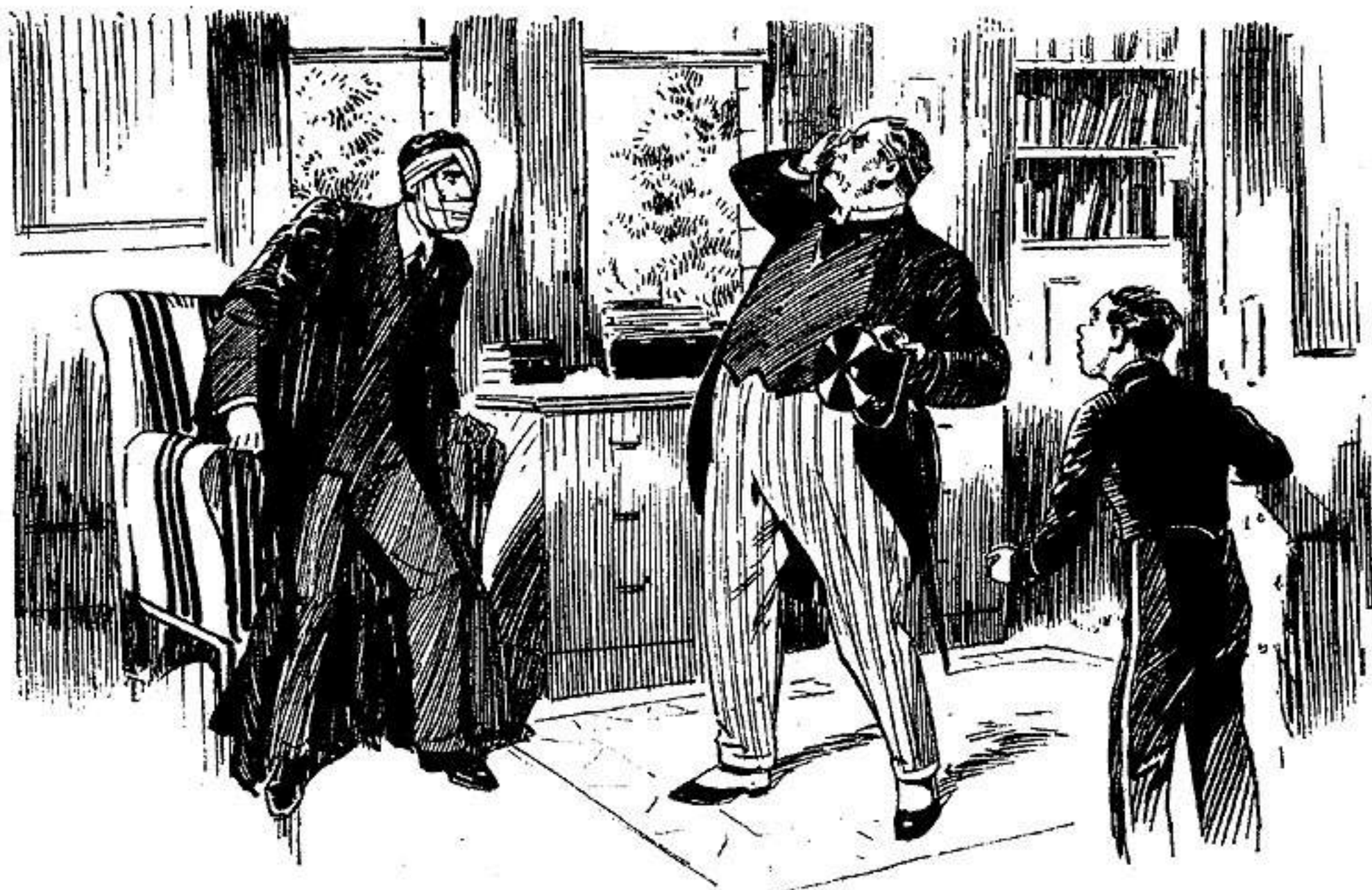
"You have broken detention."

"Didn't you want me to?" sneered Vernon-Smith. "Isn't that what you kept me in for?"

Mr Smedley compressed his lips hard. His conscience was not, perhaps, quite easy about the peculiar game he was playing at Greyfriars. But if he had any compunction, his intense dislike of the black sheep of the school would have banished it.

Had Vernon-Smith been a fellow like Wharton, or Bob Cherry, or Mauleverer, or even Bunter, Smedley would have had no such game to play. In that reflection the schemer found some sort of a justification for his scheming.

"I shall report these words to your headmaster, Vernon-Smith!" he said,



Trotter tapped on Mr. Smedley's door and then opened it. "Mr. Vernon-Smith, sir!" he announced, then added, involuntarily: "Oh, my 'at!" in his surprise. He blinked at the Form-master whose face was almost hidden by bandages.

between his closed lips. "Now I shall take you back to the Form-room."

He stretched out his hand to grasp the Bounder by the collar.

Vernon-Smith sprang back.

"Hands off!" he snarled.

"If you dare to resist your Form-master, Vernon-Smith—" Smedley's eyes gleamed, or rather, gloated. He had hoped for it, calculated on it; yet it seemed too much good luck for the headstrong rebel of the Remove to deliver himself into his hands like this.

"I'll go back—but keep your paws off me!" said the Bounder in a choking voice. "Lay your hands on me and I'll knock them off fast enough."

Smedley made a stride at him.

Lost to all prudence in his rage, Vernon-Smith clenched his fists, his eyes blazing.

Another moment and Smedley's hands would have been on him, and he would have been resisting—but in that moment a sudden, strange, and startling change came over the Creeper and Crawler.

His eyes, instead of being fixed on the Bounder, looked past him. He stopped as if suddenly rooted to the earth, the colour wavering in his cheeks, fading away, and leaving him white.

In utter amazement the Bounder stared at him, wondering what on earth was the matter with the man. It was as if Smedley had seen some startling sight, some grisly spectre, in the distance behind Vernon-Smith.

The junior turned his head.

A car was coming in at the distant gates—a magnificent Rolls-Royce car that the Bounder knew. He had a glimpse of the shining silk hat of a man sitting in it; and he did not need telling that that shining topper covered the head of Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith.

It was his father's car!

"The pater!" ejaculated Smithy.

He looked round again at Smedley! To his further astonishment the tall figure of the Remove-master was striding away to the House.

Smedley seemed to have forgotten the Bounder's existence.

With his back to Smithy and to the car, he was hurrying to the House, striding so fast that he was almost running.

It was quite unusual to see a master proceeding at such a speed across the quad, and a good many fellows glanced at him as he went.

The Bounder, in utter bewilderment, gazed at his disappearing back!

Smedley vanished into the House.

"What the thump—" gasped the amazed Bounder.

Smedley was gone!

Honk! Honk!

The millionaire's car came up the drive. Vernon-Smith stood and watched it coming. It was the sight of that car and the stout gentleman in the silk hat sitting in it that had so startled Smedley and sent him hurrying into the House. Why?

Smithy could not even begin to guess. So far as he knew, Smedley had never seen that car before, and had never met his father.

Even if he had, why should he be so startled and practically put to flight by the arrival of Smithy's father?

It was utterly inexplicable.

Smithy was not likely to guess that Mr. Eustace Smedley, so-called, had been stricken to the very soul with terror at the unexpected sight of a man who knew him as Lucius Teggers!

At that moment the man with a borrowed name was thinking of one thing, and one thing only; and that was getting out of sight before he was seen by Lucius Teggers' uncle!

Even as it was, his escape had been narrow. Mr. Vernon-Smith, looking from his car, had a glimpse of a tall figure vanishing into the House—fortunately for Mr. Teggers, only of his back!

The big car glided on to the House, and the Bounder, still in a state of

amazement, ran to meet his father when it stopped.

The millionaire stepped from the car. He gave the Bounder a grim look.

"Oh! Here you are!" he rapped.

"Not in detention, after all, what?"

"Here I am, father," answered Smithy, wondering how the millionaire knew anything about his detention.

"Isn't it a match to-day—another school, what? You told me so in your letter—"

"Yes—the St. Jim's match—"

"Then, if you're not in detention, why aren't you playing cricket?"

"The game's on now," said the Bounder. His eyes danced. "Come down to the field with me, father."

How and why, the Bounder could not guess, but it was clear that the millionaire's arrival had frightened Smedley off! It was, after all, the Bounder's chance! The unexpected had happened!

"I'd better see the Head—"

"The Head's presidin' over a masters' meetin' now! You'd have to wait."

"Oh! In that case, I'll come."

Leaving his car at the House, Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith walked down to the cricket field with his son. And the Bounder, as he walked by his father's side, winked at the pigeons in the quad. It looked as if he was going to play in the St. Jim's match after all!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Smithy Going Strong!

HARRY WHARTON, standing before the pavilion, was not looking exactly happy.

No batsman could like to be dismissed for six in a big fixture to which he had looked forward for weeks. And Wharton was the best bat in the Remove, and had hoped for great things. But Fatty Wynn, of St. Jim's, was a
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bowler who had made many a batsman feel sorry for himself.

The captain of the Remove bore it as cheerfully as he could; but he was not feeling bucked. Bob Cherry was already out for ten, caught in the field by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. And now Squiff, the Australian junior, who was generally a tower of strength to his side, both in batting and bowling, was out for eight, caught by Tom Merry. They stood and watched Johnny Bull and Peter Todd at the wickets, and Bob voiced the feelings of the whole eleven when he remarked:

"If that ass Smithy was only here to bat!"

To which an unexpected voice rejoined.

"Here's that ass Smithy, if you want him."

The juniors spun round.

They stared at the Bounder, and at the stout gentleman in the silk hat by his side, whom they recognised as his father.

"Smithy!" exclaimed Wharton. He almost forgot to jerk off his cap to Mr. Vernon-Smith in his surprise and delight.

"The esteemed and ridiculous Smithy!" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, good egg!" exclaimed Frank Nugent heartily; which was certainly sporting of Nugent, for he would have played had not the Bounder turned up, and he would have given anything in his possession to figure in the St. Jim's match. "Thank goodness you've come, Smithy."

