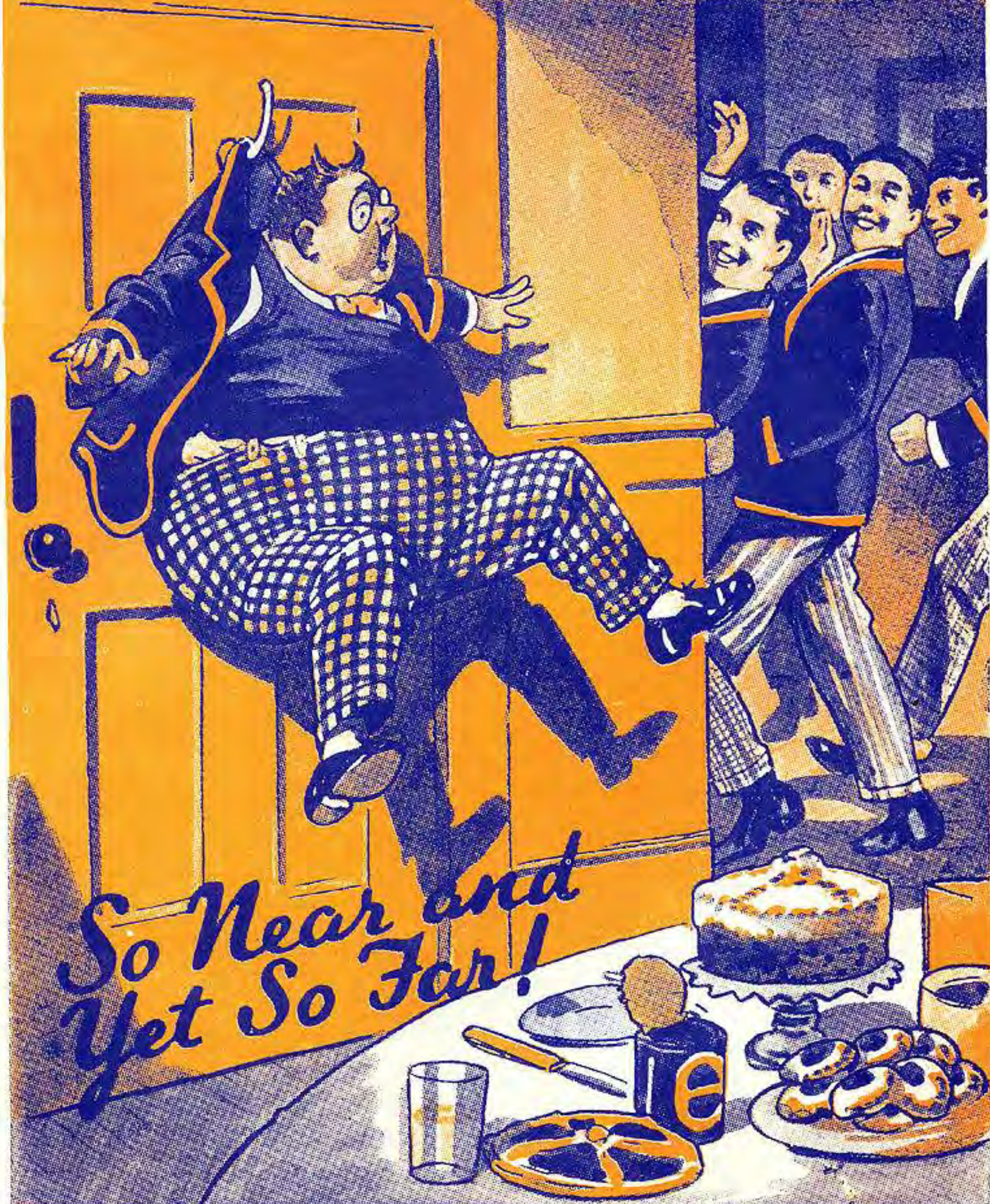


BILLY BUNTER IS FUNNIER THAN EVER THIS WEEK! Meet him inside.

The Magnet 2nd



*So Near and
Yet So Far!*

Coker's Cousin Comes to Greyfriars!



"Guurrrgh! Urrrgh! Gug-gug-gug!" gurgled the new boy, as his head was held under the cold tap.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Back to School!

"**L**EMME in!" roared Billy Bunter.

With both fat hands grasping the door-handle of the railway carriage, Bunter strove to turn it.

But he strove in vain.

The carriage door was shut tight, and the handle within was held in stronger hands than Billy Bunter's.

Bunter wrenched and twisted, and roared.

"Lemme in! Do you hear, you beast? Lemme in!"

The fat Owl of the Remove glared at the fellow inside the carriage with a glare of wrath that almost cracked his big spectacles.

Really, Bunter had cause to be wrathful.

There was a crowd of fellows on the platform at Lantham Junction. It was the first day of the new term at Greyfriars. Plenty of fellows had to change at Lantham, Bunter among them. The train for Courtfield was waiting in the station, and Greyfriars fellows swarmed along it, bagging seats. Bunter, spotting a first-class carriage with only one occupant, made a rush for it. And, to his intense and thrilling indignation, the fellow inside refused to let him enter.

He was a fellow of about Bunter's own age, but who he was the fat Owl of the Remove had no idea; he had never seen him before. He could make out a rather thin face, with a sharp nose and a pointed chin. The boy in

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BY

FRANK RICHARDS

the carriage was by no means handsome; neither, it seemed, was he good-natured or obliging. Holding the door-handle inside, keeping it shut, he grinned at Bunter—quite an unpleasant grin.

The glass in the door was down, and the fellow had been looking out when Bunter happened. Possibly he was looking for another passenger going by the train. If so, Bunter was evidently not the passenger he wanted.

"Cut off, fatty!" he said. "Lots of room along the train!"

"Leggo that door!" howled Bunter.

"Rats to you!"

"I'll jolly well punch your head when I get in!" gasped Bunter.

"You're not in yet!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

He gave the door-handle another wrench. The fellow inside held it fast and grinned.

Billy Bunter, holding on with one hand, half-turned, and looked round the platform. There were plenty of Greyfriars fellows about, and Bunter wanted help.

Five cheery juniors came down the platform in a bunch. Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove had not yet bagged seats. They had delayed a little to knock the hat off the head of Coker of the Fifth. The sight of Horace Coker, carrying on as usual as if the whole universe belonged to him, had

tempted the cheery chums of the Remove.

Coker of the Fifth was barging fags out of his way, to an accompaniment of indignant howls from the fags; so the Famous Five merrily barged Coker, spun him over, knocked off his hat, and sent it whirling along the platform. Coker of the Fifth was now in frantic pursuit of his hat, and they were looking for a carriage. And as he spotted them, Billy Bunter howled:

"I say, you fellows, this way!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Is that Bunter, or a jolly old porpoise got out of the Zoo?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Keeping seats for us, old fat bean?" asked Harry Wharton, glancing into the carriage. "Good man! Hallo! What's the matter with the door?"

"I say, you fellows, that beast in there won't let me in!" hooted Bunter. "I say, you make him open that door—see?"

The Famous Five collected at the door. They looked at the fellow inside, and did not much like his looks.

But as he was a stranger to them, they were cheerfully civil. Had he been a Greyfriars man, they would have dealt with him in the unceremonious manner of the Lower Fourth Form. But it was not the Greyfriars way to expend their high spirits on ordinary members of the public.

"Let's get in, please!" said Harry Wharton, with great politeness. "Are you holding the door-handle?"

"Exactly!" said the fellow inside.

"Well, let go!" said Frank Nugent.

"We want to get in!"

"Can't you go along the train?"

Wharton stared at him. "We could," he said. "But the train's filling up. Can't see any reason why we should, as this carriage is empty."

"It's not empty—I'm in it!" "Do you want it all to yourself?" "You've got it!" "Well, my hat!" ejaculated the captain of the Greyfriars Remove. "I say, you fellows—" squeaked Bunter.

Johnny Bull gave a growl. "Let go that handle, you ass! We're getting in here!"

"You're not!" "Esteemed and ludicrous individual, will you have the preposterous kindness to let go that absurd handle?" inquired Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The fellow in the carriage stared at him, apparently taken rather aback by that variety of the English language. Very often Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's English, learned from the wisest moon-shee of Bhanipur had a surprising effect on strangers.

"I say, you fellows, the train will be going!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "Make the cheeky cad open the door!"

"Give me hold of that handle, old fat man!" said Bob Cherry.

Bunter relinquished the door-handle into Bob's much more powerful hands.

"Letting go?" asked Bob, through the window, with a cheery grin.

The fellow inside scowled.

"No! Leave this carriage alone! The fact is, the seats are all taken, and I'm minding them!"

"Gammon!" said Bob.

"Hold on a minute, Bob!" said Harry Wharton.

He looked into the carriage. One seat, of course, belonged to the fellow there, and on one lay a travelling rug, indicating that it was taken. But there were four seats vacant.

It looked as if the boy in the carriage was waiting for one passenger to join him, and did not want anybody else in the carriage.

Which was not good enough for the chums of the Remove! Nobody had a right to keep four seats empty on a crowded train simply because he did not care for company on a journey.

"Mean to say that you're waiting for five people?" asked Harry.

"Yes, exactly!"

"Rot!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Well, it seems rather steep!" said Harry. "But let us in, and if your five friends turn up, we'll get out again."

That was a fair offer, if the fellow in the carriage had told the truth. But the juniors were all very well aware that he hadn't.

"You're not coming in!" he snapped. "Anyhow, there's no room for half a dozen of you! Go along the train!"

"Some of us will stand," said Harry.

"You won't stand in this carriage!"

Wharton's jaw set grimly. He wanted to be civil; but there was a limit, and he considered that the limit had been reached.

"Let go that door-handle!" he said. "Rats!"

"Twist it round, Bob!"

"You bet!" grinned Bob.

Bunter had failed to turn the handle, but Bob's powerful grip was quite a different matter. He was twice as strong as the weedy fellow in the carriage. The handle began to turn.

"Will you let go?" shouted the fellow inside savagely.

"Hardly!" grinned Bob.

A clenched fist came through the open window. It crashed on top of Bob's hat, crunching it over his ears.

He let go the handle then, and staggered back with a roar.

"Now clear off, the lot of you!" snapped the unpleasant voice from the carriage. "You're not coming in here!"

"Why, you—you cheeky tick!" bawled Bob Cherry, crimson with wrath. "I—I—I'll—"

Without wasting time in stating what he would do, Bob Cherry proceeded to do it.

He grasped the door handle, wrenched it open with a force that the fellow inside could not resist, and dragged the door wide. Then he jumped in, headlong, crashed on the fellow within, and floored him, sprawling over him on the floor of the carriage. And the Co., chuckling, followed him in, all of them treading on the fellow extended on the floor, eliciting from him a series of loud and anguished howls.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Coker Loses His Temper!

"**W**HERE'S that ass?"

"Where's that duffer?"

Potter and Greene of the Fifth were, of course, alluding to Coker. They were hanging out of the doorway of a carriage farther up

A rotter of the first water! That sums up Horace Coker's cousin—Edgar Caffyn—a new-comer to Greyfriars. From the moment Caffyn enters the Remove Form trouble falls thick and heavy on Harry Wharton & Co., and especially upon the great Horace Coker himself!

the train, scanning the platform for their pal.

They were keeping a seat in that carriage for Coker—with some difficulty. More and more fellows were coming along, wanting seats.

A fellow who missed that train might have to wait at Courtfield—and nobody wanted to have to wait at Courtfield!

There were already six Fifth Form men in that carriage; and Fitzgerald, who was standing, had a covetous eye on the seat that was kept for Coker. And fellows on the platform, seeing an empty seat, came barging, and had to be shoo'd off.

Juniors could be shoo'd off easily enough from a carriage packed with seniors; but senior men were more difficult to "shoo"; while if a Sixth Form prefect happened to come along it would be impossible to say him nay.

Potter and Greene were holding the doorway, like Horatius holding the bridge in ancient times. And they were getting tired of it.

"The howling ass was just behind us!" said Greene.

"He started a row with some fags!" grunted Potter. "Trust Coker to start a row first chance! He couldn't wait till he got to Greyfriars!"

"Coker!" shouted Greene.

"Coker!" roared Potter.

"Faith, and can't you let him rip intirely?" demanded Fitzgerald. "I'll take the seat, and you can shut the door."

"Good egg!" said Blundell of the

Fifth. "There's really no room for Coker's feet in here! Shut him out!"

"Well, we told him we'd keep his seat!" said Potter. "Hallo, Hilton! Full up!" he added, as Cedric Hilton of the Fifth came along with Price.

"There's one seat!" said Price.

"That's Coker's!"

"Oh, blow Coker!" said Hilton.

"Blow him as hard as you like! But we told him we'd keep the seat!"

Hilton and Price went farther up. Potter scanned the platform again. A small, thin gentleman, dressed in black, was coming along, looking at the carriages, blinking into each one through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses as he passed.

"Coker!" yelled Potter, in the hope that Horace was within hearing, though not in sight. "Coker!"

The man in black gave a little start, and stared at Potter as if the name he uttered was familiar to him.

He came to a stop.

"Excuse me—" he began, in a rusty, squeaky sort of voice, reminiscent of a hinge in need of oil.

Potter glanced at him.

"Sorry, sir; full up!" he said, under the impression that the stranger wanted the vacant seat.

"Eh, what?" said the man in black.

"You are, I think, a Greyfriars boy?"

Potter was a Greyfriars man; but he did not expect ordinary members of the public to understand these things. So he nodded.

"I heard the name you called," said the man in black. "Coker—is Coker here?"

"He ought to be, which naturally means that he isn't," said Greene. "But we hope he'll turn up before the train starts. Know Coker, sir?" He looked rather curiously at the little man in black.

"Oh, quite—quite! I should be very glad to speak to him if he was here," said the stranger. "I am taking his cousin, a new boy, to Greyfriars. He is on the train. Horace might like to travel in the same carriage."

"Jolly good idea!" said Fitzgerald of the Fifth, from within. "I'll have the seat! Shut that door, Potter!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Potter suddenly.

"Here he comes!"

Horace Coker had fielded his hat at last. He came trotting up the platform, dusting that hat as he came. It needed dusting. It had been among a good many feet before Coker recovered it.

"This way, Coker!" shouted Greene.

"Oh, here you are!" said Coker.

"Got my seat? I'll jolly well wallop those Remove fags when we get to the school—"

"This gentleman says he knows you, old bean!" said Potter, with a gesture towards the little man in black who was blinking at Coker through his gold-rimmed glasses. "He's got a cousin, or something, of yours on the train."

Coker stared at the man in black.

That gentleman smiled—a thin smile—and held out a hand.

Apparently he was pleased to meet Coker.

If so, the pleasure was all on his side.

Coker displayed none!

Coker's rugged brows knitted.

Instead of taking the extended hand, Coker stared at it for a moment, and then, jamming his hat on his head, shoved his own hands into the pockets of his overcoat.

"You!" he ejaculated.

Potter and Greene just stared! Coker's manners were never polished, but they had never seen them in so unpolished a state as this. The other seniors in the carriage all looked out.

A faint flush dawned in the thin face of the gentleman in black. He dropped his hand slowly to his side.

"My dear Horace—" he began.

"Don't dear Horace me, Mr. Sarle!" said Coker. "I don't want dear Horace from you! Cut it out—see?"

"Your respected aunt, Miss Judith Coker—"

"I don't want to hear about Aunt Judy from you!" interrupted Coker. "Like your cheek to speak to me, I think!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Potter.

"Coker, old man—" said Greene.

"Really, Horace," said Mr. Sarle, "as your aunt's legal representative, I think you might treat me with some slight respect."

"Rot!" said Coker. "You know what I think of you, Sarle, and I needn't tell you over again! Just sheer off!"

"I am taking your Cousin Edgar to the school—"

"That little snipe!" said Coker.

"Your aunt will expect—"

"If Aunt Judy expects me to be civil to that little beast, Aunt Judy is going to be disappointed!" said Coker.

"Edgar is on the train now—"

"Get along to him, then," said Coker. "You're not wanted here!"

"Coker—" gasped Potter.

"Dry up, Potter!"

"I thought," said Mr. Sarle, "that you might like to join Edgar in his carriage, Horace, and travel to the school with him."

"Did you?" said Coker unpleasantly.

"Well, you can think again, Mr. Sarle. It's pretty thick, I think, to send that little snipe to my school at all. It's your doing, I know that. Aunt Judy would never have done it of her own accord! Luckily, he can't come into the Fifth—"

"He is going into the Lower Fourth."

"Well, the Remove are welcome to him! Tip him to keep clear of me!" said Coker. "Tell him I'll kick him first thing when I see him at the school—if I see him at all!"

"Your aunt will be displeased—"

"No bizney of yours! Get out of the way, and let me get into that train!" snapped Coker. "We shall be starting in a minute!"

Mr. Sarle was standing directly in Coker's way. The burly Horace almost towered over him; but he could not get in unless the legal gentleman moved aside. Mr. Sarle did not move.

The Fifth Formers in the carriage stared at the strange scene, quite deeply interested.

Potter and Greene, now that the name was mentioned, remembered that they had heard of Mr. Sarle before. He was Miss Judith Coker's solicitor, and Horace Coker did not like him.

Coker's Aunt Judy was celebrated at Greyfriars; hardly a week in term passed without her dear Horace getting a hamper, or a handsome tip, from Aunt Judy.

"Look here, Coker," said Fitzgerald, over Potter's shoulder. "Why not buzz along and travel with your young cousin?"

Fitz had an eye on Coker's seat.

"You shut up, Fitz!" said Coker.

"Sure, you want to show your young relative a little attention on his first day at school!" urged Fitz.

"You wouldn't think so, if you'd seen the little beast!" answered Coker. "Last time I saw him I thrashed him for tying crackers to a cat's tail. That's the sort of little brute he is! I hope they'll give him a warm time in the Remove! Mr. Sarle, will you let me get into that carriage?"

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"I think, my dear Horace—" said Mr. Sarle, without moving.

"Get aside!"

"Please hear me!"

"Better shift, sir!" said Potter. "The train's signalled to start. Coker's got to get in."

The man in black paid no heed to Potter. He still barred Horace Coker's way into the carriage.

Coker's rugged face was growing redder and redder with wrath. Mr. Sarle, on the other hand, was perfectly cool—cool as ice. It really looked as if he was trying to provoke Horace into some outbreak of temper. Coker, already rather excited by his encounter with the heroes of the Remove, did not need a lot of provocation.

"Will you shift?" he hooted.

"I desire you to hear me, my dear Horace," said Mr. Sarle calmly.

"The train's just going, you ass! Get out of the way!"

"Please do not lose your temper, Horace. It is a great fault of yours to lose your temper so easily," said Mr. Sarle.

Coker strode forward. He grasped Mr. Sarle by a shoulder and twirled him to one side. Really there was nothing else for Coker to do, unless he was to lose that train.

Mr. Sarle had simply no chance in Coker's hefty grasp. But as Coker twirled him away he grasped at Coker's arm, and jerked him back from the carriage doorway.

"My dear Horace—" he gasped.

"Let go!" bawled Coker.

"I insist—"

Doors were slamming along the train. A porter was speeding up to slam the door of Coker's carriage.

Horace Coker was not going to lose that train. As Mr. Sarle did not let go his arm, he grasped the little man in black with both hands, spun him round, and sat him down forcibly on the platform.

Bump!

"Oooogh!" gasped Mr. Sarle.

His hat fell off, his gold-rimmed glasses slid down his thin nose, and he gasped and gurgled for breath. Heedless of him, Coker bounded into the carriage, and the next instant the porter slammed the door after him.

Coker plumped down in his seat, panting. Fitzgerald had to resign himself to standing, after all, as far as Courtfield. Every fellow in the carriage crowded to the window to stare back at the platform as the train glided out of Lantham. Mr. Sarle was still sitting there gasping for breath when they lost sight of him.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The New Boy!

"H E, he, he!"

Billy Bunter gave utterance to that fat cachinnation in the carriage occupied by the chums of the Remove.

There were six seats in that carriage, and all of them were filled. There was also, of course, a floor—and the floor was occupied also. The Famous Five and Billy Bunter occupied the seats; the unpleasant fellow who had tried to keep them out, the floor.

He was lying there in a breathless and gasping state after the juniors had finished treading on him.

Most of the wind seemed to have been knocked out of his weedy form, and he was gurgling to get it back.

Bob Cherry, as he sat, was squeezing his hat into the shape of a hat again. It had been considerably dented by

being crushed over his ears. Bob had intended to punch the stranger for his audacity and cheek, but his gasping and gurgling condition seemed to indicate that he had had enough in the way of punishment, so Bob kindly left him alone, and punched the hat instead.

The train was booming out of Lantham Station now. Harry Wharton, glancing from the window, had a view of a gentleman in black sitting on the platform, and watched him rather curiously till he was out of sight. He wondered what the man in black was sitting there for—unaware that Coker of the Fifth was the cause.

As the train ran out of the station the fellow on the floor picked himself up, still gasping for breath, very red, and very dusty.

He stepped quickly to the window and looked back. Lantham was vanishing in the distance behind.

"He's lost the train!" he exclaimed.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

The passenger for whom the boy had been waiting had not turned up before the train started. His rug was on the corner seat—Bunter was sitting on it.

The Famous Five exchanged glances. They did not in the least regret that they had taken forcible measures to get seats in that carriage. But the fellow was entitled to one of the seats as he had been in first.

"Who's going to stand?" asked Harry Wharton. "What about you, Bunter?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

The captain of the Remove laughed and rose.

"We'll take it in turns," he said.

"Here, you can sit down." He addressed the weedy youth.

That youth gave him a scowl by way of reply, but he accepted the seat and dropped into it at once.

"I say, you fellows, got any toffee?" asked Billy Bunter.

"No!"

"None of you got any?" asked Bunter.

"No!"

Bunter grunted and drew a packet of toffee from his own overcoat pocket. Apparently he had been going to keep that packet in reserve if any other fellow had a supply.

The weedy youth with the sharp nose and pointed chin stared from the window for some moments; he seemed worried. He looked round at his fellow-passengers at last.

"Did you happen to see a man on the platform—" he began.

"Lots!" answered Wharton, with a smile.

"I mean a man dressed in black, in glasses—a legal-looking sort of a chap. He was to have come into this carriage."

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton. "I think I saw him as the train ran out; he was sitting on the platform—fallen over something, I suppose."

"Clumsy old ass, then!" grunted the sharp-nosed junior. "That means that he's not on the train. All your fault!"

"Eh? How's that?" asked Wharton.

