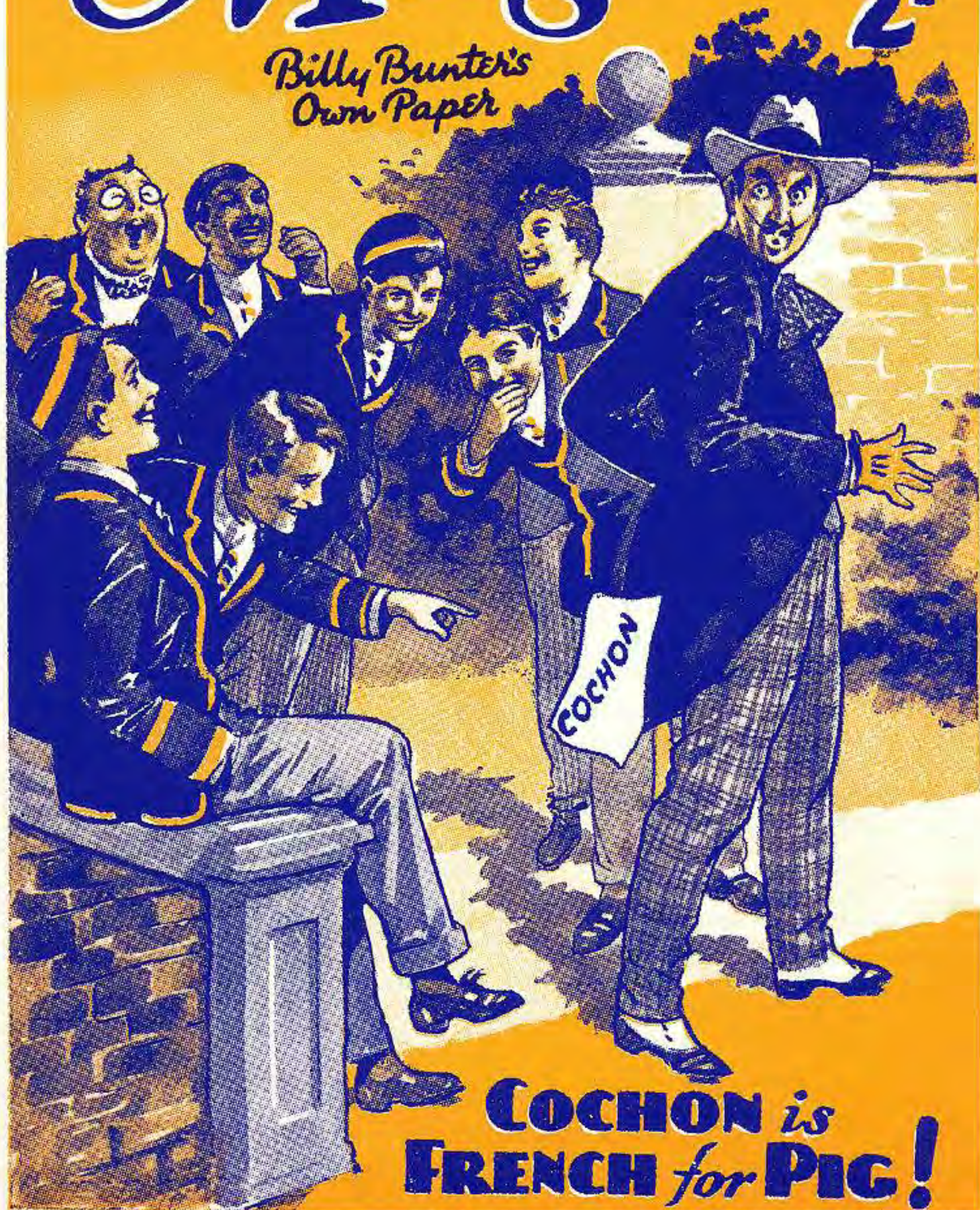


"WIBLEY WINS THROUGH!" Sparkling Long School Story of Harry Wharton & Co.

The Magnet

2^d

Billy Bunter's
Own Paper



COCHON *is*
FRENCH *for* **PIG!**

A YARN THAT HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED . . . BY THE PRINCE OF SCHOOL-STORY WRITERS

WIBLEY WINS THROUGH!

By FRANK RICHARDS



—featuring WILLIAM WIBLEY, the Famous Schoolboy Impersonator, and HARRY WHARTON & Co.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Archibald Takes a Hand!

"O H crumbs!" breathed Bob Cherry.
"What——"
"Look!"

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were sauntering in the quad after class. Archibald Popper, the new fellow in the Remove, had just joined them, coming along from the school shop with a bag of apples.

Interest had been centred in that bag of ripe, red apples, till Bob Cherry suddenly drew the attention of his comrades to a peculiar scene at a little distance.

Then they all looked—or, rather, stared!

At a little distance were the windows of Masters' Studies, most of them open in the hot midsummer afternoon.

Under one of the windows, in a deck-chair, was seated Monsieur Charpentier, the French master.

His back was to the open window as he sat, with a pile of French exercises on his knees, which he was busy correcting.

Not having eyes in the back of his head, Mossoo could not, of course, see the open window behind him.

But Harry Wharton & Co. could, and they saw a face looking out of that window.

