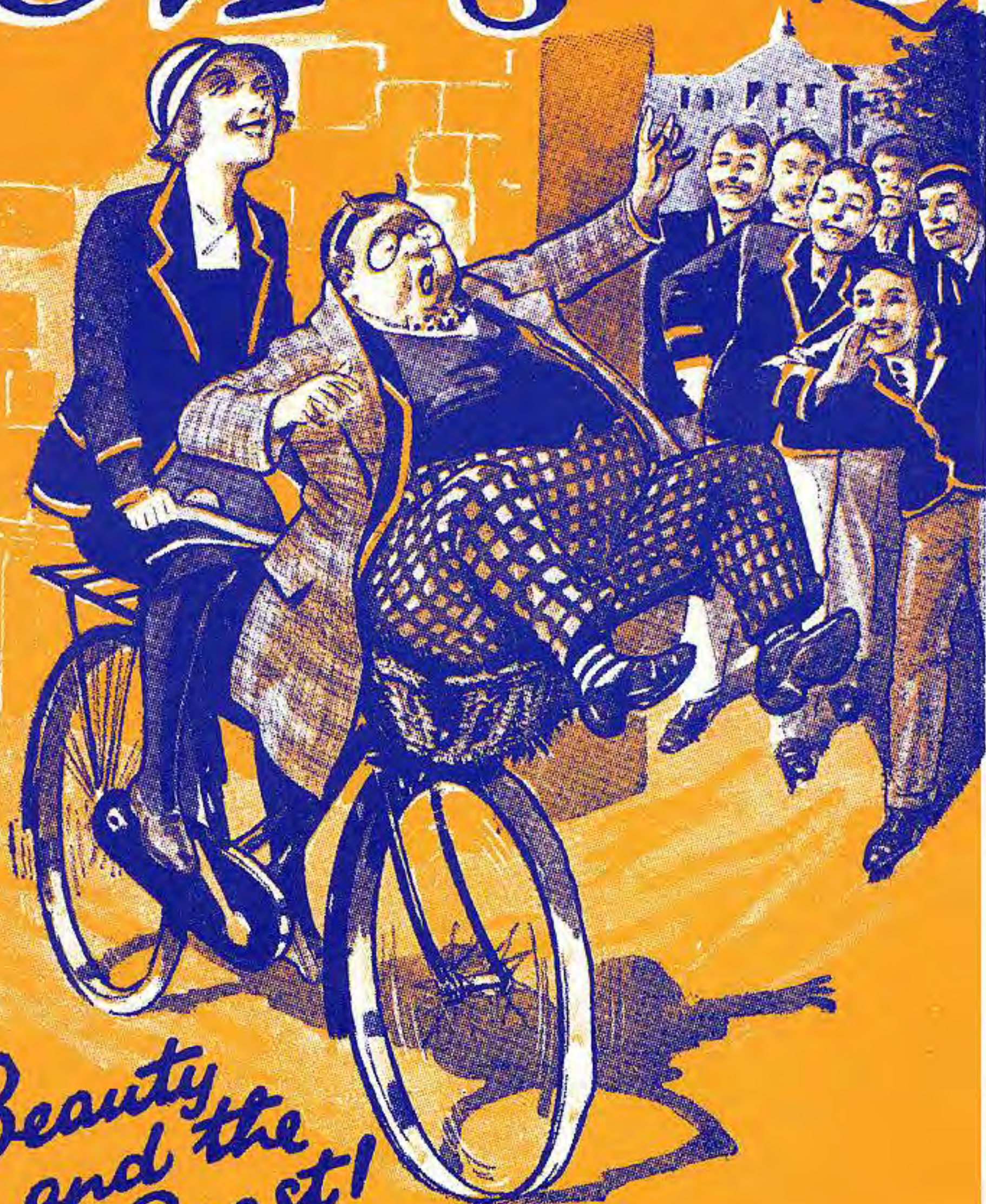


BILLY BUNTER'S the BOY to MAKE YOU LAUGH—MEET HIM INSIDE!

The Magnet 1/2^D



*Beauty
and the
Beast!*



Come Into The Office, Boys!

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

JUDGING by the many letters I receive from readers, the most popular feature in this little chat of mine are the paragraphs which I call "Things You'd Hardly Believe." So here, in response to many requests, is another selection of them.

Have you ever heard of

THE WHISTLING LANGUAGE OF GOMERA?

It is certainly one of the strangest languages in the world, for the people of Gomera, an island in the Canaries, don't talk to each other in the normal way—they whistle! What is more, they can converse by means of this method with their friends at tremendous distances. All they do is to whistle a sort of "general call" and then follow it with a special whistling sign which indicates the exact person with whom they wish to get in touch. Everyone has their own special call.

It is claimed that this whistling language dates from prehistoric days, and the original Spanish conquerors of the island had much trouble with the natives, who could pass on news by this method. Although the Spaniards tried hard to discover the meaning of the whistles, they were unable to do so. Nowadays, the islanders have brought this whistling language to a fine art, and they have invented their own codes, with the result that private conversations can be carried on over hills and valleys without being understood by those who do not know the particular private code which the "speakers" are using!

Now for a few shorter paragraphs:

How Far Can a Boy Shout? Under ordinary conditions, a boy can shout about 200 yards. In a clear, dry atmosphere, the range is much greater, while, of course, it is also extended if the wind is in the right direction.

The Silliest Animal in the World is said to be a baby camel. It has a passion for kicking, and will kick itself, its mother, its keeper and the railings of its enclosure. It hurts nobody except itself.

Over 100 Broadcasting Stations in one City! Shanghai, in China, has more than one hundred broadcasting stations. Only half a dozen of these are other than Chinese—so you can imagine the difficulty of "listening-in" in Shanghai!

The Only Animal That can Open its Upper Jaw! All animals have fixed upper jaws and movable lower ones except the crocodile. This is the only animal that can open its upper jaw!

Coloured Stereoscopic Talkies are Coming! Not only have several firms brought out colour devices for films, but a famous inventor claims to have made a projector which will show films in stereoscopic relief.

ARE you interested in numismatics—or, in other words, coin-collecting? If you are, can you answer this query which comes from George Jones, of Carnarvon:

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WHAT IS A PAHLAVI?

It has nothing to do with a palaver! Actually it is a gold coin worth twenty Riyals, and its nominal value is one sovereign. It is the monetary standard of Persia. Talking about sovereigns, here is a statement which will surprise most of my older readers:

Hundreds of thousands of people have never seen the monetary standard of the British Isles! The standard is a sovereign, and, as these went out of circulation at the outbreak of the war, the chances are that a large number of people under the age of twenty years have never seen one.

The next query comes from a Holloway reader, whose initials are R. A. F. He wants to know

HOW TO TRACE A MOTOR-CAR

by means of the registration number. The name and address of the owner of every car is known to the authority which licensed the car, and the first thing to be done is to find which authority issued the licence. This is an easy matter, for the index letters of the number are different for every licensing authority. For instance, if you see a car with the letters "AA" in front of the number, you will know that the car was licensed in Southampton. "BB" stands for Newcastle; "CC" for Carnarvonshire, and so on. It would be impossible for me to print a complete list of these initials, as it would take up too much space. For instance, there are nineteen different sets of initials allotted to London alone.

Here, however, is an interesting point about registration initials: If the letter "S" appears it means that the car was licensed somewhere in Scotland. Similarly, all cars with an "I" on their index mark belong to Ireland. "X" without any other letter following it, means Northumberland, but if another letter follows it—such as "XA," "XB," and so on, it means that the car was registered in London. There are three exceptions to this rule—"XI" must, of course, be an Irish registration, and is, in fact, the index mark of Belfast. Similarly, "XS" must be a Scottish registration, and belongs to Paisley. The third exception is "XG," which stands for Middlesbrough.

Once the licensing authority is known, they can supply the name and address of the owner of any particular car, but they will only do it if the inquirer satisfies them that he has a legitimate reason for knowing it. The usual means of tracing a car is to apply to the police.

THOSE of you who are interested in motor-racing, as Jack Stoner, of Harrogate, is, may like to know the length of

FAMOUS MOTOR CIRCUITS,

which I am printing here in response to Jack's request. The best-known motor-racing track in the British Isles is undoubtedly Brooklands. It is 2 miles

1,350 yards on the outer circuit. The circuit of the Irish International Grand Prix, Dublin, is 4 miles 460 yards. The Aids Circuit, Belfast, is 13.66 miles.

On the Continent, the principal circuits are: Sarthe Circuit, Le Mans, 8.4 miles. Circuit de Spa, Belgium, 9.31 miles. Linas-Montlhéry Autodrome 1.5 miles track, plus a road circuit of 6.26 miles. Nurburg Ring, Germany, Grand Prix Course, 14.25 miles.

Once again a reader has written to me asking for particulars of

JOINING THE R.A.F.

This query crops up again and again, as well as others asking me how to join the Navy or the Army. My regular readers will already know the answer, but for the benefit of any others who may be interested, I will repeat the information.

Booklets may be obtained at any post office giving full particulars of every branch of the fighting Services. No charge is made for the booklet, and they give much fuller information than I can give in the course of this little chat. By getting one of these, my chum will be able to see exactly for which branch he is most suitable, together with rates of pay, conditions of service, and so on. Any readers who are unable to obtain these booklets, should write direct to the London headquarters of the forces. The address of both the Admiralty and the War Office is: Whitehall, London, S.W.1. That of the R.A.F. is: Adastral House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

FOR the information of my readers who may possess the following names, I am giving a further brief list of

SURNAMES AND THEIR MEANINGS.

Bridgeman. This signifies that the first bearer of the name was in charge of a bridge—that is, he collected the tolls and dues from those who made use of the bridge.

Yeatman comes from "gate-man"—the man who guarded the gate.

Crouchman originally meant a man who lived by the crouch—or cross.

Goldwin is derived from the Teutonic, and means "gold-friend."

Miller means that the original bearer of the name was in charge of one of the many mills which flourished in Medieval Britain. Other surnames from this source are Mill, Mills, Milne, Milner, and Mellor.

Cotman means "a dweller in a cottage." Cotter, Cotterel, and Coates mean the same.

Draycott is derived from Dregeota, meaning the dry cottage.

I see my space is running short again, so I had better let you know the good things that are in store for you in next week's super programme.

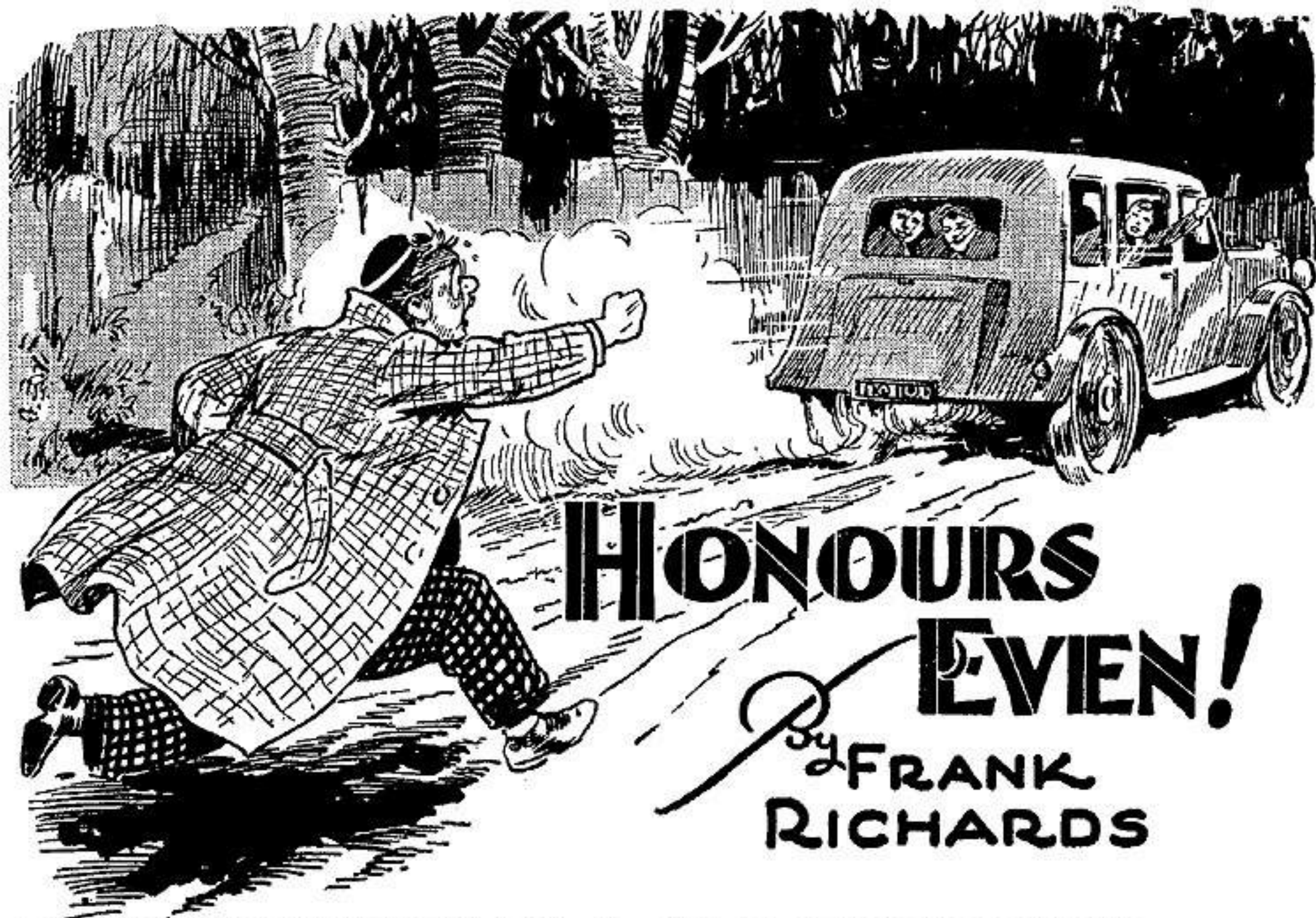
Topping the bill, of course, is another magnificent long complete story dealing with the adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled:

"THE SLEUTH OF GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

I won't divulge the name of the sleuth—possibly you can guess his identity! Anyway, the yarn itself is the real goods, and will be acclaimed on all sides as one of Frank Richards' best. Next comes another topical issue of the "Greyfriars Herald," more answers to readers' Soccer queries by "Linesman," and then to wind up the programme there will be further gripping chapters of Geo. E. Rochester's pirate story, together with another cheery chat with

YOUR EDITOR.



HONOURS EVEN!

By
**FRANK
RICHARDS**

—FEATURING HARRY WHARTON & CO., the CHEERY CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Hats Off!

IT'S blowing," remarked Bob Cherry.

It was.

The March morning was wild and windy.

Great gusts from the sea howled and roared over Greyfriars School, rustling the ancient ivy, whistling round the old red chimney-pots, shaking and swaying the branches of the elms in the quad.

Half a dozen fellows at once could be seen chasing hats or caps.

When the Remove were dismissed after class that morning, not all of them rushed out into the quad as usual.

Billy Bunter headed at once for the Rag, where there was a fire and an armchair. Bunter was not a whale on fresh air, anyhow, and he vastly preferred a fire and an armchair to the wild March wind. Skinner and Snoop went off stealthily to their study where there were cigarettes. Hazeldene put his head out of the door, and drew it in again. But the Famous Five rushed out with a cheery whoop.

It was blowing—there was no mistake about that. They had to hold on their caps—almost to hold on their hair. But a fierce north-easter did not keep Harry Wharton & Co. indoors. They were glad to get out after Latin with Quelch in the Form-room.

"The blowfulness is terrific!" gasped Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh, as he clutched at his cap.

"Terrific and preposterous!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Smithy with a footer. Chuck it this way, Smithy!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, came out with an old footer under his arm. He punted it

across to the Famous Five. Johnny Bull kicked it; the wind caught it, and carried it merrily away. With a cheery yell the juniors rushed after it.

Harry Wharton was ahead, and he had nearly reached the ball when something smote him in the face.

"Ow!" gasped Wharton. "What the dickens—"

It was a hat—a bowler hat. It dropped at his feet after the wind had banged it on his nose.

"Ow!" The captain of the Remove rubbed his nose. It had had rather a hard knock. "Ow!"

"Bag that tile!" shouted Peter Todd, from a distance. "It's Quelch's!"

Billy Bunter thinks it no end funny to let his schoolfellows in for a ten-mile walk in the rain. But the laugh's on the other side when Vernon-Smith springs a cute dodge on the fat junior!

The juniors looked round.

On the steps of the House stood the tall angular figure of Mr. Quelch, their Form-master, in an overcoat—hatless!

Quelch's hair, which was not so abundant as it once had been, blew out in the wind like quills upon the fretful porcupine, revealing a central bald spot.

It was not uncommon for Greyfriars fellows to go hatless; but Form-masters never did. And it was evident that the fugitive bowler belonged to Henry

Samuel Quelch, and that the fierce wind had lifted it from his head as he came out of the House.

"Snaffle it, Wharton!" shouted Nugent.

Wharton, clasping his nose with one hand, stooped and grasped at the hat with the other, and missed it as the wind caught it again.

The hat whirled on towards the elms.

Mr. Quelch, standing on the steps, waved a hand and shouted. The wind carried away his words; but it was clear that he was appealing to the boys of his Form to rescue his headgear. Chasing that hat himself was not an attractive idea to the Remove master. Quelch's sprinting days were over.

"After it!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Leave it to me!" yelled the Bounder.

Smithy dashed after the hat, the other fellows at his heels. The footer was left unheeded, rolling in the wind. As dutiful pupils of the Remove master, the fellows were bound to oblige him if they could by recapturing his hat. And it was quite an exciting chase—quite as exciting as punting the footer.

The Bounder, one of the best footballers in the Remove, had a good turn of speed. But the Famous Five were after him very quickly. They were not quite sure what might happen to Quelch's hat if the Bounder bagged it.

Smithy was not fearfully keen on obliging beaks. He was the fellow to play risky jests. He had been "jawed" by Quelch in the Form-room that morning for an unusually bad "con," and Smithy was the fellow to get his own back at the first opportunity. The eagerness with which he pursued Quelch's hat looked as if he rather regarded this as a happy opportunity.

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In spite of the efforts of the Famous Five, Smithy was the first to overtake the whirling hat.

Perhaps it was by accident that his foot landed against it, sending it onward on a fresh wild and whirling career.

Mr. Quelch, staring from the steps, noted the incident, and did not regard it as an accident; and his lips set hard.

Boys will be boys, certainly. And Quelch, who had been a boy himself, always made allowance for that fact. But using his hat as a football was neither grateful nor comforting to Quelch. He was going out in that hat, and Quelch was rather particular about his attire. He compressed his lips, and his eyes glinted as he watched, getting very anxious for the fate of his hat.

"Smithy, you ass!" gasped Wharton. "On the ball!" shouted the Bounder. "Leave it alone, you fathead!" exclaimed Frank Nugent.

"Rats!"
"My esteemed and idiotic Smithy!" panted Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Bosh!"

The Bounder, as usual, was reckless. Perhaps he did not realise how keenly a pair of gimlet eyes were watching from the House steps. Anyhow, he chased after the hat with the intention of "passing" it again.

Harry Wharton put on a desperate spurt, reached the hat at the same time as the Bounder, and shouldered him off the ball, so to speak.

Then he grabbed at the hat—too late! A fresh fierce gust caught it, and whisked it away, this time towards the House. After its wild career the hat was approaching its owner.

"You cheeky ass!" panted the Bounder, as he reeled from Wharton's shoulder.

Unheeding, the captain of the Remove tore after the hat.

After him tore Smithy. After Smithy tore Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Nugent, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, followed by six or seven more fellows who had joined up in the exciting chase.

But Wharton was ahead. The hat sailed on, landed, sailed on again, and dropped, only a yard from the stone steps where stood Mr. Quelch.

A moment more and Wharton would have had it. But at that moment he was charged from behind.

The Bounder sent him spinning, and Wharton crashed, with a roar. Smithy gave him a malicious grin in passing.

Then he reached the hat. The wind had caught it again, and it was beginning to whirl. Perhaps that was the reason why the Bounder jumped at it, and landed on it, bringing it to the ground under both his feet. Crunch!

The hat was instantly changed into a pancake.

It crunched horribly. Wharton staggered up, gasping. Vernon-Smith, with perfect coolness, picked up the crunched and flattened hat, and carried it to his Form-master on the steps.

"Your hat, sir," said Vernon-Smith meekly. "Sorry it's been rather damaged, sir. Quite an accident."

Mr. Quelch took the hat. He gazed at it. He turned it over in his hands, and gazed at it again. His look was expressive. Evidently he could not wear that hat. He could never wear that hat again. All the King's horses and all the King's men could never have restored that bowler to its original shape.

Quelch breathed hard and deep. "Vernon-Smith!"
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"Yes, sir," murmured the Bounder. "How dare you jump on my hat!"
"I thought you wanted us to catch it for you, sir," said the Bounder meekly. "I thought I heard you call."
"You need not add impertinence to a ruffianly action, Vernon-Smith," hooted the Remove master. "You are very much mistaken if you fancy that you can deceive me, Vernon-Smith. You will be given detention this afternoon—"

The lurking grin died off the Bounder's face. It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and Smithy was booked for one of his expensive excursions. Really, he could not have expected Mr. Quelch to be pleased by the smashing of his hat. But he did not seem to have expected this. It was rather the Bounder's way to ask for what he did not want.

"Look here, sir—" he began. Mr. Quelch raised his hand. "You need say nothing, Vernon-Smith. You will go into the Form-room at two-thirty, and remain there till five o'clock, and I shall prepare a task for you. Not a word!"

The Remove master went back into the House to change his hat. The Bounder was left scowling.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

No Thanks!

"I SAY, you fellows!"
"Scat!"
Billy Bunter did not "scat." Billy Bunter had something to say, and he was going to say it.

After dinner the Famous Five were in consultation. The afternoon being a half-holiday, plans had to be made for the same. There was no game on in the Remove, but there was a League match at Lantham, one of the last of the season, and, these two circumstances coinciding, it seemed a good idea to the Famous Five to get across to Lantham and see the League men play.

Good idea as it was, there were little difficulties in the way. Hence the consultation interrupted by Billy Bunter. Harry Wharton had lately been in possession of a fiver. But riches had taken unto themselves wings and flown away. He had lent Hazeldene of the Remove three pounds, which Hazeldene had astonished him by returning the next day. He was less astonished when Hazel borrowed it again, without returning it at all!

With two pounds remaining, Wharton had cashed one of Billy Bunter's celebrated postal orders, which never came, to the tune of five shillings; he had stood a study supper, as a fellow with a big tip was morally bound to do, he had paid up a rather belated subscription, he had bought one or two things, and, to cut a long story short, he now found himself in possession of a single, solitary half-a-crown.

Half-crowns were useful coins. Still, it was not a large sum. And the other members of the Co. were no better off. Railway fares were steep, so it was a matter of careful calculation whether it would run to the return fare to Lantham, and whether a little might be left over for tea at the Pagoda, after watching the match.

Deep in economics, the chums of the Remove had no use for Bunter. With one voice, they told him to scat!

