

SUPERB STORIES OF SCHOOL AND SEA ADVENTURE . . . INSIDE!

# The Magnet

2<sup>D</sup>



The Funk  
"Borrows"  
a Bike!

# The FIFTH-FORMER'S SECRET!



By **FRANK RICHARDS**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Something for Bunter!

**"FINISHED?"**  
"No!"  
"How many more?"  
"About fifty!"  
"Oh crikey!" said Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton was sitting at the table in Study No. 1 in the Greyfriars Remove. Virgil was propped against the inkstand—not P. Virgilius Maro himself, of course, but the works of that great poet.

Pen in hand, the captain of the Remove was writing lines. Or rather, he was scribbling them. His pen was almost racing.

He did not look up as Bob Cherry stopped at the study doorway and glanced in. He answered Bob without raising his head. There was no time to lose. Judging by Wharton's aspect of concentrated effort, it might have been a matter of life or death.

It really wasn't so serious as all that! But it was a half-holiday—and a particularly fine day for October. And Wharton had two hundred lines to hand in to his Form-master, Mr. Quelch, before he could get out. So he was writing Virgil's lines at a speed that might have made Virgil's head swim, could he have seen him at it.

"Rotten!" said Bob sympathetically. It was rotten all round. For the Famous Five, of the Remove, had been about to start on a bike spin when that impot suddenly descended on Harry Wharton and put the lid on it.

It was all for nothing, too—or next to nothing! Knocking Price's hat off was a mere trifle, if it was even that!

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Two hundred lines for knocking a hat off the head of a worm like Price, was, in the opinion of the whole Co., exceedingly thick.

Mr. Quelch, unfortunately, did not see it. He called it "horseplay in the quad," and came down on it hard and heavy. It was very unfortunate indeed that Quelch's gimlet-eye had fallen on his head boy in the very act of sending Price's hat flying.

Price had walked out of gates grinning. He would willingly have had his hat knocked off again, on the same terms.

Wharton, with deep feelings, went to his study to write lines, and the Co., dismally, hung about the House, waiting for him to get through.

Scratch, scratch! went the busy pen. "Rotten!" repeated Bob Cherry.

There was a howl from the busy junior in the study.

"Shut up, you ass!"

"Eh?"

"You've made me write 'rotten' instead of 'rotis'!" hooted Wharton. He was on the hundred-and-forty-seventh line of the first book of the *Æneid*.

Bob stared and then chuckled.

"That won't do for Quelch!" he remarked. "Wash it out!"

Grunt from Wharton.

"Quelch doesn't like smears! I don't want this lot to write over again. Look here, cut!"

Bob nodded and walked away. He was sympathetic, but he realised that a fellow writing lines against time had no use for conversation, even of the most sympathetic kind.

Scratch, scratch!

The pen was going again. A few minutes later a dusky countenance looked into the study.

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

"Hook it!"

Hurree Singh grinned and hooked it. In the Remove passage he met Johnny Bull.

"Wharton finished?" asked Johnny.

"Not yetfully—"

"Did you ask him how long?" The whole Co., in point of fact, were getting a little fed-up with hanging about and wasting golden minutes on a half-holiday.

Hurree Singh shook his dusky head.

"The esteemed Wharton is a little shirty!" he explained.

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull, and he walked on to Study No. 1 and looked in.

He grinned at the sight of the racing pen.

"What are you doing—about sixty m.p.h.?" he asked.

"Shut up!"

"Well, how long—"

"Fathead!"

"Look here, you ass—" began Johnny warmly.

Harry Wharton looked up, with an exasperated face. Concentration on that unwelcome task had undoubtedly made him a little "shirty."

"Buzz off!" he roared. "How's a fellow to get his lines done with silly asses poking their heads in at the door and braying at him?"

"If you call that civil—" said Johnny.

Wharton reached out at Virgil. His intention of hurling that great poet at his chum was so evident that Johnny

sagely left his remarks unfinished, and retired from the doorway.

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

Frank Nugent was the next to arrive. He only wanted to know how long his chum was likely to be.

Wharton, concentrated, did not look up, and his pen did not cease to race.

"I say, old chap—"

Scratch, scratch!

"Rotten luck, old Quelch spotting you," said Frank. "You were rather an ass not to tell him why you knocked Price's hat off."

Scratch, scratch!

"If you'd told him that that cad Price was saying rotten things about that new man Warren in the Fifth, I dare say Quelch—"

"Get out!"

"Eh?"

"Cut!"

"My dear chap—"

Wharton, breathing hard, laid down his pen. Frank was his nearest and dearest chum at Greyfriars, but he glared at him rather like the fabled basilisk.

"I shan't be done by tea-time, at this rate!" he said. "Look here, you fellows get off!"

"Oh, we'll wait!"

"Rubbish! If you'll all clear off, and give a fellow a chance, I shall be through pretty soon. Go slow, and I'll catch you up long before you get to Courtfield."

"But—"

"And do it now!" rapped Wharton.

Frank Nugent laughed.

"Oh, all right! It's not a bad idea! If we get to Courtfield before you catch us up—"

"Don't jaw!"

"Right, old bean!" said Nugent soothingly. "We'll get off—no good hanging about the House. But—"

"Travel!"

Nugent laughed, and travelled.

Five minutes later the Co. were wheeling out their bikes, while Wharton sat and ground out lines. Line after line raced from the busy pen.

A fat face, adorned by a large pair of spectacles, blinked into the study when he was on Line No. 161.

"I say, Wharton, old chap—" began Billy Bunter.

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

"I say, you might answer a fellow! I say, I'm looking for Mauly! Do you know where Mauleverer is? I can't find him anywhere."

"Go and eat coke!" shrieked Wharton.

"Eh? I suppose a fellow can ask a civil question? You see, it's rather particular for me to find Mauly before tea-time—"

"Get out!"

"You needn't be so jolly shirty because you've got lines to do, Wharton! There's such a thing as manners!" said Billy Bunter. "But look here, old chap, I can't find that ass Mauly anywhere. Will you lend me a couple of bob—"

"Hook it!"

"You see, I've been rather disappointed about a postal order," explained Bunter. "I'm not the fellow to borrow as a rule, as you know, but just at present I'm practically stony. If you could let me have something, old chap—"

Wharton laid down his pen and grabbed Virgil. The next moment he let Billy Bunter have something, as he requested, but it was not what Bunter wanted.

Whiz!

Crash!

Bump!

"Yaroooo!" roared Bunter, as he sat down suddenly in the doorway. "You silly ass! Wharrer you buzzing a book at a fellow's waistcoat for? Ow! Wow!"

"Now clear off, or you'll get the ink-pot next!" roared the captain of the Remove.

"Ow! Beast! Wow!"

Wharton made a jump from the table and clutched up the volume of Virgil. Billy Bunter squirmed hurriedly out of the doorway, just in time to escape a swipe from the great Mantuan's poetical works.

"Beast!" he roared, as he fled.

Wharton, breathing hard, returned to the table and propped Virgil against the inkstand once more. Once more his pen raced—at a speed of something under sixty m.p.h.

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Coker All Over!

"WARREN—" "Sorry—"

"Nothing to be sorry about," said Coker of the Fifth, with a stare. "Come into the study."

Jim Warren, the new fellow in the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, smiled.

**Although Stephen Price, the cad of the Fifth, has done his level best to "down" Jim Warren, the mysterious new Fifth Former does not hesitate in the hour of need to come to the rescue of his enemy!**

"I mean—" he began.

"Trot in!" said Coker.

Potter and Greene were in Coker's study. They, like Warren, smiled. Coker did not smile. He could see nothing at which to smile.

Coker, indeed, was very serious. Coker of the Fifth, like Wharton of the Remove, had his half-holiday "mucked up" by a thoughtless Form-master. Prout was as troublesome to Coker as Quelch was to Wharton. It was no time for smiling.

"I haven't done that stinker for Prout!" Coker explained. A "stinker," in Greyfriars language, was a very difficult paper.

"Sorry—" said Warren again.

"Lucky it's a half-holiday in a way," said Coker. "You'll have plenty of time to help me."

"Glad to," said Warren. "But—"

"Well, why don't you come in?" asked Coker. "You're wasting time, old chap!"

"You coming, Warren?" called out Hilton's voice from the passage.

"Yes! You see, Coker, I'm booked! Sorry!" said Warren. "But I've got to go down and change for footer."

And Jim Warren walked on down the Fifth Form passage, joined Hilton, and went downstairs with him, leaving Coker staring, rather blankly, at an empty doorway.

"Well!" said Coker, with a deep breath.

He turned back into the study. Potter and Greene, exchanging a smiling glance, edged towards the door.

"I like that!" said Coker, both look and tone indicating that he did not like

it the least little bit. "I've been depending on that chap Warren to help me through! Prout's making a lot of fuss about my paper not being given in. I'm rather surprised at Warren letting me down like this!"

"Well, the footer—" murmured Potter.

"Oh, don't talk rot!" said Coker crossly. "I've got to get that paper done for Prout! He's made it as hard as he can because he's got a down on me. All I did, as you fellows know, was to bang that cad Price's head on his desk in the Form-room. Prout made that an excuse for handing me impots, and—"

"H'm!" murmured Greene.

"He gave me lines!" said Coker, with rising indignation. "I made Price write the lines—I thought that only fair! Then Prout goes and spots that I never did them, and gives me this fearful stinker as a punishment! I can tell you men, I'm getting fed-up with Prout!"

"I believe Prout feels rather like that about you, Coker!" remarked Potter blandly.

"Don't be an ass, Potter! I've tackled this rotten paper again and again, and I can't handle it!" said Coker. "Warren's helped me—I supposed he was going to see it through. Now the silly ass goes down to footer and leaves me in the lurch!"

Potter and Greene had reached the door.

Coker stared at them.

"Don't go!" he said. "I shall want you! You're rather fatheads, but you can help me with this paper as Warren's not available! Sit down!"

"Sorry!" grinned Potter and Greene.

"What?"

"You see, we're wanted at the footer, too!" explained Greene.

"Look here—" roared Coker.

But Potter and Greene did not "look there." They scudded down the passage and disappeared.

"Well!" said Coker again, more expressively than before.

Deserted by all his friends, Horace Coker was left alone—with the unfinished paper lying on the study table. That paper had been hanging about a long time, and Mr. Prout had inquired after it more than once, more and more emphatically. It had to be handed in that day, or else Coker had to go up to the Head.

He looked at it. Prout had made it hard—there was no doubt about that.

Coker was unconscious of having given any great offence. But banging a fellow's head in the Form-room, and getting another fellow to write lines for him had seemed very serious indeed to Prout. He had gone all out to prepare a difficult Latin paper for Coker. It was ever so much worse than an ordinary impot, and Coker wished, from the bottom of his heart, that he had written those lines himself instead of, persuading Price to write them for him—which, perhaps, was what Mr. Prout desired to make Coker wish!

Coker looked at the paper—and looked again. But he shook his head.

It was beyond him. Coker always found it difficult to bring his powerful intellect down to such tosh as the classics. Now it was not only difficult—it was impossible. Coker, perhaps, could have handled that paper by sheer concentrated mental effort. But that was not Coker's idea of a half-holiday.

Leaving the paper on his table, Coker left the study—in search of first aid, so to speak. There were fellows at Greyfriars to whom that paper, difficult as

it was, would have been merely "pie." Even in junior Forms there were such fellows. Coker despised such fellows as swots and greasers, and smugs and saps. Still, he was rather anxious to meet one of them now.

But the Fifth were all down at the footer, except a few who had gone out of gates.

Coming across the landing at the end of the passage, Coker spotted only one fellow—a fat Removeite. He snorted at Bunter!

Bunter was no use to him. Bunter was backward, even for the Lower Fourth. Coker lifted his foot, to bestow a kick on Bunter in passing—which was what he richly deserved for being of no use to Coker. But he paused.

"Here, you!" yapped Coker. "Where's young Linley, of your Form—that kid who's always swotting?"

"Gone out with Penfold," answered Bunter.

Another snort from Coker.

Mark Linley, though only in the Remove, could have easily handled that paper for Coker. Whether he would have consented to do so was perhaps a question. But Linley was not available. "Any other Remove kid in the studies?" asked Coker.

"There's Fishy—"

"That American ass! He's no good! Anybody else—"

"Wharton."

"Oh!" Coker's face cleared. "Young Wharton is pretty good at that stuff—I've heard that he bagged a Latin prize once. Where is he?"

"In his study. The beast's in a rotten bad temper!" said Bunter. "He buzzed a book at me—"

"He won't buzz a book at me, if he knows what's good for his health!" said Horace Coker grimly.

And he marched into the Remove passage with heavy tread.

Billy Bunter grinned after him. He had been rubbing tenderly the spot where Virgil had landed on him. Now it looked as if Harry Wharton might soon have damages to rub.

Coker glanced in at Study No. 1, and then tramped in.

Harry Wharton did not look up, but he yapped:

"Get out, you idiot! Do you want the inkpot?"

He was under the impression that Billy Bunter had returned.

"Don't be a cheeky little ass!" snorted Coker.

Wharton looked up. It was not Bunter; it was Coker of the Fifth. But he was no more pleased to see Coker than Bunter. He was almost at the end of his task. He was, in fact, on line 199, "dabit deus his quoque finem"—a rather apt verse, in the circumstances. One more line, then a dash down to Quelch's study with the completed impot, and a rush to the bike-shed. Coker could hardly have arrived more inopportunistically.

Coker did not know that, neither did he care. The occupations of juniors were miles beneath the lofty consideration of Horace Coker.

"You can chuck that!" said Coker.

"I want you, Wharton!"

"You silly ass!" yelled the captain of the Remove. "Shut up, and get out! I've got to take these lines to Quelch before I can get out—see?"

"Never mind that!"

"Never mind!" gasped Wharton. "You fathead, my friends are waiting for me on the Courtfield road!"

"I said never mind, and I mean never mind!" said Coker calmly. "You

won't be going out this afternoon, Wharton! I've said I want you. Look here, I've got to get a paper finished for Prout—just the sort of muck you can do on your head! Come to my study!"

Wharton gave Coker a concentrated glare, and then his pen scratched again, heedless of Coker. "Sonantis" ran off his pen; it was not the end of a sentence, but it was the end of a line, the two-hundredth line—and Quelch had given him two hundred! It was three more words to a full stop, and he had no inclination whatever to add the three. He laid down his pen, and rose, with a gasp of relief.

"Thank goodness that's done!"

"Oh, done, is it?" said Coker. "Well, all right! Now trot along to my study, kid."

"Fathead!" said Harry.

"I dare say you'll wangle my paper in an hour or so—"

"I can see myself doing it!"

"Yes, come on! You needn't be stuffy about it," added Coker. "I'm not asking you to do it for nothing! I'll stand you a cake!"

"A—a—what?" gasped Wharton.

"Cake!" said Coker. "You grubby young scoundrels in the Lower Fourth are always guzzling cake, I believe. Well, I've got a cake in my study, and you can have it, see?"

If Coker had tried his hardest to be offensive he could hardly have succeeded better.

To Coker's lofty mind, all juniors were fags, to be bribed with cakes or tarts, and cuffed if they were cheeky. He could not, or would not, make any distinction between the inky little imps in the Second Form and the "men" in the Remove!

It was really difficult for Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, a great man in the Lower School, if not in the Upper, to believe that even the egregious Coker was trying to bribe him with a cake!

He breathed wrath.

"You—you—silly idiot!" he gasped at last.

"Eh? What's that?"

"You babbling, burling, blithering dummy!"

"I don't want any cheek, Wharton!"

"You fooling, flop-eared, footling fathead!" roared the captain of the Remove. "You—"

"That's enough," said Coker, frowning. "I mean it about the cake—"

"You frabjous, frumpious, fatheaded freak!"

"I've said that's enough! I'm not taking any cheek, and I'm not taking 'no' for an answer! I'll stand you a cake—"

"You blithering, blethering burler!"

"Or I'll jolly well whop you!" said Coker grimly. "Now, then, which is it to be—a cake or a whopping?"

He came round the study table to Wharton. The junior grabbed up the inkpot at once.

"Keep off, you howling ass!" he hooted. "If you want the ink—"

Coker grabbed at him.

That did it!

The ink flew in a stream and splashed all over the rugged features of Horace Coker.

The roar that came from Coker would have done credit to the Bull of Bashan of ancient times.

Masked with dripping ink, Coker fairly hurled himself at the captain of the Remove. Wharton gave grasp for grasp, and they reeled and rocked and crashed against the table. Papers and books shot off the table in a shower—and over them rolled Wharton and Coker, struggling wildly. What was

left in the inkpot spurted over both of them.

Wharton gave a yell:

"My lines! They'll be ruined!"

Two hundred lines, that had taken up so much of his half-holiday, were crumpled under them as they rolled, getting quite a lot of the ink that dropped from Coker.

"Lines!" gasped Coker. "I'll give you lines!"

And he did—grabbing up the sheets in a crumpled handful and jamming them down Wharton's back.

Strong and sturdy as he was, the captain of the Remove was no match for the burly, beefy Coker, and he was getting decidedly the worst of it. He struggled wildly as the crumpled papers crunched down the back of his neck.

"There!" gasped Coker. He scrambled up, dripping ink. "There, you cheeky young sweep! I've got a short way with fags, as you'll find! There!"

Wharton sat up, dizzy and breathless.

Coker tramped out of the study. His own problem was still unsolved—he still had to find aid in getting through that "stinker" for Prout! But he felt that he had better go and get a wash first. More than anything else at that moment, Coker needed a wash!

Wharton extracted the crumpled papers from his neck. He gazed at them in dismay. They would never do for Quelch—now! Quelch was rather an exacting Form-master; but the least exacting of masters would have "jibbed" at an impot presented in such a state!

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter blinked in at the doorway through his big spectacles and chortled. Bunter seemed amused.

"I say—he, he, he—Ow! Beast!" Billy Bunter narrowly dodged the inkpot as it flew.

Harry Wharton, with feelings too deep for words, sat down to write two hundred lines over again. His chums, if they were expecting to see him coming, were not likely to see him coming soon.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Just Like James!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Seen that chap before?" asked Bob Cherry.

He grinned as he asked the question. The "chap" to whom he alluded had a black eye—a very black and very prominent black eye!

There is nothing comic in getting a black eye. But there is an element of the comic in its outward aspect. Quite a number of people, passing the fellow seated on the bench by the roadside over Courtfield Common, had glanced at him, noted that beautiful black eye, and smiled. Some of them—having smiled—rather quickened their pace and passed on without delay, for the owner of the black eye had a very truculent look and seemed quite in the humour to hand out some of the same to anyone who regarded his black eye too attentively.

He was a big, burly, rather ungainly fellow with a square jaw and features of a pug variety. He sprawled rather than sat on the wayside bench, and smoked cigarettes as he sat there. And he seemed to be watching passers-by with interest, and whenever he noted a Greyfriars cap his stare grew very keen and very inimical. Anybody watching him would have guessed that he was waiting there on the look out for some Greyfriars fellow—with hostile designs if he spotted him.

Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram

Singh came along in a cheery bunch on their jiggers. Probably they would not have observed the fellow at all had they been going at their usual speed. But they were going slow—very slow—to give Wharton a chance to catch them up from the school. Going slow, they noticed him—especially as the fellow on the seat, observing that they had the Greyfriars colours, leaned forward and stared at them.

They recognised the burly fellow—and he recognised them at the same moment. He rose from the seat and jumped into the road directly in the way of the cyclists. Bob, who was leading a little, received a shove from him, and jumped down only in time to avoid a fall. Nugent and Johnny and Hurree Singh dismounted quickly.

down the road on a half-holiday. Bob and his friends did not want to draw the attention of any passing Greyfriars man to this fellow—for a very good reason.

Right or wrong, they were keeping the secret of the new fellow in the Fifth, who for some mysterious reason had come to the school in another fellow's name—James Warren's name.

At the beginning of that term only Harry Wharton had been aware that Jim Warren of the Fifth was not the fellow he was supposed to be. But the rest of the Co. had met James since then, some unlucky chance having brought him into the neighbourhood of Greyfriars.

They liked Jim, who, so far as anyone could see, was as decent a fellow as any

"The readiness," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "is terrific. The punchfulness of your absurd and idiotic head would be a pleasure!"

James scowled.