It was the face of Bolsover major of the Remove.

Bolsover was grinning, as he looked down at the top of the French master's head.

His right hand was raised.

In it was an inkpot, evidently borrowed from the study table.

It was plain to the view—and equally

plain—was Percy Bolsover's intention! He was going to pour the contents of that inkpot over the unconscious head below.

Harry Wharton & Co. stared at him. Archibald Popper glared at him.

"The ass!" breathed Archibald. "The fathead! The chump! If Froggy gets that ink——"

"He will be inky!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"The inkfulness will be terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Can't stop him," said Frank Nugent. "Froggy will get it this time! After all, serve him jolly well right for getting a Remove man sacked!"

"Fathead!" yapped Archibald.

The Famous Five grinned.

Mossoo, evidently, was going to get the ink. Ever since Wibley of the Remove had been expelled from Greyfriars, Froggy, as the cause of it, had suffered rag after rag from Wibley's Form-fellows. This was one more in an innumerable list. Bolsover major had spotted Mossoo sitting under his window, gone quietly to his study, and now was leaning out above him, inkpot in hand, ready for action!

But Archibald Popper, the new junior, had his own reasons—excellent reasons—for setting up in opposition to the majority of the Form on the subject of ragging Froggy.

"That silly fathead has got to be stopped!" he breathed.

"Can't stop him——" said Harry.

"Can't I?" snorted Archibald.

He grabbed a large apple from the bag. The Famous Five stared at him as he took aim with it.

"Hold on——" gasped Bob.

Archibald did not heed.

He took swift but accurate aim.

Bolsover major, reaching out with the inkpot was just about to invert it over Froggy's head, when the apple flew.

Whiz!

Bang!

Bolsover major did not know for the moment what hit him. He knew that something banged on his rather prominent nose. He gave a sudden, startled roar, and staggered back from the window.

The inkpot dropped from his hand inside the study. Mossoo had had a narrow escape—the narrowest of narrow escapes! A heavy bump was heard as Bolsover major stumbled over backwards and sat down.

"Got him!" gasped Archibald.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob. "You ass, Mossoo's got him, too!"

"Mon Dieu, vat is zat?" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. He jumped to his feet, startled by Bolsover's sudden roar and the bump in the study.

He spun round to the window, French exercises scattering round him.

He glared in at that window.

He glared at Bolsover major sitting on the carpet, with an apple lying on one side of him, and a streaming inkpot on the other!

"Bolsover, mauvais garcon!" squeaked Mossoo. "Vat is it zat you do zere in my study?"

"Ow! Wow!" gasped Bolsover major. He was clapping his nose with both hands. There seemed to be a pain in it. "Ow! Oh! Ow!"

"De l'encre!" Monsieur Charpentier spotted the inkpot and guessed. "Mon Dieu! Bolsover, you go to zrow zat ink—you take zat inkpot from ze table, and you go to zrow zat ink, isn't it?"

"Ow!" Bolsover major, still clapping his nose, staggered to his feet. He gave

the French master an almost ferocious scowl through the window. He was fairly caught, and there was no getting out of it!

Archibald had not thought of that. He had only thought of stopping the rag in time. He had not thought of it—but he had done it. Bolsover was booked.

"Mauvais garçon!" Monsieur Charpentier gesticulated at him with both hands. "Verree bad boy! You would zrow ze ink over ze head of ze master, I zink! Mais oui! Je le sais!"

From an adjoining study window a head emerged.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, there's Quelch!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, looked out of his window and glanced at the excited French master.

"What is it, Monsieur Charpentier?" he inquired. "Has anything happened to—"

"Mais oui!" shrieked Mossco. "Zat Bolsover—he make himself to enter my study, to zrow ze ink over la tete—ze head—"

"What?" Mr. Quelch's brow grew thunderous. "Do you mean to say that there is a Remove boy in your study, and he—"

"Mais oui! But yes! Zat Bolsover, he—"

"I will go to your study at once."

Mr. Quelch disappeared from his window.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Harry Wharton. "Bolsover's for it now!"

There was no doubt about that!

In a matter of seconds the juniors saw their Form-master entering Mossco's study. He had a cane in his hand. His voice, not loud but deep, reached the juniors through the open window.

"Bolsover!"

"Ye-e-es, sir!" stammered Bolsover major, still rubbing his nose.

"What are you doing here in the French master's study?"

"I—I—I—"

"Did you drop that inkpot?"

"I—I—I—"

"What were you doing with it, Bolsover?"

"I—I—I—"

"That will do! Bend over that chair, Bolsover! I have spoken to my Form more than once on the subject of this—this persecution of the French master. I am determined to put a stop to it! I shall make an example of you, Bolsover."

Harry Wharton & Co. turned away as their Form-master proceeded to make an example of Bolsover major. It was too painful a scene to witness. Bolsover's voice, however, followed them as they went. It followed them on its top note!

"Yow-ow-ow! Wow! Oh crikey! Wow!"

It sounded as if Henry Samuel Quelch was putting his beef into it!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Row in the Remove!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter put a grinning face into Study No. 1 in the Remove. He grinned still more widely as he spotted the worried expressions on the faces in that study.

"I say, you fellows, there's going to be a row!" squeaked Bunter. "I say,

this study is jolly well going to be ragged! He, he, he!"