"I was leaning out of the window to let him see which carriage I was in, when that fat fool barged in!" snapped the boy. "Now he's left behind!"

"Sorry!" said Wharton politely.

"But I don't quite see that it's our fault. You had no right to try to keep people out of the carriage."

"You told us all the seats were taken, and it turns out that you were waiting for only one chap!" grunted Johnny Bull. "I jolly well knew you were lying."

"My esteemed Johnny—" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Grunt from Johnny Bull.

"He was lying, wasn't he?" he demanded.

"The fibfulness was terrific," agreed Hurree Singh. "But the politeness to an esteemed and ridiculous stranger is the proper caper."

Another grunt from Johnny. He had no politeness to waste on fellows who told lies.

The object of his remarks did not seem to mind, however. He gave Johnny Bull a stare and then shrugged his narrow shoulders. After a few minutes' silence he spoke again, addressing no one in particular.

"Does one change again for Greyfriars School?"

That question concentrated the attention of the juniors on him. It had not occurred to them so far that the fellow

solicitor," grunted the other. "Silly old ass to lose the train looking for that fool Coker!"

"Coker!" repeated Wharton.

"If you're Greyfriars fellows I dare say you know a fellow named Coker—a big fellow with big feet and a voice like a megaphone and the silliest fat head a silly ass ever had!"

"I see you know him," grinned Frank Nugent; and the Co. chuckled.

That description really fitted Coker of the Fifth to a hair.

"Yes, we know him all right," said Wharton. "He's in the Fifth, and we're in the Remove, so we don't have much to do with him."

"Except knocking his hat off occasionally," remarked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, you're in the Remove, are you?" said the youth with the pointed nose. "That's the Lower Fourth, isn't it? That's going to be my Form."

hour after this," said Harry. "You'll lose the local for Friardale, but there's a second one soon after."

"I shan't get into a row for being late in?"

"Oh, no! Fellows drop in all times on the first day of term. Some from Wales and Scotland don't get in till the evening."

"That's all right, then!"

Having obtained the information he wanted, Master Edgar Caffyn leaned back in his corner seat, and took no further notice of the Greyfriars fellows. He groped in his overcoat pocket, and, to the surprise of the juniors, drew out a cigarette-case, from which he proceeded to select a cigarette.

They gazed at him.

There were fellows in the Remove who smoked—reckless fellows like Smithy; dingy fellows like Skinner,



A clenched fist came through the open window. It crashed on top of Bob Cherry's hat, crunching it over his ears. "Now clear off, the lot of you!" snapped the occupant of the carriage. "You're not coming in here!"

might have the same destination as themselves. Now they guessed that he was one of the new boys joining up at the beginning of the term.

"You're going to Greyfriars?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. He did not look pleased; he did not, in fact, feel pleased.

"Eh? Yes. Oh, are you fellows going to Greyfriars?"

"Well, yes, rather!" said Harry Wharton. "Most of the fellows on this train are going there. You change at Courtfield for Friardale to get to the school."

He realised now that the lost passenger must have been taking the boy to the school.

"Sorry your father's lost the train," he added.

"He's not my father."

"Well, your uncle—or whatever he is!" said Harry, smiling.

"He's not my uncle; he's my aunt's

"Oh!"

"Coker's my cousin."

"Oh, my hat! More Cokers!" said Bob.

"My name's not Coker. I can have a cousin named Coker without being named Coker myself, I suppose!" snapped the new boy. "My name's Caffyn—Edgar Caffyn, if you want to know."

"I don't!" answered Bob curtly.

Bob had already almost forgotten the offence to his hat; but there was something so sneering and unpleasant in the new fellow's manner that he was disposed to reconsider his decision not to punch his head.

"I suppose there'll be another train from Lantham before long?" asked the new fellow, after another pause. "I can wait at Courtfield for my guardian?"

"Oh, yes! Next train's a quarter of an

and Snoop. But smoking on the railway on the way to school was rather an uncommon proceeding.

Headless of expressive looks the new fellow struck a match, lighted his cigarette, and blew out a little cloud of smoke. He removed a glove to do so, and the juniors could not help seeing that his finger-tips and nails were stained with tobacco. His smoking was not reckless "swank" like the Bounder's, or an affected vice like Skinner's. It was a real vice. Boy as he was, he was a habitual smoker, and it was not surprising to see that he was weedy, and had a pasty complexion.

"I'd cut that out, if I were you," said Harry Wharton, after a long silence.

Caffyn stared round at him.

"Eh! Did you speak to me?" he asked.

"Yes. I said I'd cut that out."

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"Cut what out?"

"Smoking."

"You don't smoke?" asked Caffyn, with his unpleasant leer.

"No."

"More fool you!"

"Thanks! But take a tip from me, and chuck it," said Harry Wharton, quietly. "It's not allowed at Greyfriars, and a fellow caught smoking gets six from a prefect's cane."

"I dare say. But we're not at Greyfriars yet."

"We're getting near Courtfield now. Ten to one there will be a master on the platform, and there's certain to be several Sixth Form prefects."

Caffyn shrugged his shoulders.

"It's rather putrid, anyhow," said Harry. "How the thump do you expect to play football, if you smoke like that?"

"I don't play football."

"Does he look as if he did!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Well, Caffyn, you're a new fellow, and we're old hands," said Wharton, "and if you take my tip, you'll chuck that away."

"I'll ask for your advice when I want it."

Harry Wharton's cheeks crimsoned with anger. He made a movement towards Master Edgar Caffyn, with a gleam in his eyes that rather alarmed that youth. But he checked himself at once.

"Have it your own way," he said. "I meant to give you a tip as a new kid; but please yourself."

"I mean to!" said Caffyn coolly.

"Look here!" roared Johnny Bull. "This isn't a smoking carriage. If that frowzy tick wants to smoke, he can get into a smoking carriage."

"Oh, let him rip!" said Harry. "It's

only a few minutes more to Courtfield, and we shall be shut of him."

Johnny Bull snorted, but he gave way with a glare of scorn at Caffyn, which did not affect Master Edgar in the very least.

The Famous Five gave no more heed to the new junior as the train ran on to Courtfield. But they were all coughing, and the atmosphere of the carriage was decidedly thick before the station appeared in sight.

Caffyn smoked cigarette after cigarette, lighting one from another, and the number that he got through was amazing. Perhaps he was overdoing it a little to irritate the fellows who obviously disapproved. They had already observed that Master Edgar Caffyn seemed to derive amusement from worrying and irritating other people, and making himself generally obnoxious.

Had the journey lasted much longer some of the juniors would certainly have put a forcible end to Caffyn's smoking. The carriage was simply reeking with smoke, almost like a fog, when the train ran into Courtfield. But it stopped at last, and Harry Wharton gladly threw the door open.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Quelch Wants to Know!

HENRY SAMUEL QUELCH, the master of the Remove, smiled genially.

It was a cold and frosty, but clear and cheerful day. And, like the weather, Mr. Quelch's smile was frosty, but cheerful.

Quelch was, in fact, feeling good, as he stood on the platform at Courtfield

Station, and watched a train steaming in from Lantham.

First day of term was not always welcome to Quelch's pupils. Some of them, if not all of them, would have liked to prolong the hols. But to the veteran Form-master it was a welcome date. He felt like Kipling's soldier who smelt the smell of the barracks, or like the poet's war-horse who sniffed the battle from afar. Holidays rather bored Quelch, and he was glad to get back into harness again.

He was all the gladder, so to speak, because he had been away from Greyfriars a considerable part of the last term. And he had not been surprised to learn that there had been a lot of trouble in the Remove during his absence. While the cat was away the mice would play.

All was going well this term. Like so many school-masters Mr. Quelch always thought that everything was going well this term—at the beginning of the term. Later in the term, as a rule, it turned out to be just like any other old term, with its little mistakes and troubles and worries.

Smiling and genial, Henry Samuel Quelch stood and watched the crowded train steam in. He was going to be glad to see his boys again, and he hoped that they would share his gladness. Quelch had a hopeful nature.

The train stopped. Doors flew open. Carriages ejected their human cargo. Almost opposite the spot where Mr. Quelch stood was a carriage packed with Removites—his boys, and the fellow who threw the door open was the one he was best pleased to meet first—his head boy, H. Wharton.

Wharton jumped out.

Quelch stepped forward.

"Wharton, my dear boy!"

"Oh!" Harry spun round, and raised his hat. "Mr. Quelch! How do you do, sir?"

Quelch's greeting was unusually genial. He did not often address a fellow as a "dear boy." Further, he shook hands with Wharton.

Then his smiling glance turned into the crowded carriage.

Instantly the smile was wiped from his face, like chalk from a blackboard by a duster.

His brows knitted.

Genial Mr. Quelch of the first day of term immediately became grim old Quelch of the middle of the term.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bull, Bunter, Hurree Singh! What is the meaning of this?"

From the open doorway of the carriage rolled a cloud of smoke. The carriage was thick with it. It made Quelch cough as it caught him unexpectedly. He coughed, he snorted, and his gimlet eyes glittered.

There was no cigarette to be seen about Edgar Caffyn now. At sight of Mr. Quelch, whom he had seen once before, and knew to be a Greyfriars master, Caffyn had pitched his cigarette under the seat. Now he sat, looking as innocent as he could.

Wharton coloured and stepped aside as Mr. Quelch blocked the carriage doorway, staring in.

"Who has been smoking here?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I haven't, sir!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, in a great hurry. "I've been eating toffee all the time, sir. I say, you fellows—"

"Cherry—"

"I've not been smoking, sir."

"Bull—"

"I've not been smoking, sir!" growled Johnny Bull savagely.

"So this is what Jones minor was reading—"

**REBELS
of ST. JIM'S!**

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"Nugent—"
 "Nor I, sir!" said Frank quietly.
 "Surely, Wharton, you, my head boy—"
 "No, sir!"
 "Hurree Singh—"
 "The answer is in the esteemed negative, honoured sahib!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur.
 Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes on Caffyn.
 "I think I have seen you before," he said. "You are Caffyn, the new boy for my Form?"
 "Yes, sir!" said Caffyn.
 "Have you been smoking in this carriage?"
 "No, sir!" answered Caffyn calmly.
 That answer made the Famous Five jump. Even Billy Bunter gave the new fellow an astonished blink.
 Bunter was not frightfully particular about the truth himself. Indeed, it was said in the Remove that Billy Bunter never told the truth, if he could think of a fib that would do.
 But even Bunter was surprised by a cool and barefaced falsehood like this. Caffyn answered without turning a hair.
 Mr. Quelch gave him a rather searching look. He set his lips hard. The carriage was reeking with cigarette-smoke, and every fellow in the carriage denied having smoked. It was rather a perplexing position for a Form-master. Mr. Quelch was not the man to leave it at that.
 "One boy—indeed, more than one—has been smoking here!" he said grimly. "I can hardly imagine that one smoker could produce such volumes of smoke as this! Has there been any other passenger in this carriage, Wharton?"
 "No, sir!"
 "Was the carriage in this shocking state when you entered it at Lantham?"
 "No, sir!"
 "May we get out, sir?" asked Bob Cherry. "This train goes on—"
 "You may get out."
 The juniors got out. They were all looking very red and uncomfortable, with the exception of Caffyn. That rather extraordinary youth was as cool as a cucumber.
 Other fellows, from other carriages, seeing that something was on, gathered round. Some of them sniffed the smoke from the carriage.
 "Smoky little beasts!" came the voice of Coker of the Fifth. "Horrid little toads! They want whopping all round."
 "By gad, they've been goin' it!" murmured Temple of the Fourth. "Bit thick, what?"
 "Oh, rather!" grinned Dabney.
 "Putrid!" said Hobson of the Shell, with a sniff. "What a crew!"
 Mr. Quelch seemed deaf to these remarks, and others. The Famous Five were not deaf to them. Their eyes gleamed at the speakers. Only Quelch's presence saved the heads of Cecil Reginald Temple and James Hobson from being banged together on the spot.
 "I must inquire into this, and at once!" said Mr. Quelch, all his geniality gone, and his face as grim as a gorgon's. "I require to know who has been smoking in that carriage."
 "None of us, sir!" said Harry.
 "Do you mean that it was Caffyn, Wharton?"
 Wharton's words, in fact, could hardly mean anything else; but he did not care to be placed in the position of giving information. He had a right to deny that he and his friends had been smoking on the train; and that, of course, left only Caffyn. But he was not going to say more.
 "You hear me, Wharton?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"I hear you, sir."
 "Well, what have you to say?"
 "Nothing, sir."
 Mr. Quelch compressed his lips angrily. His temper was getting an edge on it. Geniality was quite banished now.
 However, he did not address his head boy again. He fixed his gimlet eyes on Edgar Caffyn.
 "Caffyn! If you have been smoking—"
 "Oh, no, sir!" said Caffyn, with perfect coolness.
 "Oh crikey!" ejaculated Bunter.
 "Bunter!"
 "Yes, sir! I—I mean, no, sir!" gasped Bunter. "It wasn't me, sir! I—I've never smoked a cigarette in my life, sir!"
 "Last term, Bunter, you were caned for smoking a cigarette."
 "Oh! I—I forgot—I—I mean, I—I—it was one of Smithy's, sir—that is, I mean it wasn't one of Smithy's—I—I—"
 "Have you been smoking in this carriage, Bunter?"
 "Oh! No! Never!" gasped Bunter.

STILL THEY COME!

Six More Winners in Our Hundred Prizes Competition.

The following readers have been awarded prizes this week for their efforts in our "GEM" Competition:

- A. CHEW, 43, Carlton Road, Sale, nr. Manchester.—Penknife.
- J. LEWIS, 39, Watling Crescent, Handbridge, Chester.—Pocket Wallet.
- Miss M. PENNY, 7, Sydney Terrace, Lower Gape, Warwick.—Vanity Case.
- K. GRAHAM, West View, 10, Second Avenue, Orange Grove, Johannesburg, South Africa.—Special Prize.
- F. STEEL, 55, Barcroft Street, Cleethorpes, Lincs.—Fountain Pen.
- Miss P. THOMSON, 14, Muthaiga Place, Durban, South Africa.—Special Prize.

(The GEM, our popular all-school-story companion paper, is on sale every Wednesday, price 2d.)

"I—I—I've told you so, sir! I—I hope you can take my word, sir."
 "I am sorry to say that I cannot, Bunter."
 "Oh, really, sir—"
 "Last term you denied that you had been smoking, Bunter, when you were actually seen by a prefect with a cigarette in your mouth—"
 "That—that was last term, sir!" said Bunter feebly. "I—I haven't smoked since last term, sir! I never bagged any of Hilton's cigarettes in the hols, sir—you can ask these fellows—they saw me smoking them—"
 "What?"
 "I—I mean, they never saw me smoking them!" gasped Bunter. "That's what I really meant to say, sir!"
 "What you may have done in the holidays, Bunter, is a matter for your parents to deal with," said the Remove master. "But if you have smoked on your way to school on the first day of the term, it is a matter for me to deal with, and I shall do so very severely."
 "Oh, lor! I—I haven't, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I—I was eating toffee! I—I wouldn't, sir! I didn't—I wasn't—I mean, I never! I—I—I give you my word, sir—"
 "I regret to say that your word is valueless, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "And I can only believe—"
 "Look here, you own up; you beast!" hissed Bunter, with a fierce blink at

Edgar Caffyn through his big spectacles. "I'm jolly well not going to get a whopping because of your filthy smoking."
 "Caffyn! I ask you once more, if it was you—"
 "Certainly not, sir!"
 "Why, he's got tons of smokes about him now!" yelled Bunter, desperately. "He's got a cigarette-case full in his pocket—that pocket!"
 "Sneak!" came two or three voices from the gathering crowd.
 "Beasts!" roared Bunter. "Think I'm going to be whopped because that smoky beast has made the carriage like a tap-room—"
 "Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in a formidable voice. "Caffyn! Turn out your coat pocket at once—that right-hand pocket!"
 Caffyn hesitated. The cool self-possession was gone from his face now. He gave Bunter a bitter look—a look that indicated, very plainly, what would happen to the fat junior when Caffyn had him to himself. But Bunter, at the moment, was too scared of Quelch to be scared of Caffyn.
 "I—I have no cigarette-case, sir!" said Caffyn haltingly.
 "I trust not!" said Mr. Quelch. "If Bunter's statement turns out to be false I shall punish him with the utmost severity. The matter can be proved, one way or the other, by turning out that pocket, Caffyn. Do so at once!"
 "I—I don't think I ought to have to, sir," muttered Caffyn. "We're not at the school yet—"
 Quelch's face became hard as iron. "Turn out that pocket this instant, Caffyn! This instant!"
 Quelch's look, and tone, would have dismayed a stouter heart than Edgar Caffyn's. Silently, sullenly, he turned the cigarette-case out of his pocket.
 "Hand that to me!" said Mr. Quelch in a grinding voice.
 Caffyn handed it to him. The Remove master opened it, revealing half a dozen cigarettes still inside.
 He fixed his eyes on Caffyn, whose face was sullen and apprehensive. But it was neither a time, nor a place, for the matter to be pursued. Mr. Quelch slipped the cigarette-case into his own coat pocket.
 "I shall speak to you further, Caffyn, at Greyfriars!" he said acidly; and with that Mr. Quelch turned and walked away.
 "Silly old ass!" breathed Caffyn, as soon as he was out of hearing. "Look here, you fellows, what shall I get for this?"
 The Famous Five did not trouble to answer him. They turned their backs on that very uncommon new boy. Billy Bunter rolled after them hurriedly. He did not want to remain near Caffyn, after giving him away to the Form-master.
 Caffyn looked round, reading contempt and derision in most of the faces he saw—extremely strongly marked in the face of Coker of the Fifth, who was staring at him as he might have stared at a toad.
 "Oh, you're here, Horace!" said Caffyn, spotting him.
 Coker glared.
 "Don't speak to me, you little tick!" he snapped. "You speak to me, and I'll jolly well kick you, see?"
 And Coker stalked away.
 "That little beast is my cousin, and they've sent him to Greyfriars!" he said to Potter and Greene in tones of deep and thrilling indignation. "Nice for a chap, ain't it? Ain't it the giddy limit?"
 And Potter and Greene, who seldom

agreed with Coker, agreed heartily that it was the limit—indeed, the outside edge!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Strategic!

"I SAY, you fellows, hold on!"

Harry Wharton & Co., instead of holding on, accelerated.

Billy Bunter had stopped at the doorway of the railway buffet at Courtfield Station. A little light refreshment, before taking the local train for Friardale, seemed a good idea to Billy Bunter. The fat Owl of the Remove could always do with a little refreshment—indeed, a lot!

But the chums of the Remove, heading for the local train, marched on, unheeding the voice of the charmer.

"Beasts!" hooted Bunter.

Whereat they grinned, and disappeared in the distance, up the platform.

Billy Bunter gave a snort.

He frowned. But the frown was replaced by an ingratiating grin as Herbert Vernon-Smith appeared, walking with Tom Redwing.

"I say, you fellows!" called out Bunter. "I say, Smithy! Come in here, old chap! I say, like a hot coffee, this fearfully cold day?"

The Bunder and Redwing walked on.

"Toddy! I say, Toddy!" Peter Todd showed up with Ogilvy and Russell, Newland and Kipps, and Micky, Desmond, in a cheery bunch. "Toddy! Trot in here, old chap! My treat!"

"Anybody here rich enough to let Bunter stand him treat?" asked Peter Todd. "Only fellows with ready cash need apply."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

Toddy & Co. walked on for the local train. Bunter gave another snort, and blinked round for other victims. Lord Mauleverer of the Remove came elegantly along, and Bunter's eyes glistened behind his big spectacles. The schoolboy earl was his game—if he could catch him.

"I say, Mauly! Hold on, Mauly—"

"Yaas?" yawned his lordship.

"What is it, Bunter?"

Really, his lordship might have guessed, as Bunter was standing at the entrance of the refreshment department.

"Had good hols, old chap?" asked Bunter.

That was only a polite preliminary to the real business in hand.

"Oh, yaas!"

"Sorry I wasn't able to give you a look-in at Mauleverer Towers, old fellow! I've been frightfully rushed in the hols," said Bunter. "I had Christmas with Hilton of the Fifth, at his little place in Devonshire—"

"Good gad! How did you wangle that, Bunter?" asked Lord Mauleverer, in astonishment.

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"Buck up, Mauly! You'll lose the first train!" shouted Jimmy Vivian along the platform.

"Hold on a minute, Mauly!" gasped Bunter. "Never mind the first train, old chap. There's another. What's the good of hurrying?"

"Aren't you takin' the first train?" asked Mauleverer.

"No."

"Then I am!"

And Lord Mauleverer scudded after Jimmy Vivian and vanished.

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

It really began to look as though he would have to stand himself the refreshments he so badly required—if he

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had them at all. Bunter's cash resources were limited, and he did not want to waste them, if he could help it. Hilton and Price of the Fifth came strolling along, and Bunter stepped into their way.

Even Billy Bunter, whose "neck" was unlimited, would not, as a rule, have thought of "touching" a Fifth Form man for a feed. But, owing to a concurrence of curious circumstances, Bunter had spent Christmas at Hilton Hall, and this, he felt, gave him a claim on the dandy of the Fifth. It was only a few days since he had left Hilton Hall for home, and he was prepared to greet Cedric Hilton as a dear old pal!

"I say, Hilton—" he began.

The two Fifth Formers stopped and stared at Bunter. He had planted his fat person directly in their path, and they did not want to take the trouble to walk round him. Price scowled; Hilton just stared.

"Who's that, Pricey?" asked Hilton.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Oh, really, Hilton—"

"Do I know you?" asked Hilton.

Apparently Cedric Hilton had completely forgotten the existence of the Owl of the Remove. Bunter, however, was not likely to believe that that forgetfulness was genuine.

"I say, old chap, don't be a goat!" said Bunter. "I say, you stood me a decent time at Hilton Hall. I say, just step in here and have some coffee and cakes with me. My treat, you know!"

Hilton gazed at him. Bunter, it appeared, was claiming him as an acquaintance—indeed, as a friend. A grubby fag of the Lower Fourth fancied he could know Hilton of the Fifth, at school!

Obviously, it was necessary to disabuse the fat and fatuous Owl of that extraordinary idea at once!

"Pricey, old man, do you mind touchin' that fat animal?" asked Hilton. "He looks rather sticky an' grubby. But if you don't mind touchin' him, will you turn him round?"

Price grinned, grabbed Bunter by the collar and spun him round, with his back to Cedric Hilton.

"Ow!" roared Bunter, in dire anticipation.

His anticipations were immediately realised.

