

"DAN of the DOGGER BANK!" THRILLING STORY OF ADVENTURE WITH THE NORTH SEA FISHING FLEET **STARTS INSIDE**

The Magnet ^{2^D}



SAVED *by his* ENEMY!



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Jim Warren Steps In!

WHOP!

"Wow!"

Whop!

"Ow-wow!"

The voice of Billy Bunter, of the Greyfriars Remove, was lifted on its top note. To judge by his terrific howls, Billy Bunter might have been suffering as severely as any member of the noble army of martyrs.

Really, it was not so bad as that. Still, it was bad enough. Loder of the Sixth had a bad temper, and a heavy hand. He was wielding the ashplant, as if he fancied that Billy Bunter's tight trousers were a carpet, which it was his duty to beat thoroughly.

Whop!
"Ow! Beast! Stop it!" yelled Bunter.

Bunter was in the Elm Walk—the path under the ancient trees at Greyfriars School. Loder, apparently, had caught him there. It was rather a secluded spot, at a good distance from the House, where Bunter's yells, loud as they were, could not be heard in the school.

"You pilfering little rotter!" said Loder.

Whop!
"Yaroooh!"
"Take that!"

Whop!
"Whoop! Rescue!" yelled Bunter desperately. "I say, you fellows, help!"

But there were no Remove men at the Magnet Library.—No. 1,445.

hand. Had there been, they could hardly have intervened. Loder of the Sixth was a prefect, invested with the power of the ashplant. A Sixth Form prefect, certainly, was supposed to administer moderate and reasonable punishment, for adequate cause. Loder's whoppings were seldom moderate, and he did not always wait for adequate cause. Still, there it was—he was a prefect, and could whop a Remove junior.

Whop!
"Ow! Beast! I never had them!" howled Bunter. "Wow!"

Whop!
Two Fifth Form fellows came along under the elms, and paused to look on at the scene. One of them was Hilton, the other, Jim Warren, the new fellow in the Fifth.

Hilton gave Loder and Bunter a careless glance. But Warren frowned a little. Bunter was getting it hot and strong—too hot and strong, in Warren's opinion.

Whop!
"Dash it all, that's too thick!" said Warren.

He made a step towards the executioner and his victim.

"Don't be an ass!" advised Hilton. "You can't interfere with a prefect! Come on!"

He strolled on his way. But Warren did not follow him. True, Loder was a prefect, and Bunter, no doubt, was a young sweep. But there was a limit, and it seemed to Jim Warren that the limit had been passed.

Up went Loder's ashplant again for another whop.

Warren ran forward.
"Look here, Loder, stop it!" he exclaimed.

Gerald Loder, in angry surprise, stared at him. He was so surprised at the cheek of a Fifth Form fellow barging in, that his ashplant remained suspended in the air.

"I say, Warren, stop him!" howled Bunter. "Make him leggo! Ow!"

"What the thump do you mean, Warren?" hooted Loder. "What are you barging in for, I'd like to know."

"Don't you think Bunter's had enough, whatever he may have done?" asked Warren mildly.

Loder glared.
"I'll show you whether I think so!" he gasped.

He brought down the ashplant towards the tight trousers of the Owl of the Remove, who, bent over in the grasp of Loder's left, unable to escape, gave a howl of horrid anticipation.

Had that vicious blow landed, it would certainly have hurt Bunter. Loder was putting all his beef into it, just to show Warren what he thought of the meddling of a Fifth Former.

But the blow did not land.

It was too much for Warren to stand. He was well aware that it was a perilous business, interfering with a Sixth Form prefect. Neither was he a fellow to hunt for trouble. But he was not going to see that savage cut land on Billy Bunter—and he grabbed at Loder's shoulder, and dragged him back, just in time.

The slashing cane missed Bunter. But every bullet has its billet! Missing Bunter, the cane swept on, and was stopped by Loder's own knee.

Crack!
It rang like a pistol shot. Loder uttered a yell, louder than that of Bunter's. He jumped almost clear of the ground. Then he hopped on one leg, clasping the knee of the other with both hands.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Warren. Billy Bunter jumped away. He staggered against an elm, wriggling with pain, and gasping for breath.

"Ow! Yow! Wow!" moaned Bunter. "Oh! Ah! Urrgh! Oooogh!" splintered Loder.

"Sorry," gasped Warren. "But—" "I'll make you sorrier, you meddling cheeky cad!" roared Loder. He ceased to hop and limped instead. "I'll report this to the Head!"

Warren grinned. "Report yourself for whacking yourself?" he asked. "But if you want to go to the Head, I'm ready, and I'll take Bunter along with me. I fancy Dr. Locke doesn't expect his prefects to whop a kid as you've been doing."

Loder breathed fury. He was as well aware as Warren was of that. Had the headmaster of Greyfriars known a little more of the manners and customs of the bully of the Sixth, Loder would not have remained a prefect long.

"Ow! Yow! Wow!" came from Bunter. "I never had them, Warren! I haven't been anywhere near Loder's study! Ow!"

"Get out of this, Warren!" said Loder. He did not mention the Head again. "I'll make you sorry for barging in, too. Now get out of it, I'm caning Bunter for pilfering a bag of chocolates from my study. And I'm not finished yet."

"Oh!" said Warren, rather dismayed. He was new at Greyfriars School that term, but he had heard all about Bunter, the grub-hunter of the Remove. Not that Bunter was, as Loder called it, a pilferer—not consciously, at all events. Bunter was drawn towards anything eatable, by an attraction as irresistible as the Law of Gravitation. If Bunter spotted chocolates, or toffee, the same disappeared inside Bunter before he had time to consider the question to whom they belonged. They just went!

"I didn't!" howled Bunter. "I never! Fellows always make out that I take things. I don't know why! I never—I wasn't—"

"If you saw him, Loder—" said Warren.

"No business of yours whether I saw him or not!" snarled Loder. "I'm not accountable to a Fifth Form cad, that I know of."

"Then you didn't see him!" said Warren quietly. "You're whopping Bunter on suspicion."

"Are you going to stop me?" hissed Loder.

"Yes, I am!" answered Warren. "Bunter's a young rascal, but he's entitled to justice. Even if he bagged your chocs, you've given him enough! And you've no proof that he did."

"He had to take lines to my study. I found his lines on the table and the bag of chocolates was gone."

"I never—" howled Bunter.

"And that's enough for you to whop a kid as you've been doing?" exclaimed Warren angrily. "Well, you're not going to touch him again. Keep that asplint to yourself, Loder."

"Stand back!" roared Loder furiously. He lifted the asplint, and made a stride at Billy Bunter.

Jim Warren, with set lips and glinting eyes, stepped between, his fists clenched. His voice came sharp.

"Put down that cane, Loder! Touch that fag with it, and I'll knock you spinning!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Whose Chocs?

"O H crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter.

The fat Owl of the Remove stared at Jim Warren, with his eyes almost popping through his spectacles.

He was glad of Warren's protection—very glad. But he was almost as much scared as reassured.

Knocking a prefect spinning was one of the things that really could not be done. A fellow might be expelled for punching a prefect. Nevertheless, Jim Warren looked as if he meant every word he said.

Indeed, it was so clear that he did, that Gerald Loder halted, backed a pace, and lowered the cane. Wingate or Gwynne or Sykes of the Sixth would have taken no more heed of such a threat than of the idle wind. But there was a yellow streak in Loder; and even the satisfaction of seeing Warren sacked afterwards, would not have solaced

Stephen Price, the black sheep of the Fifth, has vowed to bring Trouble—with a capital T—on the shoulders of Jim Warren, the mysterious new Fifth Former. And success looks like crowning his efforts, until Gerald Loder, the rascally prefect, puts his spoke in and unwittingly brings the rascally scheme to nought!

him for having a crashing fist landed in his face.

Moreover, it was not so certain that Warren would be sacked, even for the dire offence of punching a prefect, in the circumstances. There was no doubt that Loder had whopped Bunter not wisely, but too well. He had far exceeded the limit, and he would not have dared to bring the affair before the headmaster for that reason.

Loder paused; breathing rage. He had had little to do with the new fellow in the Fifth, so far; but he was pally with Price of the Fifth, who was Warren's enemy, and had no liking for him. At the present moment his feelings towards Warren were even more bitter than Price's.

"Will you stand aside?" he breathed.

"No," answered Warren coolly.

"Oh crikey!" murmured Bunter.

"You're not going to touch that young ass again," said Jim Warren. "Even a prefect has no right to whop a kid as you were doing, Loder, and you know it. And if you don't let the matter drop this minute, I'll take Bunter to his Form-master, and leave Quelch to talk to you."

"He had the bag from my study!" hissed Loder.

"I hadn't!" wailed Bunter.

"If you think he had, you can report him to Quelch. A prefect can report a fellow if he likes," said Warren.

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

As Bunter denied having bagged the chocs from Loder's study, he ought really to have been pleased at the idea of the matter coming before his Form-master. But he did not seem pleased. Mr. Quelch was the man to see strict justice done. Perhaps that was what Bunter was afraid of.

"You silly fool!" snarled Loder. "What's the good, when he's scoffed the chocs, and would tell lies about it? I'm going to whop him!"

"You've whopped him enough," said Warren coolly. "And, look here, Loder, you'll chuck it this minute, or the matter goes before Quelch. I can guess what he will say when he finds out how you've been whopping Bunter."

Loder almost choked.

He was a Sixth Form man—a prefect—and this fellow, who had not been a term in the school, coolly defied him, and even threatened him. And he had to take it from Warren; for he had put himself in the wrong, and had not a leg to stand on.

"You—you—you cheeky rotter!" he gasped.

"Better go!" suggested Warren.

Loder gave him a long, long look. Then he tucked the asplint under his arm, and walked away through the elms. The look on his face, when he came into the quad, made a good many fellows glance at him curiously. Jim Warren already had an enemy in the school—Price of the Fifth. Now he had made another—Loder of the Sixth.

Billy Bunter, perhaps, was hardly worth it. But as he glanced at the fat junior, and saw him wriggling, Jim Warren was not sorry that he had butted in.

Loder was a bully and a brute, there was no doubt about that. Even the young duffer scoffed his chocs, did not deserve that tremendous whopping. And Jim was willing to believe that Bunter hadn't. Certainly it was unjust to punish even Bunter on bare suspicion. Neither the Head nor Mr. Quelch would have been satisfied by the reasons that seemed good enough to Loder.

"Ow! Yow! Wow!" wailed Bunter, wriggling like a fat eel. "I say, Warren, I wish you'd punched him—Ow! Making out that a fellow pinched his chocs—Ow! As if I'd touch a fellow's tuck, you know."

"You've scoffed Coker's often enough," said Warren. "And I've heard that no tuck in the Remove is safe from you, you young rascal!"

"Oh, really, Warren—"

"But I should think even a young ass like you would have sense enough not to go grub-raiding in the Sixth," said Jim.

"Of course, I wouldn't," said Bunter. "I'd jolly well watch it! Too jolly dangerous, you know. Only I happened to be in Loder's study, taking in my lines—the brute gave me lines, you know—that's how it was. I wouldn't have gone to his study if I could have helped it."

"That's how it was then," said Jim. "Do you mean that you did scoff the chocs?"

"Oh, no! Nothing of the kind?" exclaimed Bunter hastily. "I never saw the bag on the table when I put my lines down, Warren. In fact, I don't believe Loder had any chocs at all. There weren't any there when I went into the study, anyhow, and I never touched them. And they were just where Loder had left them when I went out of the study, too."

Warren gazed at the fat Owl of the Remove. He did not speak. Bunter seemed to have taken his breath away.

"The fact is," went on Bunter, "Loder's a rotten bully, and he likes whopping a chap. I believe Price has set him on to me. You know, that beast Price has his knife into me, because I saw him pinch your letter last week, and you licked him for reading it. He's pally with Loder—birds of a feather, you know. And he's been thicker with Loder this term, since Hilton gave him the go-by. I'd jolly well go to Quelch and complain, only—only—"

"Well, why don't you?" asked Warren.

"Well, a chap doesn't want to sneak, even about a bullying beast like Loder," said Bunter virtuously. "And Quelch might be waxy about the chocs."

"Not if you never had them."

"Eh? Oh! Yes, of—of course. I never had them," said Bunter. "Disgusting, I call it, to make a fuss like that about a couple of bob's worth of chocs—not even chocolate-creams, you know—just plain chocs."

"If you had them—"

"Oh, really, Warren! I hope you can take my word about that," said Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

Jim Warren turned away. Hilton had disappeared, and Warren followed to overtake him in the quadrangle.

There was a patter of feet behind him.

"I say, Warren, hold on!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

Jim stopped, and turned his head. Bunter came panting up, with one hand in his trousers pocket, tugging at something therein.

"Well, what is it?" asked Warren.

"I—I say, hold on!" gasped Bunter.

"I say, it was awfully decent of you to stop that beast Loder whopping me, making out that I'd had his chocs. I say, have some of the chocs, old chap!"

"Wha-a-t!" gasped Warren blankly.

Bunter dragged a paper bag out of his trousers pocket. He opened it, and displayed nine or ten chocolates, warm and sticky, and smeared together—not attractive to the view, after being jammed in Bunter's pocket.

Such as they were, however, Jim Warren was offered a selection by the grateful Owl. Bunter held out the bag to him.

"Take some!" he said. "Look here! Take half, old chap—see?"

Warren gazed as if transfixed.

"I hadn't scoffed much when that beast got after me," said Bunter. "I say, they're pretty good. Take half of them, old chap."

"You young rascal!" roared Warren, recovering his voice. "Then you did pinch Loder's chocs?"

"Eh? Oh, no!" gasped Bunter. "I mean—"

"I've a jolly good mind—"

Billy Bunter jumped back in alarm.

"I—I say wharrer you getting shirty about?" he ejaculated. "I say, Loder won't know—I mean, they ain't Loder's chocs. The fact is, I had them from Bunter Croft this morning, and—and—Yaroooh! Leggo!"

Really it was a grateful impulse that had led Bunter to offer his rescuer half the plunder. But Warren had run the serious risk of a row with a Sixth Form prefect, only to discover that Billy Bunter was, after all, guilty of that of which Loder had accused him. He grabbed the fat Owl with one hand, and the sticky bag of chocolates with the other. He crammed the chocolates down the back of Bunter's fat neck.

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"Oooogh!" gasped Bunter. "I say—Beast! Grooogh! You're a worse beast than Loder! Urrgggh! Oh crikey!"

"There, you young rascal!" growled Warren; and he sat Bunter down with a bump, and strode away to the quad.

"Ow! Beast!" howled Bunter. "Wow! Catch me offering you chocs again, you rotter! Wow!"

Jim Warren disappeared through the trees. Billy Bunter was left squirming, making wild efforts to extract chocolates from the back of his neck.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

"Goal!"

"OAKSHOTT!" said Skinner of the Remove. "Anybody know the place?"

"Never heard of it!" yawned Peter Todd.

"Oh, it's a school!" said Temple of the Fourth. "I've heard of it. Hardly up to Greyfriars weight. But a school."

"Where is it, then?"

"Somewhere!" said Temple vaguely. "It's in Essex, or Middlesex, or Herts, or somewhere."

"Do you know, Wharton?" asked Skinner, with a grin.

Harry Wharton did not reply. He was in the Rag with his chums after class, and a discussion was going on, in which the Famous Five did not join.

Oakshott School was the topic.

Hardly a man at Greyfriars had heard of Oakshott before the last day or two. It was not one of the big Public schools—not like Eton, or Harrow, or Winchester. And it was nowhere near Greyfriars—being in another county, on the other side of the River Thames.

Now, however, Oakshott was a general topic.

It was known that Warren, the new fellow in the Fifth, had been at Oakshott before he came to Greyfriars. Or, at all events, it was known that Oakshott was the former school of James Warren, the son of Sir Arthur Warren of Warren Croft.

Warren of the Fifth had said no word about his former school. Harry Wharton of the Remove, who knew about Oakshott, had said no word. Some of the fellows wondered at Warren's reticence. It would have been natural for a fellow to speak of his old school. But Warren never did.

Now it was out!

Some of the fellows knew that Price of the Fifth had read a letter of Warren's which came from a chap at Oakshott, and so learned about it. It was generally known that Warren had thrashed Price in the corner behind the elms for that act.

But thrashing Price did not stop Price's tongue. Rather, it let that tongue loose, and made it more active.

Anyhow, the name of Oakshott was all over Greyfriars now. For several weeks Jim Warren had been the most discussed fellow in the school, and anything new about him was of interest.

"Can't you answer a question, Wharton?" inquired Skinner. The fact that the captain of the Remove was unwilling to speak was sufficient to make Skinner pressing. Causing anybody discomfort was one of Harold Skinner's simple joys.

"Oh, rats!" said Harry. "The raffishness is terrific, my esteemed and idiotic Skinner!" added Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Skinner winked at Vernon-Smith, who laughed.

"Did Warren ask you to keep it dark, Wharton?" asked Skinner.

"Find out!"

"That's what I'm trying to do!" explained Skinner. "That's why I'm asking you, old bean. As you know Warren at home—"

"I don't!"

"I've heard that you visited Warren Croft when you were home for the holidays at your uncle's place in Surrey—"

"And you met James Warren there!" put in Snoop.

"And Price has told the whole jolly old world that he heard you talking to Warren one day, early in the term, and that you said to him that he wasn't the James Warren you met at Warren Croft!" said Hazeldene, laughing.

"Bother Price!" grunted the captain of the Remove. "Warren's affairs are nothing to do with the Remove, anyhow. Price is a spying cad!"

"It's all rot!" said Squiff. "The Head must know who Warren is, and whether his name's Warren or not. Rot from beginning to end."

"He's a jolly decent chap!" said Tom Brown. "I know that! Look at the way he plays Soccer! Wingate's picked him out for the First Eleven match on Wednesday. I can tell you St. Jim's will find him a packet of mustard when they come over on Wednesday."

"But about Oakshott!" said Skinner.

"Oh, blow Oakshott!" said Bob Cherry. "We don't have any fixtures with Oakshott, so what does Oakshott matter?"

"A fellow might keep his last school dark," remarked Skinner, "if it was some hole-and-corner sort of place. I wonder if that's it?"

"Oh, no!" chimed in Temple of the Fourth. Cecil Reginald Temple was an authority on this subject. "Oakshott's all right. Quite a decent school—not up to Greyfriars or St. Jim's, but quite a decent show."

"Then why has Warren kept it dark?"

"Perhaps they bunked him!" suggested Bolsover major.

"Oh, rot!" said Tom Redwing. "A fellow bunked from Oakshott couldn't get in here."

"Not likely!" agreed Skinner. "The Head would want to know all about it. He would decline with thanks!"

"But he kept his school dark!" said Bolsover.

"Yes—and a fellow wonders why!" grinned Skinner. "It's come out now, but not from Warren himself. Makes a fellow wonder whether there's anything in that yarn of Price's, that Warren isn't the fellow he makes himself out to be. According to Price, he heard Wharton say—"

"Oh, chuck it, Skinner!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Well, I don't see why you can't give a plain answer to a plain question," said Skinner. "If you saw James Warren at home at Warren Croft, you know whether this chap in the Fifth is the same chap or not. If you say that he is, every man in the school will take your word. Why can't you?"

Wharton flushed uncomfortably.

"Yes, why can't you, Wharton?" asked several voices.

"What about punting a ball about, you men?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Who's coming out?"

"Yes, come on!" said Johnny Bull.

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry.

"Come on, Wharton! Unless you're fearfully keen on Skinner's conversation!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"A little of that goes a long way!" he remarked. "If you're curious about Warren, Skinner, go and ask him—his study's No. 4 in the Fifth! Come on, you fellows!"

And the Famous Five walked out of the Rag.

They left the Removites in a buzz of talk behind them. The strange story told about Warren of the Fifth naturally caused a great deal of curious interest to be taken in him. And fellows had noticed—they could not help noticing—that Harry Wharton, who was supposed to know the facts of the case, never would give a direct answer to questions on the subject.

On the other hand, Warren was a pleasant, good-natured, and very

"What the thump for?" asked Harry.

"Rag him, old bean, and teach him not to spy into fellow's letters and spread yarns all over the school!" answered Bob.

Nugent chuckled.

"It's not exactly the business of the Remove to bring up the Fifth Form in the way they should go!" he remarked.

"Not exactly!" grinned Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Better go and see Warren, I think!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Price is a mean cad, but what he's saying about Warren is true. The fellow isn't what he makes himself out to be. That ugly brute we met on the train the other day was the real James Warren,

Stephen Price of the Fifth Form came along, and gave the chums of the Remove a scowl in passing. Price did not like those cheery youths! And the Famous Five fully reciprocated his antipathy.