"Smithy would stand himself a car, if he wanted to go!" remarked Bob Cherry. "We can't splash money about like Smithy, worse luck."

"I say, you fellows—" "Shut up, Bunter! I think we can manage it," said Harry Wharton

thoughtfully. "It won't run to tea at the Pagoda. We shall have to cut that out. Might get a few sandwiches to take with us."

"I say—" "Blow away, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry. "You talk too much, old fat man! Unless," he added, with a grin, "your postal order's come. In that case, you can run on."

"Oh, really, Cherry! The fact is, I am expecting a postal order to-day, from one of my titled relations," explained Bunter. "But there seems to be some delay in the post—only temporary, of course—"

"Then chuck it!" said Bob. "We can't get to Lantham on a delay in the post—even a temporary one."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Look here, Wharton, you've been jolly careless with your money, if you've only got half-a-crown left," said Johnny Bull. "You had a fiver last week."

Wharton coloured uncomfortably.

It was the way of the Famous Five of Greyfriars to pool their resources, when occasion arose. Had those three pounds been still in Wharton's pocket, all difficulties would have vanished on the spot.

But his chums knew nothing of the loan to Hazel, though Nugent suspected it. The captain of the Remove did not feel like telling them.

"Well, it's gone!" he said.

"Never mind that," said Frank Nugent, rather hastily. "What's gone's gone! We can manage all right."

"Just about manage," said Bob.

"What about me, though?" asked Billy Bunter, blinking at them through his big spectacles.

"Nothing about you, old fat bean!"

"What I mean is, if I'm coming, one of you fellows will have to lend me the fare!" explained the Owl of the Remove.

"That's all right. You're not coming."

"Beast!"

"Nothing at Lantham for you, old fat man," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You don't care a bean for footer, and it won't run to tea at the Pagoda."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Pack it up, Bunter!"

"Do listen to a chap!" hooted Bunter.

"Can't I make a suggestion?"

"Oh dear! Cut it short!"

"Wharton hasn't spent all that money," said Bunter. "He's lent it to some chap! I jolly well know that more than one fellow was after him when he had that fiver, like dogs after a bone."

"I know one who was," grunted Johnny Bull. "His name was Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! Look here, what I suggest is that Wharton goes and gets some of it back from the fellow he lent it to—"

"Will you mind your own business, Bunter?" snapped the captain of the Remove.

"I think this is my business," said Bunter warmly. "Here we are, stuck up for want of a pound or two, and you've been lending money right and left. If my postal order had come I'd stand you a car!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! As the matter stands, it hasn't come. Well, it's up to Wharton. I don't know who he's lent the money to, but he can ask him to square."

"I suppose that's it," grunted Johnny Bull. "You're rather a soft ass, Wharton."

"Thanks!" said Wharton dryly.

"But it's no bizney of Bunter's, or ours. Still, if a fellow owes you money

there's no reason why you shouldn't ask him whether he can square, when we're all up against it."

"He can't," said Wharton briefly.

Snort, from Johnny Bull. Johnny had only contempt for a fellow who borrowed money and could not pay his debts. Wharton, perhaps, shared that feeling, but he had his own reasons—and good reasons—for making ample allowances for that particular debtor. Hazel happened to be the brother of Marjorio Hazeldene, of Cliff House School!

"Well, I call that rot!" said Billy Bunter in disgust.

"It doesn't concern you, anyhow, fat-head!" said the captain of the Remove gruffly.

Bunter. "What about having a taxi? I'll pay!"

"Is he wound up?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Beast! I mean, listen to me, old chap! We take the taxi to Lantham, keep it waiting while we're there, and drive back in it. Then we shan't have to pay the driver till we get back to Greyfriars, see?"

"Some bill, by that time!" chuckled Bob. "Pounds!"

"That's all right. The post will be in by the time we get back from Lantham—"

"What difference will that make, fathead?"

"I'm expecting a postal order—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I was really expecting it this morn-

"And—and—and suppose, by the merest chance, of course, that the postal order didn't come?" gasped Bob.

"Oh, it will come all right!" said Bunter airily. "Anyhow, we shall have had the taxi! If the postal order wasn't here, after all, you could borrow the money of Mauleverer, Wharton."

"Borrow it of Mauly?" gasped Wharton.

"Yes. Old Mauly would shell out if you touched him for it. He's pretty soft, you know."

Bob Cherry glanced round at his friends.

"Gentlemen, chaps, and sportsmen," he said, "I vote that we all show Bunter exactly what we think of his jolly old suggestion!"



Whirled on by the wind, the hat dropped a few yards from the stone steps where Mr. Quelch stood. Vernon-Smith jumped at it, and landed on it with both feet. Crunch! The hat was instantly changed into a pancake. "Your hat, sir," said the Bunder meekly. "Sorry it's been rather damaged, sir—quite an accident!"

"Well, I can tell you I'm jolly well not going to Lantham, to get cold feet watching a rotten football match if there isn't going to be tea at the Pagoda afterwards!" declared Bunter. "You can't expect it."

"Good!"

"Bravo!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Now roll away, barrel!"

Still Bunter did not roll away. The enthusiasm with which the Famous Five greeted his announcement was not flattering. But Bunter had to fix up something for that half-holiday. Peter Todd and Tom Dutton were going out, so there would not even be tea in Study No. 7.

Something had to be done. At all events, somebody had to be done!

The Famous Five were going to be done, if Bunter could manage it.

"I say, you fellows, I've got another suggestion to make."

"Go and boil it!"

"I wish you'd listen to a chap who's trying to do you a good turn," howled

ing. As I said, there's been some delay in the post. It's bound to come in this afternoon. That will be all right. See?"

The Famous Five did not seem to "see." They gazed at Bunter. The idea of running up a bill of two or three pounds on a taxi, and trusting to Billy Bunter's postal order to see them through, rather seemed to take their breath away. They just gazed at the fat Owl.

Apparently taking silence for consent, the Owl of the Remove rattled on cheerily:

"So that's all right! Don't trouble to thank me; I'm a generous chap. I hope! I'll settle the taxi with my—my postal order when we get back. I say, Quelch is out, Wharton, and one of you can easily cut into his study and phone for a taxi—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"And what you've got will pay for tea at the Pagoda," said Bunter brightly. "You stand tea at the Pagoda, and I stand the taxi—what?"

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows, you needn't bother about thanking me! I'm the fellow to stand by my pals, I hope! And I can say—Yarooooooooop!"

The Famous Five were not bothering about thanking Bunter. His suggestion that, as a last resource, the good-natured Mauly should be "touched" for a large, extravagant, and unnecessary taxi-fare did not seem to them to call for thanks. So far from thanking Bunter, they surrounded him, collared him, and up-ended him.

"Yaroo! Leggo! Whoop!" roared Bunter, as he spun in five pairs of hands, and the House seemed to swim round him.

Bump!

"Yoooooop!" roared Bunter.

The Famous Five walked away, to continue their consultation unassisted by Bunter. Bunter sat and roared.

"Owl! Wow! Ungrateful beasts! After all I've done for them! Owl!"

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THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Motor Party!

"YOU silly ass!" growled Hazel-dene.

"Silly f a t h e a d!" said Skinner.

"Blithering idiot!" said Snoop. "Might have kept out of detention this afternoon, you ass! Letting us all down!"

The Bounder scowled.

"Quelch had his eye on you in the Form-room!" said Stott. "You might have known he would jump on you! Then you had to jump on his hat!"

"Well, we're let down all round!" grunted Hazel. "Trust Smithy to play some rotten fool trick!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith stood with his hands in his pockets and a dark look on his face. It was two o'clock, and at two-thirty the Bounder was booked for detention. Mr. Quelch, who was lunching at the vicarage that windy day, had not yet returned; but Smithy had no doubt that he would be back in time to see about that detention—it was not the kind of thing Mr. Quelch forgot!

Smithy had been considering whether to "cut." There was nothing to stop him from bolting before his Form-master came back.

But the consequences were a little too serious. The Bounder was reckless, but open defiance of authority meant very serious trouble; the game was not, in fact, worth the candle! And, so far as the other fellows were concerned, it would not have helped; for Skinner & Co. would never have had the nerve to go in his company, knowing that he was defying Quelch.

So the Bounder was staying in, and his friends were expressing their annoy-

ance freely. He noted, with a bitter sneer, that they had nothing to say in the way of sympathy. They were deeply irritated and annoyed at the excursion being "off"; and it did not seem to occur to them that it was off for the Bounder as well as themselves, and that he had two and a half hours in detention in addition.

"Go it!" sneered Smithy. "Say a little more! It all sounds so nice and friendly, it's a pleasure to listen to you!"

Billy Bunter, blinking at the group through his big spectacles, grinned.

Bunter had been looking for Smithy. He found him in the Rag, listening, with a scowling face and a sarcastic sneer, to the remarks of his disappointed friends.

"Well, it's rotten, and you know it is!" said Hazel. "You offer to stand fellows a car for the afternoon, and then—"

"Then you have to cheek Quelch and get a detention!" said Skinner. "I call it letting us down!"

"I call it thick!" grunted Snoop.

And Frederick Stott nodded assent.

All four were angry and disappointed, and did not hesitate to make their feelings known.

Smithy, the millionaire's son, did things in style on these occasions. His father ran an account for him at the Courtfield Garage. Smithy could ring up a car when he liked—so far as the rules of the school allowed. The Bounder did not always regard those rules, however.

On this especial afternoon the car had been engaged for half-past two—the very time Smithy was getting his detention. It was a good car, with a good driver, seating half a dozen fellows

easily, and it was going on a fifty-mile run—a circumstance that was not going to be mentioned in the hearing of Quelch, who allowed his boys no such latitude on their half-holiday excursions. There was going to be tea and a game of billiards at a certain place Smithy knew miles and miles out of school bounds. It was all very reckless and attractive, and now, seemingly, it was knocked on the head.

Hence the irritable reproaches in the Rag, to which Smithy listened, with a scowl and a sneer, and Billy Bunter, with a fat grin.

Hazel was the most irritable. He did not generally consort with Skinner & Co., but he had joined up on this occasion because it was too good a thing to be missed. He knew that his sister Marjorie wanted to see him that afternoon, and had disregarded it to join the party. He felt rather mean about that, which added to his irritation.

"Well, it's no good jawing!" he growled. "Smithy's let us down! That's that!"

"If you've all finished—" said the Bounder, with a sneer. "Don't let me interrupt you; but if you've all finished, may I mention how flattered I feel at your missing my company to this extent?"

They looked at him.

"I'm staying in," went on the Bounder quietly. "But the car's ordered, and will be here at half-past two, and you fellows can use it if you like—"

"Oh!" gasped all four of them.

"If you want it, I'll phone to the garage that I'm not comin', but that my friends will be usin' the car."

"Oh!" said the four again.

Billy Bunter chuckled. Never had four fellows looked so utterly sheepish. They had taken it for granted that, as the Bounder could not go, the order for the car from Courtfield would be cancelled.

But the Bounder was a man of his word. He was not going to let the party down—which he would have explained already, had they given him time to speak before pouring out their reproaches.

"Oh!" said Hazel. "I—I say—"

He broke off.

"I say, that's jolly decent of you, Smithy!" said Skinner.

He had the grace to look shamefaced.

"It's fixed up for tea at the Chequers, and there won't be any bill for you men to pay there," added the Bounder. "All you'll lose is my company; and, as I said, I'm frightfully flattered to see how awfully you will miss that!"

With which Vernon-Smith walked out of the Rag, leaving Skinner & Co. pleased and relieved, and rather ashamed of themselves, and certainly wishing that they had not spoken in haste!

"I say, Smithy—"

The Bounder brushed past Billy Bunter and headed for Masters' passage. He had to let the garage know that he would not be with the party for the car, otherwise the chauffeur, not seeing him, and not knowing them, would have been in doubt. And if he wanted to phone to the garage, he had to use Quelch's telephone before Quelch came in.

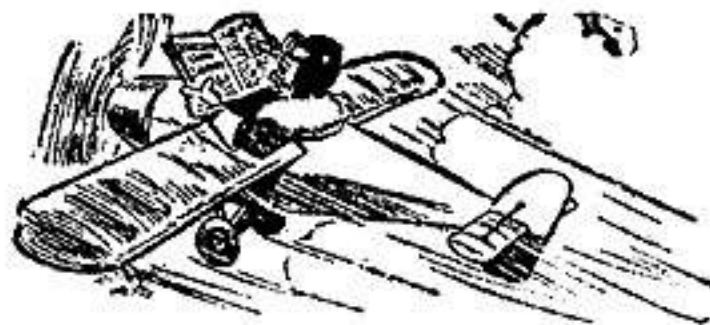
"I say, Smithy—" repeated Bunter. He rolled up Masters' passage after the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith hurried into Mr. Quelch's study. He shut the door as Bunter reached it, almost on the Owl's fat little nose.

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.



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He blinked up and down the passage. No beaks were to be seen, and he rolled into Quelch's study after Smithy.

"I say, Smithy, old chap—" "Shut up, you fat idiot!" snapped the Bounder.

He was already at the telephone, getting the number of Courtfield Garage.

"But, look here, old fellow—" Unheeding, the Bounder spoke into the transmitter.

"Courtfield Garage? Vernon-Smith speaking from Greyfriars School—Herbert Vernon-Smith! I can't go in the car this afternoon—but my friends are going, all the same. Pick them up here."

"I say, Smithy, old bean—" "Is that clear? I'm not going, but send the car all the same, and you'll find my friends waiting at the gates, or near. Right!"

Smithy rang off. He hurried out of the study. As he had no leave to use the Remove master's telephone, he naturally wanted to be safe off the scene before Quelch happened. Bunter caught his sleeve in the doorway, and he jerked it away and hurried off.

The fat Owl of the Remove rolled after him. Out of the perilous precincts of Masters' studies, he overtook the Bounder.

"I say, Smithy—" "Oh, go and eat coke!" said Vernon-Smith impatiently. "What the thump do you want—haunting a chap like a fat ghost?"

"Oh, really, Smithy—" "Cut it short, fathead!" "I've been disappointed about a postal order—"

"What?" yelled the Bounder. "Eh? You needn't roar at a chap!" said Bunter. "I've been disappointed about a postal order, Smithy, old fellow. I've practically promised to stand some fellows a taxi, and I'm actually short of money! It's rather awkward—and if you could lend me something—"

"I will!" said Smithy. Bunter's fat face brightened. "Good! You're a good chap, Smithy! I never did think you a mean rotter, like some fellows! I say, what can you lend me?"

"A boot!" "Eh? I don't want a boot, you silly idiot! What the dickens do you think I want a boot for? I—Whoop!"

Bunter certainly did not want a boot. But the Bounder lent him one—rather hard!

"Ow! Beast! Wow!" roared Bunter.

Vernon-Smith grinned. Having landed his boot on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars, he walked away.

Bunter shook a fat fist after him. "Beast!" he hooted. "Rotter! Yah!"

The Bounder looked back. Then Bunter departed in haste, realising that he did not want to be lent the Bounder's other boot.

But the sight of Skinner & Co. lounging by the fire in the Rag put a new idea into Bunter's head, and he brightened again. He rolled into the Rag, and blinked at the four through his big spectacles. They were looking very cheerful. To judge by their looks, they did not miss the Bounder's company very much on that afternoon's excursion. It was apparently the car and the excursion they wanted, not Smithy particularly.

"I say, you fellows—" "It's jolly decent of Smithy!" Stott was saying.

"Oh, he likes chucking money about!" said Skinner, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Trust Smithy to swank."

"I say, you fellows, as Smithy isn't coming, I'll come, if you like," said Billy Bunter. "What about that?" Skinner & Co. laughed.

"Nothing about that, old fat bean," answered Skinner. "We don't want a breakdown on the road! We're not goin' in a lorry licensed to carry ten tons!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Beast!" roared Bunter. "Look here! I'm jolly well coming! I—I've asked Smithy, and he—he said—" "Rats!"

"Shut up, you fat fool!" said Hazeldene gruffly. "Nobody wants you! Get out before you're kicked!"

"I'd like to see you do it!" hooted Bunter defiantly.

"Here you are, then!" Hazel suited the action to the word, and there was a yell from Bunter, and a chortle from Skinner and Snoop and Stott.

"Ow! Wow! Beast!" gasped Bunter. "Yah! Who goes over to Cliff House to borrow money of a girl? Yah!"

Bunter departed in a hurry when he had got that out. The look on Hazel's face was quite dangerous. He made a jump at the fat junior, and Billy Bunter slammed the door of the Rag and fled.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Very Bright of Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows!" yelled Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. were walking out of gates. Mr. Quelch, back from the vicarage, came in at the same time, and they capped him very politely as they passed.

But though they heeded Mr. Quelch, they did not heed William George Bunter. Certainly they heard his howl from behind. But they passed it by like the idle wind which they regarded not. They turned out at the gates, and walked cheerily up the road towards Courtfield.

After them tore Bunter, in coat and hat. Bunter, it appeared, was going out also that afternoon.

It was a quarter-past two. The Bounder was loafing about discontentedly, waiting for the hour of detention to strike. Skinner & Co., frowsting over the fire in the Rag, had yet a quarter of an hour to wait for the car from Courtfield. But the Famous Five were busy and active. They had a sharp walk ahead of them to catch the train at Courtfield for Lantham. But no member of the famous Co. was afraid of a walk. They stopped out briskly, deaf to the voice of the charmer astern.

Bunter puffed and blew in pursuit.

"I say, you fellows!" he yelled.

Bob Cherry chuckled and glanced back. The chums of the Remove were walking quickly—Bunter was running hard! Bunter's hard run was about equal to another fellow's quick walk. He was hardly gaining!

"I say, stop a minute!" shrieked Bunter.

"Can't stop!" shouted Bob. "Train to catch!"

"I say, stop!" yelled Bunter.

He waved and yelled frantically.

"Oh, let the fat idiot come up!" said Harry Wharton resignedly. "We can put it on a bit afterwards."

The juniors slowed down to allow the fat and panting Owl of the Remove to overtake them. Bunter arrived, gurgling, a quarter of a mile from the school gates.

"Ow! Beasts! Grooogh! I mean, old fellows!" gasped Bunter. "Ow! I'm all breathless! Look here! Stop! There's no hurry!"

"Train to catch, fathead!"

"No need to catch that train!" gasped Bunter. "We've got a car—"

"You blithering Owl!" roared Johnny Bull. "Have you come barging after us to talk out of your hat again?"

"Oh, really, Bull! I say, you fellows, I mean it! The car's coming from Courtfield—"

"Not the Rolls from Bunter Court?" asked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Eh? No! The fact is, it's Smithy's car!" gasped Bunter. "Now do you understand, you silly idiots?"

"Smithy's car?" repeated the Famous Five.

"Yes! Smithy had a car ordered for this afternoon, and now he's detained he doesn't want it. He says his pals can have it!"

"Wha-a-at?"

The juniors stared at Bunter blankly. It was true that Smithy spent his money rather lavishly, and was a little given to swank! But this sounded rather too lavish, even for the wealthy Bounder.

Harry Wharton & Co. knew nothing of Smithy's arrangements for that afternoon, though they had heard that he was going to have a car out, as he often did on a half-holiday. If they had thought about the matter at all, they would have supposed that he was going to have a motor run with his pal, Tom Redwing. Of Skinner & Co.'s affairs they knew nothing, having nothing to do with that rather dingy company.

"Look here! Rot!" growled Johnny Bull. "If Smithy's ordered a car, and doesn't want it, he would get on the phone and cancel it! Of course he would!"

"I told him that I and my friends would like it!" said Billy Bunter, with dignity. "And he said, 'All serene, Bunter, old chap!' Just like that!"

"Oh, rot!"

"Smithy's pater pays the bill at the garage," went on Bunter. "It doesn't cost Smithy anything. Anyhow, he's offered us the car, and I think it would be pretty uncivil to refuse it!"

"Well, that's so, if he's really offered it," said Harry Wharton doubtfully. "But has he?"

"I hope you can take a pal's word, Wharton—"

"Oh, quite! But I don't feel very sure about yours!"

"Beast! I mean, look here, old chap! When Smithy offered me the car, I said he'd better let them know at the garage! So he phoned up and told them that he couldn't come, but that his friends would be using the car all the same."

"Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry, in surprise.

It began to sound true! If it was true, it was certainly very kind and generous of the Bounder.

Harry Wharton & Co., as a matter of fact, were not keen on accepting magnificent favours from the millionaire's son. Still, if Smithy had done this kind action it would have been extremely ungracious to refuse, and they did not think of doing so.

"Well, if it's square—" said Frank Nugent.

"I say, you fellows, it's square!" assured Bunter. "We shall meet the car on the road if we keep on."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Look!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly.

Far across Courtfield Common, from the direction of the town, a large and handsome Rolls car came in sight. The juniors knew that car! It was the very best car in Courtfield Garage, and was the one generally hired by Herbert Vernon-Smith for his expensive excursion.

sions. Bunter's surprising tale looked more and more true!

"You can ask the chauffeur if you like!" said Bunter. "Ask him whether Smithy didn't say that he couldn't come, and that the car was to pick up his friends."

"Well, that will settle it!" said Harry Wharton. "If it's so, it's jolly decent of Smithy."

"We'll see, anyhow!" said Johnny Bull.

The car came whizzing on fast. The Removites stood waiting in the road for it to come up. Billy Bunter grinned. It looked to Bunter as if this stunt was coming off successfully; and as if Skinner & Co. would have reason to repent rejecting his offer to join them.

Wharton signed to the driver to stop. He was already slowing down at the sight of a group of Greyfriars juniors in the road, no doubt thinking that they might be the friends of Herbert Vernon-Smith, whom he was instructed to pick up. He knew them all by sight, having driven them more than once in the Bouncer's company.

The car came to a halt. Wharton stepped towards it.

"Is this the car ordered by Vernon-Smith, for Greyfriars?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Vernon-Smith's phoned to you about it?"

"Yes, sir. He said he was not using the car, but I was to come along and pick up his friends, at or near the school."

"It's all right, then!" said Harry.

"I say, you fellows, I told you it was all right! I was with Smithy when he phoned," said Bunter. "He told me to come after you, and—and tell you before you started for the station."

"Glad we let you catch us up, old bean!" said Bob. "It's jolly decent of Smithy, and I must say I'd rather cut across country in a car than wander along that dashed old railway."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"I say, you fellows, get in!" urged Bunter.

He was in a hurry to get off. Skinner & Co., if they came out to meet the car, were not the fellows to walk very far. Still in the peculiar circumstances, it was evidently judicious to get started as soon as possible.

All doubts being resolved now, the Famous Five packed into the car. Billy Bunter gave a grunt of satisfaction as he settled down on soft leather. All the fellows had to admit that the luxurious car was a change for the better, from a long walk in the March wind and a railway journey.

Harry Wharton gave the driver his instructions, the engine roared again, and the motor-party shot away for the Lantham road, the fast car eating up the miles swiftly.

"I say, you fellows——" Bunter blinked at his companions through his big spectacles as the car raced up the Lantham road. "Tea at the Pagoda, you know——"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes, rather," he answered. "We save the railway fare, and that will stand a pretty decent tea. Tea at the Pagoda all right."