Hilton kicked!

"Whoop!" roared Bunter.

He pitched over on his hands and knees.

Hilton and Price walked on, grinning. They were done with Billy Bunter. Even Bunter was not likely to claim further acquaintance.

"Ow! Beast! Wow!" gasped Bunter, as he scrambled up, and set his big spectacles straight on his fat little nose. "Ow! Rotter! Wow!"

The platform was clearing now. Most of the fellows were keen to get the first train. Billy Bunter, blinking round for another victim, spotted only one figure—that of Edgar Caffyn, the new Removee, who was slouching up and down the platform with his hands in his pockets and a scowl on his disagreeable face.

Bunter was keen to spot a Remove man, but he did not want Caffyn! After the scene with Mr. Quelch, he knew what to expect from the fellow who was booked for trouble as soon as he reached the school.

Bunter backed into the doorway behind him.

Caffyn, evidently, was waiting for the next train in from Lantham, on which he expected Mr. Sarle to arrive. Twice Bunter, peering from the doorway, saw him grope in his pocket, as if for the cigarette-case that was no

longer there, and each time he scowled blackly. Apparently Caffyn, after his exploits on the train, felt in need of another smoke.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter.

It was clear that Caffyn was in a sulky, savage temper, and only too likely to "take it out" of Bunter, if he spotted him.

Billy Bunter would have been quite pleased to handle him, and give him the thrashing of his life. But it unfortunately happened that Billy Bunter was no fighting man.

Weedy specimen as Caffyn was, there was little doubt that he could have made rings round the fat Owl of the Remove. Bunter decided to treat him with contempt, and keep out of his sight.

Unluckily Caffyn, passing the spot where he stood, noticed the fat figure lurking there. A glitter came into his eyes, and he jerked his hands out of his pockets and came quickly towards Bunter.

His intention was only too clear.

He was going to punch Bunter! He looked as if he was going to punch him hard!

Bunter gave him one blink, and backed through the doorway into the refreshment-room. Even there he was not safe, for Caffyn was evidently about to follow him in when the Lantham train was signalled, and the new boy, changing his mind, went back across the platform.

Which was a great relief to Billy Bunter.

The buffet was deserted; nobody was there but Bunter and a waiter. Billy Bunter immediately issued orders for refreshments, liquid and solid, to the value of eighteenpence. He would have preferred to expend eighteen shillings—in fact, eighteen pounds—but he had to limit his expenditure to eighteenpence, that being the sum total of the cash in his possession.

He picked a table in a corner out of sight of the door, lest Caffyn should look in for him.

He hoped that he was done with Caffyn, but the bitter, malicious expression on the fellow's face made him rather doubtful on that point.

If the solicitor Johnny came on the Lantham train, no doubt Caffyn would dismiss Bunter from his mind. But if he had to wait for another train to bring Mr. Sarle, it was very probable that he would fill in the time looking for Bunter.

Bunter, if looked for by that vicious-tempered new fellow, did not want to be found! Very much indeed he did not want to be found.

So he chose his place with a strategic eye. There was a rather large table in the corner where Bunter sat. His coffee and cakes were placed on that table.

Sitting in the corner, Bunter had an eye and ear open for the door. If it opened, he was going to slip from his seat under the table.

The beast, looking round, would not see him there, and he would go again. Then Bunter would only have to remain where he was till the beast went on to the school, and the coast would be clear.

Satisfied that he had carefully observed that excellent motto, "Safety first," Billy Bunter gave his attention to his refreshments—still with an eye and an ear open for the enemy.

The waiter having collected payment from Bunter, disappeared into the regions behind.

Bunter finished his coffee and cakes. There had been no alarm. He wondered whether Caffyn was still on the platform. If he was going on by train to Friardale, he had to wait. But he



As Mr. Sarle did not let go his arm, Coker grasped the little man with both hands, spun him round, and sat him down forcibly on the platform. Bump! "Oooooogh!" gasped Mr. Sarle, as Coker bounded into the carriage.

might have taken a taxi from Court-field—fellows with money often did. Possibly the coast was already clear—but very likely it wasn't! Bunter considered that matter very thoughtfully while he carefully finished the last crumb of his cake. And he had not yet decided on his plan of action when the door swung open—and without stopping to think Bunter slid down under the corner table.

The next moment he was glad that he had acted with such masterly promptness and presence of mind, as he heard the voice of Edgar Caffyn.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Doggo!

"SIT down here!"

It was the hard, unpleasant, almost barking voice of Caffyn. He was not alone.

Billy Bunter squatting under the corner table, had a view of Caffyn's boots and part of his overcoat. He had a view also of a pair of elastic-sided boots, black trouser-ends, and a black coat, evidently worn by a man. He could guess that Caffyn's companion was the solicitor johnny—the unpleasant new fellow's guardian, who was taking him to school.

They came directly towards the corner table!

Bunter quaked.

For a second, he supposed that Caffyn knew that he was there, and was going to root him out.

He wondered dismally whether Caffyn's guardian was such a beast as to let him pitch into a fellow in his presence.

But the next moment his uneasiness was relieved.

A pair of thin legs in black were inserted under the table as the solicitor johnny sat down. Bunter just dodged an elastic-sided boot that nearly caught him on his fat little nose.

"Waiter! Waiter!" barked Caffyn.

"Yessir!" came a voice from unknown regions.

"Coffee, please, and some sandwiches."

"Yessir."

Another pair of legs came under the table. Billy Bunter breathed hard. Caffyn was sitting down.

It was close quarters, and very unpleasant under the table. Had Caffyn been alone, however, Bunter would never have dreamed of emerging till he was gone. But in the presence of an elderly legal gentleman, the fat junior began to consider the idea. Surely a lawyer would not allow his ward to engage in a row in a public place, and punch a fellow!

On the other hand, Caffyn might punch him at sight, before the lawyer had time to intervene and keep the peace.

That, indeed, was very probable! It was quite a worrying problem to Bunter whether to chanco it or not.

On the whole he was safe, though uncomfortable, where he was. And these two beasts would be taking the next train to Friardale, and it could not be a matter of much more than ten minutes. It was wiser perhaps to stick it out. The more he thought of Caffyn's spiteful thin lips, and the vicious glitter in his eyes, the less Bunter felt disposed to chance it.

"Did you see Coker, Mr. Sarle?" he heard Caffyn ask.

Bunter remembered the new fellow's statement that Coker of the Fifth was his cousin.

"Do not speak till the waiter has

gone, Edgar!" answered the squeaky voice of the elderly man, in low tones.

"He can't hear—"

"You cannot be too careful, Edgar!"

"Oh, all right!"

Bunter, under the table, blinked. Apparently, Mr. Sarle and his ward were going to speak about the latter's cousin, Coker. How it could possibly matter if a waiter heard what they said, was a mystery to Bunter.

Caffyn, however, appeared to understand, if the Owl of the Remove did not. He sat silent. Bunter had a view of the waiter's shiny trousers and creaking shoes, as he brought a tray to the table. He wondered whether the man would wonder what had become of him. But the waiter had not been present when Bunter did his nose-dive under the table, and certainly could not have had the slightest suspicion that he was there.

The shiny trousers and creaky shoes vanished again. Mr. Sarle and his ward were left alone—as they supposed, at least.

"How long is it to the train, Edgar?"

"Ten minutes more."

"Very good!" There was a sound of stirring coffee.

"How did you come to miss the train at Lantham?" asked Caffyn. "Did you see that fool?"

That complimentary expression evidently referred to Horace Coker of the Fifth Form!

"Yes! I found him," said Mr. Sarle. "As I knew that he had to change at Lantham, I was sure to find him, as I told you when I left you in the carriage, Edgar. I missed the train because he knocked me down."

"Knocked you down!"

"At all events, he threw me over," said Mr. Sarle. "A little exaggeration

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will not be out of place in reporting the circumstances to Miss Judith Coker."

Caffyn chuckled.

"Trust you to make the most of it!" he remarked. "Was that the idea all along, to get up a row with that fool Coker?"

"Certainly I expected some unpleasantness," answered Mr. Sarle, his squeaky voice low, but quite distinct to the fat junior under the table. "Horace has always disliked me—and he has never treated me with the least consideration or politeness, regardless of the fact that I am his aunt's trusted legal representative."

"I know he loathes you!"

"The feeling is quite reciprocated!" said Mr. Sarle, with a venomous note in his acid voice. "How anyone could like that stupid, clumsy, overgrown, over-bearing hobbledoy is past my understanding. I have never been able to account for Miss Coker's attachment to him."

"Old cat!" said Caffyn.

"Please do not use such expressions, Edgar, even when we are alone," said Mr. Sarle. "Something is due to propriety."

"Well she is an old cat," said Caffyn. "I've done everything I can to make her like me—but she thinks more of Coker's little finger than of all of me. Not that I care."

"The old lady's personal likes and dislikes would be a matter of very little moment, Edgar, but for the fact that she has a hundred thousand pounds to leave in her will. But that is a very important fact."

"What-ho!" grinned Caffyn.

Billy Bunter was listening with all his ears, by this time. Bunter was not bright, but even Bunter could understand that this was a very peculiar conversation to be going on between Miss Judith Coker's solicitor, and Miss Judith Coker's younger nephew.

"As Miss Judith's solicitor, I have, of course, the matter of the will in hand," went on the low squeaky voice. "I have told you, Edgar, how very little you benefit under it. It is largely your own fault—"

"I don't see that!"

"You have some faults of character, Edgar, which have not recommended you to Miss Coker. On one occasion you tied some exploding firework to the tail of her favourite cat—"

"You should have seen the brute jump!" chuckled Caffyn.

"I heard that your cousin Coker beat you for it—"

"I'll pay him out some day!"

"Never mind that! You annoyed Miss Judith very much, and Horace, of course, made capital out of it, by affecting a concern for the animal."

"Oh, come off!" said Caffyn. "Catch that fool Horace putting anything on! He hasn't the brains enough! He just got waxy and went for me."

"You must be more careful, Edgar! You will never be rich, unless Miss Judith alters her will; and you will not persuade her to do so by tormenting animals of which she is fond."

"Oh, I know that. It was a lark."

"No more such larks when you are with Miss Coker, please."

"I know! I'm fly!" grunted Caffyn.

"I'm no fool, like Horace."

"Fool as he is, he has succeeded in being named heir to Miss Coker's fortune, Edgar."

"Bosh!" said Caffyn. "He's too big a fool even to think about that. I don't believe he's ever given a single thought to the old lady's money. He hasn't the brains."

"You must give thought to it, Edgar, and very serious thought. That is why you are going to Greyfriars. You will have many opportunities. Horace is so obtuse, so dense, so insensate, so hot-headed that it should not be difficult to cause a breach between him and Miss Judith, and gradually widen it. You will have every assistance from me, at my end."

"What-ho!" grinned Caffyn.

"The young ruffian will probably play into your hands, as he has played into mine," went on Mr. Sarle. "Miss Judith will hear that, when I expressed a desire that Horace should travel in the same carriage with you to school, he lost his temper and knocked me down, and—"

"I say, you must have made him awfully waxy, if he actually laid hands on you!" said Caffyn. "And, look here! Don't pitch it too strong, either. Say he barged you over. He might do that. Coker would no more knock down a man of your age than he would fly. The old cat knows that, too!"

Bunter heard a rusty laugh.

"You are a bright boy, Edgar. You may be sure that I shall be judicious. Be judicious yourself, at school. A large fortune is at stake, and Coker is too dense and stupid to guard his own interests. By judicious management Miss Judith may be induced to take the name of her elder nephew out of her will, and substitute that of her younger nephew. Keep that always in mind."

"I'm not likely to forget it."

"Horace has often been in trouble at his school, and this has often caused Miss Judith worry and anxiety. I shall expect to hear that he is in more trouble than ever this term. I have no doubt whatever that, in the long run, Miss Judith will be tired of his folly, his recklessness, his ingratitude—"

A bell rang from somewhere.

"That's the train!" said Caffyn.

Two pairs of legs disappeared from Billy Bunter's view. Mr. Sarle and Edgar Caffyn went out of the refreshment-room.

As the door closed after them, a red and breathless fat face appeared above the edge of the table.

Billy Bunter plumped back into his seat and gasped:

"Oh crikey!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

First Day of Term!

BANG!

Spatter!

"Wide!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry glanced down from the top of the steps and grunted.

Hitting the study wall with the hammer was not, so far as Bob could see, an incident to provoke merriment.

Four smiling faces regarded him.

"If you don't want this picture hung—" said Bob.

"Go ahead, old chap!" said Harry Wharton. "It's ripping! Lovely, in fact! We want it in this study—"

"Oh, all right, then!"

"But don't bang it through into the next!" added Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob breathed rather hard.

Really, it was kind of Bob. On the first day of term a fellow had plenty of things to do. It was like Bob to think of others before himself. And Bob had brought back the gorgeous Christmas calendar as a present for his friends in Study No. 1—a gift for which Wharton and Nugent expressed due acknowledgments.

In point of fact, Bob's taste in colour

ran to the gorgeous, if not to the lurid! All the colours of the rainbow were prominent in that beautiful work of art.

Nugent had compared it to a Turner sunset. Johnny Bull thought it was more like an eruption of Vesuvius, while it reminded Wharton of the celebrations on bonfire day. Grateful as they were to Bob for taking all this trouble on their account, the owners of Study No. 1 in the Remove had a faint, secret hope that something would happen to that picture later on—and not very late!

Bob had a heavy hand with a hammer. It was rather dusky up there near the ceiling. He seemed to miss the nails as often as he hit them. When he hit them he scattered plaster round them. There was a sprinkling of white on the study floor, almost as if it had been snowing.

Bang, bang!

Spatter!

Bang!

"Yaroooh!" roared Bob. He left off to suck his thumb. He had missed the nail again, but had not hit the wall, his thumb being in the way.

"Ow! Wow! Ow!" roared Bob.

"Hurt, old chap?" asked Frank Nugent sympathetically.

"Oh, no!" gasped Bob, with biting sarcasm. "I'm shouting because it's so jolly to hammer one's thumb! Wow! I'm enjoying it! Ow!"

"He, he, he!" came from a fat junior who rolled into the doorway. "He, he, he! Banged your thumb, old chap? He, he, he!"

"Will one of you fellows kill Bunter, or must I get down to do it?" asked Bob Cherry, in concentrated tones.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Buzz off, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Bang! Bob got going again! Spatter!"

"I say, you fellows, you'll have to sweep this study out," said Billy Bunter. "I say, what is Cherry knocking the wall about like that for? Trying to get through into the next study, or what?"

Bob Cherry left the picture hanging precariously on one nail, and began to descend the steps.

Bunter, catching the gleam in his eye, backed through the doorway.

"Stop him!" panted Bob.

"Do you want Bunter?"

"I'm going to brain him with this hammer."

"Ow! Beast!" gasped Bunter, and he disappeared like a ghost at cock-crow.

Bob jumped from the steps, put his head out of the study doorway, and roared:

"Come back, you fat freak!"

"Beast!" floated from the distance.

Bunter was gone.

Bob, breathing hard, reascended the steps. The Co. were careful not to smile till he had turned his flushed face away to get on with his job.

It was clear that Bob, for the moment, was not in a smiling mood.

Bang, bang, bang!

The nails were going in. Plaster was coming out! Wharton and Nugent could only hope that there would be some of the wall left when their good-natured friend had finished.

There was another footstep in the Remove passage. A thin, disagreeable face looked in. It was that of the new boy, Edgar Caffyn.

Harry Wharton & Co. glanced at him, but did not speak. They had no desire whatever to improve the acquaintance of Master Caffyn.

He gave them his usual half-sneering

look, and then stared at the junior on top of the steps.

"What on earth's going on here?" he exclaimed. "Breaking up the happy home, what?"

"Putting up a picture!" said Harry. "My hat! Is that a picture?" asked Caffyn, staring at it. "Fancy having a filthy oleograph like that stuck up in the study!"

Bob Cherry looked down from the steps.

"What did you call this picture?" he asked, with deadly calm.

"Filthy oleograph," answered Caffyn. "Shut up, and mind your own business, Caffyn!" said Harry Wharton sharply. "Nobody asked you for your opinion."

"And there is no more wantfulness than askfulness, my esteemed and disgusting smoky Caffyn!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

In point of fact, Wharton's estimation of that work of art agreed rather with Caffyn's than Bob Cherry's! What Bob Cherry did not know about football was not worth knowing; but his friends had to admit that he did not know a fearful lot about pictures.

That did not alter the fact that Bob was doing a kind and friendly action, and that Caffyn was barging in with disagreeable remarks unasked.

Bob made a movement to descend the steps. But he did not want to punch a fellow on his first day at the school—though he had never seen any fellow he would have liked more to punch than Edgar Caffyn.

He turned back to his job, turning his back on Caffyn.

Bang, bang!

"Well, you'll want something up there, at this rate!" remarked Caffyn. "You'll get a draught through that wall when that chap's done with it."

"Will you mind your own business, Caffyn?" asked Bob, over his shoulder. "Oh, go it!" said Caffyn. "Knock down the whole blessed school, if you like! I say, I'm looking for a study. The numbers seem to be rubbed out on these mouldy old dcors: 'Pretty sort of a mouldy old show altogether, considering the fees they charge, ain't it?'"

"If Greyfriars isn't good enough for you," said Johnny Bull in a deep voice, "can't you ask your people to send you somewhere else?"

"Nobody here would miss you if you didn't stay!" remarked Nugent.

"The missfulness would not be terrific!" assented Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bang! Spatter!

"Here, look out!" yelled Caffyn, dabbing his face. "Some of your dashed plaster went in my eye!"

"Take your eye somewhere else, and the rest of you along with it!" answered Bob.

"I'll please myself about that!"

"Shut up, then!"

Caffyn rubbed his eye.

"You clumsy ass!" he said.

"That's enough! Shut up!"

Bang!

The steps rocked as Bob delivered a final bang on an obstinate nail that would not go in. It went in quite suddenly under that bang, and there was another shower.

The Co. dodged back. The immediate neighbourhood of the picture-hanger was getting a little thick.

"Look here, chuck that!" exclaimed Caffyn. "Enough's as good as a feast!" He had made out the almost indecipherable number on the door now. "I say, this is Study No. 1, isn't it?"

"As it's the first study in the passage, you might have guessed that without

putting a wet towel round your head!" answered Nugent.

"Oh, don't be a funny ass! Look here, you on the steps, chuck it!" exclaimed Caffyn. "It's too thick! Chuck it, I tell you!"

He took hold of the steps and gave them a shake to emphasise his words. The Co. simply stared at him.

True, Caffyn was a new man, unused to the ways of Greyfriars. But it seemed extraordinary that he supposed that he could give orders in that study—or in any study, for that matter.

Bob glared down at him.

"You cheeky idiot! Let those steps alone!"

"Come down!" answered Caffyn.

GREYFRIARS CARTOONS

By Harold Skinner.

No. 28.—GEORGE BLUNDELL,

The Captain of the Fifth Form.



Old Blundell's a tremendous Blood,
A triple-colour man,
The greatest fellow since the Flood,
Or since the world began.

Removites bow when he goes out;
They bow and raise their hats.
But when he orders them about
They—well, they answer: "Rats!"

"If I come down, you'll be sorry I did!" answered Bob, breathing very hard.

A shake of the steps was Caffyn's answer.

Bob came down at that—rather unintentionally! He lost his footing, and plunged!

Crash!

Bump!

Caffyn, certainly, whatever he had expected, had not expected that. Bob landed fairly on his head.

The weedy new fellow crumpled up under him.

He gasped, howled, and rolled over, with Bob on top. Bob's fall was broken. To judge by Caffyn's fearful howl, he was broken, too.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob scrambled up. Caffyn sprawled and roared. Bob glared round him on the floor. He had dropped the hammer. "Where's that hammer?" he gasped. "Yow-ow-ow!" howled Caffyn. He struggled to his feet. "You silly idiot! You clumsy dummy! Ow! Yow! You blithering fathead! Wow!"

"Oh, here it is!"

Bob grabbed up the hammer. But he was not thinking of hammering nails now; he was thinking of hammering Caffyn.

Tap, tap, tap!

"Yaroooh! Here, keep off! Oh, my hat! Gone mad! Whoo-hooop!" yelled Caffyn, dodging wildly out of the study as Bob tapped with the hammer. "Yarooop!"

"Bob!" gasped Wharton.

"I'll smash him!" roared Bob.

"You've jolly nearly smashed him already!"

"Rats!"

Bob dashed out of the study, hammer in hand. Caffyn was fleeing up the passage at top speed. The Co. rushed after Bob, and dragged him back into Study No. 1 by main force.

"Look here—" roared Bob struggling.

"My dear chap, we want that picture hung!" said Wharton. "Get it done before tea! There'll be a scramble in Hall, and we don't want to be late."

"If I see that sneaking tick again, I'll—"

"That's all right! He won't come back so long as you've got hold of that hammer! He looked as if he disliked hammers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob's wrathful face broke into a grin. Hammer in hand, he ascended the steps once more, and the gorgeous picture was hung at last. Leaving the debris for the boys' maid to sweep up at her leisure, the Famous Five went down and joined the crowd in Hall at tea.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Coker's Problem!

"ROT!" said Coker of the Fifth.

"But—"

"You don't want to join that mob in Hall!"

"But—"

"I said rot, and I mean rot!" said Coker. "Just help me unpack this hamper. There's something good in it!"

Potter and Greene exchanged a glance, and acquiesced.

According to Coker, they did not want to join the mob in Hall; but, as a matter of fact, Potter and Greene did want to join the mob in Hall.

It was like a gathering of the clans on the first day of term, and Potter and Greene did not want to be left out of it.

Still, there was consolation in Coker's hamper:

No doubt that hamper had been provided for Coker to bring back to school with him, by his affectionate Aunt Judy.

Nothing, from Aunt Judy's point of view, was too good for her darling Horace!

Mr. Sarle was not the only person who was perplexed by Miss Coker's affection for her burly nephew. Potter and Greene often wondered.

Coker was such an ass, such a fat-head, such a barging dunderhead! He never moved without knocking something over. He valued no opinion but his own, which was generally a mistaken one. Brawn and muscle Coker

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had in plenty, but he seemed to have been unaccountably overlooked when brains were served out.

Perhaps that was the reason why Aunt Judith liked him so much. As Caffyn had said to his guardian, Coker hadn't brains enough to think or worry about the probable destination of Miss Coker's money. The lack of that sort of brains probably stood him in good stead with a rich old lady who had had plenty of experience of legacy-hunters.