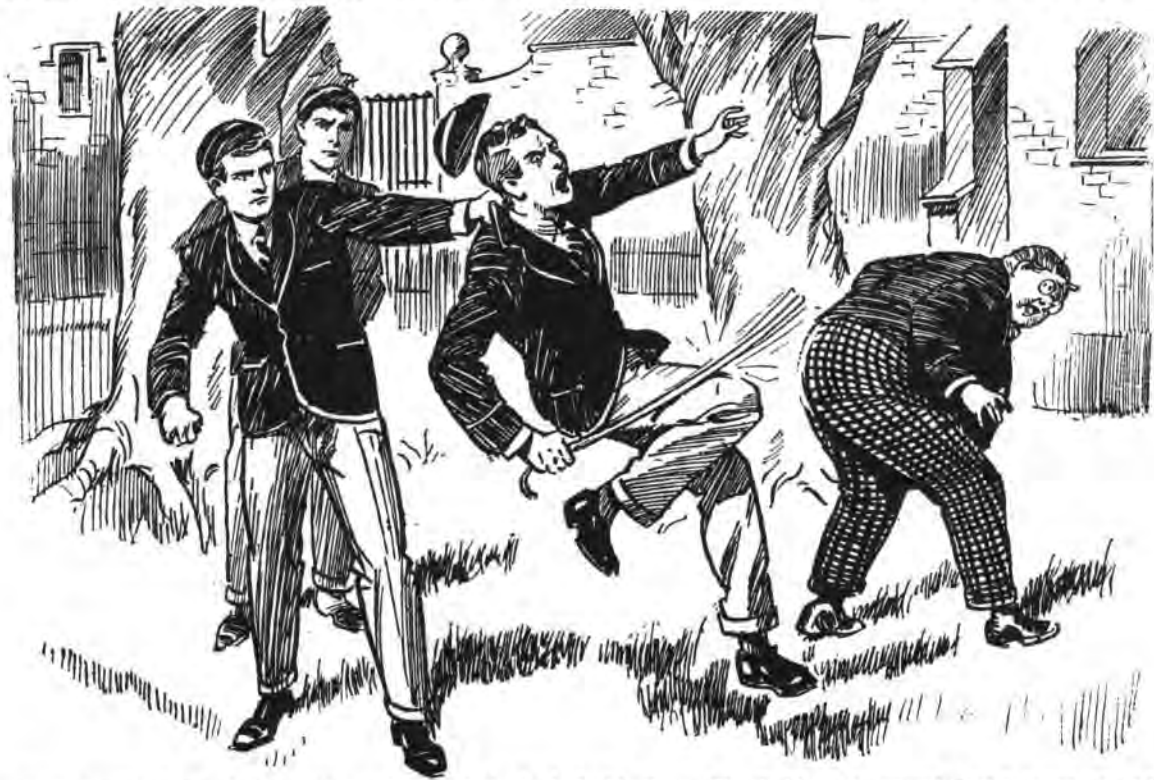
Price paused and turned towards the juniors.

"It's out now, Wharton!" he said, with a sneer. "You've been keeping secrets for that spoofer in my Form; pretty carefully; but it's out now. I suppose you knew all along that James Warren was at Oakshott."

"If I did, it wasn't by stealing a fellow's letter and prying into it!" retorted Wharton.

Price flushed as the Co. chuckled.

"Well, now it's out, it may come



Warren grabbed at Loder's shoulder and dragged him back, just in time. The slashing cane missed Bunter, swept on, and was stopped by Loder's own knee. Crack! The Sixth Form prefect uttered a yell and jumped almost clear of the ground.

"Oh! Ah! Urrgh!" he spluttered.

popular fellow, and generally liked. The few fellows who disliked him were not by any means liked themselves—such as Price, the dingy black sheep of the Fifth.

And the fact that Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, had put him in the First Eleven gave him an almost unassailable standing in the school.

It showed what the captain of Greyfriars thought of him, at all events. Obviously, Wingate of the Sixth paid no heed to the strange rumours about Warren.

Harry Wharton's face was clouded as he went out of the House with his chums.

He liked Warren and trusted him, and believed that he was straight as a die; but he was more than fed-up with keeping his secret. His friends were keeping the secret, too; but they could not help feeling that a fellow ought not to have secrets to keep, and Wharton could not help agreeing with them on that point.

"What about going to see Price in the Fifth?" asked Bob Cherry.

as Wharton knew all along. This chap, whoever he is, has no right to be here in another fellow's name."

"I believe he's straight," said Harry Wharton shortly.

"Well, so do I," admitted Johnny. "He looks it, and acts it. But he's not James Warren, and you know it, and we all know it. And sooner or later all this jaw will get to the beaks, and you'll have to speak out."

"Rather sooner than later, I fancy, as the real James Warren seems to have camped in this neighbourhood," remarked Bob. "We've met him once, and Wharton's met him twice, hanging about."

"What will you do, Wharton, if the Head sends for you and asks you point blank about it?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Blessed if I know! What's the good of meeting troubles half-way?" said Harry. "Blow the whole tribe of Warrens! Let's get going with that footer."

"There's Price!" remarked Bob Cherry.

out, too, that the Warren here isn't the Warren who was at Oakshott!" said Price viciously. "You know as well as I do that that's why it was kept dark—if any fellow here got in touch with Oakshott, the facts would come out. That's why that rotter—"

"Rotter's a good word from you!" said Wharton disdainfully. "Warren's never done any rotten thing here, at any rate; and nobody could say the same of you, Price! You'd be sacked if the Head knew what a dozen fellows could tell him! You'd better shut up!"

Price clenched his fists, and made a step towards the captain of the Remove.

The Co. grinned, quite prepared to handle the Fifth Form man if he hunted for trouble. But Price changed his mind and swung away.

"Now we'll get going!" murmured Bob. "Price's asked for it!"

He dropped the footer, rolled it through a puddle left by recent rain to

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get some mud on it, and then took aim. His friends watched him with grinning faces. Bob was a good kick at goal. He could land a Soccer ball where he liked. Now it pleased him to land it on Price's ear.

Whiz!

Bang!

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Removites, as the footer banged on Price's ear, and the cad of the Fifth went over and bumped in the quad. "Goal!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Luck for Loder!

"GOAL!" yelled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a gasping howl from Price of the Fifth. He sprawled in the quad, not knowing for a moment what had knocked him over. The footer dropped by his side.

"Pass that ball, Price!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a shout of laughter from a dozen directions. Quite a lot of fellows had witnessed that goal—and they seemed to think it funny.

Price did not share that idea. The fun was quite lost on Price of the Fifth. He sat up, spluttering, and put a hand to a muddy ear.

"Oooogh!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Only one of the spectators did not laugh. That one was Loder of the Sixth Form.

Loder, coming out from the path under the elms, stared at the downfall of Price. Probably Loder, if he had

been in a better temper, would have thought it funny, too.

But Gerald Loder was not in a good temper. He had had to back down before Jim Warren, in the "row" on the Elm Walk; he had had to give up whopping Bunter, at the order of the new fellow in the Fifth. Loder's temper, never good, was in its worst possible state.

Just then he was yearning to relieve his feelings by laying his ashpant about somebody—it did not matter whom. So, instead of grinning, Loder of the Sixth scowled at the scene.

Price staggered to his feet.

He understood now what had happened, and his sallow face was crimson with fury. He made a savage rush at the chums of the Remove.

"Scatter!" chuckled Bob.

The Famous Five scattered round Price. Harry Wharton reached the footer and kicked it again. It landed on the back of Price's neck as he rushed down on Bob Cherry.

"Goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Price spun round, almost frantic with rage, and made a dash at the captain of the Remove. Wharton, laughing, dodged the rush, and Johnny Bull got the ball. He kicked it at Price, who caught it in the small of his back. It rolled down the tail of his coat and his trousers, leaving a muddy track as it rolled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ware, prefects!" called out Hobson of the Shell.

Loder of the Sixth was striding on the scene. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was running for the ball, but he suddenly stopped. Loder came up

scowling. And Price, gasping for breath, daubed with mud, spotted him, and howled to him:

"Look here, Loder!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob in dismay.

That rag on the cad of the Fifth was quite amusing, from the juniors' point of view; but they did not expect a Sixth Form prefect to see eye to eye with them on the subject. And Loder of the Sixth had old grudges against the cheery Co.

"More trouble!" sighed Frank Nugent.

"You young hooligans!" snapped Loder. "What do you mean by this? Buzzing a muddy ball at a senior's head!"

"It's only Price's head, Loder!" said Bob meekly. "Nothing in it to damage."

"Price asked for it, Loder!" said Harry Wharton. "If he can't keep his cheeky mouth shut, it's his own lookout. He was saying rotten things about Warren."

"Warren?"

Loder's eyes glittered.

Had Wharton been aware of Loder's recent trouble with Jim Warren, he would hardly have taken that line of defence. To Loder, at the moment, the name of Warren was like a red rag to a bull.

"Yes," said Harry, "and—"

"You cheeky young rascal! I've no doubt that all that Price has said about Warren is true!" snarled Loder. Loder did not, as a matter of fact, believe a word of it; but at the moment he chose to fancy that he did. "Do you think you can buzz footballs at a senior man because you don't like what he says? Follow me to my study, the lot of you!"

The Famous Five exchanged glances. Slowly they followed the bully of the Sixth into the House. There was no gainsaying the order of a Sixth Form prefect.

Loder stalked away to his study, with the Famous Five trailing after him. He did not care two straws whether they buzzed footers at Price of the Fifth or not; but it was a satisfaction to "whop" fellows he disliked, especially in his present mood.

Price was left grinning. He was not sorry that the "rag" had occurred, in view of its result to the raggars.

Loder, in his study, swished his ashpant.

"Bend over that chair, Wharton!" he snapped.

Wharton set his lips.

But there was no help for it, and one after another the Famous Five went through it. Loder, officially, was in the right; a prefect was bound to put down such raggings in the quad. But he was not bound to lay it on so hard as he did.

He laid it on hard because he was in a bad temper, and because Price was a pal of his, and because he was a bully. But the juniors had to go through it all the same.

Fellows who stood up for Warren of the Fifth had no mercy to expect from Loder.

There was a sound of loud and heavy swishing in Loder's study. When the "execution" was over, Loder pointed to the door with his cane. Loder was feeling better now.

"Any more of it, and you know what to expect!" he said. "Now cut!"

The Famous Five cut.

They went down the passage with deep feelings.

At the corner Price of the Fifth met

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them. He was waiting there to see them as they came away after their whopping. He grinned at the five wriggling juniors.

"You young rotters! You've got what you asked for!" said Price.

Wharton opened his lips—and closed them again. He had had enough of Loder's ashplant for the present.

"And as for that spoofing impostor Warren—" went on Price.

He was asking for it again. So near Loder's study it was a safe proposition. But the chums of the Remove were not to be drawn. They longed and yearned to collar Price, and up-end him in the passage, and tap his head on the floor. But they resisted the temptation.

"Come on!" muttered Bob.

And they went on their way, followed by Price's jeering laugh. Harry Wharton breathed hard as they went out into the quad.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter rolled up to them. "I say, that beast Warren—"

"What?" snorted Bob.

"I say, see if you can get some choos out of my back!" gasped Bunter.

"That beast shoved them down my neck. I say, I rather liked that chap Warren; but I think he's an absolute beast, and I hope he'll get kicked out of the school! Shoving choos down a fellow's neck, you know! They're all sticky! I say, Bob, you see if you can get them out!"

Bunter turned his back to Bob Cherry for Bob to perform that service for him.

Bob did not perform the service. He had no desire whatever to grope inside a sticky collar for sticky chocolates. Instead of using his hand, as Bunter expected, he used his foot, which Bunter did not expect.

Thud!

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "Ow! Wharrer you kicking me for, you beast? I say, you fellows— Whoop!"

The Famous Five walked on. They wriggled a little as they walked, and their faces were glum.

"That cur Price!" muttered Johnny Bull. "Ow! Look here, you men, we're going to make Price sit up for this!"

"Not while a prefect's around!" said Bob, with a grimace.

"Um! No! But we'll make him sit up, all the same!"

"The sit-fulness up is a boot on the other leg at the present lamentable moment!" groaned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The prospect of making Price of the Fifth "sit" up was only a slight comfort.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Boots for Bunter!

BETTER take the motor-bus!" said Billy Bunter.

It was the following day, after class, and Harry Wharton & Co. had gone down to the bike-shed to wheel out their jiggers. Billy Bunter rolled after them, but not to wheel out a jigger. Bunter's bike was in its usual state of disrepair; moreover, Bunter did not like exertion. Cycling was a form of exertion, and therefore had no appeal for him. It seemed a much better idea to Bunter to catch the motor-bus at the corner and get a lift to Courtfield.

"Motor-buses cost money!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"Only fourpence to Courtfield!" said Bunter. "A couple of bob will cover the lot!"

Whereat the Famous Five grinned.

They were going to the bunshop at Courtfield, where they were to meet Courtenay, of Highcliffe, and his pal, the Caterpillar, and have tea with them. Bunter evidently had got wind of it, and decided to go, too—which was not in the programme at all.

"I'm only thinking of you fellows, of course," went on Bunter. "This weather is pretty rotten for cycling. The roads are wet and muddy. You might get a skid."

"We'll chance that!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Well, the fact is, I'm rather anxious about you fellows!" said Bunter seriously. "Don't take a lot of unnecessary risks. You're pretty rotten riders, too, as you know. Look here, if you go by bus, I'll come!"

"That does it!" remarked Johnny Bull. "It's bikes or nothing now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Bull! Look here, you're pretty certain to have some accident on these greasy roads. And you may run into Price, too; he's gone to Courtfield—I saw him start. You'll pass him on the road."

"Do you think we're afraid of Price?" roared Johnny Bull.

"Well, he's a Fifth Form man, and he's got his knife into you!" said Bunter. "I'll tell you what—we can keep clear of Price on the bus; he's walking. And if we run into him in Courtfield, I'll protect you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If it's the fare you're worried about," said Bunter, "don't let that worry you. I'll stand the fare."

Bob Cherry winked at his chums.

"That's a good offer!" he remarked. "Shall we go by bus if Bunter stands the fare?"

"I mean it," said Bunter. "Two bob ain't much to me. I'm expecting a postal order for a pound by every post. It's only necessary for one of you fellows to lend me the two bob till my postal order comes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, if you go by bikes, I jolly well shan't come!"

"What a calamity!" sighed Frank Nugent.

And the Famous Five, chuckling, wheeled out their machines, evidently able to bear that calamity with great fortitude.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Good-bye, Bunter!"

"I say, wait for me!" yelled Bunter.

"I say, I'll bike it if you fellows will mend a couple of punctures for me, and get my pedals straight, and mend the chain on my jigger, and—"

"Who's jumping at a chance like that?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Apparently nobody was.

The chums of the Remove wheeled their machines to the gate, and Billy Bunter blinked after them in indignant wrath.

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

The Famous Five mounted and disappeared.

Billy Bunter turned back into the bike-shed, and blinked through his big spectacles at his dilapidated jigger. He wondered whether he could chance it on that jigger. Tea at the bunshop in Courtfield was very attractive, especially as he knew that Rupert de Courcy, of Highcliffe School, was standing in. The Caterpillar was always lavish. It was worth the exertion of pegging along to Courtfield on a bike.

But the Owl of the Remove shook his head. That bike of his really was not a going concern. Life and limb were

worth even more than a lavish feed at the bunshop.

"I wonder whether Smithy will want his jigger?" murmured the fat Owl, blinking at the Bounder's handsome machine.

Whether Herbert Vernon-Smith wanted his jigger or not, it was pretty certain that he did not want to lend it to Bunter. That, however, did not worry Bunter, if he could get off unseen with it. If Smithy, later, found it in its place, muddy and dirty, with a twist or two, he wouldn't know who had had it—at least, Bunter hoped that he wouldn't.

He decided to risk it.

He hooked the machine out and wheeled it to the doorway. Wheeling it out, he almost ran it into a junior who was coming in. It was Vernon-Smith himself!

"Oh crickey!" gasped Bunter, as the Bounder stared at him. "I—I—I say, Smithy, I'm not g-g-going to b-b-borrow your bike, old chap!"

"You're not!" agreed Smithy. "Why, you fat rascal, that's my bike you've got in your paws!"

"I—I—I was wheeling it out for you!" gasped Bunter. "I—I rather thought you'd want it, Smithy, so I was—was—was—"

"That's awfully kind of you, Bunter!" said Vernon-Smith genially. "It's so like you to think so much of others, and anticipate their wishes and all that!"

"Eh? Oh, yes! Of—of course!" said Bunter, eyeing the Bounder rather uneasily. "Here you are, Smithy! Take it! I say, you needn't mention to Ogilvy that I had his bike, if he happens to ask!"

"Not at all," said the Bounder. "You see, you're not going to have Oggy's bike! You're going to have my boot!"

"Oh, really, Smithy— Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as the Bounder spun him round and landed a boot. "Ow! Beast! I say— Yoooh!"

"Hold on, Bunter! I'm going to give you another!"

"Beast!"

Bunter flew. He did not want the other. One was more than enough. He vanished out of the gate, leaving the Bounder chuckling.

Harry Wharton & Co. were already out of sight in the direction of Courtfield when Bunter blinked along the road. He started to walk.

It was two or three miles to Courtfield across the common. Owing to some oversight on the part of his titled relations in the matter of remittances, Bunter was short of cash. He could not even raise the necessary coppers for the motor-bus. He had to walk if he went at all. It was a cold, fine October afternoon, excellent for walking. But it did not appeal to Bunter. He hated the idea. But the prospect of barging into the Caterpillar's spread at the bunshop spurred him on. In a good cause, even William George Bunter could exert himself.

But after a half-mile his fat little legs felt the strain. He plumped down on one of the wayside seats provided by a thoughtful rural district council to rest. Breath was short with Bunter as well as cash.

He had been there about ten minutes when a fellow came along the road, and Bunter blinked up at him, with a faint hope that, if it was a Greyfriars fellow, he might be able to "touch" him for the fourpence required for the motor-bus.

The fellow was burly in build, with a pug nose, a square jaw, and little

narrow eyes with an unpleasant gleam in them. As he drew nearer Bunter could see that he was not a Greyfriars fellow, and he grunted and gave up the idea.

But the square-jawed fellow was looking at Bunter as he came along, and seemed interested. He stopped as he arrived at the roadside seat, and fixed his eyes on the fat junior.

"Greyfriars kid—what?" he asked.

Bunter nodded. No doubt the fellow knew the school colours, and could see by Bunter's cap that he belonged to Greyfriars.

"I fancied so!" said the square-jawed one. "I dare say you know young Wharton, a kid at the school?"

"Pal of mine!" said Bunter cheerfully. "I'm going on to Courtfield to tea with him now. You know him?"

The square-jawed youth grinned an unpleasant grin.

Bunter blinked at him curiously, wondering who he was. Had Harry Wharton been there he would at once have recognised James Warren, the son of Sir Arthur Warren, of Warren Croft—the fellow, in fact, in whose name Jim had entered the Fifth Form at Greyfriars. But Bunter had not the faintest suspicion of his identity.

"Yes, I know him, a little!" said the square-jawed fellow. "Oh, rather! I met him in a train last week with some friends of his, and they ragged me. I'm glad to see a Greyfriars cad. Get off that seat!"

"Look here—" protested Bunter.

He did not know this fellow from Adam, but he realised now that he was an enemy of Wharton, and rather regretted that he had claimed Wharton as a pal.

"Get up!"

"You leave a chap alone!" said Bunter, in alarm. "Bully" was written all over the unpleasant face of James Warren. It dawned on Bunter that he was glad to see a Greyfriars fellow—at least, one who could not defend himself—in order to pass on to him what he owed Wharton.

James Warren grinned, grabbed the fat junior by the collar, and hooked him off the seat.

Bunter roared.

"Going to Courtfield, are you?" grinned the amiable James. "I fancy not! I'm going to start you the other way. You can tell Wharton when you see him again that I've got some of the same in store for him. Now start!"

"I—I say—"

Biff!

James' foot smote Bunter with a terrific concussion. Bunter started. He started quite quickly! Like the guests in "Macbeth," he stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once!

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared James.

He rushed after Bunter and kicked again, and yet again! Bunter yelled, and put on a terrific burst of speed. James halted, and roared with laughter as he went.

Then James walked on towards Courtfield, still laughing.

Billy Bunter got back to Greyfriars—not laughing! Evidently there was going to be no tea at the bunshop for Bunter!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Price Begs For It!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Dear old Pricey!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five were a mile or more past the seat where Bunter had stopped to rest, following the road

that wound over Courtfield Common, when Bob sighted Price of the Fifth ahead.

Price, like themselves, was bound for Courtfield.

He was not, however, bound for the bunshop, like the juniors. The Courtfield post office was Stephen Price's objective. Price of the Fifth had a scheme to carry out, which it was safer to handle at a distance from the school.

It was a telephone that Price wanted. Very often, when a Greyfriars man wanted a telephone, he would watch for an opportunity of using one of the school phones when a master was off the scene. That, in fact, Price had done a few days ago—but it happened that Coker of the Fifth had caught him using Mr. Prout's phone, and heard him speaking to Oakshott School thereon. And Price's call had been suddenly and violently interrupted. He was not taking that risk again.

Price, as he walked along the country road, was thinking of the letter he had read, written by "J. Bullivant"—whoever J. Bullivant was—from Oakshott.

Bullivant had written to James Warren at his new school, little dreaming that the fellow who was at Greyfriars in Warren's name was not James Warren at all! But he was going to know, and—through him—everybody else was going to know, if Price's plans worked successfully. At long last Price was going to pay off his bitter grudge against the new man in the Fifth!

With these pleasant thoughts in his mind, Price did not heed the sound of bicycles on the road behind him.

"Chance for us!" said Johnny Bull. "Loder of the Sixth isn't around now. What about mopping up that Fifth Form cad?"

"The mopfulness up is the proper caper!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"The rotter got us a licking, and jeered at us after we got it!" said Bob. "It would serve him right! But—" Bob's wrath, as a matter of fact, had not survived the passage of twenty-four hours. It seldom did!

"Oh, let him rip!" said Frank Nugent.

"Yes, let him rip!" agreed Bob. "I'll just knock his hat off in passing to tip him that Fifth Form men mustn't be cheeky to the Remove!"

The juniors chuckled. "And we can let it go at that!" said Bob.

"Right as rain!" said Harry Wharton.

The five riders were close behind Price now. He did not glance round at them. They had ample room to pass him on the wide country road. Four of them rode on—and Bob slowed down, free-wheeling abreast of Price.

The Fifth Former stared round at a cyclist coming so close to him. As he did so Bob reached over with his left hand and jerked the hat from his head.