All the fellows took it for granted that as Smithy had come there with his father, the detention was off. A fellow's father could hardly be supposed to have any hand in breaking detention.

Smithy grinned cheerfully.

The general relief and gladness at seeing him there was rather flattering to his self-esteem.

"You're next man in, Smithy!" said Wharton. "Get changed, quick! I fancy Johnny will hold them all right; but the bowling looks to me a bit too

tough for Toddy. You may be wanted very soon."

"Right as rain!" said Smithy.

He vanished into the pavilion.

Mr. Vernon-Smith glanced after him, and glanced at the juniors. He did not seem wholly satisfied.

He could see the glad relief of the cricketers at his son's arrival and that was very agreeable to the millionaire, who was proud of his son, and liked him to be popular. At the same time he could see that they had not expected Smithy. And it was odd that a fellow who was going in next was not yet changed for the game. His talk with Mr. Smedley on the telephone was fresh in Mr. Vernon-Smith's mind. And he was suspicious.

That talk on the telephone had not, as Mr. Smedley supposed, barred off the millionaire. As he had said that he could only manage to "squeeze" an afternoon because his son was playing in a school match, Smedley had not doubted that the information that his son would not be playing would wash out the intended visit.

Instead of which, the news that his scapegrace son was in trouble again at the school had roused Mr. Vernon-Smith's ire and caused him to set all other matters aside and come down to Greyfriars.

The difficulty of getting away from the City added to his ire! Stock markets were booming, and when stock markets were booming Mr. Vernon-Smith was a very busy man.

Greyfriars knew little, if anything, about such things as stocks and shares. They did not even know the difference between a "bull" and a "bear," if they had ever heard of those fearsome beasts that haunt the purlieus of Throgmorton Street.

They knew little of the activities of those busy City gentlemen who sell what they do not possess and buy what they cannot pay for, and make money thereby—and sometimes lose it!

So though Harry Wharton & Co. could see that Mr. Vernon-Smith was frowning, they had no idea of the urgent and important matters that he

had pushed, temporarily, to the back of his mind on account of his scapegrace son. They did not dream of guessing that Mr. Vernon-Smith, having skimmed the cream of the West African gold-share market, was now getting deep into tin shares, in which he expected the next boom. That afternoon off, really, might cost Mr. Vernon-Smith thousands of pounds if he missed his market in some share or other.

When he left London in his car that day, Mr. Vernon-Smith had not yet decided whether to buy a block of Hanky-Panky Tin. He knew that he ought to have decided at once, and he hadn't. And if Hanky-Pankies shot up after the other tin shares before he "got in," somebody else would bag the profits that Mr. Vernon-Smith had marked as his own.

Which was, of course, very irritating to a stout gentleman, whose fortune only amounted to a few million pounds.

In this frame of mind Mr. Vernon-Smith was disposed to be suspicious, snappy, and rather dangerous at close quarters.

"Has my son been under detention to-day, Wharton?" he asked gruffly. "I understood something of the sort from his Form-master when I spoke to him on the phone yesterday. He told me that he could not give him leave to play."

Wharton did not answer that unexpected question.

He had supposed that Mr. Vernon-Smith had seen Smedley, and got the Bounder off, as he had come down to the cricket ground with him.

"Do you hear me?" rapped the millionaire irritably.

"Eh—yes!" stammered the captain of the Remove. "I—I suppose—I thought—I mean—" He broke off. "As Smithy's here with you, I supposed—"

The millionaire's face hardened.

"I found him when I stopped at the House. He has told me nothing. He brought me here. Has he leave to play, or not?"

"I—I suppose so—"

Mr. Vernon-Smith could easily read the dismay in the face of the captain of the Remove. Wharton guessed by this time that the Bounder had broken detention at the time of his father's arrival.

"Haven't you seen Mr. Smedley, sir?" asked Bob uncomfortably.

"No!"

"Oh, I—I thought—"

"Then my son was in detention?" demanded the millionaire. "If so, what is he doing here?"

Wharton breathed rather hard. He could not enter into any reckless escapade of the Bounder's; but it was a severe blow to lose his best man again. He spoke hurriedly.

"As you're here, sir, perhaps you'll speak to Mr. Smedley, and get Smithy off. He couldn't really refuse you."

"Are you asking me to uphold my son in an act of disobedience?" rumbled the millionaire.

"Oh, no! But the fact, is, sir, that Smithy never deserved a detention to-day," said Harry. "Generally he asks for more than he gets, perhaps, but this time all the fellows know that he's had injustice. He can't play in this match without leave from Smedley; but he ought to be given leave. If you ask Mr. Lascelles, our game's master, sir, he will tell you so. He asked Smedley to let him off, and he refused."

"Do you mean that his Form-master has some prejudice against him?"

"Well, yes; it's something like that."

"Not surprising, I think," grunted Mr. Vernon-Smith. "But if it is the

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case that Herbert—" He paused. "I suppose he has given Mr. Smedley plenty of trouble, and put his back up—is that it? If he has not committed any special offence for which he was detained to-day—"

"I know that he hasn't, sir!" said Wharton earnestly. "I was quite taken by surprise when Smedley sent for me to tell me that Smithy would not be allowed to play this morning."

Mr. Vernon-Smith grunted again.

He was well aware that a fellow like Smithy would be likely to put his Form-master's back up, and he was not surprised that Smedley had a "prejudice" against him. A fellow whose own father had had to threaten with disinheritance was not likely to be in his "beak's" good graces. Still, even a scapegrace was entitled to justice.

"Well, I will speak to Mr. Smedley," he said at last. "As I am here, I have no doubt that he will stretch a point and allow Herbert leave for this afternoon. By Jove, I shall insist upon it, unless Mr. Smedley gives me very good reasons. Tell Herbert to carry on, and leave the matter in my hands."

"Thank you, sir!" said Harry gratefully. "I give you my word, sir, that Smithy never asked for it this time. And if he doesn't play we're going to lose this game, and it's rather a big affair for us, sir."

Mr. Vernon-Smith smiled.

"Leave it to me," he said.

And he walked off the ground, just as a roar came from the field.

"How's that?"

Figgins was holding up the ball, and Peter Todd was looking at it sadly.

"Caught!"

"Oh, well caught!"

Peter Todd came out.

"Smithy!" shouted a dozen voices.

The Bounder ran out of the pavilion, spotless in flannels, his bat in his hand. Wharton clapped him on the shoulder, his face bright.

"Get in! Your pater's gone to fix it with Smedley. It will be all right. Get in, and do better than I did, old bean!"

The Bounder grinned gleefully.

"I'll try," he said.

He walked to the wicket. All eyes were on him. Fatty Wynn had the ball, and there were four more to the over. The St. Jim's man put all he knew into those four. Smithy put paid to them one after another. The Bounder was at the top of his form. Two and four, and four and four—fourteen for the remainder of that over—and the Greyfriars crowd roared applause.

"Oh, good egg!" exclaimed Wharton. "Smithy's going strong!"

"Terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"Hurrah!"

And the Bounder, playing the game of his life, continued to go strong.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Man With the Hidden Face!

TROTTER, the page, as he showed Mr. Vernon-Smith in, was glad that he was not the person on whom the millionaire had called. Trotter confided to the cook later that the old bloke looked as if he was going to bite. Undoubtedly Mr. Vernon-Smith wore a frown, and his lips were set hard as he followed Trotter to Mr. Quelch's old study, now in the occupation of Mr. Smedley.

Hard and adamant as he was in his dealings with his scapegrace son, fully determined to disinherit him in favour of his Cousin Lucius if he was turned out of Greyfriars, the millionaire was, all the same, both fond and proud of Herbert, and keenly anxious that he should show a better side of his character, and make good at his school. And the bare thought of injustice to Smithy, of not giving him a fair chance, was intensely irritating to him.

He could make allowances for a master exasperated by a rebellious boy; but Herbert Vernon-Smith was going to have fair play, or there was going to be trouble. Having arrived at Greyfriars in a state of wrath against his son, Mr. Vernon-Smith had now transferred that wrath to his son's Form-master, since his talk with Wharton.

He was very anxious to see this Mr. Smedley, and "size him up," and judge what kind of man he was. Trotter had told him that Mr. Smedley was not at the masters' meeting taking place that afternoon, but was in his study. He showed the millionaire to that study.

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One of this week's handsome prizes goes to Joe Wheeldon, 22, Woodlands Road, Lr. Edmon-ton, N.9, whose winning effort appears below.

Said fat Bunter: "I've enjoyed that pie.
What was in it, Wun Lung,
by-the-by?"
"Pie velly good plog,
Him made of dead flog,
And poor little pussy cattle
that die!"

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Little did Mr. Vernon-Smith dream of the state of uneasiness, fear, amounting almost to panic, that reigned in that study. Little was he likely to dream that the man who was known at Greyfriars School as Eustace Smedley, Master of Arts, was in reality his nephew, Lucius Teggers, junior partner in the scholastic firm of Leggett & Teggers.

Smedley, from behind the window curtains, had watched the millionaire coming towards the House. He heard his footsteps in the passage.

His heart beat almost to suffocation. Had he had notice of the millionaire's coming, he would have contrived to be absent from the school. That had always been his plan, if Smithy's father came to Greyfriars.

But he had been taken by surprise by the sudden visit. He had, as he believed, shut the millionaire off by that talk on the telephone.

Now Mr. Vernon-Smith was here, was certain to want to see his son's Form-master, knew that he was not gone out, and could not be refused.

Smedley had had a quarter of an hour while Mr. Vernon-Smith was gone down to the cricket field with the Bounder. His wary brain worked quickly, and he had made the best use of his time.

But he was very nearly in a panic as he heard his uncle coming.

There was a tap at the door, and Trotter opened it.

"Mr. Vernon-Smith, sir!" announced Trotter, and added, involuntarily: "Oh, my 'at!" in his surprise.

He blinked at a Form-master whose face was almost entirely hidden by bandages.