"Well, I'm looking for somebody else," he said. "But I fancy I'll mop you young cads up for the cheek you gave me the other day."

"Go it!" said Johnny.

"The mopfulness may be a boot on the other leg," suggested Hurree Jamset Ram Singh gently.

"Hold on!" said Bob. "What's the good of rowing? Look here, get out of the way, and let's get on. If you're looking for somebody else, you can go on looking for him."

James paused. He was evidently disposed to hurl himself at the Co. and



Harry Wharton picked up Virgil from the table and hurled it at Billy Bunter. Whiz! Crash! "Yaroooo!" yelled the fat Removeite, as the hefty volume smote him in the waistcoat. "Ow! Wow!" "Now clear off," roared the captain of the Remove, "before you get the inkpot!"

Sturdy as the Remove fellows were, this hulking fellow almost towered over them. He was as big and beefy as Coker of the Fifth. But his scowling face and threatening manner did not daunt the chums of the Remove. They were quite prepared to handle James Warren, son of Sir Arthur Warren, of Warren Croft, if he asked for it.

James, it was clear, had been in the wars lately. Only a terrific hard knock could have given him such a very black eye. A fellow with such an adornment might have been expected to imitate the shy violet for a time and keep out of the public gaze till it mended a little. Really, it was not the sort of eye that most fellows would have liked to take about with them in their walks abroad.

"Well, what have you stopped us for?" asked Bob Cherry quietly.

He was ready for trouble, but not hunting for it. Also, the spot was only a mile from the school, and there were a good many Greyfriars fellows up and

in the school, in spite of the fact that he was not entitled to the name he used.

They disliked James intensely; for he was undoubtedly the most unpleasant fellow they had ever met; without, so far as they could see, a single redeeming quality in his disagreeable character.

On the present occasion, though they smiled at his black eye, they would have passed him in peace had he let them. But it was clear that the bullying, browbeating James was on the look-out for trouble.

"If you want anything—" said Nugent mildly. For the same reason as Bob, he was anxious to get by without a row.

"I remember you," said James unpleasantly. "You're the gang that ragged me in the train a week or two ago, with that young cad Wharton! What?"

"We're that very gang," admitted Johnny Bull, "and ready to give you as much more as you want."

mop them up, or at least, attempt to do so. At the same time, he was still keener to deal with the "somebody else" he was looking for.

"Looking for the chap who gave you that eye?" inquired Johnny Bull. "Want him to give you another to match?"

"I'd like him to try!" said James, between his teeth. "By gum, I'd just like him to try! He took me off my guard that time. I'd have punched him into little pieces if he hadn't run for it, the cowardly funk. I'd jolly well come into your rotten school to look for him, only I've reasons for keeping clear of Greyfriars."

"Oh, chuck it!" said Johnny Bull contemptuously. "You making out that a Greyfriars man ran away from you? Begin on us, and you'll jolly well see whether we'll run or not."

"Might have been Bunter," said Bob. "Bunter was spinning a yarn the other

day of a bullying brute pitching into him on this very road. It was the day we sat Price in the ditch, you remember. Can't blame Bunter for bolting from a hulking brute like that."

James' eyes glinted. The description fitted him to a hair; but he did not seem to like it.

"Was it a fat little blighter in specs?" asked Bob.

"Oh, I remember him," said James. "I kicked him, and he cut! But that's not the fellow I want. The fellow I'm after had been in a ditch, and was smothered with mud, and I'd jolly well have knocked him into it again, too, only he took me by surprise with one in the eye, and bolted before I could get up."

"Good old Price!" grinned Bob. The juniors knew now who had given James that black eye!

It was Price of the Fifth! And they were not surprised to hear that he had cut and run after handing it out. They were only surprised to hear that Price had not cut and run before handing it out. James was an overpowering antagonist for a weedy fellow like Price. And Stephen Price was not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

They could not help grinning. Price was the bitter enemy of Jim Warren, of his Form. And he had fallen foul of the fellow whose name Jim was using at the school. Evidently he could not have known who James was.

Had he known, certainly he would not have scrapped with him. He would have schemed to make use of him in his campaign against Warren of the Fifth.

"So his name's Price, is it?" said James viciously. "I never knew his name—but I'd know him again if I saw him. It was on this road I met him that day, and I'm looking for him now."

If you young cads know where I'm likely to drop on him, you can tell me—and I'll let you clear."

"Thank you for nothing!" said Bob. "We can clear as soon as we like, without asking you."

"Is that fellow Price out of gates this afternoon?" demanded James.

All the Co. knew that Price of the Fifth was out of gates, as he had been going out when Wharton knocked his hat off, with dire results from Quelch. But they had no intention of giving James information.

"Find out!" said Johnny Bull.

"I dare say he's skulking in the school afraid to come out, if he guesses that I'm looking for him!" jeered James. "That's Greysfriars style, isn't it?"

"You cheeky, fatheaded, bragging hooligan!" said Johnny Bull, in measured tones. "Price may have scooted from you, but there's a dozen fellows in our Fifth who could whop you; and if you picked a row with Blundell, or Coker, or Fitzgerald, you'd do the scooting. Shut up your cheeky mouth, if you don't want it smacked!"

That was enough for James. He reached out at Johnny Bull and smacked hard. Johnny staggered, with a yell. The next moment he let his bike run, and jumped at James.

The fact that James was very nearly twice his size did not matter to the enraged Johnny. But it mattered to his comrades. And they all jumped at James at the same moment.

James went over backwards under the rush. He landed on the county of Kent with a terrific bump.

"Leave him to me, you fatheads!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Too hefty for you, old man!" said Bob soothingly. "Hit a man your own

size, you fire-eating Yorkshire tyke. Collar him, you men, and we'll sit him in the ditch, same as we did Price."

"Good egg!"

James gave a roar, and struggled frantically in the grasp of the Greysfriars juniors. With a tremendous effort, he tore himself loose and jumped away from the road on to the grass of the common.

"Collar him!"

James had fancied that he could deal with the juniors—but that brief handling had been sufficient to convince him that he couldn't. And the prospect of sitting in the ditch was horrifying.

James bolted!

It was rather undignified, especially after his jeering at Price for having done that very thing. But having bitten off more than he could chew, James had no other resource. He ran for it, and ran hard.

"Stop, you rotter!" roared Johnny Bull. "Who's running now, you worm? Who's scooting now, you funk?"

Without replying, James tore on and vanished among the furze on the common.

"Let's get on," said Bob, laughing. "We don't want a row—"

"I do!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, rot! Come on!"

And the Co. went back to their bikes, remounted, and pedalled on towards Courtfield.

James, from among the furze at a safe distance, watched them go with relief, but with a bitter scowl. He was still very anxious to meet Price of the Fifth, and repay that black eye with heavy interest. But he had had enough of the chums of the Remove.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Price in a Hurry!

"HERE, let me have that bike!" "Wha-a-l?" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

Wharton was not in the best of tempers. The happenings of that fine October afternoon might have tried any fellow's temper. They had tried Wharton's sorely.

Still, he felt a little better when that weary impot was at long, long last, finished, and duly handed over to Mr. Quelch, and he was free to wheel out his bicycle and go after his chums. And he felt better and better every minute in the fresh, open air, and the wind from the sea.

But there was no sign of his comrades on the Courtfield road. He hardly expected to pick them up again after a lapse of about two hours. Probably they had given him up and gone on. He stopped at a point on the Courtfield road, where a footpath led across the common to the river.

There he considered what to do. The spin had been planned to pass Courtfield and Highelife School, and then home by way of the bank of the Sark. Wharton debated whether, by cutting across the common to the river, he might pick up the cyclists on their homeward way. But they might be waiting for him in Courtfield. On the other hand, after so very long a delay, it was most likely that they had concluded that something had kept him in—as indeed something had—and gone ahead. It was a doubtful point; and he was considering it, when his eyes fell on a running figure coming across the common towards the road at a great burst of speed.

It was Price of the Fifth, his sallow face red with exertion, and wet with perspiration.

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Why he was running so hard Wharton could not guess—but it was clear that he was going all out. He panted and gasped as he flew. Price was never in good condition; and so many cigarettes had sapped away his wind that a hard run was a tough proposition for him. Now, however, he was running as if an escaped bull was behind him.

Wharton glanced at him carelessly. Early that afternoon he had knocked off Price's hat, in return for some gibing remark about Jim Warren. Wharton knew, better than anyone else, that Price was right in his assertion that Jim was passing at Greyfriars under a name not his own. But he knew also that Jim was a better fellow in every way than the dingy black sheep of the Fifth. Whatever might be the strange explanation of Jim's conduct, Wharton was convinced that he was honourable and "straight." And nobody at Greyfriars would have said as much of Price.

On Courtfield Common, where there was no danger of Quelch's gimlet eye spotting him again, Wharton was rather inclined to knock Price's hat off a second time. However, he decided not to waste time on Price. He had to think out how to pick up his chums, somewhere on their route, and ride home with them for tea. And he was taken quite by surprise when Price, rushing off the grass into the road, grabbed at his bike, and breathlessly demanded the same.

He stared at him, almost petrified by the demand. Price, his hand on the handle-bars, stared back over his shoulder across the sunny common.

It dawned on Harry that he was in fear of pursuit. That was the reason why Price had been cutting along at such a speed.

"Let me have that jigger!" panted Price. "Hang you, let go! I tell you I want that jigger!"

"You cheeky ass, leave it alone!" roared Wharton. "What the thump do you mean? Go and eat coke!"

Price gave another hurried look back. From among the furze bushes on the common, another running figure appeared. It was a burly figure; and Wharton jumped as he recognised James Warren, and noted his black eye.

It was James who was in pursuit of Price! And though he was not gaining in the race, Price was evidently in a state of terror.

As he saw James' fierce and threatening face emerge into view, Price gave a yelp. He wrenched at the bike which Wharton was holding.

"Let me have it! I tell you—" "You rotten funk!" snapped Wharton. "Are you afraid of that bullying brute? I'll lend you a hand if he pitches into you. Stand where you are!"

"Hang you!" panted Price.

He wrenched at the bike with one hand, and at the same moment gave Harry Wharton a violent shove with the other.

Wharton staggered from the shove, his grasp on the machine relaxing.

The next moment, Price had torn it from him, and was running it along the road to mount.

A roar came from James.

"Stop! You rotten funk! Stop! Don't let him have that bike! Stop!"

Price put a leg over the running jigger, panting spasmodically, and mounted. The pedals flew round under his feet.

"Stop!" yelled Wharton.

"Stop!" yelled James.

Both of them rushed after the rider.

But the bike fairly flew under Price's frantic efforts. It vanished down the

road towards Greyfriars, almost like an arrow.

Harry Wharton stopped. There was no chance of getting his bike back, nearer than the school; and he dropped into a walk. He had to abandon the idea now of rejoining his chums before they got back to Greyfriars. He resolved to talk to Price of the Fifth in the very plainest of plain English as soon as he saw him again.

James was still running. But he had bellows to mend, and he soon realised that he had no chance of overtaking the fellow on the bike. He came to a halt, gasping for breath.

He gave Harry Wharton an angry glare, and then recognised him.

Wharton eyed him warily.

Since they had "rowed" at Warren Croft in the holidays, they had met twice, and on each occasion there had been trouble, of which James had had the worst. Wharton was no funk, like Price; but he was nothing like a match for this hulking fellow, who was nearly a head taller, and twice his weight. And James' look showed that he was quite ready to transfer his vengeance from Price to the junior.

"Oh!" gasped James. "You! I met your friends this afternoon, you young cad! Now I'll give you what I was going to give them!"

Harry Wharton backed away as the bully came panting towards him. James made a rush, but it was easy for the active junior to dodge the big, heavy, clumsy fellow. James made another angry rush, seeking to pin him in against the ditch at the side of the road. Wharton made a leap across the ditch, cleared it, and landed on the other side.

He looked back at James. James, halting at the ditch, glared across at him. It was only seven or eight feet, but James did not seem disposed for the jump.

"You young rotter!" panted James. "If I could get at you—"

Harry Wharton laughed breathlessly. "Jump!" he suggested.

James, gritting his tobacco-stained teeth, backed away across the road, with the evident intention of getting a run to jump.

Harry Wharton snapped a branch from a tree close at hand. He had it ready by the time James came speeding across the road and jumped the ditch.

James cleared the ditch and landed on the edge, and, as he landed, the Greyfriars junior thrust the branch forward, catching him on the chest. James went backwards.

Splash! "Ooogh!" spluttered James, as he landed on his back in the ditch.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Wharton. James floundered wildly in the mud.

Harry Wharton ran along the ditch, jumped across again to the road, and looked back at James. He was splashing and spattering and scrambling wildly, smothered with mud and slime. "Ta-ta!" called out Wharton.

"Gerrrrrgh! Grooooooh! Ooooh!" spluttered James.

Harry Wharton laughed and waved his hand in farewell, and started for Greyfriars. He saw no more of James. James was too busy scraping off mud to think of pursuing him.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Tenant of Popper Court!

"W ARE, beaks!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh! Quelch!"

Four cyclists were riding along the towpath from Courtfield Bridge down the bank of the Sark

towards Greyfriars. It was a very pleasant ride, with the gleaming river on the right, the woods of Popper Court on the left. There was only one drawback—the local by-laws forbade cycling on the towpath.

That by-law was, as a rule, more honoured in the breach than the observance. Bob Cherry and his comrades had, in fact, forgotten it.

But the sight of a tall, angular gentleman coming up the towpath in the distance, recalled it to their minds.

Mr. Quelch, master of the Remove, was taking a walk along the river, as he often did on a half-holiday. Quelch, it was certain, would take a severe view of boys in his Form cycling in a place where cycling was prohibited. Quelch was a strict gentleman in such matters.

The juniors jumped off their machines at once. They were prepared to admit that Quelch was quite right to be strict in such matters; but, at the same time, they did not want the strictness to be applied to themselves personally. Nobody wanted a hundred licks.

"This way!" said Bob, as he wheeled his machine into a path that led from the river through Popper Court Woods.

His friends wheeled after him at once, the most important matter at the moment being to get off the horizon before Quelch's gimlet eye spotted them from a distance.

Safe from observation, they halted. "Going on?" asked Nugent.

"Well, we're jolly well not going back!" said Bob. "Let's cut through the wood, and get out on the Courtfield road."

"But, old Popper—"

"That's all right; Sir Hilton Popper's away," answered Bob. "We shan't run into his jolly old nibs. I've heard that the place is let."

"If it is, the tenants mayn't like trespassers around!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"On the other hand, it may give them quite a lot of pleasure to see a party of really nice fellows like us!" suggested Bob.

"Let's hope so!" said Frank Nugent, laughing. "We'll chance it!"

"After all, there's a right of way through these woods, only old Popper shut it down!" remarked Johnny Bull. "Come on!"

And, remounting their machines, the juniors pedalled on by the bridge-path. In summer, when the woods were thick with green foliage, there was little danger of being spotted on the path, unless a fellow actually ran into a keeper. But in the autumn the leaves were mostly on the ground, and through the thinned woods the juniors could see the great mansion of Popper Court—the imposing abode of Sir Hilton Popper, Baronet.

Sir Hilton had a large estate; but it was covered almost as thickly by mortgages as by fallen leaves. Plenty of people envied the baronet his big house, embosomed in the sweeping woods, not realising that Popper Court was assessed for taxation on its annual value, or supposed annual value, which meant that its proprietor had to pay a heavy sum every year for being permitted to live in his own house.

This year Sir Hilton had found himself able to raise that sum, only by letting the house and living elsewhere himself, on a smaller scale. Which was rather hard lines on the baronet, but, on the other hand, rather an advantage to fellows who wanted to bike on his bridge-path.

Sir Hilton Popper was absolutely ferocious to trespassers, and it was THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,446.

to be hoped that his tenant had a larger share of the milk of human kindness.

In a cheery bunch the four juniors whizzed along the path. They had, in point of fact, a right to ride there, the bridle-path being an ancient right-of-way, closed by the autocrat of Popper Court.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's somebody!" grunted Bob, and he braked.

Half-way through the wood a young man stepped from the trees into the path. He was in shooting-clothes, and had a gun under his arm.

He stopped in the middle of the path and stared at the approaching cyclists, and waved his hand to them to stop.

He was rather a weedy fellow, with a pimply complexion, and a cigarette sticking out of the corner of a loose mouth. Late hours and excessive smoking were written all over his unhealthy face. But the juniors guessed that he was the tenant of Popper Court, and they halted and dismounted, prepared to be very civil.

"Here, what do you mean?" snapped the weedy young man. "What are you doin' here? What? Trespassin', by gad! What?"

"Just taking a short cut!" said Bob politely.

"Disturbin' my birds!" said the weedy young man. "Dashed gang of trippers, rootin' about and disturbin' my birds! What?"

"Not at all!" said Bob. "If you'll step aside, we'll be gone in two ticks."

"I'll watch it!" said the weedy young man. "You'll just turn round and go back—and look sharp, before I kick you off my land, by gad!"

Grunt, from Johnny Bull.

"Who may you happen to be, when you're at home?" he inquired.

The weedy young man blinked at him. He extracted an eyeglass from a pocket, jammed it into his eye, and blinked again.

"Eh, what?" he ejaculated. "I'm the tenant of this place—taken it off the old bird, at a dashed stiff rent, too! I've no use for trespassin' trippers! Get out!"

"My dear man," said Bob politely, "it's as far to go back, as to go on. You'll get shut of us just as soon by letting us pass."

"I've told you to get back! You're talkin' to Clarence Cook!" added the weedy young man, apparently considering that calculated to impress. But as the juniors had never heard of Clarence Cook before, they were not impressed.

"Delighted to meet you!" said Bob gravely.

"The delightfulness is terrific, my esteemed and ridiculous Cook!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Gad!" said Mr. Cook. "Oh gad!" He stared at the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"You a nigger out of a show, or what?" "Gentlemen, chaps, and sportsmen," said Bob Cherry, "I think we've had enough of this young man's agreeable conversation."

"Quite!" growled Johnny Bull.

"The quitefulness is preposterous!" "Mind getting out of the way, Mr. Cook?" asked Bob. "We should hate to spoil your new reach-me-downs by wheeling our bikes against them!"

Mr. Cook's pimply face became almost purple. His shooting-clothes were very new and he did not look as if he was accustomed to wearing them; but they really were quite expensive clobber, and not reach-me-downs at all! "By gad!" he gasped. "By gad!" "We're waiting!" said Bob.

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"I fancy I know you now!" said Mr. Cook, in a gasping voice. "A gang of cheeky young scoundrels, one of them a nigger—you're the gang my friend Warren has told me about!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob. The name of Warren rather startled the juniors. They could not suppose that he was alluding to Jim Warren, of Greyfriars. They guessed at once that he was speaking of James.

Harry Wharton & Co. had rather wondered what James was doing in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars. The Co. guessed now that he was staying at Popper Court with its new tenant. This weedy, pimply fellow, with a cigarette hanging from a loose lip, was just the kind of pal they would have expected James to have.

"Oh, you know the name, do you?" said Mr. Cook. "You're the same gang, all right, I know! James told me how you ragged him in a railway train! If I had my ridin'-whip here I'd lay it about you, by gad! Get out!"

"We're waiting to get out!" said Bob. "If you'd take your reach-me-downs and pimples out of the way—"

Clarence Cook put his gun against a tree and strode at Bob, with an uplifted hand, apparently with the intention of boxing his ears!

What happened next was doubtless a surprise to Clarence. He found himself suddenly sitting in the bridle-path.

It had only needed a shove. Clarence was not very firm on his weedy legs. He sat down suddenly and hard.

"Good-bye, Fimples!" said Bob cheerily, and he put his leg over his machine and pedalled on. Nugent and Johnny Bull and the nabob followed him.

Clarence was left gasping, staring after them.

The chums of the Remove were gone in a few moments. They vanished from Mr. Cook's sight along the winding bridle-path.

Five minutes later they were at a gate on the Courtfield road. That gate opened, as they reached it, and a strange and startling figure came through. It was that of a burly youth, smothered with mud from head to foot—clothed with it as with a garment.

"What the deuce—" exclaimed Nugent.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. "That's James!"

"James! Oh crumbs!"

It was James—fresh from his encounter with Harry Wharton and the roadside ditch. He gave the grinning juniors a muddy glare.