"Oh, shut up, fathead" growled Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton & Co. were already aware that there was going to be a "row." Hence their worried looks.

Farther up the passage, the bull-voice of Bolsover major could be heard. That voice was always loud—now it was louder than ever!

Thrilling with indignation, Bolsover major was telling a crowd of Remove fellows all about it.

Bolsover, the biggest and burliest fellow in the Form, was a good deal of a bully, and not at all popular in the Remove. But, on the present occasion, it was clear that the feeling of the Form was on his side.

"That cad Popper!" came Bolsover's roar, audible in Study No. 1, now that Bunter had the door open. "That mop-headed new cad—"

"Shut that door, Bunter!" rapped Harry Wharton.

"He, he, he!"

"Get on the other side of it, first!" said Frank Nugent

"I say, you fellows, what about tea?" asked Billy Bunter. He blinked through his big spectacles at the study table, which was bare. It was tea-time; but nobody in Study No. 1, at the moment, was thinking of tea.

Nobody answered Bunter's question.

Wibley's wonderful wheeze for getting his expulsion from Greyfriars cancelled by disguising himself as the new boy, Popper, seems all set for success—and then Popper's uncle turns up!

In the present state of worry in that study, Bunter, and tea, were both superfluous. Instead of answering, Johnny Bull picked up a Latin dictionary from the table, and took aim.

Whiz! Thud!

"Oooogh!" gasped Bunter, as the dictionary landed on his well-filled waistcoat. "Beast! Look here—"

Johnny Bull picked up the inkpot, apparently to dispatch it after the dictionary.

Bunter did not wait for the inkpot.

Slam!

The study door closed hurriedly, and Bunter disappeared.

"Beast!" came a howl through the keyhole. "You're going to get a jolly good ragging, and serve you jolly well right! I'm jolly glad! Yah!"

After which, the fat Owl of the Remove departed in haste, lest the door should open again!

In the study, the Famous Five looked at one another, and then they all looked at Archibald Popper.

"Now, look here, Wibley—" said Bob Cherry.

Archibald Popper glared at him.

"If you call me Wibley again, you silly ass, I'll buzz the inkpot at your silly head!" he snapped.

Archibald Popper, the new junior, with his thick wavy brown hair, and his heavy dark eyebrows, looked nothing at all like William Wibley, the Removeite who had been expelled from Greyfriars.

Wibley's hair was close-cropped, and

rather the colour of tallow. His eyebrows were slight and light.

Only the fellows who were in the secret knew that Wibley's close-crop was hidden under Archibald's wavy brown hair, his almost imperceptible eyebrows under those thick dark ones.

Wib, who had played many parts as the leading spirit of the Remove Dramatic Society, was now playing his most extraordinary part—as a new boy at Greyfriars!

Nine fellows were in the secret. The Famous Five knew. The Bounder and Tom Redwing knew. Peter Todd and Billy Bunter knew. So far, however, that secret had been kept from the rest of the Remove.

Still more carefully was it kept from the rest of Greyfriars.

Even Wib, with all the nerve for which he was famous in his Form, quaked at the idea of Mr. Quelch discovering that an expelled fellow was still in the Remove under a new name and in a new guise!

It was a risky game! Wibley's disguise was perfect—he was a past-master in that line. But fellows who knew who he was sometimes called him by his name without thinking.

Billy Bunter had to be bribed with tuck to keep his tongue from wagging. Once Mossco had heard Wibley drop unconsciously into his natural tones, forgetting to use the high-pitched voice he had adopted as Archibald Popper.

Really, it seemed that only by a series of miracles had the disguised schoolboy escaped detection in two or three weeks at the school which he was supposed to have left for ever.

"That cad Popper—" Bolsover major's angry roar came through the shut door. "That new cad! I tell you, he barged in and got me six from Quelch! I'm going to smash him. And if those cads in his study stand by him, they're going to get a Form ragging!"

"Hear, hear!" came Skinner's voice.

"Fat lot they care about old Wibley being sacked!" went on Bolsover major. "They've chipped in, more than once, to stop a rag on Froggy! Froggy got a Remove man bunked, and they set up to protect him! Now that new cad, Popper—"

Archibald grinned.

"Silly ass!" he remarked.

"That's all very well!" said Harry Wharton tartly. "But Bolsover's in the right, for once. All the Remove agreed to rag Froggy bald-headed, when he got you sacked for guying him."

"It's that fatheaded ragging that's spoiled everything!" snapped Archibald. "But for that, Mossco would have got over it, and I should have been able to catch him in a good temper and persuade him to wash it out—"

"Rubbish!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Mossco hasn't got over your guying him, and he won't get over it. And if it depends on stopping the ragging, you'd better tell all the Remove who you are."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" snorted Archibald. "If all the Remove knew, how long would it be before all the school knew?"

"Better chance that, Wibley!" said Harry Wharton quietly. "We've stopped ragging Froggy, to give you a chance. The other fellows won't stop! And if you barge in to stop them, what the Dickens do you think they'll do?"

"You can talk till you're black in

the face, and it won't make any difference," retorted Archibald. "I've got one chance of getting back here, and only one—and that's catching Froggy in a good temper, and getting him to overlook what happened that evening in the Rag. He's a good-tempered little ass when he's left alone!"