Trotter, like everyone else at Greyfriars, was aware that Mr. Smedley's nose had been damaged by a cricket-ball, handled by the Owl of the Remove. That red and swollen nose had been much in the public eye.

But, so far, that damaged nose had not seemed to need bandaging!

Trotter blinked. Hardly more than a quarter of an hour ago he had seen Mr. Smedley hurriedly enter the House and go to his study—and his face had not been bandaged then. Unless he had had some accident in the study since, it was a mystery to Trotter.

The astonished page stood aside for Mr. Vernon-Smith to enter, drew the door shut after him and departed with surprising information for the cook and the maids below stairs.

Mr. Vernon-Smith stared at the master of the Remove.

Not having seen Smedley before, he was not so surprised as Trotter to see his face bandaged. He was, of course, unaware that the bandages had been placed there within the last ten minutes. Still Mr. Smedley's aspect was sufficiently unusual to make him stare.

"Mr. Smedley!" he barked.

"Yes." The answer came in the husky tones that Mr. Vernon-Smith remembered on the telephone. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Vernon-Smith. Pray be seated."

The millionaire sat down heavily.

Mr. Smedley sat down also, with his back to the light. The study was a little dusky, the curtains being partly closed to keep out the brightness of the summer sun.

"You have had some accident, sir?" said Mr. Vernon-Smith, staring at the bandaged face with a puzzled expression.

He knew that this tall man was the man he had glimpsed in the quadrangle, hurrying to the House. But he had a queer feeling that he had met him before. There was hardly a vestige of his face to be seen; but it struck the millionaire that there was something oddly familiar about him.

Had Mr. Vernon-Smith been more closely acquainted with his nephew, Lucius Teggers, he might have guessed.

But he had seen Lucius but seldom. Only of late, since he had taken up the idea of adopting him, if he was driven to disinherit his scapegrace son, had he taken any interest in that particular nephew's existence. Probably they had not met more than half-a-dozen times in all.

Nevertheless, the millionaire had a feeling that he knew the man somehow; though it was quite certain that he had never met Eustace Smedley. He stared at him hard.

"Unfortunately, yes," said Mr. Smedley. "A clumsy boy threw a cricket-ball fairly in my face, at close range."

"Not my son, I hope?" said the millionaire sharply.

"Oh, no! A boy named Bunter—a careless, clumsy boy! Rather foolishly I gave the injury little attention at the time, and the bruises have become

rather unpleasantly painful. However—"

Mr. Smedley dismissed the matter. "Have I met you before, Mr. Smedley?" asked the City gentleman abruptly.

"Not that I am aware of, sir," answered the man with a borrowed name, his heart sinking. "I have had the pleasure of speaking to you on the telephone once or twice."

"It is very odd, but I have an impression that I have not only met you, but sat talking to you," said Mr. Vernon-Smith. "However, I suppose it is a mistake. As you are suffering from an injury, Mr. Smedley, no doubt you will wish this interview to be as brief as possible. On another occasion I may have an opportunity of discussing with you the prospects of my son at this school."

"Oh! Certainly—another time!" murmured the Remove master, inwardly resolved that that "other time" should never come to pass.

"But there is one matter on which I must speak," said Mr. Vernon-Smith grimly. "It seems that my son was forbidden to play in a cricket-match to-day. What was the special reason?"

"Bad conduct, sir, and disrespect in the Form-room. But, in view of your presence here, Mr. Vernon-Smith, I shall be only too pleased to make a special concession, and give your son leave for the day, and you may tell him so from me if you choose."

Mr. Vernon-Smith's brows relaxed. "Thank you, Mr. Smedley," he said. "That is very kind of you."

He rose from the chair. He was not aware that Mr. Smedley would have made that concession, or any other, to get him out of the study, and escape from the penetrating gaze of his keen eyes. But he realised that a man so severely bruised that he had to have his face bandaged, could not desire any interview to be prolonged. Having gained his point, Mr. Vernon-Smith was prepared to leave the injured man to himself.

"I will trouble you no longer, sir," he said quite genially. "I am sorry you are in pain. I trust that you will be quite recovered by the time I call at Greyfriars again. I desire very much to consult you about my son."

"Oh! Quite! Certainly!" And Mr. Vernon-Smith shook hands with Mr. Smedley, and left the study. He went out of the House and headed for the cricket ground, with the puzzled expression still on his face.

Something or other about this Mr. Smedley seemed to haunt his mind like a half-forgotten recollection.

But he dismissed Mr. Smedley from his mind as he arrived on the cricket ground and heard the roar there.

"Good old Smithy!"
"Good old Bounder!"
"That's the stuff to give 'em!"
"Bravo, Smithy!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith smiled as he headed for a seat at the pavilion, and forgot not only Mr. Smedley, but even the tin shares that were booming far off in London!

It was not so easy for Mr. Smedley to dismiss him from his mind.

Left in his study, the man with a borrowed name locked his door against possible intrusion, and paced about restlessly. He did not want anyone else to see those sudden bandages on his face! Trotter had seen them—that could not be helped—and already, he knew, those bandages would be discussed below stairs. And he had to

keep them on till Mr. Vernon-Smith was gone.

Mr. Smedley was a prisoner in his study!

It was not, after all, the Creeper and Crawler's lucky day!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Smithy's Innings!

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"Blow away, Bunter!"
"Oh, really, Wharton! I see you're out!" said Bunter, with a grin. "What did you bag? A duck's egg, what? I say, don't you wish you'd played me now?"

"Fathead!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter had joined the cricketers before the pavilion. He blinked at the field through his big spectacles, but not with much interest. He was thinking chiefly of tea.

That morning Bunter had wanted to join the cricketers to get out of class. Now he wanted to join them to get into tea! Bunter's interest in the great summer game was not, in point of fact, concentrated on the game itself!

But there was a very keen crowd gathering thicker and thicker on Little Side. The Bounder was putting up a tremendous innings, and the news of it had spread.

Almost to a man the Removites had rolled up to watch him—even Lord Mauleverer exerting himself to walk down to the field, after his detention was up.

Temple, Dabney, & Co., of the Fourth, condescended to give the game a look-in; Hobson and a crowd of the Shell came, and so did an army of fags. Even Fifth Form and Sixth Form men rolled along.

Wingate of the Sixth was seen watching Smithy with an appreciative eye. Coker of the Fifth was heard to tell his pals, Potter and Greene, that that kid, young Smith, was putting up a show that he, Horace Coker, could hardly have beaten—a statement which was strictly veracious.

Mr. Lascelles joined Wingate; and those two great men, the games-master and the captain of the school, were seen watching Vernon-Smith.

Really, he was worth watching!

Man after man came in to partner the Bounder; but never for a moment did Smithy's own wicket seem in danger. Fatty Wynn bowled his best, and bowled in vain; the other St. Jim's bowlers never had an earthly, and in the field the Bounder gave them no chance.

Harry Wharton's eyes danced.

That he had made only six himself was a trifle light as air to the captain of the Remove, when he saw Smithy well on his way to a century.

Centuries were uncommon enough in junior games. But it looked as if Smithy was going up to the hundred—and over.

That was a delightful prospect to the Greyfriars fellows—especially after their narrow escape of losing Smithy.

Mr. Vernon-Smith, sitting in a comfortable chair, fairly beamed. He did not know so much about cricket as about stocks and shares. But he knew that his son was distinguishing himself at a game that was considered of rather great importance at his school. He heard the roars of cheering that greeted mighty hits. He heard Smithy's name on every tongue.

Never had he been so proud of his son.

He forgot that he had arrived at Greyfriars in a state of wrath. He beamed and smiled; he almost grinned. He totally forgot the existence of the Hanky-Panky Tin Mines, Ltd. He forgot the bulls and bears that roamed in Throgmorton Street, seeking what they might devour. He did not care whether Tin shares rose or fell, whether Hanky-Pankies "went through the roof," or "dropped through the floor!" This was a great day for Smithy's father!

"Smithy! Oh, Smithy! Hurrah!" gasped Wharton.

Mr. Vernon-Smith, staring at the field, knew that something had happened. But the Bounder did not seem to be doing anything. Mr. Vernon-Smith wished, at that moment, that he had studied the great summer game with some of the attention he had given to stocks and shares. He really wanted to know.

"Ow!" howled Bob Cherry suddenly, as he received a sudden poke in the ribs. He spun round, and blinked at the millionaire.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Vernon-Smith genially.

"Eh? Oh! Four!" gasped Bob, rubbing his ribs.

"Four what?"

"Eh? Runs!"

"But my son is not running."

"It's a boundary."

"Oh, it's a boundary, is it?" said Mr. Vernon-Smith. "I—I see! My son seems to be doing well, what?"

"I should jolly well say so," said Bob Cherry. "You ought to be jolly proud of him, sir! Ain't it lucky you came along to-day and got him off? He's winning this game for us!"

"Good!" said Mr. Vernon-Smith.

"Looks like a century," said Bob. "Look at the score, sir! Ninety for Smithy off his own bat! They can't touch him! Thank goodness Smedley never kept him away, after all! This is Smithy's field day."

"Good!" repeated Mr. Vernon-Smith, with satisfaction.

"Oh, good man, Smithy!" came another roar.

"It will be Smithy not out," said Harry Wharton. "If we'd only been able to open with him! Bother that man Smedley!"

"I say, you fellows, there's something up with Smedley," said Billy Bunter. "He's got his study door locked!"

"Oh, blow Smedley!"

"I had to take my paper to him, you know," said the fat junior. "I knocked, and found the door locked. So did Mauly! He called out to us to hand him the papers in the Form-room to-morrow morning! I say, you fellows, what do you think is up with Smedley?"

"Bless Smedley! Who's bothering about Smedley, fathead?"

"Well, it's queer, you know! I thought he would be after Smithy like a shot when Smithy cut detention. Instead of that, he's letting him rip, and he's locked in his study. I wonder if old Smith has been ragging him."

The Owl of the Remove had not observed Mr. Vernon-Smith sitting only six or seven feet from him.