"Well, what about cutting out the football match?" asked Bunter. "After all, you don't want to stand about watching football in cold weather like this! Let's get straight to the Pagoda——"

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here. I can tell you I'm not keen on watching rotten League matches, anyhow. I'd much rather get to the Pagoda at once and have tea."

"Nothing to stop you, is there?" asked Johnny Bull. "Drop us at the football ground and go on to the tea-shop."

"I haven't any money——"

"Perhaps they'll let you feed for nothing as you're so nice!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter did not think it probable, and the fat junior landed at Lantham Football Ground with the Famous Five. He was not keen on League football, and not very keen on the Five; but he did not mean to lose sight of them till tea at the Pagoda was paid for. Until Billy Bunter had fed at the tea-shop he was going to cling closer than a brother.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Blow for Marjorie!

MARJORIE HAZELDENE dismounted from her bicycle at the gates of Greyfriars.

Old Gosling came out to take the bike. On Gosling's crusty face was a crusty grin, which Gosling happily fancied was a genial smile. Even old Gosling, whose opinion of most young people was that they ought to be "drowned," had a soft corner for Marjorie.

With a smile and a word of thanks to the ancient Greyfriars porter, Marjorie walked into the quad. One of the first persons she sighted there was her brother Hazeldene of the Remove. He was standing with Skinner, Snoop, and Stott, and all four of them seemed to be looking annoyed.

They had reason to be annoyed, for it was now well past two-thirty, and the car from Courtfield had not turned up.

Hazel proposed to walk along the Courtfield road and meet it on its way. That would have been all right, as Smithy had phoned to the garage to explain how the matter stood. Skinner & Co. were not inclined for a walk, however; and Skinner, in fact, was smitten with doubts as to whether the car was coming at all.

If it was coming, why had it not come? Unaware of Billy Bunter's strategic intervention in the matter, Skinner was beginning to doubt whether the Bouncer really intended his "friends" to have the car. More likely, Skinner was beginning to think, he was pulling their leg. Certainly, the car had not arrived—and why not, if Smithy had been serious?

Which was a very irritating thought to Harold Skinner, who often played ill-natured tricks on others, but did not like having them played on himself!

"Smithy wouldn't be such a fool!" grunted Hazel. "He was swanking, in letting us have the car; he wasn't pulling our leg. It's coming all right, and we shall save time by going to meet it!"

"Go in you like!" snapped Skinner. "I'll believe in the car when I see it. If it was coming, it would be here now."

"Rotten trick!" growled Snoop.

"Looks like it!" said Stott.

"Hazel!" Marjorie's quiet voice broke in.

The group of juniors turned. Skinner & Co. raised their caps in rather a perfunctory manner. Hazel reddened.

"Oh, you, Marjorie!" he stammered.

Skinner & Co. moved off. Hazel stood red and confused. He had known that Marjorie wanted to see him that afternoon; and it had not prevented him from joining Smithy's motoring party. Perhaps it was the reason why he had wanted to start and meet the car on the road. Certainly, he did not seem pleased by the visit.

Marjorie could not fail to observe that. She coloured a little.

"You knew I was coming over, Hazel!" she said.

"Well, I thought you might; but, look here, Marjorie, I'm going out with some fellows——" muttered Hazel.

Marjorie compressed her lips a little.

"You haven't been over to Cliff House, Hazel, for a week—ever since Uncle John——"

"Don't speak of him here!" breathed Hazel, with a hasty glance round. "Nobody here knows anything about him, except Wharton—I told Wharton. He will keep it dark, of course. Don't mention his name here, though."

"I must speak to you about him, Hazel."

"Look here, the car may be here any minute, and I shall have to clear!" muttered Hazel. "I knew what it was you wanted to speak about, and I can tell you I don't want to hear anything on that subject. The less said the better."

"I must speak!" said Marjorie quietly.

"Oh, come into the House, then!" muttered Hazel. "Mind, I shall have to go when the car comes. We can go into the Rag—nobody there now."

The brother and sister went into the House. The Rag was deserted on a half-holiday, and Hazel carefully shut the door when they were inside.

On the subject of his uncle, John James Hazeldene, he was in a constant state of nerves and uneasiness. He hardly dared to think what would be the result if the fellows learned that Uncle John James was suspected, more than suspected, of robbing the Brighton and County Bank of five thousand pounds and bolting with the money. Ever since his meeting with the fugitive bank cashier Hazel had had a leaden weight on his mind.

His only comfort was the hope that John James, failing to get help from his Greyfriars nephew had cleared off out of the neighbourhood; and that his arrest, if it took place, would occur at a distance from the school, and that the fellows might not hear of it.

The idea that he might fall into the hands of Inspector Grimes, of Courtfield, in the vicinity of Greyfriars, made Hazel's heart almost die in his breast.

"Now, what is it?" he snapped. "Nobody can hear us here, but speak low! I'm fearfully afraid of a word getting out."

"We have nothing to be ashamed of, Hazel!" said Marjorie proudly. "Uncle John has acted weakly and foolishly, but he is innocent——"

"So he says!" sneered Hazel.

"You must believe him——"

"What's a fellow to believe?" growled Hazel. "Five thousand pounds is missing from the bank where he was cashier. He bolted! What does it look like?"

"It looks," said Marjorie, "as if he is guilty! But he is not guilty. And you know it, Hazel, as well as I do!"

"Well, perhaps I do!" grunted her



"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, pointing to the cyclist, heedless of the dropping rain. "Look! Don't you know who that was?" "Blessed if I do!" answered Wharton. "Too jolly dark to see—" "It was Marjorie Hazeldene!" said Bob.

brother. "That makes no difference! He had no right to get into such a scrape and land his disgrace on us. If there's a warrant out for him—" "There is not!"

"I know that Inspector Grimes is after him. If he's got any sense he's cleared off! What's the good of discussing it? He may be a hundred miles away by now!" said Hazel irritably.

"He is not five miles away!" answered Marjorie composedly.

Hazel started violently.

"How do you know? You've seen him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you fool, you fool!" gasped Hazel. He was too agitated and scared to measure his words. "You utter fool! If they get to know anything at Cliff House—that tattling fat rabbit, Bessie Bunter—she's as inquisitive and gabbling as Billy Bunter here—"

"Nobody knows anything, so far!" said Marjorie. "He came, hoping to get help from you, Hazel! You turned him down—"

"I should jolly well think I did!" snarled Hazel. "Do you think I'm going to be mixed up in it? I'm not, and you're not, either."

"We must help him, Hazel! He is not accused yet—I know that! He was inquired after by an SOS on the wireless. The police are looking for him, but not to arrest him. I tell you he is not accused—they only want him to go back and assist—"

"Why doesn't he, then?" sneered Hazel.

"He is afraid! All the evidence is against him, and—"

"Oh, don't talk rot! I know what it means! They want to see him, to interview him—I know! And as soon as they see him, as soon as they get the interview, they'll take jolly good care that

they don't lose sight of him again! Think I don't know?"

"I think that that is what he fears, Hazel! But it is true, all the same, that he is not accused, that he is legally a free man, and free to do as he likes, and we are breaking no law in helping him in his distress."

"I'm not helping him! And you're not—do you hear, you're not!" said Hazel shrilly. "You're dragging us both into disgrace. Do you mean to say that he's still hanging about here? In hiding, do you mean?"

"He hired a lonely cottage when he came here from Brighton," said Marjorie. "I think he is safe there. It is a place nobody ever visits, and plenty of people do not even know it exists. But he must have help to get out of the country. He has friends in France; he has his passport. There is nothing to stop him, only—"

"Only if he was seen, the police would stop him fast enough!" sneered Hazel. "You've seen him at the place you speak of?"

"Yes, I have taken him things he needs. He is quite alone there, and since he learned that Mr. Grimes was looking for him he has not ventured out. And you—"

"Leave me out!" said Hazel, between his teeth. "Leave me out! You can make a fool of yourself if you like—I can't stop you. But I won't go within a mile of the place, wherever it is."

"Hazel! Uncle John believes that the guilty man will be found, and he wants to keep clear till that happens. I think it is weak of him, but he may be right. He has been a kind uncle to us, Hazel! There is a terrible possibility of an innocent man being sent to prison. He may be right! We have our duty to do, Hazel."

"Rubbish!" snarled her brother,

"If you will come to the cottage with me—"

"I won't! Haven't you any sense?" hissed Hazel. "Suppose old Grimes found him out while we were there—"

"It is not likely, and in any case, we are breaking no law. Mr. Grimes cannot know much—indeed, I have been puzzled to understand how he ever found out that uncle was in this neighbourhood at all—"

"Oh, you're a fool!" muttered Hazel. "Grimes came here and got it all out of me—"

"Hazel!"

"Oh, don't stare at a fellow as if he was a ghost!" snapped Hazel. "What could I do, with a police inspector questioning me—"

Marjorie's face set hard.

"I understand!" she said, very quietly. "I never guessed—but I understand now. We need say no more, then."

"Now you're getting on the high horse!" snarled Hazel. "Look here, you know now that it's not a suspicion of old Grimes—he knows! He would have had his man that day in the woods if Wharton hadn't cut off on his bike and given him the tip—Where are you going, Marjorie?"

The Cliff House girl smiled faintly. From the bottom of her heart she was glad that she had said nothing of the fugitive cashier's present hiding-place—now that she knew how Inspector Grimes had obtained his knowledge! The secret would not have been safe with Hazel.

Her hand was on the door.

Hazel ran to her.

"Where are you going?" he repeated angrily.

"I had better not tell you, Hazel!"

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With all her kindness of heart and sweetness of temper, Marjorie could not keep a faint note of scorn from her voice. "I do not wish to tell Inspector Grimes more than he knows already."

Hazel stood crimson and dumb. He was still standing, overwhelmed with confusion and shame, when Marjorie left him, left the House, and hurried back to her bicycle.

If John James Hazeldene, the fugitive cashier, was going to get help in his extremity, it was not from his nephew at Greyfriars. But his niece at Cliff House was made of different stuff.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Some Surprises for Smithy!

"VERNON-SMITH!"

"Yes, sir!"

The Bounder was sitting idly on a desk in the Remove Form-room, waiting for Mr. Quelch. His face was dark and gloomy. It was a glorious spring afternoon. The wind had fallen somewhat, though it was still blowing; bright sunshine came through the drift of clouds in a steely blue sky. There was a threat of rain in the clouds banked over the sea, but so far it was fine and clear and bright, and the Form-room seemed indescribably stuffy and dusky in comparison. Smithy could have kicked himself for having played that reckless prank on Quelch's hat.

It had been amusing; it had shown the other Removites what a devil of a fellow he was, caring nothing for beaks. But really it was not worth losing a half-holiday for that—now the Bounder came to think of it. He thought of Skinner & Co. eating up the miles in the car, and could have kicked himself, hard!

He slipped from the desk as Mr. Quelch came in.

The Remove master had had a pleasant walk back from the vicarage in the March wind and sunshine. He had arrived in a good temper. Quelch, after a walk in the fresh air, was quite different from Quelch after classes with the Remove in the Form-room!

In that happier mood Quelch was feel-

ing that he had, perhaps, been a little hard on that troublesome member of his Form, Herbert Vernon-Smith.

It was even barely possible that the destruction of his hat had been more or less of an accident!

Quelch was a severe gentleman, but he hated to be unjust. He had been thinking the matter out—taking his time over it—since he had come in. The Bounder had already been in the Form-room a quarter of an hour when the Remove master blew in.

Quelch eyed him keenly. He read the dismal dolefulness in the junior's face, and it touched him. Quelch had reached a ripe age, but he had not forgotten that he had once been a boy—and a schoolboy, too—who had known what detention was on a bright half-holiday.

"I have been considering this matter, Vernon-Smith," said Mr. Quelch, with the icy tone and manner which concealed his real kindness of heart. "I regret very much being compelled to detain a boy on a half-holiday. I am very sorry indeed, Vernon-Smith!"

"So am I, sir!" said the Bounder, with a faint grin.

Mr. Quelch stared for a moment.

"Oh! Quite so!" he said. "No doubt! Now, Vernon-Smith, I was under the impression this morning that your destruction of my hat was a foolish and wanton prank! I hope I was mistaken."

"Oh!" said Smithy, with a gleam of hope.

"If you assure me, Vernon-Smith, that what happened was, in fact, an accident, as you stated at the time, I shall take your word!" said Mr. Quelch.

The Bounder paused.

Every man in the Remove knew that, in dealing with beaks, Herbert Vernon-Smith had no scruples whatever. Among his fellows, he disdained to lie; but to his Form-master or the Head, he would lie as readily as Billy Bunter, only much more skilfully.

The Bounder's view was that it was up to the beak to catch him out if he could; and that all was fair in war! Which was one of Smithy's many erroneous views.

Yet now that an untruth would have

saved him, he hesitated. The circumstances were different. The way Mr. Quelch put it put Smithy on his honour. And, in his own wrong-headed way, the Bounder was very particular about that.

He coloured, but did not speak. If Quelch had been trying to catch him out, he would have lied with cool impudence. But if Quelch was prepared to take his word, he was not going to tell lies.

"Well, Vernon-Smith?" said the Remove master, raising his eyebrows. "What is your answer?"

"It was not an accident, sir!"

"What?"

"I thought it rather funny to jump on your hat, sir!" said the Bounder coolly. "That's the truth."

Mr. Quelch stood gazing at him. Mixed feelings were expressed in his face. There was a long minute of silence.

The Bounder glanced at the bright sunshine at the windows. Again he could have kicked himself! What the dickens was he doing with scruples of conscience, chucking away a glorious half-holiday?

Mr. Quelch's voice came sharply:

"Vernon-Smith! I am glad that you have the courage to speak the truth, at all events."

"Not a thing I often do, sir!" drawled the Bounder.

"I hope," said Mr. Quelch severely, "that that remark, Vernon-Smith, is spoken in jest, though you should not make such jests, especially to your Form-master. Vernon-Smith, you may go!"

The Bounder blinked at him.

"Did—did—did you say I might go, sir?" he stuttered.

"Your detention is cancelled, Vernon-Smith, and you may go!" answered Mr. Quelch, and he walked out of the Form-room.

"Well, my hat!" breathed the Bounder. "Queer old file! My only hat! Some old sportsman said that honesty was the best policy—wonder if there's anythin' in it!"

Without delaying to solve that interesting problem, Vernon-Smith left the Form-room, and scuttled joyously out into the sunshine of the quad.

It was getting towards three o'clock, and he had no doubt that Skinner & Co. were long gone in the car. He had to fix up something else for himself that afternoon, and he remembered his chum, Tom Redwing. A ramble on the cliffs with Redwing would fill up the afternoon.

In looking round for Redwing he was surprised to spot Skinner loafing in the quad! Evidently, Skinner had not gone.

"Hallo, old bean!" Smithy ran up to him. "Not started yet? Good luck!"

Skinner gave him an evil look.

"Cutting detention?" he sneered. "Well, I hope Quelch will spot you, that's all."

"I'm let off—"

"Gammon!"

"You silly ass!" exclaimed the Bounder angrily. "What's the matter with you? Where are the others?"

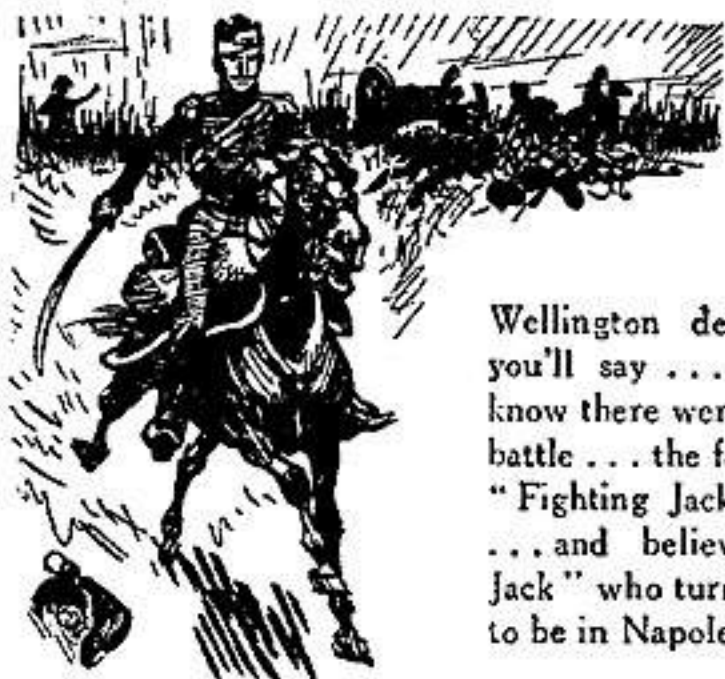
"Snoopy and Stott have gone out—I don't know where Hazel is, and don't care! And I'm going to the pictures, and don't want your company."

Skinner evidently had his back up!

"Why didn't you go in the car?" asked the Bounder.

"Oh, can it!" said Skinner savagely. "The car never came, and you know it as well as I do! You were only pulling our leg! Leave me alone!"

Harold Skinner walked away, scowling. The Bounder stared after him,



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and then cut after him, and caught him by the shoulder.

"Look here, what do you mean?" he demanded. "If the car never came, there's some mistake—"

"Oh, chuck it!" said Skinner in disgust. "You can't pull my leg twice the same way. Let a chap alone."

"I phoned to the garage—"

"Rats!"

"You silly ass. Bunter was there, and heard me, and he can tell you, if you ask him!" roared the Bounder.

"Bunter's gone out," sneered Skinner. "I saw him rolling out after Wharton's gang. Any more lies to tell?"

The Bounder clenched his hands.

Skinner sneered and walked away. With a black brow, Vernon-Smith walked back into the House. Why the car had not come he could not imagine. The garage people were generally very careful to please him; they ran up quite a large account every term for Mr. Samuel Vernon-Smith to pay. But it was clear that it had not come; and that Skinner & Co. believed that he had been making fools of them. That was very annoying to the Bounder, who had been quite willing to stand the car, from a mixture of generosity and swank. He went into the House to look for a disengaged telephone, with the intention of "combing the hair" of the Courtfield Car Company.

As Mr. Quelch was now in his study, that instrument was no longer available. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was fortunately out, and Smithy dodged into Prout's study, and rang up the garage.

"Vernon-Smith speaking from Greyfriars," he rapped savagely. "Look here, why the dooce haven't you sent my car?"

"One moment, sir—I'll inquire."

"Buck up, then!"

The man at the phone at Courtfield Garage, evidently "bucked up" for he was on the telephone again in a few moments.

"The car was sent, sir, as arranged—your usual car, sir, the Rolls, Watson driving."

"What!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith. "What the dickens do you mean? The car hasn't got here, and it's past three now."

"Should have arrived at two-thirty, sir, if it came right on to the school. Perhaps Watson picked up your friends, sir, on the road."

"My friends are still here, slanging me because the car never turned up!" snarled the Bounder.

"Then who did Watson pick up, sir?"

"Eh?"

"Watson has phoned through from Lantham, sir, to let us know that he will not be back before six, in case the Rolls was wanted, sir."

"What the thump has he gone to Lantham for?" shrieked the Bounder.

"Your instructions, sir—"

"I've not seen him."

"Your friends' instructions, then—"

"My friends are still here, I tell you."

"Then I don't understand it, sir!"

Watson took a party of Greyfriars boys over to Lantham for the League football match there. He dropped them at the Ramblers' ground, and parked the car at Lantham Garage, and phoned us from there. His instructions are to pick them up at the football ground after the match, and bring them back later—"

The Bounder felt as if his head was turning round. All this was utterly mystifying and unexpected.

The driver of the Rolls, apparently,

had picked up the wrong party. That might have been a mistake on the part of the driver. It could not have been a mistake on the part of the party, of course. Evidently some trick had been played.

"Is the car at Lantham Garage now?" rapped the Bounder.

"Yes, sir, parked there till after the League match."

"That will do!"

The Bounder rang off, and immediately rang up Lantham Garage.

He was puzzled and angry, and growing angrier. If somebody had bagged his car, by some extraordinary trick, and made him look a fool to his friends, that somebody was going to squirm for it.

He was soon through to Lantham. He asked for Watson, the Courtfield driver, and that individual came to the telephone.

"That you, Watson?" snarled Smithy.

"Yes, Mr. Vernon-Smith."

"Why did you not bring the car to Greyfriars?"

"Your friends met me on the road, sir."

"Did they?" said the Bounder, between his teeth. "And who were they?"

"Eh! Some gentlemen of Greyfriars, sir. I suppose you know, as they're your friends." The chauffeur seemed puzzled.

"Names!" snapped the Bounder.

"Do you know their names?"

"Some of them, sir. Master Wharton and Cherry, and the dark young gentleman—"

The Bounder stared blankly at Mr. Prout's telephone. He knew now that the Famous Five had bagged his car. He had heard that they were going over to Lantham for the football match that afternoon. Evidently they had heard about his car, met it on the road, spoofed the chauffeur, and coolly bagged it. The Bounder's face was white with rage. This was not the kind of trick that could be played on Herbert Vernon-Smith with impunity.

"Have they told you to bring them back?" he hissed.

"Yes, sir. I'm to pick them up at the football ground after the match, and run them along to the Pagoda for tea, and wait there to bring them back to Greyfriars. I hope there's nothing wrong, sir."

"There is," snarled Vernon-Smith. "They're not my friends. They're a gang of cheeky ticks who've pulled your silly leg, and bagged my car for the afternoon."

"Oh!" gasped the chauffeur.

"Bring the car back at once! Get here to Greyfriars as fast as you can make her go!"

"Yes, sir!"

Vernon-Smith hung up, and left Mr. Prout's study.

He breathed fury as he walked into the quad. A rotten trick—making him look like a practical joking ass, and an empty swanker to fellows like Skinner & Co. Bagging his car for the afternoon. If that was what they thought a jest, he was going to make them understand that it was not funny. Anyhow, they were stranded. When they came out after the League match, there would be no car for them. They would have to get home by railway—that was a consolation to the angry Bounder. And he would have been still further consoled had he been aware that when the time came the Famous Five would not be able to pay their railway fare!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Left in the Lurch!

"GOOD game!" said Bob Cherry, as the Famous Five and the fat Owl of the Remove came out with the streaming crowd after the match on the Ramblers' ground at Lantham.

"Topping!" agreed Harry Wharton. "Not quite my style," remarked Billy Bunter.

"Eh!"

"I fancy I could show those League men a few things at Soccer," said Bunter disdainfully.

Whereat the chums of the Remove chortled.

"Oh, don't cackle!" said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, where's the car? The man was told distinctly to pick us up here after the match. Where is he?"

"The wherefulness is terrific!" remarked Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

Nothing was to be seen of the Rolls that had brought the party to Lantham. The juniors walked up, they walked down, and they walked round, but the car was not to be found. It looked as if Watson, the chauffeur, had forgotten that he had to pick them up after the League match.

"Cheeky ass!" growled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, what are we going to do? Take a taxi?"

"The man must have misunderstood," said Harry. "Anyhow, it's only ten minutes walk to the Pagoda. Come on, Bunter!"

"I'm not going to walk!" hooted Bunter. "I didn't come here to walk. I say, you fellows, let's take a taxi!"