"Well, he won't be left alone," said Nugent. "The fellows won't leave him alone, after he's got a Remove man sacked—"

"Silly goats!" growled Archibald. "Anyhow, I'm jolly glad I stopped that idiot Bolsover—"

"You got him six from Quelch!" bawled Johnny Bull.

"Well, he asked for it! Perhaps it will warn him off! If he comes here kicking up a row, you fellows can sling him out on his neck. I can't scrap, without danger of my hair and eyebrows coming off. You sling him out of—"

The Famous Five glared at Wibley, exasperated.

They liked old Wib; they sympathised deeply with him in his disaster; they were prepared to do anything they could to help carry him on. But matters were getting altogether too unpleasant.

They did not believe that there was anything at all in Wibley's hope that the French master might be persuaded to forgive his offence, and speak to the Head in his favour. But, to help him all they could, they had set themselves against the ragging of Mossoo. That had caused a lot of trouble, as well as suspicions of "funk."

Now, clearly, there was going to be a row in the Remove, with nearly all the Form against them, Bolsover major, generally in the wrong, was in the right—in spite of which, they were called upon to handle him!

"Now, look here, you blithering fat-head!" said the captain of the Remove. "The only thing you can do, is to let the fellows know, and chance it—"

"I'll watch it!" snapped Archibald.

"If you told them—"

"I won't!"

"Well, look here—"

Harry Wharton was interrupted. There was a terrific bang at the study door, and it flew open.

Bolsover major appeared in the doorway. Behind him were a crowd of the Remove.

Archibald backed promptly round the study table.

Bolsover glared at him, across it.

"Here he is!" he roared. "Now watch me smash him!"

"Go it!" grinned Skinner.

And Bolsover major strode into the study.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Amazing Revelation!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. exchanged a quick glance, and lined up in the way of Bolsover major as he stepped in.

"Hold on!" said Harry.

And as the burly Remove did not hold on, he pushed him back.

Bolsover major brandished his fists, which rather resembled legs of mutton in size and shape and weight.

"Get out of the way!" he roared.

"Easy does it, old bean!" said Bob Cherry soothingly.

"Will you let me get at that cad Popper?" roared Bolsover.

"No!"

That was enough for the bully of the Remove. He charged.

The Famous Five grasped him all at once.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,540.

Burly as he was, Bolsover major was not of much use in the grasp of five pairs of hands. Spluttering with rage, he was swung off his feet.

"Stand clear, you fellows!" called out Bob Cherry.

There was a hurried backing of the fellows crowded at the doorway to give Bolsover room as he came. He came—whizzing!

Bump!

He landed in the Remove passage outside Study No. 1, sprawling. He sat up there, and spluttered for breath.

There was an excited buzz from the juniors in the passage. More than half the Remove were there, and they were all angry and indignant. It was clear that Bolsover had the Form on his side this time.

Bolsover staggered breathlessly to his feet. His rugged face was red with fury. Clenching his fists, he charged back into the study. He hit out with both big fists as he charged.

"Ow!" spluttered Bob Cherry, as he received one of them in his eye, and staggered against the table.

"Wow!" gasped Frank Nugent, as the other caught him under the chin, and he sat suddenly in the fender.

A moment more, and Wharton, Johnny Bull, and Hurrce Jamset Ram Singh had hold of Bolsover major, and he travelled through the study doorway again.

Again there was a bump and a roar in the passage.

"Oh! My eye!" gasped Bob.

He rubbed his damaged eye and glared at Archibald with the other. Archibald was keeping on the safe side of the study table.

That was not funk on Wibley's part. In his disguised state, he had to keep clear of scuffling. His outfit as Archibald Popper would not have stuck to him long in a tussle with the enraged Bolsover.

He grinned cheerily at Bob.

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" he said.

"Look at my eye, you silly ass!" gasped Bob.

"Oh! Ow! Oooh!" came spluttering from Bolsover major, as he staggered up in the passage with the help of friendly hands. "Oooh!"

The Famous Five stood ready for another charge. But Bolsover major did not seem in a hurry to charge again. Landing twice on the passage floor seemed to have damped his war-like ardour a little.

"Look here, you fellows, you back me up!" he gasped. "Those cads are sticking up for that new swab! Mop up the lot of them!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it!"

"Ship the study!" shouted Skinner.

"Hold on!" Tom Brown pushed forward to the doorway. Behind him surged an angry crowd. "Let's have this clear! Look here, Wharton, this won't do! What are you sticking up for that meddling cad for?"

It was a difficult question to answer. The Famous Five had promised to keep Wibley's secret. Without revealing it, they could not explain why they were standing by Archibald Popper.

"I can't make you out!" went on Browney. "When old Wib was sacked through that little beast Froggy, you were as keen on anybody on ragging old Charpentier for it. If you've funk'd it, you can't expect everybody else to funk it, too!"

"It's not that, fathead!" snapped the captain of the Remove.

"Well, you've chucked it, anyhow. You've chipped in to stop it more than

once. That cad Popper's done the same. You know what he did this afternoon. Five or six fellows saw him buzz an apple at Bolsover at Froggy's window. Bolsover got six from Quelch. What bizney is it of Popper's if we rag Mossoo? Think we're going to let a new kid dictate to us?"