Instantly he was grinding at the pedals, and he dashed on, holding his handle-bars with one hand and flourishing the hat in the other.

Price jumped and stared after him, and then, with a yell of fury, rushed in pursuit.

"Give me my hat!" he yelled.

"Trot for it!" called back Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Price, red with rage, rushed after the cyclists. Bob Cherry, grinning cheerfully, kept easily out of his reach.

It was his intention to give Price a little run and then toss his hat back to him, which was really quite a mild punishment for the cad of the Fifth. But he did not count on Price's bitter, vicious, and malevolent temper. For a couple of minutes the Fifth Former pelted and panted after the bunch of

cyclists. Then, gritting his teeth, he stooped, gathered up a lump of turf from the side of the road, and flung it savagely at Bob.

Bob was not expecting that!

The turf crashed in his back. It hurt. But that was not the worst. With only one hand on his bike he wobbled wildly at the shock, the machine curled up, and he went over with a crash.

"Oh!" spluttered Bob, as he hit the Courtfield road.

He hit it hard, sprawling, his bike clanging down on his legs. The hat flew across the road.

The four other juniors circled at once and came riding back, and jumped off their machines. Every face was dark with anger.

"The cowardly rotter!" gasped Johnny Bull. "Collar him!"

"Bag him!" hissed Nugent.

Price was running for his hat by the roadside. Before he reached the hat Harry Wharton & Co. reached him.

"Hands off!" yelled Price, as they grasped him.

He hit out furiously. But the four juniors collared him without ceremony and bumped him down in the grass by the roadside. They held him there, wriggling and spluttering with rage.

Bob Cherry rose painfully to his feet. He had a bruise on his back, a severe knock on his elbow, and his hands were badly scratched. He stood gasping for breath.

"Ow! The rotter!" panted Bob. "Ow! My back! Chucking a hefty turf like that at a chap—the rotten worm! I'll jolly well smash him!"

"Let me go!" yelled Price.

"We've got the cad!" said Johnny Bull grimly. "Let's shove him into the ditch!"

"Don't you dare!" shrieked Price, struggling. "I'll report you to your Form-master!"

"And you can report at the same time that you got Bob in the back with a hefty turf, you rotten, cowardly worm!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Yank the brute along!"

Price struggled frantically as the juniors hooked him across the road to the ditch at the other side.

Recent autumn rains had left nearly a foot of water in the ditch. There was a foot of mud under it. And there was ooze—and there was slime! Price yelled with rage and horror at the idea of going into it.

"Head-first!" said Johnny Bull.

"Draw a line, old chap!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Sit him in it!"

"Look here, chuck him in head-first!" growled Johnny.

"Leave it to Price!" said Bob.

"Which would you prefer, Price? Heads or tails?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you dare—" panted Price.

"You're wasting time, Pricey!"

"Let me go! I'll smash you! I'll report you to the Head! I—I—"

"You're wandering from the point, old bean!" said Bob Cherry. "Stick to the subject! Heads or tails?"

Price, instead of answering, made a frantic effort to break loose. But it booted not! Five pairs of hands were grasping him, and in that grasp Price was hooked over the edge of the ditch and sat down in the middle of it.

There was a horrid squelch as he sat in soft mud! The water flowed round his armpits.

Head and shoulders remained above the flow. Which was really very kind of the Removites, for had Price gone in head-first his state would have been ever so much worse. Still, it was bad enough! Obviously Price was not enjoying it!

Sitting in thick and clammy mud, his arms splashing the water, Price looked



"You first, Wharton!" said Loder. "Bend over that chair!" Wharton set his lips, but obeyed. There was no help for it, and one after another the Famous Five went through it. The prefect was in a bad temper, and he put all his beef into the swishes!

at the juniors with an expression that might almost have been described as demonic.

"Feeling damp?" asked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let him have his hat!" said Nugent.

The hat was tossed in after Price. It floated in the ditch beside him, and he grabbed it with a wet and muddy hand.

Then the juniors went back to their bicycles. They remounted and rode on to Courtfield. Behind them they heard horrid sounds of squelching as Price of the Fifth crawled out of the ditch.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Black Eye for James!

JAMES stared.

James roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

James was amused.

Slouching along the road, with his hands in his pockets, and a cigarette sticking out of the corner of his mouth, some little time after his meeting with Billy Bunter, James came on Price.

Anyone looking at Price of the Fifth might have smiled.

He had rubbed and scraped at the mud that clothed him like a garment, but it was of little use; he was in an awful state!

It was impossible, in that state, to keep on to Courtfield. Keen as he was to get to the post office and ring up Oakshott School, Price had to give up the idea. To walk through the High Street of Courtfield in the state he was in was out of the question.

Thick with mud from his feet to his shoulders, his face, where it was not hidden by muddy splashes, red with fury, Price started tramping back to the school. So he met James Warren face to face.

Neither had ever seen the other before, or had the faintest idea who the other was.

Had Price known that this hulking, pug-faced fellow was the true James Warren, in whose name Jim had come to Greyfriars, he would have been glad of the meeting, so glad, that he could quite have forgiven James' rude outburst of derisive laughter.

But he did not know, and, of course, could not guess anything of the kind. All he knew of James was that he was a total stranger, who burst out laughing in his face.

All James knew of Price was that he was smothered with mud, and looked an awful sight, and wore a Greyfriars tie.

James had a "down" on Greyfriars. His father had intended to send him there, and he did not want to go there. His experiences at Oakshott had not been either distinguished or happy, and he was fed-up with school. He had been ragged by Harry Wharton & Co., who belonged to Greyfriars. True he had asked for it, but that made no difference to James. He had had the worst of it, and that was enough for him. He had a vicious and revengeful temper, and was glad to make himself offensive to anyone who belonged to Harry Wharton's school—as he had proved in his dealings with Billy Bunter. Now he had met another Greyfriars man, and James was prepared to be as offensive as he could. And James could be very offensive—it was his nature to.

Price's eyes glittered at him.

Price was no fighting-man. His ways were underhand when he had a grudge to pay off. But he was now in a savage and almost frantic temper.

Had Harry Wharton & Co. been still at hand, Price would have hurled himself upon them, regardless of odds, and thinking only of vengeance for the state

they had put him in. But the Famous Five were at Courtfield by that time, joining their Highcliffe friends at the bun-shop.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared James, coming to a halt, and standing in Price's way, forcing him to halt also. "What a picture! Is that Greyfriars style? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get out of the way, you lout!" snarled Price.

"I'll please myself about that!" grinned James. "And who are you calling a lout, muddy face?"

James, big and brawny and hulking, was larger and heavier than Price, and a great deal more than a match for him. Had it been the other way about, James would have controlled his mirth and kept a safe distance.

"You cheeky, cackling cad!" hissed Price. "Let me pass, I tell you!"

"Make me!" suggested James, grinning all over his ill-favoured face.

James was capable physically of knocking Price into a cocked hat. He knew it, and he was ready to do it.

Price, in a cooler moment, would have realised it also, and let James cackle as much as he liked, unpunished.

But Price was not cool now; he was boiling!

Punching somebody—anybody—would have been a relief to him. And this offensive fellow was mocking him, bullying him, and taunting him.

Price set his teeth and rushed at James, hitting out with both fists.

James ceased to laugh, and his hands flew out of his pockets. He met Price with right and left.

"Come on, you Greyfriars cad!" grinned James. "You seem to have been in the ditch. I'll knock you in again!"

Price stopped James' right with his

nose, and James' left with his chin. He staggered to the verge of the ditch.

Grimacing, James followed him up, with the full intention of knocking him backward into the water and mud.

In sheer desperation Price sprang at him like a wildcat.

So sudden and fierce was his attack that he got home with it. James, hefty as he was, was rather slow and clumsy. Price's fist crashed into his eye with terrific force, and James went over backwards as if he had been shot.

Crash!
"Ooooooh!" gasped James, as he hit the Courtfield road.

Price stood over him, panting.

James sat up dizzily. His hand went to his eye. It was severely damaged. It was going to be black. The expression on James' bulldog face was positively terrifying. He began to scramble up.

Price jumped back.
He had had unexpected luck in knocking the hulking fellow down. But James, though damaged, was not knocked out; that blackening eye only enraged and infuriated him. What he was going to do when he got on his feet again was only too clear. Price's brief courage failed him.

He ran!
Price was light and active, much better at sprinting than at scrapping. He went all out for Greyfriars.

By the time James was on his feet Price had already gained ten yards, and he was not likely to lose that start if he could help it.

He flew!
"Stop!" yelled James. "You rotten coward! Funk! Stop! I'll smash you for that! Stop!"

Price raced.
After him pounded James, heavy and panting.

Fear is said to lend wings. Certainly that seemed to be the case with Price of the Fifth. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as he flew. If that overpowering bully got hold of him, after having his eye blacked, it was certain that Price was going to receive such a handling as he had never had in his life. Panting, gasping, he fled wildly.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, came James' heavy pursuing tread; but it was receding. Price did not waste a second looking round, but he knew that his pursuer was dropping behind in the chase. He flew on.

The heavy tramp behind ceased at last. Then Price ventured to take a glance over his shoulder.

James was at a distance, stopping, with bellows to mend. Price panted with relief. He was safe now.

He dropped into a walk, exhausted by his efforts, and panted and gasped on to the school. James Warren was left far in the rear, sitting in the grass to pant for breath, and nursing his eye. That eye was already a beautiful black, and growing blacker, and James' feelings could not have been expressed in words when at last he walked off, taking that beautiful black eye with him!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Loder Wants to Know!

"WARREN!"
"Yes!"
"What utter rot!" said Loder.

Wingate of the Sixth, captain of Greyfriars, gave Loder a freezing look. Being the Great Panjandrum, he was to speak in football matters at Greyfriars. George Wingate was not accustomed to

having his decisions regarded or described as "utter rot."

"Thanks!" he said dryly. "I think that will do, Loder."

Loder, standing in the doorway of Wingate's study, scowled. Wingate turned his head away, as a hint that the interview was over.

But Loder was not finished yet. Loder had come along from the board, where the football list for Wednesday was now posted up. Loder had read the name of J. Warren in that list with deep feelings.

It had been rumoured for some time that the new man in the Fifth was going to be given a chance in the first eleven. He played for Blundell's Form eleven, in the Fifth, and Wingate's eye had been on him since his first week at Greyfriars. Now, when the name of J. Warren appeared in the list for the morrow's match, the matter was settled beyond all doubt.

Plenty of fellows were congratulating Warren. Nearly everybody liked him, and all good footballers admired his game. A few disgruntled fellows who had hoped up to the last moment to see their names up grumbled. Gerald Loder was the most disgruntled.

His row with Warren was in his mind. He had had to back down, and it rankled bitterly. Price's dislike of the new fellow had already influenced him to some extent. After that "row" he disliked Warren as bitterly as Price did.

Loder had not had much expectation of wedging into the eleven for the match with St. Jim's, but it was bitterly annoying to him to be left out when Warren was put in.

"I said it's rot!" snapped Loder, addressing the back of Wingate's head. "And I mean it! The fellow's been only half a term in the school—"

"That makes no difference! He must have played a jolly good game at his last school, to judge by his form here," said Wingate.

"Oakshott?" sneered Loder. "I don't see why he should have kept Oakshott so dark if he was a great games man there."

"Oh, chuck it, Loder!" said Wingate briefly. He did not want to join in the discussing and surmising about Warren of the Fifth. As a footballer he was a valuable man; in other respects he seemed a thoroughly decent fellow, and that was enough for the captain of Greyfriars.

"Well, he's never said a word about his last school," sneered Loder. "And it seems to have come out by accident that it was Oakshott."

"No business of mine—or yours!"

"You've heard what all the fellows are saying about it, I suppose," said Loder. "According to Price of his Form—"

"Don't repeat Price's tattle to me."

"It may be more than tattle!" said Loder venomously. "Price has told the whole school that he heard a Remove kid say that he knew Warren at home, and that this Warren isn't the chap."

Wingate laughed.

"I've heard about it," he assented. "Price seems to let Remove kids pull his leg pretty easily."

"You don't believe it?"

"Of course I don't—and you don't, either, Loder," said Wingate coolly. "If you do, you're a prefect and entitled to take the matter before the Head. Take it and see what Dr. Locke says."

"It's rather up to you as head prefect—"

"If I thought there was anything in it—which I don't. I leave it to you to do as you choose. Dr. Locke may be amused, or he may tell you not to make

a fool of yourself. Why doesn't Price go to the Head if he knows anything of the kind? I've heard that he hates the new man like poison."

Loder did not answer that. As a matter of fact, he did not believe Price's story, though he would have been glad to do so in his present frame of mind.

"Well, a fellow with yarns like that spun about him isn't the man to put in the first eleven," he muttered sullenly.

"He's put in the eleven for his footer. That's that! Shut the door after you, Loder."

Loder slammed the door.

He stamped angrily away down the passage. He paused at the corner; and then, after a few moments' thought, went up to the Fifth Form passage.

Since that row with Warren the previous day Loder had been thinking and thinking, trying hard to think of some way of getting back on the fellow who had humbled him under the eyes of a fag.

But he could think of no "handle" against Warren. Whether the fellow was an impostor—as Price declared—or not, his conduct was exemplary. He was a good man in class, greatly approved by his Form-master, Prout. He was a good man at games, liked by all the games men. He never broke any of the rules of the school; he was popular with seniors and juniors alike. Even Harry Wharton—who, according to Price, knew that he was a spoofer—liked him and stood up for him; indeed, it was through that that Loder had had his chance of "whopping" Wharton and his friends.

How to "get" at the fellow was rather a problem. Loder would gladly have reported him to the Head if there had been anything to report; but there was nothing against Warren—absolutely nothing—unless there was "something" in Price's strange tale.

Loder had dismissed that as absurd. Now, in his present frame of mind, he hoped there was something in it, and he was going to see Price about it. If there was anything to "go on," he could act the dutiful prefect and bring the matter to the headmaster's notice.

As he came up to the Fifth he came on a cheery group of fellows belonging to that Form—Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, Bland, Fitzgerald, Hilton, Potter and Greene and Coker, and Jim Warren. They were gathered round Jim, giving him their "gratters" on the inclusion of his name in the St. Jim's list. Greene, who had rather hoped for that place, was a little glum, but quite cordial.

Loder scowled at the group as he passed them.

Some of them glanced at him and smiled. They all knew that Loder wanted to figure in big fixtures, and they all knew that he would never take the trouble to keep himself up to the mark. At Soccer, Jim Warren could make rings round him. Even Loder knew that, but it did not make him content to leave the place in the team to the better man.

He called to Hilton:

"Price in the study?"

"Eh? I believe so, Loder," answered Hilton carelessly.

Loder went on to Study No. 4, threw the door open, and looked in. Price of the Fifth was there; he was resting in the study armchair after his exertions in getting away from the pug-faced fellow on the Courtfield road.

He scowled as the door opened, expecting to see either Warren, his enemy, or Hilton, once his pal and now Warren's. But his face cleared as he saw Loder. They had always been rather friends, having tastes in common,

and—as Billy Bunter said—Price had been “thicker” with Loder since Hilton turned him down.

Loder nodded to him and kicked the door shut. “I want to speak to you, Pricey,” he said. He glanced round the study and sneered. “Has Warren taught you new pi ways? Or have you a smoke to offer to a pal?”

“No smokes here,” said Price. “That old ass Prout has taken to dropping in; he’s suspicious. And—and Warren makes a row if there’s a niff of smoke in the study, and Hilton backs him up these days.”

“Do you let the fellow bully you in your own study?”

Price flushed.

“I can’t handle him!” he snarled. “I dare say you’ve heard that I’ve tried.”

“I haven’t heard that you put up much of a scrap, old bean.”

“If that’s what you’ve come to say you may as well book it!” said Price sourly.

“It isn’t. The fellow has checked me,” said Loder. “I want to know whether there’s anything in that yarn you’ve spun about him. If there is, it’s my duty as a prefect to put it before the Head. See?”

And Loder, sitting on the corner of the table, took out a cigarette and lighted it—which indicated exactly how much Loder thought of his duty as a prefect!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

No Smoking!

“**C**HUCK that away!” said Price uneasily.

“What?”

“If Prout nosed in here and niffed smoke I should get into a row.”

“Rot!” said Loder, with a laugh. “Put it down to Warren.”

“I’ve tried that,” answered Price sourly, “and it didn’t work. Look here, I know you’re a Sixth Form man and a prefect and all that, but if Warren came in this minute he would jolly well stop you, prefect or not!”

Loder’s eyes glittered.

“Cut that out, Pricey!” he said. “If you’re funky of the fellow, I’m not! Now, get down to brass tacks. Is there anything in that tale about Warren?”

“Yes!” yapped Price. “I’ve told you so more than once!”

“I know. But you’d say precious nearly anything about a fellow you disliked,” said Loder. “The thing is—is there any proof? You’ve said that you heard it from a junior—”

“Young Wharton!” snapped Price. “He told Warren in my hearing that he knew that he wasn’t the fellow he pretended to be. He knew Sir Arthur Warren’s son by sight, and this man isn’t the chap.”

“It’s queer that he should stick up for the fellow as he does if that’s true. Anyhow, it’s pretty clear that Wharton won’t say anything against him. Anything else?”

“I heard him describe the real Warren as a hulking, bullying brute of a fellow. Does that fit?”

“No. But if he won’t stand to it, it’s not much good. Is that all you’ve got to go on?”

“It’s enough for me!” snarled Price. “But there’s more than that. I had a chance to see a letter of Warren’s—”

Loder chuckled.

“I’ve heard that you bagged a letter of his and opened it and read it,” he said. “Is that true?”

“Never mind what you’ve heard. I saw a letter, and that’s enough. It was written to Warren, here, by a chap named J. Bullivant, at Oakshott School, in Essex. It said that Warren left, last term, owing five pounds, and he put it pretty plain that he considered the fellow a bilk.”

“Um! Got the letter?”

“It got burnt.”

“I suppose it would!” said Loder, grinning. “But, look here, that letter, if it’s as you say, shows that the fellows at Warren’s old school know that he is at Greyfriars. If he’s in correspondence with any of them they’d know by the fist whether he’s the same man or not.”

“He isn’t. The letter made that clear. Bullivant said he’d written to his home two or three times, without getting an answer. Then he wrote again.”

“Um!” said Loder again. “It’s a pretty long step from Essex to this part of Kent. The chap’s not likely to drop in and ask Warren for his fiver.”

Price paused.

He had his own scheme, cut and dried, for causing Bullivant of Oakshott to “drop in” at Greyfriars. That disastrous encounter on the Courtfield Road had only postponed it.

He debated whether to mention that scheme to Loder. But Loder was, after all, a prefect, and the scheme was

(Continued on next page.)

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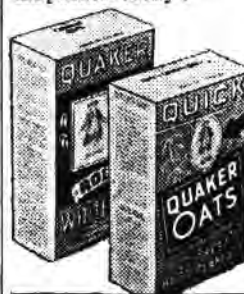
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rather a dangerous one. Using another fellow's name on the telephone was not the kind of thing to talk about. It was safer to keep that to himself.

"By gad, though," said Loder, his eyes glistening. "If this fellow really is a spofer—and I suppose it's barely possible—what a surprise for him if an Oakshott man walked in! If he's not the real Warren any Oakshott man would know it at a glance."

"I shouldn't wonder if Bullivant came over," said Price, eyeing Loder furtively. "He seemed, from his letter, very keen on getting his fiver back, and pretty shirty with Warren for diddling him."

"Unless Warren's a silly ass he will send him the fiver, whether he's the genuine Warren or not, and stall him off!"

Price grinned.

"If he knew!" he said. "But he doesn't. He never saw the letter himself. It got burnt, as I've told you. I don't suppose he knows that the real James diddle an Oakshott man when he left that school."

"By gad, I'd like to see this man Bullivant walk in!" said Loder. "That would prove the thing one way or the other, at any rate. But look here, Pricey, Warren Croft must be on the phone. Why can't you get at the old bird in the nest, and ask him—"

"Sir Arthur Warren's gone out to China. I'd have got on to him fast enough, but for that."

"Oh, yes; I remember hearing that—he's a big diplomatic bug, or something! But there must be somebody at Warren Croft—"

"There's the old bean's brother, Captain Warren. But—" Price paused. "I did get him on the phone, but he said Warren had written home, telling him all about this yarn, and—"

Loder stared.

"You utter ass!" he exclaimed. "You fancy there's anything in it, after that—the fellow writes home and tells his uncle what you've been saying. How could he do that if Captain Warren wasn't his uncle at all?"

"It beats me," confessed Price. "Unless—unless—I've thought since that Captain Warren may be in the game. From what I've been able to hear, he's some hard-up ex-officer, left over from the War, and—"

He broke off under Loder's stare.

"You silly idiot!" said Loder.

The news that Warren of the Fifth was writing home to Warren Croft, and even mentioning in his letters the tale Price had told, finished it, for Loder.

"You howling ass!" he said. "I suppose you'd believe anything about the chap, as you've got your knife into him. Nice tale for me to tell the Head—that the fellow is a spofer, and that he's told the real man's uncle all about it. You'd better chuck this, Pricey."

"I believe it, all the same—"

"Then you're a fool!" grunted Loder. He scowled angrily. He had had a hope—a faint hope—that there might be something in it—something that he could report to the Head, something that would land Warren in trouble, in time to dish him for the St. Jim's match. But that hope was gone now. If Warren was going to be "dished" for the football match it was not by means of anything Price could tell him.

Price was about to speak again, when the study door opened, and Warren and Hilton came in together.

A whiff of smoke from Loder's cigarette caught them as they came.

"Oh, chuck that, Price, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Hilton irritably; and

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the next moment he observed that it was Loder who was smoking. "Oh! You!"

"Yes, me!" sneered Loder.