"Take all the taxis you can pay for, old fat bean! Nobody's got any objection," answered the captain of the Remove; and he started to walk.

Bunter, with a snort of disgust, rolled after the Five.

It looked as if the chauffeur had forgotten, or made a mistake; but it did not matter very much. It was only a short walk down Lantham High Street to the Pagoda. The chums of the Remove did not mind stretching their legs a little after watching the football match. Bunter did; but, fortunately, Bunter did not matter.

They arrived at the teashop and found a table, and sat down to tea. All the party were hungry and ready for tea—especially Billy Bunter. The keen March wind had improved the appetites of the Famous Five, and it had rendered the fat Owl perfectly ravenous.

There was ample and excellent provender to be obtained at the Pagoda by customers who could pay for it. As they were having the car home—or thought they were, at least—the Co. were prepared to expend all their limited cash resources on a substantial tea. Finally, also, they owed Bunter a feed. But for the fat Owl they would never have had Smithy's car, and the cash would have gone on railway tickets. Bunter considered it a much better idea to expend it on foodstuffs, and for once Harry Wharton & Co. were in full agreement with the fat Owl of the Remove.

So the available cash was nobly expended, only a sixpence being reserved as a tip for the waiter.

It was quite a nice tea. Even Bunter had half as much as he could have eaten. Everybody felt quite merry and bright after it, looking forward to a comfortable run home in Smithy's handsome car. That car had fairly wolfed the miles coming to Lantham, doing the trip under half an hour, which was immensely preferable

to more than an hour in a railway train, with a walk at the end of the journey. Harry Wharton & Co. were feeling very kindly towards the Bounder just then—a startling contrast to the Bounder's feelings towards them at that moment.

Harry Wharton called for the bill, and settled it, the carefully guarded sixpence being bestowed on the waiter, whose gratitude took the form of looking as if he had expected a shilling, at least.

"I say, you fellows, wait for me!" said Bunter. He dived a fat hand into his pocket. "Not here. Wait outside with the car."

"What on earth for?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Oh, don't keep on asking questions! Just do as a fellow asks you!" said Bunter irritably.

"You howling ass!" said Harry Wharton. "We're going back to the school in the car, and we're not waiting in a cold wind for any fat idiot—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Better follow on, if you don't want to be left behind," said Harry.

"Beast!"

The juniors walked down the teashop to the door. Billy Bunter grunted, withdrew his fat hand from his pocket, and followed.

Why he had made that peculiar request the juniors did not know. It did not occur to them that Bunter, being in happy possession of a two-shilling-piece of his own, desired them to get off the scene while he expended the same in additional pastries for his worthy self.

Two shillings would not go far among six, but would provide quite a nice little extra for one. And so long as Bunter was that one, it was all right.

However, Bunter did not want to be left behind, so he rolled out of the Pagoda with the juniors, the florin still in his pocket.

It was now half-past five, and the chauffeur had been ordered to arrive at the Pagoda to pick up the party at precisely that time. The Rolls, however, was not on the spot.

"The beast's late!" growled Bunter.

"Oh, give him a chance!" said Bob. "May be a traffic jam or something, or jolly old Belisha beacons holding him up."

"Cheeky rotter!" grunted Bunter. He blinked back into the teashop through his big spectacles. "I say, you fellows, as we've got to wait, I'll go in again! Wait till I come out, if the car comes!"

"Don't be a fat ass!" growled Johnny Bull. "It may come any minute. And we're not waiting a tick."

"Beast!"

The juniors watched the traffic in Lantham High Street, but they saw nothing of the Rolls, and nothing of Watson.

Ten minutes passed, and all the party were getting impatient—especially Billy Bunter.

"Has the man misunderstood again, or what?" said Nugent. "We told him quite plainly to pick us up at the Ramblers' ground, and he never came."

"He can't have forgotten to come to the Pagoda," said Harry. "We told him we were having tea here. He can't have made any mistake about that."

"Well, he hasn't come."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!"

"Beast!" hooted Bunter. "I could have finished by this time if you'd been willing to wait a few minutes for me. And you've had to wait, anyhow."

"Finished what?"

"Oh, nothing!" stammered Bunter.

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"I haven't any money, you know, and I wasn't going to have any more jam tarts, or—or anything. I—"

"You fat villain! Was that it?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "I haven't a two-shilling-piece. Besides, I never knew I had it. I found it in my pocket quite by chance. And if you think I'm going to pay for the feed after standing a car, you're jolly well mistaken! Not that I've got any money, you know. Absolutely stony!"

"Kick him!"

Bunter dodged in time.

"Look here, we can't hang about in this blessed wind!" said Frank Nugent.

"The chauffeur's forgotten, or gone to sleep, or something. We'd better walk along and see. He parked at the Lantham Garage down the street."

"Let's!" agreed Harry.

The juniors, puzzled and a little irritated, walked along the High Street to Lantham Garage, Bunter rolling after them, emitting a series of discontented grunts as he rolled. To add to their annoyance, a few drops of rain were beginning to fall. The fine weather had lasted out the football match; but black clouds were rolling over the land now, from the sea, and rain was coming, with a promise of more.

They were getting a little anxious to see that car. It was their only means of conveyance back to Greyfriars. Bunter's unexpected two-shilling-piece was the total of cash in the whole party, and they were ten miles from home.

The surprise that awaited them at Lantham Garage was disconcerting. The garage proprietor informed them that the Courtfield chauffeur, Watson, had received a telephone call soon after three o'clock, and driven away in the car. He had said that he was going back—that was all!

The fact that he had not picked up the party at the football ground was now explained. He had driven out of Lantham long before that!

"Sure he's not coming back!" gasped Bob Cherry blankly.

"He said nothing about coming back, sir! He said he was driving back to Courtfield, that was all, after the telephone call."

"Well, my hat!"

"What the thump does he mean by stranding us like this?" exclaimed Johnny Bull indignantly.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir!"

The juniors left the garage again. They stood in dropping rain, with dismayed faces, looking at one another. Billy Bunter gave a dismal groan.

The garage man did not know from whom that telephone call had come. But Bunter could guess. Smithy had got out of detention and somehow found out what had happened to his car. Only an order from Vernon-Smith could have recalled it like this, leaving the party in the lurch.

"Oh, the beast!" groaned Bunter. "The awful beast! I thought he was safe in the Form-room, too, till five! He must have cut detention! I hope he will get jolly well licked!"

"What are you burbling about, you fat owl!" growled Johnny Bull. "You don't fancy Smithy has played a rotten trick on us, do you?"

"Oh lor! What are we going to do?" wailed Bunter. "I say, you fellows, what about hiring a car back? We might be able to stick Mauly for the money—"

"Kick him!"

"Beast!"

"No good hanging on here," said Bob quietly. "It looks as if Smithy has played a silly-fool jape on us! I can't imagine the chauffeur leaving us stranded like this unless it was Smithy

phoned. The question is, how the thump are we going to get back to Greyfriars?"

"Shanks' pony!" said Johnny Bull. "No other way."

"I'm not going to walk!" roared Bunter, aghast at the idea of ten miles on his fat little legs.

"Well, look here," said Nugent. "Bunter's got two bob, as it turns out—"

"I haven't!"

"For fourpence each we can get a lift on the motor-bus a good half of the way, and walk the rest—"

Billy Bunter blinked at Nugent with a blink that might have cracked his spectacles.

"And what about me?" he roared. "Think I'm going to walk five miles? Two bob will just see me home by railway! Not that I've got two bob—I'm stony, as I told you! Not a bean about me! I found that two-bob-bit in my pocket entirely by accident—I mean, I never found it at all. If you fellows think that you're going to stick me for my two bob, you're jolly well mistaken, and I'm jolly well done with you, see?"

And Billy Bunter turned to walk away, heading for the railway station, only anxious to arrive there with his two-shilling-piece still safe in his pocket.

As if moved by the same spring, five boots rose and landed on Billy Bunter as he turned his back.

They all landed at once, and they landed hard.

"Yaroooooh!"

Bunter gave a fearful roar, and pitched forward on his hands and knees.

"Whoop! Yooop! Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter.

The Famous Five walked away. Bunter was done with them, and they were done with Bunter! The Owl of the Remove shook a fat fist after them, and rolled off to the railway station, wriggling as he went.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Unexpected!

"NICE!" murmured Bob Cherry. "The niceness is not terrific!" mumbled Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

Not by the widest stretch of the imagination could it be considered nice!

Lantham Woods, in the summer, were glorious. In the winter they had their charm. But late on a cold March afternoon, with a dropping rain, they seemed neither glorious nor charming to five tired schoolboys.

The chums of the Remove had had a little luck. A kindly wagoner, seeing them walking out of Lantham, on the long, long road had offered them a lift.

Never had a lift been more gratefully accepted.

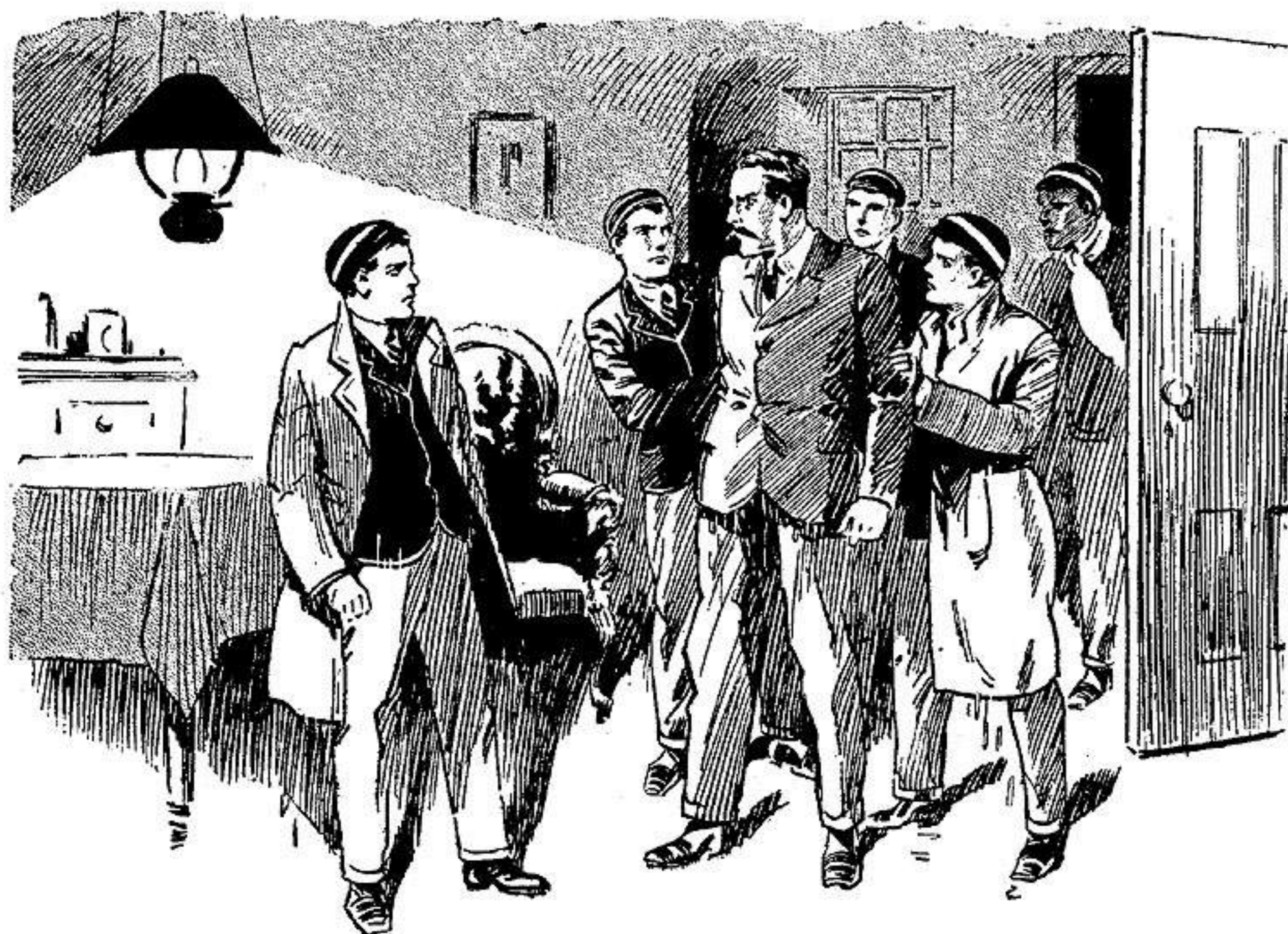
They had jolted several miles in the wagon, sitting on straw, only regretting, when they alighted, that no tip was available for the good Samaritan who drove the wagon.

This happy stroke of luck left them with only four miles to do, if they cut through Lantham Woods—which they decided to do. Now they were doing it.

The sharp wind wailed in the trees. A steady drizzle of rain fell, getting thicker and thicker.

They had little hope of getting back to Greyfriars in time for call-over! They tramped, and tramped, and groused every now and then.

They had two consolations! Bunter was not with them—and that was a great solace. If they had had to crawl at a snail's pace to accommodate Bunter, that walk would have been quite



Resisting feebly, the man was hustled into the lamp-lighted living-room. "Now we can get a look at the blighter," said Bob Cherry. "Who——" Harry Wharton fixed his eyes on the pale, worn, terrified face before him. Then he gave a cry of amazement. "Mr. Hazeldene!" he gasped. "You!"

intolerable. The other solace was the prospect of punching Smithy's head when they got it.

For by this time they had no doubt that it was Smithy who had recalled the car; and they could only suppose that the whole thing was a malicious trick—one of the Bounder's jests, more sardonically ill-natured than any trick they had ever known him to play before.

Bunter's absence was a present comfort; punching Smithy was a future solace; but neither altered the fact that they were tired, and fed-up, and getting fearfully wet, and were probably booked for a row with Quelch for cutting roll in Hall.

Life at the moment did not appear at its brightest to the usually cheery chums of the Remove.

And the rain was coming down harder! Harder and harder it came, till the trees wept with it, and every hollow and rut trickled with water. They tramped in mud amid draggled branches and bushes.

Harry Wharton came to a halt at a spot where a rough cart-track left the main path.

"Look here, you men——" said the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, get on!" grunted Johnny Bull. "What's the good of wasting time?" It seemed as if Johnny's temper was suffering.

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

"Well, let's get on!"

"We're pretty wet now," said Harry. "We shall be soaked to the skin long before we get to the school."

"You think we shall get dry standing

here in the rain?" inquired Johnny Bull, deeply sarcastic.

"I think we'd better turn off here, and borrow old Joyce's wood-cart," answered Harry. "He will drive us to the school for five bob—and he knows us and will let the five bob stand over for a day or two."

"Oh!" said Johnny Bull.

"It's only ten minutes to Joyce's cottage, up that track," said Harry. "If he's at home he'll be glad to turn out and earn five bob. We're not aristocrats like Bunter—we shan't mind getting a lift in a wood-cart."

"I'd be glad of a lift on a fried-fish barrow!" said Frank Nugent. "It's a jolly good idea. Let's!"

It was evidently a good idea. The five juniors turned into the track that led through weeping woods. Under the branches it was dusky. The wood-cutter's cottage was a lonely spot, more than two miles from the nearest other building, tucked away in the wood. The lonely track that led to it was never traversed by any vehicle but Joyce's cart.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. "Look out—there's a bike coming!"

"A bike!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Look!"

A bicycle was a rather unusual sight there. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Joyce ever used a push-bike—that was certain. But the whirr of a bike could be heard, and they glimpsed it in the distance in the dusk under the heavy branches. They could make out that it was a girl riding it.

"Oh, my hat!" said Nugent, in dismay. "I fancy that means that Joyce isn't there, you men! You know, he lets his cottage to visitors when he gets

a chance, and goes to stay with his relations at Woodend. It looks——"

"He lets it in the summer," said Harry. "But I can't imagine anybody hiring it in March! Not likely!"

"Well, that's not either Joyce or his wife on that jigger, and this track leads nowhere but to his cottage."

"Somebody might have got into it from a footpath. Keep out of the way of the bike."

The juniors crowded off the track under the wet trees, to give the cyclist room to pass. There was no lamp on the bike, but it was not yet lighting-up time, though under the heavy, overhanging trees, it was very dusky and dark. The rider was dim to the view, but they could see that it was a girl, muffled in a macintosh.

The bike and its rider shot by. The rider did not glance at the group of schoolboys under the trees, evidently not seeing them there in the deep shadows and pelting rain.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

He jumped out into the track and stood staring after the cyclist, heedless of the dropping rain.

"What?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Don't you know who that was?"

"Blessed if I do! Too jolly dark to see——"

"It was Marjorie Hazeldene."

"Wha-a-at?"

"I'm sure of it," said Bob, with conviction. "I couldn't see her clearly, or I'd have called out. But I'm sure I spotted her as she passed. It was Marjorie!"

His chums stared at him.

(Continued on page 16.)

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(Continued from page 13.)

"What the dickens would Marjorie be doing here, in these woods, all on her own, with dusk coming on?" said Nugent. "If that was Marjorie, she hasn't left herself much time to get back to Cliff House before lock-up. Why, it's miles and miles!"

"It was Marjorie!" said Bob positively.

"If it was, she must have lost her way to be riding round here," said Harry. "And she's generally with Clara on a half-holiday."

"May have been to see the Joyces, perhaps," said Nugent.

"Blessed if I think it was Marjorie."

"It was!" said Bob.

The juniors stood staring after the vanished bike. Marjorie Hazeldene or not, the cyclist had vanished from sight, turning out of the cart-track into the main path that the juniors had left a few minutes earlier. She had been riding very fast, as Marjorie certainly would have had to do to get back to Cliff House School before the gates were closed.

"Well, she's gone, whoever she was!" said Johnny Bull. "Let's get on. I don't know about you fellows, but I'm getting wet."

"The dryfulness of my absurd self is not preposterous, my esteemed and grouseful Johnny!" murmured Hurrec Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, rats! Come on!"

The juniors tramped on again. Four of them concluded that Bob was mistaken. Bob was certain that he was not; so he was the most puzzled, for it was strange enough to see Marjorie there, miles from her school, alone, in danger of being locked out at Cliff House. If the explanation was that she had lost her way on a solitary ride in the woodland paths, it seemed that she had found it again, for she had taken the correct turning on riding out of the cart-track into the main bridle-path. If it was Marjorie, it was only a question of putting on speed to get back to Cliff House on time, and Bob wished her luck.

"There's a light!" exclaimed Nugent suddenly.

A twinkling glimmer from the gloom ahead was very welcome to the eyes of the weary juniors. They tramped on and reached the gate in the fence that surrounded the lonely cottage.

The gate was fast, evidently bolted inside. Harry Wharton caught the top, pulled himself up, and looked over. From a window of the cottage there was a glimmer of light, through a chink of a drawn blind.

"Joyce has fastened up for the night," said Harry. "We can't yell at him from here. I'll unfasten the gate and we'll go to the door."

He dropped on the inner side of the gate and withdrew the bolt. The gate opened, the other fellows passed through, and they walked up the path to the front porch of the cottage. Inside the porch it was almost as dark as pitch.

but the juniors were glad to get into its shelter, for the rain was coming down now in torrents.

Wharton groped for the knocker, and knocked.

Knock!

The sound was followed by a sound from within. The juniors heard a quick footfall in the house, and Wharton fancied that he caught a hurried, gasping breath. A second later the light disappeared from the chink in the window-blind. The lonely cottage was plunged into darkness, and deep silence, and the juniors, puzzled and startled, waited in vain for footsteps to come to the door.

No footsteps came, and the door did not open. Wharton knocked again.

Knock!

It echoed through the cottage. But there was no sound, no movement, in reply; darkness and silence reigned, as if the woodcutter's lonely cottage was a house of the dead.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Mysterious Man!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. stood crammed in the little porch.

Outside, the rain was coming down thicker and faster, and it splashed them as they stood under the inadequate shelter. But the little slanting wooden roof of the porch kept off the worst of it. Not for a moment had they supposed that the door would not be opened to a knock. They knew old Joyce and his wife quite well, and had stopped at the cottage more than once on half-holidays in the summer.

Even if the woodcutter's cottage was let, as it sometimes was, to visitors in the district, that was no reason why the door should not be opened to a knock. And though old Joyce sometimes turned an honest penny by letting the cottage in the summer, it was extremely unlikely that it was let in the winter.

The whole thing was perplexing, and but for the pouring rain, the chums of the Remove might have walked off, and let it go at that. But the drenching torrent outside the porch was not inviting.

Knock!

Wharton banged again, louder than before. It echoed through the little building with a hollow sound. There were only four rooms in the cottage, so it was certain that anyone within must have heard the knock. He could not be far off. And they had heard someone move.

"Well, this beats it!" said Bob Cherry. "I say, Joyce can't be there, or Mrs. Joyce, either. They'd come to the door."

"Somebody's there," said Harry.

"That's a cert. I heard him! Why the dickens doesn't he open the door?"

"Bother him!" granted Johnny Bull.

Bang!

Wharton gave a terrific knock that made the door shake. But when the echo died away there was silence again. Not the faintest sound came from the unknown occupant of the cottage.

Harry Wharton looked at his friends in the dimness of the porch. His face was very serious.

"What does this mean, you men?" he said. "Somebody's there—not Joyce, that's certain. Why doesn't he come to the door? If he's nervous, in this lonely place, he could open it on the chain—or, at least, call out. Something must have happened here."

"But what?"

"It's a lonely place. Anything might have happened. I don't think we

ought to go on without seeing whether anything's happened to old Joyce."

"Oh, my hat!" said Nugent, with a startled look. "You think some framp or footpad—"

"Well, what does it look like? If Joyce was there he would answer. If the cottage was let to a tenant he would answer. Why shouldn't he?"

There was no answer to be made to that. Obviously, there was something very mysterious in the silence within the lonely cottage. Startling visions floated before the minds of the juniors, of old Joyce knocked on the head, perhaps, by some ruffianly tramp. Such things did occur; and the place was solitary and secluded in the deep wood.

"If it's an honest man in there he can answer!" said Harry determinedly. "We're going to know if anything's happened to poor old Joyce."

"Yes, rather!"

Wharton knocked at the door again. Then he shouted:

"Will you let us in?"

No answer.

"We're not going till the door's opened!" shouted Wharton. "You may as well let us in. Do you hear?"

There was no doubt that the man within heard. The shout rang right through the little building.

But no answer came.

"Hark!" breathed Bob Cherry.

The juniors listened.

A creaking, cracking sound came to their ears. It came from the back of the cottage. They knew what it was—a window was opening at the back.

That meant one thing, and one thing only. The man within was seeking to escape at the back while the juniors clamoured at the front.

"You hear that?" whispered Bob.

Wharton set his lips.

"Yes. He's getting away. That settles it."

"It does, and no mistake!" muttered Johnny Bull. "Look here, we're not letting him get clear—goodness knows what he may have done—"

"Come on!" said Harry.

He left the porch, plunging into the falling rain.

His comrades followed him fast.

Wharton led the way round the cottage. Although it was not yet dark, the thick clouds over the sky, the trees, and the rain made it difficult to see. But they did not lose a moment.

The window at the back of the living-room of the cottage was open when they got round.