"Nunno! But—"

"Bolsover's going to whop him for it. You're not going to stop him—see? Stand out of the way!" Browney's eyes gleamed. "You lift a finger to stop Bolsover again, and we'll ship the study!"

"Hear, hear!" roared the crowd in the passage.

"Rag the rotters!" shouted Skinner.

"Go it, Bolsover!"

Bolsover major stamped into the study again. This time he did not come alone. Tom Brown followed him in, and Squiff, and Russell and Ogilvy, and Micky Desmond and Morgan. Behind them other fellows crowded. Bolsover major had plenty of support.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood up to it. They grasped at Bolsover as he came on, and then there was a rush.

The study swarmed with excited juniors. The Famous Five were simply swept away by the rush. They resisted manfully, but they were hurled right and left, struggling in the midst of an excited mob.

The table went over with a crash; chairs were knocked right and left. Bolsover major, leaving his allies to deal with the Famous Five, gave his attention to Archibald Popper.

"Now, you meddling cad!" said Bolsover, as he cornered him.

"Keep off, you silly ass!" gasped Archibald. "I—I— Yaroooh! Oh crikey! Leggo! Oh, my hat! Rescue! Yarooooop!"

He crumpled up in the burly Bolsover's grasp. He struggled frantically, but he struggled in vain. His head went into chancery, and Bolsover major punched at his face—hard and fast!

"Got him!" panted Bolsover.

"Ow! Leggo! Oh crumbs!"

"Take that—and that—and that!"

"Yaroooooh!" roared Archibald, as he took them. "Ow! You mad ass—Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him beans!"

"Give him jip!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry, sitting up dizzily in a corner of the study, with Johnny Bull sprawling over his feet. "Oh crikey!"

"Ow! Wow! Stop it!" shrieked Archibald.

"Take that—and that!"

Archibald had to take them, with his head under Bolsover's left arm, held as in a vice. He struggled and wrenched, and jerked, and got his head away at last, his nose streaming crimson.

He jumped back.

Bolsover was about to jump after him when he stopped with a yell of bewildered astonishment.

Archibald's head had gone under his arm, with thick, wavy, brown hair on it, matched by the thick eyebrows. But it emerged, with a close crop of tallowy hair. The wavy brown hair lay on the floor along with the eyebrows. The change in his looks was so startling that Bolsover wondered for a moment whether he was dreaming.

"Wha-a-at—" stuttered Bolsover.

"Who—what—"

"Oooooogh!" gasped Archibald, his hand to his streaming nose. "Wooogh!"

"Who—who—who's that?" yelled Tom Brown.

"Who—" gasped Squiff.

"What—" yelled Ogilvy.

The riot in the study ceased as if by magic. The Remove ragers stood, thunderstruck, staring at the disguised junior—now undisguised—with popping eyes. Then from Skinner, in the doorway, came an amazed howl:

"Wibley!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Alias Archibald!

"WIBLEY!"

"Great pip!"

"Oh scissors!"

Wibley stood dabbing his nose. Bolsover's hefty punches had

"I'm not Popper, fathead! I never was Popper, idiot! I'm Wibley, chump!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bolsover. "You got yourself up like that, and came back as a new kid when you were sacked? Is that it?"

"Of all the nerve!" exclaimed Skinner.

"Of all the neck!" said Russell.

"But where's Popper, if you ain't Popper?" stuttered Bolsover major. "Popper was coming to Greyfriars! Everybody knew that Sir Hilton Popper's nephew was coming here! If you ain't Popper, where's Popper?"

forgotten in his Form. It was his expulsion that had started the Remove feud with the French master, which was still going strong. Wibley had, in fact, had more prominence in his Form after his expulsion than he had ever had before.

But though the Remove fellows often thought of Wibley, and talked of him, they never dreamed that he was still in their midst!

That was an amazing revelation.

They knew all about his weird and wonderful skill in theatrical stunts. Wibley could impersonate almost anybody. It was for impersonating the French master and "guying" him before a



"I beg of you, sair, zat you pardon zis Wibley," requested the little Frenchman in his shrill voice. "Pardon Wibley?" exclaimed the headmaster. "Really, Monsieur Charpentier, you have changed your mind very suddenly." He did not guess that the French master was really William Wibley in disguise!

rather damaged it. Tom Brown picked up the wavy brown wig from the floor. Squiff picked up the eyebrows. They gazed at them, and gazed at the junior whose identity had been concealed under them.

"Wibley!" stuttered Bolsover major blankly. "It—it isn't! It can't be! It's Popper! It's that new cad Popper! But—but it—it—it's Wib!"

"It's Wib!" gasped Hazeldene. "But—but—how—how—"

"Oh, you asses! Oh, you fatheads!" gasped Wibley. "Gimme that hair! Gimme those eyebrows! Oh, blow you! Suppose a beak came up and saw me without them! Hand them over, blow you!"

"Sure, this bates the band!" gasped Micky Desmond. "Wibley, you spalpeen, if it's you intirely, why didn't you tell your old pals?"

"Why didn't I tell everybody at Greyfriars?" snorted Wibley. "I've told nobody, but some silly asses found it out!"

"But—but," gasped Bolsover major, "how—how can you be Wibley when—you're Popper?"