"Shut up, you ass!" breathed Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! I say, I dare say it was old Smith got young Smith off, ragging that cad Smedley, you know! He's a bit of an old bargee, isn't he? Awful old bargee—Yaroooooh! Wharrer you stamping on my foot for, Bob Cherry, you beast?" Bunter hopped and roared. "Whooop! Yooooop! Wow!"

Backing away from Bob Cherry, the



"Wharton, take your men into the field," said Larry Lascelles, quietly. "Vernon-Smith, you will go with the rest. I take the whole responsibility." "Vernon-Smith," panted Mr. Smedley, "I order you—" There was a roar from fifty voices. "Go home, Smedley!"

fat Owl spotted Mr. Vernon-Smith. He gave him a startled blink through his big spectacles.

"Oh, I didn't see you, sir!" gasped Bunter. "N-n-nice day, ain't it, sir? So glad to see you at Greyfriars, sir! I say, sir, I—I— Whooop!"

Smack! "Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as he backed off once more, with a fat ear crimson and tingling. Mr. Vernon-Smith, apparently, had not liked hearing himself described as a "bargee."

But Bunter's roar was drowned by another roar from the Greyfriars crowd. There had been two more 4's, and Smithy had wound up that over with 3. He had topped his century!

Fellows waved their hats, roared, yelled, and cheered. Nobody had supposed that a century would be bagged by any man against such doughty opponents as Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's. But the Bounder had done it. He had done it, and looked like doing it a second time, if the innings could be kept open.

"Bravo!" came Mr. Lascelles' deep voice. The games master was waving a straw hat high in the air.

"Oh, good man! Good man!" shouted Wingate.

Herbert Vernon-Smith glanced round him with a flushed face and sparkling eyes.

This was the day of his life!

Fellows of all Forms, more than half Greyfriars, roared and cheered round the field. His father was gazing at him with rapt eyes, beaming delight. He knew, too, that the roar must reach Smedley, if the man was anywhere within the walls of Greyfriars. That was an added pleasure to the Bounder.

"Hundred and one, with two more wickets to fall!" said Harry Wharton. "If we'd only opened with Smithy! Hundred and one for old Smithy! Good man! Oh, good man!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hurrah!"

"What about tea?"

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"And he's still got the bowling!" chuckled Bob. "And they're looking a bit tired from hunting the leather, what?"

"The huntfulness has been terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "My esteemed and ridiculous chums, we are going to win this absurd match!"

"What-ho!"

"I say, you fellows, you really ought to knock off for tea, you know. I really think— Leggo my ear, Bull, you beast!"

"Go it, Smithy!"

"Give us a few more!"

Smithy gave them 10 more in that over. He seemed as fresh as paint. But in the next over Linley carried out his bat, having made 25—a useful score, though nothing like the Bounder's. Ogilvy went in to the last wicket.

Wharton tapped him on the arm as he went.

"Stick it out, Oggy!" he said, almost imploringly. "Give Smithy a chance to keep going. Stick to it like glue."

Ogilvy nodded and grinned. He was a good bat, and, going in last, he was rather keen to show that there was a sting in the tail. But he nobly repressed the desire to display fireworks, and made up his mind to devote himself to furthering the Bounder's game. That was what the side wanted, and that he resolved to do.

And he did it well. With last man in, Tom Merry & Co. looked for the end of the Greyfriars innings at an early date. But it did not come soon.

Ogilvy, with Scottish tenacity, kept his end up. He stole a run here and there. But the fireworks were left to the Bounder. And the Bounder put up a pyrotechnic display that satisfied the most exacting of beholders.

Ogilvy had made 8, when he was down, at last, to a ball from Fatty Wynn, of St. Jim's. But while Oggy was making that 8, the Bounder had increased his total to the round 150—a score seldom equalled in a junior match on the Greyfriars ground.

"Hundred and fifty not out!" Bob Cherry, in his exuberant joy, clapped Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith on the shoulder, hardly noticing what he was doing, with a mighty clap. "Hundred and fifty not out! Hurrah!"

"Ow!" gasped the millionaire.

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!"

There was a rush on the field, headed by Wharton. Smithy was grabbed, hoisted shoulder high, and carried back in triumph to the pavilion. Larry Lascelles slapped him on one shoulder, Wingate on the other. The Removites roared, clapped, and almost danced.

"Bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy remarked to his comrades. "That man Smithy is a corkah! A weal corkah! Hundwed and fiftay on his own, you know! I've nevah done it myself! Nevah! More than all the othahs put togethah! Some of those fellows are sayin' they won't have to bat again!"

"Oh, rot!" said Tom Merry. "We'll make 'em bat again!"

"Yaas, wathah! They've got two hundwed and fiftay—that's a hundwed and twenty ahead of us on the first innin's. The only thing is, I shall have to make a centuwy for St. Jim's," said Arthur Augustus sagely. "Mind you back me up, you fellows."

The St. Jim's score of 130 had looked good! But there was no doubt that the Greyfriars score of 250 looked better! Really, a century or so from somebody was rather needed by St. Jim's, though perhaps it was doubtful whether Arthur Augustus would contribute it. It had

been a hard game, and everybody was glad of a rest and tea—and Billy Bunter, at last, was relieved to find cricket relegated to the background, and foodstuffs to the fore!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder's Triumph!

"HERBERT!"

"Yes, dad?"

The Bounder was smiling. He looked very fit and well in his flannels, with a flush in his cheeks, showing hardly a sign of fatigue after his hard innings.

Mr. Vernon-Smith, sitting in the big Rolls, gazed at him approvingly and affectionately. After tea the cricketers were going down to Little Side again; but Smithy had stopped to see his father off first. The millionaire's tone was very kindly as he spoke to his son. Never had he been so proud of Herbert! Indeed, he was tempted to stay on and see that great game to a finish! But Mr. Vernon-Smith's time, of course, was of far too tremendous a value for such indulgence as that! He had forgotten Hanky-Panky Tin while watching his son at the wickets. But Hanky-Panky Tin shares were in his mind again now.

"I'm proud of you, my boy," said Mr. Vernon-Smith. "Your schoolfellows seem proud of you from what I can see. I came here expecting to find you in hot water again from what your Form-master said on the phone yesterday. Never mind!"

"You'll never hear any good of me from Smedley," said the Bounder. "He's got his knife into me for some reason."

"All the more reason for you to be careful and not to play the fool, Herbert! Even if he dislikes you, as you think, you've nothing to fear so long as you keep straight."

Smithy made no answer to that.

"Anyhow, Mr. Quelch will be back this term—you won't have the man here much longer," said the millionaire. "Keep straight and keep steady and let me go on feeling proud of you—and then we can both forget old troubles! I've been keeping you short of money for your own good—"

"You have!" said Smithy, with a wry grin.

"Well, I'm going to trust you, Herbert. Take that!" The Bounder started as a ten-pound note slipped into his hand. "Mind, I'm going to trust you! Take care that you deserve it. Now, good-bye, boy!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith shook hands very cordially with his son, and the big car rolled away with him.

The Bounder stood staring after it rather blankly. Evidently his father was pleased with him. He stared at the banknote in his hand. It was one of the millionaire's generous tips that he had not seen for a long time. This was undoubtedly the Bounder's lucky day! Greatly elated, he walked away to the cricket ground as the car turned out of the gates.

Unknown to Smithy, another pair of eyes watched the car go. They were Mr. Smedley's.

Keeping out of sight behind the curtains at his study window, the Creeper and Crawler had witnessed the parting of father and son, and, though he could not hear what was said, he saw how genial and cordial that parting was. Which was the reverse of agreeable to the Bounder's rival for the millionaire's millions.

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From the bottom of his heart Mr. Smedley was glad to see the car depart. He had feared that Mr. Vernon-Smith might stay through the match. Till he went, the schemer had to remain a prisoner in his study, keeping the bandages on his face!

Hardly had the car disappeared when Mr. Smedley removed those bandages. They were no longer needed.

His face, as he revealed it, was white with bitter rage and disappointment and chagrin—the red, bruised nose gleaming from it like a beacon. Bitter as his temper was, it had seldom been so bitter as now. On the very edge of success he had been defeated by the sudden and unexpected arrival of Smithy's father! He had had a narrow escape of detection, and the utter ruin of his plans and his prospects. Slinking in his study with a hidden face, he had had to give the Bounder his triumph—to listen to the roars of cheering, coupled with Smithy's name, from the cricket ground.

But the danger was over now! The millionaire was gone! He could wreak his bitter grudge at last on the fellow who had defied and defeated him. With set lips and a grim face Mr. Smedley left his study and the House. Mr. Vernon-Smith was hardly five miles away in his whizzing car when the Creeper and Crawler was striding down to Little Side.

He found a thick crowd gathering there. Under the bright summer sunlight the cricket ground was swarming. The St. Jim's second innings was about to begin, and Harry Wharton & Co. going into the field. With them was the Bounder, bright and cheery. Nobody had an eye for the tall figure striding through the crowd, the grim, set face that lowered among all others that were bright and cheery. Only the fellows that Mr. Smedley pushed out of his way stared at him as he passed and wondered what was the matter with the bargee! He had nearly reached the pavilion when Billy Bunter's spectacles fell on him, and Bunter gave a squeak.

"I say, you fellows, here comes Smedley!"

Harry Wharton glanced round.

His face set a little at the sight of Smedley's. The sharp, harsh voice rapped out:

"Vernon-Smith!"

"What the thump——" ejaculated the Bounder. He stared in angry surprise at his Form-master.

"Go back to the House at once, Vernon-Smith!"

"What?"

"You hear me? You have dared to break detention, and you will return to the Form-room immediately!"

It was some satisfaction to the Creeper and Crawler to see the dismay that fell on the cricketers. In his present black and bitter mood it was a solace to him to cause discomfort to anybody.

The Bounder's face whitened with rage! He understood! His father was gone now! His father had stood between him and the Creeper and Crawler—and now he was gone!

"But, sir," gasped Harry Wharton, "you've given Smithy leave——"

"Silence, Wharton!"

"Mr. Vernon-Smith told us, sir——"

"I am not concerned with what Mr. Vernon-Smith may have told you! You will be silent, Wharton!"