A head and shoulders appeared from within.

No light was burning; but there was a faint ruddy glow, evidently from a fire. Against it the head and shoulders were a black silhouette. Through the falling rain the juniors made out a black bowler hat and a dark coat. The man was clambering out, and they heard his hurried breathing.

He dropped from the window, slipped in a puddle, and stumbled over. But he was up in a moment and starting to run.

He ran into Harry Wharton, who grasped at him.

A startled cry rang out.

Swiftly the shadowy figure dodged and swerved. But Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull grasped him at the same moment.

There was a crash on the muddy ground as he was dragged over.

He struggled wildly.

"Pin him!" gasped Bob.

That the man was a law-breaker of some sort, that that was the reason for his attempt at flight by the back

window, the juniors could not doubt. His actions hardly left room for doubt on that subject. And they were quite determined that he should not get away.

Neither was it very difficult to secure him. Wildly as he struggled, he did not seem to be a very muscular man. The whole party grasped at him, and he was soon wriggling helplessly in their hands.

"We've got the rotter!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Now we'll jolly well see what he's been up to in Joyce's cottage."

"Hold him!" said Harry. "I'll get the door open."

"The holdfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jam Ram Singh. "We'll stick to him gluefully!"

The Co. held the wriggling man easily enough. Wharton put his head in at the open window.

The interior was dimly illumined by

a glow from the fire in the cottage grate. Wharton climbed in swiftly at the window and dropped within.

He struck a match. It was not pleasant to penetrate into the dark interior of the cottage, unaware of what might have happened there.

But the glimmer of the match showed nothing unusual. A lamp stood on the table, and he quickly lighted it.

The room was orderly enough. A number of packages lay on the table. Some of them had been opened, and he saw that they contained food.

But he stayed only for one glance. Then he hurried from the room into the passage that led to the back door.

That door was bolted and chained; but he very quickly had it open, and called to his friends.

They came tramping in, dripping with rain, hustling their prisoner along in

their midst. Still resisting feebly, the man was hustled into the lamp-lighted living-room.

"Now we can get a look at the blighter," said Bob "Who—"

Harry Wharton fixed his eyes on the man as his face was turned to the lamplight—a pale, worn, terrified face, with a dark moustache like a black bar on its pallor.

A cry of amazement broke from the captain of the Remove:

"Mr. Hazeldene! You!"

Harry Wharton had seen the man before. It was when he had warned Marjorie, in Friardale Wood, that Inspector Grimes was coming. He knew the haggard face with its false moustache. It was Hazel's uncle, the fugitive bank cashier of Brighton—the uncle of Marjorie Hazeldene of Cliff House!

(Continued on next page.)



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

ARE TWO REFEREES ADVISABLE?

THERE is a letter in my postbag this week about which I am in some doubt. It comes from a Chester reader, Ray Potts, and seems to contain both a reproof and a compliment. Here is the gist of it. "I have heard and read a lot about the advisability of having two referees for each football match, but you have not mentioned the subject this season. I always keep looking eagerly for your views on big football topics, and shall be glad to know what you think of this two referees suggestion."

It is quite true there has been much talk this season on the advantages, or otherwise, of two referees for each game, and it is an idea with which the rulers of football are certainly toying. There were two referees employed in a recent amateur trial match, which was played at Chester, by the way, and which my correspondent happened to see. There is to be another experiment of the same idea in the trial match on the twenty-seventh of this month when two England teams will be in opposition.

There were conflicting reports on the way the experiment worked in the first public trial, and personally I did not consider it a success.

This, however, as I am prepared to admit, was partly because the two referees in that game—one in each half of the field—did not seem to have the necessary working understanding.

As a matter of fact, trial matches are far from the ideal games in which to put a new refereeing scheme to the full test. They are not real games in the Cup-tie or League sense. Before I am convinced that two referees for each game are better than one, I shall want to see the notion tried in really serious competitive games—and trial matches do not come under this heading.

DISTRIBUTING GATE RECEIPTS!

I MAY say further that at the moment I cannot work up any real enthusiasm for this idea of a referee in each half of the field. The number of mistakes made, owing to the speed at which the game is played, might be reduced, but the people who imagine that all argument would be at an end concerning decisions given if there were two referees instead of one have another think coming.

Two good referees might be better than one good referee, but two indifferent ones won't be any better than one good one. And the trouble, so far as first-class football is concerned, is to find enough good referees to go round even when one only is employed in each game. Hence the conclusion that it would be additionally difficult to find two good ones for each game.

I should not be surprised if, during the coming summer, it is decided to try this two-referees idea in a series of first-class matches, but junior players need not bother their heads unduly about this. The two referees scheme, even if it is given an extended trial, will not apply to other than first-class matches. I could point out quite a number of snags connected with the idea, but no good purpose would be served in doing so at this stage.

The Cup semi-finals are on the programme just now, and I have a couple of questions relating to semi-finals which may be conveniently answered this week. Fred Archer, of Portsmouth, wants to know if there is a different method of distributing the gate receipts in semi-finals as compared with other Cup-ties. There is a difference.

In the Cup games previous to the semi-finals the clubs concerned in each game divide the proceeds among them. In the semi-finals, however, the gate-money

taken at the two games is pooled, and divided evenly between the four competing clubs, after certain expenses have been paid, of course, including a percentage to the clubs on whose grounds the semi-finals are played.

A CURIOUS FACT!

NOW for another question. "One of my older pals," writes James Goodfellow, of Egham, "says that, as a rule, semi-finals are usually finished off at the first attempt: that they seldom result in a draw. Is this true?" This question sent me dashing to the books of reference, and therein I discovered the rather curious fact that, in recent years, very few semi-finals have ended with the scores all square. There has not been a drawn semi-final since 1930, when Arsenal and Hull City had to meet twice before the London club got through. Two years previously—in 1928—Huddersfield Town and Sheffield United had to meet three times before Huddersfield could claim the victory.

That series of hard games between the two teams probably cost Huddersfield the double honour.

They were in the running for the League championship as well as the Cup, but those games against the United took so much out of the players that they were tired out; their form was not so good afterwards, and they did not win either the Cup or the League championship.

Eric Collins, of Willesdon, tells me that in a recent match, after the goalkeeper had picked up the ball following a goal-kick taken by a full-back, he knocked over the goalkeeper. In consequence of this the goalkeeper dropped the ball, and Eric then shot it into the net. The referee did not award a goal, but instead, gave a free-kick against the goalkeeper for carrying the ball more than the four paces which are allowed by rule.

My correspondent thinks a goal should have been allowed, but as the goalkeeper had broken the carrying rule previous to being charged, I think the referee gave the correct ruling.

A Belfast reader, C. W. Blount, wants to know how long the game should be held up for an injured player to recover. There is no definite ruling on this point. It is entirely at the referee's discretion, but the man with the whistle is instructed to get the game re-started in reasonable time. Actually, however, this is not an important point, because for such stoppages the referee should knock off such time as is taken because of an injury to a player.

"LINESMAN."

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THE TENTH CHAPTER.

In Hiding!

"HAZELDENE!"

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh, repeated the name in astonishment.

The name was familiar to them, as that of a Remove fellow at Greyfriars, and of their girl chum at Cliff House. And they could see that Wharton knew the man. Their grasp fell from him, and John James Hazeldene stood free, panting for breath.

He leaned on the rough deal table, panting, gasping, in a pitiable state of breathlessness and terror.

But as his scared eyes sought Wharton's face he recognised the Greyfriars junior, and relief flashed into his eyes.

"Oh! You!" he panted. "You—Wharton, I think—"

Harry nodded.

"If I had known I would have opened the door; but—but I did not know—I was startled—I feared—"

His voice trailed away.

Wharton knew what the hunted man had feared. He had feared that the police had found him in his hiding place.

The captain of the Remove stared at him, nonplussed. Not for worlds would he have made this discovery if he could have helped it. He knew now that it was Marjorie whom Bob had seen on the bicycle. That was why she had been there—she had been to the lonely cottage to see her fugitive uncle! The packages on the table told the reason. Marjorie was doing what Hazel of the Remove dared not do—helping the man who was down-and-out.

"But what—what—" stuttered Bob Cherry. "I say, I've seen him before, you men—that's the man who was hanging about Greyfriars a few days ago—you remember we collared him—"

"I remember!" grunted Johnny Bull. "I'd know him again anywhere, with that false moustache stuck on his face. Who is he, Wharton?"

Harry did not answer.

"You know him, it seems!" grunted Johnny.

"Ye-es."

"You've called him 'Hazeldene.' Is he a relation of Hazel's?"

Wharton hesitated and did not reply.

"And what has he been up to here?" went on Johnny. "If you know him, I suppose he hasn't knocked old Joyce on the head and robbed his cottage? But he will have to explain what he's been up to, Wharton, whether you know him or not. It's a bit too jolly suspicious!"

"I have a right to be here!" panted the man in the false moustache. "I have hired this cottage from Mr. Joyce—I have had it for a couple of weeks. Do you think I am a thief?"

"It looks like it," answered Johnny coolly. "If you're a tenant of the cottage, why couldn't you answer when a fellow knocked at the door?"

"That's all right," said Harry, when the man did not speak. "I know now that that's all right, you fellows. He must have hired the cottage from old Joyce, or he wouldn't be here."

"Well, if you think you know that—" grunted Johnny dubiously.

"I do know it."

"Well, in that case, he has a right

to be here, and we haven't!" said Johnny sarcastically. "We'd better clear! If Joyce has let the cottage, he's over at Woodend, and we shan't get a lift in his cart. The sooner we get going, the better, if we've got to walk."

John James Hazeldene gave a start as Johnny turned towards the door and the other fellows stood hesitating.

"Stay!" he panted.

"Anxious for our company, after the way we've handled you?" asked Johnny, still sarcastic. "Well, I'm not anxious for yours, all the same—I've no use for men who are afraid to show their faces and scuttle out of back windows! You fellows coming?"

"Hold on, old chap, and don't talk so much!" said Harry.

Grunt, from Johnny Bull.

"Esteemed speech is golden, my absurd Johnny!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But silence is the cracked pitcher that saves a stitch in time by going longest to the well, as the English proverb remarks."

John James Hazeldene gave the Nabob of Bhanipur a stare. No doubt he was rather surprised by that English proverb.

For a second a faint smile glided over his haggard face.

"Look here, I'm going, for one!" said Johnny Bull. "If you fellows like doubtful company you can stick here!"

"Stay!" repeated John James. "Now that I know who you are, I—I do not mind—in fact, you are welcome to take shelter here till the rain stops."

"Thank you for nothing!" answered Johnny uncompromisingly. "I'm going."

"Hold on, you fathead!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Rot!"

"At least, if you go, you will say nothing?" muttered the tenant of the woodcutter's cottage. "You will not mention my name—or that you have seen me here? You will promise that?"

Johnny Bull stared at him grimly.

"I shall promise nothing of the sort," he answered. "If you're an honest man, you needn't mind people knowing that you are here, and you needn't care if we tell the whole county of Kent!"

"I am an honest man!" said John James, with a touch of dignity.

"Yes, it looks like it!" said Johnny, with grim sarcasm. "Honest men sneak out of back windows, and ask fellows not to mention that they've seen them! I don't think!"

"My esteemed Johnny—"

"Oh, rot!" growled Johnny Bull. "What's the good of jawing? The man's a rotter of some kind, and he's hiding here—that's what it amounts to. I'm not having a hand in it, I know that! I'm going!"

He tramped to the door.

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Wharton. "Stop! This man is Marjorie Hazeldene's uncle, and he's in trouble!"

Johnny stopped dead.

"Marjorie's uncle?"

"Yes."

"Then—then it was Marjorie we saw on the bike?" stammered Johnny.

"I told you it was!" said Bob.

Johnny's eyes wandered to the packages of food on the table. Then they fixed on the anxious, frightened face of the man from Brighton.

"Marjorie's uncle!" he repeated. "I—I suppose he must be all right, if Marjorie's standing by him. At least, she thinks he is."

"She is right!" said John James, in a low tone. "My nephew is afraid to help me—my niece is standing by me,

like the dear, good, brave girl that she is, God bless her! I am under suspicion, and keeping out of the way, till the man who robbed the Brighton and County Bank is found! She knows that I am innocent!"

Johnny's eyes were on him grimly.

"If you're innocent, you ought to go back and face the music," he said. "Either you're guilty, or you're a frightened fool without the nerve of a rabbit! What are they going to think of a man who scuttles off and hides? If you're innocent, the sooner you show up, the better for you!"

"That's sense!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"The sensefulness is terrific!"

"You are not in my position!" muttered the wretched man. "You don't understand!"

"No business of ours, at any rate, Johnny!" said Harry Wharton quietly. Johnny gave a snort.

"No business of ours to have a hand in this sort of shady thing," he said. "If the man's Marjorie's uncle, I'm not saying a word, of course; but I'm getting out of this. You fellows can please yourselves."

Johnny Bull tramped to the door, opened it, and tramped out. His friends exchanged glances, and then followed him into the rain. As they tramped down to the gate they heard the sound of bars being jammed on the door behind them.

The fugitive was left to solitude again, and the chums of the Remove tramped away in silence, through darkness and rain, for Greyfriars School.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Very Wet!

"BUNTER!"

"Adsum!" grinned Billy Bunter.

Mr. Quelch was calling the roll in Hall at Greyfriars. Billy Bunter was in good time for calling-over. His two-shilling-piece had seen him through. Certainly it had been annoying to have to expend it on a railway fare. But the fat Owl was on time, and he cheerfully answered adsum to his name, wondering what would happen to five fellows who were not there to answer adsum.

Five places were vacant in the ranks of the Remove. The Bunder noted it with a malicious grin.

Unaware that Bunter had been in the motor-party, he had taken no notice of the fat Owl—much to Bunter's satisfaction.

Vernon-Smith had supposed that the Famous Five would return by rail, and he had something to say to them when they did. But they had not returned—which added very considerably to his gratification. Smithy's was not a forgiving nature, and he wanted to make the Co. sit up thoroughly for the trick they had played on him—as he believed. He little guessed that they, also, were under the impression that they had been tricked, and were looking forward with even greater keenness to a meeting.

As they did not turn up for roll, the Bunder easily guessed that they had been short of a railway fare! He had dished them more thoroughly than he had anticipated in recalling the car from Lantham. Tom Redwing, at his side, noted the grin of sardonic satisfaction on his face when Mr. Quelch called five names without receiving answering adsums.

The Remove master frowned as he marked the five absent from roll. Quelch was a whale on order and punc-



Struggling and yelling, Vernon-Smith was rushed up the Remove passage to the tap at the end. Under the tap went his head, and the water was promptly turned on. "Urrgh! Gurrgh! Ow! Wow! Groooogh!" The Bounder yelled and struggled, but there was no escape for him.

tuality, especially with boys of his own form. His look showed that there was trouble ahead for Harry Wharton & Co. when they did come in. And the Bounder grinned.

"Lines for those fellows, Smithy!" whispered Redwing.

"Or lickings!" smiled Smithy.

"I heard that they were going over to Lantham for the football match there. Must have lost their train back."

"Or their car!" grinned Smithy.

"Did they go in a car?"

"I fancy so."

"They don't usually splash money about like that!" said Redwing, with a stare. "But if they had a car, why the dickens haven't they got back?"

"I wonder!" grinned the Bounder.

"I say, there may have been an accident, if they were in a car and cutting roll. Think you'd better tell Quelch?"

"Oh, they'll roll in all right later!" said the Bounder, laughing. "Looks as if they've had a walk! You see, they didn't splash their own money about on that car—they bagged another fellow's car, the fellow being in detention—"

"Smithy!"

"Only Quelch let the fellow out, and he put a spoke in their wheel," said Smithy. "No end of a jest, old bean!"

"They never bagged another fellow's car, Smithy—not yours, at any rate. You're making some mistake."

"They did!"

"Rot!" said Redwing.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. He knew that the Famous Five had gone to Lantham in his car, and that was enough for him.

That they were walking home, a long and weary walk, was clear, for they had not turned up when the Remove went to the studies to prep.

Herbert Vernon-Smith chuckled as he went into Study No. 4 with Redwing. This was better than he had dreamed!

Not only had they cut roll, but they were cutting prep. Outside, the rain

was pouring in the quad, and dashing against the windows. He pictured the five wet, weary, muddy fellows tramping through the rain with a row with Quelch awaiting them when they got in. It was a Roland for an Oliver, with a vengeance!

"Look here, Smithy!" said Tom, as they sat down to prep in Study No. 4. "If you've been playing some trick on those chaps—"

"I have—right up to the handle!" grinned Smithy. "They won't bag my car again in a hurry, I fancy. You don't know what happened while you were out of gates this afternoon."

And he told him.

Redwing shook his head.

"I don't catch on to it at all," he said. "But there's some mistake—and you're making the mistake, Smithy!"

"Rot!" answered the Bounder.

And they settled down to prep, Redwing in a rather worried mood, and Vernon-Smith grinning with malicious satisfaction.

Prep was half over, when there was a tramp of feet in the Remove passage. The Bounder looked up with a grin.

"That's the weary walkers!" he remarked.

Redwing stepped to the study door and looked out. Up from the Remove staircase came a bunch of juniors—five of them, wet and weary and draggled, and with very grim faces. Several fellows looked out of the studies. Hazel, in the doorway of Study No. 2, laughed. Skinner & Co., in the doorway of Study No. 11, roared.

Smithy had explained to his friends what had happened to the car that afternoon. His "tit for tat" amused them hugely. Certainly the Famous Five did not look as if the outcome of snaffling Smithy's car had been grateful or comforting.

"Had a good time?" chuckled Hazel, as they passed.

"Oh, fine!" answered Bob Cherry gruffly. "Ripping! We've walked

donkey's miles, we've got wet to the skin, and we've got a hundred lines each from Quelch. We've had a fine time, and now Smithy's going to have a finer!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" said Hazel.

The Famous Five were anxious to see Smithy. They were so anxious to see him that they had not even stopped to change into dry clothes. But they found a moment to spare for Hazeldene. Why he declared that it served them right, they did not know; but the remark was enough for them, in their present sore and dreary state.

They turned on Hazel as one man, grasped him, and up-ended him into his study.

Hazel roared as he spun across the carpet and bumped a leg of the table. Tom Brown, who was working at the table, yelled as it rocked, and the inkpot went over.

"Look here—" roared Tom Brown.

"Yarooop!" yelled Hazel.

Unheeding, the Famous Five marched on up the passage. They pushed Redwing aside and marched into Study No. 4.

The Bounder grinned at them.

"You look wet!" he remarked.

"You're going to look wetter!" said Johnny Bull, in a deep growl, rather like the dulcet tones of the Great Huge Bear.

"Collar the cad!" shouted Bob.

"Bag the rotter!"

"Snaffle him!"

The Bounder leaped to his feet, his fists clenched and his eyes ablaze.

He had intended to give the five trouble; it had not occurred to him that they intended to give him the same, only more so. Neither party being aware of Billy Dunter's trickery, both parties had a sense of wrong and grievance. Smithy believed that the Famous Five had bagged his car—the

Famous Five believed that Smithy had lent it to them, recalled it, and left them in the lurch. And they did not waste time in words.

Bob gave a yell as he caught the Bounder's right with his nose. Johnny Bull roared as Smithy's left landed under his chin. But the Bounder, active as he was, got in no more than that.

They grabbed him, collared him, whirled him off his feet, and rushed him headlong out of the study.

"Look here!" gasped Redwing. Bob gave him a shove as he intervened, and Redwing sat down suddenly in the study, with a bump that raised dust from the carpet.

Struggling and yelling, the Bounder was rushed up the Remove passage to the tap at the end.

Under the tap he went, and it was promptly turned on.

Water streamed over Smithy.

His yells changed to wild gasps and gurgles.

He struggled and kicked frantically. But there was no escape for him. The Famous Five were wet—and, as Johnny Bull had declared, the Bounder was going to get wetter.

He did!

Not till he was drenched to the skin, swimming in water, did the vengeful five let go. Then they left him under the streaming tap as they tramped away.

Wild gurgles and gasps from the hapless Bounder followed them.

"Urrrgh! Gurrgh! Oh! Ow! Croooogh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were in need of a towelling and a change. But there was no doubt that Smithy was in greater need!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Big Order!

THERE was a crowd in the Rag that evening.

After prep the Remove were all there, with very few exceptions—in fact, with only one exception. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth came in; Hobson and his friends of the Shell came along; Tubb of the Third wedged in with a gang of fags; Dicky Nugent of the Second came along with a contingent of that Form. Anyone looking into the Rag would have noticed at once that something unusual was "on."

News had spread that the Bounder was on the war-path.

The Bounder, according to rumour, had played a rotten trick on the Famous Five, and they had ducked him for it. According to another rumour, they had played a rotten trick on the Bounder, and followed it up with a ducking. One thing, at least was certain—that Herbert Vernon-Smith had declared his intention of tackling all the five, one after another, and giving them the thrashing of their lives.

The Bounder was a great fighting man, and a great hunter of trouble. But this was rather a wholesale order, even for the warlike Bounder.

Obviously he was in a state of deep resentment and rage to entertain any such idea.

It was doubtful whether he could beat Wharton, more than doubtful whether he could beat Bob Cherry; Johnny Bull was at least his match; and Nugent and the nabob were quite good men of their hands. Thrashing them all in turn was a task that only an exceedingly angry fellow could have thought of. But the Bounder was well known to be a man of his word.

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Whether he could do it or not, he was going to try his hardest—which promised an unusual and very thrilling evening's entertainment in the Rag.

Hence the gathering of the clans, so to speak!

Everybody wanted to see the show!

Strange to relate, Billy Bunter was not present—the only Remove fellow who kept away! Generally, Bunter was always to be seen when anything was on. He barged equally into what concerned him and into what did not. On this occasion the fat Owl of the Remove seemed to be understudying the shy violet. While the Rag was crowded, amid great excitement, Billy Bunter remained in modest seclusion in his study.

Harry Wharton & Co., of course, had heard of the Bounder's warlike intentions. They were not sorry to hear of them.

They had ducked him. But they agreed that a jolly good hiding, in addition, would do him good. And his cheek in supposing for a moment that he could beat that famous company in turn, one after another, naturally roused their ire.

And they were iraful enough already. Tired and wet after a weary, dreary tramp in the rain, they had come in to get a "jaw" from Quelch, and an imposition of a hundred Latin lines each. They had had to scuffle through their prep anyhow, which meant a probability of trouble in the Form-room in the morning. They walked into the Rag with rather grim faces, ready—more than ready—for trouble with the vengeful Bounder.

"He's going to whop us, one after another, is he?" said Johnny Bull. "Well, if he can do it, I wish him good hunting! But I fancy he will be too tired after whopping the first one to worry about the other four."

"The tirefulness will probably be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"The cheeky cad!" said Nugent wrathfully. "He hasn't had enough, and I shall be glad to give him a little more."

"Same here!" said Bob. "We'd have let him off with the ducking. But if he asks for more he will jolly well get it, with knobs on!"

"What's the row about, you men?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"Smithy wants the impudence knocked out of him, as usual!" answered Harry Wharton. "We're going to do the knocking."

Maully grinned.

