

"Harry Wharton's Double!" Exciting School Story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars . . **Inside!**

The Magnet ^{2^d}





Come Into the Office, Boys—and Girls!

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.

EVER seen a whirlpool, chums? One of my Bristol readers asks if there are such things, and if so, what are they like.

Quite a number of stories have been written and told about whirlpools, but I am sorry to say that they are all exaggerations. For instance,

THE GREATEST WHIRLPOOL IN THE WORLD

is said to be the Maelstrom, off the west coast of Norway. Edgar Allen Poe wrote a spine-chilling yarn about a boat that was sucked down into it, and, as a result, people imagined that this mighty whirlpool actually existed. Jules Verne also wrote about it. Alas, the truth is that although the Maelstrom is dangerous in certain states of wind and tide, it is really only a "tide-rip." It consists of a series of eddies and tiny whirlpools, and it is quite conceivable that a small boat might get into difficulties in it, and possibly be driven ashore or caused to founder. Such tide-rips are frequent in many parts of the world. There are many, for instance, around the Orkney and Shetland Isles.

I must say my Lancashire readers are most loyal to their county! One of my Bootle readers, who signs himself "E. C.," takes me to task for saying that London is

THE GREATEST PORT IN THE WORLD.

E. C. contradicts me, and says that Liverpool is the greatest port. Sorry, and all that, but my original statement was correct. During the last year the amount of net registered tonnage which used the Port of London was nearly 59,000,000. This was a record, and, in fact, was equal to the combined traffic of the next two greatest ports in the United Kingdom. Liverpool comes second on the list of Britain's great ports, and Southampton third. Taking the whole of the world's ports, Antwerp, New York, Hamburg, and Hong Kong come after London, with Liverpool thus taking sixth place. Sorry to disappoint my loyal Liverpool readers, but there it is!

"Inquirer," who writes to me from Portsmouth, tells me

HE WANTS TO JOIN THE U.S. NAVY,

and asks me how to set about it. I'm afraid that he will find it is impossible if he is a British citizen. He would first of all have to emigrate to America—and the emigration rules are very stringent, owing to the fact that there are so many unemployed in the United States. Even if my chum succeeded in getting permission to land in America, he would have to become a naturalised American, and then apply for enlistment in the ordinary way. Information regarding the United States can be obtained by THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,422.

writing to the American Consulate-General, 18, Cavendish Square, London, W.C.1.

Another reader, who signs himself "Young and Ambitious," asks me

HOW TO BECOME A CAMERAMAN

in the film industry. He is sixteen years of age, which is quite a good age to begin. Unless he has some definite technical knowledge, however, he is going to find his ambition difficult to realise. Unfortunately, he doesn't tell me where he lives, so I can't say which would be the best company to approach. What he should do, however, is to write to the head cameraman of some film company, and ask if there is a vacancy for a youngster in that particular department. If he is lucky, he may get an opportunity of serving as an assistant, and after that it will be up to him to add to his technical knowledge, and work his own way up in the industry. The names of the principal film company executives, and their addresses, can be obtained from any film directory. One will probably find a directory of this type in the public library.

PHEW! Here's an idea from "Magnetite," of Melbourne, Australia. He wants the Remove

TO GO TO THE MOON!

He thinks it would make a good yarn if the whole Form were sent off in a spaceship to the moon. Well, I am afraid I can't promise anything, but I am grateful to my Australian reader for his suggestion. I have passed on his letter to Frank Richards, who will doubtless keep his suggestion in mind.

Now for a few

RAPID-FIRE REPLIES

to various queries which readers have sent to me:

What Does the Prince of Wales' Motto, "Ich Dien," Mean?—It was taken from a king of Bohemia, and means "I serve."

What Were the "Sicilian Vespers"?—The greatest massacre in mediæval Europe. A French army had occupied Sicily for sixteen years. Then there was an uprising, and every Frenchman on the island was killed. No fewer than sixteen thousand met their death!

What Is the Biggest Model Ship Ever Made?—The model of the Queen Mary, which was exhibited in London recently. It was twenty-four feet long and weighed five tons.

Is a Helicopter Different From an Autogiro?—Yes. A helicopter's lift blades are rotated by the engine. An autogiro's blades are started by the engine, but continue to rotate through movement of the air.

What are the "Dog Days"?—The days between July 3rd and August 11th.

They take their name from the fact that Sirius, the dog-star, rises with the sun during these days.

Is the Sea Anemone a Flower?—No, it is an animal—and what is more, a meat-eating animal. It traps small sea creatures with its tentacles, and even young sprats, which it eats!

A Wolverhampton reader asks me

HOW WOLVERHAMPTON GOT ITS NAME?

This name is a very ancient one, and dates from early Saxon times. The termination "Hampton," means a walled house or home, and the first part of the name comes from Wulfruna. Originally there was a Saxon settlement on the site of the town, which was then called Heanton. Lady Wulfruna, a sister of King Edgar, bestowed rich endowments upon the ancient collegiate church of St. Peter, which was founded in the ninth century. To commemorate these endowments, the name, "Wulfruna's Hampton," was given to the settlement. In course of time it has been shortened to its present form of Wolverhampton.

Another reader asks me to tell him from where the name "Bristol" is derived. The ancient name was Brigetow which means the breach, or chasm, through which the River Avon flows. But there was an even earlier name than that. Brigetow is an Anglo-Saxon adaptation of the more ancient Celtic name of Nant-avon.

HERE are a few more SURNAMEs AND THEIR MEANINGS,

in response to various readers' requests.

Hopper is a name originally given to a dancer, for dancing was a favourite amusement of our forefathers. Hopperson is the son of a dancer.

Ness originally meant a dweller by a headland. **Nose** is another form of the same name.

Armstrong, of course, means that its original owner was a powerful man.

Cruikshanks is a Scottish variant of Crookshanks, and was obviously fastened upon its first owner because of his somewhat unprepossessing legs. Sheepshanks is a similar name.

Curtis comes from Curtea, meaning polite or courteous. Curthose, however, must originally have been bestowed on a man with very short legs.

Now let's see what next week's MAGNET has in store for us. First of all there's another ripping yarn of Harry Wharton & Co., the chums of Greyfriars, entitled:

"RIVALS OF THE REMOVE!" By Frank Richards,

and I can tell you it's a corker. I don't need to tell all my regular readers not to miss it, but if there are any casual readers who haven't ordered their copy, they can take it from me that they will be well advised to do so without delay.

Next time you write to me let me know what you think of our thrilling new adventure yarn: "Moose Call!" There will, of course, be more quick-fire, full-o'-thrills chapters in next week's issue, and when you have finished them, you can turn to our "Greyfriars Herald" Supplement, and loosen your waistcoat buttons, because you're in for a good laugh. Of course, I must not forget that there will be another Greyfriars "Interview" in verse by our clever rhymester, and that I shall be "in the office," as usual, to deal with any queries you care to send along to me.

YOUR EDITOR.

HARRY WHARTON'S DOUBLE!

By FRANK RICHARDS



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Stranger!

HARRY WHARTON jumped. "What the thump—" he ejaculated.

Seldom, or never, had Wharton been so astonished.

He stared into his room at Wharton Lodge as if he could not believe his eyes—as, indeed, he hardly could.

It was the last day of the holidays.

Harry Wharton & Co. had been in London for the Jubilee celebrations. After which the Co. had gone to their various homes, and Wharton and Hurree Singh returned to Wharton Lodge to get ready for the new term at Greyfriars.

The two juniors arrived by an early train. Wharton found that his uncle and aunt had gone out in the car, and were not expected back till lunch. So he went up to his room to get on with some packing.

Naturally, he did not expect to find anybody in that room. He opened the door and walked in—and had the surprise of his life.

Wharton's "den" in his uncle's house was a very pleasant room, with french windows opening on a balcony. Those windows were open, admitting the spring sunshine and the fresh breeze from the Surrey downs. Sitting at the open windows—or, rather, sprawling—in a rocking-chair was a youth of about Harry's own age.

As Harry Wharton had never seen the youth before, it was surprising enough to find him making himself so comfortably at home.

But his occupation was, perhaps, more surprising.

He had a cigarette in his mouth, and was blowing out little rings of smoke. And the haze in the room showed that

that cigarette was not his first, by several at least.

His attitude when Wharton opened the door was one of careless negligence. But Wharton's startled exclamation made him sit up suddenly. The cigarette whizzed out of the window and disappeared instantly. He leaped up from the chair and stood staring at Wharton—startled, but with relief dawning in his face. Apparently he had feared for a moment that it was somebody else

Having befriended Ralph Stacey and sent him to Greyfriars, Colonel Wharton sincerely hopes that his nephew, Harry Wharton, of the Remove, and Ralph will be the greatest of chums. But the old colonel is booked for a bitter disappointment, for although resembling each other in looks, the two juniors are as different in character as chalk from cheese!

who had caught him busy with his cigarettes, and was relieved to find that it was only a schoolboy.

Wharton stared at him blankly.

Who the fellow was and how he had come there was simply a mystery. Wharton had been away from home most of the Easter holidays—with Bob Cherry in Dorset, and then in London with his friends for the Jubilee. He had naturally expected to find things as usual when he came back to his

uncle's house. Apparently they were not quite as usual.

This fellow was about his own age and his own size. Stranger as he was, there seemed something familiar in the rather handsome features he turned towards the Greyfriars junior. It did not occur to Wharton at the moment that the resemblance was to himself. It would have shown any observer that they were related.

"What the thump—" repeated Wharton angrily. It was not agreeable to find a perfect stranger making free with his quarters, and still less agreeable to find him making the room reek like a tap-room. "Who the dickens are you, I'd like to know?"

"I was going to ask you the same question," drawled the other. He had been startled by Wharton's sudden appearance, but he had recovered his assurance almost at once.

"You've no right to ask questions here!" snapped the captain of the Greyfriars Remove. "I want to know what you're doing in my room—or in the house at all, if you come to that!"

"Your room?"

"Mine—though you seem to have made yourself quite at home in it!" snapped Wharton.

"Oh!" The dark, handsome eyes scanned the Greyfriars junior curiously.

"You're Harry, I suppose?"

"I'm Harry Wharton. And I want to know who you are, and I want to know at once!"

"My name's Stacey."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Killing time," yawned Stacey. "You needn't mention to the old bean that I was smoking. I fancy he would be down on it."

"The old bean?" repeated Harry.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,422.

"Do you mean my uncle, Colonel Wharton?"

"Exactly."

"Does he know you're here, then?" Stacey laughed.

"Naturally. I shouldn't be here without the knowledge of the master of the house, should I?"

"I suppose not," admitted Wharton. "Though you seem to have cheek enough for that, or anything else. If my uncle knows you're here, I suppose you have a right to be in the house; but you've no right in my room—and no right to make any room reek with your filthy smoking. You can take yourself and your putrid cigarettes somewhere else, and look sharp about it, too."

He threw the door wide open.

Stacey did not stir.

Whoever the youth was, and whatever he was, there was no doubt that he had plenty of cheek, at all events! He surveyed Harry Wharton's flushed and angry face with a faintly amused smile.

"No need to get your rag out!" he said lightly. "I believe your uncle would like us to be friends."

"I don't see why he should—and I'm certain that he wouldn't, if he'd seen what I've just seen—and if he does, he will be disappointed!" said Harry tartly. "Anyhow, get out!"

Instead of getting out, Stacey dropped into the rocking-chair again.

Harry Wharton stepped towards him, breathing hard, with a gleam in his eyes.

"Did you hear what I said?" he asked.

"I'm not deaf."

"I've told you this is my room——"

"Twice!" assented Stacey.

"And I've told you to get out of it——"

"But I have Colonel Wharton's permission to use this sitting-room," drawled Stacey. "This house, I believe, belongs to him. You are not his son—you are his nephew! Have you any more right here than I have?"

Wharton's eyes blazed.

"I'll make it clear whether I have any right or not!" he exclaimed, and he grasped the back of the chair, tilted it over, and sent Stacey sprawling headlong on the floor.

There was a crash and a yell.

"Now get going!" roared Wharton.

A dusky face and a pair of startled eyes looked in at the doorway. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had been packing in his room, but the uproar brought him along to see what was happening.

"My esteemed Wharton——" he ejaculated.

Wharton did not heed.

He stooped and grasped the sprawling Stacey by the shoulders. With a powerful heave, he spun him towards the door.

"Let go, you cheeky rotter!" yelled Stacey. His cool impudence had deserted him now, and he struggled fiercely, his face red with rage.

"What the absurd thump——" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, staring in amazement.

"Stand clear, Inky!"

The dusky Nabob of Bhanipur stood aside, and the struggling Stacey whirled past him out of the doorway. He rolled headlong in the corridor.

Wharton stood looking after him with flashing eyes. Stacey sat up, gasping for breath. Slowly he rose to his feet.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked from one to the other.

"Who is this esteemed and ridiculous individual, Wharton?" he asked.

"I don't know, and don't want to!" said Harry, breathing hard. "He says

his name is Stacey, and that my uncle knows he's in the house. And he thinks he has as much right in my room as I have—and I'm trying to make him understand that he hasn't."

Stacey stood looking at him. He was plainly debating in his mind whether to carry the matter farther. Wharton, with clenched fists, was quite ready for him to do so—in fact, rather keen on it. But the fellow shrugged his shoulders and turned away and went down the stairs.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Caught Out!

"MY esteemed Wharton——"

Harry looked round. He was standing by the open window of his "den," his hands driven deep into his trousers pockets, a frown on his knitted brow.

He had come up to pack for school; but he was doing, no packing. He seemed to be lost in troubled thought, as the Nabob of Bhanipur looked in, an hour after Stacey's sudden and drastic departure from the room.

"Hallo, Inky!" Wharton forced himself to smile. "Finished?"

"The packfulness is done, my esteemed chum," answered Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a curious glance at Harry's face. "Perhaps I can lend you a ridiculous hand."

"Oh, no hurry!" answered Wharton. "I——" He paused. "Seen anything of that chap Stacey?"

The nabob grinned faintly.

"Not since he departed on his absurd neck," he answered.

Wharton flushed.

"I—I wish I hadn't handled him, Inky! He was a cheeky rotter—no mistake about that—but I suppose he must be a guest of my uncle's, of sorts. I don't see how else he could be here."

"The esteemed colonel must have permitted his absurd presence here," assented the nabob.

"It's odd," said Harry. "He's a stranger to me—I've never seen him and don't remember hearing even his name. He said that my uncle gave him leave to use this room—during my absence, I suppose. No harm in that—but——"

The nabob sniffed. The odour of cigarette-smoke was still very noticeable in the den.

"The respectable colonel can scarcely have given him leave to smoke here," remarked Hurree Singh.

"Hardly!" Wharton laughed. But his face became very serious again. "I was rather ratty, I suppose; but I shouldn't have pitched him out on his neck, only—only—— Dash it all, he said he had as much right here as I have. That was enough to put any fellow's back up, Inky."

"Quitefully!" agreed the nabob.

"Only—I wish I'd kept my temper, all the same."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh suppressed a smile. It was not the first time that his chum had wished, rather late, that he had kept his temper.

"I can't made out who the fellow is," went on Wharton. "I suppose I shall know when my uncle and aunt come in. I don't care to ask the servants about him. It's jolly odd, finding him planted here, making himself at home in my quarters. But I wish——"

He broke off again.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh held up a round red ball.

"What about sending you down a few, my esteemed Wharton, to pass the

ridiculous time till your absurd uncle comes in?" he asked.

"Good egg, Inky!"

Wharton sorted out his bat at once. The nabob smiled genially. In that mood of troubled and worried thought, a little fresh air and exercise in the bright spring sunshine seemed to Inky what his chum wanted.

Wharton's face was brighter at once as he put his bat under his arm and went downstairs with the nabob.

There was a pitch at Wharton Lodge, where Wharton and his friends got cricket practice in the holidays. It was kept in good condition under the eye of the colonel—one of the many acts of thoughtful kindness that Harry received from his uncle.

He dismissed the disagreeable affair of Stacey from his mind as he walked down to the cricket ground with Hurree Singh.

But he was reminded of it as he arrived there. His brow darkened again at the sight of Stacey strolling on the pitch.

If the fellow was staying at Wharton Lodge, as apparently he was, there was certainly no harm in his strolling about the grounds. Wharton had, perhaps, rather a hasty temper; but he was not an unreasonable fellow. Somehow, the cool and self-possessed manner of this fellow irritated him; there was something in that manner indicating that Stacey considered that he had a right to be there—not the right of an ordinary guest, by any means. But the captain of the Greyfriars Remove suppressed at once that momentary feeling of irritation; and it was in his mind to approach the fellow and express some regret for the scene indoors.

That thought left him instantly as he caught Stacey's glance. Stacey looked at him with a sarcastic smile and walked away.

Wharton breathed hard.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh cast a puzzled look after the fellow. The peculiar, sarcastic expression in his smile had struck the nabob.

"The cheeky tick!" breathed Wharton.

"The cheekfulness of the esteemed Stacey appears to be somewhat preposterous!" agreed Hurree Singh, with a nod. His dark eyes were fixed on the fellow sauntering carelessly on the green grass, his hands in his pockets. "You are sure, my absurd Wharton, that you do not know him?"

"Never seen him before that I know of," answered Harry. "But at the same time, there's something in his face that seems familiar—I can't quite make that out."

"It is a resemblance to a face you know terrifically well!" said Hurree Singh, with a dusky grin.

"Eh! Whose?" asked Harry.

"Your esteemed own."

"My own!" exclaimed Wharton, in astonishment. "You mean to say that that cheeky tick is like me?"

"The likeness is preposterous! Possibly the absurd sportsman is some relation!"

"Oh, don't be an ass, Inky!" exclaimed Wharton gruffly.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh made no reply to that. He set up the stumps and put on the balls.

"Over!" he said, with a cheery grin.

Harry Wharton went to the wicket. He was glad to get a little cricket practice, with the matches coming along in the new term at Greyfriars. And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was the champion bowler of the Remove. Wharton, with the exception perhaps of Smithy, was the best batsman in that

Form. The two chums could have passed a pleasant hour on the pitch, but for the presence of the obnoxious Stacey.

Wharton had supposed that he would walk away: but he did not. He sauntered near at hand, evidently intending to watch the cricket. If he was keen on the summer game, it was a sign of grace, and would have prepossessed Wharton in his favour, but for the dislike he was already feeling for him.

The feeling of annoyance, of being watched by sarcastic eyes, put the captain of the Remove off his form, and robbed him of any pleasure he might have deprived from the practice.

Hurree Singh sent the ball down, and

"Out, what?" grinned Stacey.

"Nobody asked you to barge in!" said Harry Wharton.

Stacey raised his eyebrows.

"Any objection to a fellow fielding for you, when you're at practice?" he asked. "I should have thought you'd be glad."

Wharton's lips set hard. He was in the wrong, of course. It was useful to have a fellow fagging at fielding, and the gardener's boy was often pressed into that service on such occasions.

"My esteemed Wharton—" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Wharton choked back his angry feelings. He did not want to appear a disgruntled ass.

"Oh, all right, if you're going to

any of it out of you!" drawled Stacey.

"Here, catch, Day & Martin!"

He tossed the ball to Hurree Singh, who caught it, frowning a little. "Day & Martin" was an allusion to his dusky complexion, and the Nabob of Bhanipur did not relish such allusions.

"Catch me out again, and you can handle the bat and I'll field for you!" said Harry Wharton contemptuously.

"Done!" said Stacey.

Wharton turned away from him, angry with Stacey, angry with himself for letting the fellow get his "rag" out in this way. He proceeded to knock the bowling about, Stacey looking on. His hands were not in his pockets now, and his eyes were very keen and wary, watching for a chance.



The fellow Bob Cherry had collared, and whom he did not doubt for a moment was Harry Wharton, yelled and struggled. "Here we are, here we are, here we are again!" chortled Bob, as he waltzed his victim round, barging fellows right and left. "Let go, you fool!" yelled the junior in his grasp.

Wharton missed it, and the bails went down. Wharton did not look at Stacey, but he knew that the fellow smiled. And it had been quite an easy ball.

Wharton, with compressed lips, set up the wicket again, and tossed the ball back to the Nabob of Bhanipur. Hurree Singh caught it easily in one dusky hand, and went on to bowl again.

This time Wharton was more careful. Under those sarcastic eyes, he would not see his sticks go down again. The ball whizzed, and the captain of the Remove sent it flying.

Smack!

It was the sound of leather meeting palm.

"My esteemed hat!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Wharton stared.

Stacey had made a sudden spring, his hand flashed from his pocket, and he had caught the ball.

He held it up, smiling.

"How's that, umpire?" he called.

"Well caught!" exclaimed the nabob.

field!" he called back. "Keep it up as long as you like!"

Stacey laughed.

"But you're out!" he said. "Aren't you handing me the bat?"

"What the dickens do you mean?" snapped Wharton. "This isn't a cricket match."

"Oh, quite! It isn't cricket at all—so far as I can see!" answered Stacey coolly. "But your dusky friend seems to be a pretty good bowler, and I'd like to see whether I could stop him. As I've caught you out—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Stacey laughed again.

"They teach you fearfully good manners at Greyfriars!" he remarked. "You must be frightfully popular there!"

"So you know I'm a Greyfriars man," said Harry. "Well, if you were at Greyfriars, you'd get some of the cheek knocked out of you, and it would do you good."

"They don't seem to have knocked

Hurree Singh, if not his angry chum, could see that the fellow was a cricketer. It was fairly clear, to Inky at least, that if a chance came Stacey's way he was the man to make the most of it. And a chance did come, after Wharton had been batting for about ten minutes. It was such a chance as only a first-rate man in the field could have made use of.

But the fellow spotted it, and jumped for it. His movement seemed like that of a whizzing arrow. He left the ground as if his legs were elastic, his hand flew up, and there was a smack as the ball landed in it.

"How's that?" drawled Stacey.

Harry Wharton did not answer. He walked off, and handed the willow to Stacey.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Startling News!

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH compressed his lips a little as he prepared to bowl to the new batsman. The champion bowler of the Greyfriars Remove was THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,422.

determined to get that wicket if he could.