"Chuck it, all the same!" said Jim Warren quietly. "You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, Loder."

"What?" ejaculated Loder.

"You're a prefect. It's up to you to put down smoking in the school. Precious sort of hypocrite you must be to whop fags for smoking and break the same rule yourself!" snapped Warren contemptuously.

Loder crimsoned with rage. A lecture from this fellow was rather too much for him to stand with patience.

But he had put himself in the wrong again. He could not "come the prefect" when he was breaking a strict rule of the school—and in Warren's study, too!

"You cheeky cad!" he stuttered. "I'll do as I jolly well choose, without asking a fellow who comes from nowhere, and who's said to be going about under another fellow's name."

"I dare say you'll do as you choose, being a dingy sort of blighter," retorted Jim Warren. "But you won't do it here. Either you chuck smoking, on the spot, or you'll clear out of this study. We've got Prout down on the study already, through Price, and we're not having Sixth Form rotters here, making matters worse."

Jim threw the door wide open.

"I mean that, Loder," he said, as the bully of the Sixth glared at him in almost speechless rage. "Chuck it or clear!"

"Perhaps you'll undertake to make me clear!" gasped Loder.

"No perhaps about it, if you keep on smoking here," answered Warren. "I'll chuck you out as soon as look at you, and come straight along if you call a Prefects' Meeting about it," he added sarcastically. "I'll be ready to answer for it."

Hilton chuckled at the idea of Loder calling a Prefects' Meeting to deal with a fellow who chucked him out for smoking. Even Price grinned.

Loder slipped from the table, tossed his half-smoked cigarette into the grate, and crossed to the door.

"You rotten cad!" he breathed as he passed Warren. "You've greased up to Wingate and snaffled my place in the eleven, and now—"

"Is there a smoker's eleven here?" asked Warren. "If there is I don't want your place in it, Loder."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Hilton; and Price chuckled.

Loder stamped out of the study.

He went back to his own in a state of rage and vengeance. Price was no use to him. Price, as far as Loder could see, was a fool, who allowed himself to believe what he wanted to believe, simply because he wanted to. And Warren had added to his offences, humiliating the bully of the Sixth before a couple of seniors, as, the previous day, he had humiliated him before a Remove junior. The cup of Loder's wrath was full to overflowing.

Loder's mind was made up on one point—somehow, if he could, he was going to dish Warren for the St. Jim's match, useless as Price had proved for the purpose! Loder was as bitter and rancorous as Price, though his methods were more likely to be heavy-handed and brutal than sly and cunning. But how was he going to do it? Price was no use. He had to manage it himself, somehow. But how?

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Getting Through to Oakshott!

LOOKING for your name, Pricey?" asked Bob Cherry. And there was a grin on the faces of the many fellows gathered before the notice-board.

Price of the Fifth came up and scanned the list, written in Wingate's hand, with close attention.

Price's name was no more likely to appear there than Billy Bunter's. He was no footballer, and, indeed, adopted a lofty attitude of despising the game. Seldom did he take the trouble to see what names were up. But this time it was clear that he was keenly interested.

"Warren's up, Pricey!" remarked Vernon-Smith, with a wink at the other fellows. "Rather a catch for your study, getting a man into the First Eleven his first term in the school."

"That's what Pricey's anxious to see," said Skinner gravely. "You fellows know how he likes Warren."

"Loves him like Bunter loves soap," remarked Peter Todd.

"Oh, really, Toddy!"

"So Warren's really in!" said Price, speaking half to himself.

All the school had been saying for days that Warren would be in, but Price was not going to believe it till he saw the official announcement. Now he saw it!

"And Loder's out!" observed Johnny Bull. "Has anybody noticed Loder looking pleased?"

There was another laugh.

"Jolly good team," remarked Harry Wharton. "That man Warren is no end of a goal-getter. We'll see them beating St. Jim's to-morrow."

"Yes, rather!" agreed a dozen fellows.

Price walked away.

He was satisfied now; Jim Warren was down to play in the big fixture on the morrow. Playing in the First Eleven, he could not possibly be off the scene on Wednesday afternoon.

This gave the finishing touch to Price's secret plan.

He had worked out how to get Bullivant over from Oakshott. Since learning that that was James Warren's old school he had looked out some information about Oakshott in Essex. Among other things, he had learned that Wednesday was a half-holiday there, the same as at Greyfriars.

Only on a half-holiday, of course, could J. Bullivant have made so long a journey, which would occupy at least some hours, with changing trains in London.

An awkward point was, that if he had come over he might have missed Warren who, naturally, sometimes spent a half-holiday out of gates. It would have been rather a "sell" to get J. Bullivant to Greyfriars on an occasion when Warren was not to be seen.

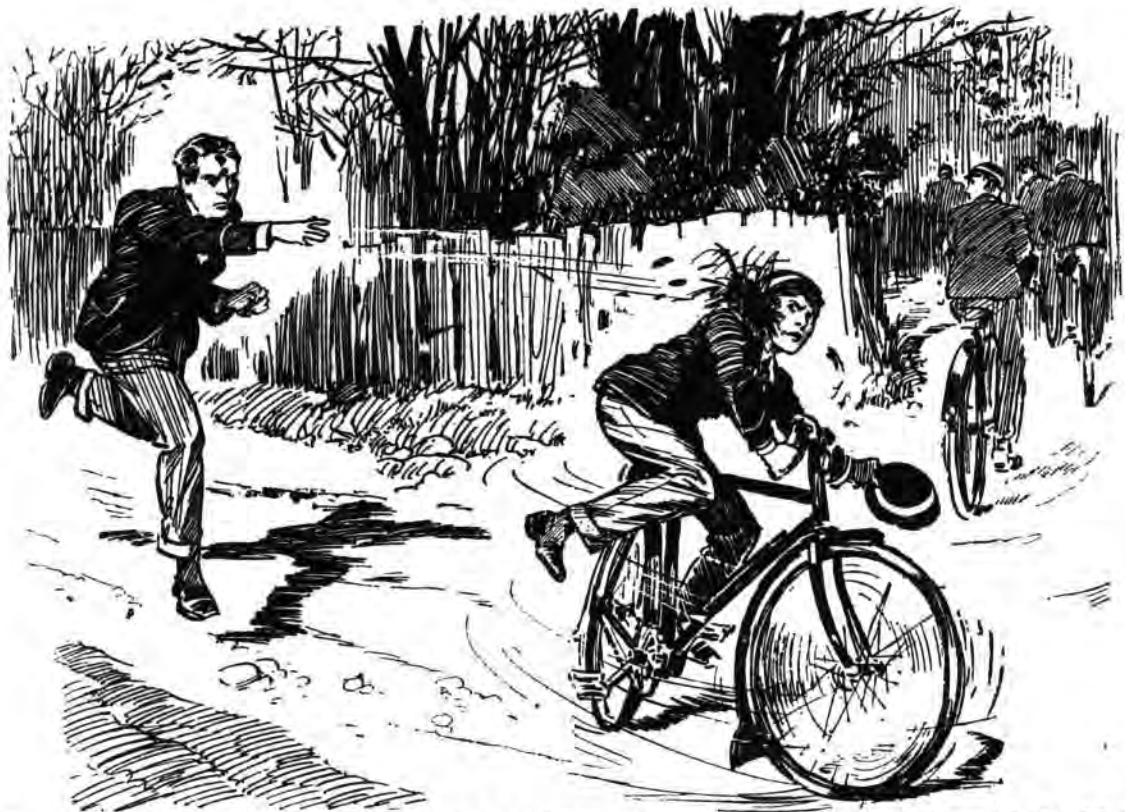
If he came, obviously he would have to leave early, with so long a trip back to his own school. Neither was he likely to repeat such a trip.

It was necessary, therefore, for Price to make sure that Jim Warren would be within gates on the occasion when J. Bullivant came.

The St. Jim's match fixed that.

Any other half-holiday Warren might have been out on his bike, or rambling on the cliffs, or playing in an away game. But on this particular Wednesday he would be safe within gates at Greyfriars—and there would be no remote chance for him to escape the eye of the Oakshott man.

So, for reasons of his own, Price was exceedingly glad that Wingate had



For a couple of minutes Price pelted and panted after Bob Cherry. Then, stooping, he gathered up a lump of turf and flung it savagely at the cyclist. The turf crashed on Bob Cherry's back, causing the Removite to lose his balance. "Ow!" spluttered Bob.

picked Warren to play. He was almost as pleased as Warren himself, to see the name "J. Warren" in the football list.

Gates were closed now, and fellows could not get out after lock-up without special leave. But Price had no intention of drawing notice to himself, by asking Prout for leave out. Neither did he intend to risk using a school telephone, after his disastrous experience with Coker in Prout's study a few days ago. He was used to sneaking out of the school at forbidden hours, and that was what he proceeded to do now.

He was not likely to be missed before prep, and he had ample time to get to Courtfield and back before then.

Ten minutes after reading Warren's name in the St. Jim's list, Price dropped quietly from a back window, and cut away to the Cloisters. He dropped quietly over the ivied wall there, and set out at a trot along the Courtfield road.

At the corner by the common, he picked up the motor-bus from Redelyffe, which carried him on to Courtfield at a good speed.

In the High Street he alighted, and went into the post office, where he was soon on the telephone, calling up Oakshott School.

A few days since he had called up Oakshott on Prout's telephone, and had just got on to J. Bullivant, when Coker of the Fifth grabbed him by the collar. But there was no one to interrupt him now.

He had to wait a little time; but his call came through and a voice inquired what was wanted.

"Speaking from Greyfriars School?" said Price coolly. "Can I speak to J. Bullivant?"

"Who is speaking?" "James Warren!" answered Price,

with perfect coolness. "I was at Oakshott last term. I want to speak to Bullivant very particularly."

"I will inquire, sir." There was a pause, and then another voice came on the phone.

"Is that Warren speaking?" It was a man's voice, deep and rather fruity. "Yes, from Greyfriars School."

"I hope, Warren, that you are doing better at your new school than you did here!" said the fruity voice.

It sounded, Price thought, like a beak's voice, and he wondered whether it was James' former Form-master speaking. He hardly knew what to reply. It was clear, from this, that James had not left a happy and spotless reputation behind him at Oakshott.

"Yes, sir, I think so," he answered. "I do not seem to recognise your voice, Warren."

"The phone's rather buzzing, sir," said Price. "I hardly recognise yours. Who is speaking, please?"

"Mr. Philpot." "Oh, you, sir!" said Price, wondering who the dickens Mr. Philpot might happen to be. Evidently it was someone who had been well acquainted with James—probably his "beak."

"Yes, I am glad to hear, Warren, that you are doing better at Greyfriars. It is true that you could hardly have done worse!"

"Oh, sir!" murmured Price. "Perhaps you have taken the advice I gave you when you left, Warren, to give up slacking and frowning, and laziness and bad habits, and take up healthy games," said the voice from Oakshott.

Price grinned. James, evidently, had been rather a sweep at Oakshott. It was another proof that Jim Warren was not

James. Certainly no master at Greyfriars would have dreamed of speaking of Jim as the Oakshott master was now speaking of James. The two seemed as different as chalk and cheese. Price, while he grinned, replied glibly:

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for your advice, sir. I've done my best to act on it. You'll be glad to hear, sir, that I've taken up football here, and am now in the First Eleven."

"Nonsense!" "Eh?"

"What do you mean, Warren? You were always an untruthful boy here, I remember! If you have taken up games, I am glad to hear it; but what do you mean by telling me that you are in the First Eleven already, at a school like Greyfriars?"

"It's true, sir!" said Price meekly. "I'm up to play in the match with St. Jim's to-morrow, sir. You can easily find out whether my name's up if you like to take the trouble, sir, if you can't take my word."

"That is true. I will accept your statement, Warren, and I am very, very pleased indeed to hear it." The fruity voice was much more cordial. "I cannot help being surprised, considering how slack you were in my Form here, But I am glad—very glad."

"Thank you, sir!" murmured Price.

"Well, Warren, I was a little doubtful about allowing you to speak to an Oakshott boy, considering everything," came Mr. Philpot's voice. "But in the circumstances, you may speak to Bullivant. He, I am sure, will be glad to learn that you have turned over such a new leaf. Wait a moment."

Price waited.

(Continued on page 16.)

SAVED by his ENEMY!



(Continued from page 13.)

Mr. Philpot, it was clear, had accepted him as Warren, on the telephone. He had no doubt that Bullivant would do so. Everything seemed to be coming Price's way. He started a little as a boyish voice came through.

"That you, Warren? You rang me up the other day and cut off suddenly, like a silly ass. What's this yarn you've been spinning to old Philpotters? He's told me you say you're in the Greyfriars First. You always were a fearful liar, Warren, but what's the good of piling it on like that?"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bamboozling Bullivant!

J. BULLIVANT, it was plain, did not believe that James Warren had become a prominent footballer at his new school. He spoke in a tone of contemptuous amusement at the idea.

His voice went on:

"Old Philpotters half-believes you, you sweep! What the thump have you rung up to pull his leg for? And what do you want to jaw to me about? That fiver I hope!"

"Yes!" said Price.

"You never answered my letter."

"I left it to phone!" said Price glibly. "I waited till I had the fiver for you, Bullivant. I've got it now. You know my pater's in China—but I got a tip from my uncle, Captain Warren, so that's all right."

Having started lying, Price was not doing it by halves. He wanted to make sure of convincing Bullivant that it really was James Warren speaking.

"You're going to square?" There was a surprise in J. Bullivant's tone that was not very complimentary to James.

"Certainly I am."

"Good man!" said Bullivant. "I take back a lot of things I've been thinking about you. Register your letter, if you're putting a fiver in it, old bean."

"I want you to come over here, old chap."

"Eh?"

"Look here, I want you to drop in at Greyfriars. You can manage it easily enough on a half-holiday. Come to-morrow."

"I can see myself doing it!" said Bullivant. "How far is it—about a hundred miles?"

"I'm playing in the First Eleven game to-morrow—"

"Gammon!"

"Don't you believe me?"

"Not a fearful lot! If you can stuff old Philpotters to that extent, Warren, you can't stuff me!"

"It's true!"

"As true as it was when you told me you'd let me have that fiver back in a week—what?"

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"Look here, Bullivant, I'd like you to see me playing for my new school. I tell you it's genuine—"

"Genuine gammon."

"I'll stand you your fare over if you like."

"Thank you for nothing! If I make a trip on the railway, I can pay my own fare, I suppose."

"Well, look here, I'll stand you a decent tea in the study after the game! I'll do you all right!"

"You never did here!"

Price was rather at a loss. It was clear that James had been regarded as an outsider in every respect at his old school; and that he was still so regarded. It made Price's task more difficult.

"Look here, Warren," went on Bullivant, in an impatient tone. "What's the game? If you've really got that fiver for me, you can send it along. If I came over and found you were pulling my leg, I'd jolly well punch your face before all your new school!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Price. "I've got the fiver all right. Look here, I want you to come over, Bullivant—I want you to see me playing in a First Eleven match—"

"Bet you I shouldn't see that, if I came! I'd be jolly glad to, but—"

"Look here, it's genuine! If you like, you can ring up our games-master here—Mr. Lascelles! He will tell you. He advised Wingate to put Warren—to put me in—"

"Did he?"

"He did! Ring him up and ask him whether J. Warren is not up in the list for the St. Jim's match to-morrow! You can ask, as a man who knows him, at his old school! He will tell you."

There was a pause. The fellow at the Oakshott end was evidently impressed by this.

"Blessed if I don't!" said Bullivant at last.

"Let it go at that, then!" said Price, in relief. "Get over here any time up to three. You'll see me play in the First Eleven match, and I'll feed you in the study afterwards, and square that fiver."

"Sounds good!" said Bullivant.

"All right, then!"

"But it doesn't sound like you."

"Oh, rot!" said Price. "Ring up our games-master, Lascelles, as I've told you, and let it depend on that. If he tells you that J. Warren is playing in the First Eleven to-morrow, will you come over?"

"Like a shot!" chuckled Bullivant.

"But he won't!"

"If he doesn't, it's all washed out! If he does, you come?"

"Yes; that's a go!"

"That's all right, then," said Price. "You'll find it's as I told you. Good-bye!"

"Right! Good-bye!"

Price rang off and left the post office. Getting J. Bullivant to come over to Greyfriars had not proved an easy task, but he had done it.

The cad of the Fifth was grinning as he walked out of Courtfield Post Office. Bullivant was coming. That was an assured thing now. Kick-off in the match on Wednesday was at half-past two. Jim Warren would be playing football when Bullivant got to Greyfriars. There would be no escape for him. Even if he spotted the Oakshott man in the offing, he would not be able to cut. He was booked. Price gloated over it.

Bullivant would look in at the game—he would ask where Warren was—Jim would be pointed out to him—and he would get the surprise of his life when

he saw a fellow he had never seen before.

Price chuckled at the thought.

Bullivant, finding a man who was not James Warren, passing at Greyfriars under the name of James Warren, would give the impostor's whole show away—and Price would be on the spot, to make sure that he did.

The Oakshott man would get a surprise. So would the Greyfriars crowd, when Bullivant told them that that fellow wasn't James Warren, and was nothing like him!

Whether Bullivant would succeed in collecting a fiver or not, Price neither knew nor cared. He cared nothing whatever about Bullivant; he was simply making use of the Oakshott man to show Warren up!

How could it fail?

It could not fail, unless, indeed, Jim was the genuine James—and Price was certain that Jim was not! Every word spoken on the phone from Oakshott, by both Mr. Philpot and Bullivant, had added to his conviction. The James of whom they spoke was obviously utterly unlike Jim Warren in every imaginable respect.

Price strolled down the High Street, caught the Redclyffe motor-bus, and rolled homeward in a happy mood. He dropped from the bus at the corner of the common and dodged into the school as cautiously as he had dodged out. Price was used to this kind of dodging.

He was in Study No. 4 in the Fifth Form passage when Hilton and Warren came in to prep. Hilton gave him a distant nod—the two were getting less and less pally as the term advanced. Warren took no notice of him at all.

But as the three sat at prep, Price glanced several times at Jim with a lurking grin. The fellow could be coolly indifferent and contemptuous now. But he would not look quite so cool and indifferent on the morrow, when the man from Oakshott came—and showed him up before all Greyfriars!

Plenty of fellows at Greyfriars were thinking of the coming match with St. Jim's with keen anticipation. But nobody was keener than Price of the Fifth—though it was not football of which he was thinking.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Loder Knows How!

LODER of the Sixth muttered something which it was just as well that his headmaster did not hear as he walked in the quad the following morning. He had a twinge of pain in his knee.

It was a couple of days since he had whopped Bunter on the Elm Walk, and Bunter had long ago forgotten about it. Warren, perhaps, had dismissed the matter from his mind.

But Gerald Loder had a reminder in the shape of a bruise on his knee where he had inadvertently "whopped" himself when Warren grabbed him, and his cane missed Bunter.

It was not really a very bad bruise, but every now and then it gave a twinge of pain when Loder walked. Indeed, with his knee in that rather uncertain state, it was doubtful whether Loder could have played in the football match that day even had Wingate wanted him to do so. His knee was stiff and painful, and every now and then he found himself limping.

Really, it was his own fault. The fact that that swipe had hurt his own knee so much when it landed there, was proof that it was much too forcible a swipe to be handed out to a junior. But Loder

did not think about that. Every twinge in his damaged knee made him think of Jim Warren with increasing and intensifying bitterness. He was practically "crocked"—and it was Warren who was the cause of it—Warren, who was in the pink of condition, fit as a fiddle, and was going to play football, taking the place to which Loder fancied that he was entitled. If that swipe had only landed on Warren's knee, instead, it would have put "paid" to his football for a day or two!

It was from that reflection that another came into Loder's angry and revengeful mind. Suppose Warren did get "crocked"!

Loder's heart beat a little faster as he thought of that. He had cudgelled his brains in vain for some scheme for dishing Warren over that match. Was this the big idea?

It was a difficult and rather dangerous business; and Loder did not like running risks. If he was spotted at anything of the kind his life would be hardly worth living afterwards. He could imagine Wingate's feelings if he lost his latest and best recruit on the eve of a big fixture! He would have to be very careful, that was certain! The footballers would be in a mood almost to lynch him if he was spotted.

Neither had he left himself much time. It was while walking in the quad before dinner that the twinge in his knee had put the idea into his mind.

The dinner-bell rang while he was thinking it over.

St. Jim's was coming over early in the afternoon; kick-off was fixed for 2.30. He had not much time to act if he acted at all. And keen as he was to "dish" Warren, he was thinking more of safety than success.

Sitting at the high table in Hall with the other prefects, he glanced along at the Fifth Form table where Warren sat with that Form.

Warren looked cheery and bright, evidently looking forward to the afternoon with pleasure. He did not glance towards the Sixth—having apparently forgotten Loder's existence!

Loder noted that Price was looking very cheerful, too. But he did not take much notice of Price. He was fed-up with Price and his "rot." His attention was fixed on Warren.

Could he work it somehow?

He had no scruples whatever on the subject. Twice that fellow had defied and humiliated him, and he was in Loder's place in the team. He could take what was coming to him—if Loder could contrive it.

But though he had no scruples, he had a very sincere regard for his own safety. Whatever he did had to look like an accident.

After dinner, he walked out in the quad, still very thoughtful. Fellows on all sides were discussing the afternoon's match, and the name of Warren was on almost every tongue.

Price of the Fifth passed him in the quad going down to the gates. He stopped to speak to Loder.

"Giving the game a look-in this afternoon?" he asked.

"Why should I?" granted Loder.

"It will be worth watching!" said Price. "Wingate's new recruit is going to get a lot of limelight!"

"Oh, rot!" snapped Loder, and he swung angrily away.

Price laughed, and went on to the gates.