"You again!" he spluttered. "You cheeky crew—trespassing on my friend Cook's land, what? Pinching his birds, I dare say!"

"You've been trespassing in somebody's ditch!" remarked Bob Cherry. "Whose mud is that you're pinching?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

James glared at the juniors, seeming uncertain whether to hurl himself at them or not. He was rather too muddy to touch with comfort; and the Removites hastily wheeled their machines through the gateway. James went squelching up the bridle-path, and the chums of the Remove remounted and rode on, grinning, to the school.

Harry Wharton was just going in when they reached the gates.

"Oh! Here you are!" he exclaimed. "Here we are, here we are, here we are again!" sang Bob Cherry cheerily.

And the Famous Five went in together.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Warren to the Rescue!

JIM WARREN stopped at the door of Coker's study, and looked in. He looked fresh and ruddy after football, and very cheery and bright.

Coker looked neither bright nor cheery. Coker was alone in the study—wrestling with that "stinker" for Prout.

Potter and Greene were giving the study a wide berth. They were pally with old Horace, but not to the extent of having difficult Latin papers landed on them. Their view was the reasonable one that Coker, if he did not like these things, should not ask for them. Asking for them, and then landing them on his pals, was, Potter and Greene considered, the limit.

Coker glanced up at Warren, with a rather grim brow. He had been very friendly with Warren—championing him against that cad Price, and all that—indeed, it was some sneer of Price's, concerning Warren, that had led Coker to bang his head in the Form-room and start all this trouble. After which Warren had let him down that afternoon, going off to footer, and leaving Coker to wrestle, unaided, with that stinker for Prout! Just as if the fellow's own affairs mattered, in comparison with Coker's!

So Horace Coker gave the new man in the Fifth a grin, almost Gorgon-like look.

"Want anything?" he asked acidly. "Yes, old bean," said Jim amiably. "I want to help you with that paper, if my help's any use."

The soft answer turneth away wrath. Coker's grim brow cleared.

He was in need of help. There was no doubt about that. Prout had a series of questions on that dreadful paper to which Coker had to furnish answers. He had now arrived at the following corker: "Give an example of the ablative absolute from a classic author."

Coker's knowledge of classic authors was limited. His understanding of them was still more limited. And the ablative absolute was not only tosh, in Coker's valuable opinion, but exasperating and irritating tosh that Coker never could get into his head.

Really, Prout might almost as well have set him a paper in Sanskrit or Dutch—or even in double-Dutch! Coker even had a dark suspicion that Prout couldn't have answered those questions himself, if he had been put to it!

"You can come in!" said Coker, with the air of a fellow making a gracious concession.

Jim came in.

A less kind-hearted fellow than Jim Warren might have compassionated poor old Coker—looking at that paper.

Coker had put in some of the answers. On second thoughts, perhaps the best, he had blotted and erased, and put in others. On third thoughts, which no doubt were still better, he had blotted and erased again, and yet again! His answers in their final form required considerable disentangling. They looked as if an army of flies had swum in the inkpot and dried themselves afterwards by crawling about over that paper.

"Look at it!" said Coker. "What the thump are you grinning at?" he added. Jim composed his features.

"Oh, nothing! Let's get going," he said.

"I've got to hand it in before tea," said Coker drearily. "Prout's as hard as nails. Jawed me before all the



Papers and books shot off the table in a shower as Wharton and Coker struggled wildly on the floor. What was left in the inkpot spurted over both of them. "My lines!" yelled Wharton. "They'll be ruined!" "Lines!" gasped Coker. "I'll give you lines!"

fellows in the games-study. He came up to the games-study—you know how he barges in there to jaw! I was talking to the fellows—

Jim did not need telling that. The occasions when Horace Coker was not talking were few and far between. Coker prided himself on being one of these strong, silent characters. It is well known that such characters always want the lion's share of the chinwag.

"He told me," said Coker, "that instead of idle chatter, I should do well to work at this paper. Idle chatter! Me! That's Prout all over! I was telling the fellows what I'd heard about Price."

"Well, let's get on!" hinted Warren. "I've been at it an hour," said Coker. "A fellow wants a bit of a rest. I offered young Wharton a cake to do it for me—but he was cheeky, and I had to whop him. Then I lost a lot of time getting the ink off—"

"The—the ink?"

"Young Wharton had the neck to buzz ink at me in his study! Pretty state the school's getting into—Remove kids buzzing ink at Fifth Form men!" said Coker bitterly. "If the Head had sense enough to make me a prefect—"

"What about this paper?" Jim gently tried to get back to the business in hand.

"I've been grinding at it," said Coker. "I've done nearly half Prout's rotten questions! He said I was to go up to the Head if the paper wasn't handed in by tea-time—"

"Then hadn't we better—"

"Old ass, you know, barging in!" said Coker, unheeding. "I was telling the men in the games-study about Price—have you heard?"

"Oh, bother Price! Let's—"

"I always said that man Price was the outside edge," said Coker. "But this

really is the last word. That kid Wharton—"

Jim suppressed a sigh. He was willing to give up his time to helping a lame dog over a stile. But he really did want to get down to it and get through with it. He really had other occupations besides listening to Horace Coker wagging his powerful chin.

"You'd hardly believe it of a Fifth Form man at this school," said Coker. "From what I make out, Price got into a row with some hooligan and ran for it. He grabbed Wharton's bike to get away on. What do you think of that?"

Coker did not wait for an answer. He seldom did.

"That kid Wharton came in with his friends and talked to Price in the quad," he went on. "Cheeky, if you like. Still, I can't blame the kid, in the circumstances. He called Price a funk to his face for bagging his bike to bunk on. And Price let him. I'd have mopped up the lot of them!"

Coker snorted with contempt.

"I was talking about it in the games-study when Prout barged in. My idea is that Price ought to be kicked. Bolting from some hooligan, you know! Yah! So far as I can make out, the ruffian hangs about the place, watching for Price. I was thinking that next half-holiday I'd go out and look for him, and tip him that all Greyfriars fellows ain't funks. What about it, Warren? You come along with me on Saturday?"

"You're not likely to have a half-holiday on Saturday, old chap, if you don't get this paper done for Prout!"

"Oh!" said Coker. "Right! That's so, Warren! Let's get on to it, for goodness' sake! A little more work and not so much jaw, old chap, if you don't mind my suggesting it."

"Eh?"

"You can jaw afterwards, you know,"

explained Coker. "Just at present, if you don't mind, chuck it, and let's get going!"

Jim Warren suppressed his feelings and sat down at Coker's table. Coker gave up his chair to Warren and sat in the armchair himself. He stretched out his long legs, with his hands in his pockets, with the air of a fellow making himself comfortable. Jim looked at him.

Coker's idea of being helped with his Latin paper, it seemed, was to sit in the armchair, while Jim sat at the table and did the paper.

"This one about the ablative absolute—"

began Jim.

"Yes; that's a stinker," said Coker.

"Can you tackle it?"

Jim Warren smiled.

"Yes; that old tag about Teucer out of Horace will do. But you'd better go through it with me—"

"When a man's working," said Coker, "I believe in not interrupting him. You pile in, old chap, and I'll help you now and then with suggestions."

"Well, yes; but it's your paper—"

"That's all right—"

"I mean, Prout may jaw it over with you—"

"Yes, he's the man for jawing, isn't he?" said Coker. "Now, my idea is this! You take the paper from the beginning, and fill in all the answers, see? I'll go through them afterwards and correct any mistakes you make—"

"Eh?"

"And put it in my fist. It will have to be in my fist for Prout, of course! Take a fresh sheet of paper, and write question and answer from start to finish."

"But look here—"

"I hate to shut you up, old chap, but there really isn't much time for talking!" remarked Coker.

Jim Warren laughed, and settled down to the paper. As he was supposed to be helping Coker, he had expected Horace to go through it with him, at least, and get some idea of it in his head. That would have been only prudent, in case Prout asked questions when it was handed in.

Still, it was certainly easier to do the paper without Coker's assistance. It was, in fact, a relief for Coker to sit in the armchair while he did it—if only he would leave off talking!

Luckily, Coker had a new detective novel—his favourite reading—and he picked it up and opened it at a folded page; so Jim was left in peace to handle the Latin paper.

Coker, as he was reading, did not talk, and there was something like silence in the study for half an hour or so. Jim was more than half through the Latin paper by that time.

Then Potter and Greene looked in. It was getting near tea-time, and at tea-time they generally remembered what a pal Coker was.

But there was no sign of tea in Coker's study.

Horace Coker glanced up at them sternly.

"Cut!" he said. "We're jolly busy!"

"You look it!" said Potter sarcastically. And they retired, and rather dismally hung about the passage, waiting.

Several fellows passed the door, which Potter had left open. Hilton of the Fifth lounged by, handsome and elegant, and paused to look in, as he caught sight of his study-mate.

"Hallo, Warren! Comin' along to tea?" he asked.

"Not just yet, old chap!"

"But what the dooce—"

"Don't jaw, Hilton!" said Coker, looking up again from the "Mystery of the Missing Dustbin." "We've got a lot to do before tea!"

Cedric Hilton laughed, and lounged on to Study No. 4.

A few minutes later Price of the Fifth came along, also on his way to Study No. 4, which was his study as well as Hilton's and Warren's. Price had a black look on his sallow face. He had not been pleased by Harry Wharton telling him what he thought of the incident of the collared bike, especially as about a dozen fellows had heard what Wharton had to say. Price had heard a good deal about it since.

Now he was going to hear some more, as Coker's glance fell on him at the doorway as he was passing.

"Oh," said Coker, "there's that rotten funk!"

Price looked in with a bitter, evil look. Of all the fellows at Greyfriars, he disliked Jim Warren most, but Horace Coker came a good second.

"There's that erring worm, Warren!" went on Coker. "I'd kick him out of my study if he belonged here. My tip to you is to kick him out of No. 4. Why don't you?"

Jim Warren did not answer, and he did not look round at Price. Little as he liked the cad of the Fifth, he had no desire to give him unnecessary offence. And he was busy. Coker's Latin paper was harder work to him than to Coker!

Price, looking in, noted his occupation. Coker's paper and his inability to deal with it was a standing joke in the Fifth by that time. It had been hanging about for more than a week.

A glint came into Price's eyes; but he made no remark, and he passed on without answering Coker.

Twenty minutes later Jim was finished. He rose from the table, and

Coker laid down the "Mystery of the Missing Dustbin," and rose from the armchair. He glanced at the neat and spotless paper Jim had written.

"You can do these things," Coker remarked. "I don't mind telling you, Warren, that you can handle that stuff better than I can."

Jim smiled.

"A fellow can't do everything," argued Coker. "You're ahead of me in that line, just as I'm ahead of you in Soccer—see?"

As Jim Warren had been picked to play in the Greyfriars First Eleven, and as Coker would have been rejected with scorn by the fag team in the Third Form, it was probable that Jim did not "see." However, he made no reply. Tact was required in dealing with Coker. He really liked the rugged, obstreperous, fatheaded Horace, who had many sterling qualities. And Coker, after all, was entitled to talk rot. He had little other conversation.

"I fancy I'll go over it, though, after tea," said Coker. "I want to get it really good for Prout—no mistakes or blunders, you know. I shall have to copy it out, so I can put in any necessary corrections at the same time."

"Oh!"

"Thanks for helping me, old bean! Now we'll have tea."

"Hain't you better get through, and take it down to Prout?"

"Well, after tea will do. Prout can hardly expect a fellow to go hungry. Tea with me, will you? I've got a lot of stuff."

"Look here, Coker, old chap! Do get that paper done!" urged Jim. "Prout may come up after it, if you don't. Never mind tea—"

"But I do mind!" Coker pointed out.

"Well, Hilton's expecting me," said Jim, as he left the study.

But Coker was not left to tea alone. Potter and Greene arrived at the psychological moment.

Tea was going on, when there was an elephantine tread in the Fifth Form passage. Mr. Prout looked in.

The Fifth Formers rose to their feet. Fortunately tea was on the table, and the paper Warren had written was not on view. Had Prout seen that paper in Warren's handwriting, there would have been something like a hurricane.

"Coker!" boomed Prout. "You have not brought me your paper. I shall give you no further extension of time. You—"

"I've got it practically done, sir," said Coker hastily. "I was going to bring it to you immediately after tea, sir. It's nearly finished."

Prout paused.

"Very well, Coker," he said. "I will give you one last opportunity. I am going to Common-room now. When I return to my study, I shall expect to see your Latin paper on my table."

"Certainly, sir!" said Coker cheerfully. "You'll find it there all right."

"I trust so," said Prout grimly. And the elephantine tread woke the echoes of the Fifth Form studies once more as Mr. Prout faded away.

Even Coker realised that there had better be no more delay. Tea was cut short, and Coker sat down to copy out Warren's paper in his own rugged "fist." He did not pause to make any corrections, which was, perhaps, all the better. Potter and Greene left him to it; and Coker scratched and smeared and blotted and smudged at a great rate, and got through.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Coming to Coker!

"SIX on the bags!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

"But where, when, and how?" asked Frank Nugent.

"The wholeness, whenfulness, and howfulness are terrific and preposterous!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Harry Wharton looked thoughtful. "We could catch him in his study," he said. "But a row there means a lot of the Fifth coming in, and we can't scrap with seniors. All the same, Coker's got to have it. I had to write my lines twice, and missed you fellows this afternoon, because that cheeky ass barged in here and kicked up a shindy. Coker's got to learn to steer clear of Remove studies."

"He has—he have!" said Bob. "What about spotting a time when he's out of his study, and ambushing him there? Taking jolly old Horace by surprise, we could collar him, up-end him, hand him his six, and clear before the Fifth came barging in."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Good egg!" he said. "I dare say there'll be nobody in the study after tea. But we want to make sure."

"Better make sure," suggested Nugent.

"The betterfulness is terrific," grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

There was no doubt about that. It was agreed, on all hands, that Horace Coker had to have what was coming to him, for his outrageous and obstreperous proceedings in the Remove study that afternoon. But strategy was required.

Walking into Coker's study to handle him was a risky business when a lot of the Fifth were about.

Coker was the man to put up a tremendous fight on the spot. The Famous Five could handle him, but not before the alarm spread up and down the Fifth Form passage.

On the other hand, if they could park themselves in the study when Coker was not there and wait for him, it would be as easy as pie.

Coker, walking in, would walk into their hands, and would be collared and whacked before he knew what was happening. Taken by surprise, he would be given his "six," to be followed by prompt retreat.

This clearly was the idea, if it could be worked. Potter and Greene, it was known, would be off the scene. There was a meeting of the senior debating society after tea, of which they were both members. It was practically certain that they would attend the debate.

"I say, you fellows—" Billy Bunter put a fat face and a fat head into Study No. 1, where Harry Wharton & Co. were discussing the plan of campaign after tea. "I say—"

"Just the man we want!" said Bob.

"Eh?" Billy Bunter blinked at him in surprise. He was not accustomed to so hearty a greeting. "I say! Did you want me to tea? I've tea'd with Mauly, but if you've got anything left—"

"The very man!" went on Bob. "Where's Coker?"

"How the dickens should I know where a Fifth Form silly ass is?" demanded Bunter.

"Don't you know everything?" asked Bob. "Everything, I mean, except your lessons, and how to play footer?"

"What's the good of being the Peeping Tom of Greyfriars if you don't know an easy one like that?"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "I don't know anything about Coker, except that I fancy he's booked for the Head. I saw old Prout going up to the Fifth half an hour ago."

"Oh!" said Bob. "If Coker's booked for the Head, he will get enough without any from us."

"I say, you fellows, if you're not finishing that cake, I shouldn't mind a—"

"Go and see if Coker's in his study, Bunter!"

"I'll watch it!" said Bunter. "The beast would jolly well kick me!"

"That's all right! You're all the better for a kicking!"

"You silly fathead!" hooted Bunter. "Look here! Can I have that cake?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes; if you do some scouting. We want to know whether Coker's in his study or not, and whether his pals have gone to the debate?"

"They've gone," said Bunter. "I saw Potter and Greene going, and Warren and Hilton went along with them. Look here, I'll scout for you, and see where Coker is, but—but I'd rather have the cake first."

"You wouldn't forget to do the scouting afterwards?" grinned Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The forgetfulness would probably be terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a chuckle.

Billy Bunter eyed the cake. There was about a pound of plum cake—not much to a fellow like Bunter. Still, there was enough to fill a slight vacancy left after tea with Mauleverer. Bunter did not want to go anywhere near Coker—especially as old Horace was known to be very grumpy and shirty over that Latin paper for his Form-master. But he wanted the cake.

"Well, look here, you fellows, I'll go," he said. "Don't you scoff that cake while I'm gone, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! If I'm going to have the cake, I'm—"

"You blithering barrel, you're going to have the cake if you bring us news of the jolly old enemy," said Bob. "Roll away!"

"Oh, all right!" said Bunter. He turned away from the door of Study No. 1; but a moment later he turned back again, and blinked in rather anxiously through his big spectacles. "I say, you fellows, honest Injun about the cake?"

"Buzz the inkpot at him!" said Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter turned away again, and this time he went. He rolled down the passage and across the landing, and blinked cautiously into the Fifth Form passage. Only one fellow was in sight there. It was Price of the Fifth.

Bunter, blinking at him from round the corner, was rather surprised at Price's actions.

He was peering into the half-open doorway of Coker's study. He seemed to be interested in what was going on there.

Suddenly he stepped back, and stepped quickly into his own study, which was next to Coker's. The door closed softly.

Bunter blinked.

What Price was up to was a mystery to him. However, the cad of the Fifth had gone back into Study No. 4, and Bunter rolled up the passage and peered, in his turn, into Coker's study.

Coker was there—sitting at the table, writing. Bunter could see that he was copying out a list of questions and answers from a paper, which was written in a hand very more decipherable than Coker's own.

Bunter grinned.

He knew all about that "stinker" that Coker had to do for Prout. It was clear to him that Coker had got some other fellow to do the paper for him, and was copying it out.

Coker glanced up and frowned at Bunter in the doorway.

"What do you want, you fat frog?" he snapped. "Don't interrupt me now! I've got to take this paper down to Prout."

"Who did it for you?" grinned Bunter. "Warren?"

Coker reached for the inkpot, and Bunter promptly disappeared without waiting for an answer to his question.

He rolled back to Study No. 1 in the Remove. Harry Wharton & Co. were there, waiting for the report of the fat scout.

"All serene, you fellows," said Bunter, grinning. "Coker's got somebody to do his paper for him, and he's copying it out. He's just going to take it down to the beak. I say, hand over that cake!"

"Right as rain!" said Bob. "Come on!"

(Continued on next page.)



# "Standard"

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The Famous Five left the study, leaving Billy Bunter guzzling cake.

At the end of the Remove passage they kept a watch across the landing, and five or six minutes later they had a view of Horace Coker going downstairs with a paper in his hand, evidently bound for Prout's study with the completed stinker.

As Coker's head disappeared below the level of the landing, five juniors cut across to the Fifth Form passage.

Voices could be heard from the games-study, but the door was shut. No one was in the passage. Swiftly but silently they cut along the passage and darted into Coker's study. Softly Harry Wharton closed the door. They were ready now for Horace Coker when he came back.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Not as Per Programme!

**B**OB CHERRY chuckled. He was looking at a paper that lay on Coker's table.

It was a list of ten questions and answers, written in a very neat and clear hand which he knew to be Jim Warren's.

Evidently this was the paper that Bunter had seen Coker copying out. Jim had done that paper for Coker, leaving him the easy task of writing it out afterwards in his own hand.

"That's Warren's own," said Bob. "He's a jolly good-natured chap, isn't he? He's done all Coker's work for him."

"Jolly decent of him!" said Johnny Bull. "But I fancy Prout would go into a fit if he saw that paper. Coker's a fool to leave it lying about his study."

"Coker always was an ass!" said Bob. "But quiet! He won't be long gone to Prout, and if he comes straight back he may be here any minute. Better get out of sight."

"What-ho!" murmured Nugent.

It did not take the Famous Five long to park themselves in ambush. Harry Wharton stood behind the door, so that it would conceal him when it opened. Bob stood behind the screen in the corner, with Nugent by his side there. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh knelt behind the high back of the armchair. Johnny Bull slipped under the table.