Mr. Smedley raised his hand and pointed to the distant House.

"Go at once, Vernon-Smith!" he said grimly. "If you compel me to remove you by force I shall certainly do so!"

The Bounder clenched his hands, his

eyes blazing. Harry Wharton, almost as enraged as the Bounder, shouted:

"Mr. Lascelles, please come here, sir!"

The games master was at the pavilion with Wingate and some Sixth Form men. He was already looking at the scene in surprise. Now he came over quickly at Wharton's call.

"What is it?" he asked.

"This is a matter that does not concern you, sir!" said Mr. Smedley, before the captain of the Remove could answer. "I have ordered Vernon-Smith back to detention, and he will go at once!"

"Smithy was given leave, sir!" exclaimed Wharton hotly. "Mr. Vernon-Smith told us so. He saw Mr. Smedley, and——"

"Silence, Wharton!"

Larry Lascelles set his lips.

"If that is the case, Mr. Smedley, you can hardly rescind leave already given in the middle of a cricket match," he said quietly.

"Probably Mr. Vernon-Smith misunderstood," said Mr. Smedley coldly. "I have no intention whatever of allowing this boy, the worst boy in my Form, to defy authority. Nothing will induce me to do so."

"Go home, Smedley!" came a yell from the crowd.

"Get out, Smedley!"

"Hook it, Creeper!"

"Buzz off, Crawler!"

Mr. Smedley's face set harder. He stepped towards Vernon-Smith with the intention of grasping him. Larry Lascelles stepped swiftly in the way.

"One moment, sir——"

"I refuse to allow you to interfere, Mr. Lascelles."

"I am sorry for that, as I am determined to interfere," retorted the games master. "I ask you once more not to rescind the leave given to this boy to play."

"I refuse!"

"Very well! I shall take the matter into my own hands, and answer for it to Dr. Locke, if you choose to lay the matter before him," said Larry Lascelles quietly. "Wharton, take your men into the field. Vernon-Smith, you will go with the rest—I take the whole responsibility."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Wharton. "Come on, you men!"

"Vernon-Smith," panted Mr. Smedley; "I order you——"

The Bounder turned his back on him, and walked on to the field with the team. There was a roar from fifty voices.

"Go home, Smedley!"

"Mr. Lascelles, stand out of my way!" Smedley's voice was thick with rage. "I will not be defied by a boy in my Form! I will not allow you to interfere! Stand aside!"

Larry Lascelles eyed him coolly and contemptuously, and did not stir.

"I will take the responsibility for this with the Head," he answered. "You had better go, Mr. Smedley!"

For a moment it looked as if the baffled and enraged man would hurl himself at the games master. The crowd looked on, breathless. But Mr. Smedley restrained himself.

"You will answer for this!" he panted.

"I am prepared to do so," answered Larry Lascelles coolly.

And the Creeper and Crawler, defeated, pale with rage, turned and left the field, followed by a roar of hoots and howls and cat-calls.

He was forgotten a minute later. Cricket claimed all the attention of the Greyfriars crowd. The Bounder was

(Continued on page 28.)

STOP HERE FOR BIG THRILLS !

The MAN BEHIND the SCENES!



Starring **FERRERS LOCKE**, detective, and his clever boy assistant, **JACK DRAKE**.

BY
HEDLEY SCOTT

HOW THE STORY STARTED.

MERVYN VILLIERS and **JULIUS TANKERHEAD**, two clever crooks, have been pulling off big coups in connection with sporting events. In order to find out how they work their clever swindles, **FERRERS LOCKE**, detective, poses as a wealthy Argentine book-maker. Realising eventually that **Ferrers Locke** has been bluffing them, the two schemers kidnap **JACK DRAKE**, whom they imprison in the cellar of an old country cottage. Leaving a bomb cunningly fixed to explode as soon as the cellar-flap is opened, they send an anonymous letter to **Locke** telling of his boy assistant's whereabouts and then flee to France. Arriving at the appointed place, **Locke's** suspicions are aroused when his eyes alight on the tell-tale marks of two pairs of muddy boots.

(Now read on.)

Escape I

JACK DRAKE came to with a violent start.

His widely staring eyes beheld nothing but pitch blackness. His arms were roped to something that denied him movement. A gag bit cruelly into his mouth; only the lower part of his legs were free.

It took the horrified youngster two or three minutes before he realised that he was bound fast to a chair. Then, in a flood, recollection of his journey in the Rolls with Villiers and Tankerhead came back to him. He remembered that sharp jab in the arm he had received when Villiers had lurched against him, and needed no telling now that a needle containing a powerful drug had been responsible for the sudden feeling of giddiness which had overtaken him. Where he was now the youngster had not the faintest idea. His keen nostrils detected a certain dampness in the atmosphere about him which suggested a cellar or a vault, but where his place of captivity was beyond that **Drake** could not fathom.

As his senses cleared he began to struggle with all the ferocity of a trapped animal. The result, however, was merely exhausting. Try as he might, he could not shift the bonds that held his arms tightly behind the back rail of the chair, or the cords that secured his lower limbs to the seat of it. Wriggle the muscles of his face as much as he liked, until his sense of humour told him that he must look like a contortionist practising for a show, **Drake** could not ease the almost

suffocating gag. Whoever had bound him had left nothing to chance. Yet **Drake** did not give in easily—he was not the type to admit defeat even in the face of the impossible.

Two hours at least went by before he desisted through sheer exhaustion and the twinges of cramp. Now his mind became active even if his body denied him succour. While he rested, the plucky youngster thought things over. He told himself that he had walked into a trap—told himself that **Locke**, who had been lured away on a false errand to Scotland Yard, would probably walk into a similar trap. It said well for **Drake's** extreme loyalty and affection towards his chief that he thought of him first despite his own terrible plight.

In the deep darkness **Drake** resolved that he would get out of his prison, ropes or no ropes. First, he reasoned within himself, it would be as well to find out the dimensions of his place of captivity.

Having rested himself, **Drake** then began a weary hop round the stone floor of the cellar, weary indeed, for the chair to which he was bound was heavy, and had, of course, to go with him. More than once, in his desire to learn the geography of the cellar, he banged his knees and his face against the walls. But he persevered. Then this weird method of progression brought about a result that sent a thrill along **Jack's** spine. His feet encountered something lying against one of the walls and sent it spinning to the stone floor with a metallic ring.

Jack's heart leaped high with hope. He began to ferret about the floor with his feet, and discovered, after many weary minutes, that the object he had knocked over was a spade. Dimly now he could make out the faint gleam of the dull metal against the pitch darkness. His exploring feet, too, traced the "shape" of it until he was certain that it was indeed a spade—a garden spade.

And **Drake** remembered that often as not the business end of a spade was sharp. If only he could get a grip of the spade handle between his feet and manœuvre the blade under the chair in such a position as would allow him to drag his bound wrists across it!

It was a desperate chance, and **Drake**

took it with that grim determination which had helped him out of more than one tight corner. By means of diligent shuffling he managed to grip the wooden handle of the spade between his feet, and slowly—tantalising slowly—slid the thing underneath the chair. Now came the most difficult task of all—he had to tilt the spade so that the blade end rose to where his bound wrists hung behind the chair.

With straining muscles and a seemingly inexhaustible store of patience, the youngster managed to get the spade to the required position. But no sooner had a glow of excitement spread through him at this initial luck than the spade slipped out of his grasp and clattered back noisily to the stone floor. Then began the weary "fishing" with his feet to retrieve it. Even in that moment of disappointment, however, **Drake's** practical mind flashed a message of encouragement. Obviously, he was alone, wherever he was, for the noise his "hopping" had made, and the metallic clanging of the shovel hitting the stone floor, had brought no sign of any second party. The place seemed deserted, but for himself.

As **Drake** paused to take a breather his keen ears caught the far-away hoot of an owl. It was an owl—he was sure of it—became doubly sure as he heard the mournful hoot repeated. And the presence of an owl suggested that his place of captivity was somewhere in the country.

Having satisfied himself on that point, **Drake** recommenced his task of lifting the spade, by the handle. Here fortune seemed to mock at him, for although he came within an ace of raising it to the required position time and time again the scant freedom allowed to his feet was insufficient to keep the thing in place.

Two hours of this continuous battling began to tell on the now overwrought state of the youngster, and he decided to rest longer this time. He closed his eyes—there seemed little to be served by keeping them open in this Stygian gloom, and, all unknowingly, **Drake's** head began to nod. He shook himself into wakefulness as his head fell forward with a jerk, and savagely began his task afresh of trying to capture

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the elusive spade. But outraged nature claimed sleep at last, and Jack Drake, fighting against it manfully, collapsed.

He knew not how long he slept except that the cramp in his body, particularly in his arms, indicated when he awoke that several hours had passed. But with the first flush of wakefulness Drake began again to make use of the tantalising spade.

The darkness of the cellar was as intense as ever. He could not tell the time, for the watch on his wrist was behind him, and consequently out of sight. The struggle was renewed with a savage relentlessness now tinged somewhat with despair. Then Drake, realising the futility of trying for freedom this way, decided upon another course. From his past "hopping" exploration of the cellar he knew roughly where the nearest corner was. Where two walls meet in an angle might assist him now—if only he could get the shovel in an upright position against the corner.

The Vital Moment!

"IT'S a chance!" Drake told himself, and straightway began to push the shovel towards the nearest corner.

When it refused to advance further, he knew that the corner was reached. With the handle of the spade jabbed hard in the corner, Drake's feet now felt for the steel blade, and tipping his toes underneath it, he kicked upwards with all his force. The blade rose up on end, clattered noisily against the wall of the cellar and fell back, smiting Drake a resounding whack across the face.

But the youngster scarcely felt it. Elation surged through him. He'd got the spade in an upright position now, and his next move was to prop it against the wall, so that it balanced on its handle. With great care Drake executed this movement; then satisfied, he reversed the chair by a series of short hops so that his back was to the corner, and slowly and carefully hopped back again. His outstretched fingers touched the wooden stem of the spade and fastened around it with desperate strength. Then, bit by bit, Drake lowered the spade until the wooden handle was sliding beneath the chair—until the metal blade was in line with his bound wrists.