It was his intention to wait at Court-field Station for Bullivant's train, and see him when he came, and make sure that he did not miss seeing Warren at Greyfriars. Whether the Oakshott man had phoned to Mr. Lascelles last night

or not, he did not know; but he had no doubt that Bullivant would come. Still, he was anxious to see the fellow arrive, and make assurance doubly sure.

Everything had gone favourably for Price, so far; but there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and he could not feel quite satisfied till he saw Bullivant of Oakshott in the flesh.

Loder scowled after him as he went out at the gates, and then forgot his existence. He was trying to think out his problem.

The sight of Warren in the quad brought a blacker scowl to his face. The fellow looked so merry and bright and cheerful.

Whiz!

A rather muddy footer whizzed by, a yard from Loder. It was followed by a rush of a crowd of Remove fellows.

Loder scowled at them.

Harry Wharton & Co. were filling in time till the St. Jim's team arrived by

punting a footer. They were going to line up with the rest of the school to see the big match.

Their own matches, of course, loomed larger in their eyes; but the First Eleven game was a big event, and the heroes of the Remove were going to watch it from the kick-off till the final whistle. Most of the school were going to do the same. Even Lord Mauleverer was coming along—and even Billy Bunter was going to honour the First Eleven men with a blink or two through his big spectacles.

But Kildare and Co., from St. Jim's, had not arrived yet. Meanwhile, the juniors punted the ball in the quad.

Loder, scowling, almost wished that the whizzing ball had smitten him, and given him an excuse for dropping on the juniors. Still, he had no time to waste in bullying the Remove, if he

(Continued on next page.)

GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

Once more our long-haired poet bursts into verse, and this time his subject is
HORACE HACKER, B.A.,

(Master of the Shell Form at Greyfriars.)

(1)

I have to interview this week

A man I'd rather not—
An acid and short-tempered beak
Who likes to hear his victims shriek
And gives it to them hot!
Horace Hacker has a liver,
When he snorts his victims shiver,
At the least offence he'll give a
Licking on the spot!

(3)

Short-tempered though he is, no doubt,
He's worth a man's respect;
He doesn't throw his weight about,
He isn't ponderous like Prout,
But rather more erect.
In the scholarly arena
Nobody is ever keener;
He might forgive a misdemeanour,
But work must be correct!

(4)

I called to see him, and my word,
I've never known before
Such cutting tones as those I heard,
And though I should have much preferred
To stay outside the door,
In I went to start my chatter.
"Well," said Hacker, "what's the
matter?"
And I promptly tried to flatter
This short-tempered bore.

Although he's getting on in years
He still is strong and dour,
The Shell have realised with tears
To make his muscles tired appears
A task beyond their power;
Still, he can't go on for ever,
Time will conquer his endeavour,
Other men as strong and clever
Find they've had their hour!



(5)

"Good-morning, sir, I'm pleased to see
You look so very well!
The weather's charming, you'll agree,
And will you please explain to me
Just how you run the Shell?
Your scholastic occupation
Calls for frequent flagellation,
On that painful situation
Kindly do not dwell!"

(6)

These words, you will agree, were
Neat,
I fancied so with pride;
But Hacker thought them not so
Sweet,
He jumped with promptness to his
feet
And angrily replied:
"Can I trust the evidences
Of my ears and other senses?
These are gross impertinences!"
"Wait a bit!" I cried.



(7)

"I want a talk with you—no more—
On what you've heard and seen!
I'm sent here by the Editor
To write a set of verses for
The MAGNET magazine!"
"I can give you no such measure,"
He replied. "I have no leisure
To assist in works of pleasure,
If that is what you mean!"

(8)

But I was feeling obstinate,
I'd talk with him or bust!
He shouted in a fearful bate,
"Depart at once! You need not wait!"
And I replied, "I must!"
He cried, "Unparalleled! Amazing!"
Then, before I'd finished gazing,
From my trousers he was raising
Clouds and clouds of dust!

was going to deal with Warren. But was he? And could he?

It seemed as if Fate was playing into his hands. Bob Cherry kicked the ball again, and it dropped almost at Warren's feet.

The Fifth Form man glanced round, smiled, and passed the footer back to the Removites, entering into the punt-about with cheery good humour, as if he was a junior himself.

The ball dropped near Loder, and he kicked it back to Warren.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at him in surprise.

They were not surprised that a cheery, good-tempered fellow like Warren should join in their game, senior as he was. But it was very surprising to see Loder, a prefect and a bully, doing the same.

"Play up, you men!" called out Loder, with an assumption of cheery friendliness that was more curprising still.

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The esteemed Loder is in a preposterous good temper to-day!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"On the ball!" called out Wharton.

If Loder chose to join in the punt-about, nobody wanted to stop him. Indeed, it looked like a sign of grace in the usually ill-tempered bully of the Sixth.

There was a rush after the ball. Loder, Warren, and the Removites were mixed up in a scampering crowd. The ball whizzed hither and thither.

Then Loder's chance came. Warren had the ball at his feet, and was taking a kick when Loder rushed in and kicked hard.

His kick missed the footer, and landed on Warren's shin.

It landed there with a loud crack. Warren gave a yell of pain, and staggered back. Loder did not seem even to observe what he had done. He gave another kick at the ball, and sent it flying. Some of the juniors rushed after it with Loder. Others gathered round Warren.

"Hurt?" gasped Harry Wharton. Warren did not answer. He was stooping, clasping his shin with both hands, his face white with pain. He said nothing; but it was only too clear that he was hurt—badly hurt. He went back to the House, and he went limping painfully.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Rough Luck!

"WINGATE!"

The Greyfriars captain jumped.

"Don't say you're crocked!" he exclaimed.

It was hardly necessary for Warren to say so. It was clear at a glance that he was crocked.

Wingate was on his way to the changing-room, when Warren limped up to him.

The Fifth Former's face was pale and troubled.

"I'm awfully sorry, Wingate!" he stammered. "I—I'm afraid you'll have to find another man. I mean, I'm keen enough to play, but—"

"What's happened?"

"Only a kick on the shin!" said Warren, with a grimace. "But—I've got a bruise like a duck's egg, and I can hardly put my foot to the ground. I've been doctoring it for a quarter of an hour, but—"

"Well, you utter ass!" exclaimed the Greyfriars captain. "You blithering idiot! You howling chump!"

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Warren smiled faintly. He knew how much Wingate wanted him to play in that match, and how deep a disappointment this would be to him. If it relieved his feelings to blow off steam, Warren was ready to let him run on as long as he liked.

"You had to get crocked only an hour before kick-off!" exclaimed Wingate, in great exasperation. "Couldn't you be a bit more careful? Of all the silly idiots—!" He broke off, as he saw the twist of pain in the Fifth Form man's face. "How the dickens did you get a kick on the shin?"

"The fags were punting a ball—"

"You blithering ass! You had to get in the way of some clumsy fag kicking like a wild horse?" hooted Wingate.

"No, it was a senior landed the kick—"

"Another senior silly idiot enough to join in playing the goat with a mob of fags—!" snorted Wingate. "Have you been stopping Coker's hoof with your shin—?"

"No! It was Loder!"

"Loder!" Wingate stared. "Loder! Loder punting a ball about with fags! What do you mean?"

"Well, that's how it happened," said Warren. "It was just a rotten accident!"

"Was it?"

"Of course it was!"

"Well, I suppose it was!" said Wingate slowly. "Even Loder—" He paused. "But that's neither here nor there. If it's too bad for you to play—"

"I'm awfully sorry—"

"That's neither here nor there, either! Can you play or not?"

"I'll do my very best, if you like!"

"Don't be an ass! Can you play a good game?"

"No!"

"Then go and eat coke! It will have to be Greene; after all! If you're not at death's door, waddle away and find Greene, and tell him he's wanted!"

Wingate stamped on his way, evidently very much put out. But Warren did not mind his gruff exasperation. In fact, it was rather a compliment, in its way; it showed how much the Greyfriars captain wanted him.

It was a heavy blow to Warren, as well as to Wingate. With a downcast face and a limping, throbbing leg, he went away to look for Greene.

This had been a great chance for Warren, his first term in the school. Other chances would follow, no doubt; but that was little comfort at the present moment. He wanted to play in the St. Jim's match, and he was shut out of it!

He came on the Famous Five as he went looking for Greene. The chums of the Remove looked worried and concerned.

"Seen Greene of my Form?" asked Warren.

"Yes; he's over by the elms with Coker," said Harry Wharton. "I say, Warren, we're awfully sorry you got that knock! Is it very bad?"

"Yes; middling."

"You're not out of the eleven?" exclaimed Harry.

"Yes."

"Oh, what rotten luck!"

Warren nodded to the juniors and went off towards the elms for Greene.

The Famous Five exchanged glances.

"That rotter Loder!" muttered Johnny Bull.

"It was an accident!" said Bob.

"Accident be blowed!" growled Johnny.

"Fat lot of accident about it!"

"I can't believe—" said Harry slowly.

"Rot! What did Loder join in the punt-about for? Has he ever done it before, the bullying cad? Warren has—but Loder never has! He barged in and landed that kick on Warren's shin on purpose!" growled Johnny.

"That's rather thick, even for a sweep like Loder!" said Frank Nugent, shaking his head. "But it does look—"

"They had a row the other day; we've heard that from Bunter," said Johnny Bull. "Warren chipped in and stopped him bullying Bunter! Now he's got his own back—the rotter! I'd like to punch his face!"

"Same here, if it's as you think!" said Bob.

"The samefulness is terrific!"

Warren found Greene with Coker—the latter, as usual, talking. Coker's powerful voice was audible as Jim came up.

"That ass Wingate! Leaving out the best man in the school—as usual! Precious sort of fathead for a football captain!"

"Eh!" said Greene. "Warren's a better man than I am, Coker! I hate being left out, but Wingate's right—"

"You!" said Coker derisively. "Who's talking about you, Greeney?"

"I thought you were!"

"Then you're an ass! I was talking about myself!" snorted Coker.

"You generally are!" agreed Greene.

"Don't be a cheeky ass, Greene! If Wingate wanted a man from our study I was ready!" grunted Coker. "He picked Potter—yah! Still, even Wingate wasn't ass enough to pick you, Greeney! There's a limit!"

Warren broke in.

"You're wanted, Greene!"

"Eh? What for?" asked Greene.

"The match!" said Warren, with a rather wry smile. "Get along to the changing-room, old man! I'm crocked, and dropped."

Greene's face lighted up. Then he looked concerned. Between his own satisfaction, and his sympathy for the fellow who was crocked and dropped, Greene's feelings were rather mixed.

"Hard luck, Warren! I'm jolly glad—I mean, I'm awfully sorry—" stammered Greene. "Glad in one way and sorry in another, if you know what I mean."

"Quite!" said Jim, smiling. "Cut along!"

"You bet!" said Greene, and he cut.

"I say, sure you're not making a mistake, Warren?" asked Coker. "Sure Wingate didn't tell you to send me?"

"Well, he said Greene!" answered Warren.

"Well, he always was an ass!" commented Coker. "If he had the sense of a bunny rabbit and played me, I can tell you the St. Jim's men would get a bit of a surprise! They don't often see footer like mine."

"I'm sure of that!" assented Warren, though he did not mean what Coker meant.

"How did you get crocked?"

"A kick on the shin—"

"You're a bit clumsy, ain't you?" said Coker tolerantly. "I like you no end, Warren, as you know, but it did seem to me rather fatheaded of Wingate to put you in the team when he might have had me! You're not bad," added Coker magnanimously. "Not bad at all! But are you in the same street with me at Soccer? I ask you!"

"Hardly!" said Warren, smiling. "Quite a different style, at any rate! I'm going up to the study to rest this leg—I suppose you'll be watching the game. St. Jim's may be here any minute now."



Price sprang at James like a wildcat. So sudden and fierce was his attack that he got home with it. Crash! His fist connected with James' eye with terrific force, and the burly junior went over backwards as if he had been shot. "Ooooooh!" he gasped.

"I'm not going to watch those foozlers fumbling about," said Coker disdainfully. "Look here, come to my study! You can help me with that paper I've got to do for Prout, if you like—it's a regular stinker."

"Pleased!" said Warren.

And they went into the House together and up to Coker's study in the Fifth.

Warren's leg was extremely painful. As he could not play in the match he wanted to see it played, at least, and from some of the study windows there was a good view of the football field on Big Side. It was some slight solace to sit at a study window and watch the game while he rested his leg.

It was like Warren, disappointed and damaged as he was, to be willing to help Coker with a troublesome paper he had to do for his Form-master, Prout. There seemed no limit to his kind good nature.

He sat at Coker's window in the window-seat, and Coker sat at the table. He only hoped that Coker would give him a chance of seeing the game.

A few minutes afterwards the St. Jim's men arrived, and then there was a general thronging to the football ground. The distance was considerable, but Warren's eyes were good and keen, and he had a good view. He watched the footballers lining up—the red-and-white of St. Jim's and the blue-and-white of Greyfriars. And he sighed. He could not help it. He had looked forward so much to his chance of playing in that match, and his chance had materialised—only to be dashed away at the last moment.

It was rough luck to be sitting there with a throbbing, aching leg resting on a chair while the other fellows played. But if Warren had known what was

happening at Courtfield Station in those very moments he would not, perhaps, have considered the luck so rough!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Man from Oakshott!

STEPHEN PRICE caught his breath.

He had been waiting a long time on the platform at Courtfield Station when the three o'clock train came in.

He had seen the St. Jim's team arrive and roll off from the station for Greyfriars School with indifferent eyes. He did not waste a thought on the First Eleven match at his school. That was nothing to Price—except a means of keeping Warren of the Fifth within gates when Bullivant of Oakshott came over to spot him!

But there was an arrival by the three o'clock train to which Price was by no means indifferent.

A rather burly fellow in cap and overcoat stepped from the train. He looked like a senior schoolboy, and Price knew at once who he was, though he had never seen him before.

Among other information he had looked out about Oakshott School, he had learned what the Oakshott colours were—black-and-green. And it was a black-and-green school cap that was stuck on this big fellow's head. He was an Oakshott man!

No Oakshott man except Bullivant was likely to arrive at Courtfield Junction that afternoon. This fellow was J. Bullivant.

Price's heart beat fast.

He had counted on Bullivant coming; but up to the last moment he had feared that Bullivant might not, after all,

come. And here he was! All was plain sailing now!

The big fellow in the black-and-green cap glanced about him, and started walking down the platform to the exit.

Price cut across to him.

"Excuse me," he said very civilly, "I think you're an Oakshott man."

"Right in one!" answered the newcomer, staring at him. "I don't see how you know, though."

"I happen to know the school colours," said Price easily. "We've got an Oakshott man at Greyfriars."

"Oh, you're a Greyfriars man!" said the Oakshott senior. "I dare say you know a chap named Warren, then?"

"Warren! Yes, he's the chap I was speaking of; he's in my Form, but I've heard that he was at Oakshott last term."

"That's so; he was in the Fifth with me. Is it true that he's playing in a First Eleven match to-day?"

"Oh, quite!"

"Well, my hat! I'll be jolly glad to see him do it!" said the Oakshott man.

"I'm glad I came over."

"You're going to Greyfriars?" asked Price.

"Yes; Warren asked me on the phone last night. I said I'd come." He grinned. "Look here, can that chap Warren really play Soccer?"

"Our football captain thinks so," said Price. "He's in the team all right. Wasn't he much in that line at Oakshott?"

Bullivant laughed.

"If you'd ever seen him in a game at Oakshott, you wouldn't ask," he said. "By gum, I'll be jolly glad to see him at it! I say, what's the quickest way to Greyfriars from here—I suppose you know?"

"I'm just going back in a taxi," said

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Price. "I'd be glad to give you a lift, if you like. It's waiting."
 "That's jolly decent," said Bullivant.
 "I'll be glad, of course," said Price cheerfully.

A few minutes later they were seated in a taxicab, winding through the traffic in Courtfield High Street.

Price, as a matter of fact, was not wont to "blow" cash in taxi fares; still less to stand taxicabs for other fellows! But it was sheer satisfaction to him to get Bullivant of Oakshott safe in a taxi, heading for Greyfriars, under his eye.

The kick-off had been at half-past two. It was now a little after three. It would be just about half-time when he would arrive at Greyfriars with Bullivant. There was no imaginable escape for Jim Warren.

Price, of course, knew nothing of what Loder had done, and the result of what Loder had done! When he left the school to go down to the station, Warren of the Fifth had been in the eleven, with no idea in anybody's mind—except Gerald Loder's—that anything might happen to knock him out of it.

So, naturally, it did not cross his mind that anything had happened, or could have happened. He took it for granted that Warren was playing in the Greyfriars eleven, as certainly as Blundell, or Potter, or Wingate himself.

Now he was in the taxi, with Bullivant of Oakshott under his eye, shepherding him along to the scene where he was to see the fellow who was using James Warren's name at Greyfriars!

Nothing—so far as Price could see—could intervene now to save the "spoofer" from a public exposure.

As soon as Bullivant's eyes fell on him he would see that he was not the James Warren he had known at Oakshott School.

Price was in a gloating mood.
 "You a friend of Warren?" asked Bullivant, as the taxi turned out of the town into the road across the common.

"He's in my study," said Price.
 Bullivant glanced at him and grinned.

"He was in my study at Oakshott," he remarked. "Does he smoke you out of house and home?"

"Did he at Oakshott?" grinned Price.

Proofs seemed to be accumulating, every minute, that Warren of the Fifth was not Warren of Oakshott!

"Didn't he?" said Bullivant.

"What ho!"

"Well, he doesn't here," said Price.

"He doesn't smoke."

"Pulling my leg?" asked Bullivant.

"No; honest Injun!"

"Well, I suppose he would have to chuck smoking, if he was going to be any good at footer. But—My summer hat! Look here, honest-to-goodness, does he really play a decent game of Soccer?"

"Topping!"

"Well, it's got me beat!" said Bullivant. "I'm jolly glad, of course! But—well—I suppose the game has started now?"

"Yes; nearly half-over by this time."

"I'm jolly keen to see him at it!"

The taxi whizzed on, along the road over the common. Bullivant glanced at Price again, with a rather puzzled expression.

"Have I met you before somewhere?" he asked.

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"Not that I remember."

"Your voice seems sort of familiar," said Bullivant. "I keep on thinking that I've heard it lately. Only fancy, I suppose."

Price made no answer to that. It was quite likely that the Oakshott man had heard his voice—on the telephone. But he did not want to give J. Bullivant a clue to that.

Bullivant was silent for some time. Greyfriars School was in sight, over the trees, when he spoke again.

"Do they like Warren at your school?"

"He's pretty popular."

"Well, my hat!" said the Oakshott man.

Evidently it was a surprise to him to hear that James Warren was popular.

Price wondered what the real James could be like. It was clear that he must be an extremely unpleasant specimen. He would have been still more sure of that had he known that the fellow whose eye he had blacked, on that very road the day before, was the real James.

As the taxi drew near the school an echo of shouting was heard. There came a roar:

"Goal!"

Bullivant's face became keener. It was easy to see that he was a footballer, and keen on the game. He did not speak to Price again, but listened to the boom of voices from the football field.

When the taxi reached the school and stopped, he did not wait while Price paid off the driver. He cut off at once, eager to see the game, and eager to see how Warren was shaping in it. And Price, with a sardonic grin on his sallow face, followed him.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Where is Warren?

"GOAL!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Bravo, Wingate!"

"Well kicked!"

"Goal!"

The Greyfriars crowd roared. It was close on the interval; and, so far, neither side had broken its duck. First blood came to Greyfriars, Wingate putting the ball in, amid roars from the packed spectators.

St. Jim's were putting up a great game. Mighty men like Kildare, and Darrell, and Langton, and Monteith, from St. Jim's, were as good at the great game as the champions of Greyfriars.

It was, as Harry Wharton remarked, anybody's game from the start, quality on both sides being very nearly equal. And every minute of it was worth watching. But in the opinion of most of the onlookers, Greyfriars would have had that necessary little extra bit of weight had Warren of the Fifth been there.

Greene was doing well, in his place; but, as Greene himself admitted, he wasn't in the same street with Warren. Had Warren been there—

But he was not; and even without him Wingate's men held their own, and a little more than their own. After that goal St. Jim's attacked hot and hard, and Greyfriars had to defend; but they defended well.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Who's that chap?" remarked Bob, as a rather burly, massive fellow, in a green-and-black cap and an overcoat, came on the ground. He pushed his way through some fags—Dicky Nugent and other

young sportsmen of the Second Form—rather in the manner of a big senior accustomed to seeing the small fry give place to him.

Nugent minor & Co. gave him wrathful looks. A Greyfriars senior might barge them aside; but this fellow did not belong to Greyfriars—he had come from some other school, and a school they did not even know!

"Here, look out, you bargee!" called out Dicky indignantly.

Bullivant did not heed—perhaps did not hear. He stopped near the spot where a crowd of Removites were packed, towering over the juniors, and fixed his eyes on the game. A good many fellows looked round at him.

Members of the public were allowed to watch First Eleven matches, if they liked; and any fellow from any school was naturally welcome to do so.

"Not a Highcliffe or Redcliffe or St. Jude's man," said Harry Wharton, as Bob drew his attention to the newcomer. "I suppose he's wandered in to see the match."

"Seems keen on it, anyhow," remarked Bob.

That fact leaped to the eye. The newcomer was scanning the men in the field, picking out face after face, staring at them hard. He was less interested in the game than in the men.

"Rotten liar!" he muttered aloud, after minutes of careful scanning, in which, apparently, he had failed to pick out the face he expected to see.

The juniors grinned at one another. Bullivant had a powerful voice, and his remark, though made to himself, reached at least twenty pairs of ears.