The chums of the Remove were there for cricket practice, and did not want Stacey; but Wharton's contemptuous challenge had given him his chance, and he had taken it. Instead of Wharton getting some batting practice to the dusky nabob's bowling, he was to fag at fielding, while Stacey handled the bat. No doubt he had asked for it, but that made it none the more agreeable. It would have been a keen satisfaction to Hurree Singh to send the fellow out with the first ball.

But he was denied that satisfaction.

The fellow could bat!

Not only could he bat, but he could bat as well as Wharton, or Vernon-Smith, or Squiff, or any other good batsman in the Greyfriars Remove.

Hurree Singh tested him with fast, slow, and medium balls, and he put paid to every variety. The nabob, looking rather grim, settled down to what he now realised to be a hefty task—irritating as well as hefty, for he wanted to bowl to his chum, not to this thrusting fellow.

Obviously, however, Stacey had to be allowed to remain at the wicket so long as he could keep his sticks up. Wharton was slow to believe that he could keep them up long against such bowling as Hurree Singh's.

But he did.

Neither did he give Wharton the remotest chance of catching him out. The captain of the Remove did a great deal of leather-hunting—fetching the ball back from far distances.

Had it been Bob Cherry, or Johnny Bull, or his best chum, Frank Nugent, who was at the wicket, Wharton would have been delighted, and the leather-hunting would not have worried him.

He was not delighted now.

He could not help feeling a reluctant admiration for the batting. His dislike of this fellow did not blind him to the fact that only a born batsman could have stood up to such bowling as Stacey was getting. He doubted whether Bob Cherry or Smithy could have done so. He was not at all sure that he could have done so himself. The nabob was going all out; but he might as well have bowled at a brick wall as at Stacey's sticks.

Wharton, flushed and a little breathless, hunted leather; the nabob fagged hard at bowling; Stacey enjoyed himself, with a touch of swank in his manner that added to the annoyance of the Greyfriars fellows.

That the nabob could not take his wicket was clear. And Stacey, at last, held up his hand.

"Let's call it a day!" he said. "Thanks for bowling, my dusky friend! Here's your bat, Wharton!"

He lounged off.

Wharton took the bat gladly and yet reluctantly. The fellow was giving it up because he was too strong for Greyfriars! That was exceedingly unpleasant.

"Like me to send you down a few?" smiled Stacey.

"No!"

"No what?" asked Stacey, laughing.

Wharton did not answer.

"Well, it would be only a waste of time, I dare say, and it's near lunch now," drawled Stacey. "I gather that you rather fancy yourself as a batsman, and you don't want to be undeceived."

"You fancy you could bowl me?" asked Harry.

"Just a few!"

"You can try, if you like."

"Oh, all right!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,422.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh silently tossed the ball to Stacey. Wharton went to the wicket.

The fellow seemed good at fielding, and undoubtedly he could bat. The Greyfriars fellows were not prepared to believe that he was equally good with the leather—not without proof, at all events. Harry prepared to put all he knew into it. He was as watchful as a cat as the ball came down.

How it eluded his bat he never knew.

The crash of a falling wicket told him that it had done so! He stared blankly at the strewn sticks. The fellow had bowled him first ball.

It was true he was out of practice. Probably this fellow had been putting in practice while he was at Wharton Lodge with time to kill. But he could bowl.

Hurree Singh fielded the ball and sent it back. He sent it with a whiz, and Stacey caught it carelessly with his left hand.

He sent it down again. This time it was a slow, and Wharton sent it back along the pitch like a bullet.

Smack!

He jumped as Stacey held up the ball.

"My esteemed hat!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Stacey laughed.

"Caught and bowled Stacey!" he said. "How's that?"

Wharton stared at him along the pitch. The fellow had spread-eagled his wicket first ball, caught and bowled second ball. He was a bowler!

"Well bowled!" came a deep voice.

"Well bowled, sir!"

The three spun round.

A tall, bronzed gentleman had come on the field, unnoticed till then. It was Colonel Wharton. Evidently the colonel had returned to Wharton Lodge while his nephew was busy on the cricket pitch.

Colonel Wharton was an old cricketer. He still handled a bat on occasion. Harry had had his first instruction in the game from his uncle. The old colonel had a keen eye for good cricket. And Stacey's cricket was good—first class. So it was no wonder that the colonel's deep voice bore testimony to the same. But it did not sound pleasantly in his nephew's ears. The old gentleman could not have arrived at a more unwelcome moment for his nephew.

Colonel Wharton, however, was quite unaware of that. He came up with a cheery smile on his kind, old, bronzed face.

"Sorry I was out when you got back, Harry!" he said. "Glad to see you again, Hurree Singh!"

"The gladfulness of my absurd self is terrific, honoured sahib!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I see that you have already made friends with Ralph!" said the colonel.

"Ralph!" repeated Wharton. "Do you mean Stacey?"

There was no jealousy or malice in Harry's nature; but it gave him a pang of discomfort to hear his uncle speak of Stacey as "Ralph." Who the dickens was the fellow for Colonel Wharton to call him that—and with a tone of affection in his voice, too?

"Yes, Ralph Stacey," said the colonel. "You have never met him before, Harry; but he is a distant relative of ours—"

"I've never even heard of him!" said Harry, so dryly that his uncle gave him rather a sharp look.

"Well, I see that you've made his acquaintance now, Harry. I'm glad to see you playing cricket together—very glad! I fancy you will find Ralph very useful in the matches at Greyfriars."

"At—at Greyfriars!" stammered Wharton.

"Yes." Ralph will be at Greyfriars for the new term. I have already arranged matters with Dr. Locke."

"Oh!" gasped Wharton.

"But I will speak to you about that later," added the colonel. "In your keenness on cricket you have rather forgotten lunch. I came out to look for you. Come in now!"

They walked to the house. Harry Wharton's brain was almost in a whirl. A distant relation, and coming to Greyfriars—that tick! Hardly any news could have been more disagreeable to him.

He said no word as they went to the house. Hurree Singh, after a glance at his face, was silent, too.

Ralph Stacey was not silent.

He walked by the colonel's side, chatting with him. As Harry said nothing, it was not unnatural for the colonel to talk only to Stacey as they walked through the gardens. Neither was it unnatural for Harry, in his present frame of mind, to fall a pace or two behind, and leave them to it.

Anyone seeing the quartet just then might have supposed that Ralph Stacey was Colonel Wharton's favourite nephew, and Harry the distant relation. That thought struck Wharton with intense bitterness.

The fellow had said that he had as much right there as Harry. Perhaps he had. Colonel Wharton had been a father to him; but he was not his father; he was his uncle, and had a right, if he chose, to take up any rotten outsider from nowhere.

Wharton was very silent as he followed his uncle and that distant relation into the house. And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was very silent, too, with a shade of trouble on his good-natured dusky face.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Uncle and Nephew I

"YOU were surprised, Harry."

"Yes."

Colonel Wharton sat in a deep leather chair in the library. His nephew stood by the mantelpiece, his face turned a little away.

Lunch had not been a very cheery meal.

Aunt Amy had been as kind as ever. She was obviously delighted to see her nephew again, and very busy and concerned about his things for the new term at school. There was no change in Aunt Amy. Was there a change in her brother?

It seemed to Harry that there was.

Wharton and Hurree Singh had little to say. Ralph Stacey had plenty to say. Yet it could not be said that he was talkative, loquacious. All that he said was sensible enough. And when the colonel spoke he listened with respectful attention. Harry reflected sarcastically that that respectful attention in the colonel's presence hardly seemed in keeping with the way Stacey had spoken of him in his absence.

Miss Wharton did not notice anything amiss. But her brother seemed to do so, and several times he gave Harry keen glances. Harry was quite conscious of the fact that his glum face showed to little advantage beside Stacey's cheerful, smiling careless visage. That consciousness only made him glummer.

When after lunch the colonel told his nephew that he wished to speak to him in the library, his tone was almost curt. Harry followed him in silence.

Now he stood waiting for what he was to hear. But his rigid attitude and glum silence seemed to disconcert the colonel a little, and it was some minutes before the old gentleman spoke. And when he did his nephew answered him with a monosyllable without looking at him.

Deep down in Harry's heart was an angry resentment of Stacey's presence in the house at all. He could not forget the taunting words—that the fellow had as much right there as he had. It was not true, and could never become true unless his uncle let him down, after encouraging his faith and trust ever since he could remember. It was as a mere child that he had come under his uncle's care. He had asked nothing. All had been given unasked. Stacey was a thrusting interloper and a liar. He had no right, and Harry had a right. Why was the fellow there at all?

And he was going to be sent to Greyfriars—Harry's school. It was not only in the holidays, apparently, but all through the term that Wharton was to see him—to tolerate his sarcastic grin, to hear his taunts, to make friends with him. His eyes gleamed at that idea.

Colonel Wharton coughed. Knowing nothing of the quarrel that had already taken place between his nephew and that distant relation, never dreaming of the taunt that Stacey had uttered, he was at a loss to understand the cold sulky look of his nephew. His bronzed face was a little grimmer as he went on:

"No doubt you were surprised, Harry. You have probably never heard of Ralph before."

"I've never heard of Stacey."

Nothing would have induced Wharton to speak of the fellow as Ralph.

"You may have heard me speak of his father—Captain Stacey—an old brother-officer, Harry?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, well, probably not," said the colonel, good-humouredly. "But I knew Captain Stacey well years ago, though it is very many years since I have seen him. His son is a relative of ours."

"I never heard of any relatives named Stacey."

"We have none, Harry. But his mother was a Wharton—a sort of second or third cousin of your aunt and myself."

Wharton was silent. That accounted for the resemblance—if it really existed.

"He is like you, Harry."

"Is he?" said Harry.

"Anyone would observe it. Anyone could see that he is a Wharton on one side, I am sure."

Wharton's manner indicated that he was quite indifferent. As a matter of fact, he was annoyed by that resemblance.

He was not looking at his uncle, but his uncle was looking at him. James Wharton's keen eyes were fixed very intently on his nephew's profile.

"The boy has come under my charge for a time, at least," went on the colonel. "His father has been unfortunate in some respects. I need not go into details on that subject."

"Not in the least. Captain Stacey's affairs do not concern me in any way," answered Harry.

The colonel seemed to swallow something.

"But," went on Harry, "I was surprised, as you say. If the—if he was coming to live here, it would have been natural for you to tell me so."

"Of course, my dear boy. But I never knew it myself till after you were gone to London with your friends,"

explained his uncle. "It happened quite recently."

"I see."

"Ralph has been here only a week."

"He has made himself at home," said Harry.

"I have asked him to do so, Harry. Surely, my boy, you would not refuse a welcome to a lad who is your relative, as he is mine, and who is in need of a helping hand?" said Colonel Wharton, with a note of sternness in his voice.

"It is not for me to offer or refuse him a welcome," answered Wharton coolly. "I can be civil to him, I suppose?"

"Have you taken a dislike to him, Harry?" asked the colonel abruptly.

"Why should I?"

"That is not an answer to my question. I see no reason whatever why you should, but it appears to me that you have done so."

Wharton was silent.

"Will you answer me, Harry?"

"Yes, if you ask me. I don't like him."

"Why not?"

"My sulky temper, I suppose," said Harry.

The colour came into the colonel's bronzed cheeks. He did not speak for a full minute. But his tone was quiet, even gentle, when he spoke again.

"I can see that you do not like Ralph. Why, I cannot guess, as you have known him only a few hours. He is like you in looks, and I think in disposition, and I hoped you would be friends. You have tastes in common, too."

"I hope not," said Harry.

He was thinking of the cigarettes.

"You were playing cricket together when I found you," said the colonel.

"He is an excellent cricketer, Harry."

"I know."

Colonel Wharton gave a start.

"Harry, surely you are not foolish enough, absurd enough, to resent it because Ralph took your wicket so easily! Surely—"

Wharton crimsoned.

"If you asked any man in the Remove, they'd tell you whether I'm jealous of other fellows at games," he muttered.

"I am sure you are not; but a momentary annoyance—" Colonel Wharton paused. "I had hoped that cricket would be a sort of bond of union between you two, Harry. Ralph is very keen on the game—as keen as yourself. He is good at every branch of the game."

"I know."

"I tell you frankly," said Colonel Wharton, "that I like the boy. He seems to me a very decent lad, healthy and wholesome and good-natured; and I can assure you on one point, Harry—he is very anxious to be good friends with you."

Harry Wharton laughed.

He could not help it; and it was a bitter, sarcastic laugh. The taunt that Ralph Stacey had flung at him showed exactly how much the fellow wanted to be friends with him. In that hour on the cricket ground, he had done everything he could to anger the colonel's nephew—and had succeeded only too well.

"By Jove!" Colonel Wharton half-rose. "If you can think of nothing better to do than to laugh at what I say, sir—"

"Sorry, uncle! But it was rather amusing."

"I have said that Ralph desires to be friends with you. What is there amusing in that?" demanded the colonel. "Do you mean that you do not believe it?"

"Not a word of it," answered Harry. "He has said so a dozen times—"

"Very likely."

"He has looked forward to your return here—" Colonel Wharton paused. "I utterly fail to see why you should distrust the word of a boy you do not know. I found you playing cricket together, and hoped that it was the beginning of a friendship. He is going to Greyfriars—"

"Is that necessary?" asked Harry. "There are plenty of other schools."

"I have made arrangements for him to go to Greyfriars, and it is too late to alter them now—even if I desired to do so. But, naturally, I wish to send him to my own school, and his father's old school. Naturally, too, I wished him to be at school with you, Harry."

"It's for you to decide, of course."

"I am glad you can see that at all events," grunted the colonel. "I don't understand you to-day, Harry. You seem to have taken a dislike to a boy who cannot have offended you in any way. I will never believe that you grudge him what he will receive from me while he is in my charge—"

Wharton's lips curved bitterly.

"It's not for me to grudge him or anyone else a share in what does not belong to me," he answered. "He has as much right here as I have, no doubt."

Colonel Wharton did not speak. He gazed at his nephew, long and hard. Grim sternness gathered in his brow. But it faded away, and a faint smile took its place. When he spoke, it was good-humouredly.

"You young ass!" he said.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Friend or Foe?

HARRY WHARTON looked at his uncle.

He had expected the colonel to be angry; and he did not care. But he had not expected this. The good-humoured tone, and the smile on the old, bronzed face disarmed him.

"You young ass!" repeated Colonel Wharton. "I think I have my finger on the trouble now!" His face became very earnest. "Listen to me, Harry! Your position here is perfectly well known to you and to me, and your friends and relatives. You are my brother's son, my heir, standing in the place of a son to me. You have been brought up to that from early childhood. Do you think for one moment that I am a man to chop and change—a weak and vacillating man upon whom no reliance is to be placed, in whom no faith and trust can be felt?"

"Of course not," muttered Harry, shamefacedly.

"I have never, I believe, given you any reason to suppose so," said the colonel, "and I am giving you no reason now. You have the same right here, Harry, that you have always had. This lad Ralph has the right of a relative whose father is in difficulties, and whom it is my duty to befriend. That right, and nothing more or less."

"I'm sorry—"

"You should be sorry, if you have allowed distrustful and suspicious thoughts to enter your mind," said Colonel Wharton quietly. "If you fancied for a moment that I should dream of letting this lad, or anyone, take your place—you should be ashamed of such a thought, Harry."

"I did not think so—but—" Wharton stammered.

Stacey's taunt still rang in his ears. He could not forget that.

He could not tell his uncle what the fellow had said. He could not explain.

why he had been angry and resentful. But both anger and resentment had passed away now.

"If any such idea came into your mind, Harry, dismiss it and do not let it recur," said his uncle. "I cannot imagine why—but let it drop! You may be assured that Ralph knows the position exactly; and in the circumstances of the case, you must surely see that it is up to you to give him a welcome and make him feel that he is not an intruder."

"I'll do my best!"

"That's more like you, my boy!" said the colonel heartily, "and I believe you will like Ralph better when you know him better."

Wharton did not think so; but he said nothing. He resolved, at least, to make the best of the fellow and keep on civil terms with him if he could.

"Whether he will remain with us, I cannot at present say," continued Colonel Wharton. "It depends on his father's circumstances, which may improve. In the meantime, he will be at Greyfriars and this will be his home. He will accompany you to school to-morrow, Harry—and I rely on you to do everything you can for him as a new boy."

"I'll try."

Wharton paused.

"Is he going to be in my Form?" he asked. He hoped that the answer would be in the negative. At Greyfriars, the different Forms mixed little; and a fellow in another Form could be kept at armslength easily enough.

"Yes; he has already seen Mr. Quelch, your Form-master," explained the colonel. "He is going into the Remove. I thought of asking Mr. Quelch to place him in your study, with you and Nugent—"

"Oh!"

"But on second thoughts, I leave that to you, and you will do as you think best in the matter."

"I will ask Quelch," said Harry, at once.

"Ralph, of course, would like it," said Colonel Wharton, unaware that his use of that name still grated on his nephew's ears. "Take my word for it, Harry, he is very anxious to be good friends with you. You will have much in common, as you are both cricketers. And—and I should like you to be as kind and as thoughtful as possible in dealing with him. He is proud and high-spirited—a boy very like yourself, Harry—and a thoughtless word might wound him in his present circumstances. You would not wish that?"

"No! No!"

Wharton had a contrite feeling for the moment. The fellow had come into the house as a poor relation—that was what it boiled down to.

In such a position Harry realised only too clearly that he might himself have been touchy, ready to take offence.

He could forgive his own faults and weaknesses in another. He could be patient, untiringly patient, with a sensitive fellow who felt that he was a dependent.

But was there, after all, anything of that kind about Stacey? Certainly he had shown no sign of it to Harry.

He had acted like a fellow who felt hostile, and did not choose to take the trouble to conceal his hostility.

Possibly, comparing his own position with Harry's, he resented the difference. That was unreasonable; but not inexcusable. But it did not consort with the impression he had given the colonel that he was anxious to make friends with Harry Wharton. In that, at least, he was spoofing—he had pulled the old colonel's leg. The fellow did not feel

friendly, and did not want to be his friend.

Colonel Wharton watched his nephew's thoughtful face. Harry forced himself to smile.

His uncle, at least, was the same as ever; if the fellow was trying to make trouble there, he had not succeeded. And, after all, perhaps first impressions were not very reliable. Wharton's own actions on the first meeting had not been calculated to make a good impression on Stacey, perhaps!

"I'll do my very best, uncle," said Harry impulsively. "If we can't be friends, I know it won't be my fault."

"Then I am sure you will be friends, my dear boy!" said the colonel.

Wharton left the library.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was waiting for him in the hall. He had a tennis racket under his arm.

"Tennis?" said Harry. "Good! Look here, let's ask Stacey if he would like to play."

The nabob raised his dusky eyebrows slightly. This was rather unexpected.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Nunky's been talking to me," he said. "I—I dare say the fellow's not the offensive ass he made himself out to be—"

"Thanks!" drawled a sarcastic voice.

Wharton stared round as Ralph Stacey rose from an armchair in the hall, the high back of which had hitherto hidden him from Harry's sight.

The captain of the Remove coloured.

"I—I didn't mean—" he stammered.

"You didn't mean me to hear your opinion of me?" said Stacey, with a curl of the lip. "No doubt!"

Wharton breathed hard.

"Look here, Stacey," he said, "my uncle wants us to be friends."

"Benevolent old bean!" drawled Stacey; and both the Greyfriars juniors noted that he glanced round before he spoke, obviously to make sure that no one else was within hearing.

Wharton compressed his lips. The fellow was speaking in tones of mockery of the man who was standing his friend. If this was the sensitiveness of a poor relation, it was taking a strange form. But the captain of the Greyfriars Remove made one more effort.

"I've told my uncle that I will be friends with you if possible," he said quietly. "It rests with you."

"I'd rather choose my own friends, thanks," said Stacey coolly.

Wharton's eyes glittered.

"That's enough," he said. "Come on, Inky!"

The library door opened, and Colonel Wharton came out into the hall. He glanced at the three boys.

"Tennis?" he said cheerily. "You'll find Ralph quite good at it, Harry. He gave me too much to do yesterday."

"Just luck, sir," said Stacey pleasantly. "I don't suppose I could stand up to Harry—though I'd like to try, if he's willing."

"Get your racket, my boy," said the colonel.

Wharton did not speak; he was almost confounded by the ease with which Stacey assumed a carelessly friendly manner in the colonel's presence. What sort of a fellow was this?

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's dark eyes dwelt curiously on Ralph Stacey. The fellow was deliberately pulling the colonel's leg, with a contemptuous disregard of what the colonel's nephew thought of it. Harry had the choice of swallowing his duplicity without a word, or of refusing to play tennis with

him, and looking ungracious and unfriendly in his uncle's eyes. He stood silent.

Stacey lounged away, and came back with a racket and a bag of balls. Wharton went to change his shoes, glad to get away from the fellow. Colonel Wharton remained talking to Stacey, and walked down to the tennis court with the three when they were ready, a smile on his kind old face.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bitter Blood!

"LOOK here—" muttered Harry. Colonel Wharton had sat down in a hammock near the court to look on while the boys played. He was glad to see the three on such friendly terms.

They were in full view of him, but out of his hearing, as they stood by the net. It was a difficult position for Harry. Gladly he would have twisted the smiling Stacey over the net and given him "six" with the racket. Under the colonel's eyes, however, that was hardly practicable. But the fellow's double dealing made him feel a sense of loathing.

"My esteemed chum," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh warningly. The nabob could see that Stacey would have been pleased by a quarrel, in which Harry Wharton would have been placed in the wrong.

But Wharton could see that, too, and he was determined that the fellow should not get away with it.

He controlled his anger with difficulty—but he controlled it.

"Did you speak?" yawned Stacey.

"I did! You don't want to play tennis with me, you only want to make yourself offensive," said Harry in a low, bitter tone. "Leave us alone, then."

"Quite right, I don't—if your tennis is anything like your cricket," said Stacey, with a cool nod. "I'm accustomed to a decent game. But the old bean seems to want it."

"Don't speak of my uncle like that to me!" muttered Wharton in a choking voice.

"I shall speak of him exactly as I like," answered Stacey coolly. "You are not master here, I believe; though you seem to fancy that you are. We're both poor relations of the kind old gent, I believe."