"Now!" breathed Drake. "It's now or never!"

Planting his feet firmly upon the handle of the spade to stop it from sliding, the youngster began to saw his bonds along the edge of the steel. In the process the skin was rasped from his wrists until the flesh was raw and bleeding, but Drake was hardly aware of the physical pain.

He persevered with a courage there was no denying.

The edge of the spade was blunt and it seemed to make precious little impression upon the cords, but Drake would not give in. He strained away at the cords every half an hour or so, in the hope that the weakened strands would burst asunder.

The hours went by. Very grudgingly the stout cords surrendered to Drake's drastic treatment. But with the snapping of one or two strands Drake began to work afresh with tigerish strength and ferocity.

Persistence brought its reward, for at last the final strands broke apart, and the youngster felt his arms fly loose. So

cramped were his muscles that Drake could not control those flailing arms. They swung forward like pendulums from their position at the back of the chair to his knees. There they hung, listlessly, what time a thousand needles seemed to spike into the youngster's flesh as the circulation began to course back.

The pain of it brought an involuntary cry from Drake, but he waited patiently, and then sought the pocket knife which he invariably carried in his waistcoat. Once he had secured the precious knife, the rest was easy. First the gag was cut away and Drake breathed deeply and thankfully and began to work his aching jaws. Next the cords holding him to the seat of the chair was sliced through with a pardonable savagery. Once again Drake endured tortures as he stood upright—or rather, attempted to—and the blood began to flood back through his cramped limbs. For quite five minutes he leaned against the wall, a feeling of sickness and exhaustion gnawing at his heart, for the struggle, and his cramped position, had taken more out of the youngster than he had fully realised.

Partially recovered, he next began to massage his arms and legs, with a practised skill. Ten minutes of this treatment, and Drake told himself that he was now ready to get out of this dungeon just as quickly as he could.

He felt in his pocket for a box of matches, groaned aloud when the search proved fruitless, and whooped almost in the same moment as he remembered that he had Ferrers Locke's automatic petrol lighter in his trousers pocket. Only that same morning the detective had asked him to take it into Lungvale's, the tobacconists, for a slight repair.

With hands that trembled, Drake flicked the lighter open. No responding glimmer of light came except for the spark.

"Oh, hang!" muttered Drake. "There's no petrol in it!"

He tried again and again, and it was not until his very persistence threatened to wear out the flint of the lighter completely, that the wick suddenly caught and a small glow of precious light flared up in the blackness.

Drake wasn't taking any more chances. He snatched up the thinnest piece of frayed cord, lit it with extreme care, and began to peer about him. All he saw were the four walls of the cellar, the chair, and the spade. But as he advanced cautiously, the radius of light revealed the small stairway and the trapdoor above. It showed something else, too—the peculiar shaped bomb lying on the bottom step of the stairway and the length of flex attached to it and a small ring bolt on the under side of the trapdoor!

Even as the smelly, burning cord began to die down into nothing more than red smoulder, Drake realised the nature of that ugly looking thing lying there and the likely purpose of the flex attached to it and the trapdoor.

"It's a bomb!" he told himself aloud hoarsely. "I'm certain of it! And it means that whoever opens the trapdoor, will fire the bomb and blow me and himself to eternity!"

Drake's already pale face whitened to a ghastly hue, for in the moment that he made this terrifying discovery, he heard footsteps resounding on the floor above.

With an agonised cry, Drake darted forward in the darkness, groping for the stairway.

"Gone Away!"

FERRERS LOCKE was still surveying the tell-tale imprints on the rough carpet which concealed the trap when he heard a muffled cry coming from somewhere directly below him.

In a moment the detective was stoop and whipping away the carpet. There, quickly discernible, was the trapdoor.

"Hold on—I'm coming!"

Locke yelled the words encouragingly as he knelt, and prepared to swing back the trap.

An agonised voice froze him into immobility on the instant.

"Don't open the trap, guv'nor, for heaven's sake!"

It was Jack Drake's voice all right—strangely hoarse and alarmed.

"Right-ho, Jack!" Locke's reassuring reply gave new life to the desperate youngster below. "What is it—a bomb?"

"Yes!" gasped Drake. "I just saw it in time. But I've got no light now. There's a bomb on the bottom stair here, and it's connected to the ring-bolt of this trapdoor by a length of flex!"

"Haven't you any matches, young 'un?"

"Not one," answered Drake. "But you can possibly slide one or two through the crack. If I could only see where the flex is I could remove it. But I daren't plunge about here in the dark in case I foul it."

"I've got you! Don't worry," replied Locke. "I'll drop several—there's room enough, I think, to allow them to pass. You'll see them against the darkness if you look hard enough. Stand by!"

As he spoke he withdrew several wax vestas from his matchbox and carefully slid them through the crack at the extreme edge of the trap. Down below Drake watched with wide-open eyes.

"Okay, guv'nor!" he called out in a voice full of relief. "I can see two or three of them. Shan't be long now!"

The detective heard his assistant scratch one of the matches into a flame, and waited anxiously.

"I can see my way now, guv'nor!" called out Drake, holding the light before him and shuddering as he realised how near he had come to fouling the flex in his wild stampede towards the stairway. "I'll soon have the flex off the ring-bolt, anyway."

Locke heard his assistant tramp up the stairway, heard his quick breathing as he wrestled with the knotted flex and the small ring-bolt. Then the lad's faint gasp of triumph told the waiting detective above that the danger was past.

"All clear, guv'nor!" sang out Drake. "You can open the trap now!"

Locke did so at once, and leaned down to give his white-faced assistant a hand.

Drake climbed wearily into the sunlit room, gave his chief a cheerful grin, and then swayed like a drunken man. Locke's arm went about him in the same moment, and supported him.

"Poor kid!" he murmured. "Poor kid! Take it easy—you're nearly all in!"

Drake's pale features flickered into a smile again.

"I'm as fit as a fiddle!" he lied bravely. "I'm—I'm—"

Drake didn't know it just then, but he had fainted clean away. Locke gathered him in his strong arms and took him to a narrow settee which stood beneath the window. Here he stretched Drake out and began to revive

him with the contents of the brandy flask which he always carried with him against emergencies.

He saw the youngster's bruised and bleeding wrists, and needed no telling that Drake had endured agonies to free himself of the bonds which at one time had held him a fast prisoner. Then, opening the window of the cottage to let in the fresh air and the sunlight, Ferrers Locke, a lighted match in his hand, gingerly began a descent of the stairway to the cellar below.

With extreme care he picked up the queer-shaped bomb lying at the foot of the stairs, flashed the light round the place, and grunted his approval when he saw the broken cords, the chair, and the spade which had proved such a blessing to his young assistant.

With a grim, set face the detective retraced his steps, lowered the trap back into position, thought awhile on his next course of action, and then returned to Drake.

The youngster was speedily recovering, and his face twisted into a cheeky smile as he saw Locke looking down upon him.

"Near thing, guv'nor," he said—"near thing for both of us!"

"It certainly was," replied Locke, thinking of the anonymous letter. "It was intended that we should both perish when that bomb went off. But tell me, Jack, how did you come here? And who brought you?"

"Need you ask?" replied Drake, sitting up and passing a blood-stained hand across his face. "Tankerhead and Villiers, of course."

Whereupon he plunged into a brief account of how the two conspirators had lured him away from the Pall Mall offices in the Rolls and doped him. Locke heard him out without a break, and then added his end of the story.

"That Rolls of ours was involved in a smash, my lad. I thought even the wreckage was familiar when I inspected it. Now our next line of action is to call upon Messrs. Villiers & Tankerhead while the going is good. Feel well enough to travel?"

"I'll say I do!"

And Drake stood upon his feet, steadied himself against a returning attack of giddiness, and began to move doorwards.

Ferrers Locke followed him out, shut the door of the cottage, and seated himself at the wheel of his car. A moment or so later the car was racing back to London.

"We've got them this time, my lad," said Locke, as he drove along. "Clear evidence of kidnapping, violence, and attempted murder. I think we've given Messrs. Villiers & Tankerhead too long a run."

"They must have discovered that Jules Martinez and Ferrers Locke were one

and the same man," said Drake. "That was deuced clever of them."

Locke, never taking his eyes off the road, shook his head slightly.

"Not clever of them exactly," he replied. "But rather stupid of me, young 'un!"

Drake's blue eyes opened wide in inquiry.

"How so?"

"Why, it occurred to me when I endorsed their first cheque to us that a keen eye would very likely detect the similarity of the writing, despite the fact that the cheque was endorsed by a Jules Martinez. And you must remember Tankerhead and Villiers were familiar with my writing, for they're both members of my club."

"Phew!" breathed Drake. "That looks like it."

"I'm sure of it," smiled Locke. "I realised it the moment I had cashed their cheque, but it was too late to do anything then, for the cheque, cancelled upon payment, would be returned to Villiers by the bank automatically. Still, even the best of us make mistakes."

The car sped on. Soon it was threading its way through the suburbs. But a few minutes now, Drake told himself, and Messrs. Villiers and Tankerhead would be fast prisoners. The tables would be turned with a vengeance!

(Continued on next page.)

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped, addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

THE first letter to hand this week comes from John Schofield, who lives in South Africa. "I have only been reading your splendid paper, The MAGNET, for a short while," he says, "but I have enjoyed every issue so far. What is more I hope I shall enjoy every issue for some years to come." Thanks very much for your interesting letter, John, and the splendid things you say about the Old Paper. As regards your question: "Who wrote the Greyfriars stories before Mr. Frank Richards?" the answer is: No one! Frank Richards has been writing these stories of Harry Wharton & Co. ever since The MAGNET first appeared, and as we are now at No. 1,372, you can tell how many years he has been bringing delight to readers of all ages.

This is one of the many letters from my chums in the Dominions in my post-bag this week. From every part of the world letters of appreciation reach me, especially from such places as Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Once again I extend a hearty welcome to new readers the world over and promise one and all that The MAGNET will always maintain its present high standard.