All five would be out of sight when Coker stepped in. The unsuspecting Horace was going to be taken utterly by surprise.

Bob looked round the screen with a grinning face.

"Grab him the minute he gets in!" he whispered.

"Hold on, though!" said Harry. "Potter or Greene, or anybody might step in. We want Coker, and nobody else. Keep out of sight unless it's Coker."

"Oh, yes! Warren often comes into this study. We don't want to bag old Warren by mistake," agreed Bob. "You'll be able to see him from where you are, Wharton. We'll wait till you shut the door as a signal."

"Right!" "Quiet!" whispered Nugent, as a sound was heard in the passage.

The Famous Five were still as mice. Only Coker was wanted, and bagging the wrong man would give the alarm. The door-handle turned.

It turned softly and quietly, and the door opened a few inches.

Someone outside peered in.

The hidden juniors hardly breathed. This could hardly be Coker. He would not be coming softly and stealthily to his own study!

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Whoever it was, he was satisfied by a glance that the study was empty—far from empty as it really was!

He stepped in quietly, leaving the door open.

The open door hid Wharton, standing behind it; but he peered round the edge, and had a back view of a Fifth Form fellow stepping towards the table.

He could not see the fellow's face, but he knew that it was Price.

He popped back into cover at once.

Price was not the quarry. Wharton supposed that Price had come in to borrow a dictionary, or something of the sort.

But there was a quiet stealthiness about Price that made him a little curious. Possibly Price was there to borrow some book he wanted. But considering that he was on the worst of terms with Coker, and that he was stepping as softly as a thief in the night, it was more probable that he was there to do Coker some surreptitious ill-turn.

In either case Price was not the man that the juniors wanted, and Wharton remained doggo. The other fellows could not see the senior who had come in, and they were waiting for Wharton's signal.

There was a faint rustle of paper on the table.

Then Stephen Price stepped back quickly to the doorway. Wharton, behind the door, heard him breathing hard as he passed.

He stepped out into the passage, paused a split second to glance about him, then drew the door quietly shut and was gone.

Wharton heard a faint sound of the door of the next study closing. Price had gone back into Study No. 4.

Bob's head came round the screen again.

"Who was it?" he whispered.

"Price!" whispered back Wharton.

"What the dickens did he come in for?" asked Johnny Bull, putting his head out from under the table. "He took something off the table, I think. I could only see his legs, but I heard—"

"A book, I suppose," said Harry, puzzled. "Blessed if I see why a fellow should be so jolly cautious about borrowing a book. He's not friends with Coker, but old Horace would lend him a book if he wanted one."

Harry glanced over the table.

He remembered that there had been a book lying there—a volume of Virgil. But Virgil was still where he had seen it.

Then he gave a violent start. Virgil was still there, but something else was not. The paper written by Jim Warren was gone.

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Wharton, forgetting to lower his voice in his surprise and excitement.

"What's the row?" asked Bob.

"He's taken Warren's paper."

"What the dickens for?" asked Bob, in astonishment. "He can't have a paper to do the same as Coker's. It was a special paper Prout set the old ass as a punishment for not doing his lines."

"He's taken it!" said Harry. "It's gone!"

"The gonefulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, rising to his feet and looking over the back of the armchair.

"Is the fellow potty?" asked Nugent. "What can he want that paper for? If he leaves it about it will get Warren and Coker into a fearful row if Prout sees it. It will mean both of them going up to the Head!"

Wharton set his lips.

"Is that what Price wants?" he asked.

"Oh, crikey! Even Price would not—"

"I believe he's mean enough for anything. What does he want that Latin paper for, anyhow?"

The Famous Five looked at one another. They had all emerged from cover, rather forgetful of Coker in their surprise at this strange and unexpected development.

Price had abstracted the paper Warren had written for Coker—that was certain. Why? If Prout saw the paper, and discovered that Warren had done Coker's work for him, it undoubtedly meant an awful row.

From the schoolboy point of view Warren's action in helping poor old Coker out of a scrape was kind and good-natured. From a schoolmaster's point of view the matter was entirely different.

Prout had been intensely exasperated when he found that Coker's lines, a week ago, had been written for him by another fellow. That stinker was a special punishment for that offence. If he discovered that that stinker also had been done for Coker by another fellow it was absolutely certain that Prout would go off at the deep end. The row would be simply tremendous.

Was that Price's object?

It seemed too thoroughly rotten, even for Price; yet it was difficult to imagine what other object he could have had.

"Look here, if that's his game he's not going to get by with it!" said Johnny Bull. "We'll jolly well stop him!"

"He's got the paper, anyhow!" said Harry. "He wouldn't dare to show it to Prout and let all the fellows know he was a sneak. The Fifth would lynch him. But—he's up to something—"

"Might mean to let Prout find it by accident, keeping clear himself!" said Bob Cherry.

"The awful rotter!" breathed Nugent.

"Look here, we—"

The door suddenly opened. The juniors had for the moment forgotten Coker. Now they were suddenly reminded of him!

Instead of being in ambush when Coker came back, as planned, all of them were standing in full view, to meet Coker's astonished and angry eyes.

"What the thump—" roared Coker, at the sight of five Remove fellows gathered in his study.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. "Coker!"

"You cheeky young rotters! What are you doing in my study?" bawled Coker. "I jolly well know! It's a rag, what? I'll give you rag!"

"I—I say, Coker—" gasped Harry Wharton.

Coker did not heed.

He rushed.

"Oh, collar the silly idiot!" gasped Bob.

The next few moments were wild and whirling. Coker's hefty attack sent Nugent sprawling across the hearthrug and Hurree Singh staggering against the table. Wharton and Bob and Johnny grasped him and dragged him over.

But Coker put up a terrific scrap. He rolled in the doorway, with three juniors clinging to him like cats.

The other two scrambled up and rushed on. Coker struggled and roared in the grasp of five pairs of hands.

The uproar rang the length of the Fifth Form passage. Study doors opened up and down that passage. The door of the games-study at the end was thrown open.

A dozen voices shouted, demanding to know what the row was about. Five



Harry Wharton snapped a branch from a tree and then stood waiting for James. As the bully leaped the ditch, the junior captain of Greyfriars thrust the branch forward and caught James fair and square on the chest. "Oooogh!" spluttered the latter, as he missed his footing.

or six seniors came speeding up the passage.

"Hook it!" gasped Wharton.

There was nothing else to be done. The unfortunate intervention of Price had spoiled the whole thing. Instead of taking Coker by surprise, and downing him before he could give the alarm, the Famous Five had themselves been taken by surprise by Coker!

The ambush in Coker's study was a ghastly failure. The alarm was given far and wide.

The juniors only wanted to get clear of Coker and cut. But in catching Coker they had caught a Tartar.

Coker had hold of two of them, and when they let go Coker did not let go. He held on tenaciously.

Nugent and Bob and Inky got away. Wharton and Johnny were struggling in Coker's grip.

Their friends turned back to help them, and Coker's head was banged on the floor till he let go.

But by that time six or seven of the Fifth were on the spot. The Famous Five were great fighting men; but against six or seven hefty seniors they had no chance whatever.

"Kick them out!" shouted Smith major. "Fags ragging in the Fifth, by gum! Kick them along the passage!"

"Boot 'em!" roared Blundell.

How they got out of the Fifth Form quarters the Famous Five hardly knew. How many senior boots landed on them they could not have counted. The Fifth Form men roared with laughter as they shoved and hustled and booted the hapless Removites. The Removites roared also—though not with laughter.

Hardly knowing whether they were on their heads or their heels, they found themselves at last pitched into their own passage and left there, sprawling and gasping and spluttering.

The seniors marched off in a state of

great hilarity. Harry Wharton & Co. sprawled and gasped and gurgled.

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter, having finished the cake, rolled out of Study No. 1. He blinked at the breathless, dusty five through his big spectacles.

"He, he, he!" he cackled. "I say, you fellows—He, he, ho!"

The chums of the Remove had not even energy enough left to kick Bunter. They gasped and gurgled while the Owl of the Remove cackled! That rag on Coker had been a ghastly frost—there was no doubt about that! Horace, after all, had not got what was coming to him! But the Famous Five had—and they had got it hot and strong!

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Bumps for Bunter!

**B**ILLY BUNTER grinned.

It was in the quad the next morning.

The fellows were out after morning class. Billy Bunter was leaning on one of the old elms. Bunter never stood without support if there was anything at hand to take his weight.

Coker and Potter and Greene strolled by, unheeding the fat Owl of the Remove. And at the same time Mr. Prout loomed into view under the trees with a paper in his plump hands, which he was scanning.

Coker & Co. knew that paper, even at a little distance. It was the one Horace had handed in the day before just on time—the celebrated stinker that had caused him so much worry.

It was unusual for Prout, taking a walk after class, to carry about with him a Latin paper written by one of his Form. Potter and Greene were rather alarmed—for Coker! It seemed to

them that Prout was taking such an unusually deep interest in that paper because he was suspicious.

They knew that there were grounds for suspicion. Warren had done the paper, and so it was done well! If a paper was done well that was as good as evidence that Horace Coker had not done it!

"By gum, that's your paper that old pompous has got there!" murmured Potter. "I say, did you leave it just as Warren did it?"

"I hadn't time to make any corrections, after all," answered Coker.

"Any what?" ejaculated Potter. "Oh crumbs!"

"You might have shoved in a blunder or two, old chap!" said Greene. "It would have looked more genuine."

"Don't be a silly ass, Greene!"

"Well, it looks as if Prout's on to something!" said Greene. "He's coming to speak to us."

Prout bore down on the three. Potter and Greene were quite uneasy, in expectation of a row. Billy Bunter was grinning—with the very same expectation! None of them heeded the fat junior leaning on the elm.

"Coker!" boomed Prout.

"Yes, sir!" said Coker respectfully but firmly.

"This paper"—Prout waved it—"is remarkably good for you, Coker! Very remarkably good indeed! I am both surprised and pleased, Coker."

"I'm glad you're satisfied, sir!" said Coker.

"I am more than satisfied, Coker," said Mr. Prout graciously. "You are clearly, Coker, a more intelligent boy than I supposed! Your handwriting certainly leaves much to be desired—very much indeed! But your answers to my questions are uncommonly good."

(Continued on page 15.)

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# THE FIFTH-FORMER'S SECRET!



FRANK  
RICHARDS

(Continued from page 13.)

I have gone through this paper several times, Coker, and I have no fault to find with it—none!”

“Thank you, sir!” murmured Coker. Billy Bunter winked at space!

He was greatly entertained, to think what Prout would have said, and done, had he been aware of what Bunter could have told him. Bunter had seen Warren's work on Coker's table, and knew exactly how much credit was due to Horace for that excellent Latin paper.

“But—” said Prout. It appeared that there was a “but.” In point of fact, Prout, pleased as he was, was a little dubious. That Latin paper was altogether too good, considering what a duffer Coker was in class. “But,” continued Prout, “I hope—I trust—that you did not obtain the assistance of your study-mates in working out this paper, Coker.”

He looked at Potter and Greene.

“Oh, no, sir!” said Potter.

“Not at all, sir!” said Greene. “We never even looked at it.”

They were able to make those denials with a clear conscience. They certainly had had nothing to do with the Latin paper. Coker had tried to rope them in, but they had not been taking any.

“Very good, very good!” said Prout graciously. “I accept your assurance, of course, without the slightest reserve. If it proved, Coker, that this paper was not really your own work I should take a very serious view of the matter—a very serious view indeed. As it is, I shall only say that I am pleased—extremely pleased—to see this improvement! I trust that it will continue, Coker.”

And Mr. Prout rolled ponderously away.

“Old ass!” remarked Coker, when his Form-master was out of hearing. “He's been a schoolmaster for donkeys' years, and doesn't know that chaps help one another with stinkers like that!”

“Well, it was rather more than helping in this case!” said Potter, with a grin. “Warren did the whole thing, didn't he?”

“He helped me,” said Coker loftily. “Just as I'd help him, if he had a tough paper to do.”

“Oh, my hat!” said Greene.

“He, he, he!” came from Billy Bunter.

Coker glanced round, taking note of the fat Owl's existence for the first time. He frowned at Bunter.

“What are you sniggering at, you fat frowster?” inquired Coker. “Want me to bang your silly head on that tree?”

“I jolly well saw you copying Warren's stuff!” grinned Bunter. “You'd both have to go up to the Head if Prout knew! He, he, he!”

Coker's rugged brow knitted.

Some fellows, considering how much Bunter knew, and how dangerous such

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knowledge was, would have treated the Owl of the Remove tactfully. But tact was not Coker's long suit! Coker had no use for cheeky fags.

“I say, old chap, I'm not going to tell Prout, of course,” said Bunter. “I wouldn't sneak, old fellow—”

“Are you calling me old fellow?” asked Coker, as if not quite able to believe his ears.

“Yes, old chap!” said Bunter. “I say, I'm going to keep it dark! You and Warren might be sacked if it came out. Flogged, at least! Prout would be as mad as a hatter. But you trust me! I'm mum!”

Coker breathed hard and deep.

“But I'll tell you what,” added Bunter. “I'm keeping it dark! I'm no sneak! But, I say, can you lend me half-a-crown?”

“Wha-a-t?”

“I've been disappointed about a postal-order,” explained Bunter. “I'll let you have it back to-morrow when my postal-order comes, Coker. Honour bright!”

Coker fairly gasped.

This fat fag was not only calling him old chap and old fellow, but was asking him to lend him half-a-crown!

Bunter blinked at him inquiringly.

Bunter certainly was no sneak; nothing would have induced him to give Coker away to his Form-master. Still, he knew what he knew, and one good turn deserved another. In the circumstances, Bunter considered, Coker might at least lend him half-a-crown!

Coker did not lend him half-a-crown. Coker made a stride at him, hooked him away from the tree, and twirled him round in a muscular hand.

Bunter yelled.

He knew what was coming—nothing like half-a-crown! It came!

Thud!

“Yarooop!”

Bunter flew!

Thud!

Coker's foot landed again. Bunter flew wildly. Coker rushed after him and delivered a third kick before the Owl of the Remove got out of reach. Then he walked off with Potter and Greene.

Bunter, unaware that he was no longer pursued, bolted across the quad and barged blindly and breathlessly into a group of Remove fellows.

“Hallo, hallo, hallo!” exclaimed Bob Cherry.

There was a howl from Vernon-Smith, who staggered from Bunter's weight. He sat down suddenly in the quad.

“Ow! You mad ass!” yelled the Bouncer. “Why are you charging about like a mad bull?”

“Oh crikey!” gasped Bunter. “I say, you fellows, keep him off! That beast Coker's after me! Ow!”

Smithy picked himself up. The expression on his face made Billy Bunter dodge hastily behind Harry Wharton.

“Nobody's after you, you howling ass!” said the captain of the Remove. Bunter blinked round.

“Oh! I thought that beast Coker—Oh dear! I say, you fellows, he kicked me! I say, you fellows, come and hold him, and I'll jolly well kick him, see? I'm not afraid of Coker—”

“Not if we hold him!” chuckled Bob.

“Why did he kick you?” asked Nugent.

“Just because he's a beast!” gasped Bunter. “Old Prout's as pleased as Punch with that paper of his, and he doesn't know Warren did it for him, and I told Coker I'd keep it dark, and he was too jolly mean to lend a fellow half-a-crown, and—yaroooh! Leggo, you beasts!”

“Bump him!” said Bob.

“I say, you fellows—yooop!” roared Billy Bunter.

Bump!

“I say—”

Bump!

“Yaroooh! Whoooooop!” yelled Bunter. “Why, you're worse beasts than Coker, you beasts! Yarooop!”

“Mustn't stick Coker for half-a-crown for keeping it dark, old fat man!” said Bob. “Give him another!”

Bump!

“Yooo-hooo-hooo!” Billy Bunter sat and roared. The Removites walked away and left him to roar.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Nothing Doing!

STEPHEN PRICE of the Fifth sat at his study table with a sour smile on his sallow face.

The door was locked. Price did not want to be interrupted.

It was after dinner, and neither Warren nor Hilton was likely to come up to the study before class. But if either of them did, Price did not want his occupation to be spotted.

On the table before him lay the paper he had abstracted from Coker's study the previous evening.

Written in Jim Warren's clear, easily recognised hand, it was more than sufficient to land the new fellow in the most serious of rows, if it came under the eyes of Mr. Prout.

And that was what Price intended.

Coker's paper had been handed in, duly scanned by his Form-master, and duly approved. So it was too late for Coker to substitute anything of his own. And it was, of course, word for word with Warren's paper. If Prout saw the latter, he would know exactly what had happened.

Price had quite decided what he was going to do; it was only ways and means that required thinking out. But he had to be very careful about that.

He was not popular in his Form. He did not want to make himself more unpopular. And it was more than unpopularity he had to face if it came out that he had given a fellow away to a beak. Especially in so very serious a matter that it would have to come before the headmaster.

Prout had to see that tell-tale paper—but without having the faintest suspicion that it was Price who had brought it to his notice—and without anyone else having such a suspicion, if it could be helped.

The cad of the Fifth had hit on a scheme at last.

He had a pen in his hand, and was addressing an envelope to Mr. Prout, to be put in the post.

He wrote the address in “print” letters, in order to give no clue to the writer. No doubt Prout would be surprised when he received a letter so addressed. He would be still more surprised when he opened it and found Jim's paper inside—word for word with the Latin paper he had received from Coker!

Price grinned as he thought of it.

This seemed to him an absolutely safe method of getting the paper to Prout. It left no clue whatever to the sender.

Having addressed the envelope, he folded the Latin paper and slipped it in. He was about to stick down the flap when the door-handle turned sharply.

Price rose quickly to his feet, the envelope in his hand, his heart beating unpleasantly. He was a rascal, but he had not the courage of his rascality.

Quickly he stuck down the flap of the envelope.

Warren's voice came sharply from outside.

"What's this door locked for? Let me in at once, do you hear?"

Price thrust the envelope hurriedly into his pocket. He crossed to the door and unlocked it.

It was thrown open at once, and Jim Warren, with an angry face, strode in.

Price was about to pass him and leave the study, when Jim pushed him back.

"Hold on!" he said curtly.

Price gritted his teeth.

"What do you want? Leave me alone—I'm going out!"

Jim slammed the door.

"You're not going out till I've had a few words with you, you cur!" he said.

"Where's that paper you pinched from Coker's study yesterday?"

Price fairly staggered. It had not occurred to him, for one moment, that Jim Warren knew, or could know, anything about his action in Coker's study. Even if the paper was missed there was nothing to connect Price with it, so far as he was aware. And Coker was so careless an ass, that very likely the paper would never be missed at all. Price had considered.

Warren's sharp and angry words took the cad of the Fifth utterly aback. How did he know? How could he know?

"The—the paper!" stammered Price.

"What paper?"

"I've told you—"

"I know nothing about any paper in Coker's study—"

"You would know nothing, if you weren't a prying spy!" snapped Warren. "But you do! I remember you looked in when I was helping Coker yesterday afternoon. I've no doubt you spotted it then."

"I never noticed—"

"Oh, pack up the lies!" exclaimed Warren. "Some juniors were in the study when you went there to steal the paper, and they saw you."

Price gasped.

He was certain—as certain as he could be of anything—that there had been nobody in Coker's study when he abstracted the Latin paper.

"They thought they'd better tell me, and put me on my guard," went on Jim Warren. "Now, I want that paper!"

Price pulled himself together.

"What paper?" he asked.

"You know as well as I do! I did Coker's paper for him, and he copied it out. If Prout found out, we should both go up to the Head. I dare say that's what you want—but you're not getting by with it!" said Jim scornfully. "Hand it over!"

"You're dreaming!" said Price coolly. "I heard a row in Coker's study last evening—some juniors raging. If a paper's missing, perhaps they had it."

"Wharton says—"

"Oh, Wharton!" said Price, with a bitter sneer. "You're very pally with that cheeky young rotter in the Remove—though I once heard Wharton tell you to your face that you're not the James Warren he met at Warren Croft in the holidays, and that—"

"Never mind that now! I take his word!" snapped Warren. "He saw the paper lying on Coker's table—he saw you sneak in, and when you'd sneaked out again, the paper was gone. That's clear enough."

Price laughed.

"If you accuse me of pinching a paper from a study, I'm willing to go

(Continued on next page.)

# GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

This week's verses by our long-haired poet have run out a little longer than usual. But when I tell you that I have cut his effort down to less than half, you can guess what a bibful he had to say about

**PETER HAZELDENE,**

brother of Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House School.

(1)

When our Illustrious Editor  
Of our Illustrious Magazine  
Rang up on Tuesday evening for  
An interview with Hazeldene,  
I thought he meant Miss Marjorie,  
And so I rubbed my hands with glee,  
And quickly answered, "All serene."

(2)

To Marjorie, with great delight,  
I felt most happy to be sent,  
For tea with Marjorie is quite  
An antidote to discontent.  
Alas! My hopes were swiftly gone  
When our Illustrious One went on,  
"It's Peter Hazeldene I meant!"

(3)

Now Peter is, I must admit,  
A change entirely for the worse,  
He's not like Marjorie a bit,  
In fact, he's wholly the reverse;  
He's often sulky all the week,  
And then you'll never hear him speak.  
Removites say he needs a nurse!

(4)

And when he speaks—well, as a rule,  
His words are better left unsaid!  
He's weak and wayward, and a tool  
Of rascals stronger in the head.  
He's bound to fail you at a pinch,  
He can't be trusted half an inch,  
He's sly and cowardly instead!

(5)

Well, that's a pretty catalogue  
Of all his waywardness and vice;  
We've put a "bad name to the  
dog";  
Now let us think of something  
nice!  
"There's something good in all of  
us,  
No man's so bad he can't be  
wuss!"  
Thus runs the proverb's sage  
advice!



(6)

Then first, he plays with heart and soul  
In winter on the football field;  
He's quite a genius in goal,  
As he has frequently revealed;  
At cricket, though, he does not shine,  
He's always trying, which is fine!  
And can, at times, the willow wield.

(7)

And even of his rotten ways  
He's usually ashamed, I think;  
He doesn't glory in the craze  
For things like betting, cards and  
drink.  
It's just because he isn't strong  
To fight temptation very long  
That Hazeldene's so prone to sink.

(8)

When Brown and Bulstrode both were out  
I dropped in Study No. 2,  
And found him wandering about,  
With nothing very much to do.  
He stared and "You can shift!" he  
cried.  
"It's no good sulking," I replied.  
"I've come here for an interview!"

(9)

"You've come here for a damaged  
eye!"  
He snarled, and cut up rather rough.  
"Well, if you think so, you can try,"  
I laughed, for Hazel isn't tough.  
He glared at me with sullen eyes,  
But after weighing up my size,  
He thought it wasn't good enough!

(10)

"Well, you can stay! I'm going  
out!"  
He walked away with savage  
stride.  
Which soon was savager—no  
doubt,  
Because I trotted by his side!  
"Look here!" he bawled in  
angry tone,  
"I'm going for a walk—alone!"  
"I'm going with you," I replied.



(11)

He doubled round the quad again,  
I calmly doubled with him, too,  
He hurried off down Friar-dale Lane,  
And by his side I puffed and blew!  
"Will you buzz off?" I heard him yell.  
"No—where you go, I go as well,  
Until I get that interview!"

(12)

He sprinted over Courtfield Heath,  
I sprinted with him all the way!  
He glared at me and set his teeth,  
Said I: "Let's keep it up all day!"  
Along the towing path he ran,  
And I ran with him, man to man.  
"Dead heat!" the racing man  
would say.

(13)

A building by the river stood,  
"Three Fishers Tavern," was its name  
I saw it, and I understood  
A little bit of Hazel's game!  
He meant to dodge inside the inn!  
But as he tried to dive within,  
George Wingate by the gateway came.

(14)

He looked at us with some surprise,  
His face, I saw, was rather grim.  
As Hazel turned with startled eyes,  
He stumbled on the river's brim.  
A mighty SPLASH! succeeded fast,  
And Hazeldene had gone at last  
To where I would not follow him!

to Prout about it!" he said. "I suppose you can give Prout a full description of the missing paper?"

"You know I daren't let it come before Prout. He would be as mad as a hatter if he knew. There was no harm in it—"

"Wasn't there?" jeered Price. "You own up that you did a punishment paper for another fellow, to take in a beak! I fancy Dr. Locke would see a lot of harm in it, if he knew."

"Well, he won't know; because you're going to hand over the paper you pinched last night. I'm waiting for you to do so."

"Sure it's missing?" drawled Price. He was quite cool again now.

"I've asked Coker!" The silly ass forgot all about it—he had a row with the fags while I was at the debate with Hilton. But since I've asked him, he's looked round his study, and the paper's not there."

"Better ask Wharton for it, then."

"Wharton!" repeated Jim. "You say he was there when the paper was missing. He admits that he was there, from what you say. I deny that I was there!" said Price coolly. "If you've been scheming with Coker to spoof old Prout, I know nothing about it. If the paper turns up—"

"You mean it to turn up—you pitched it to land Coker and me in a row with Prout. You can't have had any other reason."

"If it turns up," repeated Price deliberately, "you can put it down to Wharton, or one of his gang. You say they were in Coker's study, and the paper was missing afterwards. If that's so, one of them had it."

"Wharton's told me he saw you—" "He can tell you what he likes! If he saw me, how was it I didn't see him, if I was there?"

Price was really curious on this point.

"It seems that the young duffers were ambushing Coker in his study—keeping out of sight, for him to walk in. That's how it was you never saw them when you pinched the paper, I suppose. Only Wharton saw you—but he did see you, and he's given me the tip. Now hand over that paper."

"You can tell Wharton from me that he's a liar!" said Price coolly. "Those fags are at daggers drawn with Coker, and I dare say they got hold of the paper, to land him in a row."

"Rot! They would do nothing of the kind! They're not your sort!" said Jim contemptuously. "You've got the paper—and I want it, now!"

"I've not got the paper, and you can go on wanting!" said Price.

Jim Warren breathed hard.

"Will you hand it over, you cur? You talk about spoofing Prout—if he knew the kind of rotter you are he'd put it up to the Head to turf you out of the school! You're a rotter all through, Price. I take Wharton's word that he saw you pinch that paper from Coker's study. You're not going to keep it and use it for a treacherous trick on us. Hand it over!"

Price's heart beat rather unpleasantly fast. He was no match for Jim Warren, if the fellow chose to handle him—and Warren looked as if he would!

"You've not landed it on Prout yet," went on Jim. "I should have heard from him if you had. He would go off the deep end at once. And you're not going to have a chance of getting it to him in an underhand way, either. You don't dare take it to him openly and let all the Form hear what you've

done. Your life wouldn't be worth living here afterwards. I know your game just as if you'd told me. And I'm stopping you!"

"Are you going to search my pockets?" asked Price, with a sneer. Warren made a gesture of disdain.

"No! You're going to hand me the paper!"

"If I've not got it—"

"That's enough! I know you've got it—"

"The bell will be going for class soon," drawled Price. "Will you let me leave this study, Warren?"

"No!"

"We shall have to go when the bell rings."

"I give you till the bell rings," said Jim, quietly and steadily. "And if you don't hand over the paper by then—"

"Well, what then?" asked Price, with outward coolness, but an inward tremor.

"I shall take you by the neck and whop you with a cricket-stump!" said Warren grimly. "And I shall keep on whopping you till you turn out your pockets!"

Price glanced at the door. Warren leaned his back on it—to wait! There was no escape for the cad of the Fifth.

He strolled across to the open window and sat down on the ledge there, his hands in his pockets. He was trying hard to think what to do.

It was a quarter of an hour to class. He was shut in the study with Warren. If the fellow kept his word, and started in with a cricket-stump, Price knew only too well that he would surrender and turn out his pockets. Then the purloined paper would come to light, and, not only that, but the envelope addressed to Mr. Prout, giving away his whole scheme.

And Warren was in deadly earnest—he could see that. He had fifteen minutes, and then—thrashing and surrender!

Price's eyes gleamed at the set face of Jim Warren with bitter hatred. Never had he felt so deep and savage a rancour towards the new fellow in the Fifth.

If he could turn Warren's attention, and contrive to hide the envelope containing the paper—There was no chance of that. The rather desperate thought was in his mind of dropping it from the window, which was open behind him where he sat, and taking his chance of finding it in the quad afterwards. But even that was scarcely possible without Warren observing him. The minutes passed, Warren, leaning on the door, waiting grimly.

The door handle turned.

"Hallo!" came Cedric Hilton's voice from the passage.

Jim opened the door. Hilton stared in surprise.

"What the deuce—" he began.

"Come in!" said Jim, and Hilton stepped in, and he closed the door again.

Hilton of the Fifth stared from one to the other in perplexity.

"What's up?" he asked.

Price smiled.

"That ass Warren thinks I've got some paper or other that belongs to him," he drawled. "I haven't, of course. He wants me to turn out my pockets."

"I say, that's rather thick, Warren, old man!" murmured Hilton.

"Thick or not, he's going to do it before he leaves this study!" said Jim. "He's pinched the paper I did for Coker, and he's got to hand it over!"

"Oh gad!"

"Some fag has been spinning him a yarn and pulling his leg!" drawled Price. "Still, to satisfy him, I'll turn out my pockets if he likes!"

Price was safe to make that offer—now! For, while Warren's back had been turned, for a moment, to open the door to Hilton, Stephen Price had dropped the envelope containing the Latin paper behind him, from the window.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Price Is Disappointed!

**H**ARRY WHARTON left his friends, when the Remove had been dismissed that afternoon, and went along to see Warren when the Fifth came out.

He was rather anxious to know whether Jim had recaptured that perilous paper.

Jim Warren came out with Hilton, but he dropped behind his friend as he saw the captain of the Remove waiting for him. He smiled a little.

"Did you get it?" asked Harry.

"No; Price hadn't it, after all."

Wharton stared at him.

"He had!" he answered.

"You're rather a young ass," said Warren, smiling. "I'm ever so much obliged to you for giving me the tip, of course, but you must have made some mistake. You actually didn't see Price take the paper—"

"What do you mean? I saw him go to Coker's table, where the paper was, and I saw that it was gone immediately after he left."

"Yes, yes; but he hadn't it, after all, as it turned out. The fact is, I made him turn out his pockets in the study, and he offered me the key of his desk, too, to search it, if I liked. Goodness knows what became of the paper. Disappeared during that shindy in Coker's study, I suppose—"

"Rot!" said Harry.

Warren laughed. "It's all right, kid! Price certainly hasn't got it."

"May have hidden it somewhere—" "Why should he? He can't have known I was going to tackle him on the subject. I took him quite by surprise."

Wharton was silent, puzzled. That was certainly true. Price could have had no idea that he was suspected, and must have been taken entirely by surprise when Jim demanded the Latin paper.

"All the same, he had it!" he said, at last.

Warren shook his head.

"That's all right," he answered. "I shall ask Coker to have another hunt for it. It ought to be burned as soon as possible. Anyhow, Price hasn't got it."

"But I'm sure—"

"My dear kid, it's all right," said Warren, with a touch of impatience. "Price is rather a worm, but the fact is, you've made me accuse him of something he hasn't done—and I came jolly near handling him, too! I know you meant well, but let it drop."

With that Jim Warren walked on after Hilton, leaving the captain of the Remove with a flushed face and a frowning brow. Warren was an easy-going fellow, not at all distrustful or suspicious by nature, and it was clear that Price had succeeded in convincing him.

Wharton was far from convinced, as he knew perfectly well that Price had abstracted the Latin paper, and had no doubt what he intended to do with it.



"This paper of yours, Coker, is remarkably good!" said Mr. Prout. "Your handwriting certainly leaves much to be desired. But your answers to my questions are uncommonly good!" "Thank you, sir!" murmured Coker. Bunter, greatly entertained to think what Prout would have said had he known the truth, leaned against the elm and grinned.

Still, after what Warren had said, there was nothing more he could do in the matter. He had warned Warren—and that was that! And he was by no means pleased by the view that Warren, evidently, was taking now—that he had made some mistake, founded on his dislike and distrust of Price.

What Warren had said practically amounted to a hint to him to mind his own business, which was far from gratifying. He made up his mind to do so on the spot.

"Did he get it?" asked Bob Cherry, when the captain of the Remove rejoined the Co.

Wharton's lip curled.

"No. Price has stuffed him, somehow, and he thinks I'm an officious ass, barging into what doesn't concern me. I'm done with it!"

"I suppose you're sure—" began Johnny Bull.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Harry sharply. "Wasn't the paper gone after Price sneaked into the study? But it's Warren's business, not ours, and he can wait for the chopper to come down, if he likes."

"It will mean a fearful row if that paper gets to Prout!" said Frank Nugent slowly. "If that's Price's game we shall hear of a row in the Fifth pretty soon."

"I've no doubt about that!" said Wharton dryly.

But there was no "row" in the Fifth, at all events, that day; and on the following day even Wharton began to doubt a little—for there was still no row.

It was quite a puzzle.

If Price was going to land that purloined paper on Prout, he had no reason for delay. Indeed, too much delay might spoil his game, if it was

left till Prout had time to forget about Coker's paper.

Yet nothing had happened.

Wharton was not likely to guess the cause.

It was not, at the moment, in Price's power to carry out his scheme. He had saved the purloined paper from Warren by dropping it out of the study window. But when, afterwards, he hunted for it in the quadrangle below he hunted in vain.

The envelope containing the paper was not there!

If somebody had picked up the envelope addressed to Mr. Prout, obviously that somebody would have taken it to Prout. That had not happened.

What had happened, therefore, was fairly clear.

The envelope had not dropped to the ground from the window. It must have dropped into the thick old ivy that covered the lower part of the wall under the study windows.

And it was still there!

Many times Price of the Fifth came round to the spot and stared upwards at the ivy.

Thick as the ivy was, it would not have borne his weight if he had tried to climb. He could not search for the envelope in the nook where it nestled, without a ladder—which, of course, was out of the question. All Greyfriars would have wanted to know what his game was if he had attempted anything of the kind.

With savage, bitter disappointment, Price had to resign himself to leaving it where it was.

Sooner or later, no doubt, the envelope would slip from its place and fall—a very probable happening, next time a storm blew up from the sea and rattled and shook the ancient turrets.

But until that should occur there was

nothing that Price could do. That tell-tale paper, for the present, was quite safe from Prout.

Every day Stephen Price strolled under the study windows at least five or six times, keeping a wary eye open for a fallen envelope, but he was not rewarded.

Meanwhile, Jim Warren had dismissed the matter from his mind.

Coker, of course, had not found the missing paper, but so long as it remained missing it did not matter. Coker supposed that it had disappeared, somehow, during that rag in his study. It might have been trampled on and crumpled, and swept away by the maid in the morning.

Anyhow, it was gone. And that was that!

Coker, these days, was finding Prout much more agreeable in the Form-room. That excellent Latin paper had roused Prout's opinion of Coker.

Obviously—to Prout—Coker was not quite the dull, obtuse, backward fellow he had always supposed him to be. He had done a difficult Latin paper—and done it well! This showed that Coker, when he exerted himself, was by no means such a fool as he looked!

All the more deadly, for this reason, would have been Prout's majestic wrath had he discovered that Coker had not done that paper at all. But the ivy under the study window was keeping the secret!

Billy Bunter never knew the explanation of a surprising incident that occurred, on Saturday morning in break, on the path under the study windows. Billy Bunter was in happy possession of a bag of bullseyes. Having looted that bag of bullseyes from Smithy's study, Bunter naturally

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desired to retire from the public eye till he had disposed of them.

So he leaned his fat person on the wall under the Fifth Form windows, and in that quiet spot helped himself to bullseyes after bullseyes from the bag, in happy and sticky satisfaction.

But at the sight of a fellow coming along the path, close at hand, Billy Bunter hastily thrust the bag into his pocket, fearing that it might be Smithy.

The next moment he was relieved, however, as he discerned that it was Price of the Fifth.

But, to his great surprise, Price came striding up to him, with a black look on his brow and a glitter in his eyes.

"Give it to me!" snapped Price.

Bunter's little round eyes almost popped through his big round spectacles in his astonishment.

Price glared at him, threatening.

Price had seen that hasty movement as Bunter thrust something into his pocket, obviously to escape observation. Price was thinking, of course, of that envelope, which might drop from the ivy any minute. He suspected instantly that Bunter had picked it up.

What else could Bunter's sudden, surreptitious action mean? It was clear that he was shoving something quickly out of sight!

"I—I say—" gasped Bunter.

"You young rascal, give it to me at once!" yelled Price.

"I jolly well shan't!" exclaimed Bunter warmly. He had looted that bag of bullseyes from Smithy, but the bare idea of another fellow looting it from him filled the fat Owl with indignation. Price of the Fifth jolly well wasn't going to have his bullseyes!

Price set his teeth, and came closer to the blinking fat junior.

"Give it to me, or I'll smash you!" he said, between his teeth. "I saw you stick it in your pocket!"

"I—I say, keep off!" gasped Bunter, in alarm. "I say, I'll go halves!"

"What!" stammered Price.

He did not want half of the envelope he supposed that Bunter had picked up.

"Halves!" said Bunter. "That's fair!"

"You potty little idiot!" hissed Price.

"But I—I say—" stammered Bunter.

"Ow! Leggo! Leave off banging my head, you beast! Yaroooooh!"

Price, grasping him by the collar, tapped his bullet head on the old stone wall. Bunter's head was hard, but the stone was harder! Bunter roared.

"Now give it to me!"

"Ow! Yow!" howled Bunter. "Wow! You can have it, you beast!"

He thrust a fat and sticky hand into his trousers pocket. It came out again with a bag of bullseyes in it.

"There you are, you beast!" gasped Bunter. "Ow!"

Price stared at the bullseyes.

"You—you—silly little idiot, was that what you put in your pocket when I came along?" he gasped.

Price realised that he had jumped rather too hastily to a conclusion! In utter disgust, he banged Bunter's head on the wall again, and walked away.

"Wow!" roared Bunter.

He rubbed his head. Then he re-started, after the interval, on the bullseyes! What on earth was the matter with Price, Bunter could not begin to guess—but, at all events, the bullseyes remained, and the fat Owl found comfort in disposing of them to the very last one!

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Jim and James!

"I T'S up to me, I think!" said Horace Coker.

"But—" murmured Jim Warren.

"Potter and Greene don't seem keen on it," said Coker. "But I'd like a man with me to see fair play! Come on!"

"But—"

"I've asked Price about it! From what he says, the brute hangs about on half-holidays, looking for him!" said Coker. "He makes out that he's a fearfully hefty brute. As if that's a reason for disgracing Greyfriars by bolting from him!" Coker snorted. "I'll jolly well show the rotter that there's a Greyfriars man he can't frighten!"

"But—"

"I've asked Price to come with me and point him out, but he won't! He's funky!" Coker snorted again. "But I'm going back to look for him, and jolly well handle him, too!"

"But you won't know him—you've never seen him—"

"That's all right—he's got a black eye!" said Coker. "There aren't a lot of fellows about with black eyes, you know."

"But—"

"Oh, come on!" said Coker; and Jim, resigning himself to his fate, as any friend of Coker's often had to, walked out of gates with him.

It was Saturday afternoon—a half-holiday; and Coker was quite keen to spend that half-holiday rooting about for the "hooligan" who had the cheek to pitch into Greyfriars fellows.

Price had disgraced the Fifth, in Coker's opinion—an opinion that Coker stated at the top of his voice! It was up to some Greyfriars man to show that hooligan that he couldn't chase Greyfriars men like frightened rabbits.

Coker only hoped that the fellow with the black eye would be in the offing again that afternoon. From what Price said, it seemed probable. Coker was prepared to give him another black eye to match.

Price, bitterly as he resented the opinion Coker expressed of his courage, or want of it, had been quite keen to give Coker all the assistance he could—short of accompanying him on the war-path.

He would have been intensely glad to hear that that square-jawed brute had been thrashed by Coker. He would not have been sorry to hear that Coker had been thrashed by the square-jawed brute! Either way, it seemed good business to Stephen Price.

Coker, full of beans, marched forth on the Courtfield road, with Jim Warren.

Jim was not keen on it; but he had nothing special to do that afternoon, and so he did as Coker wanted: Potter and Greene had firmly declined to go out in search of a shindy. Horace Coker was born for shindies as the sparks fly upward. But if Jim Warren had had the faintest idea of the identity of that hooligan, he certainly would have refused, even more emphatically than Potter and Greene.