"That isn't how Smithy's puttin' it," he remarked. "He seems to think he's got a grievance against you men."

"We'll give him some more to add to it!" said Harry. "He played a rotten trick on us this afternoon, and he knows it!"

"Oh, come off!" cut in Hazel. "You know jolly well that you played a rotten trick on Smithy. What's the good of gammon?"

Five glares concentrated on Hazel.

"You asking for more?" bellowed Johnny Bull. "You won't have to ask twice! Barge that cad over, you men!"

Hazeldene promptly backed away. He was backing up Smithy, so far as that went, but not to the extent of scrapping. He joined Skinner & Co., who were keen enough on the same side, but only to the same extent. None of them had any idea of relieving the Bounder of one of the adversaries he had so recklessly challenged.

There was a buzz in the crowded Rag as Herbert Vernon-Smith came in with Tom Redwing. Reddy looked rather

worried, but he carried the boxing gloves under his arm, which looked like business.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!" said Bob. "Look here, you men, I'm the first on Smithy's jolly old list."

"Rats!" said Johnny Bull. "I come first!"

"Leave him to me!" said the captain of the Remove.

"My esteemed chums—" remonstrated the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I think I'm entitled to a show!" remarked Nugent. "Better let Smithy pick his man! He won't want more than one, though he doesn't seem to know it yet."

Vernon-Smith's face was pale and set and savage. Whether he was equal to the task he had undertaken or not, he was clearly in a mood of deep and fierce determination. He gave the chums of the Remove a black and bitter look. That vindictive look rather surprised them, considering that Smithy was in the wrong—at least, so far as they could see.

"You fellows—" began Redwing.

"No need for jaw!" broke in the Bounder. "I'm going to thrash those cheeky rotters if I can. I'm tackling you first, Cherry!"

Bob grinned cheerfully.

"Many thanks, old bean!" he answered. "I'll do my best to alter your features for you a little."

"Silly ass!" commented Skinner. "Swank!"

Bob was well known to be the most dangerous member of the Co. in a scrap. Whether it was swank or not, the Bounder had picked out the toughest proposition to begin with.

"But, look here—" said Redwing.

"Cut it out! I'm ready if that rotter is!" snarled the Bounder; and he threw off his jacket.

"Rotter!" repeated Bob. "I don't think I'm the rotter of us two! I'll make you swallow that, Smithy!"

"Brag's a good dog!" scoffed the Bounder. "I'm waiting for you, you cad!"

"I believe there's some mistake about it," said Redwing.

"Oh, shut up, Reddy! Give that lout the gloves!"

"Rotter and cad and lout—what?" said Bob, his blue eyes glinting as he threw off his jacket. "Give me those gloves, Reddy! Anybody going to keep time?"

Temple of the Fourth volunteered to keep time. In their shirtsleeves, with the gloves on, Bob and the Bounder faced one another.

Cecil Reginald Temple looked at his watch.

"Ready?" he drawled.

"Yes, fathead!" snapped the Bounder.

"Time!"

The Bounder came on with a savage rush. Bob met him with right and left, but had to give ground. Strong and sturdy as he was, the Bounder's fierce and savage determination seemed to carry all before it.

Back and back went Bob, and suddenly a terrific drive on the chin sent him down with a crash that made the floorboards ring again.

"Man down!" grinned Skinner.

"Bravo, Smithy!" shouted Hazel.

"I'll say that was a sockdolager!" remarked Fisher T. Fish. "Yep! I'll say that was a sockdolager, and then some!"

It was man down—but it was man up in a split second! Bob Cherry leaped to his feet, under a rain of blows as he came up, and drove back the Bounder with a terrific attack. Twice,

thrice, his blows landed on Vernon-Smith's furious face, and the Bounder, fiercely defending, staggered. Another drive, and he would have been down on his back. But at that moment the door of the Rag flew open, and Wingate of the Sixth walked in, with his ashplant under his arm.

"Stop that!" rapped the Greyfriars captain.

And the combatants, panting, stopped.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Light at Last!

WINGATE strode into the Rag. There was a grim frown on his face.

That unusual concourse in the Rag had, it seemed, drawn the attention of the prefects. Really, it could scarcely have failed to do so. And Bob's crash as he went down had rung far and wide. There was a murmur of deep disappointment from the swarm in the Rag. The barging-in of a Sixth Form prefect meant that they were not going to get their entertainment.

"Now, what's this row?" asked Wingate gruffly.

"I'm thrashing a rotter!" answered the Bounder.

"Same hero!" said Bob Cherry, with a breathless grin.

"And you needn't barge in, either, Wingate!" added the Bounder. "I suppose we can settle it with the gloves on, if we like?"

"That depends," answered the captain of Greyfriars. "But there's one thing that's certain, Vernon-Smith, and that is that you can't talk to a prefect like that! Any more of it, and you get six!"

The Bounder scowled, but he said nothing in reply.

"I say, Wingate, let's get on!" urged Bob. "Smithy's undertaken to whop five of us, and there's not a lot of time before dorm."

"It will keep!" sneered the Bounder. "I dare say you're glad enough to see a prefect butt in! But to-morrow—"

"That will do, Vernon-Smith!" said Wingate. "I ought to give you six each for kicking up this shindy here. But I've asked you what the row's about, and I'm going to know! You fellows were playing football together yesterday; now you're fighting like wildcats! What for?"

Nobody answered.

Wingate fixed his eyes on Wharton.

"You're head boy of the Form! Do you know?"

"Yes. But—"

"Oh, go ahead!" jeered the Bounder. "It's not a matter for a prefect's whopping, so you can tell Wingate about the dirty trick you played on me!"

"Why, you cheeky cad!" roared Johnny Bull. "It was you that played a dirty trick, and you jolly well know it!"

"A rotten, sneaking, mean trick!" exclaimed Frank Nugent indignantly. "Taking fellows in, and then leaving them in the lurch—"

"The sneakfulness was terrific!"

"Shut up, the lot of you!" hooted Wingate. "Do you want six all round? The next fancy name gets a whop!"

"Well, those rotters—" panted the Bounder. "Yooop!" he added, with a yell, as Wingate suited the action to the word and handed out a lick with the ashplant.

The Bounder glared at Wingate, half-

inclined to rush at him, prefect and captain of the school as he was.

"There's some mistake, Wingate," said Tom Redwing. "I've been trying to make Smithy understand there's some misunderstanding!"

"Rot and rubbish!" snarled the Bounder. "No mistake about those cheeky cads sneaking my car this afternoon, and leaving me to whistle for it!"

"Why, you worm!" howled Johnny Bull. "You offered us the car, and we were fools to take the offer; I admit that!"

"I did not!" yelled the Bounder. "I never said a word to you about it! That's a dashed lie!"

"By gum, I'll—"

Johnny made a rush. Wingate caught him by the collar and spun him back, and Johnny sat on the floor with a bump and a roar.

"Now, then, keep cool!" said the Greyfriars captain cheerfully. "I can see that there's some mistake here, as Redwing says. It seems that you had a car this afternoon, Vernon-Smith. Well, if these fellows bagged it, how did they do it, and why?"

"I was under detention!" growled the Bounder. "I told Hazel and the other chaps they could have the car, all the same, and phoned to the garage to pick them up here. I thought they were gone when Quelch let me out. Then they started ragging me for letting them down. It turned out that the car had never come."

The Famous Five stared blankly at Smithy as he made that explanation. All this was news to them—startling news.

"I got on the phone again, and found that the car was at Lantham," went on the Bounder. "Those cheeky cads had had the nerve to bag it on the road, making out to the driver that they were the friends I had mentioned on the telephone. So I got the car back by phone, and left them to walk home—and I'm jolly glad they had a walk in the rain, too!"

"Serve them jolly well right!" said Hazel.

"And they had the neck to duck me for giving them that walk home," hooted the Bounder, "and I'm jolly well going to lick them for it! And if you stop us now, I'll jolly well—"

"You'll jolly well shut up!" said Wingate. "I'm bossing this show, Vernon-Smith! Now, you young scamps, what have you got to say for yourselves? If this kind of thing is a joke, I don't see the joke! Did you bag Vernon-Smith's car on the road, Wharton?"

"Certainly we did!" gasped Harry. "Smithy didn't want the car, as he was in detention, and he offered it to us to get over to Lantham to see the League match."

"And called it home while we were watching the football, and left us in the lurch!" hooted Johnny Bull. "We were stony, and couldn't come home by railway—"

"And had to walk—in this rain!" said Nugent. "We jolly well ducked him!"

"If you offered them the car, Vernon-Smith, what the dickens are you grousing about?" demanded Wingate.

"I never did!" shrieked the Bounder. "I never saw them—never spoke to them at all—and my friends were waiting for the car, while they were getting over to Lantham in it!"

"Well, my hat!" said the puzzled prefect. "Look here, Wharton, Vernon-Smith must know whether he offered you the car or not."

"He did!" roared Wharton.

"I did not!" yelled the Bounder.

"You did, you rotter!"

"I did not, you cad!"

"By Jove, I'll—"

"Shut up!" roared Wingate. "Either one of you is telling lies or there's some idiotic mistake. Did Vernon-Smith tell you plainly that you could have the car, Wharton?"

"He didn't speak to us about it, of course, as we were on the road to Courtfield and he was going into detention. He sent a fellow after us with a message. We asked the chauffeur to make sure, and he told us he was to pick up a party at or near the school."

"Your gang weren't the party, and you know it!" hooted the Bounder.

"Shut up!" snapped Wingate. "I think I see how it was. You got a message from Vernon-Smith, Wharton—not word of mouth?"

"Yes, he sent Bunter after us to tell us—"

"Bunter!" ejaculated the Bounder. Smithy was quick on the uptake. He saw light now.

"Yes, he came after us with your message—"

"You silly idiot!"

"Look here—"

"I never gave Bunter any message, you fathead! He was hanging about when I phoned to the garage, and heard me, and I suppose that put it into his head. Did he go with you to Lantham?"

"Eh! Yes. Of—of course," Wharton stammered. Like the Bounder, he began to see light!

"Is Bunter here?" asked Wingate with a grin. "Let's see what Bunter has to say! Looks to me as if you had your leg pulled, Wharton."

It was beginning to look like that to all the Co. Wrath had died out of their faces; and they looked rather sickly. They began to realise that they had ducked a fellow, after bagging his car without leave—a car for which his friends were waiting all the time! It was rather an unpleasant position for the Famous Five.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bob Cherry, in dismay.

"Bunter! Where's Bunter?"

"Bunter!" roared Bob. "Bunter!

Bunty! Bunt!"

"Where's that fat villain Bunter?"

But answer there came none! William George Bunter was not present! Nearly
(Continued on next page.)



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everybody else in the Lower School was there, but not Bunter! For once, the Owl of the Remove was modestly and shyly avoiding the public gaze! It was not difficult to guess the reason!

"Not here!" said Peter Todd.

"Keeping doggo!" grinned Squiff. "He was afraid it would come out, and he's dodging."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I knew there must be some mistake," said Redwing. "Bunter was pulling your leg, you fellows."

"I—I—I suppose he was!" stammered Wharton, red with vexation. "We—we never knew! We thought we made sure by asking the driver—"

"The surefulness was not terrific, after all!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

The savage anger had cleared from Vernon-Smith's face. It was clear to him now that the Famous Five had been taken in, and had snaffled the car in good faith, believing that he had offered it to them. He realised, too, that he had acted very hastily, in taking it for granted that they had played a trick on him, and in taking so drastic a vengeance.

"Bother the silly old car!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Blow it!" said Bob.

"Well, as the matter turns out, we're sorry, Smithy!" said Harry Wharton. "We thought you'd played a rotten trick on us, lending us the car and then leaving us in the lurch—it jolly well looked like it—"

"You couldn't speak to a fellow before shoving him under a tap!" snapped the Bounder.

"Well, we thought—anyhow, you might have inquired how the matter stood, before leaving us stranded at Lantham, to walk home in the rain."

"How was I to know?"

"Well, how were we to know?"

Wingate laughed.

"You're a set of young asses!" he said. "You seem to have got it clear now. No more scrapping!"

The late combatants looked at one another with sheepish grins. There was nothing to scrap about, now that they knew the facts—there never had been! Scrapping, evidently was off!

"No, Wingate!" said the Bounder, almost meekly.

"No, Wingate!" murmured Bob.

Wingate tucked his ashplant under his arm and walked out of the Rag, with a smile on his face.

Bob and the Bounder put on their jackets. There was a ripple of merriment in the Rag. Two fellows had rather damaged faces—but fortunately, Wingate's intervention had come before the scrap had gone very far.

"I'll lynch that fat scoundrel Bunter!" said Johnny Bull. "All this bother, because that podgy pirate wanted to stick us for a tea at the Pagoda."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Smithy, we're sorry," said Harry. "And we'll pay for the car to Lantham, of course—"

"Don't be a silly ass!" snapped the Bounder. "Who wants you to pay for the car? That wasn't the trouble, and you know it."

"Well, yes, but—"

"Chuck it, then! And you can leave Bunter to me!" added the Bounder, with a gleam in his eyes. "Bunter's going to have a lesson about spoofing fellows, and I'm going to give him one."

"Look here, I'm going to smash him!" roared Johnny Bull. "I'm going to burst him all over the studies."

"Leave him to me—"

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"Rats! I tell you—"

"Oh, leave him to Smithy!" said Bob Cherry. "We owe Smithy something after snaffling his car and ducking him, into the bargain. Let 'em rip!"

And it was left at that! Billy Bunter was not likely to fare better by being left to the Bounder to deal with.

In his study, No. 7, in the Remove, Bunter was keeping "doggo"—in a very uneasy frame of mind. If the fellows punched one another, it did not matter very much—from Bunter's point of view. But if the facts transpired, they were likely to punch Bunter—which was a very different matter. Every moment the fat Owl dreaded to hear the tramp of feet in the Remove passage.

But he heard nothing! And at dorm, when he went, unquiet and uneasy, to the Remove dormitory, Bunter expected the storm to burst! But there was no storm! His appearance was greeted with a ripple of laughter from most of the Remove; and certain members of the Form gave him grim looks; but that was all. He turned in, greatly relieved.

Nothing had happened! Bunter hoped that the matter was over and done with. Bunter had a hopeful nature!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Tit for Tat!

BILLY BUNTER was surprised.

Really, it was very surprising. In the morning, he still felt a little uneasiness. Something might have come out! It was only necessary for the fellows to compare notes, to ascertain precisely the part the fat Owl had played in the comedy of errors of the day before. Bunter could only conclude that they hadn't compared notes—that the Famous Five on the one hand, and the Bounder on the other, were still in a state of mutual misapprehension. So, in the Form-room that morning he dismissed the whole matter from his fat mind.

He was reminded of it in break. In break, he found that it was the one topic in the Remove; that his "spoof" on the Famous Five was known to all the Form, and that the episode was regarded as the joke of the term. Skinner & Co. were hugely entertained—only regretting that Wingate had barged in before the foes of the Remove had hammered one another very much. Every fellow in the Form grinned over it.

So far from there being mutual misunderstanding between Smithy and the Famous Five, they had buried the hatchet, and were on quite friendly terms again.

They knew—and Smithy knew—exactly what had happened. Smithy had been done out of his car—the Famous Five had been stranded and given a weary tramp in pouring rain—some punches, at least, had been exchanged before the matter was cleared up.

In which circumstances, Billy Bunter naturally expected, and dreaded, to receive the ragging of his life!

Instead of which, nothing happened. It was very surprising indeed! Bunter went into third school that morning in a very perplexed frame of mind.

It looked as if he had scored all along the line. He had bagged the motor drive and the tea at the Pagoda. Everybody else had been bothered and troubled and disconcerted, and had their half-holiday mucked up. That did not matter in the least—to Bunter—except

with a view to the possible consequences! And it looked as if there were going to be no consequences! Which Bunter justly regarded as too good to be true.

After school, he rolled up to the Famous Five in the quadrangle, anxious to be assured that it was all right.

"I say, you fellows—" began Bunter, assuming his most ingratiating grin.

"Scat, you fat scoundrel!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Roll away, you pernicious barrel!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"If you want to be kicked!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Get out!" roared Nugent.

"Well, look here, you fellows, I should think you'd be feeling pally, after that good turn I did you yesterday—"

That was rather too much for the chums of the Remove. Five boots rose like one—and Billy Bunter scudded off just in time.

It was clear that the Famous Five were not feeling grateful for the good turn Bunter had done them! Still, it was equally clear that they were not thinking thoughts of vengeance. That was what Bunter wanted to know; and it was a comfort to him.

At dinner he eyed the Bounder uneasily through his big spectacles. Smithy had taken absolutely no notice of his fat existence. That was all very well so far as it went, but Bunter knew that Smithy had a long memory for offences.

After dinner he joined the Bounder as the fellows went out—warily prepared to dodge a lunging boot.

"I say, Smithy, old chap—" murmured Bunter, softly as a cooing dove.

The Bounder stopped and looked at him. There was no sign of a lunging boot.

"Well?" he said calmly.

"I—I say, you ain't feeling shirty, old chap?"

"Shirty?" said the Bounder, raising his eyebrows. "Why?"

"It was only—only a joke, you know," said Bunter. "You can take a joke, Smithy, old chap?"

"Of course I can!" assented the Bounder. "I'm rather a joker myself, you know. It was such a jolly good joke, Bunter, that I'm thinking of taking your tip and working it off on somebody else."

"Oh!" said Bunter, rather perplexed, but considerably relieved.

"No end funny!" said Smithy. "Frightfully funny to dish a lot of fellows into a ten-mile walk in the rain—what?"

"Oh, yes! He, he, he!" cachinnated Bunter feebly.

"I hear that those chaps got a lift part of the way from Lantham," continued Smithy; "but they had four miles to do through the woods. Bit of luck for you that you weren't with them, Bunter—what?"

Bunter shuddered at the thought.

"I suppose you're good for half a mile," remarked the Bounder, looking at him attentively. "You could do a mile if there was a fellow behind you with a boot."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"And another mile if there was a mad bull around—what? After that you'd have to crawl on your hands and knees."

Billy Bunter sniffed. Smithy's description of his powers as a walker was fairly accurate. But the fat Owl was not disposed to admit it. He shuddered at the thought of a four-mile walk. At the same time he had a happy fancy



Strong and sturdy as he was, Vernon-Smith's fierce and savage determination seemed to carry all before it. Back and back went Bob Cherry, until a terrific drive on the chin sent him to the floor. "I'll say that was a sockdolager!" remarked Fisher T. Fish. "Yep, I'll say it was, and then some!"

that he could walk another fellow's legs off. That was the kind of brain Bunter was blessed with.

"Oh, draw it mild, Smithy!" he said disdainfully. "If I'd had that walk I shouldn't have looked all-out when I came in, like those fellows last night. I fancy I should have been fresh enough when I got in."

The Bounder laughed.

"Well, look here," he said, "I'm going on a run on Saturday afternoon, Bunter—"

"Like me to come, old chap?"

"Keen on it."

"I'll come with pleasure. A car—"

"Perhaps you'd rather walk?" suggested the Bounder gravely. "If you'd rather walk we'll make it a walk."

"You'd get tired, old chap," said Bunter. "So far as I'm concerned, I'd like nothing better, but I don't want you to get fagged out. You're not the athlete I am, old fellow—if you don't mind my mentioning it."

"Eh? Oh, exactly!" gasped the Bounder. "Well, we'll have a car, then, Bunter. We'll make up a little party for a motor run, and you'll be one."

Billy Bunter beamed.

"I'm your man, Smithy!" He almost gasped.

"Done, then! Don't forget the fixture—"

"My dear chap, I'll make a special note of it," said Bunter reassuringly. "A lot of fellows will want me on Saturday, as usual. But you rely on me; I'm not the fellow to let you down. Rely on me, Smithy."

"I will," said the Bounder gravely, and he strolled away, leaving the Owl of the Remove grinning with satisfaction.

Evidently—so far as Bunter could see—the trouble had quite blown over. Which was a surprise to Bunter—and to

other fellows more perspicacious than Bunter.

The Famous Five certainly had expected that Smithy would come down hard and heavy. They were not the fellows to remember grudges, but they did think that the fat Owl deserved some severe punishment for the trick he had played. In agreeing to leave him to Smithy they had only feared that the punishment might be a little too severe. Instead of which, the Bounder had apparently passed the whole affair over. Which was rather perplexing to fellows who knew the Bounder.

As the time slipped by, however, the chums of the Remove forgot the matter. They had plenty of other things to occupy their minds, and it was never their way to remember offences long. Herbert Vernon-Smith had a longer memory.

When Saturday came round there was a Form match on between the Remove and the Upper Fourth. In games with Temple, Da'ney & Co. of the Fourth the hefty men of the Remove were accustomed to standing down and giving the smaller fry a chance to distinguish themselves. So when the Bounder told the Famous Five that he was going on a motor run that afternoon, and asked them to join up, it was easy to arrange.

There was a brief hesitation, perhaps. The Famous Five were not in the same category as Skinner & Co., and they were far from keen on accepting a share in expensive excursions. But after the painful episode on Wednesday they were rather anxious to be civil to the Bounder, so they cheerfully assented.

Peter Todd undertook to captain the Remove eleven—indeed, he undertook to captain it better than usual. Redwing was keen to play football, and other fellows were keen to fill vacant places.

So while the footballers were in the

changing-room getting ready for the game the Famous Five were donning hats and coats in readiness for a run across country in the Rolls from Court-field Garage.

To their great surprise, they discovered that Billy Bunter was going to be a member of the party.

When they walked down to the gates with Smithy the fat Owl of the Remove rolled up and joined them, also arrayed for motoring.

Naturally, they expected to see Smithy's boot come into action; instead of which, the Bounder gave Bunter a nod.

"Bunter coming?" asked Harry Wharton blankly.

"Why not?" asked the Bounder.

"Oh, no reason why not!" answered the astonished captain of the Remove. "Only—well—'Hem!'"

"Oh, really, Wharton!" began Bunter warmly. "I suppose Smithy can take a pal if he likes! But, I say, Smithy, it will be a bit of a crowd in the car with all these fellows packed in. I think somebody had better stand out."

"Stand out if you like."

"Eh? I don't mean that! I mean—"

"Never mind what you mean! Come on!"

Bunter grunted and rolled on. The chums of the Remove eyed Smithy very curiously. They had been surprised by the Bounder passing over Bunter's trickery, but they were amazed to see him carrying forgiveness to this extent. Still, there it was!

"You'll be sprouting wings next, Smithy!" remarked Bob Cherry.

The Bounder laughed. In point of fact, there was not much of the angel about Smithy.

The car was waiting at the gates—the big handsome Rolls—with Watson in the
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driving seat. Watson grinned as he touched his cap to the Famous Five. He had not forgotten the affair of Wednesday.

Seven juniors packed into the car.

Bunter grumbled as he wedged into a corner seat.

"Give a fellow room for his legs!" he grunted. "I say, Smithy, there isn't much room. I don't call this comfortable!"

"There'll be more room presently," answered the Bounder.

"Oh!" Bunter blinked at him. "Anybody getting out?"

"Yes."

"That's all right, then."