Here is a cinema query concerning FAKING THE FILMS!

John Grant, of Huddersfield, asks me to explain how it is that one actor can play two parts on the screen and actually appear to be talking to himself. It is really quite easy. When the film is running through the camera, half of it is covered so that nothing can be photographed on that half. The actor is photo-

graphed as though he is talking to someone who is standing where the other half of the film would normally take a photograph.

The film is afterwards run back into the camera, and the screen which obscured one-half of the film is reversed so that it prevents photographs being taken on the part which has already been exposed. The actor then takes up his position where he will be photographed on the unexposed part of the film, and talks towards the place where he was standing before. When the film is developed, it shows the same actor twice—apparently talking to himself.

There are all sorts of tricks which you can play with cameras. In fact,

THE CAMERA DOES LIE!

For instance, even with an ordinary "still" camera, you can get some amusing effects. Have you ever taken a "ghost" photograph of a chum? It's remarkably easy. Get a chum to stand against a certain background, and fix the camera so that it will not move. Then take a snap of him. Without shifting the camera, tell him to move out of range of the lens and then take another quick exposure of the background against which he was standing.

On developing the photograph, you will find that the background shows through the body of your chum. In other words he looks like a ghost, because you can actually see through him.

SOME of the most amazing trick photographs can be done by means of a film camera. I saw a trick film which a friend of mine did a little while ago, and the effect was much

more mysterious than even the famous Indian rope trick. He called the film
THE VANISHING MAN!

You saw the "magician" take a man and seat him on a chair. He waved his hands, and—hey presto!—the chair was still there, but the man had vanished! Another wave of the hands, and the victim was back again!

This is how it was worked: The film camera took the scene of the "vanishing" man seating himself on the chair. When the "magician" waved his hands, the camera-man stopped. The victim then got out of the chair. Immediately after he was out of the range of the camera the camera-man continued to take a film of the empty chair, with the magician waving his hands once more. Then the victim was asked to sit down again—while the camera was stopped—and as soon as he seated himself, the camera started again. The result was as I have described above. When the film was projected it really looked as though the man had vanished and suddenly reappeared! That was because the interval during which the change-over took place is not shown on the film.

And now a word or two about next week's programme. First comes another A 1 yarn from the gifted pen of Frank Richards, entitled:

"RIVALS FOR A FORTUNE!"

This topping story abounds in surprises and exciting situations and brings to an end the bitter feud between the Bounder and the scheming Mr. Smedley. It will keep you interested from the first chapter to the last, so don't miss it. Be wise, then, and order your copy in good time. You'll find Hedley Scott "at home" with further thrilling chapters of his powerful 'teeo story. The "Greyfriars Herald," too, will be well up to standard, not to mention our other shorter features.

Until next week, then,

Cheerio, chums,

THE EDITOR.

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But a shock awaited Locke's youthful assistant, although the detective himself seemed quite unperturbed when, having called at the residences of both gentlemen, he discovered that they had left for the Continent.

"Bad luck, guv'nor!" grunted Drake rather dismally. "They've slipped through our fingers again."

Locke smiled confidently.

"Not for long, Jack. They're obviously lying low until they hear or read in the newspapers that Ivy Cottage has been blown sky high and that the remains of two celebrities, namely, Master Jack Drake and Ferrers Locke, have been found amidst the debris. It will bring them back to England like a shot."

Drake's face twisted into a thoughtful frown.

"But Ivy Cottage hasn't been blown sky high!" he expostulated. "And we're very much alive and kicking, aren't we?"

Locke treated his assistant to a cheerful wink.

"Well, my lad, in this business one cannot afford to be too scrupulous. If our two birds want to hear news of the sort I've just described they shall hear it. It's been done before with success—and it will be done again. I'll guarantee I'll find out where our two beauties are in less than two hours. Once that's done, I'll soon fake the rest."

Drake's eyes glistened with excitement.

"Jove, guv'nor, that's a great idea. We shall get the last laugh yet!"

"Exactly! As sure as my name is what it is!" chuckled the detective. "Come on!"

(The net is closing in on the two conspirators, but Tankerhead and Villiers are not caught yet! Mind you read next week's thrilling chapters of this fine story.)

THE WORST MASTER IN THE SCHOOL!

(Continued from page 24.)

given the ball for the first over, and the Greyfriars fellows watched eagerly to see how the St. Jim's batsmen would fare.

They fared ill. A long innings with the willow had not impaired the Bounder's deadly efficiency with the leather. Tom Merry went down in that over, and Blake followed him at the last ball. And the Greyfriars fellows roared:

"Bowled! Oh, well bowled!"

"Good old Smithy!"

"Bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy remarked, as he took up his bat to follow Blake. "I told you men that that chap Smithy was a corkah! I wepeat that he is a corkah! Howevah, I hope I shall put paid to him."

It was a delusive hope. Arthur Augustus faced the bowling of Hurreo Jarnset Ram Singh, and at the third ball there was a roar.

"Caught, Smithy!"

"Hurrah!"

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus. It was all he could say. He walked back sadly to the pavilion, where he told the other batsmen that that man Smithy undoubtedly was a corker.

But there were good men and true in the St. Jim's team, and they put up a good innings. The score turned the hundred, but the most hopeful man from St. Jim's on the ground had little hope of pulling through. They hoped to make Greyfriars bat again, at least, but even that was denied them. The score stood at 114 when last man was called. Last man was Fatty Wynn, and he put on four, and then a single.

Excitement was then intense. One more run, and the home team at least had to bat once more. But that one

run never materialised. Figgins was at the other end, and after Wynn's single he got the bowling from the Bounder. Figgins said afterwards that it was not what you'd call a fast ball, but a lightning-flash. Whatever it was, it uprooted a stump, and Figgy gazed sorrowfully at a wrecked wicket. St. Jim's were all down in the second innings for 119, and Greyfriars had won the match with an innings in hand!

Mr Smedley had the pleasure—or otherwise—of seeing an army of shouting fellows march back to the House, with the Bounder borne in triumph in their midst, on the shoulders of Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

It had been a great game, and a tremendous victory, and Tom Merry & Co. took it cheerfully, like the good sportsmen they were.

That night—Smedley or no Smedley—there was little prep done in Remove studies. Fellows paraded the passages, cheering. The scapegrace of the school was the hero of the hour. It was Smithy's triumph, and he enjoyed it to the full. Some of the fellows wondered whether Larry Lascelles was booked for trouble with the Head, while others opined that Smedley would have sense enough to let the matter drop. The latter proved to be in the right—Smedley let it drop, which was the wisest thing he could have done—though probably he did not forget. And when, a day or two later, news came that Mr. Quelch was expected back shortly, there was general rejoicing in the Remove—not shared by the schemer whose task was still undone.

THE END.

(Be sure and read the final story in this popular series dealing with the bitter feud between Vernon-Smith and the farscally Mr. Smedley. You'll find it in next Saturday's bumper number of the MAGNET. Order your copy now!)



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ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

To Little Side on Tuesday evening at 5.30 to watch the Upper Fourth Trial Game. The Remove Benevolent Society will provide free embrocation for those who find that Upper Fourth cricket gives them a pain in the neck!



No. 87 (New Series).

THE NEW Greyfriars Herald

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON



June 2nd, 1934.

STUDY TABLE WANTED!

Strong enough to carry 3 doz. doughnuts, 3 doz. rock cakes, 3 large fruit cakes, 3 pork pies, 3 loaves, 3 lbs. butter, 3 lbs. apples, 3 lbs. chocolates, and 3 lbs. toffee. We've asked Bunter to tea to-morrow!—H. WHARTON, Study No. 1, Remove.

SHOULD EXAMS. BE ABOLISHED?

Peter Todd has ordered a couple of gallons of oil and a box of matches and set his alarm for midnight.

Mark Linley has ordered a couple of blocks of ice and some towels.

Occasionally, in the dead of night, muffled groans and moans may be heard coming from studies, mingled with odd snatches of Latin and Greek.

So you'll gather, dear readers, that the examination season is in the offing! It is! Well we know it—and, sad as it may seem, all our literary labours on the old "Herald" won't avail us much when we get into the examination hall and start wrestling with "What are the principal exports of South America?" and "Construe the following."

Personally, we're all in favour of abolishing examinations. We asked one or two others what they thought of it the other day and some of their replies are printed below:

DICKY NUGENT: I don't believe in abolishing exams.—but I do believe in changing the subjects! What about exams. in the History of Cigarette Cards, the Training of Tame Mice, Conjuring Tricks and Herring Toasting? A chap could work up a bit of interest in subjects like these—and they'd be far more useful to him in later life than Latin!

MR. QUELCH: I am afraid the fear of failing in examinations is the only incentive some of you seem to have for studying at all, so I cannot advocate abolishing them. From my own point of view, however, I must confess that I should not be sorry to be relieved of them, for I should then be able to devote much more time to my monumental "History of Greyfriars."

LORD MAULEVERER: Yaas! But why not go one better, ol' top, an' abolish school work altogether?

TOM DUTTON: Polish eggs, ham and bacon? If you mean polish 'em off, I'm willing to polish off any that are going begging!

WUN LUNG: No savvy!

Generally speaking, the answer to the question "Should Exams. Be Abolished?" seems to be "YES!" Would somebody mind trotting along to tell the Head, and ask him what he's going to do about it?

We're willing to make the first volunteer a gift of exercise-books with which to stuff his bags. Come early and avoid the rush!

GREYFRIARS 100 YEARS AGO

The Fourth Form rebellion, as we foretold, has ended in defeat—but it would be hard to imagine defeat coming in a more remarkable manner.

The headmaster was very naturally infuriated by his reception at the windmill where the rebels installed themselves. No man, however mild-mannered, can be expected to keep his temper after having a sack of flour emptied over his head—and Dr. Goodsmyle is hardly mild-mannered even at the best of times!

Changing his clothes and removing all traces of the flour from his person kept him busy for the rest of that day. It was on the following morning, therefore, that he assembled the Sixth Form and ordered them to take the rebels' citadel by storm.