But he had, of course, no idea of that. All he knew was that Price had got into a scrap with some outsider and blacked his eye, and that that outsider seemed to be making it a point to hang about looking for Price.

It was quite intolerable to Horace Coker to think of a Greyfriars man scotching from a foe, howsoever hefty that foe might be. Anyhow, Coker was hefty, too. What he lacked in brains he made up in beef and brawn. Coker

was as keen to meet that hooligan as Price was to dodge him!

And Coker was in luck!

Coming along the Courtfield road, on to the common, Coker had his eyes well about him for the enemy; his wary eyes fell on a fellow who was sitting on a wayside seat.

The first thing Coker noticed about that fellow was that he had a black eye! It was a very prominent black eye, too!

It was, in fact, James Warren.

There was nothing really surprising in Coker finding him there. James was as bitter as ever about that black eye. He was staying at Popper Court, only a short walk from the Courtfield road. He had nearly bagged Price one half-holiday—only Price seizing Wharton's bike had saved him. He knew that Saturday was also a half-holiday at Greyfriars. So he was out to look for Price—just as Coker was out to look for James!

Now he was taking a rest on a wayside seat, and watching the road for Greyfriars fellows—as he had done before.

"By gum!" ejaculated Coker, as he spotted the black eye.

"Eh?"

Warren had not noticed the fellow on the seat. He was not, as a matter of fact, thinking of the object of Coker's quest. He was thinking of the coming football match with Rookwood, for which he was fairly certain to be selected. But he gave attention, as Coker ejaculated.

"Look!" said Coker.

Jim Warren looked.

Then he jumped.

"Oh!" he gasped.

He was aware that James had been in the vicinity. But it was some time since he had seen him—at a distance—and he had hoped that James was gone. That hope, evidently, was unfounded. Here was James!

"That's the man!" said Coker, with conviction.

"I—I say, let—let's get on!" stammered Jim. "I—I think—Look here, you don't want to make a mistake—"

"He's got a black eye!"

"Ye-es; but—"

"I'm going to give him another!"

"I—I say—"

"Come on!"

Jim Warren halted. He was utterly dismayed by the unexpected meeting. On the previous occasion he had dodged being seen by James. There was no dodging James now.

James was looking directly towards them. He was taking no notice of Coker, whom he did not know. But his eyes were fixed on Jim, with an expression of amazement in them.

He rose from the seat and came towards the two Greyfriars seniors.

"Jim!" he exclaimed.

There was no friendliness in his greeting. It was easy enough to see that he did not like the handsome Fifth Former of Greyfriars. But it was equally clear that he knew him—knew him well.

Coker stared from one to the other astonished.

"You know this chap, Warren?" he asked.

"Ye-es!" stammered Jim.

James glanced at Coker.

"Naturally he knows me, as I'm his cousin!" he snapped. "What do you mean?"

"His c-cousin!" stammered Coker.

James looked at Warren again.

"What the thump are you doing in a Greyfriars cap?" he asked.

Jim did not answer. His face was crimson, and he seemed dumb.

Amusement mingled with the amazement in James' ill-favoured face.

"Mean to say you're at Greyfriars School?" he exclaimed.

Jim was still dumb.

"By gum! How the dooce did your father raise the fees?" demanded James, with a derisive grin. "He was as hard-up as ever last time I saw him!"

Coker, greatly astonished, looked at Jim, and looked at James, and looked at Jim again. He was so surprised at this unexpected meeting and recognition, that he forgot, for the moment, that he was in search of the fellow with the black eye.

James burst into a chuckle.

A sudden thought seemed to have struck him—a thought that excited his malicious mirth.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed James. "I catch on! I was surprised when I fixed it up so easily with Uncle Bernard to give Greyfriars a miss! I catch on now! The fees had been paid! I catch on! Ha, ha, ha!"

Jim found his voice.

"Shut up, for goodness' sake!" he breathed.

James roared.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you beggar on horseback! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, what the thump does all this mean?" Coker barged in. "Even if this blighter is your cousin, Warren, I don't see letting him insult you. Why don't you knock him down?"

"Poor relations don't knock their rich relations down!" roared James.

"Hardly! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you shut up?" said Jim, between his teeth. He looked very near knocking James down, rich relation or not.

"Oh, don't talk rot, you cheeky ass!" exclaimed Coker, addressing James.

"If you're this chap's cousin, you know he's a rich baronet's son—and not a poor relation of yours, or anybody else's. What do you mean?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked James. Coker's remark seemed to strike him as a tremendous joke! He roared; he almost howled.

"I say, Coker, cut, old man, will you?" muttered Jim. The scene was intensely amusing to James; but it was sheer torment to the fellow who was at Greyfriars in James' name.

"That's all very well!" said Coker obstinately. "But that chap's the chap I'm looking for—whether he's your cousin or not. That's the black eye Price gave him."

James started.

"Price?" he repeated. "You a friend of Price? Some kids told me the other day his name was Price! He gave me this eye! I'm going to give him two when I spot him again. Is he skulking indoors?"

Coker glared.

"Never mind what Price is doing!" he bawled. "If you're handing out black eyes, I'm here to take all you can hand over, and—"

"Chuck it, Coker, old man!" implored Jim. "This chap is my cousin, and—and you don't want to row with a relative of mine, old fellow."

"Let him get on with it, if he wants to!" said James disdainfully. "I could lick him as easily as I could lick you, Jim!"

"You mightn't find that easy!" said Jim, his eyes gleaming. "But never mind that. Coker, old man, do be a good chap, and clear."

Coker grunted.

"Well, if the fellow's your cousin," he said unwillingly, "if you make a point of it—"

"I do, old fellow!"

"Oh, all right!" said Coker.

And having bestowed another glare on the grinning James, Horace

Coker turned and stalked away towards the school. Jim Warren remained with his cousin, James Warren; but he did not speak again till Coker was out of hearing.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Brought to Light!

"I T'S blowing!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"The blowlfulness is—"

"Preposterous!" grinned Bob.

It was windy! An October gale was roaring on the North Sea, and the wind howled round the ancient roofs and chimneys of Greyfriars School. The old elms creaked and groaned in the wind and shed the last of their leaves. The Remove, dismissed from morning school, came out into the windy quad, holding their caps on, on Wednesday morning.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There goes your cap, Bunter!" roared Bob.

"I say, you fellows, cut after it, will you?" squeaked Billy Bunter. "I say, look at old Mossos! He, he, he! I fancy he will blow away!"

Monsieur Charpentier, the French

master, was in the quad. His slight, slim figure, in its tight frock-coat, seemed hardly substantial enough to stand against the rough wind. Holding his hat on with one hand, the little French gentleman swayed and battled with the breeze.

Harry Wharton & Co., heedless of the wild wind, punted a footer, with ruddy faces and cheery shouts.

Little Mossos had come out for a walk before lunch, but he very soon had enough of the open quad. He turned into the path under the study windows, which was partly in the lee of the buildings, and so a little sheltered from the fierce sea wind.

The ancient ivy on the wall rattled and rustled and shook, and ancient dust was blown away, and long tendrils waved loose in the wind. And something white, fluttering from the wind-swept ivy, dropped to the earth, and Monsieur Charpentier almost trod on it.

"Ma foi! Qu'est-que-c'est?" ejaculated Mossos, in surprise. "Une lettre! Comment cela?"

He stopped, stooped, and picked up the envelope.

To his astonishment it was addressed to Mr. Prout in "print" letters. It was stamped, but as there was no post-

mark, had obviously not been in the post.

"Comment cela?" repeated the surprised French master.

He stood with the letter in his hand, staring at it, when Price of the Fifth came round the corner, his coat-tails flying in the breeze.

"Oh, gad!" breathed Price, as he saw the letter in Mossos's hand.

It had occurred to Price that the rough wind might have shaken the lost letter down. He was right—but he was a few minutes too late to pick it up.

Price promptly faded out of the picture.

He had intended to post that letter if he got his hands on it again. He could not post it now. He could only hope that Mossos, seeing Mr. Prout's name on the envelope, would take it to the Fifth Form master.

That, after due consideration, Mossos decided to do. Price, from a distance, had his eye on him as he went into the House; and, still from a distance, he saw him tap at the door of Prout's study.

That Latin paper was going to Prout! It was certain now. That was satisfactory. But Price was left feeling

(Continued on next page.)

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rather uneasy. Had it gone through the post, there would have been no clue to the sender. But if it came to Jim Warren's knowledge that it had been picked up under the Fifth Form study windows, it was very probable that he would guess exactly how it had got there. Price was not quite so safe as he had planned to be. But there was no help for that now.

"Come in!" boomed Prout, as Monsieur Charpentier tapped at his door.

Mossoo entered, and laid the letter on the table before Prout.

Mr. Prout stared at it.

"What—" he ejaculated.

"It is of the most strange, Monsieur Prout!" said the French master. "I walk in ze air, and ze vind he blow, and zat letter drop at my feet. Votre nom—your name is on him, so I fetch him to you, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Extraordinary!" said Prout.

Really, it was extraordinary for anyone at Greyfriars to have written a letter to a master in the same building, stamped for the post. It was even more extraordinary for it to be addressed in "print" lettering.

Prout stared at it blankly.

"Someone must have dropped it, I suppose," he said. "But—"

"If he drop him, it is from a window," said Monsieur Charpentier. "But I zink he was in ze ivy, why, I know not—je n'en sais rien."

"Where did you find it, sir?" asked Prout.

Monsieur Charpentier explained how and where, Prout listening in astonishment and staring at the letter.

"I do not understand this at all!" said Prout.

"But he is for you—votre nom—"

"Yes, it must be for me, but I do not comprehend it in the least," said Mr. Prout. "Thank you for bringing it to me, however, monsieur!"

"Du tout!" said Mossoo gracefully, and he retired from Prout's study, leaving Prout staring at the mysterious missive.

The Fifth Form master took a paper-knife at last, and slit the envelope. He simply could not imagine what he was going to find inside.

What he found was a folded sheet, which he unfolded and glanced at. Having glanced at it, Prout's gaze became fixed, amazed, astounded.

"Goodness gracious!" breathed the Fifth Form master.

He knew Jim Warren's handwriting at once. He knew the list of questions he had set for Coker.

Thunder gathered in Prout's brow.

There was the list—question and answer; word for word with that remarkably excellent paper he had received from Horace Coker.

Prout's intellect did not work quickly. He was not rapid on the uptake. But he could not fail to understand what this meant.

He had doubted whether Coker had not had some assistance in writing that difficult Latin paper. Some little assistance, in a difficult task, might have been excusable.

But this was not a case of assistance—either a little or a lot! The whole paper had been written by Warren.

Obviously, Coker had done nothing but copy it out!

Prout, of course, could not suppose that Warren had copied Coker's paper, and that this was a copy. He could have had no object in doing so.

This paper had been written first by Warren. Coker had copied it, and brought the copy to Prout!

That Latin paper, surprising in its excellence from Coker, was not so surprising coming from Warren. Warren was top of the Fifth in Latin. It was "pie" to him.

Prout sat and stared and glared at the paper.

"Upon my word—deceived!" gasped Prout. "That ineffable, that egregious dunce Coker—and—and Warren—a boy I trusted!"

Prout rang the bell for Trotter.

As soon as the House page appeared he directed him to send Coker and Warren to his study immediately. They came!

Fellows who passed near Prout's study for some time afterwards heard the boom of Prout's fruity voice—going on and on and on! It went on continuously till the bell rang for dinner.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Trouble in the Fifth!

"I SAY, you fellows! There's a row in the Fifth!" grinned Billy Bunter.

Nobody needed telling that!

Jim Warren and Horace Coker had been seen coming away from Mr. Prout's study, looking quite worn.

Prout had boomed at them for a good half-hour! But that was not the worst. It was bad enough; but, as Shakespeare has remarked, thus bad begins, but worse remains behind! There was more to come!

Coker was in a gasping state. Potter and Greene asked him what was up, and a dozen fellows heard.

"Prout's spotted that paper!" groaned Coker. "You remember that stinker I had to do for Prout a week ago!"

"Prout was pleased with that," said Potter.

"That's all over," said Greene.

Coker groaned.

"It isn't! Warren wrote the paper for me, and after I'd copied it out it got lost somehow. Prout's got hold of it."

"Oh, ye gods!" said Potter.

"He makes out," said Coker, "that I never did the paper at all—"

"Mum-mum-makes out?" stuttered Potter.

"Yes; you know Prout! He makes out that Warren did the whole thing, and that I practically took him in!" said Coker.

"Well, what else could he make out if he's seen what Warren wrote for you to copy?" gasped Greene.

"Oh, don't be an ass. Greene! Trouble enough, without you making asinine remarks!" said Coker irritably.

"Prout's jawed us both till my head was fairly spinning. Warren got it worst, though. Prout had the cheek to say that I was a fool, and that he never expected me to see anything in a sensible light—me, you know!"

"Oh!"

"But he said that Warren was no fool, and knew better. He made out that Warren was deceiving him. He calls pulling his leg deceiving him."

"A beak would!" said Greene.

"The old ass is fearfully shirty!" went on Coker. "He says the matter will have to go before the Head! I don't mind so much, but it's pretty rotten for poor old Warren to get it in the neck just for helping a chap out of a scrape. That worries me."

That Coker was worried was evident to all eyes at dinner in Hall. His rugged brow was corrugated; his face looked as long as a fiddle. He had the aspect of a fellow on whose shoulders all the worries of the universe had suddenly descended. Glances turned on Coker—and Warren—from all the other tables.

Jim Warren was very quiet and subdued.

Prout sat at the head of the Fifth Form table; he always lunched when his Form dined. His brow was grim and stern.

Generally he had a kind word and a smile for Jim, who was the best pupil in his Form, and hitherto considered a credit to the Fifth. Now he gave him a grim frown and a gleaming eye. Price had sometimes sneered at Warren as a "Form-master's favourite." He did not seem much of a favourite now. He was in deep disgrace.

What was going to follow a report to the Head was not yet known. But it was certain to be something serious.

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# The PILOT

2d



"Stop!" said Jim Warren, pushing the burly James away from the squirming Price. "Leave this fellow alone!" "You cheeky rotter!" bawled James. "Don't you come barging in here! I'm going to knock this chap into a cocked hat! And if you try to stop me, I'll do the same to you!"

was no harm in what Warren had done. He had helped a lame dog over a stile—helped a silly fathead out of a scrape. He had acted, perhaps, thoughtlessly, but kindly and generously.

But Form-master and headmaster were certain to take quite a different view of the transaction. Prout had used the word "deception"—an extremely unpleasant word to a frank and sincere fellow like Warren.

But he had to realise that Prout was rather justified in using that word. He had to realise that he had acted thoughtlessly in his friendly desire to help Coker through. More than once in his young life Jim had had to admit that he was too easy-going. On this occasion he could not deny that he had been altogether too easy-going.

Really, in the first place, he had not intended to write out a paper for Coker to copy. He had intended to help Coker do it. But Coker had left it to him, and he had done it.

And—it was no use mincing words—he had done wrong. Without in the least intending to do so, he had.

Coker could not see it; but Coker never could see anything. But Jim, on reflection, had to see it; and the knowledge that Prout was justified in regarding him as guilty of something like deceit was deeply painful to him.

Several times during dinner—of which he ate little—his eyes turned on Stephen Price, with a smouldering look in them that had a rather alarming effect on the cad of the Fifth.

When the Greyfriars fellows went out after dinner Warren kept close to Price. The latter moved off in the direction of Masters' Studies. He had no business there, but it was a spot where a fellow could not very well punch another fellow's head!

Warren touched him on the arm. "Hold on a minute, Price!" he said quietly.

"Well?" muttered Price.

"You got that paper to Prout, after all."

"I know nothing about any paper," said Price sullenly. "I've heard that the French master picked it up somewhere and took it to Prout. Next time you do Coker's work for him, you'd better tip him to be a bit more careful."

"I've had it all from Prout," said Jim, in the same quiet tone. "I've seen the envelope it was in on Prout's table. Somebody put it in an envelope, stamped it, and addressed it to Prout in disguised writing. It was never posted—I interrupted you in time, after Wharton warned me the other day."

"I certainly never—"

"Mossoo picked it up under the Fifth Form windows. It had been blown out of the ivy. That day in the study you were sitting in the window. I know now why you offered to turn out your pockets. You dropped it out of the window to get rid of it."

Price shrugged his shoulders.

"What rot!" he said.

"Rot or not, I've no doubt about it," said Jim. "I'm in a row with Prout. I'm not blaming Prout—I've been an ass, and I've got to take what's coming to me. But that's no excuse for you, Price. You've played a foul trick on me, and you're going to answer for it. You can choose between a scrap and a hiding!"

Price breathed hard, and stepped into Masters' Passage.

Warren gave him a glance of scorn.

"You can't stick in this passage all the afternoon, Price!" he said, and he turned and walked away.

Price had no idea of sticking in that passage all the afternoon. He went through the passage when Warren was gone and, by way of Masters' Common-room, got out of the House. It was a half-holiday, and he had an engagement at the Three Fishers for the afternoon,

which would keep him out of Warren's way till call-over, at least. Ten minutes later, Price was going up the road at a quick walk towards Courtfield Common.

"Sneak!"

Price started and stared round. Five juniors, sitting on the school wall, had addressed him all at once.

The cad of the Fifth glared up at Harry Wharton & Co.

"Sneak!" they repeated in chorus.

"You cheeky young rotters!" Price clenched his hands.

"That's a good word from you!" said Harry Wharton contemptuously. "You unspeakable rotter, I knew you pinched that paper from Coker's study to get it to Prout. Now you've done it—"

"Rotten sneaking worm!" said Bob Cherry.

"The sneakfulness is terrific, my esteemed and disgusting Price!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"If I were Warren, I'd jolly well take it out of your hide!" growled Johnny Bull. "Are you sneaking off to keep out of his way now?"

"What about ragging the cad?" asked Frank Nugent.

Price hurried on his way. A yell from the Famous Five followed him.

"Sneak!"

Price disappeared up the road. The Famous Five, sitting on the wall, were discussing plans for the half-holiday, and they soon forgot Price. But they were reminded of him about ten minutes later, when Jim Warren came out of gates, glancing about him.

"Seen anything of Price?" he asked. "A fellow told me he had gone out of gates—"

The chums of the Remove grinned.

"Keep straight on!" said Bob Cherry. "He's ten minutes ahead of you! Give him one for me, old bean!"

Warren walked on, and the Famous Five  
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Five exchanged smiling glances. They could guess why Jim wanted Price; and what he was going to do when he found him; and they hoped that he would lay it on hard and heavy.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Good for Evil!

JAMES grinned. He was strolling on the bridge-path, in Popper Court Woods, when a fellow pushed open the gate at the Courtfield road end and came through.

James' eyes—both the sound one and the blackened one—gleamed at the sight of Price of the Fifth.

This was luck!

As it was a half-holiday at the school, James had been considering whether to take his black eye for a walk again and look for the fellow who had given him that adornment. But there did not seem much chance of meeting Price, who was evidently keeping out of his way.

And here was Price—walking into his hands!

James could not help grinning! Price, of course, knew nothing about the square-jawed fellow being a guest of Clarence Cook, the tenant of Popper Court. No doubt it was to keep clear of a possible meeting with him that he was taking this short cut through Popper Court Woods, instead of going round by the road along the common.

That, in fact, was Price's object. The bridge-path led to the tow-path on the Sark, where there was a gate into the Three Fishers. By avoiding public roads and paths, Price counted on keeping clear of the fellow with the black eye; as well as clear of Warren of the Fifth, if that incensed youth happened to be looking for him. But as the fellow with the black eye was at Popper Court, Price had run into danger in attempting to dodge it.

James, grinning, watched him come through the gate; and watched the gate swing shut behind him. Then he ran towards Price—who gave a start, stared at him and jumped as he recognised him.

But it was too late for Price to escape! The gate had latched behind him, and James had him cornered against the shut gate.

Price caught his breath.

James, with threatening eyes, clenched fists, and jutting, square jaw, towered over the weedy black sheep of Greyfriars. On a previous occasion, Price had taken James by surprise, knocked him down, and got away—leaving him with a black eye. There was no chance of history repeating itself. He was at the young ruffian's mercy; and James' savage and threatening look showed just how merciful he was going to be.