Aunt Judy had always been kind to Horace, and Horace had always been fond of Aunt Judy. Had he not been, it would never have occurred to him to pretend to be. Coker could no more play a part than he could play football.

No doubt that was his way to the old lady's heart—a way that Master Caffyn, with all his cunning, was never likely to find.

As the hamper was opened, Potter and Greene ceased to regret that they could not join the mob in Hall. Cold chickens and pudding and pies, jellies and candied fruits, all sorts and conditions of good things, were there in abundance.

"Coker, old man," said Greene, with feeling, "if you ever want to part with your Aunt Judy, I've got a couple of uncles I'll swap for her!"

Coker grinned.

"Might ask a few of the fellows——" remarked Potter.

"Later!" said Coker. "We'll have a study supper, if you like. But not now. I've got something to say to you men."

"Oh dear!"

"What did you say, George Potter?"

"I—I said—all serene, old chap!" stammered Potter. "Dash it all, talk football, if you like!"

"Do!" said Greene.

If Coker was going to stand them a free run of that magnificent hamper, Potter and Greene felt nobly that it was up to them to stand Coker's jaw, even on the subject of football—which, being the subject of which he knew least, was his favourite topic.

"Football!" said Coker, with a stare. "I'm not going to talk footer!"

"Oh, good—I—I mean——"

"I've got something else to speak about. The fact is," said Coker, with lofty condescension, "I'm going to ask your advice."

His friends tried to look duly honoured and elated. This was, in fact, very condescending of Coker.

He gave advice freely—too freely! But seldom, or never, was he known to ask for it, or to listen to it if offered.

Something or other of a serious nature must have happened if Horace was prepared to ask advice, and hear it when given.

Potter and Greene would have wondered what it was if they had not been so keenly interested in the contents of the hamper!

The mob in Hall, it was certain, had no such splendid spread as was set out on Coker's study table.

The three Fifth Form men sat down to it—Potter and Greene quite merry and bright, as was natural with hungry fellows dealing with cold chicken that seemed to melt in the mouth. But on Coker's brow sat sombre thought.

He did not neglect the feed. Coker had a good, healthy appetite, and was accustomed to giving it its head. But it was clear that his thoughts were not, like Potter's and Greene's, concentrated on the table.

"It's that beastly little snipe!" said Coker at last.

"Eh, which?" asked Potter with his

mouth full. "I think you said some cheeky fag knocked your hat off at Lantham! Let's look for him after tea and kick him."

"We'll strew the hungry churchyard with his bones!" said Greene.

"Eh? Never mind him!" said Coker. "I'm speaking of that dingy little snipe—that beastly cousin of mine."

"Oh, I remember!" Potter had forgotten, the matter not being so much on his mind as on Coker's. "Coffee, or Coffin, or something——"

"Caffyn!" said Coker.

"Oh, yes, Caffyn! Rotten to have him barged in at Greyfriars! Still, he'll be in the Lower School—you need never see him," said Potter. "There are men here who have minors that they never see from the beginning to the end of the term! And he's not a minor, after all."

"Not so bad as that!" said Greene. "You needn't let him know you, Coker! Kick him if he comes up to you in quad."

"Well, of course, I shall kick the little beast if he comes near me," said Coker. "I bar him, you know! Never could stand him! Mind, I'm not an unkind fellow, I hope! Any Fifth Form man would hate to have a small relation bunged into his school; but I can tell you men I'd look after him a bit and take him up and be kind to him, so far, of course, as a senior could, if he was that kind of chap! But he isn't! He's a snipe!"

Coker grunted.

"Aunt Judy said I ought to be kind to him, orphan and all that; and she's right in a way. If he was decent! But he isn't! Plays tricks—rotten tricks," said Coker. "What do you think of a fellow putting treacle in a fellow's best silk topper?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you think it's funny, do you?" bawled Coker.

"Oh! No! Rotten!"

"Horrid!"

"Smokes like a furnace—a mere kid," went on Coker. "Plays cards for money—actually had the neck to ask me to play banker for bobs! I kicked him. And he went and howled to Aunt Judy, and she was waxy! Of course, I couldn't tell her what I kicked the little beast for. She would have turned him out of the house if she'd known! He had me there!"

Coker frowned and shook his head.

"Whenever he's been at Aunt Judy's the same time as me there's always been some sort of trouble, and it always seemed to be my fault, and it never was!" said Coker. "You fellows know how good-tempered and patient I am——"

"Eh?"

"Nothing overbearing about me, or anything of that sort——"

"Wha-a-t?"

"But, do you know, Aunt Judy told me one day that I was self-assertive!" said Coker sorrowfully. "All that little beast's doing, of course."

"She—she said you were self-assertive!" gasped Potter. "Now, I—I wonder what can have made anybody think that?"

"I wonder!" gasped Greene.

"But that's not the worst," went on Coker. "Aunt Judy's lawyer man is his guardian, and I can't stand that sneaking blighter! Just can't stand him! You saw how he acted at Lantham to-day—making a fellow push him over! I wish now I'd hit him! I've advised Aunt Judy to sack him more than once! I shouldn't wonder if that's why he dislikes me so much!" added Coker thoughtfully.

"It's barely possible!" assented

Potter. And Greene winked at his chicken.

"Well, now he's landed on me here," said Coker. "My aunt doesn't know anything about schools, of course. She thinks I can have the little snipe in my study and help him with his lessons! And I'm to take his part if any nasty big boys bully him! That's her idea of school!"

"Your aunt knows more about hampers than about schools, Coker!" said Potter. "Of course, a Fifth Form man might have a fag cousin to tea say once in the term."

"Help him with his lessons!" Greene murmured. "Oh, my hat!"

Greene could not help wondering what a fellow's work would be like if Coker helped him with it! Coker was far from bright in the scholastic line.

"I wouldn't have him in the study not once in a dozen terms," said Coker. "He smokes, plays cards for money, tells lies, and torments animals! Horrid little beast all round!"

"Sounds nice!" murmured Potter.

"As for games, he wouldn't be found dead on a football field," said Coker. "As for protecting him, I've no doubt he'll be kicked from one end of the Remove to the other! And I know he'll deserve it, and more! Now, what would you fellows advise me to do?"

"Well, you can kick him!" said Potter.

"Every time you see him!" suggested Greene.

"Yes, yes, that's all very well," grunted Coker. "But I don't want him at Greyfriars! I told Aunt Judy so, and she was quite cross! She seemed to think it unfeeling! I can tell you, I jolly nearly lost my temper! But, of course, I can't row with Aunt Judy."

"For goodness' sake don't!" said Greene, in alarm. "Look at the hampers! she sends you all through the term."

"You silly ass!" snorted Coker. "Do you think I should think about the hampers? Blow the hampers!"

There was no reply to be made to that. A fellow who could "blow" such hampers as the one that now stood in the study was past reasoning with.

"Lot of good asking you fellows for advice!" snapped Coker. "I don't want that snipe here! How can I get shut of him, what?"

There was no reply to be made to that, either! If that was the advice that Horace wanted from his chums they were not prepared to offer any.

Footsteps came up the Fifth Form passage and stopped at the door.

Coker glared round.

"He's coming!" he said. "I expected him to butt in as soon as he found out my study, and here he is. Well, I'll jolly well show him what to expect as soon as he puts his nose in my study."

Coker grabbed up a large, rich, juicy jam tart from a dish. He turned in his chair to face the door.

The door opened.

Whiz!

Smash!

"Yarooooooh!" roared Billy Bunter, as the jam tart squashed on his nose. "Ooooooogh! Grooogh! What the thump—Ooooooh!"

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Just Like Coker!

BILLY BUNTER liked jam tarts. He liked them large and juicy and with plenty of jam.

But circumstances, like carpenters, alter cases!

That jam tart was large, it was juicy, and it had lots of jam, Aunt Judy's



"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Wharton! Cherry! Nugent! Bull! Bunter! Hurree Singh! What is the meaning of this?" From the open door of the carriage rolled a volume of smoke. It made the Remove master cough, as it caught him unexpectedly.

home-made jam of the very best quality. Taken internally, in a series of bites, it would have been delightful.

Taken outside, on the nose, with a bang, it was not delightful. It squashed on Bunter's nose, it shed jam and flakes of excellent pastry all over Bunter's fat countenance. He blinked dizzily through spectacles clouded with jam. He sniffed and snorted and sneezed jam! "Urrrrrrggghh!"

Coker stared at him.

He had supposed that it was the "snipe" Caffyn coming to his study. He had taken it for granted.

Coker often took things for granted. He did not stop to think! His thinking, perhaps, would not have amounted to much even if he had stopped! Intellectual effort was not Coker's long suit.

"Is that Bunter?" grunted Coker. "My hat! You silly young ass, what are you butting in here for? Serve you right!"

Bunter grabbed squashed tart from his fat face with fat fingers.

"Beast!" he roared.

Coker pointed to the door.

"Get out!" he said.

And he turned back to the tea-table. He was rather sorry that Caffyn had not got that juicy tart. Still, Bunter was welcome to it as far as that went.

Billy Bunter took his spectacles and wiped them on a handkerchief already rather sticky and grubby. He dabbed his fat face with the handkerchief. He glared at the back of Coker's head.

Coker took no further notice of him. Perhaps he thought he had already gone! He had told him to go, which ought to have been enough. Coker's word was, or should have been, law to lesser mortals.

Bunter, however, was not gone. He dabbed and wiped and rubbed and dabbed. He cleared off most of the tart. Even while he was busy with the jam tart on his features he blinked

longingly at the good things stacked on Coker's table.

It was the feed that had drawn Bunter there like a magnet.

Certainly Bunter would not have expected to be asked to a feast in the Fifth in ordinary circumstances, but he had something to tell Coker which he thought was worth listening to.

Bunter had no very clear idea of the meaning of the conversation he had overheard at Courtfield station. But one thing at least was fairly clear to him; something was going on, and it was up against Coker. There was some sort of a scheme on between that new tick Caffyn and the lawyer Johnny to dish Coker. Caffyn, somehow or other, was going to get on with it at the Greyfriars and while Sarle got on with it at the other end. The idea was to diddle Coker out of his aunt's money. That was a tip worth something to Coker—worth at least a little civility and a share in the hamper he had brought back to school.

Bunter was going to put Coker on his guard. He was going to help him frustrate their knavish tricks, so to speak.

If that was not worth a cold chicken and a slice of Christmas pudding, Bunter would have liked to know what was!

Instead, therefore, of retiring from Coker's study after the unceremonious greeting he had received, Bunter remained. Having dabbed off most of the jam, and restored an extremely sticky handkerchief to his pocket, the Owl of the Remove proceeded to come down to business.

"I say, Coker——"

Horace Coker stared round.

"You still there?" he snapped.

"Yes, old chap! You see——"

"Do you want me to take you by the scruff of the neck and bang your head on that door?" inquired Coker. "If

so, you've only got to call me old chap' again!"

"Oh, really, Coker——"

"Shut the door after you."

"I've come here——"

Coker rose to his feet. He glanced round him.

"You fellows see where I put that walking-stick?" he asked.

"There it is—against the bookcase," said Potter.

"Oh, good!"

Coker stepped across to the bookcase. He grasped the stick. What he was going to do with that stick hardly needed explaining.

Bunter backed warily into the doorway.

He had come there to do Coker a good turn—to warn him, and help him frustrate knavish tricks. But really Coker was a difficult fellow to help.

Bunter, indeed, was likely to be more in need of help than Coker when Horace got going with that walking-stick.

"Look here, Coker——" gasped Bunter.

"I give you one second to hop it!" said Coker grimly.

"Oh, all right!" Bunter's spectacles gleamed angry scorn. "All right, I'll go! I won't tell you now! I was going to tip you what was going on. Now I won't! Yah!"

Coker stared. The walking-stick was in his grasp, but for the moment he refrained from establishing contact between it and Bunter.

"What's that?" he snapped. "What's going on? What do you mean, you young ass?"

"That's telling!" said Bunter loftily. "Perhaps I heard that sneaking young cad Caffyn talking it over with that skinny lawyer man! Perhaps they're

(Continued on page 16.)

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Coker's Cousin Comes to Greyfriars!



(Continued from page 13.)

going to cut you out with that old sketch Judy—"

"That what?" gasped Coker.

"That aunt of yours," said Bunter. "Perhaps you don't know that young Caffyn is after her money, same as you are—"

"Wha-at?"

"I could tell you if I liked," said Bunter, blinking at the astounded Coker. "I could tell you what they said to one another—"

"Is he mad—or what?" said Coker. "You sneaking fat worm, have you been eavesdropping, and got the cheek to come here and tell me?"

Potter and Greene were staring at Bunter. Coker took a firmer grip on the walking-stick.

"I heard what they said by accident, of course," said Bunter. "I got under the table because that beast Caffyn was after me, and then they came and sat down. I'll tell you everything they said, Coker. But look here, I haven't had my tea yet, and—"

Bunter broke off suddenly as Coker jumped.

He dodged.

But he dodged too late.

Coker's left hand grasped his collar; his right brandished the walking-stick.

Bunter gave a roar of alarm.

"Yaroooh! I say, keep that stick away! I say, I'll tell you all about it, Coker! I say, I can jolly well tell you you're going to be diddled! You fancy you're safe for that old sketch's money, but I can jolly well say— Yarooop!"

Whack!

"Yow-ow-wow!"

Whack!

"Ow! Beast! Wow! Leave off! Leggo!"

Whack!

Coker of the Fifth had a heavy hand. The stick swiped on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars with a series of reports like pistol-shots.

Bunter roared and wriggled.

Coker, of course, did not understand. So far as he could see, Bunter was butting into family matters that did not concern Bunter in the least. Bunter referred to Coker's aunt as a "sketch"—and Coker, little as Bunter would have guessed it, was affectionately attached to his Aunt Judy. Bunter supposed, as a matter of course, that Coker's interest in Miss Judith was wholly of a financial nature—which was not the case in the very least. So far as Coker could see, what Bunter wanted was a hiding.

So he gave him one!

Coker rather prided himself on having a short way with fags. His way with Bunter on this occasion was very short and very sharp.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Ow! Wow! Ow! Wow!"

Whack, whack!

"Yarooop!"

Whack!

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"Help!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"There!" said Coker rather breathlessly. "That will do! That's a tip for you not to come barging into my study and gabbling! Get out!"

A swing of Coker's powerful arm sent Bunter spinning into the passage. He bumped there and rolled.

"Ow! Oh crikey! Beast! Wow!"

Coker stopped out and administered a final lick with the walking-stick.

Bunter scrambled up and ran for his life.

Coker went back into the study breathing rather hard. He pitched the walking-stick into a corner and sat down again.

"I fancy that cheeky young tick won't come back here in a hurry," he remarked.

Coker was right. Bunter didn't. If Coker of the Fifth was ever put on his guard against the knavish tricks of his enemies, it certainly would not be by Billy Bunter!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Wet!

"WHAT the thump—"

"You cheeky young cad!" Wharton and Nugent uttered those exclamations simultaneously as they came into Study No. 1 in the Remove.

As they had left their friends in Hall the chums of Study No. 1 did not expect to find anyone there. But they did.

The light was on, and a fellow was in the study; no other than the new "tick"—Edgar Caffyn.

His occupation was rather surprising. He had torn down the picture that Bob Cherry had nailed up that afternoon with such an expenditure of energy and plaster. Not only had he torn it down, but he had torn it into several pieces.

These fragments he was now stuffing into the study fire.

Wharton and Nugent gazed at him in angry amazement. They already disliked the new fellow, and would have asked him, anyhow, what the dickens he was doing in their study, where he certainly was not wanted; but what he had done filled them with angry surprise and indignation.

True, they were not frightfully keen on that gorgeous oleograph. In the secret depths of their hearts they had rather hoped that some accident would happen to it.

But the cool nerve of this new fellow in tearing it down and destroying it roused their deepest wrath.

If Master Caffyn supposed that he could carry on like that in a Remove study he was making a mistake, and that fact had to be impressed upon him immediately and drastically.

He turned from the fire, giving the fragments a last jam with his boot, and looked coolly at the two juniors.

"That's that!" he said.

"What the thump do you mean by this?" roared Wharton. "You impudent little beast, what are you doing in this study at all? How dare you touch Cherry's picture?"

"That rotten rubbish wasn't wanted here," said Caffyn coolly, "and that fool Cherry had better do something to the wall! He's knocked half a dozen holes in it!"

Wharton came across the study towards the new boy. The expression on the face of the captain of the Remove caused Caffyn to dodge quickly round the study table.

"Look here—" he began.

Wharton followed him round the table. Nugent came round the other side. They caught him together.

"Hands off!" yelled Caffyn. "I'll call Mr. Quelch! I—"

"Hook him out, Franky!"

"You bet!"

In the grasp of the two juniors, yelling and wriggling, Caffyn went through the doorway into the Remove passage.

"Bring him along to the tap!" said Harry.

"What-ho!"

"Let go!" shrieked Caffyn. "I tell you—"

Bump, bump, bump!

Wharton and Nugent hooked him up the Remove passage, bumping him on the floor as they went. Caffyn having asked for a lesson, they were giving him one. Fellows stared out of the studies at the procession.

"What's the name of that game?" asked Vernon-Smith, from the doorway of Study No. 4.

"Bullying a new kid?" asked Skinner, with a sneer.

The next moment Skinner was sorry that he had spoken. Bullying new kids was rather in Skinner's own line; certainly not in Wharton's or Nugent's. This particular new kid had asked for what he was getting, and more.

Wharton and Nugent swung their prisoner round, and crashed him into Skinner. That youth went spinning.

"Yooop!" he yelled, as he crashed.

Wharton glared down at him.

"Anything more to say?" he roared.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, Franky!"

"Ow! Leggo! Leggo!" howled Caffyn. "I tell you— Yaroooh! Ow!"

Bump, bump, bump! went Caffyn along the passage. Skinner picked himself up, gasping, with no more unpleasant remarks to make.

At the end of the Remove passage was a tap, where study kettles were filled. Fellows seriously in need of instruction had sometimes had their heads held under that tap.

Caffyn's head went under it now. Wharton held him there, and Nugent turned the tap on.

Splash! came the streaming water.

"Gurrrggh! Urrrggh! Gug-gug-gug!" gurgled Caffyn.

He struggled frantically, howling and kicking. A crowd gathered round, staring on in astonishment. The sight of the head boy of the Form engaged in ragging a new kid was surprising enough.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh, coming up from Hall, heard the uproar, and came along to see what was up. They stared blankly at the sight of Caffyn, in the grasp of Wharton and Nugent, under the streaming tap.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" gasped Bob. "What the thump's that game, you men?"

"Teaching a cheeky cad a lesson!" said Harry.

"Urrrggh! Help! Gurrrggh!"

"The lessonfulness is terrific and preposterous, my esteemed Wharton!" remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Urrrggh! Leggo! Gurrrggh!"

"Dash it all, draw it mild, old beans!" said Bob. "He's a little beast, but he's only a new kid, you know! Draw it mild!"

"Urrrggh! Will you leggo! Gurrrggh!"

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "Do you fancy—"

that I should be ragging the young rotter like this if he hadn't asked for it!"

"Well, no. But—"

"Urrrrrrgggh!" gurgled Caffyn. "Wurrgh!"

"Well, what has he done, anyhow?" demanded Bob, rather gruffly. "I don't see how a new kid can have asked for all this. I'd like to know what he's done."

"Oh, nothing!" said Wharton sarcastically. "He's only yanked down your picture in my study and bunged it into the fire!"

Bob Cherry jumped.

"Wha-a-t!" he stuttered.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Why, the cheeky young rotter!" gasped Bob. "Here, let me get hold of him! I'll show him whether he can bung pictures into the fire! After all

the trouble I had with that picture! Give me hold of him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrgh! Will you leggo? I'll go to Quelch! I'll go to the—gurrgh—headmaster! I'll—Gurrgh!"

Wharton and Nugent released Caffyn. But their grasp was replaced by Bob Cherry's hefty grip.

"So you've pulled down the picture I stuck up?" roared Bob.

"Urrgh!"

"You've bunged it in the fire?"

"Yurrgh!"

"You tick! You toad! You cheeky snipe! I'll give you a wash!" hooted Bob; and he jammed the wretched Caffyn under the tap again.

"Draw it mild!" chuckled Nugent.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gurrgh! Wurrgh! Help!" shrieked Caffyn. "Yooo-hoop! Urrgh! Oh

crikey! Ow! Will you—grooogh—leggo!"

Wharton turned off the tap, laughing. Bob did not seem to think that Caffyn had had enough, but the other fellows did.

"Look here, turn that tap on!" roared Bob.

"He's rather wet, old chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The wetfulness is terrific!"

"Urrgh! Leggo! Oh crumbs! Urrgh!"

"Well, perhaps he's had enough," said Bob; and he pitched Caffyn along the passage. "You can cut, you tick! That wash will do you good, after your filthy smoking!"

Drenched and dripping, Caffyn rolled along the passage. He picked himself up, gave the chums of the Remove a glare of rage and hatred, and scudded
(Continued on next page.)



"Linesman" is the greatest authority on football. He'll solve all your soccer problems if you'll let him. Write to him, c/o The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

DARK HORSES!

THE Cup competition is the football topic of the moment, and I must be in the fashion and talk about it.

The players of sixty-four clubs are now tuning up for the third round games in what is popularly known as the English Cup, but which is, strictly speaking, the F.A. Challenge Cup.

Plans are being most carefully laid for success in this knock-out competition. Some of the players are undergoing special training; others are on special diet, and during the days preceding the games there will be extra talks on the tactics which shall be employed when the struggle takes place next Saturday.

Hope springs eternal in the breasts of the big players when they start on a Cup competition. The members of the teams which have not done well in the League regard the Cup competition as their second chance of earning fame.

It very seldom happens that the successful sides in the League are also successful in the Cup. Much more frequently does it happen that the comparative failures in the League achieve success in the knock-out business.

This third round is, of course, the first, so far as the clubs of the First and Second Divisions are concerned. They have now been joined by seventeen others who have fought their way through certain earlier stages. For the moment, I can leave these bigger clubs to look after themselves, and talk about the strugglers. I shall be specially interested to note how the teams outside the Football League fare.

Take Yeovil and Petters United, as an example. They have been playing these English Cup-ties since September—struggling through the various preliminary rounds. In the last two rounds they have accomplished quite unusual feats. They beat Crystal Palace, one of the leading teams in the Third Division, and then whacked Exeter City, who had

just previously beaten Charlton Athletic. They now have an opportunity of showing what they can do against a First Division side. And what a sensation they will cause if they manage to win!

WELL DONE, WIGAN!