Bullivant gave a snort of contempt. He was annoyed with himself for having been taken in, as he regarded it. James Warren, or any Warren, was not in the home team on the field.

Price came up and joined the fellow in the green-and-black cap.

The Oakshott man gave him a surly glare.

"What sort of a silly ass do you call yourself?" he demanded.

"Eh, what?" ejaculated Price, in surprise.

"I knew that man Warren was lying when he phoned me last night," went on Bullivant, heedless of the fact that twenty fellows or more heard every word he was saying. "He was always a rotten liar at Oakshott, and I jolly well know he hasn't changed."

The game was going on, hot and strong, but a good many fellows transferred their attention from the football to the newcomer, as those words were heard.

There had been so much talk about Warren, and about Oakshott, that the subject of Warren's old school was fresh in every mind. And Bullivant's words showed that he came from Oakshott, and that he was referring to Warren of the Fifth.

"By gum!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"That's an Oakshott man, you chaps!"

Harry Wharton whistled softly.

"You fellows hear that?" said Peter Todd. "That fathead doesn't seem to have liked Warren at his old school."

"Cheeky ass!" grunted Squiff. "He'd better not talk about Warren like that here, or he'll get shut up!"

The Famous Five looked at one another.

The chums of the Remove had seen the real James, and knew, of course, that it was to that unpleasant youth that this Oakshott fellow must be alluding. So they were not surprised to hear the opinion he expressed of him.

But they were dismayed. They liked Warren, and, in spite of all appearances, trusted him. But, trusted or not trusted, he was at the school in another fellow's name, and they knew it. The coming of a fellow from James' old school meant disaster for him.

Bullivant was going on in a tone of growling annoyance and indignation, much to the amusement of Price.

Price had not yet noticed that Jim Warren was not in the field. He only supposed that Bullivant had failed to see a man he knew there—which, of course, was what Price had planned and expected.

"He pitched it to me over the phone in such a way that I was taken in, well as I knew him!" groaned Bullivant. "He took in old Philpotters, and took me in! And I knew he was a born liar all the time!"

"You haven't spotted Warren in the field?" asked Price, grinning.

Bullivant glared at him. "What do you mean?" he snorted. "He's not there! I jolly well knew he wouldn't be, only I was taken in! I'd like to know what you mean by pulling my leg as you've done and telling me a pack of lies! I expected lies from Warren, but from a stranger like you I—"

"My dear chap, I could only tell you what all the school knows," said Price. "Warren of the Fifth is in the team. Have you looked at the man playing at inside-left?"

"I've looked at every man on the field, and not one of them is anything like Warren!" snapped the Oakshott man.

Price chuckled. "I'll point him out to you!" he said. "Don't be an ass! He's not there!" Price, grinning, scanned the field. There was rather a mix-up before the visitors' goal; then Kildare cleared, and the Greyfriars men thinned out and fell back. The inside-left came clearly into view.

Price, staring at him, jumped. "That's Greene!" he gasped. "I don't care whether he's green or blue or yellow!" grunted Bullivant. "He's not Warren!"

"I—I—I know he isn't. But—" "You said he was! He said so himself! Pair of precious fibbers! Bah!" Price stared with popping eyes at the footballers. Up to that moment he had not doubted that Warren of the Fifth was in the Greyfriars front line.

He had supposed that Bullivant's remarks were due to the fact that Warren of the Fifth was nothing like James—was, in fact, a stranger to this Oakshott man.

But it was not, after all, that. It was Greene of the Fifth who was at inside-left, and Warren was not on the field at all.

It was such an utterly unexpected check that Price stared, open-mouthed. Where was Jim Warren?

Had he somehow got wind that a man from Oakshott was coming, and got out of sight at the cost of resigning from the team? That was surely impossible.

But he was not there. Price turned to a dozen staring fellows round about him. Some of them were giving the Oakshott man rather grim looks. They did not like his talk, and did not pretend to.

"Where's Warren?" gasped Price. "Find out!" snapped Harry Wharton. "Here, Hilton!" Price called out to Cedric Hilton.

The dandy of the Fifth glanced round impatiently. Hilton had hoped to play in that match, but he had been passed over. But he was watching the tussle

with keen interest; since Jim Warren had become his friend, Hilton had developed into a very keen footballer.

"Where's Warren?" called out Price. "Blessed if I know!"

"I mean, why isn't he playing?" "Oh, haven't you heard? He got himself crooked just before the match."

Hilton moved a little farther away, his eyes on the game.

"Haven't you heard, Price?" asked Hobson of the Shell. "Hardly an hour before the match, that idiot Loder—"

"Loder?" repeated Price.

"Yes; that fathead Loder landed him a fearful kick and knocked him out. Accident, of course—I don't think!" added Hobby, under his breath.

"I say, you fellows, I jolly well believe that that beast Loder crooked Warren on purpose! I jolly well know that—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" "Oh, really, you know, I jolly well know—"

"Better not let Loder hear you saying so, you fat Owl!" said Hazeldene.

"Well, I wouldn't, of course," said Billy Bunter. "All the same, I can jolly well tell you fellows that Loder knew what he was doing when he landed Warren that one on the shin!"

Price ground his teeth with rage. This was news to him. That fool Loder—that idiot Loder—had barged in for a mean and underhand revenge on Warren, and spoiled the whole game.

It was Loder, Warren's enemy, who had kept him off the football field—saved him from being shown up before all Greyfriars by the fellow Price had tricked over from Oakshott for the purpose!

"Crooked, is he?" said Bullivant contemptuously. "Fucking, more likely! He was always a funk at footer!"

"Look here, you can pack that up, whoever you are!" said Hobson of the Shell. "Warren's no funk, and if you

knew anything about him, you'd know he wasn't!"

"I fancy I know something about him, as he was in my Form and my study at Oakshott last term!" snapped Bullivant. "I jolly well knew he was lying, but I was taken in! Him a footballer!"

"You cheeky ass!" said Peter Todd. "He's a jolly good footballer, and he would be playing in this match if he hadn't got crooked!"

"Rot!" said Bullivant. "He was never up for a match like this!"

"He was," said Toddy. "His name is still in the list on the board, with Greene's written over it."

"It's true," said Price. "He was up for this match, and I expected to see him in the field. If he's crooked, he's in the House. I'll take you along to see him, if you like."

Bullivant stood looking at the field. It was the interval now; the whistle had gone, and the play ceased. The Oakshott man had not seen much of it, but he had seen that it was a first-class game, and he had to be convinced by the evidence of the fellows round him that Warren had been up for the match, though he was not playing in it.

"Well, I don't get it," he said. "When I saw he wasn't there I thought, of course, I was spoofed all along the line. But if he was up to play—"

"Well, he was," said Price. "I expect we shall find him in his study; it's my study, too! Come on!"

Bullivant nodded, and walked away with Price to the House. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances again. They knew that Jim was in the House, and supposed that he would be in his study. And Price was taking the Oakshott man there to see him, as he was not on the football field. But there was nothing that they could do. Bullivant had come over from Oakshott to see Warren, and, obviously, could not be prevented from seeing him. And as soon as he saw him, he would know that he was not James.

It looked as if the game was up for the fellow in a false name. His friends in the Remove could not help him. It only remained to be seen whether he could help himself.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Danger!

"LOOK here, Warren!" grunted Coker.

Coker was rather irritated. Jim, seated in the window, with his painful leg across a chair, had his eyes on the football field in the distance. Coker, seated at the table, had his eyes on the paper he had to write for Prout.

(Continued on the next page.)



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That paper was, in Coker's elegant phrase, a real "stinker." Prout had set Coker a specially hard paper just because Coker had handed in lines written for him by another fellow—which seemed to Coker very tyrannous and unjust; Prout all over.

Still, a Form-master, like an obstinate horse, had to be given his head. Coker had to mug up that paper somehow.

It was rather a catch for Coker to get Warren to sit it out with him, so to speak. Warren was as good a man in class as at games; what puzzled Horace's thick head was merely pie to Warren. But Warren, instead of devoting his whole and sole attention to Coker and his task, kept on looking out of the window at the distant football match.

However, he looked round patiently every time Coker asked him for aid—which was, on the average, about once every three minutes.

But now Coker addressed him in vain.

The game had been resumed on Big Side after the interval. But Jim was no longer watching the game, any more than he was attending to Coker.

His eyes had fallen on Price of the Fifth, coming towards the House.

Price himself would not have drawn a second glance from him. But Price's companion fixed his startled attention.

He had never seen that big, massive senior schoolboy before. But he knew the Oakshott colours—the colours of James' old school.

He stared down at the two with startled eyes.

His thoughts raced.

The fellow coming along with Price was a stranger at Greyfriars. He wore an Oakshott cap. He was coming from the direction of the football ground to the House, piloted by Price.

Almost at a glance, Jim saw the whole thing.

It was by purloining a letter from an Oakshott man that Price had learned the name of the school. Coker had spotted him telephoning to Oakshott, using Jim's name on the phone.

Coker had interrupted him on that occasion with a grasp on his collar. Jim had wondered what Price's game had been.

Now he knew!

His game had been to get an Oakshott man over to Greyfriars, and now he had done it. No doubt he had been on the phone again—safe outside the school this time. Only by telephoning in the name of Warren had he been able to work it—and that was what he had done.

The Oakshott man, believing he was asked over by James, had come to see James—and he was booked to see Jim!

Warren's brain almost swam. But for that hack from Loder, he would have been playing football. This fellow would have had him pointed out to him, and would have said at once: "That's not Warren!"

Every fellow on the football ground would have learned from that undeniable witness, that Warren of the Fifth was not the James Warren who had been at Oakshott.

Staring at the green-and-black cap approaching below, Warren forgot football and forgot Coker!

"I say, Warren—gone to sleep?" came Coker's voice, unheeded.

Warren sat petrified.

He had regarded Price and his enmity with contempt—a dingy, mean, envious, and malicious fellow. But he

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could be dangerous! Even as the Fifth Former stared, Price and his companion disappeared below, going into the House.

"Dash it all, Warren, you might answer a chap!" complained Coker. "Give that rat a rest for a bit—a lot of fooling fatheads! They can't play footer for toffee! Just look here—"

Warren rose, and, limping on his damaged leg, joined Coker at the table. His heart was beating uncomfortably fast.

He was trying to think what to do. Loder's hack had prevented Price from scoring, as he had planned to score, before the eyes of all Greyfriars. But he had brought the Oakshott man into the House—evidently they were coming up to the Fifth Form studies. Warren heard footsteps in the passage.

Had he been in his own study he would have been cornered. The footsteps passed Coker's door.

Price did not know that he was there, of course. His good-nature in lending Coker a helping hand had stood Jim in good stead.

Would Price, not finding him in No. 4, look along the studies for him? Of course he would!

It was only a respite!

Price could not play the same trick twice and get an Oakshott man on such a long trip again. This Oakshott fellow had to serve his turn while he was here. Price would hunt all over Greyfriars, if necessary. That was certain.

"Look here, Warren—" Coker was beginning again. But he paused, looking at Warren. "I say, you're looking pretty sick. Is your leg hurting?"

"Well, rather," said Jim. It was true enough; his bruised shin was hurting him, though he had almost forgotten it in his stress of mind. "I say, Coker, be a good chap and cut down to the house-dame for me, will you?"

"Of course I will," said Coker.

"What do you want?"

"Ask her if I can have some more of that stuff she gave me to rub on the bruise, will you?"

"Like a shot!" said Coker.

He left the study at once.

He left the door wide open. Through the open door Warren heard the sound of voices from the next study—his own!

Coker's heavy tramp went down the passage towards the stairs.

Warren stepped quietly to the door. A glance to the right showed him Coker's burly back turning the corner. From his left came voices from the half-open door of Study No. 4.

"Well, where is he?" It was a rather gruff voice, which Jim had never heard before; but he knew that it must be that of the fellow from Oakshott.

"Not here!" Price's voice came. "I thought he'd be in his study. But he's in the House somewhere. Squat in the armchair, and I'll look for him."

Warren heard a grunt, which did not sound as if the Oakshott man was pleased. But there was a creak as a heavy figure sat down in the armchair in Study No. 4. Price stepped out into the passage.

Jim Warren silently stepped behind Coker's open door.

A moment or two later Price glanced into Coker's study. Seeing it apparently unoccupied, he passed on down the passage.

Warren listened.

Price's footsteps died away. Not finding Warren in the Fifth Form studies, he was going farther afield to look for him.

Warren smiled faintly.

He stepped out of Coker's study. The

passage was empty. All the Fifth were on the football ground, excepting himself, Coker, and Price. Coker was in the house-dame's room downstairs; Price was going down the staircase, and Warren was left to his own devices—for a few minutes, at least.

He went up the passage, past the doorway of Study No. 4.

That door was open, and he had a glimpse of the burly Oakshott fellow sitting in the armchair there. Bullivant gave him a careless glance as he passed. To Bullivant's eyes, he was simply a Greyfriars senior whom he had never seen before; he did not, of course, connect him in his mind with James Warren, as he was nothing like James in appearance.

Warren walked on to the upper end of the passage and went down the back staircase there. A couple of minutes later he was out of the House by a back door. Danger had passed by him by a hairsbreadth, but it had passed!

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Missing!

"SEEN Warren?"
"Rats!"
"Seen Warren?"
"Go and eat coke!"

"Seen Warren?"
"Oh, shut up, Price!"
The football match was drawing to a thrilling climax. Kildare had put the pill in for St. Jim's. The score was level. Both sides were going all out for a winning goal.

Every fellow on the ground was watching eagerly, even Billy Bunter blinking quite keenly through his big spectacles.

Nobody wanted to be bothered by Price of the Fifth, as the curt answers to his inquiries plainly showed.

Price was almost pale with rage.

He had looked through the House without finding Warren. He had looked round the quad. He had even looked into Prout's study, as Warren might possibly have been with his Form-master. He had not found Warren.

So he had come back to the football ground at last, on the chance that Jim might have turned up there, or that some fellow there knew where he was.

Warren was not there. In so numerous a crowd, it took Price some time to ascertain that he was not there. Satisfied on that point at last, he asked fellows right and left if they had seen Warren.

Nobody had—and nobody had any attention to waste on Price. Some fellows whom he addressed did not turn their heads or trouble to answer at all. Others gave answers that were short and sharp.

Nobody cared a bean where Warren was in that thrilling climax of one of the biggest fixtures of the football season. Even the Famous Five, though rather concerned for the mysterious Fifth Former, had forgotten him, with their eyes glued on the last struggle for the winning goal.

It was anybody's game; but St. Jim's, perhaps, had rather the advantage towards the finish. In the last tussle every ounce told, and if Warren had been in Greene's place, it might have made all the difference. Thrilling minutes ticked by, victory still on the knees of the gods.

Price, caring nothing for the footer, and caring a great deal whether



Warren had the ball at his feet when Loder rushed in and kicked. The prefect's kick missed the footer and landed on Warren's shin. It landed there with a loud crack. "Ooooh! Groooh!" Warren gave a yell of pain and staggered back.

Warren turned up before Bullivant had to go, was more enraged every moment. Football had not kept him in, as Price had counted on. But surely a damaged leg would have kept him in just as certainly.

But it looked otherwise.

Had he got wind that an Oakshott fellow was there—spotted him from a window, perhaps—and cleared off in time. Or had he simply gone out for the afternoon, as he was not wanted in the football?

Price did not know.

He grabbed Cedric Hilton by the arm. Hilton, at all events, ought to know something of Warren's movements.

"Look here, Cedric! Do you know where Warren is?" Price almost hissed.

"Let me alone, you ass!" snapped Hilton, over his shoulder.

"I want to find Warren!"

"Shut up!"

"Do you know if he's gone out of gates?"

"No! Shut up, I tell you!"

Hilton, while he answered, had not taken his eyes off the game.

Price gritted his teeth. He could have struck his former friend at that moment.

Time was passing, and minutes were precious. Bullivant had a long journey home before him, and had to catch an early train. If Warren did not turn up before he went Price's game was up. Unless he could bring the Oakshott man and the so-called Warren face to face, he had had all his trouble for nothing.

Price's feelings, just then, could hardly have been described in words. That fool Loder, that ass Loder, that brute Loder, had spoiled everything! His rotten, mean revenge on the Fifth Form man had knocked all Price's carefully laid schemes into a cocked hat. But for Loder all would have gone

according to plan. Jim, in the Greyfriars eleven, would have been on the field under all eyes—under Bullivant's eyes. Now where was he? Miles away, perhaps.

Price left the football ground at last, and went back towards the House. In the quad he met Loder of the Sixth coming along to see the finish of the game. Loder had a charitable hope of seeing Greyfriars beaten which, in Loder's opinion, they deserved for leaving him out. Price stopped him, and Loder stared at his pale, excited face.

"Seen Warren?" yapped Price.

"No! And don't want to!" Loder yapped back. "What the thump do I want that cad for? Nursin' his game leg somewhere, I suppose."

"Oh, you fool!" breathed Price.

"There's an Oakshott man here, and he can't stay much longer. He's here to see Warren, and if he sees him, he will show him up before all the school."

"Oh, don't talk rot!" snapped Loder.

"I suppose Warren wouldn't mind seeing a man from his old school—"

"Not if he was really Warren, you dummy; but he isn't! Haven't I told you—"

"A lot of rubbish—yes!"

"I tell you he'd be shown up as an impostor, and kicked out of the school, if that Oakshott man once set eyes on him!"

"And I tell you you're talking piffle!" snapped Loder. "For goodness' sake, give a fellow a rest on that subject!"

"You fool—you idiot!" hissed Price. "If you'd let him alone he would have been spotted at the football, and shown up before all Greyfriars. You've spoiled it all, by that rotten trick!"

Loder's eyes gleamed.

"What rotten trick!" he asked, in a dangerously quiet tone.

"Oh, don't fancy you can fool me,

if you can the rest!" snarled Price. "You crooked Warren to keep him out of the footer, and you know you did. And you couldn't have done him a better turn, as it turns out. You fool—" He broke off, with a yell. "Hands off, you bully!"

Loder, his eyes glinting, grasped Price, and shook him like a rat.

"So you're making out that I crooked a man, are you, on purpose?" said Loder. "You fancy you can say things like that about a Sixth Form man, and a prefect! I'll show you that you can't!"

"Let go, you bully!" yelled Price.

Instead of letting go, Loder of the Sixth fixed a firm grip on Price's collar, jerked him to the nearest wall, and banged his head thereon.

Bang!

"Ooooh!"

"Better think twice before you speak once, Pricey!" said Loder grimly; and with a twist of his arm he sent the weedy slacker of the Fifth sprawling, and walked on towards the football ground.

Price picked himself up, panting.

There was a shout from the football ground:

"Goal!"

But it was not the roar that would have greeted a Greyfriars goal. It was Laugton, of St. Jim's, who had put the pill in, almost on the stroke of time. St. Jim's had won that great match.

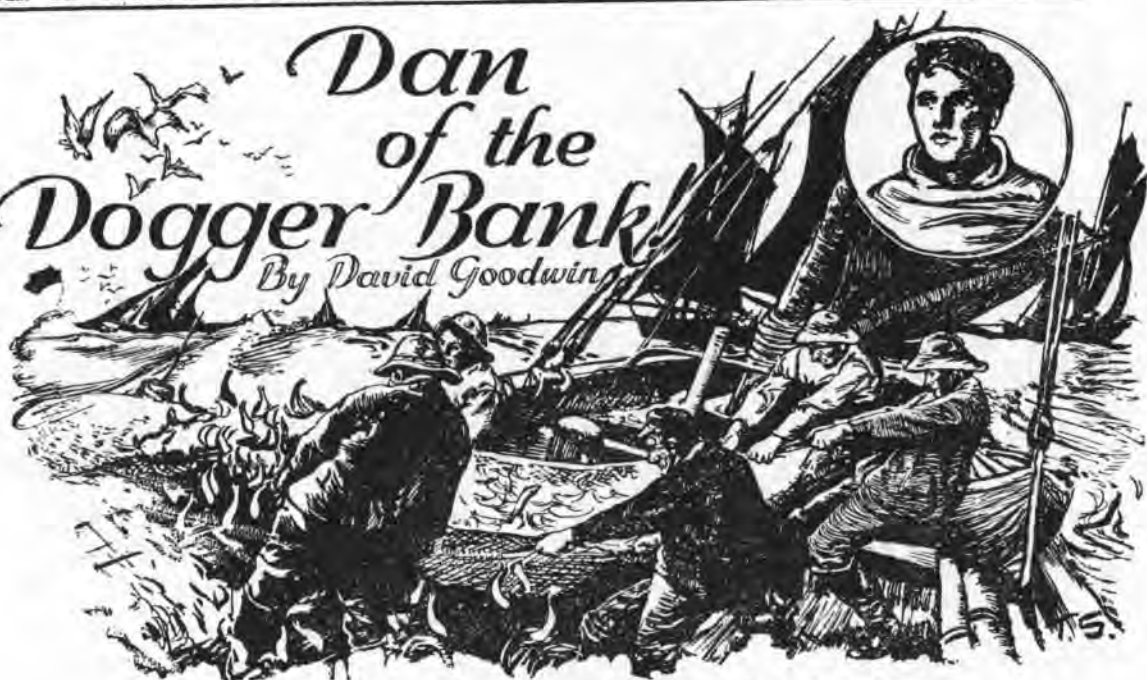
THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for Price!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came off the field with the crowd after the game. In the thrilling excitement of the climax they had forgotten Warren of the Fifth. (Continued on page 28.)

Dan of the Dogger Bank!

By David Goodwin



OPENING CHAPTERS OF A BREEZY NEW SEA STORY.

CHAPTER I.

Two Black Sheep!