"Would you dare to say that if he could hear you?" asked Harry scornfully.

Stacey laughed.

"Tell him what I said if you like!" he retorted.

"You know I shall not do that."

Stacey shrugged his shoulders.

"Let us get on with the esteemed tennis," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Perhapsfully you would prefer me to play the excellent and execrable Stacey, my absurd chum."

"Not at all; dear Harry's playing!" said Stacey. "The kind old bean is expecting it, and we mustn't disappoint him. You can keep my score if you like, my dusky friend; you won't have any score to keep for Harry."

"The swankfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Well, I'm judgin' by dear Harry's cricket; of course, he may be able to play tennis," drawled Stacey. "But if he handles a racket as he does a bat you won't get a headache countin' up his score."

Wharton looked at him. This was the fellow with whom his uncle desired him to make friends.



Bob Cherry grasped the junior at the door by the back of his collar. "If there's too many in this carriage, old bean, you'll make one less by getting out!" he said. And he hooked Stacey through the doorway and dropped him bodily on the platform.

"Let's get it over," he muttered.

It fell to Stacey to serve. As he gave the service it was easy to see that he was a tennis player; probably, too, he was in practice, and Wharton was not. And Wharton's angry bitterness of mood was not conducive to good tennis, or any other game.

He returned the ball with a long shot to the corner of the court. But Stacey moved like lightning; he sent the ball back over the net with a shot that left Wharton standing.

It was fifteen—love. And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh set his lips; almost more than Wharton he wanted his chum to win that set.

Thirty—love came next, then forty—love, and game. Stacey had made his words good; there was no score for Wharton.

He set his teeth, determined to go all out in the next game. But it was futile. Stacey simply washed him out, and laughed when he won the set.

"You're captain of your Form at Greyfriars, I believe?" he asked, as Wharton came off the court with a flushed face.

"Yes."

"Ye gods!" said Stacey.

Wharton's eyes gleamed at him.

"What does that mean exactly?" he asked.

"Don't they play games at all at Greyfriars?" asked Stacey. "I mean you can't play tennis and you can't play cricket. And if you're captain in games, what the thump must the games be like?"

Wharton made no answer to that. The only adequate answer would have been to hit out and send Stacey spinning across the court. But for the colonel's presence he might have made that answer.

"Not chucking it, Harry?" called out Colonel Wharton from the hammock. "Fed-up with one set?"

"I'm not feeling like tennis, uncle," answered Harry. He could not tell the old gentleman what he was feeling like.

He walked away before Colonel Wharton could answer, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh followed him. Stacey came across to the colonel. His face was smiling, but the old colonel's was a little clouded. He had—as he could hardly help having—the impression that Harry was annoyed at being beaten at tennis by the fellow who had taken his wicket so easily at cricket. A fellow who could not take a beating was no sportsman; the colonel's opinion was very strong on that point.

"Tired of tennis, Ralph?" he asked.

"Not at all; keen on it. But Harry seems to be fed-up," answered Stacey.

"I'll give you a game," said Colonel Wharton, getting out of the hammock.

Harry Wharton walked quickly to the house; he did not speak to his comrade till he reached it.

In the hall he looked at Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"What do you think of that chap, Inky?" he asked in a low voice.

"The thoughtfulness could not be expressed in polite language," answered the nabob.

"How's a fellow to deal with a cur like that? Thank goodness, it's only the one day here; school to-morrow!" said Harry. "I've got to keep my temper with him here, under my uncle's eyes, but at Greyfriars—" His voice trembled with anger. "By Jove! If I get his dashed cheek at school as I've had it here I'll knock it back down his throat fast enough!"

"The knockfulness will be the proper caper!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"And my uncle wants us to be friends!" breathed Wharton. "Why, the fellow absolutely loathes me—why, goodness knows! But he does; it's in

every look and every tone of his voice. And I've said I'll ask Quelch to put him in my study at Greyfriars!"

The nabob whistled.

"I shall have to keep my word. But, by gum, if he cheeks me in Study No. 1 at Greyfriars as he has here—"

Wharton did not finish the sentence. It was clear that Colonel Wharton, hoping that his nephew and his relative were going to be great friends at Greyfriars, was booked for a disappointment.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for the Co. 1.

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

Smack!

The platform at Courtfield Station swarmed with Greyfriars fellows, going back for the new term.

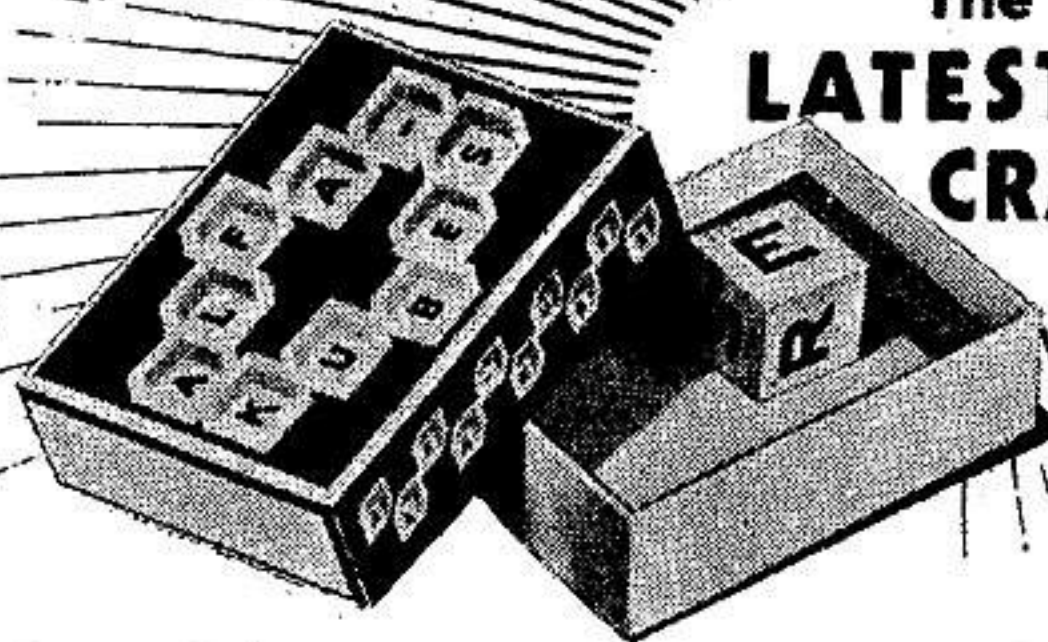
Bob was looking for his friends in the swarm, and several voices were raised in protest as he shoved a way about to look for them.

The end of the holidays had had no depressing effect on Robert Cherry's exuberant spirits. His cheery face was merry and bright.

He grinned and nodded to fellows he knew, and skilfully dodged Billy Bunter, who made a grab at his arm and missed. He sighted Harry Wharton—or, at least, a fellow who looked like Harry Wharton—and shoved a way to him, sending Temple of the Fourth tottering in one direction and Hoskins of the Shell in another. Tubb, Paget, and Bolsover minor of the Third got in his way—but only stayed in his way for a moment. Bob cheerfully upset the three fags in sheer exuberance of spirits.

But he had to stop as Loder and Carne and Walker of the Sixth got in

The LATEST CRAZE



NEW NOVELTY
WORD-MAKING DICE GAME



ALFA-KUBES

**Fun from A to Z—Witty, Wise
and Wheezy—Easy, Too!**

Can you spell? You don't need to be a first-class speller to enjoy the new and breezy game of making words and scoring points with ALFA-KUBES, but the better you spell—and the more quickly—the bigger will be your score. ALFA-KUBES are six square dice, each with six different letters—and each letter is given a numerical value from one to six. The game is just to throw your ALFA-KUBES as you would ordinary dice and then make up a word quickly from the letters turned up. You score by adding together the "pips" on each letter of the word you make. That's where skill comes in again. Different words have different value, and those who jump quickest to the highest scoring combination win the game.

Any number can play. It's a game that can be played at any time, and all the family can join in. It costs 1/- only, and the excitement and thrills you can get out of it will be worth that modest sum many times over.

ALFA-KUBES will cast its spell on all who play it. Why not invest in a set to-day?

Trade En-
quiries to The
CHAD VAL-
LEY Co.,
Ltd., Harborne,
Birmingham.



ALFA-KUBES

1/-

of all Newsagents,
Bookellers, Stores
and Toy Shops.

the way. Upsetting prefects of the Sixth Form was not practical politics. Bob went round them.

And so he came on the fellow who looked like Wharton from behind, roared in his ear, and administered a smack on the shoulder that made him stagger.

An exuberant smack on the shoulder from Bob was not a light matter. The junior who received it staggered and almost fell on his knees.

He was saved by barging into Coker of the Fifth, who shoved him back unceremoniously. Horace Coker of the Fifth was not to be barged by fags.

Coker's hefty shove sent him staggering back on Bob, who caught him by the shoulders and playfully waltzed him round.

There was little room for waltzing in the crowded platform, swarming with fellows from all quarters, changing for the Friardale train.

Roars of protest greeted the performance.

"You howling ass!" yelled Fry of the Fourth.

"Keep off my feet!" yelled Bolsover major of the Remove.

"Don't barge, you blithering bargee!" shouted Stewart of the Shell.

The fellow Bob had collared, and whom he did not doubt for a moment was Harry Wharton, yelled and struggled.

Bob had had only a glimpse of him in the crowd, but he had no doubt about his identity, and never dreamed that another fellow, who looked a good deal like Harry Wharton, had arrived as a new boy.

"Here we are, here we are, here we are again!" chanted Bob, as he waltzed his victim round, barging into fellows right and left.

"Let go, you fool!" yelled the junior in his grasp.

"Eh—what?" ejaculated Bob.

If Wharton had said "Let go, you ass!" or "Chuck it, fathead!" he would not have been surprised. But that angry, vicious snap surprised him a great deal.

He let go at once, staring at the fellow. The junior recovered his balance, and stood gasping for breath.

"You thumping idiot! What are you up to?" he bawled.

"Wharton, old bean—" gasped Bob.

"I'm not Wharton, you fool!"

Bob stared at him. Now that he gave the fellow a close inspection, he could see that he was not Wharton. The likeness was striking, now that Ralph Stacey was dressed like Wharton, and at a casual glance he might very easily have been mistaken for the captain of the Remove. But a good look at the fellow was enough.

"Well, my only hat!" ejaculated Bob, in amazement. "Sorry, old thing! I took you for Wharton of my Form!"

"You silly ass!"

The fellow was rumpled and ruffled, and evidently annoyed. Bob did not like either his look or his tone, but he was sorry for the mistake. A fellow could barge a fellow he knew, but Bob certainly would not have barged a stranger if he could have helped it.

"Your fault, you know!" he said, with a cheery grin.

"What do you mean, you ass?"

"You're so jolly like Wharton to look at, I mean! Not now that I look at you, but at a distance."

"What silly rot!"

"Well, I only spotted you at a distance, you know, and in this crowd—Anyhow, I'm sorry! You're really a lot like Wharton."

"You insulting fathead!"

Bob stared at him. "Insulting!" he repeated. "What do you mean, you tick? I suppose you don't know Wharton. But I can tell you it's a compliment to be mistaken for one of the best-looking fellows in the Remove!"

"Must be a scrubby lot if Wharton's the best-looking!"

"Then you do know him?" said Bob, puzzled. "Are you a relation of his?"

"If I am, it's not a thing to brag of."

And the new fellow, having set his collar and tie straight, and his hat, turned on his heel.

Bob stared after him.

From the likeness, he could have no doubt that the fellow was related to his chum. It seemed also that he was a new boy coming to Greyfriars. His remarks about Wharton did not indicate that there was any love lost between them.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bob.

A bang in the ribs drew his attention. He spun round, to behold Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull. They grinned at him cheerily.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Bob. "I've been looking for you. Seen Wharton or Inky?"

"Not yet," said Frank. "Wharton will be here, though; he told me the time of his train."

"Has he got a relation coming to Greyfriars this term?" asked Bob.

Nugent stared.

"Not that I know of," he answered.

"Haven't heard of him," said Johnny.

"Well, I've just got hold of a fellow who's remarkably like him to look at!" said Bob. "A rather ill-tempered sort of chap, and he's a new kid for Greyfriars, plain enough. A cousin or something, I suppose."

"Wharton never mentioned him in his letter," said Frank. "And he said nothing about him in the hols."

"Where is he?" asked Johnny Bull. "If he's a relation of Wharton's, we may as well be civil to him."

Bob made a grimace.

"I don't think he's got much use for civility, from the way he spoke!" he said. "He didn't like being smacked on the shoulder, anyhow."

Frank Nugent laughed.

"Your smacks are a bit hefty, old chap. They want getting used to; and if he's a stranger—"

"Well, there he is!"

Stacey was still in sight, and Bob pointed him out. His back was to the juniors, but in the athletic figure there was a fleeting resemblance to the captain of the Remove.

"Let's go and speak to him!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, all right!"

The three juniors bore down on Stacey. After his words with the fellow Bob was dubious, but Frank and Johnny were rather keen to make his acquaintance. If he was a relative of Harry Wharton's, Harry's friends were prepared to give him a very cheery welcome to the school.

Frank tapped him on the shoulder, and he stared round. His brow darkened at Bob Cherry.

"You again!" he snapped.

Bob did not answer. He did not want to quarrel with a relative of his friend, and silence was golden.

"Cheerio!" said Frank Nugent. His eyes were curiously on the handsome, though by no means amicable, face. "Bob's right! You're a lot like Wharton. You must be a relation. We're Wharton's friends."

"That doesn't concern me, I suppose!"

"Eh—what? Look here, are you a

relation of Wharton, or not?" demanded Frank, considerably nettled.

"My misfortune, not my fault!" answered Stacey coolly. "A fellow can't help his relationships, worse luck!"

The juniors stared at him. New fellows, at any school, were seldom so cool and self-possessed as this fellow, evidently was. Whatever qualities Ralph Stacey lacked, he did not lack assurance.

"Is your name Wharton?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Thank goodness, no."

"Oh, come on, you men!" said Bob. "Whether he's a relation or not, he's no friend of Harry's, that's plain enough."

"Quite!" said Stacey. "Now perhaps you'll be kind enough to leave me alone and let me catch my train."

"We'll leave you alone fast enough!" growled Johnny Bull. "Poor old Wharton—what rotten luck to have a tick like that landed on him at school!"

Stacey shrugged his shoulders, and walked on. The three juniors exchanged a rather eloquent look.

"Who the dickens is the fellow?" muttered Bob. "Relation of Wharton's—that's plain; but it's queer that he's never mentioned him, or told us that he was coming to Greyfriars."

"Jolly queer!" said Frank. "Bother him—cheeky tick, whoever he is! Let's go and look for Harry and Inky."

"I say, you fellows—"

It was the fat squeak of Billy Bunter.

"Hook it!" grinned Bob.

"I say—" roared Bunter.

But the Co. "hooked" it, leaving William George Bunter blinking after them through his big spectacles, with an indignant blink.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Left Behind!

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH waved a dusky hand.

With the other, he nudged Harry Wharton.

"Here are our ridiculous friends," he remarked.

The nabob had his eyes open for the Co. Harry Wharton seemed to be plunged in deep, and not very pleasant, thought.

Colonel Wharton had seen the three boys off at Wimford, and seen them settled in a carriage together.

Wharton had considered, in his mind, whether to change carriages when they changed trains at Lantham. But he need not have bothered about that; for at the first stop Stacey changed carriages.

Wharton had not seen him since, either at Lantham, or now at Courtfield. That was agreeable so far as it went; he did not want to see the fellow. But the prospect of a whole term of him in the same study at Greyfriars, was distinctly disagreeable.

Certainly he could deal with him rather more easily and freely at Greyfriars than at Wharton Lodge. There was a certain satisfaction in the thought of punching his head. Still, that was not wholly satisfactory, considering that the fellow was a relation, and that his uncle strongly desired that they should be friends.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here we are again!" sang out Bob Cherry, as the Co. came up. "The right bird this time!" And he smacked Harry on the shoulder.

Harry Wharton smiled. Bob's cheery, ruddy face was like a tonic to him after his gloomy thoughts on the subject of Stacey.

"Jolly glad to see you, men," he said.

"The gladfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Not to say absurd and preposterous, what?" chuckled Bob. "Why didn't you tell us you had a jolly old relation coming, Wharton?"

Wharton started.

"You've seen Stacey?" he exclaimed.

"Is his name Stacey? We've seen him—and I took him for you and banged him on the back!" grinned Bob. "He was rather shirty!"

"He would be!" said Harry, with a curl of the lip.

"You didn't tell us he was coming?" said Frank.

"I never knew till yesterday," answered Harry. "When I got home yesterday I found that the fellow had blown in from nowhere."

That reply was enough to enlighten the Co. Obviously, Wharton liked the fellow who so resembled him, no more than that fellow liked Wharton! The subject was dropped at once.

"Well, let's push for the train!" said Bob. "This Co. never gets left for the second train! Rally round, old beans!"

The Famous Five pushed for the train. There was always a push for that train on the first day of term. The second train was not long after the first; but fellows disdained to go by the second train if they could help it. In the midst of a boisterous crowd the chums of the Remove headed for the local platform.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Jolly old Bunter again!" roared Bob Cherry, as he spotted a fat red face and a pair of glistening spectacles. "Race you to the local train, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Put it on!" chuckled Bob.

"I say, you fellows, wait for me!" roared Bunter.

Nobody was likely to wait for anybody, in the push for the first train. The fat Owl of the Remove disappeared in the crowd as the Famous Five pushed on.

"Beasts!" floated over innumerable heads.

The local platform was already crowded. The train for Friardale, standing in the station, was filling fast.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's his nibs again!" exclaimed Bob, as he sighted a handsome face looking from a carriage window.

Stacey had the carriage door shut and was leaning out. Outside, three fags of the Second Form were in a state of great excitement—Nugent minor, Gatty, and Myers. As Stacey filled the window, blocking the view, some of the fellows had an impression that the carriage was full, and passed it. But Dicky Nugent & Co. had spotted the fact that there were empty seats.

"Let go that door, you tick!" yelled Nugent minor. "Why, you cheeky cad, you've got an empty carriage there! We're coming in!"

Stacey looked down on the indignant fag, and laughed.

Possibly he did not want the small fry as travelling companions. He could hardly have expected to keep a carriage to himself on a crowded train; but he did not choose to let the fags in.

"Will you let us in?" howled Dicky.

"No!" answered Stacey coolly.

"Here's room, you fellows!" yelled Sammy Bunter, farther along the train; and Dicky & Co., giving it up, rushed along and joined Bunter minor.

The Famous Five were at the carriage door the next moment.

"Lots of room here," said Bob. "This is luck!"

Stacey let the door open then. He

could not treat Remove men as he had treated the fags of the Second. After the Famous Five came Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing, and Peter Todd, and Squiff, and Hazeldene, crowding up.

"Hop in, you men!" yelled Bob. "Keep out those Fourth Form ticks!" "Look here—" shouted Temple, of the Fourth.

"Bargo 'em off!" grinned Smithy. Temple, Dabney & Co. were barged off. Removites scrambled into the carriage. The Co. were in, and Vernon-Smith and Redwing followed; but Harry Wharton hesitated. He did not want to pack into the same carriage with Stacey. But the Co. shouted to him:

"Come on, Wharton!" "Buck up, old bean!" Toddy and Hazel and Squiff got in. The carriage was not only full—but over full. Stacey made a move to shut the door.

"Hold on!" said Bob, and he pushed the door open again.

"The carriage is crammed already!" snapped Stacey. "We don't want any more in here!"

"We want Wharton—" "I don't!"

"What you want, my pippin, doesn't matter a brass button," retorted Bob. "Let that door alone!"

And as Stacey made another attempt to drag the door shut, Bob pushed him back into his seat without ceremony.

"Jump in, old bean!" said Bob. "The train will be going in a tick!"

Wharton had been thinking of going farther along, though naturally he wanted to travel with his friends. But Stacey's attempt to bar him out was enough for him. His eyes gleamed as he stepped up.

Stacey jumped to his feet. "Get out!" he shouted.

"Oh, shut up!" answered Harry contemptuously.

"The carriage is too full already! You've no right to barge in here, and you know it."

Wharton's lips curled.

"You ought to have a fellow feeling for a chap who barges in where he has no right!" he answered sarcastically.

Stacey's face flamed. It was a bitter taunt, and unlike Wharton to utter it; but since their first meeting, Stacey had hardly spoken to him without uttering a taunt of some kind; and he could scarcely expect to have it all his own way. But like many people who are careless of the feelings of others, Stacey had sensitive feelings of his own.

"You—you rotter!" panted Stacey, and he flung up his clenched hand to strike.

Bob Cherry shoved him back just in time, and he sat down heavily in the corner seat.

"None of that, please!" said Bob curtly.

Wharton, with a careless shrug, passed through the crowded carriage to stand by the opposite window. Stacey rose again.

"Will you get out?" he shouted.

"No," answered Wharton coolly.

"Then I'll call the porter to turn you out!" Stacey leaned from the door and shouted "Porter! Porter!"

"Who the thump's that bargee?" exclaimed Herbert Vernon-Smith in amazement. "New kid—carryin' on in that style?"

"Kick him out!" said Peter Todd.

"Porter!" yelled Stacey.

"Shut up, you tick," roared Bob Cherry, "and shut that door!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"By gum!" gasped Bob.

He grasped the junior at the door by the back of his collar.

"If there's too many in the carriage, old bean, you'll make one less by getting out!" he said, and he hooked Stacey through the doorway and dropped him bodily on the platform.

Bump! "Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from the crowded carriage.

Bob, grinning, slammed the door. Stacey was on his feet in a twinkling and grasping at the door-handle. But Bob held it fast inside.

"You rotter!" yelled Stacey. "Let me in at once!"

"You're staying out!" answered Bob coolly. "If you can't behave yourself, my pippin, you can't expect to travel with nicely brought up chaps like us—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a shriek from the engine. The crowd on the platform backed away from the train—with the exception of Stacey. He tore frantically at the immovable door-handle.

A porter rushed up.

"Stand back, sir!"