ONE of my readers in the North wants to know why this club has the peculiar title of Yeovil and Petters United. The Yeovil part is obvious—that is the town in which they play. Just after the War there was also a works club in Yeovil called Petters, and it was agreed that the two clubs should join forces. That is how they became Yeovil and Petters United.

Although the Yeovil players are practically all professionals, they do not give their whole time to football, and preparing for football. Many of them are employed during the week at Petters' oil engine works. If I may be allowed a mild joke I would suggest that being associated with oil during the week is one of the reasons why they work smoothly on the football field on a Saturday afternoon!

A much more satisfactory reason is that all these players are full of enthusiasm for their team, and they work out their plans under the guidance of a man who has had a lot of experience of the best class of football—Louis Page who, as an outside-left of the Burnley team, played in many International matches for England. He plays for the side as well as manages it.

Another club to create a stir in this season's Cup competition is Wigan Athletic. Wigan may be a joke town to some people, but the players of Carlisle and Torquay United, who have been knocked out of the Cup by Wigan, don't consider their experience a joke. A few years back there was a Northern Third Division club at Wigan, but they ran into financial difficulties, and were unable to fulfil their programme of League fixtures.

However, there is now new-found enthusiasm for the doings of the local club, and I expect that in due course the officials will apply for admission to the Third Division again.

UNEXPECTED SUCCESSES!

THERE are sure to be some surprises in the Cup-ties of the coming week-end—some cases of David slaying Goliath, if I may put it that way. How do the giant-killers do it? The answer is that enthusiasm can accomplish quite a lot. I expect that my player readers often run up against fellows whom they know to be better footballers than they are themselves. But in such cases I hope that none of you will go on the field thinking that you are beaten before the match starts. That is the certain way to be beaten.

There has been some striking cases of unexpected successes by lowly teams in the Cup competitions of the past. I remember the time when Swansea Town, then only in the Second Division of the Southern League, beat Blackburn Rovers. At that time Blackburn Rovers held the title of Champions of the First Division.

Then, in 1923, there was the striking case of Charlton Athletic, who, after battling their way through the preliminary rounds, beat three First Division teams. They were then knocked out by Bolton Wanderers by the odd goal. There was no disgrace in that because the Wanderers went on to win the Cup that season!

While I am on this Cup talk, I can answer a couple of questions which have been sent to me. "We were playing in a schools' competition the other day," writes a reader chum who lives near Manchester, "and at the end of ordinary time the scores were level. We had to play extra time. Without any fuss the two teams turned round—playing the opposite way—to start this extra time. Was this right?"

The answer is that it wasn't. When extra time has to be played in a match, the proper course is for the captains to toss for choice of ends again, just as if they were starting a new game.

Here is the other query from a Bristol reader: When two teams meet in the English Cup whose colours are the same, or very similar, which team must change? The answer to that question is that in the Cup, both teams must change if the colours clash. This is not so in the League, of course. In League games the home team has the right to its own colour, and it is the visitors who must change when the colours clash. "LINESMAN."

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away. He wanted a change, and wanted it badly.

"By gum!" said Bob. "If that's a specimen of Coker's relations, I hope there won't be any more of the family coming to Greyfriars! Rotten luck to have him in the Remove! What study's he got?"

Nobody could answer that question. It was not known yet whether Caffyn had been assigned a study. But every Remove fellow who had seen anything of Caffyn hoped that his study would not be the one.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Quelch Is Wrathful!

BLOW in, fathead!" called out Harry Wharton, over his shoulder, as a sharp tap came at the door of Study No. 1.

Wharton and Nugent, in that study, were unpacking various belongings and disposing them about the room. There was no prep on the first evening, and many fellows were similarly occupied till time for supper in Hall.

The door opened.

"Wharton!"

"Oh, my hat!" The captain of the Remove spun round, and crimsoned at the sight of Mr. Quelch. "I—I didn't know it was you, sir!"

"Probably not!" said Mr. Quelch dryly.

"Please come in, sir! We—"

"Come in, Caffyn!" said Mr. Quelch, calling into the passage; and the new junior followed him into the study.

He gave the two chums a bitter and, at the same time, vaunting look.

But for the presence of the Form-master, Caffyn would not have remained long in Study No. 1. He would have remained, in fact, precisely the length of time that it took to chuck him out again!

In the majestic presence of Quelch, however, Wharton and Nugent could not handle Caffyn as they would have liked to do. So they took no notice of him, standing at attention, and waiting for Quelch to disclose why he had come there.

The Remove master's face was grave and stern.

"Caffyn tells me that he has been turned out of this study, Wharton!" he said severely.

"That is so, sir!" said Wharton.

"You turned him out, Wharton?"

"Certainly, sir! Nobody wanted him here!"

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"Am I to understand, Wharton, that you take it upon yourself to decide whether I shall assign a new boy to this study or not?" he rapped.

Wharton jumped.

"Oh, no, sir! Of course not! Is Caffyn to be in this study?"

"Were you not aware of that, Wharton?"

"I had no idea of it, sir."

Mr. Quelch glanced at the new junior.

"You gave me to understand, Caffyn, that these boys were aware that you had been placed in this study!" he snapped.

"They knew all right, sir!" answered Caffyn. "Of course, they knew!"

"We know nothing of the kind, sir!" said Nugent quietly.

"What did you think I was doing in the study, then?" sneered Caffyn.

"Did you think I was making myself at home in a study that wasn't mine?"

Wharton and Nugent made no answer to that.

Now that they came to think of it

they realised that they might have guessed. Caffyn's impudence, in dragging down the picture, was explained, to some extent, by the fact that it hung in his study!

"Caffyn!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!"

"Wharton and Nugent have stated that they did not know you were to share this study with them. I accept their statement absolutely. I trust them, Caffyn, as I certainly cannot trust you, after the falsehoods you told me to-day at Courtfield station!"

Caffyn scowled.

"You should have told these boys that I had sent you to this study!" said Mr. Quelch.

"They never gave me time to speak!" muttered Caffyn sullenly. "They grabbed me and pitched me out, and ducked me under the tap, too!"

"I can hardly imagine my head boy treating a new boy in such a manner," said Mr. Quelch. "Did this actually occur, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry quietly. "As Caffyn seems to have told you about it, I suppose he has told you the reason."

Mr. Quelch glanced from one to the other—from Wharton's contemptuous face to the sullen, scowling face of Edgar Caffyn. Probably Mr. Quelch could judge where the blame lay. At all events, he let the matter drop where it was.

"Do not let it occur again, at all events," he said. "Wharton, this is to be Caffyn's study this term, and I trust that there will be no unfriendliness or ill-feeling here. I expect you, Wharton, especially, to make some allowances for a new boy unaccustomed to our ways."

"Oh, certainly, sir!" said Harry, with an effort. "If it's going to be Caffyn's study, we don't want to row with him."

"Very good!" said Mr. Quelch, and with that, and a rather doubtful expression on his face, he quitted the study.

As he shut the door after him, Caffyn eyed the two juniors who were to be his study-mates for the term sullenly and malevolently.

Neither was inclined to speak to him; but Wharton made another effort. After all, the fellow was new to the school, and it was his first day away from home, whatever that was like.

"Sorry we've had such a rumpus, Caffyn," said the captain of the Remove. "But it was rather thick, you know, tearing up the picture a friend gave us."

"Did you want the rotten rubbish?" sneered Caffyn. "It was like the fellow's cheek to stick such a daub up here!"

Wharton breathed hard.

He did not want to be friends with Caffyn, for he already felt that he could not stand him at any price. He was willing to be civil. Civility was rather difficult with a fellow like this.

"Look what that clumsy fool's done to the wall!" went on Caffyn.

"Bob Cherry's a friend of ours!" said Harry quietly.

"He's a clumsy fool, all the same!"

"Well, don't call him one, please!"

"I'll call him what I like! That old blighter ought to have licked you for ducking me under the tap!" said Caffyn viciously. "I suppose this is the sort of justice a fellow gets here!"

"If you get what you deserve, you won't be pleased!" remarked Nugent.

"Oh, don't be a fool!"

"Fool or not, I'll give you a tip," said Frank. "We bar sneaking in the Remove. You'd better not ask for another ducking; but if you get one, you'd better grin and bear it, and not

tell tales about it. Fellows who sneak to a beak find themselves barred."

"The old fool ought to have licked you for it! That was his duty!" said Caffyn. "He thought it his duty to jaw me for about ten minutes for having cigarettes in my pocket. I believe he would have caned me if it hadn't been my first day here. But he hasn't caned you for ducking a chap and wetting him to the skin! The old rotter—"

The door opened.

Caffyn broke off suddenly.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wharton as he saw the grim visage of Henry Samuel Quelch in the doorway.

Mr. Quelch had turned back for something—in time to hear the new boy's flattering opinion of him!

Caffyn's pasty face turned quite white.

Mr. Quelch gave him a look. But he addressed Wharton:

"I forgot to mention, Wharton, that I should like to see you in my study before supper in Hall," he said.

"Certainly, sir!"

Then Mr. Quelch turned to Caffyn.

"I heard what you said as I opened the door, Caffyn! You were, I think, alluding to me."

"I—I—I never meant—" stammered Caffyn.

"This is your first day at the school, Caffyn," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "Twice already you have merited severe punishment. First, for smoking on your way to Greyfriars; second, for telling me barefaced falsehoods on the subject. This is your third offence. I regret, Caffyn, that I am compelled to punish a new boy on his first day here. But you have left me no choice. I shall cane you!"

"I—I—"

"You will follow me to my study, Caffyn!"

Mr. Quelch departed again—this time followed by the new junior. Wharton and Nugent exchanged a glance when they were gone.

"Quelch doesn't seem pleased with his new man!" grinned Nugent.

"Well, he's asked for it, and no mistake!" said Harry. "He seems to be a frightful tick; but I'm rather sorry for him when Quelch gets going!"

"Let's get out before he comes back!"

"Let's!" agreed Wharton.

And when Edgar Caffyn returned to Study No. 1 he found that apartment vacant. He was wriggling painfully and scowling like a demon in a pantomime. However, he found consolation in a smoke, sprawling in the study armchair, with his feet on the fender, and lighting cigarettes—of which Mr. Quelch had evidently not confiscated his whole supply.

He was thus happily engaged when the study door opened, and a fat face and a large pair of spectacles looked in.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Maully Takes a Hand!

I SAY, you fellows!"

Caffyn started and sat upright at the sound of that fat voice.

Sitting in the armchair, facing the fire, he was hidden from Billy Bunter's sight by the high back of the chair, and could not, of course, see Bunter. But he recognised the fat voice. This was the fellow in spectacles, who had given him away to the Remove master at Courtfield station that day!

Judging by his own conduct, Master Caffyn had no special "down" on



Bob Cherry lost his footing on the steps and crashed downwards. Bump! He landed on the head of Caffyn, who fairly crumpled up under his weight. "Yow-ow-ow!" howled the new boy. "You blithering fathead—wow!"

sneaking. But perhaps he made allowances for himself which he was unwilling to make for others.

Perhaps, after a ducking from his study-mates and a caning from his Form-master, he was ready to wreak his malice on any object that came handy. The look that came over his face, if Bunter had seen it, would have alarmed the fat Owl.

But Bunter did not even know that he was there. He blinked into the study in surprise at seeing the tobacco-smoke.

"I say, you fellows! Smoking—what? Well, I like that, after the fuss you made about the new cad smoking in the train! He, he, he!"

Caffyn removed the cigarette from his mouth and threw it into the fire. Bunter rolled into the study.

"I say, I'll have one," he remarked. "I had some of Hilton's, over Christmas, and I haven't had a smoke since."

Bunter blinked round the high back of the chair, to see whether it was Wharton or Nugent sitting there.

He gave a jump as he saw that it was neither.

"Oh! You!" he ejaculated.

He backed away. Caffyn jumped up and placed himself promptly between Bunter and the door.

He kicked the door shut with a backward kick.

"I—I say—" stammered Bunter, in alarm.

Caffyn grinned. He had not seen Bunter since on the platform at Courtfield, and little dreamed how near he had been to him during his talk with his guardian.

He was glad to see him again—alone in the study! It did not suit Caffyn to call to account the fellows who had ducked him under the tap. But this fat

fellow in spectacles was an easier proposition.

"I've been wanting to see you!" he said pleasantly.

"I—I say, you'll get into a row smoking in this study!" said Bunter. "If Wharton or Nugent came in—and I—I think they're coming! I—I saw them coming up the passage a minute ago—"

"Did you?" grinned Caffyn. "You fat porpoise, you thought they were here when you came in!"

"I—I—I mean, I—I've got to get down to supper!" stammered Bunter.

"I say, let a fellow pass, will you?"

"Any hurry?" grinned Caffyn.

"Well, I'm rather in a hurry," said Bunter. "I've got to see Wingate of the Sixth—he's the captain of the school, you know, and a fellow can't keep him waiting—"

"I'm afraid you'll have to!"

"I—I say, I mean it's the Head I've got to see!"

"Then the Head will have to wait, too!"

"Look here, you let me pass, you beast!" exclaimed Bunter, and he barged towards the door. "I—I'll jolly well whop you if you stop me, so there!"

"Go it!" said Caffyn. "I'm ready."

"I—I mean, look here, old chap—" stuttered Bunter. "I say, let—let's be pally, what? I say, I've got some tuck in my box, and—and I was going to ask you to come and have some—"

He backed away as Caffyn advanced on him.

"I say, you keep off!" gasped Bunter.

He backed round the table, Caffyn following him. Then he made a sudden bolt for the door.

Quick as he was, Caffyn was quicker. With a bound he reached the fat junior

and grasped him by the back of his collar.

Bump!

There was a heavy concussion as Bunter smote the floor of the study. He roared as he smote it.

"Whooo-hoboo!"

Caffyn grasped him by his fat wrists. He dragged Bunter's arms over his head. Bunter, on his back, was almost as helpless as a turtle in the same position. He wriggled and roared.

Caffyn proceeded to twist his wrists. Bunter yelled wildly.

There were fellows at Greyfriars given to bullying, like Bolsover major of the Remove, and Loder of the Sixth. Neither of them, however, would have thought of twisting a fellow's wrists.

That form of torture was new to Billy Bunter. He found it exceedingly unpleasant.

"Ow! Leggo, you beast!" shrieked Bunter. "Ow! You're hurting me, you beast!"

"Dear me!" grinned Caffyn. "Not really?"

"Ow! Yes! Wow! Beast!"

"I'll hurt you some more!" said Caffyn cheerfully.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Like that!" said Caffyn, giving the fat wrists a vicious twist, which elicited a fearful yell from Bunter.

"Yaroooooh!"

"And like that—"

"Ow! Don't!"

"And like that—"

Bunter shrieked.

The door was thrown open, and Lord Mauleverer's astonished face looked in.

"Somebody killin' pigs in this study?" asked Mauleverer. "Why—what—?"

His lordship stared blankly.

Bunter, on his back on the carpet,

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was shrieking with anguish. Caffyn let go the fat wrists rather suddenly.

"Ow! Wow! Ow!" yelled Bunter. "You bullyin' rotter!" gasped Mauleverer. His lordship's aristocratic calm was a proverb in the Remove. But Mauly looked anything but calm, as he shot across the study at Caffyn.

Caffyn jumped up and jumped away. Bunter sat up, yelling. Lord Mauleverer hurled himself at the new junior, hitting out right and left.

Bang, bang! came Mauly's noble fists, one on Caffyn's nose, the other in his eye! Caffyn went down with a crash.

Lord Mauleverer, excited for almost the first time on record, pranced round him.

"Get up!" he roared. "Ow! Keep off!" gasped Caffyn. "Leave me alone! Oh, my eye! Ow my nose! Wow!"

"You're not licked yet! You're goin' to be licked! Get up, I tell you!" roared Mauleverer.

Caffyn seemed to prefer to remain where he was. With one hand to his eye, and the other to his nose, he crouched on the carpet.

"Are you a rotten funk, as well as a sneakin' bully!" yapped Mauleverer. "Will you get on your feet, you toad?"

Billy Bunter scrambled up. "I say, Mauly! Pitch into him, old chap! Jump on him! Mop him up! I say, give him a jolly good hiding, Mauly, old chap!"

"I'm goin' to, if he'll get up!" growled Mauleverer. "Are you goin' to get on your pins, you crawling worm?"

"No!" snarled Caffyn. "Well, you're goin' to be licked! Take that ruler, Bunter, and give him six on his rousers."

"What-ho!" grinned Bunter. Lord Mauleverer stooped, grasped Caffyn, and rolled him over. Bunter got going with the ruler, with great energy.

Six times it came down on Caffyn with all Bunter's beef in it. Six awful yells pealed from the recipient.

"Stop!" said Mauleverer. "Better give him a few more!" said Bunter. "I'm not tired—"

"I expect that tick is! That's enough!" Mauly jerked the ruler away from Bunter, and tossed it on the table. "That will be a tip to you, you worm, not to twist a fellow's arm, see?"

Lord Mauleverer walked out of the study—hastily followed by Billy Bunter.

"I say, Mauly—"
"Yaas?"

"Wait for me, old chap! I'm coming down to supper with you!"

"Oh dear!"

"Eh! Look here, Mauly—"

"Come on, old fat bean!" said his lordship, resigning himself to his fate. He had Bunter's company at supper; a reward for coming to the rescue—which made Mauly very nearly wish that he hadn't rescued Bunter!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Cheeking Coker!

"THAT snipe!" said Coker. It was a cold and frosty morning.

Colder and frostier than the morning was the stare that Horace Coker of the Fifth Form bestowed on Edgar Caffyn of the Remove.

Potter and Greene smiled. Obviously, there was no love lost between these two cousins, Coker and Caffyn. Possibly Caffyn was the rank outsider and rotter that Coker believed

him to be. But really, if he wanted to be a nice and affectionate relative he did not seem likely to get much encouragement from Coker.

His presence at Greyfriars annoyed the great Horace. This, in the private opinion of Potter and Greene, was cheek on Horace's part. Greyfriars School did not belong to Horace Coker; though, from his manners and customs, a fellow might have supposed that it did!

The contrast was striking between the big, beefy, burly Coker and the weedy Caffyn. It was in Coker's favour. Coker might be an ass, and a hot-headed ass; but he looked healthy and wholesome. Caffyn looked neither.

Coker stared at him with dislike and disapproval in the quadrangle. He seemed inclined to walk over and kick

"Fathead!" answered Caffyn over his shoulder.

After which, Bob left him to his own devices. Lounging away with his hands in his pockets, Caffyn spotted the Fifth Form men.

Coker had been undecided whether to go over to him and kick him. He had not yet made up his mind, when Caffyn came across to him as if rushing on his fate!

"Oh, here you are, Horace!" said Caffyn, with a cool nod.

Coker breathed hard. "You cheeky little snipe!" he said.

"What's biting you, Horace?" asked Caffyn.

"Perhaps I'd better speak to you," said Coker. "Once and for all! Look here, Caffyn—"

"Looking!" said Caffyn calmly.

Fifth Form men here don't know fags in the Lower Fourth," said Coker. "Even if you weren't a snipe and a toad and a worm, I shouldn't want to know you at school. Got that?"

"Sing it over again!" suggested Caffyn.

Coker did not sing it over again. He glared—all the more exasperated, because Potter and Greene seemed amused by the new fellow's coolness. Coker could see nothing amusing in the impudence of this snipe.

"If you speak to me," went on Coker, "you won't call me Horace! You'll call me Coker, see?"

"Anything you like," said Caffyn. "I'll call you Coker, or Coke, or Coal, if you like."

Potter and Greene grinned. "But don't speak to me at all," said Coker, breathing hard. "Keep your distance! See?"

"Aren't we going to be friends here?" asked Caffyn. "Aunt Judy expects us to be friends, Horace."

"I've told you not to call me Horace!"

"Horace!"

"What?"

"Horace!"

Coker stared hard at Caffyn. This was sheer cheek; the snipe was doing exactly what Coker told him not to do! It was just as if he found it entertaining to exasperate Coker. Perhaps he did!

"I've warned you, Caffyn!" said Coker, in a choking voice.

"Won't you call me Edgar?" asked Caffyn.

"No!" roared Coker. "I won't!"

"Why not, Horace?"

Coker of the Fifth looked like Vesuvius on the point of eruption. But he still restrained himself.

"That will do, you snipe!" he said. "If you call me Horace again I'll kick you! See?"

"Yes, Horace," said Caffyn.

"That does it!" gasped Coker, and he laid his mighty grasp on the weedy junior.

The next moment Caffyn probably wished that he had not cheeked Coker. He swung helplessly in Horace's powerful hands. Coker swung him round, and prepared to land a boot on him.

Caffyn yelled. "Chuck it, Coker, old man!" said Greene hastily. "Everybody's staring at you!"

"Let 'em stare!" said Coker.

"There's Wingate—"

"Blow Wingate!"

"Ow!" yelled Caffyn. "Leggo!"

Coker's boot landed! Caffyn flew! Coker had a hefty kick. Caffyn landed on his hands and knees, roaring.

Fifty fellows at least were staring at Coker. Coker did not care. Coker was a law unto himself.

But as Caffyn landed on the earth,

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE TO RAISE A SMILE!

K. Ward, of 557, Bromford Lane, Ward End, Birmingham, has done the trick and wins a penknife for his trouble.

Here's his effort:



Teacher (to pupils): "How is it that oats can see in the dark?"
Tommy Jones: "Because they are fed on lights, sir!"

Now YOU have a try at winning one of these topping prizes. NOTE.—All Jokes and Limericks should be sent to: "Jokes and Limericks" Editor, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

him—not because he had done anything, but just because he was there!

A crowd of Remove fellows were punting a ball about, after class, in the frosty air, with ruddy faces and cheery yells. Caffyn was welcome to join in the punt about if he liked; but he did not like. He loafed about with his hands in his pockets and a discontented expression on his thin face.

There was none of the shyness or diffidence of a new boy about Caffyn. He was perfectly self-possessed.

Bob Cherry, already forgetful of the previous day's offences, called to him cheerily as he saw him hanging about unoccupied.

"Come on, Caffyn! On the ball, old bean!"

Caffyn gave him a stare, sneered, and lounged away.

"Slacker!" roared Bob,

roaring, Wingate of the Sixth came up. Coker, having tasted blood, as it were, was stepping towards the sprawling junior, with the evident intention of landing another kick. The captain of Greyfriars interposed just in time.

He gave Coker a shove on his brawny chest, and brawny as Coker was, that shove sent him promptly backwards.

"Stop that!" said Wingate sharply.