"He never came, fathead! Ow! My nose! Wow!"

Bolsover major grinned.

"Well, I wouldn't have punched your nose if I'd known whose nose it was, old chap!" he said. "If you'd told me you were Wibley—"

"Ass!" grunted Wibley. "Fathead! You've nearly pushed it through the back of my head! Look at it!"

"Well, serve you jolly well right!" said Bolsover. "You got me six from Quelch, whether you're Wibley or Popper. What the dooce do you mean by sticking up for Froggy? You ought to be keenest of all on ragging him, as he got you sacked!"

"Chump!"

"Wibley! It's Wibley!" The name was repeated up and down the Remove passage. More and more fellows crowded along to Study No. 1.

The study was crowded—the passage outside swarmed. The name of Wibley was on every tongue.

Fellows crowded and crammed and craned to stare into the study.

It was weeks since William Wibley had been expelled; but he had not been

crowd in the Rag that he had been sacked. But certainly they had never dreamed of even Wib carrying a theatrical stunt to this extent.

But there he was! There he was—dabbing a streaming nose with a handkerchief in one hand, with Archibald Popper's wavy brown hair in the other!

Herbert Vernon-Smith elbowed through the crowd in the passage and looked into the study. The Bounder was grinning.

"So it's come out!" he remarked, staring at Wibley.

"That fool Bolsover—" snorted Wibley. "The silly idiot got my head in chancery, and so—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle!" howled Wibley. "Every silly ass in the Remove will know now! How long is it going to be kept dark after that?"

"Not another minute if you're seen without your mop, old bean," chuckled the Bounder. "Stick it on again! If a prefect came up to see what all that row was about—"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wibley.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1540.

His nose was still oozing crimson. But he left off dabbing it and jumped to the looking-glass.

Twenty pairs of eyes watched him as he readjusted the brown wavy hair on his head and fixed it there with fixing-gum. They watched him spellbound.

Then the eyebrows were placed in position, and similarly secured. When Wibley turned from the glass he was Archibald Popper again.

Wide-eyed, the Removites gazed at him.

"Well, this bates Banagher!" gasped Micky Desmond.

"Who the dickens would think that he was Wibley now?" stuttered Bolsover major. "Blessed if I half believe he really is!"

"The sooner you forget it the better!" snapped Archibald. "Look here, all you fellows have got to keep this dark! Not a word outside the Remove!"

"Oh, no! Of course not!" agreed Bolsover major. "But what's the game? What are you doing it for, you fathead?"

"I'm not going to leave Greyfriars, ass!"

"But you're sacked——"

"Fathead!"

"But you can't stick on, calling yourself by another fellow's name!" exclaimed Skinner.

"I can—and I'm going to!"

"Suppose old Popper called to see his nephew at the school?" grinned Squiff.

"He won't! Old Popper was going to send his nephew here, but he decided not, after all. Popper's not coming."

"How the dickens do you know?"

"If I didn't know, ass, do you think I should have barged in here as Popper, fathead? I did know! I was in the Head's study when old Popper telephoned that Archibald wasn't coming—I was waiting for the Head! I took the call. I knew, and the Head didn't!"

"Well, of all the cheek——"

"Oh, rats!"

"But what's the game?" demanded Bolsover major. "Think you can stick here for ever, calling yourself Popper, even if old Sir Hilton doesn't know?"

Snort! from Wibley.

"I'm going to stick here till I catch Froggy in a good temper and get him to wash it out!" he snapped. "And if you silly chumps leave off ragging him it will be all right! You've spoiled it all with your fatheaded ragging!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Bolsover. "So that's why——"

"That's why, fathead!"

"What utter rot!" said Bolsover. "Froggy will never wash it out! He goes off at the deep end if even your name's mentioned!"

"It's the only chance Wibley's got—if it is a chance!" said Harry Wharton.

"Now all you fellows know, you can play up and give Froggy a rest! Give old Wib a chance—such as it is!"

"Oh, all right!" said Bolsover. "I'd have played up if I'd known! Not that there's anything in it—there isn't!"

"Oh, you're an ass!" snapped Wibley.

"Keep your hair on!" grinned Bolsover.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd in Study No. 1 broke up at last. Fellows went to their studies, to tea—and to breathless discussion of Wibley's amazing stunt.

The secret was going to be kept in the Remove—all the juniors agreed on that. But how long it was likely to be kept, with two or three dozen fellows discussing it breathlessly, was another matter!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Trying It On!

MONSIEUR CHARPENTIER was astonished.

He was also pleased.

Never, in fact, since Henri Adolphe Charpentier had been French master at Greyfriars had he been so astonished and so pleased.

It was the day following the startling revelation in Study No. 1. There was a junior French class in Class-room No. 10. Mossoo was taking the Remove in French.

At the best of times there had always been a little ragging in the junior

French sets. Fellows would drop books, bang desk-lids, push over the blackboard by accident, and so on.

But since the expulsion of Wibley of the Remove ragging, when Mossoo was taking that Form, had not been playful—it had been determined and ruthless.

The Remove resented the "sacking" of a member of their Form; and they made that resentment clear—painfully clear—to Monsieur Charpentier.

More than once Mr. Quelch had had to intervene. More than once he had come down with a heavy hand. Nevertheless, Mossoo's life was made something like a burden to him, and his nervous system almost shattered.