Stacey, unheeding, wrenched and wrenched. The train was beginning to move, and the porter caught him by the shoulder and jerked him back so suddenly that he sat down on the platform.

Bob Cherry waved a cheery hand at him as the train glided away for Friar-dale. The windows were packed with laughing faces. Stacey, sitting breathless on the platform, gasping, disappeared from sight.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Two in a Taxi!

BILLY BUNTER grinned.

Bunter had lost that train, like a good many other fellows. He rolled on the local platform in time to see it disappearing down the line and Stacey sitting on the platform staring after it as it went. Wherefore did the fat Owl of the Remove grin.

Stacey was breathless, he looked rather untidy, and his hat had fallen off. And he had been dropped out of a carriage by fellows who did not want his company. Which amused Billy Bunter—especially as he supposed that he was blinking at Harry Wharton, and not at a new fellow whom he had never seen before.

Stacey's likeness to Wharton was close enough for him to be mistaken for his relative at a distance or at a casual glance. To the short-sighted Owl of the Remove he was Wharton. And as Wharton had declined to stop and wait for Bunter when requested so to do, Bunter's opinion was that this served him jolly well right. So he grinned a fat grin as Stacey sat up and panted, and at length scrambled to his feet, still panting.

Quite a number of other fellows seemed amused also, and the exasperated new junior glared round at a good many grinning faces. Glaring, however, only made fellows grin the more, and Stacey, red and breathless and rather dishevelled, turned away and moved out of the crowd. He found a seat at the end of the platform and sat down there and dusted his clothes and set his collar and tie straight. While he was thus occupied, a fat youth in spectacles sat down by his side.

"Hard cheese, old chap!" said Bunter sympathetically.

Stacey stared at him and did not answer.

He had made himself unpleasant to several fellows who had been quite willing to be civil to him, and he was little disposed to be any more agreeable to this fat fellow blinking at him like an owl.

Billy Bunter was not grinning now. His fat face assumed a sympathetic expression.

"You've lost the train, old chap!" he said.

"I don't need you to tell me that."

"I've lost it, too, old fellow."

"What does that matter to me?"

Billy Bunter blinked at him. A bump on the platform and getting left behind was not calculated to improve any fellow's temper. Still, he was rather surprised by such snappish answers from Wharton. Wharton had a temper, it was true, but there was nothing snappish about him as a rule.

"Well, don't bite a fellow's head off!" said Bunter tartly.

"Oh, ring off!"

"What I mean is—look here, you've lost the train, old bean, and so have I," said Bunter. "You don't want to wait for the next, I suppose, and I don't! I'm going to take a taxi."

"Is it long to the next train?" asked Stacey.

Bunter blinked again. A new fellow might naturally ask that question, but every Greyfriars man knew that the second train followed the first in ten minutes. However, if Wharton had forgotten that circumstance, Bunter was not going to tell him. It did not even occur to his fat brain that this fellow who looked like Wharton was not Wharton. Bunter's vision was limited, even with the aid of his big spectacles.

"Oh, about three-quarters of an hour," said Bunter airily.

Stacey uttered an angry exclamation. Certainly he did not want to hang about a railway station for three-quarters of an hour.

"My idea is a taxi," said Bunter. "I'm going to take a taxi to the school, old fellow, and I'll give you a lift in it if you like."

"Oh," said Stacey, a little more amiably, "that's not a bad idea. Is it far to the school from here? Most of the fellows seem to be taking the train."

The Owl of the Remove blinked again. A new fellow, of course, would hardly know how far it was to Greyfriars from Courtfield. But such a question from Harry Wharton was quite astonishing. It looked as if the captain of the Remove had had a lapse of memory during the holidays.

"Eh! You know how far it is," said Bunter.

"How the thump should I know?" snapped Stacey.

"Oh crikey! Well, it's three or four miles," said Bunter. "What about the taxi, old chap? I'll give you a lift."

He blinked hopefully at the supposed Wharton! Bunter hardly expected to get away with this. It was Bunter's delightful way when he could to take a taxi and leave the other fellow to pay the fare. But with a fellow who knew him so well, it was hardly a hopeful proposition. Still, there was no harm in trying it on.

"I don't want you to give me a lift," answered Stacey, "but I'll share a taxi with you if you like, half each."

"Done!" said Bunter. "This way!"

Bunter was more than astonished. He would not have been surprised if Wharton had said "Rats!" He would not have been surprised if Wharton had hired a taxi, having lost the train, and given him a lift in it. But he



Having lost his head, as well as his hat, Horace Coker charged after the school bus in great fury. As he neared it, Wingate put out a foot, gently tapping the Fifth Former on the chest with it. "What on earth's the matter with the man?" he ejaculated. "I want my hat!" gasped Coker. "Gimme my hat!"

was very much surprised at this businesslike proposition. It seemed to indicate that Wharton had completely forgotten Billy Bunter's manners and customs in financial matters.

However, astonished as he was, Bunter was satisfied. He was as willing to bilk his fellow-passenger for half the taxi fare as for the whole of the taxi fare! In fact, Bunter did not care a straw what arrangement was made so long as he got a taxi, with somebody with him who could be left to deal with the driver when they got to the school.

Bunter preferred taxicabs to trains! Fellows who had money to burn, like Lord Mauleverer of the Remove, would take a taxi from Courtfield, instead of going on in the local train to Friardale and getting on the school bus. All that prevented Bunter from doing so was lack of cash. With a fellow in his company who had cash, it was all right!

So he rolled out of the station cheerfully with Stacey, still in the happy belief that the fellow was Harry Wharton.

He was rather in a hurry to get out. The sight of fellows crowding into the second train would certainly have warned the fellow that he had not three-quarters of an hour to wait! As Wharton seemed to have forgotten all about that, Bunter did not want him to be reminded.

Stacey, on the other hand, not having the faintest idea that Bunter mistook him for Wharton, or that the fat fellow in spectacles knew Wharton at all, was glad to share a taxi with a Greyfriars fellow going to the school.

Taxi-fares were expensive for school-boys; but not so expensive when whacked out. A taxi was just rolling

off with Ogilvy, Russell, Newland, and Tom Brown of the Remove in it—whacking it out. It was quite a sensible arrangement—with any fellow but Bunter! But Stacey, of course, did not yet know his Bunter! Neither had he any intention of knowing him, for that matter—he did not like his looks, or regard him as an acquaintance worth making. As soon as they reached the school he intended to drop that fat fellow like a hot brick.

He beckoned to a taxi-driver, and the two stepped in. Bunter could hardly believe in his good luck when he sat in the taxi, bowling away down Courtfield High Street. Wharton seemed to have grown remarkably trustful and unsuspecting during the holidays! Perhaps he really supposed that Bunter was going to pay half that taxi-fare! It would have been a difficult matter for Bunter, who had spent all his cash resources on the journey in refreshments, liquid and solid. Bunter was prepared to owe him the money till he received a postal order he was expecting shortly. That really was the best Bunter could do for him, whatever he might expect!

"What did they chuck you off the train for, old chap?" asked Bunter, by way of agreeable conversation as the taxi ran out of Courtfield and entered the road across the common.

"Find out!" answered Stacey curtly. "That's why I'm asking you, old bean! Were they Remove chaps?" asked Bunter. "I thought I saw Smithy—"

"Give us a rest!" It was not a pleasant subject to Stacey. But Bunter was interested and rather puzzled. He supposed that Harry Wharton would be with his

friends, and it was rather remarkable for one member of the Famous Five to be "chucked" off the train without the intervention from the rest.

"I say, you needn't be so jolly shirty!" said Bunter. "I never chucked you off the train, you know—he, he, he! You came down rather a wallop!"

"Dry up!" "Shan't!" said Bunter independently. "You seem to have turned up in a jolly bad temper! You've got a rotten temper!"

Stacey's eyes gleamed at him. His temper just then was certainly extremely "rotten."

"Look here," he said, "I'm sharing this taxi with you, but I don't want your conversation! Shut up!"

"I'll suit myself about that!" retorted Bunter.

"You'll suit me if you don't want your fat nose tweaked!" answered Stacey.

Bunter blinked at him and decided to shut up. He hardly knew Wharton now—he seemed infinitely worse-tempered than last term, and his voice was sharper in tone—almost like a different voice! However, Bunter did not want his fat little nose tweaked, so he said no more.

The taxi arrived at the school gates. The two juniors descended.

"Four shillings, sir?" said the driver, as Stacey turned to him.

"That's two each," said Stacey, glancing round at Billy Bunter.

Bunter was going through his pockets with an air of sedulous search.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bunter. "Blessed if I've got any change! Never

(Continued on page 16.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,422.

HARRY WHARTON'S DOUBLE!

By FRANK RICHARDS



(Continued from page 13.)

mind—you settle the fare and I'll settle with you later."

"You'll settle with me now!" snapped Stacey. "I can give you change."

"Oh, all right! Got change for a fiver?" asked Bunter.

Stacey gave him a look, and paid the taximan. Billy Bunter took advantage of the few moments thus occupied to roll away. But he had not rolled very far when Stacey's hand was on his shoulder.

"Two shillings, please!" snapped Stacey.

Billy Bunter breathed hard through his fat little nose.

"Look here—" he began.

"Don't jaw—hand over the two bob!" said Stacey sourly.

"I find that I left my fiver at home!" said Bunter, with dignity. "As it happens, I'm stony at the present moment. Wait till I find Toddy—he will lend me the two bob if you're so jolly particular about it."

Stacey looked at him. He was by no means a fool—indeed, he was quite the reverse of that. He knew now that this fat fellow, Greyfriars man as he was, did not intend to pay his share of the taxi-fare. Certainly he did not know that Bunter took him for a Greyfriars junior whom he had "diddled" before many a time and oft. He concluded that the fat fellow was taking advantage of a new boy! Two shillings was not a large sum, but no fellow liked to be "done"—certainly Stacey did not!

"You bilking fat frog!" said Stacey. "Is that Greyfriars style—swindling a fellow out of a cab-fare? By gum, if you don't pay up your half of the fare I'll kick you as far as the House!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"What?" gasped Stacey. For the first time, as Bunter called him by that name, he understood that the short-sighted junior had mistaken him all this time for Harry Wharton.

"Look here—" said Bunter hotly.

"You fat fool!"

"Beast!"

"Are you going to square?" snarled Stacey.

His angry irritation was intensified by the discovery that he had been mistaken for Wharton. The resemblance between them pleased him no more than it pleased the captain of the Remove.

"Certainly I am!" snapped Bunter. "I'm not the fellow to owe a fellow money, I hope! Wait till I've found Toddy—"

He broke off, with a yell, as Stacey grasped him by the collar and shook him.

"Ow! Wow! Yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "Leggo, Wharton, you beast! Whoop!"

With an effort he tore his collar loose and fled. Stacey, his wrath still unappeased, rushed after him. Rather luckily for Bunter, Mr. Quelch came

out of the House, and at the sight of the Form-master Stacey paused. Billy Bunter dodged into the House and disappeared.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Coker, as Per Usual!

"NOT so much row!" Thus Coker of the Fifth Form!

No doubt there was something in the nature of a "row" at Friardale Station. Follows of all Forms were coming out into the village street where the school bus waited. Remove men barged Fourth Form men, and Fourth Formers barged Remove men, and both barged Shell fellows—merely from cheeriness of spirits under the influence of bright spring weather. No doubt Wingate or Gwynne or Loder of the Sixth would have called for less "row," and less row there would have been accordingly. But no prefect happened to be at hand at the moment, so the juniors did undoubtedly kick up rather a row—and were duly admonished by Coker of the Fifth.

Admonitions from Coker of the Fifth had as much effect on the Remove, the Fourth, and the Shell as water on a duck!

Coker came out of the station with Potter and Greene. He frowned at the hilarious mob of Lower School fellows and called for less row. Coker, during the holidays, had evidently not forgotten that he had a short way with fags.

"Quiet, there!" went on Coker. "Not so much row! Stop that barging. Cherry! Don't yell like that, Bull! Order!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's jolly old Coker again!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Same old Horace!"

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

"Same old meddling ass!" remarked Nugent.

"Same old fathead!" said Harry Wharton.

"Same old footling chump!" said Johnny Bull.

"Barge him!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Hear, hear!"

Potter and Greene of the Fifth hastily cut across to the bus. A dozen playful juniors gathered round Coker and barged him.

The Bounder barged him to the right, Johnny Bull barged him back to the left. Coker, red with wrath, grasped at both of them when Redwing and Peter Todd barged him from behind, and he tottered forward. Coker fell on his knees just in front of Harry Wharton.

Wharton, laughing, grasped his hat.

"You young ticks!" roared Coker, in great wrath. He scrambled to his feet, hatless. "Where's my hat?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton waved Coker's hat. Coker rushed at him. Bob Cherry put out a foot and Coker stumbled over it, and again landed on his knees fairly at Wharton's feet.

"Good dog!" chirruped Bob Cherry.

"Sit up and beg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton gave Coker a rap on the head with his own hat. Then he jumped back out of reach. Coker plunged after him madly.

But half the Remove were round Coker now. They barged him over, and he sprawled.

"Whoop!" roared Coker, as he went.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Potter and Greene from the school bus gazed at him as he gathered dust.

"Jever see a man ask for it like Coker, Greeney?" inquired Potter.

"Never!" said Greene.

"Can't even wait till he gets to the school before he wakes up trouble! Odd, ain't it?" said Potter.

"Coker all over!" said Greene.

Still in possession of Coker's hat, Harry Wharton boarded the bus with his comrades. The bus was crowded by the time Horace Coker had got on his feet and recovered his breath.

There was another bus, but Coker, naturally, wanted his hat. Still more, he wanted to slap the cheeky junior who had captured his hat. Coker charged at the bus.

"Here, look out!" exclaimed Hilton of the Fifth, as Coker crashed into him, getting on board.

"Gerrou of the way!" hooted Coker. "That cheeky young tick's got my hat—let a fellow pass—"

"Keep off my feet!" yelled Price of the Fifth.

"Blow your feet!"

Hilton and Price turned on Coker and shoved. Coker had one foot on board, the other lifting. His foot was dislodged, and Coker went backwards and landed. The roar that Coker uttered, as he smote the county of Kent, woke all the echoes of the village of Friardale.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the fellows on the bus.

"Yaroooh!"

"Do that again, Coker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate of the Sixth came up rather hurriedly. A little excitement on the first day of term was natural and excusable; but there was a limit. The captain of Greyfriars boarded the bus.

"Order here!" he rapped. "Here, this bus is full up—get going! The rest of you take the other bus."

Coker scrambled up and charged.

"Get back, Coker!" snapped Wingate. "No more room! Get on the second bus!"

"My hat—"

"Eh!"

"Give me my hat!"

"I haven't got your hat, you silly ass!" said Wingate. "Have you lost your hat? Go and look for it!"

That was precisely what Coker of the Fifth wanted to do! He clambered on, and the captain of Greyfriars unceremoniously pushed him back. Coker, in his own eyes, was a man of unbounded importance. In the eyes of a Sixth Form prefect his importance was infinitesimal. Wingate shoved him off the bus, as he might have shoved off Sammy Bunter of the Second Form.

Once more Coker sat down on the county of Kent. There was a roar of laughter from the bus, now getting into motion. Harry Wharton put Coker's hat under his arm. Coker had started the row with the Remove, and he really had no cause for complaint. But Coker had now lost his head, as well as his hat; and he charged after the bus in great fury.

This time Wingate put out a foot, gently tapping Coker on the chest with it as he arrived. Again Coker sat down. The bus rolled on, leaving Horace Coker sitting.

"Dear old Coker!" grinned Bob Cherry, in the crowded bus. "Always asking for it—and always getting it!"

"Rather a rotten trick, bagging a fellow's hat!" remarked Skinner of the Remove, wedged in between Bob and Hurree Singh.

Skinner always had some such agreeable remark to make.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes again!"

Coker, once more on his feet, was pursuing the bus—hatless, his shock of hair blowing out in the wind, his face crimson. Wingate stared back at him. "What on earth's the matter with the man?" he ejaculated. "Coker, you ass, what are you up to?"

"My hat!" gasped Coker. "Gimme my hat! I'll smash him! Gimme my hat! I tell you I want my hat!" "Oh!" exclaimed Wingate. "Has anybody here got Coker's hat?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Wingate stared along the crowded bus.

"You young asses! If one of you has got Coker's hat—"

"My hat!" spluttered Coker gamely keeping pace with the bus. He had to go all out to keep up. Perspiration streamed down his face. But Coker was game. "Young Wharton—my hat—gimme my hat!"

"Wharton, you young ass, if you've got Coker's hat, throw it to me!" called out Wingate.

"Let the chap have his hat!" said Skinner. "Rotten trick to—Here—what—leggo—my hat—"

"Here, Wingate!" called out Bob Cherry. He jerked off Skinner's hat and stood up. "Here you are, Wingate!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh and Johnny Bull, taking hold of Skinner, tilted him over on the floor, as the easiest way to stop explanations.

Skinner gasped and gurgled among innumerable feet. Bob Cherry tossed his hat to Wingate, who caught it and tossed it out to Coker, naturally supposing that it was Coker's hat that was tossed to him as he had directed.

"There you are, Coker!" called out Wingate.

"Yoooop!" roared Coker, as the hat landed on his nose.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker staggering, clutched the hat. The bus rolled on, Coker's own hat still under Harry Wharton's arm. Looking back, the fellows saw Coker brush that hat and jam it on his head—and immediately take it off again. Coker had made the discovery that the hat was too small for him—and was, in fact, not his own hat!

Some of the crowd in the bus were aware of the facts, and some were not. Wingate, fortunately, was one of those who were not. He only stared in astonishment at Coker of the Fifth as that burly youth, with a hat grasped in his hand, raced after the bus again.

But Coker had no chance in such a race.

The bus was going strong now; and Coker of the Fifth barely kept pace for a minute or two, far behind, and then dropped farther and farther back.

He was waving the hat wildly and shouting; but the distance and the roar of the bus made his words indistinguishable.

"I wonder what's the matter with the chap!" said Wingate. "He's got his hat—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooogh!" came from Skinner. "Yooocogh!"

"Now, then, order there!" rapped Wingate, taking his seat. "Stop that ragging, you fags!"

Skinner was allowed to crawl back to his seat—hatless. Coker, still going strong, and waving Skinner's hat frantically, dropped out of sight astern.

Skinner glared breathlessly and furiously at the Famous Five.

"My hat—" he gasped.

"Exchange no robbery!" said Wharton cheerfully. "Coker's got yours—here's Coker's."

He jammed Coker's hat on Skinner's head. It came down round Skinner's ears. There was a howl of laughter in the bus.

"What the thump!" Wingate stared along the bus. "What's that—who's that? What sort of a silly trick—"

Skinner wrenched off the hat. He wanted a hat, but not one that rested on the bridge of his nose.

"You young ass!" said Wingate. "Whose hat is that?"

"Coker's!" gasped Skinner. "I—"

And Skinner sat furious and silent, with Coker's hat on his knees, as the bus rolled on to Greyfriars.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Beastly for Billy Bunter!

"BUNTER!" "Yes, sir!" "Tell Wharton to come to my study." "Oh lor'!" "What?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch,

GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

Friend or foe—our Greyfriars Rhymester has got to interview 'em all. He comes off second-best again this week in his visit to

TOM BROWN,

the New Zealand junior of the Remove.

(1)

Tom Brown is a son of New Zealand,
The "farthest flung" lad in the place,
A rattling good sort, you will feel, and
That just about sums up the case.
No fear smote my heart as I hied me
To seek out Tom Brown in his lair;
He welcomed me when he espyed me
And heartily gave me a chair.

(2)

My onslaught was certainly drastic,
The toast and the pastries were gone,
So (as he had sounded sarcastic)
I thought I had better get on.
"Now give me," I said, "a few details,
And, as for the grub—well, no doubt
You'll find that the tuckshop still
retails
Enough for a decent blow-out!"



(3)

His camera covers yet more ground,
He showed me a photo or two,
"Three Fishers (with Loder in fore-ground),"
"The Sark, with Bob Cherry's canoe."
All sorts of odd snapshots he's taken,
Of Prout walking out in the rain,
Of Bunter purloining some bacon,
Of Bolsover getting the cane.

(4)

For cricket he's keen as they make 'em,
His batting is steady and cool,
And wickets, he's likely to take 'em!
His breaks are the best in the school.
His taste's not exclusively sporting,
Good snapshots he's eager to bag,
And fills in his time with reporting
Scholastic events for the Mag.



(5)

I listened in comfortable languor,
Then Bulstrode and Hazel came in!
They gazed at the table in anger,
And said: "When is tea to begin?"
Said Brownie: "You'll both do without it!"
I wonder this chap hasn't burst!"
And then—but, why bother about it?
I left shortly after—head-first!

"Well, you young fathead! What do you mean by keeping Coker's hat, and letting him have yours?"

"I—I—I didn't! I—I—yaroooh!" roared Skinner, as Bob Cherry stamped on his foot. "Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop that row," said Wingate. "You'd better change hats again with Coker when you get to the school, Skinner, and don't play such idiotic tricks again!"

"I—I never—Wow! Keep your hoof away—Wow!"

"Silence!" rapped Wingate.

staring at the fat Owl of the Remove.

"What did you say, Bunter?"

"Oh! Nothing, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Go and find Wharton at once, and tell him I wish to see him in my study!" snapped the Remove-master.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove rolled away. But he was not going in quest of Harry Wharton.

Bunter did not want to meet Harry Wharton.

Still under the belief that the fellow

he had travelled with in the taxi was Wharton. Bunter preferred to give him a wide berth.

Wharton—as he supposed—had cut up uncommonly rusty about that taxi fare. Greyfriars fellows, who knew their Bunter, were accustomed to making rather wide allowances for the fat and fatuous Owl and his extraordinary manners and customs. It seemed to Bunter that the beast had changed a lot in the holidays, for he certainly was making no allowance at all, and his temper was very much worse. He had shaken Bunter, he had chased him in the quad; he would have kicked him, that was certain, had not Bunter escaped. Bunter wanted to keep clear of the beast till he was in a better temper.

Twice since had Bunter had narrow escapes. Twice he had sighted the brute and dodged him.