"A SHIP of your own, my boy. A 20,000-ton liner, and all yours!" said Donald Graham proudly. "She's the smallest of my fleet, but I'm making her over to you. She'll be run in your name, and the profits put aside for you till you're twenty-one. You're only sixteen now, but you're a shipowner, and a shipowner's son. I've always told you England's greatness lies in her merchant fleet, and that Britannia rules the waves."

"Gosh, does she?" said Kenneth Graham. "I wish she'd rule 'em straighter, dad."

"Why, Ken," said the millionaire shipowner, glancing at his son in surprise, "you don't mean to say you're feeling sick, my boy? In a little bit of a roll like this, too?"

"Oh, no!" said Kenneth hastily, with a gulp. "Sick—me? No fear!"

He thought it rather tough for his father to call this "a little roll." The sea seemed to him mountains high, and Ken's inside was beginning to feel more and more mysterious.

The great liner, *Castlereagh*, was ploughing down the North Sea on her trial trip. She was new and raw from the Clyde slips, smelling of paint and oil. She had steamed north about Scotland, through the Pentland Firth, and now she was bucketing past the Dogger Bank.

A crew of 200 men swarmed about the liner like ants, each intent on his business, and the great engines throbbed as the ship shouldered through the waves at sixteen miles an hour.

Donald Graham stood on the bridge with his son. He was proud of the new ship, and proud of his boy; rather proud of himself, too, for Donald Graham was a proud man.

Young Kenneth Graham was apt to be proud, too. He was a good lad, but had been taught to have a high notion of his own importance. Just now the heave and roll of the ship was taking

quite a lot of the pride out of him. It is very hard to be proud and seasick at the same time. Kenneth was trying not to give himself away. It was a wonderful thing to own a ship worth half a million pounds, and he did his best for a moment or two to forget that he was wishing himself ashore on dry land.

"All yours, my boy," repeated Donald Graham, clapping a big hand on his son's shoulder. "I've got six others like her. You've got to learn the business, and when you're of age, you'll have the management of this ship. You've got to learn a lot between then and now. How to handle boys and men. Give all your good

The deck's awash . . . the big smack's flying along under a stiff breeze, her stout mainmast bending to the pull of her great sails . . . she's the fastest of the Lowestoft fleet. And among her sturdy crew is Dan of the Dogger Bank, son of a millionaire, and as hardy a lad as they make 'em!

men a chance to make their fortunes with you, and weed out the shirkers. There are black sheep in every flock."

Old Donald Graham frowned thoughtfully, and leaned towards his son, lowering his voice.

"There are two of the worst of them, right now, in the fore'sle of this ship, Ken," he said, "and they're going ashore for good as soon as we dock. One is a thief and idler; the other is a spy."

"Lucky to have only two wrong 'uns in two hundred, dad," gulped Ken. "Excuse me; I think I'll take a walk."

The millionaire's son could stand it no longer. His face was pea-green as he slipped away from his father's side,

and staggered forward along the upper deck. He wanted to be alone.

The North Sea mist was coming up on the wings of the night, and the ship was heaving worse than ever.

Ken got behind a stack of ventilator funnels and leaned over the rail, looking down at the rushing foam, sick and faint.

"Who's that?" said a low voice from the darkness.

A dozen yards away two dark figures were coiling down a rope between a pair of iron bollards—the big metal posts to which are made fast the ropes that hold a vessel to a quay.

The men were fo'c'sle hands; one of them a gawky, loose-jointed man of thirty, with ragged, red whiskers. He answered to the name of Jock Backhouse, but was known among his mates—who had little love for him—as "Foxyer," and he was lent to the *Castlereagh* from the building yard for her trial trip. The other, Dennis Rebow, was a heavy, powerful-looking lad of eighteen, snub-nosed and black-haired, with a sullen, threatening face. It was he who had spoken.

The lanky seaman peered towards Kenneth, and his features contracted into a scowl that turned presently to an evil grin.

"Why, sink me, if it isna auld Graham's cub!" he muttered. "An' sick as a cat into the bargain! I've heerd the ship is to be made over to him. Heel! I wish she'd give a lurch to leeward, an' tilt him over the side!"

The black-haired youth glowered at him.

"I'd gie a month's pay—that I sha'na get—to see it!" he said, between his teeth.

"Ay," said Jock, "ye've got the sack as well as me!" He spat out a savage oath. "It's auld Graham who put the skipper up to it. Burn him, an' his money, too! He's no mercy on a puir mon!"

This was less than the truth, for Donald Graham made it his business to know something of every one of the array of men in his employ. And while

the capable ones worshipped him, the black sheep went in terror of his eye.

"Foxey," whispered Dennis Rebow, "there's nobody by. If ye'll help me, we'll tip him into the sea, and wipe the score out. Are ye with me?"

"Ay!" said Foxey, drawing back a little. "But dare ye no do it yersel'?"

"Na," said the boy. "Ye shall lay your hand to him, too, or how do I ken ye'll not split on me? Come, then! It'll cut the heart oot o' the auld deevil Graham! It's ill work to mak' an enemy o' Dennis Rebow, an' I'll find ye a berth on my father's smack, the Banshee."

A minute later two dim figures crept stealthily across the decks and tiptoed towards the rail.

Kenneth had heard nothing. The cold sweat of sickness was on his forehead, and as he leaned upon the irons he saw nothing but the mottled foam racing away far below him in the gloom.

Suddenly, strong arms took Kenneth from behind. A pair of hands gripped his ankles and tilted his legs from the deck. A cry burst from the boy's lips, and his hands grasped the bar convulsively; but he was swiftly over-balanced, and he clung for a moment head downwards on the outside of the rail.

In that brief instant Kenneth caught a glimpse of the savage faces of his assailants, and, with a cry of despair, he kicked out with all his force.

The heel of his shoe caught the red-haired seaman under the chin with a sounding crack, and sent him staggering.

A second later, however, a cruel blow in the waist from Dennis Rebow took the wind and the strength out of him. He was torn from his hold and fell, turning twice in midair.

The roar of the great steamer drowned the noise of the heavy plunge that followed, and he went down, down, down into choking green darkness.

Gasping for breath, Kenneth came to the surface. A great grey body was tearing past him—the long hull of the liner had not yet gone by. A mass of white foam churned by, whirling black arms seemed to rush towards him with a noise like thunder. These were the blades of the starboard propeller, the black tops of which were showing above water as they thrashed along, for the liner was riding light.

Madly the boy tried to swim out of range before they reached him, for he knew the big screws could cut him to shreds if he were drawn into their area.

They missed him by a few feet. A piece of floating timber thrown up in the wash dealt him a crushing blow on the head. The stinging water filled his nostrils, a million stars flashed before his eyes, the life seemed to go out of his body, and then came darkness!

The New Hand!

KENNETH GRAHAM opened his eyes slowly. A dim yellow light shone around him, and a thousand strange noises filled his ears.

"Where am I?" he said, peering round. "And what has happened? Great Scott! I'm hungry! I could eat a roast ox at one sitting! I was in the water, wasn't I?"

The boy felt his clothes, but they were dry. And, moreover, they were not clothes at all, but a thick woollen night shirt. The puzzle became more complicated.

Ken was lying in a rough, but comfortable wooden bunk, smothered in blankets, and the berth opened on to a small cabin lit by a swinging lamp. A

stove, nearly red-hot, stood at one end, and over all crept a smell of sea water, fish, and oilskins, so powerful that one could have cut it with a shovel.

The entire place was reeling and swaying like a squirrel's nest in a gale of wind, and close to his head Kenneth heard the gurgle and swish of the water on the side of the vessel.

Then, from somewhere outside, a thunderous chorus broke upon his ear:

"The work was hard, the voyage was long,

Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!

The seas were high, the gales were strong,

It's time for us to leave her!"

The chorus ended with a wild yell from half a dozen throats.

"That sounds wet, anyway!" said Kenneth. "I wish I could remember, but it's beyond me."

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

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

THIS week, chums, you get the first "helping" of our new super serial: "Dan of the Dogger Bank!" I think you will all agree with me in saying that it promises to be a top-notch yarn. You can always rely on David Goodwin to turn out the real goods. The opening chapters of this masterpiece will have whetted your appetites for more. But let me tell you this: you'll enjoy the next week's "helping" even more than the one you have just sampled. When you have got a moment or two to spare, perhaps you will write and let me know what you think of this rousing yarn. I'm always glad to hear from my readers.

As space is rather limited this week I am compelled to hold over the queries which have been sent in by readers, but I will do my best to answer them at the earliest possible opportunity. Meanwhile, here are details of our "special attractions" for next week's issue:

"THE FIFTH-FORMER'S SECRET!"

By Frank Richards

presents all your favourite characters in another "meaty" yarn of Greyfriars. Although Price has striven his hardest to "down" Jim Warren, the boy with a borrowed name does not hesitate to "come up" in the hour of need to the rescue of his enemy. You'll enjoy every word of this yarn, and so will your chums. If you have any pals who do not already read the MAGNET, you can do both me and them a good service by drawing their attention to this tip-top tale. It's a specially suitable time, too, for new readers to join the happy ranks of "Magnetites," and come in at the start of David Goodwin's new serial, which is certain to appeal to every British boy. Tell them to make the acquaintance of "Dogger Dan" right now, and thus get an idea of the thrills and adventures of the deep-sea fisherman's life. A "Greyfriars Herald" supplement, more snappy verses by our Rhymester, and my cheery chat will complete this bumper number.

YOUR EDITOR.

He swung his legs out of the bunk and shouted.

Through the hatchway in the roof a sun-tanned face, framed in a dripping sou'-wester, appeared.

"Here, boys," cried a voice, "he's waked up at last! Come on!"

A square-built, powerful boy of about sixteen, with a jolly round face and strong, knotted hands, dropped as lightly as a cat into the swaying cabin. He was clad from head to foot in dripping oilskins. After him came a dark-haired, wild-eyed man of short and slim build, with face wrinkled and seamed like a piece of wreck timber. He was grinning affably.

"How d'you feel, sonny?" said the boy. "Got a knock on the head, didn't you? You've had a long spell in, anyway."

Kenneth tried to collect his thoughts. For the life of him he could not remember anything, though his head was clear enough.

The shock and the stunning blow he had received had brought him to the very threshold of death, and though he awoke sound and well, the whole of his past life was blotted from his brain.

Strangely enough, his first sensation was of annoyance. He did not like being called "sonny." He had been used to see fisher-boys and seaman touch their caps to him. That dim memory somehow remained in his head.

Kenneth, though naturally a strong, upstanding boy, possessed of an amiable temper, and a very good fellow at bottom, had been so spoiled and coddled that he was sometimes set down as a detestable prig by those who did not know that he only wanted an occasional kicking, and who ought to have been sorry for him because he never got it.

"Get me something to eat," he said sharply.

The boy in the oilskins grinned at him for a moment, then hurried away. Shortly afterwards he returned with a large chunk of pork pie and a steaming mug of cocoa.

"Thank you!" said Kenneth, feeling for his waistcoat pocket, intending to give the boy a tip.

Fortunately he was in a nightshirt, for if he had produced the shilling he was looking for—two pounds a week had been his pocket-money, though he had no memory of it—and offered it, he would probably have been hauled out of the bunk and soundly cuffed.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You're in the fore-port bunk o' the Lowestoft sailin' trawler Grey Seal," the young fisherman said. "Finn Macoul here picked you up off the Dogger o' Friday night, and you've slept solid ever since. It's Monday now, and within an hour o' daybreak. It was that knock o' the head, I s'pose. What craft was you lost out of?"

"Don't know," said Kenneth, after a glance at the elder man, who was looking at him with a strange, piercing stare that gave him an uncanny feeling. "Can't remember anything about it."

"Are you fit now?" said the boy. "Come on deck, then. Dad—he's the skipper—wants to see you. When he asks questions you answer right up, or there'll be feathers flyin'. Dad's the smartest man in the fleet, an' the best, but he don't stand no fooling. There's your clothes. Put 'em on and come."

For a moment Kenneth meant to refuse. Why should he be ordered about by this fisher-boy and his father? Then the man, watching Kenneth narrowly, spoke:

"You got to come!" he said, shaking

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his head slowly, and smiling pleasantly. "Much better for you, you come quick."

There was something about the man that impelled Kenneth to do as he was told. He had a creepy feeling at sight of the speaker's coal-black eyes, that seemed to look through him. And yet, somehow, he instinctively liked the man.

"He's a Finn," explained the boy in a whisper to Kenneth, as they went up the ladder. "All Finns is warlocks, an' has the second sight. You know that, don't ye? He brings us all the luck the sea carries."

They reached the deck, where the strong, salt wind blew upon Kenneth's face, and put new life into him.

The Grey Seal was slushing along at racing speed, for she was the fastest of the Lowestoft fleet, and had lines as clean and raking as a yacht's.

By the wheel stood a great, broad-shouldered, six-foot man, with a golden beard, which sparkled with the sea-spray that hung in it. Beside him was an active, lithe-limbed young Welsh smackman, with a face as brown as a berry, who had signed on for the North Sea service.

"Evening, my lad!" sung out the big man, in a voice like the wind roaring in the rigging. "Are you fit and well agen? That's right. Now, who may you be, an' how did you come adrift off the Dogger?"

"Don't know," said Kenneth, rather sulky.

"Don't know! Well, what's your name?"

Kenneth shook his head.

"Mad as a hatter!" muttered the skipper. "That crack on the head must 'a' turned his brain."

"No, no!" said the Finn eagerly. He put his hands on Kenneth's shoulders and looked into the boy's eyes. "He was not mad. He is as well as you and me." He turned to the skipper and whispered: "He was forget all dot go before! All, all gone!"

"Poor kid!" murmured the skipper. "Will he ever remember?"

"Yes, von day; but not yet. Perhaps not for long time yet."

The skipper looked Kenneth up and down.

"Now look here, my lad. I can't put you ashore, for we're on the Dogger for a three-weeks' trip, and then we shall sell our fish abroad. We're likely to see a heap of trouble between then and now. But we're short-handed, and though I doubt there's little you can do, by the look o' your hands, I'll sign you on and make a fisherman of you—a fisherman that's worth his salt on the Dogger Bank, and that means the finest breed of man that walks—at eighteen shillings a week. Now!"

"Not me!" said Kenneth sullenly. "When I go to sea I'll go for an adventure or two"—he stuck out his chest—"not as a common fisherman!"

"Adventures!" The big man laughed. "You'll get more o' them than you've any stomach for with us. This is the Grey Seal o' the Dogger, and none of us ever knows, when he leaves port, whether he'll see land again, or what sort o' death he's booked for. There's more than fishin' to follow in the North Sea, my lad. Now you go below and sign on. Take him, Buck!"

"I won't!" shouted Kenneth, white with rage. "Put me ashore, and at once! D'you hear? I'll work for no man!"

He glanced round at the crew. The skipper's son, Buck, who had brought him on deck, was looking at him with an aggravating grin.

"How dare you laugh at me!" cried Kenneth, beside himself with fury. "Think I'm going to do what a set of ruffians like you tell me?"

He clenched his fist, but Buck coolly stepped aside, laughing.

"Don't welt him," said the skipper quietly to his son, who, indeed, showed no inclination to do so, seeing that the boy was making a fool of himself. "Now, look here, young fellow, we're letting you down easy because you've had a knock on the head. But for that

a rope's-end would be taking the hide off you now. We don't stand this sort of game at sea! I'm givin' you one more chance. Go below and sign!"

Speechless with fury, hardly knowing what he did, Kenneth sprang forward and raised his arm. As he did so, however, there came a quick shout from the bows.

"Sail-ho! A Dutchman, and racin' for the Black Grounds!"

"Set the topsail!" cried the skipper, wrenching the helm up, and taking no notice of Kenneth. "Put the staysail on her! Lively, boys, and we'll beat the shoes off 'em!"

Buck sprang forward as the sails were dragged up from their lockers and set. He gripped Kenneth by the shoulder and pulled him away.

"Youngster," he said, "you've too good stuff in you to be making such a fool of yourself. Do you see that vessel? She's a Dutchman, and we're going to race her to the trawling-grounds for the honour o' the English fleet, and the best pitch, an' £50 worth o' fish to the winner. Now, strip your jacket and sign with us. If you don't, I'll tan the hide off you myself!"

Kenneth stopped with a gasp, and his anger cooled. The threat moved him not an inch, for he was without fear.

He looked at the Dutch smack—a bigger craft than the Grey Seal—dead-black, frowsy, and swooping along at top-speed. A crew of unwashed Holland fishermen in dungaree clothes leaned over her rail and jeered at the English smack. And, as he looked at her, the pride of the Briton and the lust for adventure welled up within him.

He gulped, and a sudden revulsion of feeling brought him to his senses.

"I—I've been behaving like a brute," he said, choking a little. "I don't know what's happened to me. But, anyway, you've saved my life, and given me the chance of work, and—and I'd like to do anything I can. Who was it picked me up?"

"Well spoken, lad!" cried the burly skipper, his eyes on the peak of the sail as he drove the smack through the crashing seas. "I knew you'd got grit! Bring up the book, Buck, and we'll sign him on here, in sight o' green water! It was Finn Macoul pulled you out o' the sea."

Kenneth stepped forward and shook the hand of the Finn, who grinned pleasantly, and patted him on the back.

A hooting wind-squall came up with a rush, and half-buried the smack's deck as Buck brought a sea-stained book from the cabin and laid it on the hatch. The dawn had broken, and a fresh chorus of jeering came from the Dutch smack, now close alongside.

"Now, youngster," cried Buck, "we take you as fifth hand to the Grey Seal. Your skipper's John Atheling, full owner, and next him comes Finn Macoul, from the back o' the North. Then there's Wat Griffiths, of Cardiff, and me, Buck Atheling, o' Harwich, where the sailors come from. An' you—your name's lost on the high seas. We'll call you Dan. Dans are always lucky, and there ain't one aboard. 'Dogger Dan' be it, then, for that's where we found you, an' may you be a mascot to the Grey Seal!"

"Three cheers for Dogger Dan!" shouted the Welshman.

And the crew swung off their caps and sent a shout ringing across the waves.

A bucket of sea-water was then dashed in the boy's face—the baptism of the

He was a Savage—a white Boy—he was

The Cannibal Earl

Are you reading about the amazing adventures, told week by week, in *The PILOT*, of the World's Wildest Boy at Britain's Poorest School? This 'best-ever' story tells of a White boy, brought up by a savage African tribe, and made leader of their fierce warriors; he is found by an exploring party and identified as the long-lost heir to the Earldom of Claremont. He is taken back to England and put to school—but he can't forget the ways he learned in the African jungle! Read what happens to him in this week's issue of *The PILOT*!

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North Sea—and he took it with a grin. Dashing the salt from his eyes and hair, he wrote his new name large and bold upon the smack's log-book.

Meanwhile, the Grey Seal was leaping forward neck and neck with the Dutchman.

Up From the Sea!

A THOUSAND stars were reflected in the oily water of Lowestoft Harbour, for the night was velvet black, and a soft breeze blew off-shore.

A large sailing-trlawler was coiling down her warps, on the point of going to sea, when a voice hailed her from the quay, and a couple of dark figures climbed nimbly down the ladder and dropped on to her deck.

The trawler's captain—a big, black-bearded man, with a sallow face, and fierce, forbidding eyes, started and turned round.

"Stand!" he said menacingly. "Who's that?"

"All right, dad," came a whisper back, "it's me—Dennis. I've news for ye. Foxey, bide up here a wee, while I see dad i' the cabin."

"Why, Denny!" said the skipper, when they were alone. "Have ye left the Castlereagh? Speak up, boy!"

"Ay, I've left her, an' she's left me."

And in a rapid undertone Dennis Rebow told his father—knowing that the tale would be to his taste—how he had revenged himself on the man who had dismissed him from his service.

"An' auld Graham's nigh crazy," he said finally. "He was almost crying like a child. An', dad, I've brought Foxey Backhouse wi' me. I promised him ye'd get him a chance in the squadron. He's just the man for ye."

"Ye have done well, Denny," said Skipper Rebow. "Hech, it's gay to think o' that cursed cub tipped into the sea. I've little for ye at present, but there's a berth and grub aboard here, an' I'll tak ye oot to-night. Fetch your mate doon."

Foxey was brought below.

Jake Rebow looked him over keenly, and questioned him. Being himself a keen judge of men and things, it did not take Jake long to discover that Foxey, though no bold, daring ruffian, by any means, was a shrewd and cunning character, utterly without scruples—in fact, just the man he wanted.

"An' dad," put in Dennis, "he's had a fine experience o' the liquor trade."

"Have ye so?" said Jake, turning upon the red-haired man.

"You'll not find a man wi' more," said Foxey. "I was mate and manager o' a couper* for three year, till she was taken by a gunboat off the Skaw. Then I took to the shipyards."

"Guid!" said Rebow. "I'll find work for ye. Ye'll tak' a berth on the Vulture, and Denny'll go wi' me on the Banshee here. Later, I'll send ye in charge o' a little venture o' mine. Mind, there's no wage in my squadron. Berth, grub, and share o' all the profits."

"That'll suit me fine!" said Foxey; and, after the skipper had given him a scribbled note, he went up the ladder.

Twenty minutes later, the Banshee, with the two Rebows on board, and a crew of their own kidney, cleared the pier-head, and vanished into the night.

It was a little after midnight, when Dennis, perched on the crossbeams, saw a sail looming upon them a little way to the windward. The stranger, a smack very like the Banshee, steered towards



Kenneth clung for a moment head downwards on the outside of the rail. Then, with a cry of despair, he kicked out with all his force at the faces of his assailants, and fell down into choking green darkness!

her. From her bows gleamed a triple flare—two short and one long—from a flash-lamp.

It was the night signal of the Black Squadron.