He had sat on gum in his study. He had sat on drawing-pins in the class-room. Rats had jumped out of his desk when he lifted the lid. Inky squirts had caught him from round corners. Soot had fallen on his head from booby-traps. Pickles had been introduced into his Sunday topper. All sorts of things had happened to him in the past few weeks, and all of them distinctly unpleasant.

His good-temper and patience had quite disappeared. He had become nervy, irritable, and fierce—which really was not surprising. He showered lines—and, if they were not shown up, reported the delinquents to Mr. Quelch. He handled the cane freely. And, aware that all this worry and trouble derived from the expulsion of William Wibley, his feelings towards that offender naturally became no kinder—but much the reverse.

So, on this particular occasion, Monsieur Charpentier whisked into Class-room No. 10 to take the Remove, prepared for the usual trouble, and prepared to go off at the deep end as soon as it started.

But it did not start!

That was why Mossoo was so surprised, and so pleased!

For a time he fancied that the Remove were lying low, as it were—that they had something up their sleeve to spring on him later.

But he realised at last that some change had come over the Form. They were as good as gold. They went on being as good as gold. It was surprising—it was, in fact, amazing—but it was an immense relief to the little French gentleman. For Mossoo really was a good-tempered and kind-hearted little man, and liked to be on genial terms with his pupils.

Even Bolsover major did not bang a desk-lid. Even Skinner did not project an ink-ball. Ogilvy, when asked to put up the blackboard, did not drop it with a crash. The chalk had not been hidden. On the other hand, when Mossoo dropped the chalk two or three fellows darted out to pick it up for him. The fellow who picked it up presented it to Mossoo with great politeness.

Most marvellous of all to relate the class gave Mossoo attention—real, genuine attention, as if they found something interesting or entertaining in French grammar, and even in French irregular verbs.

There was no talking or whispering in class. No shuffling or stamping of feet. Not a book dropped on the floor all through the lesson.

The Remove might, indeed, have been a model class that afternoon. Even Mr. Quelch, who ruled in his Form-room with an iron hand, never found them quite so good as this.

Really, it was like magic!

Before that class came to an end Monsieur Charpentier was beaming. He was all smiles. He did not hand out a single inpot. His cane remained untouched on his desk. He addressed the

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juniors as "mes enfants"—and even as his dear infants! For the first time in history he actually found pleasure in teaching the Greyfriars Remove French.

He was, perhaps, a little puzzled to understand why the Lower Fourth Form had become so awfully good all of a sudden.

But he was not likely to guess.

It was, in fact, rather a strain on the Remove. They were not accustomed to all this goodness.

There were studious fellows in the Form, like Mark Linley and Dick Penfold, who really wanted to learn French. But this odd taste was not generally shared in the Lower Fourth. In this class, however, all the Form seemed to want to learn French. They almost lapped it up like milk!

The fact—which Mossoo was not in the least likely to guess—was that the Remove were backing up old Wibley.

Few of them believed that Wibley had any chance of talking Froggy round, if he tried it on. But Wibley, at least, thought so, and the whole Form rallied round loyally to do their best to give him a chance.

One thing, at least, was certain—ragging Mossoo was not the way to make him relent towards the expelled junior. Ragging him only made matters worse for Wibley.

There was, perhaps, a sporting chance for old Wib, if Mossoo was got into a fearfully good temper. During that hour of French the whole Remove vied with one another to get him into the best temper ever.

Most of them were keen on it; they would have done anything to help old Wib get back, if there was the ghost of a chance. Fellows who were less keen had been persuaded to give their support.

Skinner had stated that he did not "see" letting Froggy off. But after Bolsover major had banged his head on the wall of the Remove passage, Skinner "saw." Two or three other fellows had been persuaded by similar means to join in the general outburst of excessive goodness.

Never had a class been so good!

Now that the Remove knew who Archibald Popper was, and what his game was, they were going to help him all they could.

Archibald had been regarded hitherto as a cheeky, mop-headed new kid who couldn't mind his own business. But all that was changed—now that the juniors knew. And—severe strain as it was on them—if they could help old Wib to get back by being good in Mossoo's class, they were going to be good—awfully good—fearfully good!

Hence Mossoo's astonishment and delight.

Perhaps it was just as well that that class lasted only an hour. Model goodness was a new thing in the Remove, and the strain might have been too great had it lasted longer.

As it was, it lasted right up to the finish, and Mossoo was smiling sweetly when he dismissed his class.

He was still smiling sweetly when he came away from Class-room No. 10; and Mr. Quelch, meeting him in the corridor, glanced at him. It was very unusual to see Mossoo looking so benign after dealing with Quelch's Form.

"I trust that my boys have given you no trouble to-day, Monsieur Charpentier," said the Remove master.

Mossoo beamed.

"Mais, pas du tout," he answered. "Zey have been verree good—zey are all verree good garcons! To me it is

one grand pleasure to take a class zat is so verree good."

Which almost made Mr. Quelch doubt whether he had heard aright!

When, a little later, Monsieur Charpentier, who was accustomed to taking a little walk after class, emerged into the quad, certain members of the Remove had an eye on him.

They smiled at one another.