In point of fact, he had once sighted Stacey, who had started towards him and put him to flight. And he had once sighted Wharton, who was astonished to see him turn and scud like a frightened rabbit!

That there were two of them Bunter did not yet know.

So, if he spotted either of them, they were the same to him, and equally alarming!

In the circumstances, it was neither grateful nor comforting to be given a message to Wharton. Wharton was the last person at Greyfriars whom Billy Bunter desired to see that day.

On the other hand, Quelch had to be obeyed. So the only thing to be done was to get some other fellow to take the message. Bunter blinked round through his big spectacles for another fellow.

He spotted Skinner. Skinner had by that time changed hats with Coker. Coker had received a hat; Skinner had received a hat, and a smack on the head he wore it on! Coker was thirsting for vengeance on Harry Wharton, who had bagged his hat; but smacking Skinner's head was a source to go on with. So he smacked it—hard!

This had not put Skinner into a good temper. So when Bunter rolled up to him Skinner greeted him with a scowl that would have done credit to a villain on the films. The short-sighted Owl of the Remove, however, did not observe it.

"I say, Skinner, seen Wharton?" he asked.

"Hang Wharton!" answered Skinner viciously.

Bunter blinked at him.

"Oh! You had a row with him, too?" he asked. "I say, he's come back in a rotten temper, hasn't he? I say, he kicked up a row with me over a miserable two shillings. Fancy that, old chap! I say, will you go and tell him Quelch wants him?"

"No, I won't!" answered Skinner.

"Well, look here, lend me two bob."

"I can see myself doing it!" said Skinner. "Go and eat coke!"

"Beast!"

Bunter rolled on, and came to Vernon-Smith and Redwing.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Bunter. "I say, hold on! Seen Wharton?"

"Yes," answered both.

"Oh, good! I say, tell him that Quelch wants him, will you?" asked Bunter anxiously. "I don't want to see him! I—I don't want to have to knock the fellow down on the first day of term."

"What?" gasped Redwing, while the Bounder laughed.

"Well, the brute's after me," said Bunter. "Chasing me all over the shop! A miserable two bob, you know. I say,

if you'd lend me the two bob, Smithy, I'd settle with the mean cad and—"

"What's this game?" asked Smithy. "I dare say you owe Wharton two bob, or more. He would be the only man in the Remove you hadn't looted if you didn't. But—"

"He's kicking up a rotten row about it."

"Rot!" said Redwing.

"Honest Injun!" said Bunter. "Chasing a fellow all over the school! I can't understand Wharton being such an ill-tempered beast! Of course, he was always rather a beast! But such a fuss over two bob, you know! I say, Smithy, do lend me the two bob, and let me square him! I'll settle up out of a postal order I'm expecting tomorrow."

The Bounder laughed.

"Tell me an easier one!" he suggested. "You can't expect two bob for a yarn like that."

"But it's true!" gasped Bunter. "You see, this is how it was. We took a taxi from Courtfield together—"

"What?" ejaculated Smithy and Redwing simultaneously.

As they had come in the bus from Friardale with Wharton, they were hardly likely to believe this statement.

"That's how it was," said Bunter. "And Wharton wanted to stick me for half the fare!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Mean, wasn't it?" said Bunter. "Wharton seems to be getting as mean as Fishy! Stingy, you know! But if he's so particular about his two bob I shall pay him, of course! Only, I haven't any money! Like an ass, you know, I left all my banknotes at Bunter Court this morning—"

The Bounder looked at William George Bunter. Many and various were William George's dodges for extracting small loans from his Form-fellows. But this tale was really the limit.

"It's only two bob, old chap!" said Bunter hopefully. "You see, the taxi fare was four bob, and he makes out that I ought to pay half, and he's cut up fearfully rusty about it. Lend me the two bob to pay the brute—"

"So Wharton came in a taxi with you, did he?" grinned Vernon-Smith. "We only dreamed that we saw him in the school bus, Reddy!"

Redwing laughed.

"I say, Smithy, lend me—"

"We'll lend you something," said the Bounder. "You really deserve it for a yarn like that!"

"Oh, good! What will you lend me, old chap?" asked Bunter eagerly.

"My boot!" answered Smithy.

"Beast!"

Bunter fled. He did not want a loan of that kind. But he got it, all the same! The Bounder made a jump after him and landed the boot.

"Yaroooo!" roared Bunter.

"Come back and have another!"

"Beast!"

Bunter vanished.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter, the Dodger!

HARRY WHARTON, kneeling by a box in Study No. 1, was unpacking the same. Frank Nugent, standing by the mantelpiece, was arranging a bunch of tulips tastefully in a jam jar.

Billy Bunter, blinking cautiously in at the door through his big spectacles, saw only Nugent, and breathed more freely. The table was between him and the junior kneeling by the box.

"I say, Franky, old chap!" said Bunter. "Seen Wharton?"

Nugent glanced round.

"Don't tell the brute I'm here, if he's anywhere about!" added Bunter hastily. "I don't want to see him."

Nugent stared. Wharton paused in his unpacking in astonishment. Once already, at sight of him, Bunter had fled like a ghost at cockerow. What was the matter with the fat Owl was a mystery to the captain of the Remove.

"I've got a message for the rotter, from Quelch," explained Bunter. "I'd rather keep clear of him. You tell him, Franky, old chap! I dare say he's not far away—what?"

Frank Nugent laughed.

"Not very!" he answered.

"Well, you tell him Quelch wants him in his study," said Bunter. "The old jossler told me to tell him, but I'm barring the brute! I say, he's come back to school worse-tempered than ever, hasn't he? Have you noticed it?"

"Can't say I have," answered Frank, rather entertained by the expression on Harry Wharton's face.

"Chasing a fellow all over the shop," said Bunter. "A mean, stingy rotter, you know, making out that I owe him two shillings! Of course, I'm not afraid of him. I'd knock him spinning as soon as look at him—"

"You blithering fat idiot!" roared Wharton, rising into view on his side of the table. "What—"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

His eyes almost popped through his spectacles at the sight of Wharton in the study.

He made one backward jump into the passage. In his haste and alarm he had no time to remember the ancient adage and look before he leaped. Besides, Bunter had, of course, no eyes in the back of his head.

He landed on the feet of a fellow who was passing the study. That fellow was Fisher T. Fish.

Bunter's weight, landing on a fellow's feet, was no light matter. The yell that came from Fisher T. Fish might almost have been heard in his native city of New York.

"Yoooooop!" yelled Fishy.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

"Yaroooo! You fat clam! You—you pie-faced, pesky mugwump! Whooop! I guess I'll make potato scrapings of you!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish, hopping in anguish.

Billy Bunter did not wait to be made potato scrapings of. He bolted down the passage, and down the stairs, leaving Fisher T. Fish still hopping and yelling.

In Study No. 1 Harry Wharton stood staring at the doorway, through which the alarmed Owl had vanished.

"What the dickens is the matter with that fat frump?" he exclaimed. "This is the second time he's bolted at sight of me. I'll jolly well kick him next time! Is the fat ass off his rocker?"

"Looks like it!" grinned Nugent. "You'd better cut off, and see what Quelch wants."

Harry Wharton nodded, and left the study. Bunter's extraordinary antics surprised and irritated him.

In the lower passage he sighted Bunter, puffing and blowing after his race downstairs. He went towards the fat junior.

"Look here, Bunter—" he began.

Bunter blinked round.

"Ow! You keep off!" he yelled. And he fled down the passage at top speed.

"You silly ass!" roared Wharton.

"Beast!" floated back over a fat shoulder. And Billy Bunter vanished round the nearest corner.



"My hat——" gasped Skinner, glaring breathlessly and furiously at the Famous Five. "Exchange is no robbery!" said Wharton cheerfully. "Coker's got yours—here's Coker's!" He jammed Coker's hat on Skinner's head. There was a howl of laughter in the bus, as the hat dropped round Skinner's ears.

A dozen fellows stared after him, and looked curiously at Wharton, who was red with vexation.

"What on earth's the matter with Bunter?" asked Hazeldene.

"Goodness knows! The blithering ass bolts at the sight of me!" growled Wharton.

"Your features, perhaps!" suggested Skinner amiably, and there was a laugh.

Wharton strode on to his Form-master's study. He expected, as head boy of the Remove, to have a "jaw" with Quelch that afternoon. He expected, too, some mention of Stacey—an extremely disagreeable topic to him. He had told Colonel Wharton that he would ask Quelch to put the new fellow in his study—and he had to keep his word—though the outcome was likely to be agreeable neither to him nor to his relative.

He found Mr. Quelch looking exceedingly cross. On the first day of term every Form-master was a very busy man, and it was a considerable time since Mr. Quelch had sent Bunter for his head boy. Henry Samuel Quelch's time was much too valuable to be wasted by juniors.

"You sent for me, sir?" said Harry.

"I sent for you," rumbled Mr. Quelch, "twenty-five minutes ago, Wharton!"

"I'm sorry, sir. I've only just heard from Bunter that you wanted to see me. He may not have been able to find me."

Grunt from Mr. Quelch.

"Well, I have no more time at my disposal now," he said. "I have to see Dr. Locke in a few minutes. I will see you again this evening, Wharton, to speak of Form matters. Stacey was here, but as you did not come, I have sent him away. Where he is now I do not know."

Mr. Quelch apparently took it for

granted that Wharton was interested in his relative, a new boy in the Form. Wharton's face expressed nothing.

"I understand from your uncle, Colonel Wharton, that this boy Stacey is a relative of yours, Wharton."

"A distant relative, sir."

Mr. Quelch gave his head boy a sharp look.

"Yes, yes; quite so," he said. "I have not decided regarding his study. Stacey, as is natural, has expressed a wish to be placed in your study, and no doubt this would be agreeable to you, Wharton."

"My uncle wishes me to ask you to place him in my study, sir," answered Harry.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Quelch. "That matter is arranged—Stacey will be in Study No. 1 in the Remove, with you and Nugent. You will be pleased to hear, Wharton, that your cousin has——"

"Not my cousin, sir."

"Your relative," said Mr. Quelch rather sharply, "your relative, has made a very good impression on me."

Wharton compressed his lips. He had no doubt of that. The fellow who pulled Colonel Wharton's leg so easily and successfully, was equally capable of pulling Quelch's.

"I gather," resumed Mr. Quelch, "that he has been at school before, and he has certainly not lost his time there. He appears to have a taste for study, rather unusual in a boy of his age, and will, I think, be one of my most creditable pupils. I hope, Wharton, that you are good friends with your—your relative." Perhaps something in Wharton's look caused Quelch to feel a little doubtful about that.

"I hope we shall get on, sir."

"It will not be Stacey's fault if you do not," said Mr. Quelch again, with a note of sharpness in his voice. "He

speaks of you in a most friendly—indeed, the most cordial way."

Wharton stood silent.

Mr. Quelch looked at him long and hard.

"You may go and find Stacey now, Wharton, and tell him that it is settled about his study!" he said rather abruptly.

"Very well, sir!"

Wharton left his Form-master, who frowned a little as he went. However, Mr. Quelch had to go to see the Head, and he very soon dismissed both Wharton and Stacey from his mind. Wharton would have been glad to dismiss Stacey, too, but he had Mr. Quelch's instructions to carry out. Looking for Stacey, and taking him to Study No. 1 was the least agreeable task that could have been set the captain of the Remove; but there was no help for it.

"Seen a new kid about?" he asked, as he came on a group of Remove fellows.

"More than one new kid about," said Russell. "What's he like?"

"They say he's like me," said Wharton dryly.

"Poor chap!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" snapped the captain of the Remove, as the fellows laughed. He was in no mood for jests.

"I've got to find the fellow. His name's Stacey, and he's a distant—a very distant—relative of mine. If you've seen him about, you cackling fatheads——"

"Keep its ickle temper!" grinned Ogilvy. "There's a chap in the Rag that I took for you when I saw him just——"

"Rubbish!"

"Thanks!" said Ogilvy dryly. "I knew he wasn't you the next minute, old bean—his temper was quite pleasant and his manners good."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton, red with annoyance, tramped away to the Rag, leaving the Removites laughing. Three or four fellows were in the room, and he spotted Stacey, standing by the window, looking out into the quad. Unwillingly he crossed over to him.

"Stacey."

The new fellow looked round at him. His eyes were like cold steel. Harry Wharton had almost forgotten the episode of Stacey having been dropped from the train at Courtfield. Stacey had not forgotten it. He had a long memory for offences, real or fancied.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Nothing!" answered Wharton equally sharply. "But—"

"Leave me alone, then!"

"Gladly!" snapped Wharton. "But Quelch has landed you in my study, and I'm ready to take you there if you want me, to."

"I don't!"

"Glad to hear it!"

Wharton turned on his heel and walked out of the Rag. As he headed for the stairs, a fat figure appeared round a corner—blinked at him—spun round, and bolted.

"Bunter, you howling ass!" roared Wharton.

But answer there came none. Bunter had performed the vanishing trick.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Mistaken Identity!

HORACE COKER, stared—and grinned.

He was surprised—and he was pleased.

Coker, of course, like every other

Greyfriars man, had lots to think of on the first day of term. It was a busy day for everybody—what with unpacking, getting a study to rights, interviewing one's Form-master, reading the notices on the board, listening to the Head's "jaw" in Hall—and the rest of it.

But all through these many occupations and distractions, Horace Coker remembered the episode of his bagged hat—and his firm and fixed intention to visit vengeance on the bagger of that hat.

He had got the hat back, and he had smacked Skinner's head—but Coker was by no means appeased. That cheeky young scoundrel, Wharton, had to have what was coming to him—and Coker had proposed to Potter and Greene to invade the Remove territory in force, and give him that for which he had asked.

Potter and Greene showed a plentiful lack of enthusiasm. They did not want to wake up a nest of hornets, amid other activities of the first day of term. Gently and tactfully they led Coker off the subject. This was easy. They had only to ask him something about cricket! Coker was an authority on that subject, as well as all others, and it was easy to set him going.

The proposed raid on the Remove was dropped, which was a relief. On the other hand, Coker talked cricket—from which Potter and Greene soon experienced a very pressing need of relief. So, after helping Coker to unpack a hamper—an urgent and agreeable task—they rushed away to see Prout. They had to see Prout on the first day of term, and Coker was happily unaware that they had already seen him.

Potter and Greene, having effected this masterly evasion, mingled with the crowd in Hall, getting a much-needed rest from Coker—safe from being dragged into a shindy with the juniors, and safe from hearing Coker's views on the summer game. Coker, expecting them back in the study, waited in vain.

Now standing in his study doorway, Coker was looking along the passageway to see whether Potter and Greene were coming. He had some more to tell them about cricket—from a certain "late cut," which he hoped would attract general attention that term, to the deep problem whether Wingate of the Sixth could, somehow, be induced to play a better man than himself in school matches. Potter and Greene weren't coming, but somebody else was.

It was a junior—a rather handsome and sturdy junior—who was either Harry Wharton, or a fellow very like him. That it was a fellow very like Wharton, naturally, did not occur to Coker.

He had seen Stacey in the mob of fellows at the railway station at Courtfield, when Bob's smack on the shoulder had pitched Stacey into him, and Coker had shoved him off. But he had supposed, as Bob at that time supposed, that he was Wharton, so far as he had noticed him at all. Coker did not know, or want to know, that there was a new kid in the Remove that term—such trifles were miles below Coker's notice. Not knowing there was a new kid at all, naturally he did not know that that new kid was a relation of Wharton's, and like him to look at. Coker was not very bright; but a brighter fellow than Coker might have supposed that it was Wharton coming up the Fifth Form Passage.

Moreover, Stacey did not look in the least like a new kid. He was as cool and assured as if he had been whole terms at Greyfriars. Nobody, glancing at him, would have guessed that it was his first day in the school.

To Coker's eyes—as to Bunter's—and indeed to many others that had seen him casually, he was Harry Wharton. Wherefore did Horace Coker stare, and grin. He was surprised to see Wharton walking into the lion's den in this careless way, and he was pleased so to see him.

Raiding the Remove passage was perilous and hefty work. Coker was ready for that, true. Still, even Coker preferred to catch his victim at a spot where a score of unruly fags would not be piling on him the next minute. There could hardly have been a more convenient spot than the Fifth Form Passage.

Stacey, coming along coolly enough, noticed the burly, beefy Horace in the study doorway, and wondered idly what the big clumsy fellow was grinning at. That was all the interest he took in Coker.

Coker naturally expected him to scud when he saw Coker there. Again he was surprised, and pleased—the junior came straight on.

Fairly asking for it.

Stacey, as a matter of fact, was looking for the Remove passage. Having refused Wharton's guidance, he had to find his way about for himself. On the Remove landing he had asked Skinner—and it was like Skinner to pull a new boy's leg, and send him wandering where he did not belong. Skinner pointed out the Fifth Form Passage, and Stacey followed his direction. Quite unaware of the hectic happenings in Friardale, Stacey dreamed of no danger. He certainly had never bagged Coker's hat, and never heard that it had been bagged.

*Bill and Jim passed by and chuckled with glee,
And the 'copper' was far too busy to see.
He didn't arrest either Bill or Jim,
For a thrilling yarn had 'arrested' him.*



... and this is the yarn!

"THE MAN BEHIND THE SCENES"

by Hedley Scott

FERRERS LOCKE, the famous detective, and his young assistant, Jack Drake, stumble on a great sporting mystery. Although their lives are in danger from the start, they follow the trail to the bitter end. Here are, thrills, baffling mystery and stirring detective adventure—a yarn you must get!

Ask for No. 478 of the

BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY

On Sale at all Newsagents 4d.

As he came up to where Coker was standing he wondered at the gleeful grinning satisfaction in Horace's rugged face. He paused to speak to him.

"I'm looking for Study No. 1," he said. "Can you tell me where it is?"

Coker, about to spring like a tiger, stopped, in sheer surprise. He knew that Wharton's study was No. 1 in the Remove, so there was nothing surprising in Wharton being on his way there. But there was something very surprising in Wharton asking him where it was.

"Wha-a-t?" ejaculated Coker.

"Study No. 1 in the Remove," said Stacey. "It's my study, and I'm looking for it. Know where it is?"

"You silly young ass!" said Coker blankly. "I know it's your study. I was coming there to whop you, only some fellows kept me. Are you trying to pull my leg? Or have you gone potty?"

Stacey looked at him.

"I don't know what you mean," he said tartly. "I'm looking for my study."

"In the Fifth Form Passage?" jeered Coker.

"Is this the Fifth Form Passage? Then I'm in the wrong shop," said Stacey.

"I don't know what you're talking silly rot for," said Coker. "You know it's the Fifth Form Passage as well as I do, unless you've gone off your onion. But you're right on one point—you're in the wrong shop. I never thought you'd have the cheek to come here; but I'm glad to see you." Coker grinned ferociously. "Bagging a man's hat—"

"Eh—somebody bagged your hat?"

"You did!" roared Coker.

"I?" ejaculated Stacey. "I certainly didn't! What the thump should I want your hat for?"

He stared quite blankly at Coker of the Fifth.

"Well, I never thought you'd tell lies about it," said Coker, in disgust. "Not much use, either. You know that I saw it was you. The other young rascals backed you up, but you had the hat. Now you're going to get toco."

Coker rushed.

"What the thump— Yaroo! Oh crumbs!" yelled Stacey, as the hefty Fifth Form man grasped him, whirled him into the doorway, and hurled him headlong into the study.

Stacey measured his length on Coker's carpet.

Horace followed him in, grinning.

"Got you!" he remarked, with grim satisfaction. "Now wait till I get hold of a cricket stump, you young scoundrel! I'll teach you to bag a fellow's hat, and hike off on a bus with it!"

Stacey bounded up. Coker grabbed a cricket stump from a shelf. Stacey made a spring for the door, only to be collared by the back of his neck, and pitched across the table.

He struggled and kicked frantically. He was a strong and active fellow; but he had no chance in the grip of the hefty Horace. Pinning him down with his left hand, Coker laid on the cricket stump with his right.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Oh! Ow! Wow!" roared Stacey. "Leave off, you mad fool! What are you up to? You silly idiot! Are you mad?"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroo!"

"Like to bag my hat again?" grinned Coker.

"You potty idiot! I never bagged

your hat!" shrieked Stacey. "Let go my collar! By gum, I'll— Whoop!"

Whack, whack!

Stacey struggled frantically. He kicked savagely, and the kick caught Coker in the ribs. Horace gave a gasp. He was about to release his victim, thinking that Wharton had had enough. Now he decided that he hadn't had enough, and proceeded to give him some more of the same.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow! Whoop! Help! Oh crumbs! Whoo-hoop!" roared Stacey, squirming wildly under the swipes of the cricket stump. "Oh, scissors! Ow!"

"There!" panted Coker. "I think that will do. You bag my hat again, and—"

"Ow! Wow! Ow!"

Coker threw down the cricket stump, jerked Stacey off the table, and with a swing of his hefty arm, sent him spinning into the passage.

Stacey spun there, staggering against the opposite wall. Coker looked out of the doorway at him, grinning.

"Cut!" he said. "Don't hang about here, or I'll give you some more!"

Stacey panted for breath. He did not know who Coker was, or why Coker had stumped him. But he knew that he had been stumped hard; and he knew that it hurt. And his temper, never good, was boiling.

Coker, his hands in his pockets, stared out at him, grinning. Coker was satisfied, if Stacey was not.

But he ceased to be satisfied the next moment. Stacey made a spring at him, taking him quite by surprise. Before Coker realised that the worm had turned, Stacey's clenched fist crashed on his nose, and Coker went backwards into the study. He landed on the floor with a crash that set the furniture rocking.

"Ooooooh!" spluttered Coker.

He sat up, dizzily.

His hand went to his nose. Red streamed over his fingers. He had been knocked down by a junior of the Remove. Certainly he had been taken by surprise, or that junior would never have got away with it. That did not alter the fact that Coker had been knocked down.

He struggled to his feet, raging. He grabbed the cricket stump, and rushed into the passage. Stacey was gone. He had done the passage at about 60 m.p.h. after knocking that big fellow down, well aware of what was likely to happen when he got up again.

Coker raged along the passage. He spotted Skinner on the Remove landing.