The Famous Five exchanged puzzled glances. Who was going to get out was rather a puzzle to them. However, the car started and raced away for the Lantham road, turned into that road, and ate up the miles for Lantham.

Smithy was watching from the window. At a certain point where a bridle-path entered the wood bordering the road he signalled to the chauffeur to stop. The car drew in and halted.

"This is where you fellows started walking on Wednesday, after getting a lift on a wagon, isn't it?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"That's it," said Harry, rather uneasily. He hoped that Smithy had no idea of a ramble in Lantham Woods—remembering the hidden fugitive at the woodcutter's cottage.

The Bounder stopped out.

"Get out, Bunter!" he said.

The fat Owl blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"Eh?" he asked. "What for?"

"Because I tell you to!"

"Look here, Smithy—Owl! Leggo! Yooop!" roared Bunter, as the Bounder reached in, grasped his collar, and unceremoniously hooked him out of the car.

With a swing of his arm the Bounder sat him down on the grass by the roadside. Bunter sat there and spluttered.

Vernon-Smith climbed back into the car. He slammed the door, and grinned from the window at the fat and breathless Owl.

Bunter staggered to his feet.

"Good-bye, Bunter!" grinned the Bounder.

"What! I'm not stopping here!" shrieked Bunter, in consternation.

"Your mistake, old fat man—you are!" answered the Bounder coolly. "Didn't I tell you I should borrow your joke? It's four miles through the woods to Greyfriars! Get going!"

"Why, you—you—you—" Bunter gasped with utter dismay, blinking at the Bounder with a horrified blink through his big spectacles. "You—you least, you've taken me in!"

"Guessed it!" assented the Bounder.

"What a brain!"

"I'm not going to walk back to the school!" shrieked Bunter.

"Please yourself! Stay where you are, if you prefer it," said Vernon-Smith.

"Nothing to such a jolly good athlete as you, you know."

"Beast!" roared Bunter.

"I—I say, isn't that rather thick, Smithy?" said Harry Wharton.

The Famous Five understood now why the Bounder had fixed up that motor drive for the afternoon. This was his way of dealing with Bunter.

"Not at all," answered Smithy coolly.

"You fellows had to walk from that spot before you got in and ducked me under the tap. Bunter can do the same walk. A fellow can't thrash a blinking, blithering Owl; but he's not get-

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ting off scot-free. He's going to walk it, same as you did."

"I say, you fellows—" yelled Bunter desperately.

"But—" said Harry.

It was impossible to say more. Vernon-Smith signed to the chauffeur, and the car shot away. Billy Bunter, standing by the roadside shaking his fat fist, was left behind, and dropped out of sight; and the car ran on, eating up the miles. And if the Famous Five felt rather sorry for the hapless Owl, Smithy had no compunction. Bunter had asked for it; he was getting it; and that was that!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Beauty and the Beast!

"O H lor'!"

Billy Bunter groaned.

In deep bitterness of spirit did the fat Owl of the Remove groan.

Four miles was not perhaps a tremendous walk to any other fellow, though by rough woodland paths it was rather hard going. But to Bunter it was like unto one of the celebrated Twelve Labours of Hercules. Indeed, it was like the twelve all rolled into one. In a mile there were 1760 yards, which were exactly 1759 too many for Bunter. And four miles—four! Hard going, too! Rough paths, up hill and down dale. And not the remotest prospect of a lift.

On the road there was a chance of a lift; but then by road the distance was nearly twice as great. An awful risk to run, if no lift materialised.

"Oh lor'!" groaned Bunter. "Oh crumbs! Beast!"

He had to walk it. For a quarter of an hour he remained where he was, watching the road towards Lantham with anxious eyes and spectacles, in the faint hope that the Bounder was not in earnest. Every car that came whizzing along he hoped was the Bounder's car. But it wasn't, and Billy Bunter had to give up that faint hope at last.

Groaning, he started on that dreadful walk. On a sharp, clear March day the woods, green with spring, were attractive; but not to Bunter. The late rains had left the paths muddy and damp. He sloshed in many puddles, and splattered himself with mud. He did a quarter of a mile fairly easily, and then stopped to rest. He did another quarter, and stopped for another rest. This was a longer rest—much longer. He sat down at the foot of an ancient beech, rested his weary fat shoulders against it, and remained for more than half an hour, till he found energy enough to get up and get on.

Three long rests punctuated the second half-mile. The afternoon was wearing away. At this rate Bunter was likely to be late in for tea—an awful prospect. But even the fearful danger of missing a meal could not spur him to speed.

A mile was enough for Bunter at the best of times—in fact, too much. He had a lot of weight to carry. How many stones Bunter weighed was variously estimated in the Remove. The juniors' estimates ranging from twelve to thirty-five. Whatever the number, it was a high one. Bunter ran to fat. Fat was rather a burden on a long, long walk. And Bunter, like Cain of old, felt that his burden was greater than he could bear.

His pace now was that of a snail—a very old, and very tired snail.

He crawled, and he tottered.

One weary foot could hardly be dragged after another.

Exactly how much ground he had covered Bunter did not know. It felt like hundreds of miles, if not thousands. A mile and a half left him perspiring, groaning, gurgling, and tottering. The Bounder had predicted that he would finish such a walk on his hands and knees. Really it began to look like it.

Suddenly there was a ring of a bicycle bell.

A cyclist shot by.

Billy Bunter blinked at the rider through his big spectacles. If a Greyfriars fellow was riding so far afield there was a chance—a very faint and slim chance, certainly—that he might give the weary and distressed Owl a lift on his machine.

But it was not a Greyfriars fellow. It was not a boy at all. The fat Owl discerned that it was a girl riding the bike. And as she whizzed by he recognised Marjorie Hazeldene.

He blinked after her in astonishment for a moment, forgetting his own weary troubles.

There was a carrier fastened in front of the bike with a large package on it. Where Marjorie was going alone, miles from her school, with a big bundle on her machine, was rather a mystery.

But Bunter was too fatigued even to be inquisitive. The Cliff House girl was out of sight in a few moments. Bunter did not know whether she had seen him or not. He plugged on wearily.

Bunter's progress could have been calculated in inches now.

Grunting, gasping, groaning and perspiring, he tottered on. It was more than an hour after sighting Marjorie that he reached the spot where the cart-track turned off to Joyce's cottage. Bunter knew that spot, and knew that he had done nearly two miles. There was as much more ahead of him. It was an overwhelming reflection. Bunter sat down on a fallen log and groaned. He could have wept.

Then there came into Bunter's fat brain the same idea that had occurred to Harry Wharton, in the same spot, a few days ago. If old Joyce was at home a lift might be obtained in his wood-cart. Five shillings would work the oracle. Bunter, certainly, hadn't five shillings; but he was prepared to promise five shillings, or five pounds, or five hundred pounds, to get out of that fearful walk.

It was a bright idea, and it quite bucked Bunter. But it was ten minutes' walk along the track to the cottage, which meant that it was a good half-hour for Bunter. He took a long rest first.

He was still resting when the whirr of a bike was heard on the path. He blinked up through his big spectacles, and for the second time beheld Marjorie Hazeldene.

The big package was gone from the bike-carrier now. The girl's face was very set and grave as she rode.

Bunter blinked at her through his big spectacles. It looked as if Marjorie had been to Joyce's cottage—as indeed she had. It was only on half-holidays that she was able to do so. If that was the case, she would be able to tell him if Joyce was there—if the wood-cart was available for an exhausted Owl, and save him a useless walk, if it wasn't.

He heaved his weight up from the log, stepped out into the track, and waved a fat hand.

"I say, Marjorie!" he squeaked.

(Continued on page 23.)



THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Aboard the Sea Spider, the strangest and most deadly steel craft ever constructed to move under the seas, Ulverst, the greatest U-boat commander Germany ever had, accompanied by a competent crew, sets out to wage war against the world. The first vessel to fall a prey to the Sea Spider is the bullion-carrier Minneapolis, from which is transferred bullion to the value of £200,000. Driving on through the surging seas in mid-Atlantic, the Spider eventually reaches the ruins of the lost city of Atlantis. Here, Ulverst discovers treasure worth more than £1,000,000. Content with the ill-gotten gains, Korst, who is in charge of the power house, demands that the loot be shared and the base at Ice Rock abandoned. Much against his wish, Ulverst agrees to discuss the matter later. Meanwhile, he asks Wesel, his second-in-command, to accompany him to his quarters.

(Now read on.)

The Only Way!

CLOSED along with Wesel in his own private quarters, Ulverst paced the rocky floor of the cave, his hands clasping and unclasping behind his back.

"Wesel," he said, coming to a sudden halt, "we had a short way with mutineers in the old War days, had we not?"

"We certainly had!" agreed Wesel grimly.

"And that pig-dog, Korst, is a mutineer," went on Ulverst. "He's dangerous. He'll turn the men against us if we don't shut his mouth for him!"

"And he's got a good friend in Dubowsky," observed Wesel.

"Yes, that's another one," nodded Ulverst; then added savagely: "I wish that fool Valendorf had not interfered to-night. It would have been an excellent thing for everybody if the sea beast had either smothered Dubowsky, or torn his cursed throat out. We've got to get rid of him, Wesel, and of Korst also."

"Yes, but how?" demanded Wesel. "I don't think the men would worry at all about Dubowsky, but Korst is bound to have a following of sorts."

"I wonder just how big a following he has got," said Ulverst. "If I was certain it was not too big, I would hang him from the cliffs to-morrow morning!"

"Yes, but you dare not risk it," said Wesel. "I've learned this from life—the moment you make a martyr of a man you make friends for him."

"Yes, that is correct," nodded Ulverst. "But we must do something. The fellow has got to be silenced before he can do too much damage. There must be a way out, somehow. Wesel, because I am determined not to abandon Ice Rock until I have a million pounds in cash for myself, you, and my other officers."

He fell to pacing the floor again, then suddenly wheeled on Wesel and said:

"Bring Luther here. He's in charge of the workshops, and is to be relied on thoroughly; he'll be able to tell us just how many are likely to follow Korst."

Obediently Wesel departed, to reap-

pear a few minutes later, followed by the well-built and muscular Luther—who at one time had been works manager of a famous German engineering firm, but who had fallen from grace because of the sale of some plans which were not his property, but that of his firm.

On his release from prison he had been met by Ulverst, and, a broken and embittered man, he had taken service with that arch-pirate, whom he now served loyally and devotedly.

"Tell me, Luther," said Ulverst—"how many, think you, are of the same mind as Korst?"

"It is difficult to say," replied Luther. "A full score at least—maybe more."

"Well, that's bad enough," said Ulverst. "Twenty malcontents in any camp would soon mean a hundred. We've got to get rid of these fellows somehow, Luther."

"Yes, I agree," said Luther slowly. "But it is difficult to know just what to do. As I say, Korst's followers may number more than I think, and to attack Korst might bring them out in open mutiny."

"With Dubowsky behind them!" snapped Ulverst. "The fool is jealous of me. He thinks the Spider is some glorified toy. He'd like to play with it. Oh, curse him, Korst—and the lot of them!"

He commenced pacing the floor again, his tanned and clean-cut features set in grim and puzzled thought. Luther and Wesel watched him in silence. They knew the seriousness of the position. If Korst was not silenced, as the days went by he would enlist more and more recruits to his cause, until eventually Ulverst would be forced to bow to the opinion of superior numbers and quit the base.

Neither Wesel nor Luther wanted to quit yet. Like Ulverst and many others, they wanted to get as much out of the game as they could before abandoning Ice Rock.

To men such as these the fact that it was a perilous game they were playing, with death as the stake against fabulous wealth, only made them the more keen,

and added a savour to their wild and unprincipled life.

So silently they watched the pacing, thoughtful Ulverst until suddenly he wheeled on them, his eyes glinting.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "I know how we can once and for all stamp out this talk of quitting the base!"

Swiftly he explained, and as he spoke, the faces of his hearers grew grave; for it was indeed a villainous scheme which Ulverst unfolded to them.

Seeing their hesitancy, Ulverst snatched a clenched fist into the palm of his hand.

"It is the only way, I tell you!" he said savagely. "These pig-dogs must be taught once and for all that I am master here, and those who question my authority, or my orders, do so at their peril!"

Wesel and Luther exchanged glances. What each saw in the other's eyes only they themselves knew; but almost instantly Wesel made answer to Ulverst.

"Yes, I agree. It is the only way. I stand in with you."

"And you, Luther?" pressed Ulverst.

"I also am with you," answered Luther.

Put to the Vote!

IT was not until late that the carousal and drunken orgy broke up, and it was not until late the following day that any attempt was made to resume work.

But even that was delayed, for messengers went from cave to cave telling the men to assemble in the main cave at three o'clock in the afternoon, when Korst's proposition of quitting the base would be discussed.

"So," sneered Dubowsky, when Ulverst's order had been brought to him and Valendorf. "Ulverst is beginning to see reason; beginning to weaken, if you want me to put it bluntly."

Valendorf shook his head. "Ulverst is not the sort of man to weaken," he said. "I cannot under-

stand him giving Korst an opportunity such as this to air his views."

"Bah!" exploded Dubowsky. "It is not the fact that Korst has the views; it is because I hold the same that Ulverst has called this meeting. The man knows I am as powerful as him. After all, the Spider is mine. I designed her. She is the child of my brain. No; Ulverst has realised that he dare not cross me too far."

Valendorf looked at him, seemed about to say something, then closed his thin lips firmly. What point was there, what good could be done, in attempting to convince this fatuous imbecile that he counted less even than Falzo, the second watch-keeping officer, in the eyes of the hard and ruthless men who worked on Ice Rock and who manned the Spider?

At three o'clock that same afternoon Dubowsky made his way triumphantly to the cave, in company with Valendorf, who had really no wish to attend the meeting, but who was curious to see what would transpire; for Valendorf was shrewd, and the more he thought of Ulverst having seemingly given in to Korst, or, at least, met him half-way, the more he was convinced that there was some mystery behind it all.

The main cave was crowded when Dubowsky and Valendorf arrived, and, satisfied that every man was present, Ulverst called the sullen and bearded Korst to him.

"Now, men," he cried, when Korst stood beside him, "this man made a suggestion last night which I have called this meeting to consider. His suggestion was that we share out the loot and abandon the base. This is a question which must be decided once and for all. I will now ask Korst to tell you all just why he thinks we ought to abandon the base, and then I will tell you why I think we should not. We will then put the matter to the vote. Is that agreeable to you all?"

"Yes!" came a shout of assent.

"Carry on then, Korst," said Ulverst. "You'd better address the meeting from the table!"

Mounting clumsily on to the table, Korst embarked on a speech, remarkable only for the growling and illiterate manner in which it was delivered.

He employed the same arguments as he had the previous night, dwelling on the possibility of capture or the arrival at the base of some stray whaler which might report what it had seen to the authorities, who would certainly dispatch a warship to investigate the activity on lonely Ice Rock.

The men followed him intently, and Korst's concluding remarks delivered with a sudden savage ferocity were a brief resume of his address.

"So now you know!" he snarled. "It's been a risky game all along, and the sooner we're through with it, the better. Get out while we can and live to spend what we've got, or stay here and be caught. It's up to you to make the choice."

With that he descended from the table and Ulverst took his place. Talking easily and fluently and listened to in tense silence, Ulverst quoted Korst's arguments against staying on the island, and then proceeded to tear them to shreds.

"He speaks of the danger of some whaler coming here," he said. "What possible danger exists there? Do you think we'd be fools enough to let the crew or officers land here, look round, and then sail away to tell of what they'd seen?"

He laughed.

"No, if any whaler comes nosing in here it will never live to sail away. These waters are ours, and we can attack and sink any vessel, no matter what its size."

He passed on, then, to the danger of capture.

"Again it is coward's talk," he said. "I do not know what they are saying about the Minneapolis, but I will wager a thousand pounds to a penny that if there were any survivors their story is that the vessel blew up. We were not seen and we never will be seen. We can sink vessel after vessel, and who will guess how they were lost? None at all!"

There was common sense in that which his hearers were not slow to appreciate, and he passed on to the actual little wealth in cash that there was to share out, stressing the fact, as he had done the night before, of the almost unsurmountable difficulty the men would have in turning the jewels of lost Atlantis into hard cash.

"Men," he concluded earnestly, "I am your leader, and if I am to continue so it is essential that I have your complete trust. Please believe me when I say I will never lead you into any greater peril than that in which you now stand by the very nature of your work. If I thought we were in danger of being sought because of the sinking of the Minneapolis I would tell you so, and we would disband. But I know we are in no danger at all of that, and so I say let us carry on until each and every

one of us is rich beyond his wildest dreams. Leave now, and you leave with a few beggarly thousands, if that. Let us carry out a few more cruises, and in the meantime let me convert the wealth of Atlantis into cash, and you will leave here with one hundred thousand pounds apiece. I guarantee that!"

He paused for a moment, then went on:

"But I want no man working for me who does not have implicit trust in my leadership, for, naturally, I myself could not place trust in such a man. Will those who wish to leave now with Korst please stand against that wall there, and those who wish to remain here with me please stand against that opposite wall."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" chattered Dubowsky. "I want to speak to these men, Ulverst. I demand to be heard in support of Korst's contention that by remaining here we are risking our necks!"

Ulverst smiled, and one or two of the men, seeing that slightly contemptuous smile, laughed outright. The sound whipped Dubowsky to fury, and, scrambling on to the table, he embarked on a speech which was little more than a bitter and vituperative attack on Ulverst, whom he accused of usurping the command which should really be his.

Ulverst listened with smiling and courteous attention, and when at length Dubowsky had concluded, he mounted again to the table.

"You have seen and you know the men who want you to quit," he said. "Korst and Dubowsky. You have heard what I had to say. It is for you to make your choice. Korst's men over against the wall on the right. Those who agree with me over against the wall on the left."

About twenty men slouched sullenly over to the right where Korst was standing, grouping themselves about him. The remainder, numbering almost a hundred, moved over to the left, which signified that they were willing to remain on Ice Rock and carry on under the leadership of Ulverst.

"So," said Ulverst, looking at the Korst contingent, "you are the rats who want to leave the ship, are you? Well, you won't leave, for then you would betray us. I will not have you in my service any longer, for your grumbings and fears will upset the rest of my men!"

"What do you intend to do, then?" snarled Korst.

"Merely exterminate you!" answered Ulverst pleasantly, then leaping from the table he shouted: "Carry on, Wesel, let the curs have it!"

A Grim Lesson!

INSTANTLY, from the black curtain which hung at the rear of the cave, came the snarling rat-tat-tat of machine-guns, and the shadows were riven by two jagged orange streaks of flame.

Full into the Korst contingent ploughed the bullets, tearing through the screaming, jostling group who were literally mown down by that savage, incessant fire.

"You devil!" screamed Dubowsky, charging wildly at Ulverst, his long fingers curved like claws.

Wheeling, Ulverst faced him, white to the lips, then he shot out a clenched fist which took Dubowsky full in the mouth, sending him reeling back.

Ulverst's guns were out the next

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moment, and he faced the men who had sided with him.

"I'll have no cowards and weaklings in my service!" he shouted. "Seize those men who are still alive!"

The snarling chatter of the machine-guns had ceased, and menaced by those guns of Ulverst's, his men rushed forward and seized those of Korst's who still lived in that ghastly shambles against the opposite wall.

There were but eight, and five of those were badly wounded.

"Take them up to the cliffs!" ordered Ulverst harshly. "And bring sufficient rope to hang them!"

In vain the terrified wretches screamed to be spared. Ulverst, the man who had sunk the Minneapolis without a qualm, sending hundreds of innocent souls to their deaths, was not likely to be moved by the pleas and prayers of scum whom he knew would ferment dissatisfaction in his camp.

Wesel and Luther had emerged from behind the curtain, where they had been squatting by their two machine-guns during the whole of the meeting. Both were strangely drawn and haggard of feature, for theirs had been a dreadful task. But, like Ulverst, they knew that if they were to carry on successfully on Ice Rock there must be no malcontents of the type of Korst, who had gone down with a bullet through his throat.

Now that they had recovered from the first shock of Ulverst's grim lesson, the men who had sided with him went savagely about the job of hanging those who would have deserted.

Wolves they were, human wolves, who knew neither pity nor mercy, for to many the world had proved itself both pitiless and merciless.

With taunts and jeers they dragged their wretched captives up to the top of the cliffs, and when they descended some thirty minutes later eight human forms dangled above the water eight hundred feet below.

Dubowsky had fled to his quarters. Lying face downwards on his bed, he was sobbing like a child, his scraggy form quivering with rage and fear.

Merciful Heaven, what sort of a man was this Ulverst that he could have been guilty of such butchery? Strange, you may think, why the drowning of the passengers and crew of the Minneapolis had not roused some such thought or emotion in Dubowsky. But he had not seen those poor souls die. Moreover he had been absorbed in the performance of his beloved Spider. But this slaughter, so vicious and ferocious, had appalled and terrified him.

He could still hear the screams of the dying, could still see Ulverst's deathly face, could still feel the cruel blow Ulverst had struck him.

He sobbed and he prayed and he cursed, until a hand on his shoulder caused him to raise his tear-stained and distorted face.

Ulverst was standing over him.

"What do you want?" croaked Dubowsky. "You're not going to kill me—you can't—you couldn't do it, Ulverst—"

In his terror he grasped Ulverst by the arm and stroked it with shaking hand.

"You can't kill me, Ulverst!" he cried. "I don't want to be in command—I never meant to support Korst—it was just because you always treated me as though I didn't count—humiliated me—me who made the Spider—"

"Get up!" cut in Ulverst sternly.

"No, no!" moaned Dubowsky. "You're going to kill me—I know you are—I can see it in your face!" His voice rose to a scream. "You cannot—

you cannot do it—you must not kill me! Valendorf—Valendorf!"

"Stop it, you fool!" grated Ulverst. "I am not going to kill you unless you give me cause. Get up!"

He half dragged the terrified Dubowsky to his feet, and when the man stood tremblingly before him, he said sternly:

"I tell you frankly, Dubowsky, it was my intention to kill you with the others. If you had stood with Korst, as you are stupid enough to have done, you would either have been mown down with him, or hanged with those who survived. But you have lived, and it is no longer my intention to harm you, for a poor thing like you can do nothing to hurt me now!"

He stared into the piteously working face, and his tones became softer as he went on:

"You were never cut out for real villainy, Dubowsky, and it is perhaps a pity you ever met me. But there is no turning back now for any of us. In future, devote your time and your attention to your drawings, inventions, and experiments, and you and I will not quarrel. But, remember, I am leader here, and if ever you dispute my authority again, I will snuff you out like that!"

He snapped forefinger and thumb in unmistakable gesture.

"You need have no fear, Ulverst," babbled Dubowsky, seizing him by the hand. "I have been foolish, and I know it. I will not be so in future, nor will I interfere with your plans or your command of the Spider. I am with you, Ulverst, and will support you in everything!"

"Then see to it that you do!" replied Ulverst grimly, "for I am leaving here at once!"

"Leave—leaving here?" stammered Dubowsky.

"Yes," replied Ulverst. "The Spider must be overhauled, so I am taking the opportunity of flying to the mainland, where I will make arrangements for the disposal of the Atlantis treasure. I am leaving Wesel in sole command until I return!"