This assembly, containing seven vessels, had earned its name through its peculiar habits. It had the most unsavoury reputation of any fleet that scoured the North Sea, and it owed that reputation mainly to the efforts of Jake Rebow, who was its head and commander. Honest fishing was an occupation it only fell back on when all else failed. But fish-poaching, thieving, doubtful salvage work, "couper" running, and a little wrecking whenever the chance offered, were the fields in which it reaped its harvest.

Anyone round the coasts who wanted dirty work done, could get the Black Squadron to do it—at a price. The vessels, though they ranged far and wide, kept in wonderfully close touch with each other as regards information, and stood by each other stoutly. They were manned by men whose records were as black as the tar on their topsides, and whom no honest trawler would take on board.

"Oh-ho, Jake!" hailed the newcomer's skipper, as the smack ranged close alongside. "Have ye heard the news?"

"Hech! Morgan, is it you?" said Jake. "How's all?"

"Fifty pun' for kedgin' the timber

barque Neva off the Dyck Sands," said the other, with a villainous wink. "As per your instructions. Don't ask who put her there. Oh, an' I most forgot—though it's no matter. The Grey Seal's picked up a cub off the Dogger."

"What!" exclaimed the two Rebows at once. "Who is he?"

"The kid don't know himself," grinned Morgan. "Got a crash on the head, an' he's forgotten his own name. S'long, skipper! Comin' to you for orders as soon as we get out agen."

"Gosh!" said Jake, with an oath, as the smack vanished into the night. "Yon's just a miracle! It'll be the cub Graham, for a pound!"

"Ay!" said Dennis. "Dad, we must look to this. Knocked o' the head, and doesna' remember. That's lucky. But, anyway, he didna' see me when I did yon bit job."

"I smell money to be made yonder," said Jake slowly. "An' there'll be work for the Black Squadron—big work!"

(A millionaire's son signs on as a smacksman with the North Sea Fishing Fleet at eighteen shillings a week! A rousing opening to a rattling good yarn—what? Look out for some startling developments in next week's chapters of this powerful story. Meanwhile, introduce "Dogger Dan" to your pals—they'll just love to read all about his exciting experiences.)

*A vessel that illicitly sells drink to the North Sea smacksmen.

SAVED BY HIS ENEMY!

(Continued from page 23)

But they remembered him now, and wondered what had happened.

"Is that Oakshott man still here?" asked Bob.

"If he's seen Warren—" murmured Nugent.

"All the fat will be in the fire," remarked Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"It's a queer business," he said, in a low voice. "We know—we can't help knowing—that that chap is using another fellow's name. We've seen the other fellow. But—"

"But he's straight," said Bob.

"Yes; I'm sure of it. It's jolly queer, but there's some explanation we don't know of," said Harry.

"Lucky for him Loder hacked him," said Bob, with a grin.

"Yes, as it turns out. He may have gone out. Price was asking for him all over the shop a little while ago. Let's go and see."

"Let's!" agreed Nugent.

They went into the House, and up to the Fifth Form passage. As they passed Coker's door, which was open, Horace glanced out, and called to them.

"Seen Warren?"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Another man wanting Warren?" grinned Bob. "He seems to be in demand this afternoon. Don't you know where he is, Coker?"

"Can't make the chap out," said Coker, crossly. "He was here, helping me with this rotten paper for Prout, and he asked me to go down and fetch him some stuff from the house-dame's room, and when I got back he was gone. I wasn't more than ten minutes, either. Look here, Wharton, you're not bad at this rot. You can come in and lend me a hand, if you like, as that ass, Warren, seems to have cleared off."

Whereat the captain of the Remove smiled, and walked on up the passage with his chums.

The door of Study No. 4 stood open. The juniors glanced in and beheld the burly fellow they had seen on the football ground—the man from Oakshott.

The expression on his rather rugged face was far from amiable.

"Warren—" he began.

"Haven't you seen Warren yet?" asked Harry.

"No," snorted Bullivant, "and I'm not waiting much longer."

He gave an angry grunt.

"Nice way to treat a chap! Warren phoned me last night, asking me to come over. I was a fool to come. I know that!"

Hilton of the Fifth came in. He glanced at the juniors, and then at the Oakshott man.

Bob Cherry winked at his chums.

"This chap's from Oakshott, Hilton,"

he said. "He's come to see Warren. He says Warren phoned him last night to come. Some mistake, I fancy."

The Famous Five, of course, knew that Jim could not have phoned to the Oakshott man to come. A man from Oakshott was the very last visitor he could have desired to see at Greyfriars. It was clear to them that a trick had been played, and they had no doubt about the identity of the trickster.

But Hilton stared.

"If Warren asked a chap to come, Warren would be here to meet him," he said. "There's certainly some mistake."

Snort, from J. Bullivant.

"No mistake about it," he snapped.

"Warren rang me up last evening, at Oakshott, and—"

"What time?" asked Hilton.

"Soon after seven."

"Well, there's some mistake," said Hilton. "Warren was with me last evening, and I should know whether he phoned. At seven he was in the games study, with me and six or seven other fellows. He certainly never phoned."

Bullivant stared blankly.

"Mean to say I've had my leg pulled on the phone?" he demanded angrily.

"Looks like it. Did you recognise his voice on the phone?"

"Voices sound different on the phone," grunted Bullivant. "No, I didn't. But, of course, I thought—"

"Yes, I suppose you would," agreed Hilton politely. "But it certainly was not Warren who phoned you, so you can't blame him for not being here when you came. An accident kept him out of the footer, and I suppose he's gone out."

"Look here, that's all very well, but the fellow on the phone mentioned things that only Warren could have known," growled Bullivant. "I thought his voice sounded different; but that settled it, see? He mentioned something that I'd mentioned in a letter to Warren last week, and that nobody else could know anything about."

"Unless he'd pinched Warren's letter and read it!" said Bob Cherry.

Bullivant stared.

"Is that sort of thing done in this school?" he snorted.

"Why, you cheeky ass—" began Bob wrathfully.

"You've just said it yourself, haven't you?" growled J. Bullivant. "I've been made a fool of. I can see that; and I can tell you, I don't think much of this school, or the fellows in it, either. I'm going—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Pricey!"

Price stepped in.

He scowled at the juniors.

"Get out of this!" he snapped.

"You're not wanted here. Look here, Bullivant—"

The Oakshott man stared at him.

"How the dickens do you know my

name?" he snapped. "I never told you."

"I—I—I—"

Price caught his breath. He had put his foot in it, there was no mistake about that.

"Oh, Pricey knows a lot!" said Bob Cherry. "Does his voice sound anything like the one you heard on the phone last night?"

Bullivant jumped.

"I knew I'd heard his voice before, in the taxi!" he roared. "So it was you on the phone, was it, pulling my leg, and not Warren at all?"

"Price, you rotten cad—" breathed Hilton.

"You sneaking worm!" said Harry Wharton. "Coker caught you once, using Warren's name on the telephone. Now you've been at it again, have you?"

Price breathed hard.

"That's the chap who pinched Warren's letter last week, and Warren jolly well whopped him for it!" said Bob. "Nobody here will stop you, if you want to do the same!"

Price panted.

"Look here, Bullivant," he said desperately. "I wanted you to see Warren. I want you to see him because—"

Price got no farther. Harry Wharton collared him and bumped him on Hilton's expensive carpet.

"Sit on him!" said Bob

They sat on him.

"I'm going!" snorted the Oakshott man. "You can tell Warren, when he comes in, that I don't want to see him. You can all go and eat coke, and be blown to you! I'm off!"

And J. Bullivant tramped out of the study in an extremely bad temper—which, no doubt, was natural and justifiable, in the circumstances! He took his departure without further delay and simmered with indignation as he boarded the motor-bus for Courtfield, and was still simmering as the train bore him home to Oakshott.

Jim Warren came in, in time for calling-over.

It transpired that he had gone down to Friar-dale to ask the school doctor to look at that bad bruise on his shin—quite a natural proceeding on his part.

He was told that he had missed meeting a chap from his old school, but he did not seem to mind much.

In the study that evening he kicked Price—hard! He did not tell him why, but, no doubt, Price was able to guess.

THE END.

(Only by the narrowest of margins has Jim Warren escaped detection. Will his luck hold out? Be sure to read: "THE FIFTH FORMER'S SECRET!" next week's tip-top tale of the chums of Greyfriars.)



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THE LURE of the FOOTLIGHTS By DICKY NUGENT

The Fourth Form Stage Society were having a dress rehearsal of "Julius Seecer" in the Junior Common-room, at St. Sam's, when Dr. Birchmell looked in. The Fourth fairly blinked as they perceived that the Head was wearing a Roman toga and a wacking grate helmet.

"Boys!" cried Dr. Birchmell. "I have a plezzant surprise for you. Guess what it is!"

"I know, sir," spoke up Jack Jolly, who was stage-manager and projector of the piece. "You've decided in future to cover your face with a mask!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" roared Dr. Birchmell, as the Fourth yelled with disrespectful laughter. "I'm surprised at hearing such a silly suggestion, Jolly. Why should I wear a mask? As a matter of fact, I'm generally reckoned to have rather a handsome fizzle!"

"Give it up, then, sir," said Jack Jolly. "What is the plezzant surprise?"

Dr. Birchmell smiled again.

"I will tell you," he said. "The fact is, I've succumbed to the lure of the footlights—and I've decided to honour you by taking the leading part in your play!"

"Oh crums!"

It was a gasp of dismay from the Fourth. This was about the most unplezzant "plezzant" surprise the Head could possibly have given them!

"But—don't you think an old fogey like you will look a bit out of place as Julius Seecer?" objected Jolly.

"No, I don't," said Dr. Birchmell with a frown. "I'm sure I don't look a day over ninety-nine—and, besides that, my Roman nose makes me just the right type to take the lead in Sir Walter Scott's masterpiece."

"Don't you mean Shakespeare's, sir?" grinned Frank Fearless.

"Shakespeare's or Scott's, I'm willing to bet ten to one in doennuts that I shall make the hit of the term as Julius Seecer," said the Head warmly. "Let's get on with the giddy rehearsal, and we'll see how I shape!"

The Head then struck a dramatic attitude, and began:

"Friends! Romans! Countrymen! Lend me your ears!"

"Half-a-minnit, sir!" eggshelained Merry. "It's Antony that makes the speech—not Seecer!"

The Head frowned.

"Then we'll alter the play to make it Seecer's speech," he said calmly. "It's one of the best bits in the play, and I don't intend to leave it to any meek fag while I'm on the stage!"

"Oh, grate pip!"

The young actors looked at Dr. Birchmell with feelings that were too deep for words. What "Julius Seecer" was going to be like by the time the Head had finished with it, they could hardly imagine. But it was evidently useless to argue the toss with Dr. Birchmell in his present stage-struck mood; so they made the best of a bad job and joined in the rehearsal.

By the time it was over, Jack Jolly hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels. The Head not only altered his lines out of all reckernition—he also mixed them up with lines from entirely different plays! Sometimes he seemed to be doing "Midsummer Nite's Dream" or "The Merchant of Venniss," and at other times he trotted out jeenerous doses of "Hamlet" or "As You Like It." "Julius Seecer" only figured in it in odd snatches.

"Few!" gasped Jack Jolly, when the Head had gone at last. "This is the giddy limmit, you chaps! We shall be the larding-stock of the skool if we let the Head get away with this!"

"We've got to put a stop to him somehow, and we haven't long to do it, either," said Frank Fearless grimly. "The show starts at seven to-morrow evening."

"What about looking him up in the crypt till it's all over?" suggested Tubby Barrell brightly.

"Or givin' him a dose of clorryform, bai Jove!" grinned the Honnerable Guy do Vero.

But Jack Jolly shook his head.



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HARRY WHARTON supports— COKER'S LEAD FOR ROAD SAFETY

I'm all in favour of Coker's new campaign to make the roads safe. Every word he said at his meeting on the subject, the other evening, finds an echo in my heart!

He said that road hogs ought to be turned off the roads. I quite agree.

He said that nobody but a highly skilled driver should be allowed in charge of any road vehicle. Hear, hear!

He said that a gruelling test should be applied to any machine every time it leaves the garage. I heartily endorse the motion.

He said that any man found guilty of careless driving should be deprived of his licence for a year without the option. It's an excellent idea!

I daresay he'd have said a lot more I could have supported with equal enthusiasm. But before he could do so, there was an interruption. P. C. Tozer, from Friardale, rolled into the Form-room where Coker was speaking, and tapped him on the arm.

"Mr. 'Orace Coker?'" he inquired.

"Yes, but don't bother me just now," Coker said, frowning. "I'm busy speaking."

"Which it won't take a minute, sir. It's just a matter of servin' this summons on you—for drivin' on the wrong side of the road, inefficient brakes, hignorin' traffic signals, and drivin' without due care an' attention."

"Hem! Meeting postponed!" called out Coker, hurriedly, and the crowd broke up in disorder, without hearing any more suggestions on road safety.

Pity Coker wasn't able to carry on the good work without interruption, wasn't it? But I'm all in favour of what he said.

AS A FIRST STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, I SUGGEST THAT COKER SHOULD BE DISQUALIFIED FOR LIFE!

Not Surprising!

Coker has decided that he doesn't like the rocking-chair Aunt Judy gave him.

We're not surprised. We always said he'd go off his rocker one of these days!



IS STAIR-SLIDING REALLY HEALTHY?

Asks DICK RAKE

All the doctors and health experts I know in the Remove crack up stair-sliding for good health. You only have to mention you're feeling seedy at this time of the year, and somebody's bound to start recommending a course of stair-sliding. They tell you it has a tonic effect on the respiratory organs, that it stimulates the circulation of the blood, and that it braces up the muscles. And quite a lot more besides!

Personally, I've always wondered whether the pastime is really as healthy as they make out. Just to test it, I tried it myself this week, and NOW I KNOW.

This is what happened:

I took a large tray to the top of the Remove stairs, and sat on it—watched by an interested crowd. I then leaned over the top to give it a start, overbalanced, and performed a catherine-wheel half-way down the flight before I stopped myself.

Returning for a second effort, I got a good start, and covered about half a dozen stairs. Then the tray dipped, and I did an involuntary high dive

to the bottom—without the tray!

Thinking third time might be lucky, I started off again. This time the tray went beautifully, and I was just congratulating myself on having mastered the art of stair-sliding, when—

Well, what do you think? The only thing that could go wrong DID go wrong. Mr. Quelch appeared suddenly at the bottom and started mounting the stairs!

There was a crash—two yells—several thuds—and I found myself at the foot of the stairs, clasping Mr.

Quelch in loving embrace!

Counting up my gains afterwards, I found I'd acquired four bruises, one black eye, a couple of abrasions, one sprained wrist, three cuts, two hundred lines, and one licking.

The next chump who tells me stair-sliding is good for my health is going to get a thick ear!

TOM BROWN describes WILD SCENES IN MOCK PARLIAMENT

Everything was awfully decorous at the opening of the new Remove Mock Parliament this week. Once we had cleared the Rag of Upper Fourth men and other riff-raff, a sort of sepulchral air came over the place. Prime Minister Wharton read the King's Speech in a staid and solemn atmosphere that seemed most fit and proper to the occasion.

Lord Mausever, who is Speaker of the House,

added to the solemnity of the proceedings by wearing ceremonial robes and a fearsome wig. The rest of the House backed him up nobly.

The proceedings were most parliamentary. Members stood up at the right time and bowed at the right time. They called each other "Mr. Speaker, Sir!" They called each other "the right honourable gentleman" or "my noble and learned friend." You could see they knew what was what in parliamentary circles—or, at least, they thought they knew.

As it turned out, however, there are other ideas of what's what in parliamentary circles. The honourable members didn't know that at first. But half an hour after the opening, Micky Desmond burst in—and then they learned!

Micky was looking his very worst. There was a wild light in his eyes, and he whirled a shillelagh furiously over his head.

"Saints be praised, Ol've arrived in toime!" he gasped. "This is indeade the parliament, isn't it? Bhoyas, the mumber for Kilkenny's here! Up the Oirish!"

The honourable members looked disdainfully at the Speaker to see what he would do with this very unparliamentary Irishman. Then their lofty disdain for the intruder suddenly vanished. To the honourable members' horrified amazement, Micky was wading into the Parliament with his shillelagh.

The two minutes that followed were very exciting indeed, I can tell you! Eventually we got Desmond under control, and something like order was restored.

We then discovered that there was a very simple explanation of Micky's behaviour.

He was under the impression that the only thing parliament met for was the purpose of indulging in a general free fight!

"I'm afraid that's not good enough," he said. "Clorryforming headmasters and locking them up in cripts simply isn't done. We shall have to think of something different to that."

Unfortunhity, nobody seemed able to think of a different way of keeping the Head out of "Julius Seecer" than by cripts and clorryform. After the lapse of another day, it began to look as though the Head would take the leading roll, whether the Fourth liked it or not.

The hour for the opening of the show drew nigh. The Fourth Form Stage Society members didn't feel at all happy at the prospect, as they changed into their Roman costumes.

Just when they had given up all hope of getting rid of the Head's unwanted prezzence, however, there was a quite unlooked-for development. A short, but very ferce-looking gentleman with an eggstensive growth of whiskers covering most of his face burst into the dressing-room like a cyclone.

"Where's Dr. Birchmell?" he cried. "Conduct me to the headmaster at once!"

"Somebody want me?" asked the Head's voice, and Dr. Birchmell himself appeared in the doorway of his own privit dressing-room, wearing the complete outfit of Julius Seecer and grinning all over his dial.

The whiskey gentleman pulled up with a violent start, and stared at the strange site agast.

"Doctor Birchmell!" he hooted. "Mite I ask what is the meaning of this eggstraordinary get-up?"

"Certainly!" grinned the Head. "It means that I am taking the part of Julius Seecer in Tennyson's famous play of that name. Any objection?"

"I should just say there is!" stormed the visitor.

"Do you know who I am, sir?"

"The insurance collector?" venchered Dr. Birchmell.

"Wrong!" thundered the visitor. "Do you not reckernise me, sir, as one of the skool inspectors employed by the Board of Guvvernors?"

The Head jumped.

"M-m-my hat! I don't reckernise you—but, now

I come to think of it, they did tell me to eggspcct inspectors in the near future, G-g-good-evening sir!"

"Fah! I didn't come here to eggexchange plezzantries, sir! I came to see how you were running the skool—and it looks as if I came at the right time, too! I wonder what the Board will say when they hear you spend your evenings jambolling on the stage with a lot of juniors?"

"Oh crums! Can't you leave that bit out of your report, sir?" gasped the Head. "It didn't occur to me that I was doing anything undignified—homer bright! Now that you have pointed it out, I shan't dream of going on the stage to-night!"

The skool-inspector seemed to relent a little. "Ahem! In that case, perhaps I can agree to overlook the matter," he said gruffly. "I suggest that you change into mufti at once, Doctor Birchmell, and we will watch the play together."

"Thanks, awfully, inspector!" gasped the Head. "Shan't be a minnit!"

Dr. Birchmell fairly bolted back into his dressing-room—and the Fourth Form Stage Society members, who had watched the scene in fascinated silence, gave vent to their feelings in a loud and prolonged cheer.

So "Julius Seecer" was postponed that evening with Frank Fearless in the leading roll instead of the Head. The play went with a bang from start to finish, and when the curtain went down for the last time, the applause was simply deafening.

One thing that puzzled the players was the absence of Jack Jolly. But after the show, they got a complete eggspplanation of that, when the skool-inspector walked into their dressing-room.

Pulling off his whiskers, the "inspector" revealed to the amazed crowd the gawing face of Jack himself!

"How's that for acting?" he cried.

And the juniors had to admit that even Fearless' Julius Seecer didn't come up to the acting of the fellow who had dragged away the Head from the Lure of the Footlights!

TO INQUIRERS.

Please don't worry yourselves over Bob Cherry's health. The fainting fit that overcame him last week was quite a passing affair. It was caused by his seeing his put a penny into hospital box!

GO TO SHOWS IN STYLE!

Be a credit to your Form when you go to school stage shows! For a mere fivepence we lend you the entire bag of tricks—evening dress, opera-glasses, chewing-gum, oranges, peashooters and ammunition, and a generous supply of antiseptics and tomatoes.—RAKE & Co., Study No. 6, Remove.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



Shooting straight is the secret of success on the football field, in the opinion of Harry Wharton. Wharton spends hours practising "spot-kicking," and he can place a ball almost to a yard. He beat the Highlife goalkeeper three times the other afternoon—a smart "spot" of shooting! Friars won 3-1.



Balancing a sword on the end of his nose is the latest accomplishment of Wun Lung. The Chinese junior is uncannily skilled at balancing feats—but when Skinner jerked his arm to make him drop the sword, Skinner had to leap aside, or the blade would have landed on his foot! Skinner nearly lost his "balance"!



One of the things Billy Bunter imagines himself a "dab hand" at is journalism. He submitted an article to Harry Wharton demanding twenty guineas for the article. Wharton said if he ever saw twenty golden guineas (these are now rare) he would consider Bunter's article—but it was before!



The Fifth put their Form-master, Mr. Prout, in a good humour when they presented him with a set of hair brushes for his birthday. Coker, however, undid the good work by asking Mr. Prout if he could borrow one—Mr. Prout having so little hair, he wouldn't need them both! Mr. Prout nearly "tore his hair"!



Oliver Kippis fascinated Removites by giving a film "show" with films he had taken during the summer vac. on a baby cinematograph. Kippis is keenly interested in film production—and films are about the only things Kippis cannot "produce" out of a hat! And he knows a "trick" or two!



Convinced that Fisher T. Fish had swindled him over a second-hand penknife, Bolsover major was jamming Fishy's face into the turf when Johnny Bull twisted him aside. Johnny bluntly remarked that he was no pal of Fishy's, but Bolsover might draw the line. Fishy "drew a line"—streaking for the House!