"Where's Wharton?" he roared.

Skinner stared at Coker's nose.

"Eh—where is he?" roared Coker.

"In his study, I think. Yaroo!" yelled Skinner.

Coker gave him a lick with the cricket stump in passing, and rushed to Study No. 1 in the Remove.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Two of Them!

"WHAT about a study supper?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Good egg!" said Nugent.

"Not here!" said Harry Wharton quickly. "In your study, Bob."

"Right as rain," agreed Bob. "But why not here? It's a bigger study, and if we ask a good many fellows—"

"That new tick, Stacey, has been landed here. We don't want him."

"Your jolly old relation?"

"I bar him!" said Wharton briefly.

"Oh!" said Bob, rather uncomfortably.

The Famous Five had gathered in No. 1 Study—the usual meeting-place of the Co. The study supper would have taken place there as a matter of course, but for Stacey. Stacey, certainly, had shown no eagerness, so far, to install himself in Study No. 1; and it was probable that he would spend his first evening in Hall, and join Hall supper. But if he came in, as he had a right to do, it would be awkward to leave him out of the supper-party—and Wharton wanted to have nothing to do with him. Certainly he did not want to draw general attention to the fact that he was on bad terms with a relation—family feuds were, to say the least, bad form.

"Look here," said Bob, after a pause. "I can't say that I like the chap—he seems to me rather a tick! But as he's a new kid—and a relation of yours, Wharton—"

"A very distant relation," said Harry. "I'd never heard of him a few days ago: and I'd be glad to hear the last of him. I don't want it shouted all over the Remove, of course: but I bar Stacey, and I'm pretty sure he's just as keen on barring me."

"Rather rotten to have him in the study, at that rate," said Johnny Bull.

"The rottenfulness is terrific," remarked Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh. "But let us have the esteemed supper-party in Study No. 13, and all will be calmly brightful."

Bang!

The door flew open as if a battering-ram had struck it.

The Famous Five jumped as Horace Coker barged into the study.

"That young sweep here?" roared Coker, glaring round.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Where did you get that nose?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Some nose!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Caught it in a door, Coker?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, there you are!" roared Coker, fixing a deadly glare on Harry Wharton. "You got back here pretty quick—"

"Eh! I've been here for the last hour," answered Harry, staring at him. "What do you mean?"

"You've been here an hour, have you, and only five minutes ago you thumped my nose in my study doorway!" roared Coker. "Well if you fancy you can thump a Fifth Form man's nose, and get away with it—"

"Who's thumped your nose? It looks as if it's been thumped—but what the dickens—here, keep him off!" gasped Wharton, as Coker charged across the study, brandishing a cricket stump.

Horace Coker grasped the captain of the Remove with his left hand, and wielded the cricket stump with his right. He was going to give the Remove some more of what he had handed out in his study to Stacey—only more so!

That was Coker's intention! But it was an intention that was not carried out.

Four fellows jumped on Coker as he grasped Wharton. Before the cricket stump could get going, Coker was down on his back, dragged over, and landing with a terrific bump.

"Whooooop!" roared Coker as he smote the floor. "I'll spifficate you—I'll pulverise you—I'll—whooo-hoop!"

"Hold him!" gasped Wharton, and he lent a ready hand in holding Coker. "I suppose the dear man's shirty about losing his hat! But what on earth's made him think I punched his nose? Is he dreaming?"

"I'll spifficate you—"

Coker heaved wildly. But the five sturdy juniors easily pinned Coker down, hefty as he was.

Bob Cherry jerked away the cricket stump.

"Did you bring this stump to hand out a whopping, Coker?" he asked.

"Ow! Yes!" roared Coker. "And I'll jolly well—"

"Right-lio! Turn him over!" said Bob. "If he brought the stump to hand out a whopping, no reason why he should be disappointed. He can have the whopping!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't you dare—" shrieked Coker.

"Bow-wow!"

Coker, struggling frantically, was rolled over. Spread-eagled on the floor of Study No. 1, face down, with a fellow holding each arm and leg, Horace was favorably placed for a whopping. Bob wielded the stump.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

The dust rose from Coker's trousers, and fearful yells rose from Coker. This was what he had handed out to the junior in his study, with considerable satisfaction. But there was no satisfaction in this! A whopping was one of the things which it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Whack, whack!

"Yaroo! I'll smash you—gurrgh—yurrgh—leggo—wurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whack, whack!

"Now roll him out!" said Bob. "Here's your stump, Coker!" He shoved the cricket stump down the back of Coker's neck, cramming it home, to Coker's great discomfort. "Now travel!"

Coker rolled headlong through the doorway.

He sat up in the passage, spluttering for breath. Coker was not finished yet. But he had to get his second wind before he resumed the offensive. He gurgled wildly.

The Famous Five packed the doorway of the study, grinning. They were quite prepared to give the great man of the Fifth some more of the same if he asked for more.

"Cut, old bean, while the going's good!" advised Bob Cherry.

"Groooooooooogh!"

A junior came up from the Remove landing. It was Stacey. He gave a jump, at the sight of Horace Coker sitting outside Study No. 1.

"Urrrgh!" gasped Coker. "I'll—I'll—urrrgh—I'll teach you to punch a Fifth Form man's—wurrgh—nose—urrrgh, Wharton, you young—gurrgh scoundrel—yurrgh!"

"You howling ass, I haven't punched your nose!" roared Wharton. "I'll punch it as soon as you like, but I haven't punched it yet—"

Coker staggered up.

"Urrgh! I'll—"

He broke off suddenly, as he saw Stacey.

He blinked at Stacey. Then he stared at Wharton! Then he blinked almost dizzily at Stacey again.

"Mum-mum-my hat!" stuttered Coker. "Are there two of you? Have you got a blessed twin? Great pip! Which of you was it I whopped in my study?"

"What?" gasped Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "It wasn't Wharton! Have you been getting a whopping from Coker, Stacey?"

Stacey scowled.

"That overgrown booby, whoever he is, pitched into me with a cricket stump," he answered. "I don't know

why—but I know I punched his nose and—"

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

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Coker, staring blankly at Stacey. Now that he saw the two relatives together, he was able to see which was which. The likeness, though strong, was not strong enough to cause a mistake when the two juniors were together. It dawned on Coker that he had made a mistake, and whopped the wrong man.

"Who—who—who the thump are you?" he gasped. "I took you for Wharton, when I whopped you—why didn't you tell me you weren't?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly idiot!" snarled Stacey. "How was I to know?"

"Well, I can see you're not Wharton now," said Coker. "So it was you punched my nose, not Wharton! Well, if you think you can punch a Fifth Form man's nose, and get away with it—"

Transferring his wrath from Study No. 1 to the new fellow, Coker rushed at Stacey.

The Famous Five immediately rushed after Coker.

Once more Coker was collared before he could carry out his intentions. This time he was swept off the floor, and, struggling wildly, carried away bodily. As the chums of the Remove swept him away, Stacey stared after them, shrugged his shoulders, and went into Study No. 1.

Horace Coker was taken home to his study. He was landed there in a roaring heap. The Famous Five up-ended the table over him, as he sprawled, and left him to sort himself out. After which, even Horace Coker felt that he had had enough to go on with! And the chums of the Remove, in cheery mood, went along to Bob Cherry's quarters for the study supper.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Wrong Man Again!

PETER TODD started.

Coming into his study—No. 7 in the Remove—he was surprised to see a fat figure suddenly leap from the armchair and bolt under the table, like a frightened rabbit into a burrow.

"My hat!" ejaculated Toddy.

Like other Remove fellows, Toddy had noted Bunter's dodging tactics that day, and wondered what they meant. Wharton was puzzled and irritated, the other fellows puzzled and amused by the fat Owl's antics.

Why Billy Bunter fled down passages and skipped round corners at the sight of the captain of the Remove was an entertaining mystery. Now, it seemed, he was dodging Toddy, his study-mate, in the same remarkable way.

"Bunter, you ass—"

"Ow! I'm not here!" gasped Bunter, under the table.

"You blithering bandersnatch—"

"Oh! Is that you, Toddy? I—I—I thought it might be that beast Wharton after me!"

Bunter crawled out from under the table.

"Oh!" Peter comprehended. "Well, Wharton isn't after you, you frabjous owl! What are you playing this idiotic game for?"

"He is after me!" gasped Bunter. "I say, Toddy, I believe you could lick Wharton! I could, of course, only—only— Look here, you go along to his study, and give him a jolly good hiding, old chap!"

"I can see myself doing it!" remarked Peter.

"Even if you couldn't lick him, you'd damage him a lot before he licked you!" argued Bunter. "Then he wouldn't keep on at me! You're not afraid of a licking, old fellow!"

"You blithering, benighted burler," said Peter Todd. "Wharton doesn't know, any more than I do, what you're playing these potty tricks for!"

"Well, look here! Lend me the two bob I owe him!" pleaded Bunter. "It will be all right if I pay him that two bob. That's what all the fuss is about."

"What two bob?" howled Peter. "You owe Wharton a good deal more than two bob from last term, and he knows you never square, and—"

"Not last term—I mean the taxi fare to-day!" gasped Bunter. "You see, we had a taxi together from Courtfield—"

"You—you—you and Wharton had a taxi together from Courtfield?" gasped Peter, who had been in the school bus with the Famous Five.

"Yes, and I was going to pay half, and—and I left my money at home, and—and he cut up fearfully rusty about it, and—"

"Is there insanity in your family?" asked Peter.

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Wharton came in the school bus from Friardale with nearly all the Remove," said Peter. "I was with him, for one! So what do you mean by saying that he had a taxi with you from Courtfield?"

"Oh, don't be an ass, Toddy!" said Bunter, peevishly. "We had a taxi together, and he kicked up a row over the fare—"

"He didn't!" roared Peter.

"He did!" howled Bunter.

"I tell you— Oh!" Peter broke off suddenly. He had seen Stacey, and had heard many remarks in the Remove on the subject of the new fellow's likeness to Harry Wharton. Light dawned on his mind. "Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!" Peter roared.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" yapped Bunter. "I tell you he cut up rusty about the fare, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Peter.

"Look here—" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Wharton came in the school bus!" howled Peter. "But there was a fellow left behind at Courtfield—that new fellow who looks like him! Did you think that the new chap was Wharton, and try to bilk him for a taxi?"

"It was Wharton!"

"Ha, ha, ha! It jolly well wasn't! There's a new kid in the Remove—a relation of Wharton's!" Peter roared. "You've been trying to diddle the wrong man, Bunter! I know that man Stacey never came on in the train to Friardale! Ha, ha, ha! So you landed him for a taxi! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, Peter, it was Wharton! Mean to say there's a new chap in the Remove just like Wharton?" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha! Yes, rather! I hear that Coker of the Fifth pitched into him by mistake, because Wharton bagged his hat in the school bus! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

"And you've been dodging Wharton all day, because Stacey cut up rusty about your bilking him!" yelled Peter.

"Oh lor! How was a fellow to know?" gasped Bunter. "I—I say, if—if it wasn't Wharton, after all? Oh crikey! I say, Peter, are you sure?"

"You fathead! A dozen fellows have been taking him for Wharton!" gasped Peter. "And you've been taking him for Wharton, too! Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at Toddy, his little round eyes bulging behind his big round glasses. At long last the



Wharton's fists crashed hard and heavy on his adversary's face—left, right, left, right! "What—what—what is this?" It was a sharp, angry voice at the door. "Oh, crumbs!" gasped Nugent. "Quelch!" The Remove master had arrived.

Owl of the Remove grasped it. He had wondered why Wharton, who was so used to his little ways, had cut up so uncommonly rusty about that taxi fare. He understood now—Wharton hadn't!

It was an immense relief to Billy Bunter when he got it into his fat brain at last. For he had heard rumours of a study supper, and if the Famous Five were standing a study supper, Bunter, naturally, wanted to be on in the scene. Even a study supper would not have drawn him into Wharton's presence—until he heard this good news! Now it was all right!

"Coming down to Hall?" chuckled Peter. "You needn't be afraid of Wharton now, old bean—"

"Well, that new cad will be there, and he's after me, if Wharton isn't!" said Bunter. "Not that I'm afraid of him, you know! I'd thrash him as soon as look at him! But I'm not coming down to Hall. I've got to see some friends along the passage."

And Bunter, greatly relieved in his fat mind, rolled out of Study No. 7 and down the passage to Study No. 1.

Hitherto he had avoided that study like a plague spot! But now it was all right! Bunter, of course, had no knowledge of the fact that the new fellow had been put in Wharton's study; and still less was he likely to guess that Harry Wharton had cleared out of Study No. 1 for that very reason, and gone along to Study No. 13 for the study supper. Study No. 1 no longer resembled a plague spot, but a land flowing with milk and honey to Bunter's fat mind.

He threw open the door and rolled in.

Only one fellow was in the study—placing some books on a shelf. As it was Wharton's study, and the fellow looked like Wharton, naturally the Owl of the Remove had no doubts.

"I say, old chap—" he began. Stacey looked round at him. A glint

came into his eyes. This was the fat fellow who had bilked him over the taxi fare, and had dodged out of his way ever since!

"I say, there's been a misunderstanding, old fellow!" said Bunter, blinking at him through his big spectacles. "I hear that there's a new fellow in the Remove, just like you—a rotten tick, from what I hear—a regular outsider—"

"What?"

"I haven't seen him since I stood him a taxi to the school," said Bunter. "The rotter tried to make me pay for the taxi—a regular bilk! Of course, I shouldn't have stood the taxi, only I took him for you—"

"For me?" gasped Stacey.

"Yes, old chap, I took him for you, or I shouldn't have had anything to do with him. A low rotter!" said Bunter. "Toddy says he's a relation of yours. I hope not. Rotten for you to have such a relation at school! He's an absolutely filthy outsider, I can tell you! Fancy trying to diddle a chap over a taxi fare! I might have guessed that it wasn't really you, Wharton—"

"My name's Stacey!"

"Eh!"

Bunter gave the new junior one horrified blink and leaped for the door. Stacey leaped for Bunter.

He reached Bunter before Bunter reached the door.

"Owl! Leggo!" yelled the hapless Owl. "I say, Wharton—I mean, Stacey—I say, old chap, I'm going to pay you that two bob. I'm expecting a postal order shortly, and— Yarooop!"

Possibly the fact that he was still wriggling from Coker's cricket stump added to the zest with which Stacey handled Bunter. Certainly he was in a very bad temper, and Bunter's remarks had not improved it. Having knocked the fat Owl's fat head on the study door—to an accompaniment of fiendish yells from Bunter—Stacey

slung him round in the doorway and planted a foot on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars.

Thud!

Bump!

Billy Bunter landed in the passage, roaring. Stacey slammed the door on him, and left him to roar.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Fight in the Remove Dormitory!

"THE Siamese twins!" grinned Skinner.

Some of the Remove fellows laughed. Most of them stared at Harry Wharton and Ralph Stacey.

It was dorm; but on the first night of the term things had not settled down into their usual order. Mr. Quelch was to see lights out for his Form that night, but some of the multifarious duties of the beginning of term seemed to have delayed him. The Remove were in their dormitory, but Quelch was not on the spot—which did not displease the juniors by any means. They were quite prepared to put in ten minutes or so skylarking up and down the dormitory.

Stacey came in last of the Form, and it was then that Skinner made his remark. All the Remove knew by this time about Wharton's relation, who was so like him in looks, and some knew that there was no love lost between the two. The amiable Skinner had already "tumbled" to the fact, and he was aware that Wharton had been annoyed by the new fellow being taken for him. Skinner had one of those happy natures which find entertainment in annoying others. If Wharton was irritated by Stacey's resemblance to him, Skinner was the man to rub it in.

"I say, which are you?" he called out to Stacey.

The new fellow looked at him.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,422.

His face became rather grim as he looked. He did not know Skinner yet; but he recognised him as the fellow who had misdirected him, sending him to the Fifth Form passage in search of a Remove study.

It was Skinner's way to play such tricks on a new kid, and he had not, of course, known that it would lead to Stacey getting a thrashing from Coker of the Fifth. Probably it would have made no difference had Skinner known. Anyhow, Stacey had got the thrashing, and he was still feeling the effect of it; Coker had a heavy hand with a cricket stump.

"Are you Wharton or Stacey?" went on Skinner. "Blessed if I can tell t'other from which."

"The whichfulness is terrific, my esteemed Skinner," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, noting the gathering frown on Harry Wharton's brow.

"Well, they're as alike as two peas," said Skinner.

"Don't be a silly ass, Skinner!" snapped Harry Wharton. "You know perfectly well which is which. 'Stop talking silly rot!'"

Skinner winked at the other fellows.

"I know now!" he admitted. "You're Wharton, old bean—anybody would know you by your sweet temper."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton's eyes glinted. Like as he was to his relative, he knew that nobody could really mistake them when they were seen together. Skinner, as usual, was making himself unpleasant. He was strongly inclined to punch Skinner's grinning face. Nugent reading his thought, touched him on the arm.

"Chuck it, old man!" whispered Frank. "You'll get a lot of that, if you let a cad like Skinner see that it gets your rag out."

Wharton nodded, without speaking.

"They ought to be labelled," went on Skinner, determined to make the most of it, "or to wear different coloured ties, or—Hullo! What the thump do you think you're up to?"

Skinner broke off his pleasantry with a yell of angry surprise, as Stacey came across to him and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"You're the fellow who told me lies this afternoon, and sent me on a fool's errand," said Stacey, his eyes glinting under knitted brows.

"Let go my shoulder, you cheeky cad!" bawled Skinner. "I pulled your leg, if that's what you mean. Are you the first new tick in the school that's had his leg pulled?"

"Well, you pulled my leg, and now I'm going to pull your nose!" said Stacey coolly. "You may think twice before you play a rotten trick on me again."

He held Skinner with his left hand, and reached for his nose with his right. Skinner backed his head away struggling.

But the weedy Skinner was no use in the grasp of the new fellow, who resembled Wharton not only in looks, but in being strong and sturdy. Skinner almost crumpled up.

There was a laugh from some of the juniors, and frowns from some others. Skinner, jerking his head frantically back to keep his long, thin nose out of Stacey's reach, backed and backed till he backed against a bed, and fell on it. Stacey's grasp on him was like iron. No doubt Skinner deserved to have his nose pulled; but Stacey was twice as strong as the weedy slacker of the Remove, and it was not pleasant to see a stronger fellow handle a weaker one so ruthlessly. Harry Wharton opened his

lips—closed them—and then opened them again and called out:

"Stop that, Stacey!"

Stacey seemed deaf. At all events he paid no heed. His finger and thumb reached Skinner's nose now, and closed on it like a vice.

There was a muffled howl from Skinner. His face was crimson with rage and humiliation.

Wharton's eyes flashed. He made a stride towards Stacey.

"Let Skinner go at once, Stacey!" he rapped out.

Stacey, still keeping Skinner pinned with his left hand, and gripping the long nose with his right, glanced over his shoulder, contemptuously.

"Did you speak to me?" he snapped.

"You know I did."

"Well, don't!"

"I've told you to let Skinner go!" said Wharton, breathing hard.

"And I tell you to mind your own business!" answered Stacey coolly.

"It happens to be my business, as captain of the Form, to put down bullying in the dormitory!" answered Wharton.

"If Skinner's pulled your leg, you've done enough—too much! Let him go!"

"I shall please myself about that!"

"Let him go, you cad!" exclaimed Bob Cherry hotly. "Do you fancy that

Stacey was on his feet in the twinkling of an eye. He faced the captain of the Remove, his face white with rage, his eyes flashing. Strangely enough, his likeness to Wharton was still more marked, with rage burning in his face.

"You rotter! You cheeky rotter!" he panted. "You laid hands on me at Wharton Lodge—but your uncle isn't here to protect you now!"

Wharton's lip curled.

"No; my uncle isn't here," he said. "It didn't suit your game to come out into the open at home. There's nothing to stop you here—and if you're spoiling for trouble, you can tackle somebody a little tougher than Skinner. Put up your hands, you cur!"

"I'll do that fast enough!" panted Stacey, and he came at the captain of the Remove with his fists clenched, and his eyes flashing over them.

Bob Cherry jumped between them.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bob. "Dash it all, you two fellows are relations—for goodness' sake—"

"Stand aside, you fool!" shouted Stacey.

"I say, Bob, you lick him, old chap!" yelled Billy Bunter. "I'd jolly well lick him myself, only—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Stacey gave Bob Cherry a shove. Bob's blue eyes gleamed, and his grasp would have been on the new fellow the next moment. But Harry Wharton caught his arm.

"Leave him to me, Bob! It's bound to come—may as well get it over."

Bob nodded and stepped aside. The next moment Stacey was springing at Wharton again, and they were fighting.

The Removites gathered round in a breathless ring. Skinner, for once, gave the captain of the Remove his hearty support and best wishes. There was rather a severe pain in Skinner's nose. Billy Bunter blinked on in great delight through his big spectacles. Bunter would have liked to whop that cheeky beast himself; and the next best thing was to see another fellow whop him.

It was a fierce fight—no gloves and no rounds. And the two adversaries seemed fairly well matched. They were matched in size, in strength, in boxing skill, and, it had to be admitted, in pluck. Almost every fellow there thought that what that cheeky new fellow wanted was a hiding, and hoped that Wharton would give him one. But they could not help admiring the way he stood up to the captain of the Form. Whatever he lacked, he did not lack courage and determination.

Both of them were fighting hard and fiercely—Wharton savagely angry with the memory of Stacey's taunts at Wharton Lodge in his mind—Stacey as angry, and far more bitter. Dislike was mutual; but far stronger on Ralph Stacey's side.

Crash!

"Oh, my hat! Wharton!" gasped Bob, as the captain of the Remove went down on his back.

But Wharton was up almost as soon as he touched the floor, and rushing at his adversary. Stacey met him with left and right—but the rush drove him back, and Wharton's fists came home hard and heavy, crashing in his face—left, right, left, right; and, Stacey, swept off his feet, crashed in his turn.

Wharton stood panting.

"What—what—what is this?" It was a sharp, angry voice at the door.

"Oh, crumbs! Quelch!" gasped Nugent.