"Got you!" remarked James, pleasantly.

"Leave me alone, you bully!" faltered Price. "I never wanted any trouble with you—you started it—"

James passed a hand over his discoloured eye.

"You gave me this!" he grinned. "I'm going to give you two to match! And a little over! See?"

Price backed against the gate, panting. James meant what he said—every word. Hard hitting was not in Price's line; he hated the thought of even a punch; and the bare idea of smashing, knuckly fists blackening his eyes, made him feel quite faint. And there was no escape! James came closer to him;

maliciously amused by Price's obvious fear and funk.

"Putting up your hands?" he inquired.

"Let me alone!" panted Price. "You rotten bully, let me alone! Ow!" He gave a yell as James' hard and heavy hand smacked across his face.

"Come on!" chortled James. "You've got to have it, and you may as well scrap as not! It's coming to you!"

Price spun round, and made a desperate attempt to clamber over the gate.

James, grinning, grabbed him by the collar, dragged him from the gate, and flung him spluttering into the grass.

The wretched cad of the Fifth gave a yell of sheer terror as the bully towered over him as he lay sprawling.

"Keep off!"

"Getting up?" grinned James.

"No!" panted Price. He felt safer on the ground.

"I'll kick you till you do!"

Price yelled and squirmed as James kicked. He kicked hard and often. Price scrambled to his feet.

In sheer desperation he put up his hands. He had to have it, as James genially declared; and even a rat will fight in a corner. And as James came at him with smashing fists, Price fought harder than he had ever fought before.

For a few minutes he almost held his own. But he was nothing like a match for James, and he was in poor condition. His wind failed him, and he gasped helplessly for breath. James, grinning, knocked him right and left; and Price went down at last, bumping in the grass.

"Get up!" grinned James.

"I—I—I'm done!" panted Price. "I give you best!"

"You're not done yet, by long chalks!" chuckled James. "I haven't blacked your eyes yet, my beauty! And I'm jolly well going to. Lie there as long as you like—I'm going to kick you till you get up."

Price yelled wildly as James' boots landed on him. But he did not get up. He was very nearly exhausted by the struggle, and almost winded. He squirmed and howled and yelled.

"Stop that!"

A sharp voice came over the gate. James ceased to boot Price, and stared round.

It was Jim Warren's face that looked over the gate.

He had been only ten minutes or so behind Price; and as he was passing the gate on Popper Court bridge-path, the frantic yells of the hapless cad of the Fifth rang on his ears. He stopped at the gate and looked over.

He was not aware for the moment that it was Price who was James' victim. He saw the bullying young rascal kicking a fellow lying in the grass; that was all.

James glared at him.

"Oh! You! Cousin Jim!" he exclaimed, with an ugly sneer. "My dear spoofing cousin!"

Price sat up. He had been dodging Warren of the Fifth that afternoon. But he was glad to see him now.

"Help!" he panted. "Warren, help me! Keep that brute off! Oh, help!"

"Price!" exclaimed Jim, staring at him.

"Help me!" gasped Price. "Oh, help!"

James chuckled.

"That chap won't help you, my beauty! That chap's my cousin, and he knows what would happen to him if he barged in here! Clear off, Jim, you fool—don't stand gaping there!"

Jim did not stir.

He had followed Price to thrash him,

as he richly deserved. He had a first-class row waiting for him at the school, as the result of Price's treacherous trickery. But he forgot that now. To leave that wretched, squirming fellow at the mercy of a ruthless bully was impossible to him.

James turned back to the gasping Price. He landed his boot in the squirming ribs again.

"Get up!" he snapped. "I'm not letting you off without a pair of black eyes, you wriggling funk! Get up! I'll boot you till you do!"

"Warren!" shrieked Price.

"Stop that, James!" said Jim Warren quietly. His face was a little pale. He knew what a quarrel with this brute might cost him. But he was quietly determined. "Leave that fellow alone!"

"I'll watch it!" grinned James, and he kicked again, and there was another howl from Price.

Jim put his hand on the gate and vaulted over. The next moment he grasped James by his burly shoulder and dragged him back from Price.

"Stop it!" he said.

James, with a roar of rage, turned on him. He wrenched his shoulder free, and stood panting and glaring.

"You cheeky rotter!" he bawled. "Are you barging in here, when I've told you to clear off?"

"You're not touching that fellow again!"

"No?" jeered James savagely. "I tell you I'm going to smash him—I'm going to black both his eyes—I'm going to knock him into a cocked hat! And if you try to stop me, I'll do the same to you!"

Jim stepped quietly between the bully and the wretched fellow sprawling and gasping in the grass. His hands were clenched, and his eyes gleaming. His mind was quite made up.

"Stand back, James!" he said. "I'll knock you spinning, if you try to touch him again."

James' reply came in the form of a rush, with lashing fists. He was bigger and heavier than his cousin; and Price, staring on with scared eyes, expected to see Jim overborne and knocked away.

But Jim Warren stood like a rock. He met James with right and left, and the hulking bully went over backwards as if he had been shot.

James landed in the grass with a tremendous crash.

He lay for a moment or two, panting. The look on his hard, harsh face was almost demonic in its malevolence.

He scrambled up with gritting teeth.

He did not speak; but he came at Jim Warren like a tiger. Price, too breathless and exhausted even to get on his feet, lay watching with staring eyes. This was the fellow he had plotted and schemed against; whom he had injured without cause; standing between him and the overwhelming bully, taking smashing punishment in his defence. In those moments Stephen Price, for once in his life, felt something like shame and remorse.

For full five minutes it went on. Jim, he could see, was getting the upper hand; but he was getting hard knocks. His nose was streaming red; his face was bruised; his lip cut. But for every blow James got home, Jim got home two. And James, like most fellows of his kind, had a yellow streak in him. He was still good for more, but did not want any more when he backed off, and stood leaning against a tree, panting.

Jim dropped his hands.

Price crawled to his feet, keeping Jim between him and the beaten bully.

(Continued on page 28.)

# Dan of the Dogger Bank!

By David Goodwin



Millionaire's son signs on as a smacksman at eighteen bob a week! Meet "Dogger Dan," mascot of the fishing smack, Grey Seal, in this stirring sea story!

## Dirty Work!

"A 20,000-ton liner, and all yours, my boy!" said Donald Graham, the millionaire shipowner. "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!"

"Gosh!" said Kenneth Graham. The great liner, Castlereagh, with a crew of two hundred men, was bucketing past the Dogger Bank on her trial trip.

Donald Graham stood on the bridge with his son.

"You've got to learn how to handle men and boys," continued the millionaire. "Give all your good ones a chance to make their fortunes with you, and weed out the shirkers. There are black sheep in every flock. There are two on this ship, Jock Backhouse and Dennis Rebew. One's a thief and idler, and the other is a spy, and they're going ashore for good, Ken, when we dock."

But Backhouse and Rebew, aware of their fate, were already bent on revenge. Awaiting their opportunity, they pounce on the millionaire's son and throw him overboard.

Kenneth is picked up by the Lowestoft sailing trawler, Grey Seal, the whole of his past life blotted from his brain.

Given the name of "Dogger Dan," he is signed on as fifth hand under Skipper John Atheling, Finn Macoul, Wat Griffiths, and Buck Atheling.

Back on his father's smack, the Banshee, of the Black Squadron, a fleet manned by men whom no honest trawler would take on board, and who reaped a harvest, fish-poaching, thieving, and wrecking when the chance offered, Dennis Rebew hears that Kenneth has been rescued.

"I smell money to be made over this," says Dennis' father, Jake Rebew, head and commander of the Black Squadron. "An' there'll be work for us to do—big work."

The Fates played into Jake Rebew's hands that night. A couple of hours before the dawn, when the sky and sea were at their darkest, a high, black steam yacht came swooping up from the south-west, all her lights out, and stopped dead a couple of hundred yards from the Banshee.

"A yacht, by the Lord Harry!" said Dennis. "Yon's a gig puttin' off to us, too! What game's afoot?"

"Ay!" said Jake, scanning her with bent brows. "Noo, where ha' I seen that craft before?"

The gig came up, smartly as a man-o'-war's boat, rowed by two dark, foreign-looking sailors in yachting uniforms. In the stern sat a big man, black-haired and eagle-eyed, with a hooked nose that made him look like some bird of prey. He was not unlike the skipper of the Banshee, except that he was neatly dressed in well-cut blue serge and a Solent yachting cap.

"Smack ahoy!" said the stranger, in a deep voice. "Is that the Banshee?"

"That's her name," said Rebew quietly.

"I want a message taken to one of the Dogger smacks. Could I have five minutes in the cabin with you?"

"Coom aboard!" said Rebew.

A minute later the two men were eyeing each other cautiously across the table in the swaying cabin.

Jake, watching the stranger keenly, waited for him to begin.

"Have you heard," commenced the yachtsman, "of a boy being picked up by a smack anywhere down the coast?"

"Hoo should I ken?" said Rebew. "It's but six hours since I sailed out o' Lowestoft."

"I know that," said the man. "That is why I followed you. I only missed you by two hours. I have heard of you—don't be offended—as a man who is not particular about the kind of jobs he takes, so long as he is well paid."

"I'm not denying it," said Rebew.

"Quite so!" said the stranger. "I have learnt that this boy has been picked up"—he suddenly leaned

forward and bent his eyes keenly on Rebew—"and I see pretty plainly that, in spite of what you said, you know where he is."

"Fair an' soft," said Rebew. "An' what if I do?"

"I will give you a hundred pounds to find him."

"Aweel," returned Rebew, "that's no much for retrievin' a millionaire."

"Ah!" said the stranger. "So you know more than you pretended."

"It's the business o' the Black Squadron to know what happens at sea."

"Exactly!" said the stranger. "That's why I came to you. A hundred pounds is not enough, you say? Well, there is four hundred pounds more to be earned in another way."

"Which?" said Rebew. The stranger glanced up at the skylight and round the cabin. His voice sunk to a whisper.

"Did you ever hear of Davy Jones?"

"Ay; he's always close to us on the Dogger!"

"The closer the better!" said the stranger. "The day the boy we are speaking of goes to him for good, you shall have five hundred pounds."

"Ay, but where's my security for the money?"

"There are a hundred pounds down. You have witnesses enough to this visit to be a hold on me for the money, and I'm no cheat. Write to me, D.G., Veere, Holland"—on the day the boy's body reaches the sea-bottom or elsewhere, and another four hundred pounds will be yours within forty-eight hours. Good-bye!"

The stranger went on deck, and a few moments later the gig was taking him back at racing speed to the yacht.

The vessel slung the gig to her davits, swung round on her heel, and tore away to the southward.

"Dad," said Dennis, as she went away, "I ken yon fellow in the yachtin' cap!"

"Eh, laddie?" said his father, with a

start. "Who is he? I think I guess his kinship a'ready."

"It's Dudley Graham, brother o' auld Donald Graham, and uncle to the cub Kenneth," said Dennis. "I ha' seen him at Greenock, an' they ca' him the black sheep o' the family. Supposing Donald had no bairn, they say Dudley would be heir to all his father's money when Donald dies, for the shipowner is the elder brother, an' had half a million fra' his father, besides what he made. Ay, it was Dudley, for weel I ken him! What did he come for?"

"Ye're a sharp laddie, as a rule," said Jake Rebow, looking at his son askance. "Canna ye guess?"

Dennis thought a moment, and his evil face lit with cunning.

"Ay," he said. "He wants us to feenish the job I begun! That'll be it, I judge."

Jake Rebow held out his hand, and Dennis grasped it.

"Laddie," said the former, "ye shall have your chance. Four hundred pounds is ours the day Kenneth

Graham's body goes to the crabs. And now we'll start on the hunt. Main-sheet awa', there! Head her nor-nor-east!"

The Banshee stretched herself out like a lean, black greyhound, and vanished into the night.

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### The Phantom Craft!

**D**AN, when ye begin to get into the way o' things, and go through a gale o' wind or so, you'll be thinking no small potatoes of yourself. But you're not proved yet."

Dogger Dan, for the first time in his life, was resting after hard labour. Shaken and tired, bruised by the handling of the seas, he was yet entirely happy.

The race for the fishing-grounds had ended in a victory for the English trawler, and John Atheling, with the help of his son, had given Dan—one-time Kenneth Graham, and son of a millionaire—his first lesson in seaman-ship—deep-sea trawling. The lesson left him sore, but his quick brain and active limbs had helped him to pick up more in a few hours than a dullard would acquire in a week.

The Grey Seal was gliding on, rocked gently by a long, oily ground swell. The night was young, and there was little wind—only a rosy darkness and a starlit sea. Wat was at the helm, and the crew were lying at full length upon the decks, talking.

"Well, we're just smackmen," said Buck, "but there's not much on the seas or under them we don't fall in with, an' I don't think we're overmuch afraid o' any o' 'em, 'cepting sperrits, o' course."

"Excepting what?" said Dan.

"Things from the other world, my lad."

"What, ghosts?" said Dan. "Skittles! There aren't such things!"

"Don't you go making fun o' sperrits, my lad!" said the deep voice of Atheling. "They are no the things to mock at. Whether there's any ashore, I dunno, but there's many that walks the sea, an' fearsome things they are. Cruel luck they brings wi' them, an' they've warned many a poor fellow of his death. What they are, or how they come, I can't tell ye."

"What then—the Flying Dutchman?" said Dan.

"She don't use the North Sea," said Atheling soberly. "But there's many a smack long since sunk, and whose crew's bones are mud by this time, that sails the Dogger at dark o' the moon. Some you can see, and some you can hear. You ain't ever heard the crew o' the bark Santa Anna, that came over the Little Bank, all hands dead o' yellow jack, an' foundered before she made the land. You ain't heard their voices chanting the Devil's Mass above the roar o' the gale, when there ain't a vessel within ten miles o' you! You ain't seen the—Heavens, look there!"

The crew leaped to their feet with a gasp. Right on their broadside, not fifty yards away, a smack seemed to appear out of the emptiness of the sea. She was like no vessel built by the hand of man, for she glowed like a lump of damp phosphorus, with a smoking, red gleam. With all canvas set, she was sailing dead in the eye of the wind—to a sailor's mind, the strangest thing of all.

But it was her crew that made her a walking horror—an outrage upon the face of the waters. Clad in oilskins

## COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS AND GIRLS!

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

From a reader who lives at Reading, comes a query concerning animals. He asks me what is—

### THE MOST SAVAGE WILD ANIMAL IN BRITAIN.

There aren't many in Britain to-day—our country is too over-populated to allow many to live in their natural surroundings. Up in the north of Scotland, however, many animals continue to live in their ordinary wild manner, and the most savage among them is the wildcat. Do you know that the wildcat is the only animal which no one has, as yet, succeeded in taming? It avoids humans; but, if cornered, can give a remarkably good account of itself. Golden eagles are also found in the same part of the country, and eagles are very partial to wildcat meat. The result is that fights between eagles and wildcats are frequent. But even an eagle, with its razor-sharp claws, is not a match for the wildcat, which rears on its hind legs and brings its fangs and foreclaws into play. Generally, the fight finishes with the eagle having a very bad time of it, and the wildcat watching its opportunity to dash away and lose itself in the rocks, where it licks its wounds and waits for the next battle with its ancient enemy.

My next letter comes from a Norwich reader, and deals with

### MORE CURIOUS STREET NAMES.

He says that London and Paris aren't the only places which have curiously-named streets, and sends me some particulars of the streets in his native city. The space in front of Norwich Cathedral must surely be one of the most curiously named places in the country. It is called "Tombland." Norwich also boasts of other streets which are called "Gentlemen's Walk," "Unthank Road," and "Back of the Inns."

Talking about names reminds me of some

### CURIOUS SURNAMES,

which were in use at the end of the eighteenth century. How would you like to be called "Mr. Canal-Smell"? Yet that is the translation of a name that was bestowed upon a Jew in Germany in those days. Other amazing names were such as "Asses'-Head," "Cabbage-Head,"

"Hundredweight-Heavy," and "Change of Temperature." In those days the unfortunate people who were dubbed with these names had to retain them. The only way they could change their names was by emigrating to another country. Many of them went to America, where they promptly altered their names to less-conspicuous ones. Generally, they changed them into some form of their first name.

Donald Ducat, of Middlesbrough, asks me if I can tell him which is

### THE LARGEST STAMP IN THE WORLD.

Yes. The Chinese once issued a postage stamp that measured seven and a half inches by two and three-quarter inches. It was used for special-delivery purposes.

Now for a few

### RAPID-FIRE REPLIES

to shorter queries which various readers have put up to me:

**Where Did Stratford Get Its Name?** From an ancient word "Strata," meaning a street. The name Stratford, therefore, means "at the street by the ford."

**Can Aeroplanes be Flown Without Pilots?** Yes. It is claimed that pilotless planes can be flown at 100 miles per hour, and attain a height of 10,000 feet. The means of controlling the planes, however, is kept a close secret.

**Who Took the First Cinema Film?** The first moving picture on celluloid film was taken by an Englishman, William Friese-Green, in 1889. He died in poverty in 1921—when other people were making millions out of the cinema industry.

**What is the Highest Village in Scotland?** Leadhills, in Lanarkshire. It is 1,301 feet above sea level. Lead has been mined there since Roman days, and gold, too.

Now we turn to next week's programme. The long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., which I have in store for you, is a real corker. It's entitled:

### "GUYED ON THE FIFTH!"

By Frank Richards,

and it's a mixture of fun, thrills, excitement and the thousand and one things which go to make a really good yarn. I don't want to give away the plot, but I will say that the story is full of big bangs and surprises!

Next will be instalment number three of our grand new sea story by David Goodwin. I guess you've learnt to like "Dogger Dan" already, and will be waiting on tenterhooks to see what trials and tribulations befall him next week. The "Greyfriars Herald," of course, must not be overlooked, neither must the Rhymester's Interview. Naturally, I will be in the office as usual, waiting to hear from you.

YOUR EDITOR.

and seaboots, at first glance they looked human. But their faces, peering out of the sou'-westers, were the faces of men long since dead. The skin of each, dry and yellow, was stretched tightly over the bones of the skull, showing every ridge and hollow, and the teeth were bare and grinning. But the terror of each face lay in the eyeballs, that glowed like hot coals.

"The Red Gabriel," croaked Griffiths, his throat harsh and dry, "and her crew of dead!"

He dropped upon the deck and buried his head in his arms.

"Ay," said Atheling, white as ashes under the tan of his cheeks, "it's the Red Gabriel!"

"What does it mean?" said Dan, staring in amazement.

The Finn, immovable as ever, was looking at the apparition with his piercing eyes.

"It means death and misery!" he said slowly. And then he turned and looked curiously at Dan. "The boy!" he said, under his breath. "He does not fear!"

"It was he who brought it on us!" cried Buck, shuddering. "See, there's Dead Dave himself at the tiller! It's Dan's luck, an' his fool's talk 'bout sperrits! 'Twill be the last voyage o' the Grey Seal!"

He choked, and turned away.

The crew drew aside from Dan as from one who bears the plague with him, and the boy noticed it.

These men, who feared nothing human that sailed the seas, and whose courage no tempest could shake, quailed before that horrid phantom.

Not so Dan. Though unproven upon the seas, he was born without fear of any kind. Moreover, owning a quick brain, that had been trained by a good education, he had no belief in phantoms, and knew nothing of the strange things that sailors see.

The hideous smack, with its crew of dead, kept pace with the Grey Seal, and moved along in silence deep as the grave. Dan could stand it no longer.

"Be it ship or devil," he cried, "I will test it for myself! Here's at you, Dead Dave!"

"Stop him!" cried Atheling. "Come back, you young fool! Ye're going to your death!"

The Grey Seal's foot-boat was towing astern, and in an instant Dan had leaped into it and cast it adrift. He whipped out the oars, and pulled away with lashing strokes. Straight towards the phantom smack he headed.

Cost what it might, he would solve the mystery. The Seal's crew, silent and horrified, watched him go.

Dan paused for a moment, and looked over his shoulder.

Silent as the tomb, making no wake in the water, the ghostly vessel surged gently ahead. The skeleton crew crowded to her side, and seemed to gibber at him. The empty eye-sockets burned like glow-worms.

Then, steeling his nerves, and taking a long breath, Dan bent to his oars, and drove the foot-boat up to the phantom craft with all his force.