"Don't you barge in here, Wingate!" hooted Coker, in great wrath.

"Coker, old man—" urged Potter.

"Shut up, Potter!"

"Come away, Coker!" murmured Greene.

"Shut up, Greene!"

Caffyn picked himself up, panting. He promptly dodged behind the stalwart form of Wingate of the Sixth.

"Now, what's this row about?" snapped Wingate. "This kid is a new fellow—what the thump are you kicking a new kid for, Coker?"

"He's my cousin!" snorted Coker.

"Well, I suppose that's one up against him!" assented Wingate. "But it's not a reason for kicking him."

"He cheeked me!" hooted Coker.

"I only called him Horace!" squealed Caffyn. "I always call him Horace at home, and I didn't know I mustn't call him Horace at school."

Wingate's brow darkened.

"You silly ass, Coker!" he said. "Have a little sense! If the kid's your cousin, you might be decent to him, his first day or two here. He doesn't know Greyfriars yet. You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself."

Coker choked.

"I tell you—"

"That's enough!" said Wingate sharply. "Leave the kid alone! Any more kicking, and you'll find that even Fifth Form men can be told to bend over and take six! Bear that in mind!"

With a frowning brow Wingate walked away, leaving Coker looking as if he were on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

Caffyn, still wriggling from the kick, grinned at him.

"You—you—you snipe!" gasped Coker. "Get away! Get out of my sight, before I kick you again!"

"Yes, Horace!" said Caffyn meekly.

Coker clenched his hands almost convulsively.

"If you call me Horace—"

"Horace!" said Caffyn.

Potter and Greene grasped Coker by his arms just in time, before he hurled himself at Caffyn again. They dragged him back.

"Let go, you dummies!" gasped Horace Coker, struggling. "I'm going to smash that cheeky snipe! Do you hear? I'm going to smash him!"

"You silly fathead!" said Potter. "Wingate meant what he said—do you want to get six from an ashplant on your bags?"

"I'd like to see anybody give me six on my bags!" howled Coker.

"Well, you'll see it fast enough, if you touch Caffyn," said Greene. "Wingate's got his eye on you."

"Blow Wingate! I tell you I'm going to smash that cheeky snipe!"

"Oh, Horace!" said Caffyn.

Coker gave a terrific wrench, and nearly got loose. But Potter and Greene held on to his arms and walked him away by main force. Coker was not going to get six from a prefect's cane if his friends could help it. They got Coker away—leaving Caffyn grinning.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Cake for Bunter!

"O H lor'!" mumbled Billy Bunter. It was tea-time. The Owl of the Removè was blinking in at the doorway of Study No. 1.

He hoped to see Wharton and Nugent there. It was not that he was yearning for their company, agreeable as it doubtless was. But he was aware that they had brought back a supply of good things after the holidays.

Instead of Wharton and Nugent, however, his eyes and spectacles fixed on a weedy figure standing at the open study cupboard.

Bunter did not want to see Edgar Caffyn. The less he saw of him the better he liked it.

Caffyn glanced round at him.

"I say, where are the fellows?" asked Bunter, keeping in the doorway, ready to dodge up the passage if Caffyn displayed signs of hostility.

"Don't know, and don't care!" answered Caffyn. "I say, do you like cake?"

Did Bunter like cake?

Caffyn really needed not to have asked that question. He had not been long at Greyfriars, but he must already have discerned that Billy Bunter liked cake, and anything else of an edible nature.

"I say, you got a cake?" asked Bunter eagerly. He came a single step farther in. He did not trust Caffyn an inch. He had not forgotten the twisting of his podgy arms. But cake was cake!

"Look!" said Caffyn, pointing into the cupboard.

"Oh crikey!" ejaculated Bunter.

It was a magnificent cake! It weighed at least five or six pounds; it was packed with fruit, and there was marzipan on top.

It was such a cake as Bunter often dreamed of, but seldom devoured.

"I—I say, Caffyn, old chap," said Bunter, blinking dubiously at the new boy, "I say, if you don't want all that cake—"

"I don't want any of it," answered Caffyn. "Cake isn't good for me! I was just wondering whether any fellow would like to have it! I'm not going to touch it myself."

"Well, my hat!" said Bunter. "I—I say, I'll have it if you like."

"I don't mind."

"You—you don't mind!" gasped Bunter. He could scarcely believe his fat ears, or his good luck. Caffyn, evidently, was not such a beast as he had supposed! A fellow who could give away a magnificent cake like this must have some good about him somewhere.

"Too indigestible for me!" said Caffyn, shaking his head.

"My digestion's all right!" grinned Bunter. "I expect it's your smoking does it, Caffyn. I say, won't you have a slice?"

"I wouldn't touch it for anything."

"I jolly well would!" grinned Bunter.

"I—I say, you really mean it? I—I can have it?"

"Take it or leave it, just as you like," answered Caffyn indifferently, and he walked across to the window.

That decided Bunter.

He had a lurking fear that that generous offer of a cake was a trick to get him into the study—with a view to twisting his fat arms again. But when Caffyn went to the window the way was clear. As

if to make assurance doubly sure, Caffyn opened the window, and leaned out, looking down into the quad.

Bunter rolled to the cupboard.

He still kept a wary eye on Caffyn, ready to dodge. But Caffyn had his back to him, and was taking no notice of him at all.

The fat junior grasped the big cake and lifted it from the cupboard. Still distrustful of Caffyn, he went backwards to the door, prepared for sudden hostilities.

But Caffyn did not move or look round.

Bunter reached the door in safety with his prize. Still watching Caffyn, he stepped out backwards quickly.

"Yow-ow!" came a howl. "Wow! What the Abraham Lincoln are you at, you pie-faced pie-can?"

Bunter blinked round at Fisher T. Fish.

That youth was hopping on one leg.

He had been passing the study doorway when Bunter stepped out backwards. Bunter, of course, had no eyes in the back of his head. That was how he came to step on Fishy's foot.

His heel had almost squashed Fishy's toe! Bunter's weight planted on a fellow's foot was no joke.

"Ow! You pesky pie-can!" yelled Fishy, hopping. "What do you call this game? You taken to walking backwards like a crab? Can't you look where you're going? I guess—"

Bunter did not stay to hear what Fisher T. Fish guessed. He rolled up the passage to Study No. 7 with the big cake in his arms.

He rolled into that study with his prize.

His study-mates, Peter Todd and Tom Dutton, were there. Both of them stared at that magnificent cake.

"My hat! Where did you get that?" asked Peter. "Some cake!"

"Looks nice, what?" grinned Bunter.

"Topping! Whose is it?"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Mean to say you brought that cake back with you?" asked Toddy.

"Yes! Exactly! Our cook at Bunter Court makes splendid cakes," said Bunter. "I told them specially to pack one in my box for me. Let's have tea!"

He laid the cake on the table.

"You used to make out last term that I never stood my whack in a study tea, Toddy!" he said.

"No making out about it," answered Peter. "You never did!"

"Well, look at that!" said Bunter loftily.

"My dear man, if you're turning over a new leaf, I'm the fellow to encourage you," said Peter. "Look here! We've got sosses and ham, and I've got a bag of mince pies I brought from home, and with that topping cake, it's really a spread. Let's ask one or two of the fellows, what?"

"Do!" said Bunter. "Yes, rather!" Billy Bunter could be hospitable when the supplies were ample.

Peter went to the door. It did not take long to collect one or two fellows to tea in the study. He came back with Hazeldene, Monty Newland, and Micky Desmond.

(Continued on next page.)



ASK DAD—

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"Bedad, that's a cake!" said Micky admiringly. "You the lucky man, Peter?"

"Not mine!" said Peter. "Bunter brought that back from Bunter Court—if any."

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Buck up with the sosses, Bunter!"

It was quite a spread in Study No. 7. Sosses and ham were followed by mince pies, and then the cake was cut.

Big as it was, it disappeared at a rapid rate, with half a dozen fellows to dispose of it, especially as one of the half-dozen was William George Bunter.

Bunter beamed over that cake.

It was a luscious cake—a scrumptious cake!

It was like Bunter, of course, not to mention how it had come into his possession. He preferred to have it understood that he had brought back lavish supplies from home after the holidays. That sounded ever so much better than admitting that a fellow who did not want the cake had given it to him.

Indeed, it was amazing that Caffyn had not wanted that cake. Even a fellow who did not care for cake, as a rule, might have liked that cake, so scrumptious was it. Still, Bunter was glad that Caffyn had not wanted it. And it did not even occur to his fat mind that it was not Caffyn's cake at all!

That was a discovery that Bunter had yet to make!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bumping Bunter!

"TEA in my study!" said Johnny Bull.
"Yes, rather!" agreed Harry Wharton. "We'll bring the cake along!"

The Famous Five had come in for tea, a little late, and a lot hungry. It was their custom to tea together in Study No. 1; but since Edgar Caffyn had become a member of that study, they preferred Bob Cherry's or Johnny Bull's.

Supplies were pooled for a study tea. Johnny went along to Study No. 14 to get the table ready. Bob and Hurree Singh dropped in at Study No. 13 to collect various comestibles; and Wharton and Nugent stopped at Study No. 1 for the cake! Frank Nugent had brought back a handsome cake from home—a very large and handsome cake, which was to grace the tea-table in Study No. 14.

It had been left in the study cupboard in Study No. 1, where its owner naturally expected to find it. Frank, however, did not find it there, and he called to Harry, who was waiting for him at the door.

"Shifted the cake?"

"Eh? No!"

"Where the dickens is it, then?"

"Isn't it in the cupboard?"

"If it was, fathead, I shouldn't be asking you where it was!" said Frank. "It's not here! Can that tick Caffyn have moved it?"

"Well, if he has, he can't have moved it far," said Harry. "Look round the cupboard, old man."

"I've looked!"

Wharton joined his ohum, and looked into the cupboard. It was not of much use looking, however. No amount of looking could possibly have discovered a cake there! There was no cake.

Wharton frowned.

"Caffyn, I suppose," he said. "That young rotter's full of tricks. I believe he would take any amount of trouble to

make anybody uncomfortable. Let's look for Caffyn."

The chums of Study No. 1 had not far to look for Caffyn. He was standing in the doorway of Study No. 11 talking to Skinner and Snoop. The "Snipe," as Caffyn was already nicknamed in the Form, had found kindred spirits in that study—he seemed to get on with Skinner.

"Oh, here you are!" said Harry, as he spotted him. "Seen anything of a cake in our study, Caffyn?"

"I saw you put one in the cupboard," answered Caffyn, glancing round.

"Have you done anything with it?"

"What the thump should I have done with it?" sneered Caffyn. "Do you think I've scoffed your mouldy old cake?"

"It wasn't a mouldy old cake—it was a jolly good cake that I brought back after the hols," said Nugent. "It's not in the cupboard now!"

"Well, I haven't touched it!"

"Look here! It's rather thick to accuse a man of scoffing your silly cake!" said Skinner.

"Nobody's accused Caffyn of scoffing it," said Harry. "But it's been taken out of the study cupboard, and can't be found!"

"I never took it out!" snapped Caffyn. "Don't bother me about it!"

YOU SEND A WINNING GREYFRIARS LIMERICK—WE SEND A HANDSOME POCKET WALLET!

The Bounder of Greyfriars once said:
"To-night I will paint the town red."
But the Head was suspicious,
And proved to be vicious.
And Smithy was pain(t)ed instead!

The above winning effort was sent in by: A. W. Aldrick, of 8, Beechfield Road, Catford, S.E.6.

"I'm afraid I shall have to bother you about it," said Harry, with a gleam in his eyes. "We want that cake! You're as full of tricks as a monkey, and you like doing ill-natured things. You tried to keep a crowd of us off the train first day of term, for no reason except that you like making yourself unpleasant. I believe you've done something with that cake."

Caffyn shrugged his narrow shoulders. "You can believe what you like!" he answered. "I've not touched it, and that's all I've got to say. Now leave me alone!"

Caffyn went into Skinner's study.

Wharton and Nugent paused at the door. They had a strong suspicion that Caffyn knew what had become of the missing cake, and his manner was, as usual, unpleasant and irritating. They were strongly inclined to follow him into Study No. 11, and up-end him there.

However, that would have been rather drastic on mere suspicion, so they refrained. Not in the best of tempers, they went along to Study No. 14, where Johnny and Bob and Inky were getting tea.

Squiff and Fisher T. Fish, who shared that study with Johnny Bull, were there also—the former a member of the tea-party, the latter eyeing the preparations with a hopeful eye.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Trot in, old beans!" said Bob. "Nearly ready!

What are you scowling about?" he added.

"Fathead! We can't find the cake!" said Harry.

"Oh, my hat! But—"

"It's been shifted out of the study," said Frank. "I believe Caffyn knows something about it, but he won't own up to it!"

Fisher T. Fish gave a chortle.

"Cake missing from your study?" he exclaimed. "What about Bunter?"

"Bunter?" repeated Wharton.

"Better ask Bunter if he's seen it," grinned Squiff. "Bunter's generally the man when tuck is missing."

"Needn't trouble to ask him—ask me," chuckled Fisher T. Fish. "I'll say that I was passing your study half an hour ago when that fat clam moseyed out with a cake."

"Bunter!" exclaimed Nugent. "That fat, grub-raiding owl—"

"Well, we might have thought of Bunter!" said Harry, with a nod. "And if Fishy saw him—"

"The pie-faced gink came out nursing it in his arms," said Fishy. "He sure trod on my toe coming out with it."

"That's the cake!" said Nugent.

Harry Wharton knitted his brows.

"Then it was Bunter! And—and we came jolly near pitching into Caffyn! I—I'm rather glad we didn't—"

"The gladfulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The pitchfulness into Caffyn for nothing would not be the proper caper."

"It wasn't the Snipe—it was Bunter, I guess!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I allow I saw him roping in that cake. He took it to his study."

"Come on, Frank!" said Harry.

He ran down the passage to Study No. 7 with Frank Nugent at his heels. Billy Bunter, it seemed, had restarted his happy old custom of grub-raiding thus early in the new term. And the chums of Study No. 1 had come very near to handling Caffyn on suspicion. They resolved to give William George Bunter some instruction on this subject, which he would not forget in a hurry.

The door of Study No. 7 was hurled open, and Wharton and Nugent tramped in.

Half a dozen fellows round the table started up in surprise.

"My dear men!" said Peter Todd. "Welcome as the flowers in May—but don't they knock at the doors in the slum you belong to?"

"We're after Bunter—"

Bunter blinked at them.

"I say, you fellows, I wish you wouldn't pitch a door open like that. You made me jump—with my mouth full, too! Groogh! I say, you're in time to have some of the cake."

"Wha-at?"

"Have a slice!" said Bunter hospitably. "It's a lovely cake—one of my special cakes, from Bunter Court, you know."

Wharton and Nugent gazed at Bunter—and at the cake. The latter had been going fast; but it was so large that there was still some left. No doubt the party in Study No. 7 would have finished it had there been no interruption; but, at the moment, about a quarter of it still remained.

"Is that it, Frank?" asked Wharton.

"That's it!"

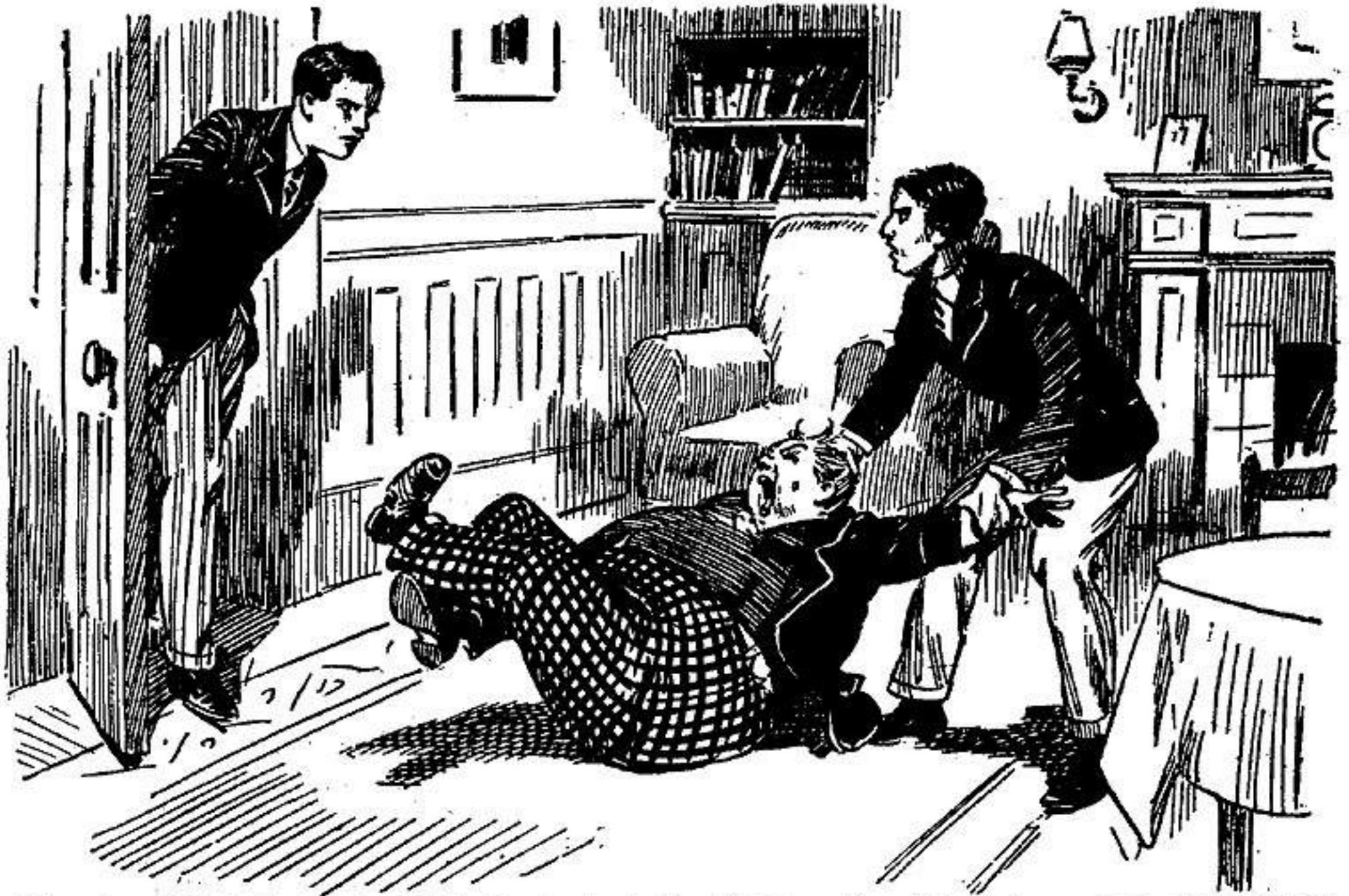
"You fat brigand—" roared the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Bag him!"

"I—I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter. "I say—yaroooop!"

Wharton and Nugent grasped him, the first by his collar, the second by



Caffyn dragged Bunter's arms over his head and proceeded to twist his wrists. "Ow! Leggo, you beast!" shrieked Bunter. "Ow! You're hurting me, you beast! Wow!" The door opened, and Lord Mauleverer looked in.

a fat ear. Bunter was yanked backwards.

His chair flew, and Bunter was bumped on the floor of Study No. 7 with a tremendous bump, and a still more tremendous roar.

"Whoop!"

"Now, you fat rotter—"

"Yooop!"

"Scrag him!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" howled Bunter wildly, as he rolled over. "I say, you fellows—yow-ow! I say, Peter, make 'em legg—yaroo! Wow!"

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

Billy Bunter smote the study carpet hard and fast. He roared at every bump. Then Wharton and Nugent paused for breath. Billy Bunter did not pause for breath. He went on roaring:

"Yow-ow-ow! Wow! Wow!"

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Way of the Transgressor!

"**W**OW! Beast! Wow!" roared Bunter.

He sat and bellowed.

The tea-party in Study No. 7, all on their feet, stared. Peter Todd jumped forward and interposed between the roaring Owl and the avengers.

"Look here—" he began.

"That's our cake!" hooted Nugent. "Bunter snaffled it from our study. Get aside, fathead! We're going to give him a lot more yet!"

"Yaroo!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Peter. "Bunter, you fat villain, you said you brought that cake back after the hols!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the tea-party in Study No. 7.

Monty Newland, Hazel, and Micky Desmond seemed to think there was a comic side to the affair.

"Funny, isn't it?" snorted Nugent. "We come in hungry to tea, and find that fat villain has snopped the cake!"

"I didn't!" roared Bunter.

"Bag him!"

"I say, Toddy, keep 'em off!" howled Bunter. "I never snaffled the cake! Ow! 'Tain't their cake! Wow! Caffyn gave it to me! Wow!"

"Caffyn did?" shouted Wharton.

"Ow! Yes, you beast! Wow!"

"You said you brought it from home!" hooted Peter.

"That—that was only a—a—a figure of speech, old chap!" gasped Bunter. "It was Caffyn gave it to me. He said he didn't want it, and I could have it. Why shouldn't he, if he liked?"

"It was my cake!" roared Nugent.

"Oh crikey!"

"Did you think it was Caffyn's?" demanded Wharton.

"Of course I did!" howled Bunter indignantly. "What was a fellow to think when he said I could have it?"

"The Snipe was pulling Bunter's leg, if he's telling the truth!" grinned Peter Todd. "But is he? Can he?"

"Oh, really, Peter—"

Wharton and Nugent eyed the gasping fat Owl very dubiously.

If he was telling the truth he had been bumped for nothing. But truth and Bunter were generally strangers.

It was an unfortunate fact that Bunter, in time of trouble, was given to uttering the first fib that came into his fat head!

"I say, you fellows—keep off, you know!" gasped Bunter. "I say, that beast took me in. I—I wondered why he was so pally, all of a sudden! Oh, dear! I say, you fellows, I suppose you can take my word!"

"Did Caffyn tell you that it was his cake?" demanded Wharton.

"Yes—I mean no!" gasped Bunter.

"I remember now, he never exactly said

it was his. He said he didn't want it, and I could have it!"

The other fellows from Study No. 14 were at the door of Study No. 7 now. They were not surprised to see the cake there. Study No. 7 was the place to look for missing tuck. But they were surprised by Bunter's statement.

"Let's go and ask Caffyn," said Bob Cherry. "Not that he's likely to tell the truth, any more than Bunter. But let's ask him."

"He's in Skinner's study," said Harry. "Come on!"