Mr. Quelch had arrived, to see lights out for his Form. He was greeted by a rather unexpected sight—Stacey sprawling on his back, his nose streaming crimson—Wharton standing over

(Continued on page 28.)

GREAT JUBILEE NUMBER of The GEM

JUBILEE DAY AT ST. JIM'S!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Rip-roaring yarn of rollicking fun and frolic at St. Jim's, telling how Tom Merry celebrated the great day.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

Full-of-thrills story of the popular pals of Packsaddle, the Texas cow town school.

THE SECRET WORLD!

By E. S. BROOKS.

A gripping tale of schoolboy adventure in a lost world in the Arctic. Every "Magnet" reader should make a point of reading this ripping issue of our popular Companion Paper.

Ask for The GEM

On Sale Now.

Price 2d.

you can handle a Remove man as you please?"

"Ooooooogh!" came in anguished accents from Skinner, as he wriggled and struggled. "Drag the brute off! Oooooogh!"

"I say, you fellows, rag him!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "I say, the beast kicked me!"

"Will you let Skinner go at once, Stacey?" said Harry Wharton, his voice trembling with anger.

"No, I won't!"

"Then I'll make you!"

Wharton had already made up his mind to "bar" the fellow with whom his uncle desired him to make friends. But he had also made up his mind to avoid any open "row" with him, if he could. That good resolution fell to pieces on the spot!

He grasped Stacey by the collar, with a grasp that was as powerful as Stacey's own on Skinner.

With a wrench, he dragged him away from Skinner, spinning him yards along the dormitory with the swing of his arm.

Stacey reeled and stumbled and sprawled, and went down at full length, as Wharton released his hold.

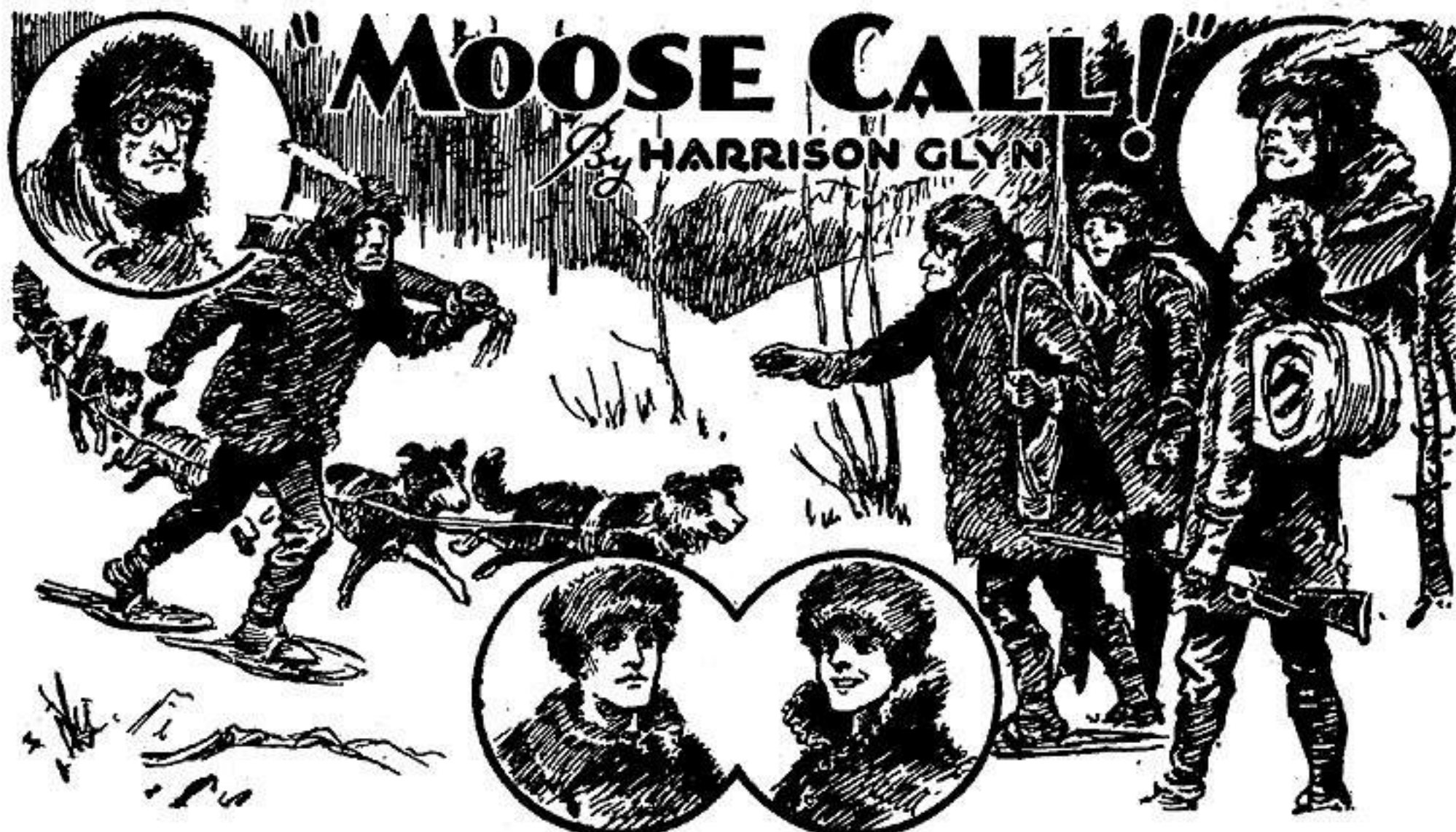
"Oooooogh!" mumbled Skinner. He sat on the bed, nursing his nose, which was red and painful.

ISAAC SNUGGER

MOUNTAIN LION

MOOSE CALL!

By HARRISON GLYN



SELWYN and COLIN

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Following their failure to make a success in the motor business, Selwyn Gore and his younger brother, Colin, are visited by Isaac Snugger, a solicitor, from whom they learn that their Uncle Amyas, a gold prospector, has been murdered in Canada. Snugger further informs the two brothers that Amyas Gore had, in the presence of his trusty friend, Mountain Lion, a Sioux Indian, made out a will, leaving his shack at Moose Call together with his claim up in the Sunrise Mountains and all else he had, to be equally divided between them. Determined to settle accounts with the murderers, Selwyn and Colin sell their business and, after providing for their widowed mother, leave for Canada in company with Snugger. Eventually reaching Quebec, they speed westward on the Canadian Pacific Railway to Edmonton.

(Now read on).

An Unfavourable Outlook!

HERE Isaac Snugger sprang a surprise on Selwyn and Colin. He called at a garage, where he had left a ramshackle, broken-down car.

"Don't tell me she's yours, Snugger," said Selwyn, when the car was brought out and wound up, with the result that its engine revved asthmatically.

"I bought her on November 11th, 1918," said Snugger, screwing up his chin.

"What, the day of the Armistice!" yelled Colin. "To listen to her barking, you'd still think there was a war on."

"She goes," averred Snugger.

"That's a miracle," said Selwyn. "Ever thought of having her decarbonised? Ever had the sparking plugs scraped, or new ones screwed in?"

"No," answered the solicitor.

"Isaac, you're a peach! One thing, there's room for us all, as well as the luggage. But do you mean to tell me

we've got to go all those miles to Tomahawk in this?"

"She's never let me down yet," protested Snugger.

"Touching wood," murmured Selwyn, as he set a finger against the side of Snugger's head.

Soon the trio were snorting and puffing out of the town, and leaving a long trail of choking blue smoke behind them.

To Selwyn's surprise, perhaps because he nursed her all the way and carried out countless minor repairs, the old rattle-trap managed to reach the far-away town of Tomahawk, into the streets of which she snorted one bright morning, to the delirious delight of the citizens.

They knew that Snugger was coming back, for Isaac had written to his head clerk, and the clerk had spread the news.

The moment the car stopped, many of the neighbours crowded round, shaking hands and asking a heap of questions.

Snugger introduced Selwyn and Colin. Then he set a foot on the running-board of the old bus, screwed up his face, and held up his hand.

"Boys," he cried out, "you all knew Amyas Gore, an' liked him. Well, these are his two nevvies. Rumour may have told you some of the truth about Amyas, but you don't know the whole story. Amyas was shot dead by some darn skunks who are crawling round this earth, p'raps planning to murder some other honest man. Amyas lies buried up at his shack, at Moose Call, whar the snow's been meltin'. The law has made no move against his killers, partly becoss the case was never handed over to the Mounted Police. But you all know now, and the case will soon become public property. P'raps some of you have wondered why I've crossed the pond and brought these two fine lads back to Tomahawk. Well, I'm tellin' you. They've kem over to track down his killers, whoever they are, and to avenge their uncle's murder."

Selwyn and Colin were not enamoured

with such publicity, and after they had escaped from the eager, questioning crowd, kept within doors until night fell and the lamps were lit.

Then they went out into the streets for a stroll round. It was as they were turning a corner on their way back home that Selwyn became suddenly aware of a shadow lurking in a doorway ahead of them.

No sooner did he sight the shadow than his suspicions were aroused. He saw a shadowy arm move upward, and instantly dragged Colin to the pavement with him.

Braang, braang!

Two revolver shots rang out with deafening echoes, the bullets whistling by.

Selwyn rolled Colin over and over, then the two sprang up and leapt for cover.

Braang!

A third shot awakened the echoes of the street.

Then men came running to the scene and the assassin took to his heels.

"After him, Colin!" shouted Selwyn, as he began to run. "Think what this proves. Uncle Amyas' murderer is here, in Tomahawk!"

Selwyn Gore and his brother Colin were both as hard as nails, and when they started in hot pursuit of the killer they set a cracking pace.

The shadow turned a corner and vanished.

Colin, tearing desperately on, leapt past his brother, and would have swung wide round the turn had not Selwyn caught him by the coat and pulled him back just as the enemy showed his head again.

Braang!

A whistling bullet accompanied the shattering report of a gun shot as the two brothers flattened themselves against the wall.

Then they heard the sound of fast-running steps as the killer took to flight again.

"Thanks, Sel!" said Colin, with an appreciative gleam in his blue eyes.

"Mutt!" growled Selwyn, as he took a peep, and then sprang out into the road. "Why don't you use your grey matter? Might have known he'd wait round the corner."

The killer was running close in to the wall, still a shadow, and Selwyn, setting a pace, despite the handicap of heavy boots and restricting clothes, began to gain.

Colin followed a yard or so behind. But the shadow, too, knew how to step out. At the crossroads he stopped, and, taking careful aim, fired two more shots.

A bullet chipped the cobbles at Selwyn's feet. A ricocheting plug of lead starred a window and brought some glass jingling down. Then the man ran on again and vanished.

The street into which he turned was not deserted, as the others had been. Several of its shops were open, and the lamps outside more than one saloon gleamed brightly in the darkness.

Selwyn and Colin, seeing no trace of the shadow, slowed to a halt.

"He's beat us, Sel," said Colin. "He's dived into one of the saloons, I suppose."

The two boys walked the whole length of the street, looking into every saloon bar they came to, scanning the faces of every man they met; but they had no idea what their enemy looked like, and had but the vaguest notion as to how he was dressed. At last, realising the hopelessness of their search, they returned to Isaac Snugger's quarters.

Isaac lived about half-way along Bear Street. The original house, built of stout timber and weather-boarded, was now an office. On to this Isaac had built in the course of years a plain brick house which he had himself designed, no single part of which, and more particularly the ugly slate roof, seemed right. But the doors were stout, the double windows sound, and the cellars below—Isaac called them the vaults—as strong as a fortress.

Isaac had given the boys a latchkey, so that they were able to let themselves in and gain the room in which he sat writing without his knowing they were within the house.

"Hallo!" said Selwyn.

Snugger swung round in his chair, and the pipe he was smoking fell from his mouth, to be caught by him before it could reach the floor.

Isaac stamped out the scatter of tobacco sparks.

"Jumpin' rattlesnakes!" he grumbled, though his eyes were twinkling. "How you boys do startle a body!" Then he noted their flushed faces and how their chests expanded and contracted as they breathed. "Bin runnin', haven't yer?"

"Snugger," informed Selwyn, "we were shot at while we were walking through the town."

Isaac Snugger set his corn-cob pipe down upon the table.

"You wuz what?" he asked, sticking out his chin and forming the familiar nutcrackers.

"A man shot at us while we were out walking," corroborated Colin.

"What sort of a man?"

"Don't know," answered Colin. "In the dark we couldn't get a good look at him. But he was big and strong, and he couldn't have been old because he ran almost as fast as we did. He

wore some sort of a cap. He fired five shots altogether."

Isaac Snugger opened a drawer and slid his papers in. His rugged face was set, and he began to wag his chin up and down.

"About this shootin'. How did it happen?" he asked.

The two boys explained, and the solicitor's screwed up eyes flashed fire.

"Mebbe I wuz wrong talkin' to the boys about yore uncle's murder the way I did, and sayin' you kern out from England to get the men who killed him," he said. "That shootin' was no accident. That skunk must hev watched the house and laid in wait for yer. Boys, I reckon we'll pack and start for Moose Call soon's we can. Mebbe to-morrow. Meanwhile, I'll set the Mounted Perlice movin'."

He snatched up the telephone which stood on a ledge in a corner of the room, and rang up first the Mounted Police, then the newspaper office, and finally the sheriff, for Tomahawk boasted its own publicly appointed sheriff, just as if it were a town in the United States.

Before long there came a knock at the street door, and Snugger opened it, to admit a burly, sun-tanned sergeant of the Mounted Police.

Snugger introduced the two boys. The sergeant's name was Threfall, Christian name Paul.

"Tell him, boys," said Snugger.

For the next forty minutes the tale of the attempted killing was told and discussed.

"It rather looks as if one of the roughnecks who murdered Amyas Gore wuz among the crowd when you said your little say to-day, Isaac," the sergeant remarked. "The man who fired those shots was no drunk runnin' amok, judging by the way he ran. Read me the riddle, Mr. Snugger."

Isaac leant across the table, pushing out his chin, and looking very solemn.

"It's plain, ain't it?" he said. "I told you, sergeant, how Amyas Gore wuz killed. You read the copy of the will he made. Then there wuz the bag of gold we found, proof that Amyas had made a big strike up at Moose Call. Amyas left his claim and everything he owned to these two boys. I've got the will locked up in my safe down in the vaults. But what'd that will be worth if the killers who slew Amyas wuz to shoot Selwyn and his brother Colin and then blow lead through me, oh, sergeant?"

"You sure couldn't take the gold with you to the happy hunting grounds," said the sergeant, with a grim smile. "You think the men who murdered Amyas Gore tried to get these lads to-night—eh?"

"That's how I read the riddle," Snugger answered.

The sergeant rose and shook hands. "Tomahawk is a rough place, boys," he said, "but we don't usually have anybody snoopin' around with a gun. I'll get the boys out and comb the town. If we're lucky we may get yore man. Meanwhile, pleasant dreams, and keep yore doors locked."

The sergeant let himself out of the house, pausing for a moment at the door.

"This is an ugly business, an' I don't like the look of it," he said. "Isaac, take my advice, and don't take these lads out to Moose Call until the spring's kern and when you do, take an escort with you."

Isaac Snugger shook his grizzled head.

"No," he said, "we'll start to-morrow. The snow should all be meltin' out at Moose Call."

The road was coated with rime. The roofs and street-lamps were all coated with white.

"No sorta weather to be startin' for Moose Call," the sergeant added, as he wished them a cheery good-night.

Snugger had pulled out his great turnip of a watch and was studying the time impatiently.

"It wants two minutes to ten," he said, as he slammed the door and shot the bolts. "Jest time to catch the last weather report an' news."

Back in the sitting-room he switched on the radio, and out of its clumsy and ugly cabinet a voice issued, distorted beyond belief.

"A deep depression is moving from the north-east," the voice boomed raspily. "Weather for the next twenty-four hours promises to be cold, with heavy falls of rain and sleet. Perhaps snow later. Conditions generally, unsettled."

With a twist of thumb and forefinger he cut off the hoarse voice, and looked keenly at the boys.

"Don't sound too favourable," he grunted. "Boys, don't think we'd better start to-morrow, after all."

"Oh, let's!" said Selwyn eagerly. "If we are going to be shot at, I'd rather be out in the open, where we can shoot back. At least, our enemies would have to show themselves there."

Snugger nodded.

"O.K.!" he said. "I've a hunch we ought to get to Moose Call soon's we can, anyway. And we'll go—armed!"

All Aboard for Moose Call!

SELWYN and Colin slept like logs in the big cosy bed Snugger had assigned to them.

They were awakened at half-past six, and had breakfast in the warm room downstairs at seven.

Then began the business of loading the car for the journey.

Selwyn and Colin, assisted by a grizzled and bent clerk named Grimwade, helped Snugger to remove the things from the house and from a big shed next the garage, and these were strapped safe and sound on the car.

The overnight frost had gone, and the sun blazed up. Soon it was so hot that the two brothers were forced to take off their coats.

Snugger came staggering out of the shed, carrying a rolled-up tent.

"Where's it going, Isaac?" asked Selwyn, scratching his ear, as he studied the already overloaded and cranky old "bus."

"Long the footboard," answered Isaac. "I had them holes an' straps made special."

Selwyn relieved Isaac of the tent, re-rolled it, then jammed it in place, and strapped it home, together with poles, ropes, and a stout canvas sack full of tent pegs.

The task was completed when Sergeant Paul Threfall arrived.

"Nothing doing, Isaac," he reported. "We started a round-up of the town last night and finished it this morning. There wasn't a tramp or a stranger in hotel or doss-house but could give a good account of himself. Furthermore, few of 'em carried a gun. I had hopes of catching that gunman, but apparently there's nothing doing."

His eyes roamed over the heavily laden flivver, and he pointed.

"Does this mean you're startin' for Moose Call pronto?" he asked.

"Startin' as soon's we've loaded up," answered Isaac.

"Mr. Snugger's arms range from the prehistoric to the modern automatic," grinned the friendly sergeant, as he pulled a Service revolver out of its holster and gave it to Selwyn, and then withdrew another from his pocket, which he handed to Colin. The guns were followed by two packets of ammunition. "Hyar, take these as extras, in case Pop's guns won't work."

"I can't take your Service revolver, sergeant," said Selwyn, staring at the empty holster.

"The gun served out to me is back at the station," the sergeant replied. "The one I gave your brother is an old friend I had before I joined the Force; the other's my own. The ammunition I bought."

"Thanks!" said Selwyn warmly.

"Don't mention it. So-long! Pleasant journey. I'll be seeing you again. All the same, Snugger, I wish that Injun, Mountain Lion, had showed up. He's a great guy at getting a message through if anything goes wrong out at Moose Call."

The sergeant swung his hand up to the wide brim of his soft felt hat as he turned and strode away.

In spite of the boiling heat of the sun, Isaac Snugger encased himself in a thick, coarse fur coat, which gave him the appearance of an Eskimo; then he fixed on a pair of goggles, and set a cap with heavy ear-flaps on his head.

Perspiration started out on Selwyn's forehead at the mere sight of him. Phew! The fur coats which had been provided for him and Colin to wear were thrown upon the seats. The brothers wore the peaked caps which had served them on the voyage over.

Selwyn had cranked the noisy old engine into a start, feeling that he dare not trust the self-starter.

The flivver was shaking violently when he climbed into the front seat and slammed the ill-fitting door. Isaac jerked the clutch home, and slowly the car moved out of the yard gate and turned into Bear Street.

Here Isaac turned her to the right, and she throbbed and chugged away, making almost as much noise as a battery in action. People stood in the street, or in doorways, to watch her go, and everybody in Tomahawk soon knew that Isaac Snugger and the two handsome young Englishmen he had brought back with him from Devon, England, were on the road and heading for Moose Call.

Stranded!

THANKS to the overhaul Selwyn and Colin had given the old bus and its engine, the flivver made quite respectable progress, almost bearing out Snugger's contention that she was good enough to go anywhere.

The sun was boiling hot, and the road surprisingly good. In some places a way had been blasted between the hills, and they travelled at an average speed of twenty miles an hour for four hours, eventually halting in a sheltered place near the rock face for a meal.

The sun was still hot, but the north-east wind out in the open had a biting edge to it, and clouds were beginning to roll up.

From where they sat the trio over-looked a great range of country backed by tall peaks capped with snow.



"Let 'em have it!" snapped Snugger. Braang, braang, braang! The trio fired in quick succession, and here and there a dusky shape rolled over.

"We've covered eighty miles," said Selwyn. "It's good going. How much farther is it to Moose Call?"

"Another eighty miles—one hundred, mebbe," answered Snugger, cramming his mouth full of pie, and sipping a steaming cup of coffee, filled from a thermos. "Of course, we can't make it before nightfall. We'll stop at a likely place and set up the tent. Then we'll get along to Moose Call in the morning."

The party rested a bare forty minutes, and then moved on again.

On the way they had passed by isolated houses and ranches dotted here and there; telegraph-poles had reared their cone-capped ends high above the road, and the wind-swept wires had hummed an accompaniment to the drive.

The telegraph poles had ended now, showing that they had reached the limit of telephone communication. Before them lay only the wilds.

Clouds covered the sun, and the wind blew gustily. Selwyn and Colin donned their fur coats. Later the crazy engine began to miss-fire, and the day ended abruptly with a snowstorm that blotted the landscape clean out, coated the windscreen of the flivver, and put the scraper out of action.

Great snowflakes whirled inside the car, and twice within half a mile Isaac Snugger ran the bus clean off the road, and it stopped with a jerk.

"We've got to keep her going," said Selwyn. "Colin, help me push her back on the track. Snugger, you get in behind—"

"Scuse me," piped the Tomahawk lawyer, "but I've driven this 'ere bus ever since I bought her, and—"

"Get in the back and rest," insisted Selwyn. "You've done more than your share. I've got keener eyes than you. I'll take the wheel. We'll start again while the engine's warm. Colin will sit

beside me and keep the screen clean so that I can see. The road's pretty well defined so far, but we may have trouble if the snow keeps on."

Snugger stuck out his chin obstinately and opened his mouth to object, but as his eyes scanned the open landscape he changed his mind.