The seniors promptly marched to the mill and Molyneux, their leader, called out to the rebels:

"Do you cease this reckless adventure at once and come out, you young rascals, or you'll rue your foolishness for many a day!"

The rebels' only response was to hurl taunts and gibes at the newcomers. This had the effect of angering the Sixth-Formers, and Molyneux had no difficulty in persuading them to advance en masse to the entrance to the mill, where they started a violent assault on the door.

They soon found, however, that the stout oak portal, which had been securely bolted and barred by the rebels, was not going to yield to ordinary pressure.

Accordingly, they obtained a strong hand-truck belonging to the miller and ran it full

tilt at the door several times in succession.

Meanwhile, George Wharton and his fellow-mutineers inside the mill were not idle, and when the seniors were making their fourth or fifth attempt, they suddenly appeared at the windows, laden with scores of missiles collected from every corner of the building, and began a furious fusillade. In less than a minute this had the effect of scattering the seniors, and it began to look as if the rebels



were triumphant again when Dr. Goodsmyle stalked up on the scene, carrying a blunderbuss. The rebels quickly vanished from the windows, thinking that he was going to fire at them. This, however, was not his intention. What he had in mind was to fire the blunderbuss at the lock, and blow it to pieces!

He reached the door and fired the deadly weapon.

The results were more than he had anticipated. The explosion not only shattered the lock—it also ignited some corn-dust near the door and in a few seconds set the contents of the ground floor ablaze!

Aghast at the unlooked-for sequel to his enterprise, the headmaster called out in a loud voice to the rebels to keep calm and to station themselves at the windows. He then sent the Sixth-Formers hurrying off for ladders.

By the time the first ladder was reared up, the ground floor was an inferno of flames, and many of the trapped boys were manifesting signs of terror.

Fortunately, they had a leader whose indomitable courage was the means of buoying up their hopes and preventing a panic. George Wharton proved a tower of strength in the testing-time, and saw to it that his rebels made their escape in a brisk and orderly manner. He himself was the last man to leave the burning building—and received a tremendous ovation on his safe return to terra firma!

And so the Fourth Form rebellion ended—literally—in smoke! In the unusual circumstances, no further action is being taken, and the rebels, together with Summerville, on whose behalf they mutinied, are to go free.

We congratulate them—and Dr. Goodsmyle—on this happy conclusion to what might have been a tragedy.

(All of which goes to show that rebellions really were rebellions in the "good old days"!—Ed.)

Pack Up, Snoop!

Apparently with the idea of improving on the old saying, Snoop writes to say: "I believe in calling a spade a spade, a club a club, and a diamond a diamond!" Have a heart, old bean!

BUNTER BRAVES HAUNTED CAVE

Shocks for Fat Hero

We've already told you about the haunted cave at Pegg where a party of Remove chaps saw a skeleton actually walking. Further investigations have confirmed the truth of the yarn about the walking skeleton—and, what's more, brought to light quite a number of other horrors, too!

It was Bunter's action that led to the new discoveries. Bunter aroused the ire of the original party by sniggering when they told their tale. He remarked that he couldn't—he, he, he!—understand how some fellows were so easily scared. The fact was—he, he, he!—that they must have pretty rotten consciences. What they wanted when they went exploring caves was a fellow of iron will and superhuman courage to lead them—a chap like himself, for instance.

After the derisive cheers had died away, Fisher T. Fish, who, you remember, was the man the fellows had been chasing when they struck the haunted cave, stepped into the limelight and surprised some of the crowd by offering Bunter a free feed up to the value of five shillings if he succeeded in staying in the cave alone for ten minutes.

Bunter fell for it. The upshot was that on Wednesday last, Bunter was landed in the cave by motorboat, and Wharton and Russell, who brought him and who had been appointed judges, steered about in the vicinity ready to respond to any call for help.

The call came within two minutes! It was pretty obvious, too, that it indicated a pretty bad state of funk on Bunter's part, so Wharton and Russell returned with all speed. They found Bunter up to his waist in water, in his anxiety to

get away. And when they saw what he had seen at the back of the cave, they were NOT surprised!

For at the back of the cave, believe it or not, was a skeleton doing a step-dance, a spider as big as a small-sized tank doing a jig-trot on all its legs, and an octopus tying its tentacles up in knots!

It was too much for Wharton and Russell. They took Bunter aboard and made for the boundless ocean with all speed!



So Bunter lost his five bob feed. He has made up for that, however, by calling on the Editor of the "Courtfield Gazette" with a full account of the adventure.

We are looking forward to the next issue of the "Gazette" with more than usual interest. In the meantime, we simply can't explain the horrors of the haunted cave.

Not Surprising!

Aubrey Angel was quite surprised when his Uncle Hector, from Scotland, gave him a far-well tip outside Friarale Station. But there was nothing surprising about it, really.

He was standing right by a notice which read: Rubbish Should Be Tipped Here!

BRISK BIDDING FOR PITCHES!

Summer Haunts in Demand

Judging by the brisk bidding made for reserved places in the great open spaces during the coming summer, there's going to be plenty doing this year!

Geo. Bulstrode & Co., who, for a modest charge, let out any required spot in the school and defend the hirer against the intrusion of unauthorised persons, report an unprecedented demand for reserved pitches.

In order to give everybody a chance, the most favoured spots were let off for the season by auction last Wednesday and record prices were realised.

For the undisputed rights to the school scrapping ground behind the chapel, Bolsover major paid the amazing sum of five shillings. We understand that he intends to see that all future fights on this historic battleground are properly managed and competently refereed.

The lease of the six-seater resting bench on Little Side went to Lord Mauleverer for a guinea. We can only remark that we don't envy Bulstrode & Co. the task of keeping the entire bench clear for their customer during the cricket season!

Skinner & Co. paid seven shillings and sixpence for an option on the waste ground behind the woodshed, and if they have their way that seven-and-six will soon be rooked from unsuspecting juniors in surreptitious games of

banker and penny nap. If we have ours, on the other hand, Skinner & Co. will be sorry they chose this particular site for their little games of chance!

For the sole use of the corner stool at the tuckshop counter, Billy Bunter made a bid, stipulating that he should be allowed to pay out of a postal-order he is expecting by any post now from one of his titled relations.

The auctioneer, in putting up the lease for bidding, pointed out that the stool was in such a position that a fellow waiting to be treated could sit there for hours and be seen by everyone who came in, while remaining hidden from the view of Mrs. Mimble on the other side of the counter!

Bunter's offer, which was the only one made, marked the record low price of the auction. It was for 4d.—and we fancy Bulstrode & Co. will have to wait a long time for that fourpence, too!

CRICKET IN TROPICAL STORM

Lightning Annihilates Ball

We've had a freak finish to a cricket match more than once before at Greyfriars. But never have we had a finish so freakish as the finish to the Fourth v. Remove match on Little Side last Tuesday evening.

The Remove had fielded a weak side, so the game had been closer than most Fourth v. Remove games. Towards the end it became really exciting. With one wicket to fall, the Remove wanted 3 to tie and 4 to win—and Bolsover, a mediocre batsman, had to play to Temple, who was at the top of his form!

At the crucial moment a terrific thunder-storm burst over the Greyfriars district. In the usual way, of course, the whole field would have scurried back to the pavilion at once. But with a prospect of finishing the game in a matter of seconds, they hung on.

So despite the sheets of rain, Temple bowled—and somehow or other, Bolsover hit it for 3.

With the scores dead level, the game simply had to be finished.

Temple bowled again. It was just as he did so that a blinding ribbon of lightning streaked down over Little Side, accompanied by an ear-splitting roar that well-nigh paralysed the players for a few seconds.

Now for the curious sequel.

Temple had actually bowled the ball: but it never reached Bolsover and it has not been seen since.

As the lightning-stroke seemed to descend on the centre of the pitch, the only possible conclusion is that the ball was completely destroyed by lightning!

The players unanimously decided to regard it as "No ball" and call the game a tie.

It's certainly the most complete case of "No ball" on record at Greyfriars!

DICKY NUGENT'S WEEKLY WISDOM

I never met such a benighted ass as Myers. When he asked me what about that tanner he lent me last week, I replied: "If you ask me about that just now, old chap, you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper!"

And what do you think the fathead did on the strength of that?

He spent the rest of the day looking for his tanner in Mr. Mimble's chicken-run!



Bob Cherry is an exponent of the open-shouldered type of batting, and Bob loves nothing better than to lift the ball clear of the ropes. At practice he landed it on Loder's chin from long range!



Bunter said a matador told him he would make a dashing bull-fighter in Spain. When confronted by Farmer Brown's bull, however, Bunter didn't cut much of a dash—he made a dash for safety instead!



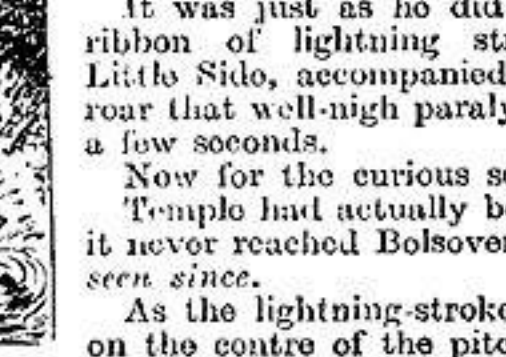
The Remove sculling championship was won by Harry Wharton. Even Bunter entered—but after a couple of strokes he caught a "crab," and plunged in head-first—nearly causing a tidal wave!



Nothing pleases the Famous Five more than to entertain the Cliff House girls—Marjorie Hazeldene, Phyllis Howell and Clara Trevlyn—in Study No. 1 to tea. They even invite Marjorie's wayward brother, Peter Hazeldene.



Billy Bunter is always ready to "pal up" to any fellow who has received a remittance. When Vernon-Smith received a registered letter, the Owl tried it on him—but "Smithy" sat Bunter down—hard!



When the Famous Five met "Joey" Banks, hanger-on at the Cross Keys, they dumped him in the ditch! Banks has had several of the weaker fellows at Greyfriars in his clutches over betting at various times!