"Hang on a minute, chaps!" said Bob Cherry, as an afterthought. "We'd better leave Bunter safe and sound, so that we can call on him again, if needs be. Let's hang him up by the back of his coat-collar to the door-peg. He won't be able to dodg us then."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good wheeze!" said Harry Wharton.

"Let's!"

Three or four pairs of hands grasped Billy Bunter, and he was hoisted up, struggling and yelling, and hooked, by means of the collar of his jacket, on to the door-peg.

Leaving the fat junior thus, with the remnants of the purloined cake beyond his reach, the crowd of juniors tramped along to Study No. 11 in search of Caffyn.

Harry Wharton threw open the door of Study No. 11.

Skinner, Snoop, and Caffyn removed cigarettes from their mouths as the door flew open, in alarm. Seeing, however, that the newcomers were only Removites, they replaced them.

"Caffyn!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Caffyn.

"Can't you leave a fellow in peace?"

"Bunter says that you gave him Nugent's cake."

"Does he?" sneered Caffyn. "I fancy Bunter would say anything."

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"Did you or did you not?"

"Not," said Caffyn calmly.

"Look here, you men, get out!" said Skinner. "If Bunter's scooped your cake, that's nothing new, I suppose. Caffyn had nothing to do with it."

"That's what we want to know," said Harry. "We've bumped Bunter for grub-raiding in our study, and if Caffyn gave him the cake he's had it for nothing, and Caffyn's going to get some!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry emphatically.

"The somefulness is going to be terrific!"

"Call Bunter here, somebody!"

Johnny Bull and Peter Todd hurried back to Study No. 7, released Bunter from his uncomfortable position on the door-peg, and then hustled him along to Study No. 11.

"I say—groogh—you fellows!" gasped Bunter, as he was pushed into Study No. 11, and found the crowd of juniors there. "I say, you lemme alone! I never had the cake—"

"What!"

"I—I mean, Caffyn gave it to me! I thought it was his, as he gave it to me!" gasped Bunter. "I jolly well know now that he only wanted to set you fellows on my track, the beast, because I told Quelch about his smoking in the train—"

"Did he give it to you or not?" demanded the captain of the Remove.

"Haven't I told you he did?" roared Bunter, indignantly. "Can't you take a pal's word? Didn't you give me that cake in Study No. 1, Caffyn?"

"No!" answered Caffyn with perfect coolness.

Billy Bunter blinked at him, quite taken aback. His little round eyes seemed to bulge through his big, round spectacles. Like many untruthful persons, Billy Bunter was shocked at untruthfulness in others.

"Why, you—you—you—awful rotter!" he gasped. "You know you did!"

"Pile it on!" yawned Caffyn.

"You told me—"

"I haven't spoken to you since class!"

"Oh, crikey! You were in Study No. 1 when I came there, and—"

"I haven't been in the study since class at all!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"You weren't there when Bunter bagged the cake?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Certainly not! I shouldn't have allowed him to steal the cake if I'd been there, of course."

"Oh crikey!" gurgled Bunter.

The juniors looked at Caffyn, looked at Bunter, and looked at one another. Somebody, evidently, was doing some hard lying—but which?

Fisher T. Fish weighed in.

"I'll say this is the bee's knee!" remarked Fishy. "I'll tell a man that Bunter can roll out crammers, a few, and then some; but that guy Caffyn can beat him to a frazzle! I should smile!"

"If you know anything about it, fat-head—" said Harry.

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"Just a few!" he answered. "Bunter came out of that pesky study backwards, and I reckoned he was keeping tabs on somebody there, and I looked in, and Caffyn was there, looking out of the window—"

"Caffyn was there!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yep!"

"And he's just said he wasn't! That settles it!"

"I say, you fellows, I told you—"

"Shut up, Bunter! Collar that cad!"

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exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "It's plain enough now! He made us rag Bunter for nothing—now we're going to rag him for something!"

"Hear, hear!"

"The ragfulness is going to be—"

"Terrific!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Look here!" exclaimed Skinner and Snoop together. But they said no more, as they were barged out of the way, and pitched into corners of the study.

Then many hands fell on Caffyn.

He struggled and yelled.

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

"Now did you give Bunter my cake?" demanded Nugent.

"Ow!" yelled Caffyn. "No!"

Bump, bump!

"Did you give Bunter my cake?"

"No!" shrieked Caffyn.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Did you give Bunter my cake?"

"Ow! Wow! Yes, yes, yes! Leggo! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've bumped the truth out of him," said Bob Cherry. "Now let him have the ink. Do you mind if we use your ink, Skinner?"

"Yes, I do!" howled Skinner.

"Kick him! Now, do you mind if we use your ink, Skinner?"

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

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

EVER wondered where the word "dollar" came from, chums? One of my Brighton readers has, so he asks me if I can put him wise. The dollar is called after a coin that was in circulation in Europe years ago. This particular coin—which several different countries coined—was called a "thaler," and was pronounced "tarler," which is not very much different from the way in which Fisher T. Fish's countrymen pronounce "dollar."

The thaler was known in this country extensively, and when anyone refers to a five-shilling piece as a dollar, they are just carrying on a long tradition which was established long before America started coining dollars.

"Curious," of Whitehaven, asks me the following:

CAN RABBITS SWIM?

They can, although they don't often do it. For instance, off the Northumberland coast there is a group of islands known as the Farnes. They are mostly barren rocks, although the largest island has a good stretch of soil. There are thousands of rabbits on these islands. How did they get there? The nearest mainland is three miles away, and also swarms with rabbits. But the only communication with the mainland is by means of occasional fishing boats—which certainly do not carry rabbits!

It seems certain, therefore, that the forerunners of the rabbits of the Farnes must have swum over the three-mile stretch of treacherous sea and established a colony on the islands.

Here is a query from "MAGNET Reader," of Taunton, who wants to know something about

"Yaroooh! No!"

"Thanks! Hold that wriggling snipe! The ink's for you, Caffyn—Skinner doesn't mind, he's said so! Here you are!"

There was a fearful yell from the Snipe, as Bob up-ended the inkpot over him. His pasty complexion disappeared under a flood of ink.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Leaving Caffyn gurgling in ink, the Removites crowded out of the study. Horrible gasps and gurgles from Caffyn followed them.

There was no cake for tea in Study No. 14. Billy Bunter, in Study No. 7, finished the remnant thereof, to the last crumb and the last plum. Meanwhile, Caffyn was busy at the tap, washing off ink! The way of the transgressor was hard—a fact which had been borne in rather forcibly on the mind of the new boy at Greyfriars.

THE END.

(There's another grand yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. in store for you next week, chums. If you've not got a standing order for the MAGNET with your newsagent, make sure you don't miss: "THE MISCHIEF-MAKER OF THE REMOVE! Order your copy now!")

THE APACHES OF PARIS.

How did they get their name? he asks. Because of their methods, which were as silent and as merciless as those of the famous Apache Indians. Working in gangs, they tracked their victims, shadowing them until they entered one of the dark and deserted streets with which Paris abounds. Then, using their favourite weapon, the knife, they struck swiftly, killing and robbing the unfortunate victim.

Underneath Paris streets there is a vast network of sewers and catacombs, and by means of these the Apaches could vanish in a few moments, re-appearing at considerable distances away from the scenes of their crimes. It is interesting to know that the French police were the first to make use of Alsatian dogs in order to track down and break up these Apache gangs.

The Apaches still exist, although they are not so formidable as they once were. They talk a dialect of their own, full of curious phrases which the outsider cannot understand. For instance, when they invite another of the gang to "strangle a parrot," they mean him to go and have a drink with them.

In response to many requests from readers, I am giving here a further selection of

THINGS YOU'D HARDLY BELIEVE.

Spanish Bullfighters now Fight on Motor-Cycles!—Because of the cruelty to horses, which are frequently gored to death in bullfights, toreadors are now using motor-cycles as their mounts!

Stoats Kill Rabbits without even Touching Them!—Like snakes, they mesmerise their prey. Trapped by a stoat, a rabbit is so scared that it dies of fright before even the stoat gets to it!

White Men have been Known to Turn Black!—A certain tropical disease causes perspiration of different colours. White men who have suffered from it have turned black, pink, yellow, green, and violet. The results, however, are not long-lasting.

A Man is Going to Attempt to Walk Across the Channel!—He has invented a pair of pontoon-like shoes, which he claims will allow him to walk on the water.

(Continued on page 28.)

CAPTAIN CRIMSON!

By
MORTON PIKE.

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE!

Following the activities of Excise-officer Dan Bickerman and Captain Crimson, a mysterious highwayman, news reaches Widewater that Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, has landed in Scotland and is making for London. In consequence of this, Jack Lennard and Billy Jepp, two boy chums, join the Dragoons as gentlemen volunteers. They are trapped by a rebel pack under the command of Lord Trimmingham, but manage to escape, thanks to the aid of Major Dugdale, one of the king's spies from whom the rebel leader has filched his title. The battle of Culloden Moor opens with the Young Pretender's clansmen charging towards the Duke of Cumberland's forces.

(Now read on.)

The Good Samaritan!

ALL was noise and confusion, pungent smoke and driving snow, through which the clansmen, yelling battle-cries, hurled themselves, in spite of the withering grape-shot, against Barrel's and Munro's regiments. They captured two guns and reached the second line, and for a few minutes things looked ill for the Royal forces.

But it was beyond the limit of human bravery to do more, and the musketry mowed them down like ripe corn in swathes three and four deep, while Wolfe's regiment poured in a deadly flank fire on the survivors.

Alone of all those gallant clansmen, the Macdonalds refused to charge, and, sulking on the prince's left wing because absurd pride claimed their post of honour to have been on the right, they saw their ancient chief advance to certain death, and then retired with pipes playing!

There came a moment's pause, when the broken ranks were dressed, and the guns ceased to thunder.

The ground in front of Cumberland's position was strewn with dead and dying; the prince had gone, and the wide expanse of moorland showed the fugitives in full retreat; the wounded dragging themselves painfully away from the ruthless vengeance they knew too well would follow.

In two bodies the broken clans ran; those who crossed the Water of Nairn showing so bold a front to Kerr's Dragoons sent to intercept them that the troopers let them pass, almost unmolested. But the rest, who took the road to Inverness, met a terrible fate.

From their position on the right Jack and Billy saw Kingston's Light Horse sent in hot pursuit, and those Nottingham volunteers spared nobody.

With horror in their hearts they remembered Cumberland's words: "There are to be no prisoners!" and when word was given to Cobham's men to join in the pursuit, Jack felt his blood run cold, thinking of Uncle Don, who might very well be among the wounded.



Very tenderly Jack and Billy lifted the wounded squire and carried him out into the open.

Uncle Don, being of the Athole Murrays, he anxiously scanned a score of fallen wearing the dark green hunting tartan, and Billy, knowing well what was in his friend's mind, kept his eyes alert as they rode. But Athole had been on the rebels' right during the battle, and many of the survivors were among those who had passed the river.

"Thank Heaven I can see nothing of him!" said Jack, as they found themselves some distance from the rest of their troop, who were using their broadswords remorselessly on every man they overtook. "Let us make pretence to search this cottage here. 'Twill be good excuse to keep away from that hideous carnage yonder."

It was little more than a stone hovel, built beside a tiny burn that raced its swollen waters to join the river, and one of our cannon-balls had torn a gaping rent in the thatched roof. As they approached it, a tall figure in highland garb stepped into the doorway, broadsword in hand.

"Back, you murderous dogs! This is no place for your kidney!" cried the man.

"Nor, indeed, for you, Uncle Don!" exclaimed Jack hoarsely. "Are you hurt?"

Donald Murray recoiled.

"Odds life, boy!" he gasped. "I would rather have seen you in your coffin than wearing that butcher's garb! Do you see them yonder, murdering our wounded in cold blood—doubtless by fat Cumberland's orders? But what's to be done, nephew, for there is one you know right well inside this pigsty whom we have carried thus far and in sore case?"

Jack jumped down, tossing his rein to Billy Jepp, and stepped across the

threshold. The light was dim, falling slantwise through one narrow window; but it showed him half a dozen men, lying on the ground in every posture of pain and exhaustion.

"You have nothing to fear from me, my poor fellows," said Jack quickly, as the sight of the jack-booted trooper in scarlet and yellow brought a cry of alarm from several husky throats.

Then following Donald Murray to the opposite wall, he looked down, with a start, at two figures on a pile of heather, both of whom he recognised in a moment.

Dashing Dashwood, the rollicking Squire of Widewater, lay on his back, his face ashen grey, his left arm swathed in a red bandage torn from a dead man's shirt, through which the blood was still oozing, and kneeling beside him, a wounded Highlander was trying to draw the bandage tighter in an attempt to check the dangerous flow.

As he looked up, Jack saw that the Good Samaritan was the same young sergeant of the Clan Frazer who had escaped from the lonely farm the night the Pretender reached Derby.

"Egad, this is a day of strange meetings!" murmured the gentleman volunteer. "Our surgeon is badly wanted here, but—" and the spasm that crossed his own face showed the sudden fear that had filled him, "no prisoners are to be taken, and I know only one man in our Army who would dare to disobey the duke's command."

"Is he a doctor?" demanded his uncle, in a quick whisper.

"No; he is a highwayman. Yet I trust him as I would trust my father!"

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replied Jack, so desperate as he realised his own helplessness that he did not stay to count his words. "Captain Crimson will help us, if he can be found!"

One of the wounded, groaning from the pain of a shattered ankle close beside them, raised his head and stared at the speaker with a start.

"Zounds! That young brat again!" he muttered under his breath, and, clenching his teeth with something more than the agony of the wound, Marmaduke, Earl of Trimmingham, sank his head on to his knees again and watched the group furtively, listening with eager ears.

Squire Dashwood opened his eyes, moaning feebly for water, and Jack Lennard snatched the iron cooking-pot from the hearthstone.

"Give us warning if any of yonder brutes come this way," he whispered to Billy as he came back in a trice.

When Dashwood had drunk, he gave a faint smile of recognition to the kneeling lad who held the pot to his parched lips.

Jack looked up at Donald Murray.

"You must not stay here," he said. "Our men are out on the moor now, shooting the wounded, and they will search this hut. There is a hollow by the brookside under some bushes over there, where he might lie hidden till dark."

"Let him bide a wee while—the drink has revived him," said young Frazer, speaking for the first time, his eyes fixed inquiringly on Jack's face. "Where have we met before?"

"Where we shall never meet again, sergeant, and I wish you may have the same luck to-night as you had then," replied his old enemy, carrying the rest of the water to other unfortunates on the floor of the hovel.

The first two men he bent over were already dead, but the third, a white-haired old Highlander in MacIntosh plaid, seized the vessel in both hands, and cursed him in Gaelic as he drank.

Billy whistled suddenly, and Jack sprang up as loud voices mingled with the thud of hoofs on the heather.

"For Heaven's sake stay where you are, Uncle Don!" cried Jack, and he hurried out through the low doorway, even his own stout heart failing him at what he saw.

The Duke of Cumberland, with several officers of his staff, reined up less than a dozen yards away, and Jack, taking two paces forward, stood rigidly to attention.

Without knowing it, his broadsword was stained with blood, and as the duke caught sight of it he gave a coarse laugh.

"Ah, my brave boy, no need to ask if you have been busy!" he cried. "What have you left in that cottage?"

"Two dead men, your Royal Highness!" replied Jack, with perfect truth.

"Bravo! Carry on the good work, and I shall not forget you; nor the gallant stand your troop made at Falkirk! Come, gentlemen, we have more to see before we crack a bottle to our glorious victory of Inverness, and sights like these are good for sore eyes!"

The duke and his staff rode off over that reeking moorland to hound on the slaughter, and brand Cumberland with the name of "Butcher" for all eternity.

Liberty—or Death!

"THAT was a mighty close thing!" gasped Billy Jepp, who had turned pale as death. "If our poor squire comes through this business alive, he'll owe it to your quick wits!"

Jack stood, looking at the knot of riders growing smaller in the distance. Then he glanced down at his sword.

"Nay, 'twas this that turned the scale!" he said, with an involuntary shudder, plucking a handful of heather, with which he wiped the blade. "Tis now or never, while we have breathing space."

So saying, he ran back into the hovel.

Very tenderly Jack and Billy lifted the wounded squire between them, bringing him out into the open air, which revived him a little. Then they carried him to the hollow among the grey limestone rocks by the burn Jack had spied as he filled the cooking-pot, which proved an even better hiding-place than he had imagined.

Tufts of wool hanging to the whins showed that the moorland sheep came there for shelter when the keen blasts from the Moray Firth swept over Culloden, and there was ample space for Donald Murray and the young sergeant to crouch beside Lancelot Dashwood unseen.

"We must leave you now, lest our absence attracts attention. But, trust me, we shall return when we have found Major Dugdale and warned him of your plight," said Jack, pressing Uncle Don's hand. "Should he come alone, have no fear. He is a tall gentleman, in a blue riding-suit, trimmed with silver, and wearing a white wig."

For some short while after they had gone silence fell on the three fugitives, and Squire Dashwood was the first to break it.

"Go while there is time, both of ye, wounded as ye are," he murmured. "Why throw away three lives when you can do no good by staying here?"

"Tut-tut, my dear fellow, my hurt is nothing compared with your own, and cold water will quickly mend a prick with a bayonet that did not even touch the bone!" said Murray. "The red-coats have fallen out and are taking their meal. After that they will doubtless settle down with greater stomach to murdering our wounded, and for myself, I ask no better end than to die in defence of a helpless comrade if they should discover us here. But you, Frazer," and he laid a kindly grip on the young sergeant's arm, "there is no claim on you to stay by a couple of battered men when the way to the river is open at the moment."

"I thank you for your words, sir, which I doubt not are well meant, but my father and my three brothers lie out yonder, with their faces turned to the foe, and I care little what comes to me now they are gone and the cause is lost!" was the reply, given with a proud toss of the head, and the young man busied himself with the reloading of his long Spanish musket.

Uncle Don shrugged his shoulders, after the habit he had acquired in France, and the hours passed by as they waited for the help that never came.

The main body of the victorious Army had marched into the then wretched little town of Inverness, the Duke of Cumberland taking up his quarters at Lady Drummur's house where the prince had slept. And amid the noise and confusion of the place Jack searched in vain for trace of the man

on whom he and Billy rested all their hopes, the man they knew as "Captain Crimson."

Guards and pickets had been set; every tavern was filled with uproar, and it was only as they were turning to seek their own lines with despair in their hearts, that the quick beat of hoofs brought Billy Jepp to a stand.

"That's his roan mare, for a wager!" he whispered. "I've not been brought up in a posting-stable for nothing!" And round the corner, in the gathering dusk, cantered Major Dugdale.

While Jack and Billy were pouring out their story, and the frown deepened on Dugdale's strong face, a private of St. Clair's regiment came past, leading a reluctant bay pony, whose bunch of white ribbons on the head-stall showed that it had belonged to some unfortunate rebel officer.

"What are you doing with that beast, my man? Are you in the mind to sell him?" called out the major, at a venture.

"Sure, your honour," grinned the man, who was a Lowland Scot, jerking the bay's bit clumsily. "I'll be glad to be rid of him, for he's bin a mortal handful. How much will ye gi'e me?"

"Three guineas with which you can drink the king's health."

"He's worth five, sir."

"Then hero's five," laughed the major, and as he counted the money into the greedy palm, he muttered under his breath: "He may prove to be worth five hundred ere the night's out!"

The cold rain still slanted across the battlefield, and the light had almost gone as those three figures with the led horse turned their backs on Inverness.

For some distance in the vicinity of the town, not a yard but had its stark corpse, showing how merciless had been the pursuit of Kingston's Light Horse, who spared neither flying rebel nor curious onlooker who had ventured out to watch the fight, scores of innocent civilians falling under the swords of the Nottingham butchers, three of whom boasted killing fourteen fugitives apiece!

Here and there parties of soldiers moved, searching for those that still lived, or gathering up the arms of the vanquished, the Duke offering a reward of half-a-crown for every rebel musket brought in, and a shilling for each sword.

Twice they were questioned by patrols at the entrance to the moor, and several times they reined in to discover their whereabouts, for the land there was featureless, and the rain blurred everything.

"Hist!" whispered Jack, at last. "There is the rugged roof against the sky, and I can hear the brawl of the brook. We had best tie our horses up, and creep along the bank afoot."

A whaup, or plover, gave its melancholy cry from the marsh, and the wind brought a shout now and then out of the distance as they dismounted at the cottage; Dugdale pocketing a flask of brandy from his holster.

Jack Lennard held the horn lantern out at armslength within the hovel door.

"Anyone alive in here?" called Major Dugdale.

There was no reply, and, bending low, they groped their way by the edge of the burn.

The man who had lain all day amid that ring of dead, cursing his wounded

ankle as he waited for the friendly darkness, felt an odd thrill as he recognised his cousin's voice, and presently, when the sound of their feet in the heather had died away, Marmaduke, Earl of Trimmingham, began to drag himself slowly towards the door.

Jack whistled softly, and there was a rustle from the whins.

"That you, boy?" came the husky whisper of Squire Dashwood, and the next moment their hands had met!

To men who had not broken their fast since the previous day, bread and meat, and the contents of the major's flask, came like manna in the wilderness; and while they ate ravenously, Dugdale busied himself with the squire's shattered shoulder, which he bandaged afresh.

"Now," he said. "Once across the ford there, you must strike south, and by dawn should be in comparative safety for the moment. The sooner you can light upon a surgeon the better, but I trust you may overtake some of your friends who fled that way. We can do no more than set Mr. Dashwood on a stout pony, leaving the rest to fortune."

"Heaven bless you, sir, my unknown benefactor!" exclaimed the squire brokenly. "Perhaps, in happier times, I—"

He broke off suddenly as Billy interrupted with a warning whisper.

"There are horsemen down yonder—I heard them challenge by the water-side!"

"Quickly, then! Take each a corner of the sergeant's plaid on which he lies, and 'twill serve to tie him in the saddle!"

Four of them stooped, lifting the wounded man from the ground, and the young Frazer, clad only in his shirt and shorts, led the way, lantern in hand.

With haggard eyes the rebel Earl of Trimmingham saw the wavering light approaching as he untied the bay pony's rein, and stifling the agony of his weight on that shattered ankle, found the off-side stirrup with his right toe.

They were not ten paces from the hovel door when a mocking cry of triumph came out of the darkness, making the startled bearers pause.

"I thank you, cousin, for your unexpected aid!" laughed the voice.

Letting fall the lantern, the young clansman fired his musket at random in the direction of the sound.

But another laugh from farther away told that he had missed.

"Fool!" said Captain Crimson bitterly. "You have undone us—now, look to yourself—you, too, Murray—the river is yonder, and here come the dragoons!"