He knew this Canadian weather far better than these English boys. The snow had come to stay. They would be lucky if they could only get away from this bleak and exposed stretch of country to the shelter of a pine wood. There ought to be such a place within a few miles, if he remembered rightly.

Isaac climbed into the back of the bus, and Selwyn, squeezing himself behind the steering wheel, started off again in the teeth of the blinding storm.

Colin wiped the screen clean, and Selwyn, picking up the road despite a thick, swirling storm of flakes, the like of which he had never seen before, managed to drive the car until, in a rush down a steep incline, it bounced over the edge of the metalled way, to stop dead at the foot of a fir-clad rise.

The wheels had plunged into the snow almost to their depths, the bonnet was smothered, and a solid wall of white blocked further progress.

The fir-trees ranged upwards as far as Selwyn could see, and from the grey pall above the flakes came whirling in a blinding cloud.

Isaac gave a dissatisfied grunt.

"Pity we're landed hyar," he said. "I know this place. We may be stranded for days. We'd better shovel a space clear and put the tent up. That radio announcer was right. Drat the snow!"

It was hard work shovelling the snow clear of the car and making a space for setting up the tent. The exertion made their blood flow warmly, and they were hot by the time they had erected the

tent and taken such supplies as they were likely to need inside, together with the rifles, revolvers, and ammunition.

The trio threw their blankets on the ground and then set up a hanging lamp to the centre pole. It was a modern electric lamp, for which they had plenty of spare batteries. They had each, in addition, a pocket torch.

With their heavy fur coats, a sufficiency of bed-clothes, and plenty of warming food, they were soon cosy enough. Their boots were thick and heavily soled, and they had brought, in addition, long rubber boots in case of accident.

A primus stove heated tinned soup, and this, together with the remains of the fresh food they had brought, made up a rattling good meal. The canned food in the car and in the tent they kept in reserve.

It was pitch black outside the tent when Selwyn peeped out after dinner. The biting wind hurled a storm of snow-flakes into his face, and he was glad to tie up the flap again.

"How long will the storm last, pop?" he asked.

"Dunno. Mebbe all night. Mebbe longer. Whatever happens, though, we shan't be able to get movin' till the fall melts and leaves the road clear. Darnation, I've been a fool, boys!"

Snugger's voice ended in a wail of anguish.

"What's the matter, pop?" asked Colin, drawing a rug about his knees.

"I only brought one pair of snow-shoes," said Snugger. "Clean forgot about you boys."

The long, hard drive through the keen, invigorating air had tired the trio, and they were in need of a rest.

"Bed-time, boys," said Isaac. "We've got the lamp, and we've got the batteries. The food's in the tent, so is the stove, an' everything else we want. The fir-trees will keep the worst of the storm away from us. Better get to bed an' hope for good luck in the mornin'."

They slid under the blankets fully dressed, and spread their thick skin coats over them. Then the light was switched off, and very soon they were all fast asleep.

It was still pitch dark in the tent when Selwyn suddenly started up in his bed, scared by some shattering cry in the night, and a ghostly touch.

He hit out blindly and struck—Colin! "Steady, old chap!" Colin cried, as he thumbed on his pocket torch. "It's

me. Gosh! Did you hear that howling?"

"No," Selwyn replied, and then he caught his breath as the silence of the night was shattered by the most terrifying yelping he had ever heard.

Pushing off his blankets, he moved over to Snugger, shook him vigorously, and then flashed the light of the torch in his face.

Isaac swung himself up, his hand on his gun, his chin raised.

As he recognised Selwyn he grinned.

"Gol darn it, boy, why can't you let a man sleep?" he grumbled.

The hollow, awful howling answered him, and Selwyn pointed.

"Listen, pop!" he said breathlessly.

"Wolves!" said Snugger. "Bust 'em! They've scented us, an' the grub, and they'll keep up that chorus the whole night through if we don't scare 'em and drive 'em off."

Selwyn and Colin followed him to the mouth of the tent. Untying the strings of the flap, they peered out.

The storm had ceased, and the moon was up. All around them the white, unbroken pall of snow lay three feet deep. The fir-trees had been whitened as by a fairy hand.

Hard by lay the car, heavy with snow, beyond it, the fir-clad slope, and ahead of them, facing the gap, a great wide glade in which ghostly forms moved in the vivid light. They were like great shaggy dogs. The nearest were fifty yards away, squatting on their haunches, watching the tent with glistening eyes.

"Wolves!" cried Snugger. "Let 'em have it, boys!"

Braang, braang, braang!

The trio fired in swift succession, and here and there a dusky shape rolled over from the squatting ring or limped painfully away. Then followed a rush, a fierce fight, and soon the warm wet flesh of the wounded beasts had been divided among the four-footed cannibals.

Braang, braang, braang!

A second volley seemed to scare the remaining wolves, for they turned and scurried away.

When all was clear again, Snugger cast an eye up at the cloudless sky.

"Mebbe," he said, "the sun will melt the snow in the mornin'."

(Selwyn and Colin have started off well, by the look of things! But this is only a foretaste of the thrills to come. See next week's chapters of this great adventure yarn, chums!)

HARRY WHARTON'S DOUBLE!

(Continued from page 24.)

him, panting, with clenched fists. Thunder gathered in the Remove master's brow, as he rustled in.

"Wharton—what—"

Stacey bounded up. Perhaps in the fierce excitement of the moment he did not see the Form-master. He rushed at Wharton.

"Boy!" almost shrieked Mr. Quelch.

He caught Stacey by the shoulder and spun him back. Wharton, his hands at his sides, did not stir.

"Stacey! How dare you? Wharton, what does this mean?" thundered Mr. Quelch. "This boy is a newcomer—he is your relative—yet I find you fighting with him in the dormitory—without even gloves! What does this mean?"

Wharton made no reply.

"You are the head boy of my Form, Wharton! This is disgraceful! A relative of your own, too! Have you anything to say?"

"No, sir!" answered Harry quietly.

"Have you anything to say, Stacey?"

"Only that I'm sorry, sir!" Stacey was cool again at once. "I suppose we both lost our tempers! Sorry, sir!"

"I am glad to hear you say so, at least," snapped Mr. Quelch, "and I should have expected you to say at least as much, Wharton! You will each take an imposition of five hundred lines. Let there be no more of this! Do you understand me? If this quarrel is renewed, I shall take both of you to your headmaster for a flogging!"

In silence the two late combatants bathed their faces—which needed it badly. Under Mr. Quelch's frowning gaze, the Remove turned in. He was still frowning when he put out the light, and left the dormitory.

It was late before Harry Wharton slept that night. The new term had started with trouble, and there was more trouble to come. He knew that, only too well; though he little guessed the extent of the trouble that was to come.

THE END.

(There will be another grand school yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's MAGNET, entitled: "RIVALS OF THE REMOVE!" It's a great yarn, this, chums, and you'll regret it if you miss it!)



The "SPUR" RACER

1935 Model All British

50 YEAR GUARANTEE

Usual retail £4.4.0. Frame enamelled

Black

Genuine Avon Red Cord Tyres

5/- secures and 12 monthly payments of 5/-

Art List Free

Free Insurance

GEORGE GROSE, New Bridge Street, LONDON

BE TALLER!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3ins. CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Fee £2 2s. complete. Details FREE. Write NOW.—P. M. ROSS, Height Specialist, SCARBOROUGH.

BE-STRONG

I promise you Robust Health, Doubled Strength, Stamina, and Dashing Energy in 30 days or money back! My amazing 4-in-1 Course adds 10-25 lbs. to your muscular development (with 2 ins. on Chest and 1 in. on Arms), also brings an Iron Will, Perfect Self-control, Virile Manhood, Personal Magnetism. Surprise your friends! Complete Course, 5/-. Details free, privately.—STEBBING INSTITUTE (A), 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

BLUSHING,

Shyness, "Nerves," Self-Consciousness, Worry Habit, Unreasonable Fears, etc., cured or money back! Complete Course 5/-. Details—L. A. STEBBING, 28, Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

STAMMERING!

Cure yourself as I did. Particulars Free.—FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

AIRMAIL STAMPS

Astounding offer, due to large lucky purchase. 25 diff. 7d., 50 diff. 1/6. Send now!—WHITE, Engine Lane, LYE, Stourbridge.

BE TALL

Your Height increased in 14 days or Money Back. Amazing Course, 5/-. Send STAMP NOW for free book.—STEBBING SYSTEM, 28, Dean Road, LONDON, N.W.2.

500 UNSORTED WORLD-WIDE STAMPS, 6d.

200 MIXED BRITISH COLONIALS, including HIGH VALUES, 9d. WAY, CHEADLE-HULME, CHESHIRE.

TALL

Your Height increased in 12 days or no cost. New discovery adds 2-5 ins. I gained 4 ins. Guaranteed safe. Full Course, 5/-. Details: J. B. MORLEY, 8, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.4.

THE "MERSEYSIDE" PKT. FREE! Fine stamps, including Newfoundland (Prince), Tasmania, Kedah, 5/6 cents Ceylon, Montenegro, Fascist stamp, Kenya, over 70 different, Guatemala, Nepal, etc. Free. Send 2d postage, requesting approvals.—Lisburn & Townsend, Ltd. (U.J.S.), Liverpool.



MY GREAT OFFER

Write for my free Bargain Lists of the best ALL-BRITISH Cycles. 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID. Cash price £3:10:0, or terms. All accessories FREE. Value 21/-.

2 WEEKLY

Edw. O'Brien THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, 17 COVENTRY.

BLUSHING,

Nervous Timidity, Shyness. Simple home cure. Free particulars 14d. stamp.—MR. HUGHES, 7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THE ORDER OF THE BOOT!

By DICKY NUGENT

"Got the sledgehammer?"
 "Yes, rather!"
 "Good!" grinned Jack Jolly of the Fourth Form at St. Sam's. "Give it to me, and I'll have these nets pegged up in a couple of jiffies!"
 St. Sam's had just returned from their Jubilee Hollerday, and Jack Jolly & Co. were about to put in a little net prattiss in readiness for the forthcoming cricket season. Mowers, the groundsman, had not yet erected the junior nets by the entrance gates, so Jolly had decided to put them up himself.
 He took the long-handled sledgehammer from his pal, Bright, and swung it over his head.
 The next instant, to his surprise, he felt it hit something behind him.

Crash!
 "Yarooooo! Ow, by dose!"
 "Oh, crums!" eggshelled Jack Jolly in dismay. Turning round, he saw what had happened. By a stroke of bad luck, two gentlemen happened to be passing just as he lifted the hammer—with the result that the hammer had hit the nearer of the two right on the nose.

"Woooooop! Yarooooo! Ow-wow!"
 The injured gentleman who made these sounds was a stranger to Jack Jolly & Co., but, reckoning his companion as Sir Frederick Funguss, the Chairman of the Guvvners of St. Sam's, the juniors guessed he must be someone of importance, and felt awfully nervous in consequence.

"Sorry, sir!" gasped Jack Jolly. Then his words died on his lips, as the stranger took his hands away from his dammaged nasal organ. For the stranger had the most feendish-looking dial Jack Jolly had ever seen in his life!

"Dolt! Fool!" snarled the feendish-looking stranger. "Mark my words, I will make you shreek with pain for this!"

"But look here, sir," protested Jack Jolly, "I didn't do it a-purpose, and—"

"Bah! A-purpose or not a-purpose, I'll make you scream and bellow in aggerney for it! Follow me—the rest of you, too!"

"Oh, crikey!"

"I can see what is needed here, Sir Frederick," went on the savvy-looking gentleman, in a cringing, wining voice, that contrasted weirdly with the brootal, booly tones he had used to Jack Jolly. "St. Sam's wants ruling with a rod of iron, and I promise you that very soon now it is going to get what it wants!"

"That's the way to talk, Dr. Crule!" croaked Sir Frederick. "This way, my dear sir!"

Feeling very uneasy, Jack Jolly & Co. followed their leaders to the Skool House. As they went, they couldn't help wondering what could be the meaning of the cryptic conversation they had heard.

They got the surprise of their lives, when they learned!

Sir Frederick led the way to the Head's study, and told Jack Jolly & Co. to wait outside for a minnit. Then he led the mysterious Dr. Crule into Dr. Birchmell's sanktum.

Within the study, Dr. Birchmell smiled his most ingratiating smile as he reckoned the Chairman of the Guvvners.

"This is an uneggspected plezzure, Sir Frederick!"



THE NEW GREYFRIARS HERALD



No. 137 (New Series).

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

May, 18th, 1935.

he cride. "I trust that you are in the pink, and that—"

"Silence!" growled Sir Frederick, grately to the Head's surprise. "I have not called to eggexchange plezzantries, sir. The purpose of my visit, as a matter of fakt, is to perform a duty which I should have performed long ago. Dr. Birchmell, it is my unplezzant task to give you a week's notiss!"

The Head of St. Sam's started violently.
 "A—a week's notiss, Sir Frederick? Pardon my iggnorance, but I am not conversant with vulgar eggexpressions. Do you mean, you are giving me the boolit?"

Sir Frederick nodded.
 "Eggactly. You're sacked—fired—bunked! St. Sam's has long needed a man who will restore its ancient glories by imposing an iron discipline on its inmates, and I think I have found the right man for the job—Dr. Crule, whom you see by my side!"

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Dr. Birchmell.
 He looked daggers at Dr. Crule. But the only effect it had on that gentleman was to make him skowl with such fearful intensity that Dr. Birchmell hurriedly jumped backwards.

"Well, that's that!" said Sir Frederick, rather relieved to get it off his chest. "You can't say you haven't asked for it, Dr. Birchmell. Something had to be done to stop the rot—"

"Rot!" snapped Dr. Birchmell, regaining his curridge.

"Under your rule, St. Sam's was going to the dogs—"

"Bow-wow!"
 "And the only thing to do was to introduce an iron disciplinarian—to wit, Dr. Crule—and solve the knotty problem that way!"

"Well, if that's your idea of solving a knotty problem, I'm not in a cord with it!" said Dr. Birchmell, his greenish eyes fairly flashing fire as the falt that he was being sacked pennytrated his noddle. "I can see at a glance that this gentleman is a beestly booly and a trecherous tirant, and if you think St. Sam's is going to be browbeaten by him, you'll soon find you're mistaken!"

"Hear, hear!" chortled Jack Jolly & Co., outside. Then they hurriedly stopped their applawse, for the door had been herled open, and Sir Frederick Funguss was standing just inside, pointing out to the passidge.

"That's enuff from you, Birchmell!" he cride. "What you have said has caused me to change my mind over the week's notiss. You can take two ticks instead! Go!"

For a moment there was a dramattick pawse. You could have herd a pin drop. Then Dr. Birchmell dropped a bomshell.

"I won't!" he said.
 "You—you won't?" Sir Frederick stared at the rebel headmaster agast. "Why, you must be cemented! I'll fetch the perlice and have you forcibly dejected!"

"Fetch the perlice—and the troops, too, if you like!" said Dr. Birchmell, recklessly. "I'm staying heer, notiss or no notiss! You and your friend are the people who are going! Get out!"

"Look here—" roared Dr. Crule.
 "Can't! Your face gives me a pain!" said Dr. Birchmell. "Get out, I repeat—both of you!"

And then, to Jack Jolly & Co.'s delight, the Head seized a birchrod and made a run at his unwelcome visitors.
 Swish, swish, swish!
 "Yarooooo!"

"Ow! Stopit, you rotter!"
 Yelling feendishly, Sir Frederick and his ally tore out of the study and collided with Jack Jolly & Co. All five collapsed in the passidge in a struggling heap.

And while they struggled, the door slammed after them, and a key turned in the lock. Dr. Birchmell had locked himself in—prepare to defy all attempts to dislodge him!

Sir Frederick and the new headmaster staggered to their feet again, moaning and groaning. Then Dr. Crule's bludshot eyes rested on Jack Jolly & Co., and he grinned evilly.

"Ah! You are still here!" he said. "Sir Frederick, if it is your wish that I commence my duties as headmaster now—"

"It is!" croaked Sir Frederick.
 "Then I will start by teaching these cheeky yung cubs a lesson they will not easily forget!"

Let us draw a vule, dear readers, over the painful seen that followed. Never in all their eggexperience had Jack Jolly & Co. endured such feendish punishment.

As they crawled away, the thought that Dr. Crule was now in charge filled them with sheer horror. Only one gleam of hope remained—Dr. Birchmell's barring-out!

Their old Head was evidently determined to stay on and see this thing through.
 Would he—could he, succeed?
 (Look out for the second of this staggering series—Dr. Birchmell's Barring-Out!—in next week's number!—ED.)

IF COKER WERE TRAFFIC DICTATOR

By William Greene

"It's the thoughtless minority that's causing all this trouble on the roads to-day," said Coker bitterly, when he took me for a pillon-ride to Wapshot the other day. "But for those selfish few, the roads would be as safe as houses."

"Take that chap!" he said, a minute later, as we raced along on the wrong side of the road and nearly collided with a milk-van. "He saw us coming—yet did he get out of the way, the rotter? Not he!"

"There's another!" he snorted, as we shot across a cross-roads at fifty miles an hour and caused another motor-cyclist to skid into the ditch. "Why, a chap like that is a danger to the public!"

"If I were Traffic Dictator," said Coker, as he performed a hair-raising cutting-in display that caused two cars to brake hard and spin round in circles, "I'd turn people like those off the roads—disqualify them for life, by gad!"

"Now, look at this road-hog trying to overtake us!" he grunted, a little further on. "It makes me mad! Why on earth are such villains allowed in a car at all?"

Coker got rather a shock when he learned the answer to that question. The reason these particular "villains" were allowed in a car was that they were



police-officers, looking out for road offenders!

Now Coker is due to appear at Courtfield Police Court.

What they do with him there will probably give him more decided views than ever on the Road Safety question.

If ever he does become Traffic Dictator, I can see Coker abolishing Speed Cops in the first minute!

HAIL, KING CRICKET

By HARRY WHARTON

Now for the best season of the year, lads—the Cricket Season! Ahead of us lie ten weeks in which we shall wield the willow and chase the ball on the pleasant playing-fields of Greyfriars, and of the other schools we shall visit!

That it will be a grand summer, with plenty of sunshine and just sufficient rain to keep a pitch in tip-top condition is the wish uppermost in our minds to-day. Next to that comes the wish that Greyfriars will acquit herself well—particularly the Remove team!

To hope for nothing, but keen, sportsmanlike games is superfluous. We know before we start that right through

MY WONDERFUL WHEEZY IDEA

It has always brought esteemed and weepy sorrowfulness to me, to think that one day I must leavefully depart from honoured and idiotic Greyfriars for ever.

But lately I've thought out a wheezy good idea for removefully obviating that sorrowfulness.

It is an idea that will make most of you take sit-upful notice. In brief-fulness, it is to take Greyfriars back to India with me!

"What utter rotfulness!" I can hear most of you cryfully exclaim. But wait an honoured minit, my esteemed chums. I don't mean to take the school to pieces and carry it away lock-stock-and-barrellfully on the boat. What I'm meanfully getting at is quite another notion—namely, to build a new Greyfriars, just like the original, in my native Bhanipur!

You will all concurlfully agree that it would make a delightful and preposterous residence for me when I wanted an esteemed change from my palace. My joyfulness in wandering through the honoured Form-rooms and esteemed studies would be truly terrific!

The only flyfulness in the ointment would be their esteemed emptiness. But even this drawback might be winfully overcome. For I could invite all my esteemed and honoured chums to spend a holiday with me whenever they felt like it, you see. With such familiar and ridiculous surroundings to attract them, I could always relyfully depend on an esteemed full house!

The more I think about it, the better this wonderful wheezy idea seems to be. I shall certainly have to look into it inquirefully when I do leave Greyfriars for good and allfulness.

Fortunately, that won't be for a longful time yet!

HURREE SINGH.

Fisher T. Fish hereby gives notice that if the guys in this one-horse show don't soon accept his offer to make their fortunes for them by investing their dough, HE'LL LOSE INTEREST.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



When rain prevented play on Little Side, Harry Wharton & Co. put in some cricket practice in the Remove passage. It was unfortunate that Loder appeared, catching the ball on his chin! A "duck" would have saved him. By the time he had recovered he had to "declare" that there was no one in sight!



When Sir Hilton Popper complained to the Head that Coker on his motor-bike had startled his mount while riding, Coker said the hack was suffering from too much whip. Much "hot air" ensued, but to Sir Hilton's annoyance the matter had to be left "in the air!" Coker was rightly triumphant!



The Cloisters are a favourite retreat for "shady" fellows like Skinner & Co. when desirous of smoking cigarettes in secret. The quiet calm of the old Cloisters was shattered, though, when Wingate caught Skinner & Co. and handed out lickings all round. Skinner & Co.'s yells put everything "in the shade!"



St. Jude's are saying it was the wet wicket which was responsible for their extremely small total of 17 all out—but Greyfriars attributed it to the bowling of the wisard Hurree Singh, who took eight wickets for 10 runs! Friars found the pitch to their liking, hitting up 108 for five!



When Coker mentioned in Mr. Prouty's hearing that Prouty was getting fat, there was a shindy. The use of the term "Prouty" did not upset Mr. Prouty so much as the reflection on his figure, which was true! Mr. Prouty still imagines himself the mighty hunter he says he was long ago in the "Rockies!"



Bunter has been astounding everybody by telling a true story—that he once hit a cricket ball into the pavilion clock-face! He omits to mention that the ball was bowled at practice by a tag, and that Bunter shut his eyes and took a blind slog! Miracles do happen—and then "time" stands still!

Answer to Correspondent

"SHELLITE."—Say what you like about Hoskins' piano-playing, you've got to take your hat off to it!

We quite agree. Since the Jubilee Celebrations began, Hoskins has played nothing but "God Save the King!"

That's Why He's Blue!

Rough luck that the bottle of ink Skinner was carrying under his coat to tip over Fisher T. Fish should have had a crack in the bottom. Skinner was trying to keep the jupe a secret—but his intentions leaked out!

Strong Man Wanted

Sports Gala Promoter requires Strong Man willing to perform sensational act of lying down while a lawn-roller is wheeled over him. Good chance for anyone who is used to being hard pressed for money.—Apply "Wib," Box No. 345, GREYFRIARS HERALD.