### Three Cheers For Dan!

ONWARD sped the foot-boat.

After that one glance at the phantom smack and her ghastly crew, Dan looked round no more. His back was turned to them as he pulled away, and he saw, instead, the Grey Seal which he was leaving behind, rising gently to the swell. Her crew stood still and silent—four strong men, brave as any that sailed the seas,



Suddenly, a red glow seemed to envelop Dan. A maze of half-transparent rigging towered above his head, and he thought he caught a glimpse of unearthly eyes!

yet white-faced and frozen with horror at the sight of that grim spectre ship and the dead men that manned her.

Out of the corner of his eye, Dan caught sight of the strange vessel's side. He was close upon her. With one last sturdy pull at the oars, he drove the boat onward, and his heart stood still.

Suddenly a dull-red glow seemed to envelop him. A maze of half-transparent rigging towered above his head, and he thought he caught a gleam of unearthly eyes close to his in the heart of the flame-coloured mist. Then the boat shot out clear of the glow into the cool night air.

From the decks of the Grey Seal arose a hoarse shout. They could hardly believe their eyes. The foot-boat, with Dan's last stroke at the oars, had gone slap through the Red Gabriel as though she were air, and came out beyond her.

Dan gasped with astonishment. The phantom smack grew dimmer, her outlines became vague, and her weird crew were hardly visible.

Instead of fear or wonder, a feeling of baffled anger seized Dan.

"I'll find out what you are!" he cried, and, swinging the foot-boat round, he dashed back towards the phantom at full speed.

But he never reached her. As the boat's bows were about to charge her for a second time, the Red Gabriel

quivered, hovered for a second, faded into lambent mist, and then went out like the puff of a candle. The foot-boat was left alone, rocking on the midnight sea.

Dan rested on his oars, staring, stupefied. He could hardly realise that the grisly spectre had vanished utterly—sucked away into the emptiness of the night.

For several seconds he remained motionless, not knowing what to make of it. Then a wild cheer broke the silence. It came from the Grey Seal, and Dan turned and rowed slowly back.

When he reached the Grey Seal, strong arms lifted him on board and set him on the cabin-top, where every man of the crew tried to shake hands with him at once.

"Hurrah for the lad that dared the

"The strange illusions that appear to overworked sailors in the loneliness of the high seas by night, and the unexplained tricks that sea and sky sometimes play upon the eyesight, account for the so-called phantoms that seamen sometimes see. The illusions of spectre vessels, land where no land exists, lights where no lighthouse stands, and other weird phenomena, are put down to supernatural causes by seamen, who are naturally superstitious.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,446.

Red Gabriel!" roared John Atheling; and they swung their caps high, and cheered him to the echo. "Youngster, it's 'Plucky Dan' you should be called, not 'Dogger Dan'! You've done what the best of us wouldn't do for a year's wage!"

"Ain't he got grit!" cried Buck Atheling, giving Dan a tremendous thump on the back. "Don't blush, old boy. We've pulled out o' the sea the best cub that ever fell into it! Fancy rowin' up to the ghost ship like that!" He shuddered at the recollection. "Won't he make a fisherman?"

"Aha!" said the old Finn, looking at Dan with his piercing black eyes. "Fisherman! He vas make more dan you know."

"What then, Macoul?"

The crew became silent suddenly and watched the Finn. They had a deep respect for his quiet, uncanny sayings.

"He has broke der luck in two," said Macoul. "I tell you dere vas ruin for us, ven dot cursed ghost ship she come like she did! But der boy"—he put his long, sinewy fingers on Dan's shoulder, and his eyes gleamed—"he broke der bad luck when he row through her, and now all things will be great! He vill be der finest mascot in der fleet!"

"Three cheers for the Grey Seal's mascot!" cried Buck.

Cheer followed cheer as Dan was hoisted shoulder-high and marched three times round the reeling decks to the tune of a deep-sea chantey. Then everyone went below, with the exception of the steersman, and a mighty supper of strange dishes was prepared in Dan's honour.

"Mate," said Dan sleepily, when the feast ended at last—he was fast picking up the speech of the Dogger—"you're making a mighty fuss about nothing, it seems to me. But I hope I'll bring you all the luck the Finn promises. And I reckon it's time to turn in."

(Dan has certainly proved himself a hero in the eyes of his shipmates. But what of the rascally Jake Rebow and the deal he has made with Dudley Graham? Be sure to read the continuation of this thrilling yarn in next week's MAGNET.)

## THE FIFTH-FORMER'S SECRET!

(Continued from page 24.)

James gave him no heed. His eyes were fixed on Warren of the Fifth with bitter, evil malevolence gleaming in them.

"I'll pay you for this!" He spat out the words. "Oh, I'll pay you for this, Jim Warren! You beggar—and son of a beggar! I'll show you up at your school, where you're using my name, you impostor!"

Price gave a violent start. He knew—at least, he was sure—that Warren of the Fifth was not, as he was supposed to be, James Warren, son of Sir Arthur Warren. He knew that Harry Wharton knew it. He had suspected that the real James Warren was kept out of the way by some kind of foul play. And this was the fellow; his words could mean nothing else.

"You spoofer, you impostor, you cheat!" James was going on. "I'll show you up! At my school, in my name—a false name—"

"My name is Jim Warren," said the Fifth Former quietly. "I am at Greyfriars in my own name, James, at least."

Price began to understand. They were cousins—the same name. And his suspicions evidently had been groundless. James, it was clear, was keeping away from Greyfriars of his own accord.

James panted, almost speechless with fury.

"You hound! A beggarly poor relation! You had to leave school because your poverty-stricken father couldn't pay the fees. I know now why he agreed so willingly to let me keep away from Greyfriars. He was thinking all the while of shoving you in my place! But I'll show you up!" He turned his eyes on the staring Price. "You can tell them at Greyfriars that fellow isn't what he pretends to be. He's my cousin, the son of a beggarly ex-officer. No more Sir Arthur Warren's son than you are! You can tell them—"

Price walked away to the gate.

"That's enough, James," said Jim Warren quietly. "Another word, and I'll knock it back down your throat, and your teeth after it!"

James opened his mouth, and closed it again. He gave his cousin a glare of concentrated hatred and fury, and slouched away up the path.

Jim, breathing hard, followed Price out at the gate.

"I—I say!" stammered Price. "You'd better leave me alone!" said Warren, between his set lips. "You know enough now to go to the Head and give me away! Get on with it!"

"I—I'm sorry," stammered Price. "What the dickens do you mean?"

"I'm leaving you alone. If that brute can be got to hold his tongue, you're all right. I—I'm sorry I've been such a beast to you. You needn't think I'm going to say anything. I shan't say a word—not after what you've done!"

He turned away, without another word, and left Jim Warren staring after him blankly.

Harry Wharton & Co. were quite surprised when they saw Jim Warren come in. From the signs of damage on his face, they surmised that Price had put up an unexpectedly good scrap. Naturally, they wanted to know.

"You licked him, Warren?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Eh—who?"

"Who?" repeated Harry Wharton. "Price, of course!"

"You young ass! No!"

"Haven't you been scrapping with Price?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"No," Warren smiled. "Price isn't such a bad chap."

"Wha-a-at!" gasped the Famous Five, in chorus.

Jim walked on, and left them gasping.

THE END.

(Now look out for next week's MAGNET and a ripping Fifth of November yarn of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled: "GUYED ON THE FIFTH!" It's a feast of fun, thrills, and explosive surprises. Be sure to order your copy early!)

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# The SPEED-FIEND of ST. SAM'S!

By DICKY NUGENT

"Bizzy, boys!" Dr. Birchmell, the Head of St. Sam's, asked that question as he poked his somewhat prominent nose round the door of the cycle-shed.

"Yes, rather, sir!" responded Jolly, of the Fourth, turning a grimy face to the Head. "Merry and Bright and I have just finished helping Bullion to mend his motor-bike."

"Good egg!" grinned Dr. Birchmell. "I couldn't have come at a better time to borrow the old jigger, could I? Thanks, Bullion! I'll do the same for you one day!"

Calmly elbowing the Fourth Formers aside, Dr. Birchmell helped himself to Bullion's motor-bike.

Bullion gave a yell.

"Half a minnit, sir! I didn't say you could have it!"

The Head pawed, with a rather unplezzant egg-pression on his dial.

"Because why?" he demanded.

"Because you can't ride for toffy, sir! I wouldn't trust you with a kid's scooter, let alone a fifty-ginny motor-bike!"

Dr. Birchmell cullered furiously.

"You cheeky young welp!" he eggclaimed wrathfully. "As a matter of fakt, I'm a regular dabster on a motor-bike. Only last week I rode a motor-bike belonging to Swan-Kerr, of the Fifth, for ten minnits, and the only casualties were a couple of chickens and a terrier."

"All the same, sir," said Bullion doggedly, "you can't have my bike!"

"I can!"

"You jolly well can't!"

"I jolly well can, and, what's more, I jolly well will!" snorted the Head. "What are things coming to, I should like to know, when one of my own peewils refuses me the loan of his motor-bike? Why, I've never heard the like of it! Stand aside!"

"Yarooooo!"

Bullion uttered a howl as Dr. Birchmell pushed the bike over his pet corn.

"Sorry and all that!" grinned the Head. "See you later, boys—and don't be surprized if I achieve fame and fortune in the intervening period!"

With that kryptic remark, Dr. Birchmell started up Bullion's motor-bike and sprang into the saddle.

A moment later, he was careering wildly across the quad, scattering fellows in all directions before him.

"Well, of all the nerve!" ejaculated Bullion.

"He's a cheeky old fogey, and no mistake!" remarked Merry. "I wonder what he meant by saying he mite achieve fame and fortune before we see him again?"

Jack Jolly whistled.

"My hat! I've just remembered there's an amateur dirt-track race for a hundred-pound prize at the Muggleton Speedway this afternoon! Is it possible that he intends to race in it?"

"I bet that's what he's after!" cried Bullion eggadly. "Think of the dammdge the old buffer may do to my motor-bike!"

"Still, it will be all right if he wins the prize!" grinned Jack Jolly. "As the owner of the machine you can demand it for yourself then."

"I've got a good idea," eggclaimed Bright.

"Let's all go to Muggleton Speedway and see the race!"

## Answers to Correspondents

"SHELLITE."—"You're a sharp-featured lot in the Remove."

That's not surprising. Quelch spends most of his time keeping our noses to the grindstone!

"SNOOPY."—"You can never accuse me of thinking of money."

We admit you never seem to think of the five bob we lent you last term, "Snoopy."

"BUNTY."—"Only one thing stopped me having a good blow-out."

The owner of the tuck BLEW IN, eh, "Bunty"?

"FURIOUS."—"I'm looking for a chap with cauliflower ears."

Why not look with your eyes instead, old sport?



# The GREYFRIARS HERALD

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## DOWN WITH DORM BOXING

Bellows BOLSOVER MAJOR

Steer clear of this newfangled sport known as Dorm Boxing! That's my tip, fellow-bashers!

When I first heard of it, I thought to myself: Perey, old lad, Dorm Boxing sounds just like your mutton! I thought it was probably ordinary boxing, carried out in the dark; and the idea of hitting out at random and chancing across somebody's ear or nose now and again appealed to me quite strongly.

But Dorm Boxing turned out to be nothing of the kind. It was carried out by candle-light instead of in darkness, and the chief feature of it was that you weren't allowed to hit your opponent under any circumstances!

Of course, I kicked up a shindy about that right away, but the Remove committee of the Dorm Boxing Association wouldn't listen to reason. They said that Dorm Boxing had been devised especially to obviate the possibility of making a noise, and for that reason it was quite different from ordinary boxing. The "boxers" had to stand on one spot without moving their feet and just pretend to hit out, and points were awarded for feinting and dodging. Any man who moved his feet or actually hit his opponent was promptly disqualified! Jever hear such a piffling idea in all your life?

Just to try it out, I "fought" a round with Brown. That round convinced me that Dorm Boxing is a sheer footling waste of time. We twisted and wriggled about like a couple of giddy classical dancers for several minutes. Finally, I absent-mindedly gave Brown a flick on the chin—and the Remove almost died of shock! While Brown stood there, paralysed with surprise, the committee made a rush at me and dragged me away as though I'd committed a crime!

Take my word for it, fellow-bashers, this idiotic game is not for us. Down with Dorm Boxing! That's my idea about it.

## FRANK NUGENT demands No More Earthquakes at Greyfriars

I've just finished a tour of the area devastated by last night's earthquake. The damage I've seen is simply terrific! The Remove passage, where the shock was chiefly felt, looks like a battlefield. The Remove studies look like junk shops! Ceilings are down, pictures and mirrors have fallen, and desecration reigns supreme. Refugees are being cared for in the Rag and in studies which have suffered the least.

Survivors say that the earthquake was the most terrifying phenomenon they have ever known. The House shook and rumbled and the deafening noise above didn't stop for a second.

Of course, something will have to be done about it. If this is the sort of thing we're to expect every Friday evening, we shall all be wrecks before the end of the term.

My own suggestion for putting the trouble right is that Skinner should be compelled to transfer his dancing-class from the box-room over the Remove passage to the crypt or the playing-fields!

## The Thrill of Your Life

Chess Final between Newland and Linley in the Remove Form-room next Wednesday evening. Sensation after sensation at staggering speed—three moves an hour positively guaranteed! Don't miss it!

N.B.—Follows with weak hearts are advised to stay away in case the excitement proves too much for them!

## Vagrant's Story Made Court Weep

Says  
PETER HAZELDENE

Readers of the "Greyfriars Herald" who picture the Remove Court as a stern, inhuman medium for punishing evildoers would have changed their ideas if they had been present during the hearing of a case last week. I was there myself, and it opened my eyes, I can tell you! Why, at one time practically the entire court, including judge, ushers and police, were shedding tears of sympathy for the prisoner in the dock!

The prisoner, one William George Bunter, was charged on his own confession with wandering without visible means of subsistence. To an engrossed court he unfolded a pitiful story.

"I say, you fellows—I mean, your honour—it's time something was done about it," he said in a voice faint with hunger. "It was an hour after dinner-time when I gave myself up to the police, and all I had to keep body and soul together up to tea-time was half a dozen doughnuts and a tin of toffee."

A sort of shudder ran through the court. "I ask you, your honour, what's the good of half a dozen doughnuts and a tin of toffee to me?" asked Bunter. "It's a mere snack—something with which to whet the appetite, not satisfy it! No-body could possibly subsist on it, so it can't be called visible means of subsistence, can it?"

Mr. Justice Wharton, subduing his emotion with a powerful effort, addressed the prisoner. "In other words," he said, "what you mean is that if we give you justice we shall give you something to eat?"

"I say, Wharton—I mean, your honour—you must be a giddy thought-reader! That's just what I did mean!"

"It shall be done!"

Bang! Crash! Wallop! The Head crashed into the again, bounced off, and then hit a rival machine, sending its rider flying. Then he roared more than ever!

"Last lap—and the Heading!" cried Jolly.

"Go it, sir!"

With a final burst of speed, Birchmell entered the straight. It was all a bar shouting now. Bullion's machine flashed by judge—there was a grate roar of cheering. The Head cannoned into the rails for the last and flew over the handlebars, to land among spectators in the stand, amid deafening cheers.

Dr. Birchmell had won! "Good old Birchy!" cried Jack Jolly, as he led the way to the dressing.

"It's lucky for you he won, Bullion—your time looks as if it has fallen to pieces! Now only a matter of getting the Head to hand your share of the prize!"

Strange to relate, the Head didn't seem a bit overjoyed at his grate when the St. Sam's juniors joined him. He asked their congratulations with a meek curt nod.

"Thank you, boys," he said. "By the way, what are you doing of, coming to see me here?"

"We've come to see you, Bullion, his share of the prize, sir," eggexplained Jolly. "As you've smashed up his machine, you bound to want to give him a good wack out of prize, aren't you?"

The Head started—and, to the juniors' surprise, he broke into a snarl, merciless larf.

"Ha, ha, ha! Nothing but an unintentional hewmer!" he cried. "So want a share of the net proceeds, Bullion, eh? A half-share do, or do you want the lot?"

"I shall be quite satisfied with a half-share, sir," grinned Bullion.

"Good!" grinned the Head. "In that case Bullion, kindly hand over bob!"

"Eh?"

"Two bob!" repeated Birchmell, holding out a grimy paw. "Your of the net proceeds, Bullion, is two bob less thashing!"

"But you won a hundred, sir!" yelled Bullion.

"Eggactly! In doing soever," eggexplained the Head, "I dammdge Speedway to the eggstent of one hundred and four shillings—so the net result of my success is I've had to pay four shillings from my own pocket. Two bob, please, Bullion!"

"M-m-may hat!" stutted Bullion.

He paid out like a fellow dream. After that, a sadder and wiser man, he with Jack Jolly & Co. to collect the battered remains of his motor-bike.

As far as Bullion was concerned, it would have been a jolly site better if rather than victory had crowned the efforts of Birchmell!

Bright's idea found immediate favour, and in a couple of jiffies the quartette were on their way to Muggleton.

By the time they reached the Muggleton Speedway the entrants were lining up for the start of the amateur dirt-track race. Among them the St. Sam's boys instantly spotted Dr. Birchmell sitting astride Bullion's machine. He was wearing his cap and gown as per usual, but there was a grim, determined look on his fazz that showed he was not to be sneered at on that account.

"Are you ready?" yelled the official starter through his megafone.

The amateur speedmen nodded.

BANG!

A pistol-shot rang out. With a deffening roar, the motor-bikes started away. The grate race had begun!

The St. Sam's juniors didn't eggspert for a moment that the Head would do any good. But a great surprise was in store for them. It wasn't long before they realised that Dr. Birchmell was going all out to win that hundred-pound prize. With his cap pulled well over his eyes and his gown flying behind him, the Head drove Bullion's machine round the track at tremendous speed!

The only drawback about his driving was that he couldn't steer straight.

It was a wonder he didn't break his neck, for he kept on bashing into the rails and knocking over his rivals like ninepins. Yet he didn't get upset once himself. To make up for it, Bullion got upset quite a number of times as he saw his fifty-ginny motor-bike going through the mill!

"If he keeps this up he'll win the race!" eggclaimed Jolly, as the Head kept on forging ahead. "In that case, Bullion, you'll get enuff out of it to buy a new machine!"

"My hat! I never thought of that!" said Bullion, beginning to brighten up again. "Let's give him a cheer, then, you fellows!"

The Co., who were now getting quite eggsted over the race, were only too willing to oblige.

"Go it, St. Sam's!" they yelled.

"Beat 'em all, Birchmell!"

"Show 'em what you can do, sir!"

The Head heard the shouts of encouragement and redoubled his efforts.

Bullion's bike fairly whizzed round the track.



## WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



When Coker, of the Fifth, demanded of Winkate that he should turn out on Big Side, Winkate agreed to Coker's surprise. Only after Coker had hung about in a chilly wind for some time did it dawn on him that the First XI match had been postponed! Coker's "side" had made him look far from "big"!

While Bunter uses more words per diem than any other fellow, Johnny Bull probably uses fewest. Johnny is a man of action, and when he speaks, what he has to say is short and to the point. A "blunt" friend is Johnny—but, on the other hand, he has never been known to have his "knife" into anybody!

One of the "sharps" who went the Cross Keys at Col. Smith to a game of billiards hoping to fleece him. Smith, who is a skilled hand with a cue, ran out well on top! He was to get up very early "down" a "downy" bird Smith!

Finning a seagull on the beach at Pier Bay with a broken wing, Dick Russell took it back to Greyfriars, set the wing, and tended the bird till it had recovered. Then he took it down to the beach again and released it. Harold Skinner says Russell "soft"—but the cads find him hard to "gull"!

In a race in the specially heated school swimming bath Bunter was given sixty seconds start. Harry Wharton was "scratch"—but he could have given Bunter an hour's start. Bunter "started" by wallowing several mouthfuls of water—and while Wharton was winning, Bunter was being dragged out! "Startling"!

## GREYFRIARS FACTS WHILE YOU WAIT!



Johnny Bull can proudly say he has never taken a "knock-out" in the ring. His rather heavy build makes him a little slower than some. But nobody in the Remove cares to meet his sledge-hammer blows often!

Bob Cherry, the junior champion, beat him on points the other day—but they're still firm pals!