A chorus of shouts had answered the report, the gallop of hoofs close at hand suddenly broke the mournful silence, and they found themselves surrounded by a troop of Kerr's Regiment which had been patrolling the shore.

The young sergeant had bounded down the bank, but Uncle Don still grasped his corner of the borrowed plaid, and the four bearers stood still as an officer rode up, guided by the lantern on the heather which showed him the red-cloaks of the two volunteers.

"Ha! A rescue party!" he cried. "Who is the wounded gentleman?"

"One who is in sad need of a surgeon, sir," said Captain Crimson sternly. "I am Major Dugdale, at your service; we are carrying my friend to Inverness."

Uncle Don's tartan garb and the white cockade in his bonnet told the questioner something more.

"Odds life, a rebel?" he exclaimed. "Even so, sir, for whom I hold my-

self responsible!" said the major, with a wry face.

"The Army owes much to you, major," said the questioner, with a grave bow. "But I greatly fear me you are only saving your friends for the gallows!"

The dust of the afternoon hung heavy on the hot air, whitening the Hertfordshire hedgerows and settling slowly down on to the grass beside the King's highway long after that strange column of men and horses had gone by.

Every village green and lane-end had its group of folk, eager to gaze and gloat at the sullen, tired men with bound wrists, tramping under an escort of jack-booted troopers.

Sometimes the gazers hooted and sometimes they cheered, but more often there was silence as the prisoners went past on that weary march that would end in Newgate for all, and the scaffold for most of them.

In the little bunch of a dozen mounted men behind the advance guard that headed the column, rode Squire Dashwood, his arm carried in a sling, and Uncle Don, who had changed his Highland garb for a plain suit of drab cloth.

You might almost have thought them a couple of gentlemen out for an airing if their ankles had not been tied under the girths and their broken-down mounts had been furnished with reins.

Donald Murray rode on the outside of the bunch, and as they reached the windmill on Hadley Green, Major Dugdale, now wearing his old uniform of Cobham's Dragoons, drew alongside him and offered his snuff-box to the Jacobite prisoner.

"Cast your eyes to the left," he said, barely moving his lips. "Behind that church tower with the iron beacon-cresset there are thick woods in the hollow. When you are free, make for them, and out upon the other side. This is Chipping Barnet ahead, and we shall halt there for an hour."

"I thank you, sir," replied the prisoner, returning the snuff-box with a grateful bow, under cover of which he murmured, "and the squire?"

"Impossible! Two would be missed, and I dare not risk the pursuit that would follow. For the present we must rest content with small mercies."

"Mercy!" Uncle Don clenched his teeth as he thought of Culloden, and after.

Through the crowd that lined Barnet High Street the melancholy procession passed, until it came to the Salisbury Arms, where the escort marshalled it into the yard with scant ceremony, and the rear-guard kept the gapers back.

"Here you, this way—all mounted prisoners into the stable!" cried Jack, roughly enough to have pleased the Butcher Duke himself, and, taking Uncle Don's horse by the head, he led it to the far end.

The stable was dim, with thick cobwebs festooning the dirty windows, and all was clatter and noise, as the two lads tied their own mounts to the manger between Uncle Don's and the rest;

"Not a movement till you get the signal," whispered Jack. "The major knows this place and we must leave everything to him. Just now he is seeing to it that Captain Warden does not call the roll as usual—later he will help him forget it in an extra bowl of punch; and Billy is to mount sentinel at the door."

While he spoke he severed the cord that bound Donald Murray's legs together, and the prisoner drew a breath of relief as the first step in that carefully thought out plan of escape was accomplished. But he cast a quick glance over the backs of the troopers' black horses at Lancelot Dashwood, huddled slightly forward in his saddle.

"My commission in the French Army will surely save me as it has done Fitz-James and the others," he breathed. "Let him have this chance in my stead, for he will be condemned without doubt!"

"It is too late now to change anything, and madness to attempt it. You are a marked man, Uncle Don!" whispered Jack Lennard imploringly. "Here comes Dugdale himself!"

The major strode into the long, dark stable and stood for a moment fingering



The Heavyweight Hero!

Any more for the K. O.? Fatty Wynn, the Falstaff of St. Jim's, is on the warpath! His pal, George Figgins, is being shunned by his Form-fellows through no fault of his own, and Fatty's not standing that!

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the fringe of his sash as he sternly regarded the line of unhappy men, sitting helpless and hopeless on their sweating horses.

He seemed to be taking tally of their number, but Billy Jepp, on guard there, trying to still the tremor that made him quiver in every limb, knew that if Captain Crimson were counting anything, it was the chances of success or failure, for the moment had come!

An officious sergeant had followed him in, and the major turned upon him almost fiercely.

"These nags must be watered," he said. "Also, go over to the inn and bid them bring some ale for the rebels here."

The sergeant clattered off and his officer walked to the other end of the stable.

As he passed Uncle Don he pressed a netted purse into his hand.

"You will be safe at Widewater until we meet there," he said in a low voice, and passing round the croup of the prisoner's horse, softly unlatched a door in the wall which opened towards them, and beckoned.

Uncle Don dropped silently to the ground, and poor Lancelot Dashwood, who was the only one that saw him, stifled a groan of bitter disappointment.

"God reward you, Crimson!" whispered the happy man as he slipped out into the sunshine.

Captain Crimson latched the door again.

"That's one of them, Jack!" he said out of the corner of his mouth. "The other will tax all our powers when his turn comes; meanwhile, the sooner you and Jepp get away from this stable the better for all concerned!"

As he reached the other door he met the sergeant returning.

"Captain Warden's compliments, and I will your honour join him speedily," said the man, saluting. "He bade me say the second brew of punch be ready on the table, and looks like being better than the first!"

"Capital!" said the officer, his face relaxing into a smile. "The captain and I will drink success to King George, and confusion to his enemies! Have everything ready to march in half an hour, sergeant!"

The dragoons had been long gone before the landlord and his Irish ostler stood beside the jaded nag they had found left behind in the stable.

"Maybe they'll be afther sending back for ut—though, the saddle's worth more than the horse, sorr, and that's not saying a mighty lot," was the ostler's verdict.

"Maybe yes—maybe no," said his master shrewdly examining a piece of cord that had been recently cut with a knife. "I think the rider of that broken-down mount liked his own legs best of all, Pat—and good luck to the poor rogue, say I," he added under his breath!

(Be sure and read the thrilling follow-up of this popular Old-Time adventure yarn which will appear in next Saturday's MAGNET!)

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

(Continued from page 24.)

The Man who Invented the Motor-Cycle Never Rode One!—He lodged the specifications at the Patent Office fifty years ago, but abandoned his plans when he learnt that the law insisted upon a man with a red flag walking in front of any mechanically propelled vehicle. It was not until thirteen years afterwards that the first motor-cycle was built.

Now I come to a letter from a

VERY OLD CHUM,

Thomas Duke, of Birmingham, who tells me he has been a reader of the MAGNET for over twenty years. It does me good to think that the old paper can still interest our readers long after boyhood days are over. Jolly good luck to you, chum. I know you will all join with me in wishing him that.

Incidentally, Mr. Duke has some interesting things to say about sailing ships—a subject on which he is most keen. He tells me that up to the year 1884, the word "ship" was confined to three-masted vessels, each mast in three sections, and square-rigged. Between 1884 and 1895, when larger vessels were introduced, a fourth mast, known as a "jigger," was introduced. In 1902, the Preussen carried five masts, square-rigged, and was known as a "five-masted ship." Four-masters were called "four-masted ships," and three-masters were simply designated as a ship."

HERE is a question which will interest my adventurous readers, Will Thornton, of Manchester, wants to know

HOW OLD IS THE FOREIGN LEGION?

The answer is a hundred and five years. It was formed in 1830 by Louis Phillipe, of France. The Legion not only fought in Algeria, for a great deal of the fighting was done in Madagascar, Tunisia, and Indo-China. During the Great War the Legion fought on the Western and Italian fronts, and also at the Dardanelles. In that time it was completely wiped out of existence four times, and each time new regiments had to be recruited to allow the Legion to carry on.

It is claimed that fighting will continue in Morocco for at least another ten years, and the Foreign Legion will bear the brunt of this. Nowadays, a great number of the legionnaires are Russians, who have either fled or been banished from their own country.

Britain once had a Foreign Legion, composed mainly of mercenary German soldiers, but it was not long before it was disbanded. Spain is another country with a Foreign Legion.

Now comes the question to which you all want to know the answer! What is the story for MAGNET readers next week? Well, as Fisher T. Fish would say, "Get an eyeful of this":

First and foremost, along comes Frank Richards with one of his top-notchers, entitled:

"THE MISCHIEF-MAKER OF THE REMOVE!"

The title will give you an idea of what to expect, but the story itself will certainly exceed your expectations. When I tell you that it is one of the best stories of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, that even this popular author has given us, you'll know that it's something extra good. So don't run the risk of missing it. Tell your newsagent that you want a copy reserved for you. There will be further exciting chapters of Morton Pike's popular adventure story and, as usual, our shorter features will include a full-of-chuckles "Greyfriars Herald" supplement, another interesting Soccer talk by "Linesman," Harold Skinner's cartoon, more jokes and Greyfriars limericks, and another chat with your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.



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VICTOR BANCROFT, Matlock, ENGLAND.

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

THE FOURTH WANT FIXTURES!

The Upper Fourth Football XI announce that they want fixtures for the New Term. Will nursery schools, cripples' clinics, and six-a-side teams please write (WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS) to C.R. TEMPLE, Upper Fourth.



No. 119 (New Series).

THE NEW Greyfriars Herald

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.



January 12th, 1935.

KIND-HARTED YUNG GENTLEMAN!

Prominent and influenshall member of Greyfriars Remove, related to numerous titled people, will act as friend and guardian to lonely new boys in the New Term. Small fee charged to defray eggspenses of entertaining, et settera. — Apply W. G. B., Study No. 7, Remove.

Dr. BIRCHEMALL—LION-TAMER

By Dicky Nugent

"Ten ginnies!" mer-mered Dr. Birchermall, the revered and majestic Head of St. Sam's. "It's a lot of munny!"

"And all you have to do is stay in the lion's cage for one minnit!" said Jack Jolly. "Why don't you go in for it, sir?"

The Head turned a little pale under the ruddy tan his skollery dial had acquired through two solid weeks of over-feeding at Fearless Towers. All the evening he had been spoiling Jack Jolly & Co.'s visit to the circus by telling them boring stories of his big game hunting eggsploits; but now he had a chance to eggshibit the marvellous curridge he had been boasting about, he seemed strangely reluctant to do so!

"Of course, it's a mizzerable-looking spessimen," he remarked, with a disparaging glarnse into the circus-ring. "The meer look of that lion is enuff to make me roar. You should see some of the noble beasts I've slain in the jungle! Why, I remember in '05—"

"Would you like to borrow these, sir?" interrupted Frank Fearless, handing the Head a pair of pocket-scissors as he spoke.

Dr. Birchermall stared. "Scissors, Fearless? Why should you imagine I want scissors?"

"I thought they mite come in useful if you wanted to cut a long story short!" grinned Fearless, and Jack Jolly & Co.'s feelings found relief in a bust of larfter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now I won't tell you the story if you go down on your hands and neeze and beg me!" snorted the Head. "But about that lion—I wonder if he is really dangerous?"

"He'd be easy to a man of valler like you, sir!" grinned Jack Jolly, with a wink at the rest. "Besides," he added, sinking his voice to a whisper, "don't you think it's possibul the whole thing may be a hoaks? Don't you think there's rather a suspishus look about this so-called lion?"

Dr. Birchermall started. "Bust me if I don't think you're right, Jolly!" he eggelaimed. "Looking at it again, it looks eggactly like a sirous-hand dressed up to resemble a lion! Trew, the paws make me paws; but I can see through the eyes, and the tail is clearly only a tale. That lion's a lie on the face of it!"

"Your last chance!" shouted the ring-master, at that moment. "Ten ginnies for the lady or gentleman who can stay one minnit in the cage of the King of Beasts! Any volunteers?"

"Yes, rather! ME!" yelled the Head, konvinced now that the lion in the cage was only a sirous-hand, disguised.

A moment later, to the tune of deffening cheers from the grate crowd, Dr. Birchermall vaulted lightly over the rail into the arena.

"My hat! He's actually going to do it!" gasped Frank Fearless. "Do you think it's safe, you fellows?"

"I ought to warn him that I was only joking," said Jack Jolly, unnezily. "It will Harrow every skoolboy's feelings if the Head of St. Sam's is Eton!"

The leader of the Fourth Form jumped to hi feet with the intention of warning Dr. Birchermall. But he was too late! Already, the door of the cage had been opened and the Head was galloping in, under the cheerful

impression that the lion was merely a sirous-hand dressed up for the part.

Jack Jolly & Co. watched the amazing seen with fascinated eyes. They quite eggpected to see the lion herl himself at the Head, tear him lim from lim, and then eat him up, and the thought of that happening made them look awfully serious. Dr. Birchermall had promised to take them out to supper after the show, and if the lion made a harty meal out of him first, they wouldn't get a very harty meal out of him themselves after. That was how Jack Jolly & Co. looked at it.

But a serprize was in store for the chums of St. Sam's. In spite of the fact that the Head went right up to the lion and started talking into his ear, the lion didn't make the slightest attempt to eat him. Quite the contrary, in fact! Instead of falling on the Head, the lion fell into the arms of Morfeus—and long before the Head's minnit was up, the noble beast was lying on the floor of the cage, fast asleep!

At the end of the minnit, attendants opened the cage again, and the Head trotted out. Amid loud cheers from the crowd, he



was presented with a purse containing ten ginnies. After that, he rejoined Jack Jolly & Co., who were farelly brethless with distonishment.

"Well, boys, I did it, you see!" he remarked, with a smirk. "Munny for jam, wasn't it?"

"Well, not eggactly, sir!" gasped Jack Jolly. "There was quite a good chance that you'd have been Eton, then. As a matter of fact, it was a REAL lion!"

At that uneggpected news, the Head almost fainted.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



William George Bunter has listened at 273 keyholes this term—and the amount of gossip he has overheard is prodigious. This information is based on notes in his diary, which Fisher T. Fish "found." Bunter denies the authenticity of the diary, but it sounds likely enough!

"Grate pip! Then I have been in the very jaws of deth!" he crido. "I wonder why the lion didn't make a meal of me!"

"That's just what we'd like to know," grinned Frank Fearless. "What did you say to him, sir, when you whispered so confidenshally in his ear?"

"I started telling him some of my hunting-reckollections!" was the Head's answer. And then, of course, Jack Jolly & Co. saw daylight. The hunting stories with which the Head had been regaling them all the evening were guaranteed to send anyone to sleep. Not even a raging lion could hoap to remain awake, once it started lissening to them.

The Head's success as a lion-tamer was fully eggspained!

WHY SO UNHAPPY?

Cherry's Change Puzzles Us

Bob Cherry is usually such a cheerful kind of chap that his entry into the editorial office five minutes ago, looking about as bright as a wet Saturday, is too bewildering for words.

What on earth can have happened to him?

His face is twisted up just as though he's in pain, his shoulders are hunched and he's groaning and moaning at frequent intervals. Utterly unlike Bob, as you know.

We've asked him whether the thought of the cake Bunter filched from him yesterday has something to do with it, but apparently it's not that.

We've suggested that possibly he has fallen in love, but a decisive shake of the head has ruled that out.

A slight touch of liver trouble has been hinted at; but we can't imagine Bob Cherry having liver trouble.

Frankly, it beats us. We know, for a fact, that he was cheery enough ten minutes ago, and since then, apart from interviewing Mr. Quelch to receive a dozen with the cane for trespassing on Sir Hilton Popper's land, he has done absolutely nothing of importance.

All we can say about it is that it's a down-right puzzling mystery!

Peter Todd has tried to suppress the news that he is hard up—but without success. When a chap's in "low water," it's bound to "leak out"!!

TOM BROWN on— LIVE SHOWMAN'S JUGGLING ACT

If you want a hectic holiday, stay in the same house as an actor and a conjurer. That's my advice, after a short stay at Wibley's place, with Kipps as a fellow-guest. Rake and Delarey came with me, and they'll endorse what I say if you want any confirmation of it.

What with daily rehearsals for the plays Wib. produced every evening for the edification of the grown-ups, and hourly practical jokes from that scatter-brained conjurer, Kipps, we didn't know whether we were on our heads or our heels most of the time.

I could almost write a book about the peculiar pranks Wib. and Kipps got up to in the course of my visit.

The incident that stands out most in my memory is that of our snowball bombardment of a snowman which came to life.

When Rake and Delarey and I went out into the grounds one bright and frosty morn, we found Wib. putting the finishing touches to a most artistic figure he had modelled out of snow. He explained that he had built it solely with a view to providing a target for his guests' snowballs, and, thus invited, the three of us promptly started to pelt it.

Suddenly, we heard a noise that gave us all a decidedly queer kind of feeling. It was a kind of hollow groan—and it seemed to come from the snow model itself.

We looked at each other in momentary alarm; then, deciding that we must have

been mistaken, we resumed the bombardment. A few seconds later we heard it again; and this time there seemed to be little doubt that the groaning was coming from the direction of the snowman.

"Look here, Wib.," I said. "If you've taken up ventriloquism, save it up for the drawing-room, this evening, when we can enjoy it properly. At present, we're chucking snowballs and one thing at a time is enough."

Wib. smiled blandly. "My dear old bean, I don't know the first thing about ventriloquism," he said. "If I were you, I'd carry on with the snowball work."

So we did. But not for long. Before we'd been at it more than another minute, something happened that gave me the biggest shock I've had since I got a "pass in the summer examinations."

There was a longer and louder groan than we'd heard on the first two occasions, and the snowman actually began to move. A moment later, to our horror, we saw that he was lumbering across the snow towards us.

It's all very well to laugh at it afterwards; but, believe me, kids, it gave Rake and



Delarey and me, a rare old shock for a time! Our common sense should have told us that the thing was idiotic; but common sense didn't seem to operate very promptly at the startling sight of that snowman coming to life and moving vengefully in our direction.

We dropped our remaining snowballs and instinctively bolted for it—and it was only after we had done about fifty yards that we realised how futile and fatheaded the whole thing was, and stopped.

It was then that we realised that both Wib. and the snowman were cackling like the very dickens. It didn't take us long to discover the reason.

The "snowman" was only Kipps, dressed up for the occasion, and Rake and Delarey and I were victims of one more little jape.

Needless to say, we got busy with the snowballs in real earnest, after that. But what's the good of snowballing a chap like Kipps?

Kipps just caught them as they reached him and did one of his star juggling acts with them until he had about a dozen on the go.

We gave it up!

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E. VERNON-SMITH says— BEAKS HAVE HECTIC HOLIDAYS

If you think that beaks on vacation are anything like the beaks we see during the Term, you're a long way wide of the mark. The average master away from school has a frightfully hectic time.

When he wakes up in the dewy morn, there is a wicked gleam in his eye. He remembers he is on holiday, and what a difference that makes to his expression! It makes a difference to his clobber, too. Instead of a sober mortar-board, he puts a gay bowler hat on his head; instead of wearing a black-and-white tie, he wears a white-and-black one; while for his customary black coat and striped trousers, he substitutes perhaps a striped coat and black trousers.

After an hilarious brekker, spent reading the "Conchologist's Gazette," he puts on his hat at the rakish angle and plunges into the day's giddy round of pleasure.

First comes a visit to the nearest library for an hour with his favourite books of reference. Then he goes gaily on to a museum for an exhilarating time among the latest arrivals in the way of fossils.

Out he comes again for his hurried lunch—after which he goes to the pictures. That is, of course, provided there is a suitable programme of pictures concerned with archæology, ornithology, conchology, and similar light subjects. If there is no programme suited to his light and fanciful mood, then he will perhaps stay in and listen to a wireless lecture on psychology or anthropology.

Then comes the most hectic moment of the day—tea in a public cafe! Looking at our pleasure-seeking beak as he gulps his tea and whacks down an extra pat of butter on to his toasted muffin, you would hardly suspect him to be the same person as the stern, unbending martinet known to his pupils during Term!

Tea over, he rolls gaily off to some light-hearted show that will put a fitting finish to the day's recreation. Perhaps it will be a lecture on "The Life of a Grasshopper," or a meeting of the Fossil-hunters' Discussion Circle. Something pretty hectic, anyway, you can bet your life.

Oh, yes, beaks have hectic holidays, right enough.

Wib. smiled blandly. "My dear old bean, I don't know the first thing about ventriloquism," he said. "If I were you, I'd carry on with the snowball work."

So we did. But not for long. Before we'd been at it more than another minute, something happened that gave me the biggest shock I've had since I got a "pass in the summer examinations."

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We gave it up!

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!



William George Bunter has listened at 273 keyholes this term—and the amount of gossip he has overheard is prodigious. This information is based on notes in his diary, which Fisher T. Fish "found." Bunter denies the authenticity of the diary, but it sounds likely enough!

Old Mumble, the Head's gardener, dislikes fags, and was delighted when Dicky Nugent & Co. were overheard to help him as a punishment. Old Mumble made them dig a hole for some rubbish—and he said candidly that he would have liked to bury them in it. A case of "too much fag"!

Hurree Singh is the junior champion "over the hurdles." His fleetness of foot enabled him to defeat Scott, of the Upper Fourth, and Hobson, of the Shell, in a inter-Form race. Bunter entered—and knocked down every hurdle he tried to jump! He didn't mean to give "of-lence," though!

During the vac., Donald Ogilvy constructed a model of a London railway terminus, complete with trains. Ogilvy regrets that his special "holiday services" will have to be cut down now the new term is beginning. Mr. Quelch believes in "full steam ahead" with class work!

Asked if he had any ambition, Billy Bunter said he would like to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is already an adept at squeezing money out of unwilling donors—even Bolsover major once lent him a shilling! He will have to wait till Bunter really is Chancellor to get it back, though!

Herbert Vernon-Smith is equally skilful at football and billiards, and if left to his own choice he would probably select billiards. To please his chum Redwing, though, he plays up with might and main in the Remove footer XI. He scored a "hat-trick" the other day against St. Jim's!

ELECTION RESULT

The result of the Dormitory Amusements Committee Election is as follows:

Pillow-fighting Captain	J. BULL.
Catering Supervisor	W. G. BUNTER.
Cabaret Expert	W. WIBLEY.
Master of Wet Sponges	R. CHERRY.
Radio Engineer	S. Q. I. FIELD.
Landing Look-Out	R. RAKE.

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