Battling Against the Elements!

THE mooring-ropes of Ulverst's white, twin-engined amphibian monoplane had already been cast off, and the machine was waiting, with engines ticking over.

After a final consultation with Wesel, Luther, Braden, and his other officers, Ulverst bade them farewell and clambered aboard the monoplane.

The men knew where Ulverst was going, for he had told them, and as he settled himself more comfortably in his seat, snapped down his goggles, and opened up the engines, they gave him a full-throated cheer.

Under the pull of its whirling screws the monoplane tore across the water, leaving a long line of creaming foam swirling in its wake. Then back came the control-stick, and the great, white-winged monoplane soared gracefully up into the grey of the Arctic sky and swung southwards towards the far-distant mainland.

There was a bitter chill in the air as, at a height of two thousand feet, Ulverst roared on over that desolate waste of waters, which stretched away as far as the eye could see.

Above him, the sky was becoming bleak and lowering, and nothing broke the tense and brooding hush of the Arctic save the thunder of the powerful engines as the monoplane drove on through limitless space.

The sea was a sluggish, oily-brown, for Ulverst was over the region of drift-

ing icefields. They lay there on the water like great plains of floating snow, vividly white against the dark background of sea, and untroubled by the foot of man.

An hour passed, and then another, and suddenly Ulverst leaned forward in his seat scanning the darkening sky ahead with anxious eyes.

"Oh, curse it!" he muttered.

He was heading into snow, and, pulling back the control-stick, he lifted the nose of the monoplane. Yet, looking at that mounting pall of blue-black cloud ahead, he knew it would be impossible to climb above the storm which was sweeping towards him.

From two thousand five hundred feet the altimeter crept to three thousand—three thousand five hundred—four thousand feet!

The monoplane was flying now through a ghostly light like that of some dread and chilling twilight, and ahead the sea had been blotted out as though by night.

There came then a few white and drifting flakes of snow which eddied and swirled madly as they were caught up in the rushing slip-stream of the thundering propellers. A moment later the machine was lifting and plunging through a screaming blizzard of solid, driving whiteness.

Blinding, stinging, cutting snow came driving in from every angle, blotting out wings and fuselage, and bemusing the mind with the ferocity of its attack.

It was impossible to see a foot through the swirling sea of whiteness, and the roar of the engines was lost in the scream of the hurricane as it plucked at the immense wing-spread with giant invisible fingers.

Crouched over the controls, flying blind, Ulverst fought magnificently to keep the swinging, reeling, plunging monoplane from falling away into the death dive which would have but one end in the waters somewhere below.

Time and again by superb piloting he pulled the machine from out some threatened spin or roll, but she was fighting like a mad thing for her head. It was a battle between man and elements for possession of the machine.

But Ulverst was worried as was evident from his haggard face. He was losing height. The screaming blizzard was forcing him down, and even his powerful engines thundering at full revolutions, were but puny things when reckoned against the mighty forces he was contesting.

His altimeter needle, swaying and jumping madly as now the monoplane was lifted and swirled like a leaf before the gale, and now sent hurtling seawards in a sudden downward rush of snow-laden hurricane, was dropping remorselessly back.

At one time the monoplane was less than five hundred feet above the sea, and Ulverst knew that should he be caught in a sudden downward thrust of the raging storm, he would finish up in the water, which would mean the end of him in those lonely and desolate Arctic wastes.

Desperately he tried to climb, but he had little control now, for the screaming blizzard seemed to be gaining in intensity every moment.

His glass-enclosed cockpit was piled thick with snow through which he could see nothing. But that was not worrying Ulverst. What he wanted was height, for height meant safety.

(Is Ulverst fighting a losing battle? Be sure to read next week's chapters of this gripping yarn of adventure, chums!)

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HONOURS EVEN!

(Continued from page 24.)

Marjorie gave a sudden start as she saw him. Even Bunter could not fancy that she was glad to see him. The curious and inquisitive Owl, in fact, was the very last fellow Marjorie wanted to see so near John James Hazeldene's secret lurking-place. She set her lips as she braked. She had to stop, as Bunter was blocking the way.

"I say! Have you been to Joyce's cottage?" gasped Bunter, as the Cliff House girl dismounted.

Marjorie hesitated a second.

"Yes," she answered.

"Is he at home with his cart?"

"No."

"Oh lor!" groaned Bunter.

He gave a deep, deep groan. The utter dismal woe in his fat face made Marjorie smile, but roused her compassion, also. She could see that the fat junior was all in. Indeed, the Bounder himself might have pitied him at that moment. Smithy, in fact, had not realised what a fearful punishment he had inflicted on the hapless Owl. He knew that Bunter was fat and slack and lazy, and would be tired to the bone; but, strong and sturdy himself, he had not realised how utterly "done" the unfortunate Owl would be.

"Have you lost your way?" asked Marjorie.

She was quite surprised to see Bunter so far abroad on his own.

"Eh! No! That beast Smithy stranded me!" moaned Bunter. "I say, I—I've got to walk to the school—Oh lor! I say! Are you sure I can't get a lift in old Joyce's cart?"

"Quite sure!" answered Marjorie. "Mr Joyce is at Woodend with his cart."

Groan!

"Are you very tired?"

Groan!

Marjorie looked at him compassionately. Bunter was not popular at Cliff House. His treatment of girls varied between ill-mannered indifference and impertinent familiarity. Miss Clara, indeed, had described him as an odious little beast!

But in his present doleful state Marjorie forgot that he was a little beast! She had arranged to get back to Cliff House for tea—she did not want long absences to be remarked on. But it was clear that the suffering Owl was in need of first aid!

"Get on my bike," she said kindly; "I'll walk."

Bunter brightened up.

"I—I—I say! Mean it?" he gasped.

Marjorie smiled.

"Yes; get on."

Bunter got on. He was too tired to drive the pedals, if it came to that, but cycling was easier than walking. He plugged along on Marjorie's machine, the girl walking by his side with springy steps. Bunter's rate of speed, on the bike, was just sufficient to keep it from toppling over; so the Cliff House girl had no difficulty in keeping pace.

The fat Owl headed for Friardale Lane, the nearest point to Greyfriars.

By what miracle Billy Bunter's weary little fag legs plugged the distance he never knew. But by the time he emerged into Friardale Lane he was leaning over the handlebars like a sack of straw, and the bike was wobbling dangerously. Marjorie took a grip on it and steadied it.

At that point she had expected Bunter to walk the rest, and let her have her machine back. But Bunter, so far from being able to walk the rest, was not able even to ride it! Marjorie realised that if she let go the bike, it would topple over and land Bunter in the road.

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter. "Oh lor! That beast Smithy—Oh crumbs! Wow!"

"I had better see you to Greyfriars!" said Marjorie, half-laughing.

Groan!

"Hold on!"

Groan!

Bunter tried to hold on, but failed, and Marjorie had all her work cut out to save him from falling.

"Ooocoh!" groaned the fat Removite. "I—I—I can't move another step! Maybe if I sit on the carrier of your bike, you—you—"

"What!" Marjorie almost gasped. "The carrier won't hold you; it's—"

"I'll try it, anyway," said Bunter.

"No, no, Bunter!" cried Marjorie anxiously. "We're almost at the gates of Greyfriars now. I'll go and get help!"

Marjorie mounted the bicycle and was about to pedal off when Bunter fairly collapsed and slumped into the carrier of the bicycle.

There was no help for it now, and Marjorie did her best to carry the fat junior the few remaining yards to the school gates.

There was an ominous creak as the carrier gave way with the strain, but, somehow or other, Bunter managed to cling on.

Skinner and Snoop met them near the gates and shrieked.

But Bunter was past caring for

tailes like that! Utterly spent, the fat Owl was just able to cling on.

Marjorie's face was pink when she arrived at the school gateway and found a swarm of fellows there looking out. Bunter did not care! Bunter cared for nothing, but to get in and sit down.

"What the thump—" yelled Peter Todd.

"What the dooce—" shrieked Temple of the Fourth.

"Home they brought the warrior dead!" recited Skinner.

"Beauty and the beast!" chuckled Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Bunter!"

"Marjorie!" Hazel rushed out, "What the thump—"

"Bunter was tired," said Marjorie. "Help him in, Hazel!"

"The fat idiot—"

Six or seven fellows rushed to relieve Marjorie of her burden. Roars of laughter awoke the echoes, as Bunter sagged heavily in the hands of his helpers.

Marjorie remounted the bike and rode away. Bunter, tottering, moaning, was half-led, half-carried across the quad and assisted into the House. The chortling juniors rolled him into the Rag, and landed him into an arm-chair. Bunter collapsed in it like a fat jelly. He did not stir from that arm-chair till the bell rang for calling-over.

Harry Wharton & Co. came back with Smithy, just in time for roll. They had a view of Billy Bunter tottering into Hall, leaning heavily on the arm of Peter.

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

"Beast!"

"Tired?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Beast!"

"The tirefulness seems to be terrific!"

"Beast!"

"Had a nice walk?" asked Bull.

"Beast!"

"Good joke, what?" asked the Bounder. "Feel like bagging a fellow's car again, Bunter?"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter's vocabulary seemed limited. But it was expressive. Bunter, just then, could not help feeling that it was a beastly world, populated almost entirely by beasts—himself, in fact, the only really decent chap in it!

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss: "THE SLEUTH OF GREYFRIARS!" the next yarn in this grand series. You'll vote it grand!)

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MOUTH-ORGANISTS! RALLY!

Some awful cad has asked the Head to ban mouth-organs. Are you going to have your rights filched from you without protest? Not likely! Turn up (with your mouth-organs) in the Rag next Tuesday, at 8 p.m., and show Greyfriars that we're completely in harmony!



No. 129 (New Series).

THE NEW Greyfriars Herald

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.



March 23rd, 1935.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TUCK!

Why be haunted with the dread of returning to a raided study? Buy a Trevor Tuck Tank to-day and defy marauders! Guaranteed absolutely Bunter-proof! — For demonstration, apply Trevor's Tuck Tanks, Study No. 9, Remove.

THE KRAZY FORM KAPTIN!

By DICKY NUGENT

"Sloggem Hall's a beastly booby and a brootal tyrant!" said Jack Jolly, of the Fourth Form at St. Sam's.

"Hear, hear!" "On the bawl, Jolly!" "He uses his terrific strength to inspire terror in the hearts of chaps only a quarter his size," went on Jolly. "But so far he hasn't succeeded in inspiring terror in us. Loathing and contempt—yes; but terror—no!"

"No fear!" A protest meeting had been called in the Junior Common-room at St. Sam's, and Jack Jolly, once kaptin of the Fourth, but now deposed in favor of the giant skoolboy Sloggem Hall, had been going it hot and strong as principal speaker. Jack was a forceful and trenchant orator, and, though his voice quivered and quavered and shivered and shook with anger, he never once wobbled in what he had to say.

I NEVER SNEAK

Declares HAROLD SKINNER

I make it a point never to sneak. Sneaking's an awful crime. I couldn't bear fellows to think I was a sneak.

Once I saw a Sixth Former smoking a cigarette in his study. The Head asked me about it; but do you think I gave the game away? Not I! I told a white lie, instead. I said the chap was only eating opium.

On another occasion, I spotted a senior breaking bounds. I could easily have got a pat on the back from the Beak by reporting the matter. But I contented myself with blackmailing the fellow. I simply couldn't bring myself to sneak.

I was sorely tempted to sneak one examination day, when I noticed the chap at the next desk using a crib. I almost did it; and then my schoolboy code of honour asserted itself and I didn't after all. I preferred to snatch the crib from him and use it myself. I thus avoided the blush of shame that would have covered my face had I descended to sneaking.

Some fellows maintain that I'm a quixotic ass for being so particular about never sneaking; but I'm not. I'm just a human being like anyone else, with all a human being's failings. I'm as cunning as a rat, lie like an Ananias, and smoke like a chimney-stack. Just an ordinary common or garden school-boy, you see.

But I never sneak.

"Gentlemen!" said Jack Jolly, as, with typical cleverness, he threw out his hands in a pleading gesture and at the same time wiped the perspiration from his brow. "The Fourth has never yet boughed at the foot of a conker, and it's not going to start now! Let us go forward with brave hearts, convinced of the justness of our cause! Let our motto be 'S. H. M. G.'—Sloggem Hall Must Go! Let—"

"WOT?" It was a booming, rumbling voice from the doorway—a voice that everybody reckoned immediately. "Sloggem Hall!" went round a fearful whisper. And the seven-foot high skoolboy stalked into the middle of the meeting.

On his way, Sloggem Hall lightly brushed aside one or two fellows who stood in his path, and they span away into the farthest corners of the room just as though a mule had kicked them!

"Wot's all this 'ere?" he demanded, fiercely. "Ow dare you rebel agin my horthority? Down on your neeze, everybody, an' beg my pardon!" "Not likely!" cried Jack Jolly, scornfully. "You won't catch us sub-

mitting to a beastly booby and a trocheous tyrant!"

"Ho! In that case, I'll 'ave to make you!" leered Sloggem Hall, and, with a slight nudge of his elbow, he sent fully a duzen juniors staggering down on their neezes. After that he reached forward, seized Jack Jolly by the hair between his thumb and forefinger, dropped him on to the floor, and made him grovel in the same way.

"Well, that's that!" growled Sloggem Hall, apparently satisfied. Then he sat down on the solid steel chair that had been placed in the Common-room for his special benefit and lit a big cigar, while the Fourth Formers assembled at a respectful distance, eyeing him with grate disfavor.

"Now about this football match this arternoon," said Sloggem Hall. "We are playin' St. Bill's, I believe."

"We are—not you!" corrected Jack Jolly, fearlessly. "We're not going to allow a cadd and a rotter like you to disgrace our team!"

"Hear, hear!" Rather to the surprise of the Fourth, Sloggem Hall laughed.

"Har, har, har!" he roared. "That's wot I call funny! Wot I was goin' to say was that as Form Kaptin I've decided not to trouble about the rest of you this arternoon. Jest to give St. Bill's a sportin' chance. I've decided to play them all by myself!"

"Wha-a-at?" "Makes you stare, wot?" laughed Sloggem Hall. "But

you'll stare even more when you see the game. And when your noo Form Kaptin, by 'is skill an' science, 'as wacked your old rivals entirely on 'is own, you'll be forced to admit that in me you've got a kaptin worthy of the name!"

"G-g-grate pip!" The Fourth Formers stared at the seven-foot skoolboy in amazement. They were quite willing to believe that he could beat the St. Bill's team on his own at All-In Wrestling or Battleaxe Fighting. But footer was different. There were rules and regulations in the grand old winter game which could not be ignored, and how Sloggem Hall could hope to win without breaking them was a puzzle.

For the answer to the question, the juniors had to wait till the afternoon. They possessed their soles



in patience—and kicked their heels about till the time of the match drew nigh.

The St. Bill's fellows were surprised when they arrived to see Jack Jolly and his pals still in mufti.

"What, not changed yet?" asked Manley, the kaptin of the visitors' side, as he stepped down from the St. Bill's charrabang and shook hands with Jack.

"No, old chap," answered Jack Jolly with a frown. "I'm afraid we shan't be changing at all to-day. The fact is, a beastly booby and

tyrant has yawsurped my position and 'as 'is fresh arrangements about the match."

And Jack explained to Manley & Co., much to their distonishment, that they were to play a one-man team that afternoon.

No sooner had he disclosed his remarks than the gigantic figger of Sloggem Hall loomed up on the scene. The fellows then began to get an inkling of the methods he intended to use to win the match, for the referee who accompanied him was none other than Dr. Birchmall, the Head of St. Sam's!

Their worst fears were soon realised. In the first few seconds of the game, St. Bill's took the ball down the field and bore down on Sloggem Hall's goal as though nothing could stop them. But as soon as they looked dangerous, the Head blew a shrill blast on his whistle and pointed to the other end of the field.

"Fowl!" he said calmly. "I award a penalty against St. Bill's!"

"What for, sir?" gasped Manley. "There wasn't a sign of a fowl—and anyway we weren't playing in the penalty area!"

Dr. Birchmall fixed the St. Bill's kaptin with his piercing, lip-smacking eye.

"I trust you are not going to start arguings this arternoon," he said boldly. "If you are, it will be my unpleasant duty to request your headmaster to fetch you black and blow whet you get back to St. Bill's!"

And Manley, like one in a dream, retired, completely baffled.

Sloggem Hall took the penalty kick. Despite his grato strength, he had no idea of footer, and the spectators were not surprised to

see him shoot at least twenty yards wide of the goal.

What did surprise them, however, was to see Dr. Birchmall blow his whistle and point to the centre of the field.

"Goal!" they heard him say. "First blud to St. Sam's! A grate goal, Hall!"

"But it wasn't a goal at all!" shrieked Manley. "One more word from you, and I will write that letter to your headmaster!" rapped out Dr. Birchmall. And Manley decided to say no more.

From that moment Sloggem Hall had it all his own way. The Head allowed him to handle the ball, to nock his opponents spinning, and to take penalty kicks at frequent intervals—all of which were counted as goals, despite the fact that none of them went anywhere near the net.

Long before the interval the St. Bill's men were fed up to the teeth with it; and when half-time did come, they decided to finish for the day.

Then, when they had gone, came the crowning injustice. Before returning to the pavilion, Sloggem Hall waded into the Fourth-Formers and boxed their ears right and left because they had booed.

"That settles it!" remarked Jack Jolly, as he led the juniors back to the Skool House. "Things have reached a crisis now, and I'm going to rid St. Sam's of this tyrant or perish in the attempt!"

"But how is it to be done?" asked Frank Fearless. Jack Jolly's answer was kryptic, but full of meaning: "Wait and see!"

(Does Jolly succeed? For the answer, read "JACK JOLLY, GIANT-KILLER!" the last yarn in this hair-raising series, in next week's number!—Ed.)

TOM BROWN asks— IS THE MOUTH-ORGAN BANNED?

A crisis is threatened in Greyfriars musical circles—a crisis as overwhelming as it was unexpected. Persistent rumours are abroad that the mouth-organ is to be banned!

True, nothing definite is known about it yet. But a straw shows which way the wind blows and there have been several indications that the rumours are only too well-founded. Only yesterday, Wingate shouted up to Rake, who was perched on a branch of one of the elmtrees in the quad, having a practice, that if he didn't stop that fearful row, there'd be trouble. What are we musicians to infer from this incident? I can hardly believe that the powers that be really do mean to silence the dulcet notes of that beautiful instrument, the mouth-organ. Yet in these days when Philistinism looms so large over the land, I suppose even this outrage is possible!

What will Greyfriars be without it? Imagine First Day of Term without a single mouth-organ to celebrate our reunion! Imagine the Rag without those occasional haunting strains that liven it up at present! Imagine a footer charabanc leaving the gates without one throbbing note from a mouth-organ to cheer it on its way! Why, it doesn't bear thinking about!

If the authorities actually are thinking of imposing this ban, I seriously advise them to think twice about it. I've spoken to several fellow mouth-organists on the subject and they feel the same as myself. They'll have to go on playing, ban or no ban! The beaks will never stop the mouth-organ at Greyfriars. They'll



merely drive it underground! Secret mouth-organ societies will spring up like mushrooms, with masked members and practice-nights in the Crypt or in sealed box-rooms. Law-abiding citizens will become desperate law-breakers, willing to fight to the last ditch for their mouth-organs!

So let our anti-musical masters be warned in time. Let them ponder on the fearful consequences of this proposed ban and relent while they may!

Our ancient rights and privileges are dear to us, and we fully intend to keep them. AND OUR MOUTH-ORGANS!

Removites! Have Curly Hair!

Wouldn't you like an orderly mop of curly hair instead of the untidy mat that covers your napper at present? You would? Then trot along to the Sixth Form passage and listen to Loder. The things he's saying about the Remove will make your hair curl in no time!

QUITE LIKELY!

"NERVOUS PATIENT" writes to ask if it's true that the visiting school dentist was once a sergeant-major in the Army. We shouldn't be at all surprised, "Nervous Patient." Chaps who've had their teeth stopped by him tell us he still does an awful lot of drilling!

SOMETHING IN THE AIR

By BOB CHERRY

The other day I saw Peter Todd digging away like a pneumatic drill at one of the plots behind the Head's house.

"Hidden treasure, old bean?" I asked him.

"No, just gardening," was Toddy's surprising answer.

Since that occasion several other unusual sights have smitten my optics.

Believe it or not, old pals, I went down to the gates, to be greeted with a hearty "Good mornin'!" from Gosling. When I turned round, the old beggar was actually smiling.

Then I saw Temple of the Fourth, come out of the House, stand at the top of the steps, and sniff—and it was a genuine sniff of pleasure, and not one of his customary super-silly-ass sniffs!

When I got in to brekker, there was Quolchy, whose dyspeptic innards are usually satisfied with weak tea and dry toast, cheerfully wading into fried eggs and bacon!

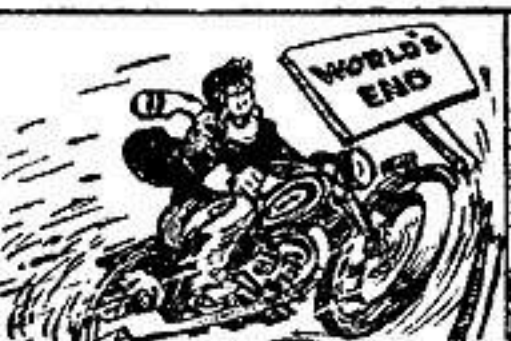
By this time I was getting used to miracles. It was just as well I was, for I saw a lot more afterwards. Loder, whistling on his way to class, for instance. And Hoskins, deciding to play footer instead of the piano. And good old Mauly, wonderin', begged, whether to try the new hard tennis-court or go for a walk!

No question about it, you sportsmen, there's something in the air, this week. Yes, you're right. IT'S SPRING!

GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT



When Bunter went on a swing-boat at the Courtfield Fair the structure creaked ominously under Bunter's weight, and the showman begged him to come down. Bunter did so—seizing the opportunity of "swinging it" on the showman by refusing to pay!



Rare! A week passes without Coker of the Fifth getting into trouble with his motor-bike. The other day, roaming far afield, he crashed into a signpost which read: "World's End, 1 mile. Bent and battered, Coker felt it might well be true!



Tom Redwing, the sailorman of the Remove, offered to teach Billy Bunter to sail a dinghy in Pez Pond. In spite of Redwing's sea-manship, however, Bunter's clumsy efforts very nearly capsized the boat. Bunter was glad his nose was on the ground! He to reach the shore!



May and Fry, Cecil Reginald Remble's henchmen of the Upper Fourth, evolved an acrobatic "turn" in which Dabney made manship, however. Bunter's flying leap, "dabbed" sized the boat. Bunter was glad his nose was on the ground! He to reach the shore!



Richard Hilary, the Remove tennis champion, always leaps over the net after a game. Bolsover major tried to imitate him—but the "net" result was that Bolsover somersaulted and landed—flat! Bolsover's "double fault"!



Skinner affirms that during last vac. Bunter attempted to go over a submarine at Portsmouth—but stuck in the narrow conning-tower. Bunter denies this—but his tremendous bulk at the waist-line makes Removites feel there may be some truth in it!