"Looks rather bucked, what?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The buckfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"The fact is old Wib may be right!" remarked Harry Wharton. "We're giving him a chance to try it on, at any rate."

The captain of the Remove stepped in the French master's way, capping him very politely.

"You are going out, sir?" asked Harry.

Monsieur Charpentier gave him a smile and a nod.

"Mais oui, mon garçon!" he answered. "I make a little promenade viz myself, in zeso so beautiful vezzers."

"There's a French boat in the bay at Pegg, sir!" said Harry. "I've heard that it put in yesterday. It's rather a nice walk through the wood to Pegg."

Mossoo fairly beamed.

In his land of exile, far from his beloved France, it was always a pleasure to him to see a French craft that put in at Pegg, and to hear his beautiful language spoken. Wharton was well aware of that.

"Zank you, Vharton!" said Mossoo. "One zousand zanks, mon bon garçon! Zat I am verree glad to hear! I make one vank to Pegg to see zat bateau, mais oui."

And he trotted happily out of gates.

Harry Wharton cut into the House, and found Archibald in the Rag.

"Now's your chance!" he said.

"Mossoo's going by the footpath through Friardale Wood. You can cut ahead easily on a bike. Strike the iron while it's hot, old bean."

"Good egg!" said Archibald.

Three minutes later he was on a bike.

The Famous Five watched him go. Archibald, evidently, was hopeful—and they hoped that his hopefulness was well founded. If Mossoo ever was going to be in a mood to listen patiently to a plea from William Wibley, he was in that mood now—and Archibald was going to strike the iron while it was hot!

He shot past the French master in the lane, and vanished into the wood ahead of him.

Mossoo, trotting cheerfully on, little dreamed whom he was to meet in that shady wood.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

"ZAT Wibley!"

Monsieur Charpentier came to a sudden halt.

He was half-way through the wood when his eyes fell on a schoolboy leaning against the trunk of an old oak.

Something familiar about that schoolboy struck him at once—and as he drew nearer he recognised him.

Up to then Mossoo's face had been bright and cheery. Now it darkened in a deep frown.

It was William Wibley who had been sacked from Greyfriars, who was standing under the oak ahead of him.

Mossoo did not connect that youth, in his mind, with the junior who had passed him on a bike in the lane. It was

Archibald Popper who had passed him—and Mossoo had not the remotest idea that Archibald had parked his bike in the wood, and his hair and eyebrows along with it—and was now waiting on the footpath with quite another aspect!

Wibley watched him coming, his heart beating rather fast.

Once before he had tried his luck in an appeal to the French master, in the latter's study at Greyfriars. But on that occasion Mossoo had been fearfully excited and enraged at having fallen into a booby-trap. The appeal had failed—and Wibley had had a narrow escape of being grabbed and marched off to the Head.

For which reason he had sagely decided to make his next appeal out of gates. If it succeeded, all was well; if it failed, escape was easy.

This was, as he realised, the best chance he would ever get. The whole Form had played up as one man, and Mossoo had been put into his very best temper. If Wibley's scheme was, as he hoped, a winner, it was going to be all right now. If it failed, poor Wib had to admit that there was nothing in it—and that his days at Greyfriars School were numbered. Confident and hopeful as he was, he felt his heart thump as the French master drew near.

He stepped from the oak into the path, raising his cap.

"So glad to meet you sir!" he said.

"Vibley! C'est le mauvais Vibley! It is zat bad Vibley—ze baddest of all ze bad boys!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "Ze garçon zat make a mock of me! Allons! Je sais bien—I know vell zat you go not home ven zat you are expel—you go not chez votre pere—non. Mauvais garçon—"

"I've been looking for a chance to speak to you, sir!" said Wibley meekly. "I'm so sorry I offended you, sir—"

"Pooooof!" sniffed Monsieur Charpentier. "I zink you are sorry zat you are expel, but I zink not zat you are sorry zat you offend me. Non!"

"It was really only a joke, sir—"

"I zink not zat it is one choke, to make yourself up like one Frenchman of ze most ridiculous, and make a mock of your master, Vibley! Vous, vous moquez de moi! Mais, oui! Verree bad and disrespectful garçon—"

"If you'll let me speak, sir—"

"Pas un mot! I vill not listen to one bad boy zat make a mock of his master! Allez-vous-en!"

Wibley's heart sank.

This did not look very hopeful.

He had banked on it. All his hopes were concentrated on catching Mossoo in a good temper, and appealing to his kind heart.

The other fellows had not believed that there was anything in it. Wibley had. He had clung to it as his only hope. Now it was borne in on his mind that there was indeed nothing in it.

"It was only a lark, sir," he pleaded. "I—I was a bit thoughtless, I know. I've always been keen on amateur theatricals, and—and—"

"And you make a mock of me!"

"I really didn't mean to, sir."

It was difficult for Wibley. The fact was that he had made himself up as the French master, and given an "impersonation" of Mossoo in the Rag, amid roars of laughter from half the Lower School. If he had not thought of "making a mock" of Mossoo, the only explanation was that he had not thought at all.

"Vat you mean, zen?" said Monsieur Charpentier, with sarcasm. "Bah!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1540.

You are ze baddest of bad boys, Wibley! You are verree bad, indeed! If I see you in ze school again, I take you to ze Head to be sent home to your pere. Here, I say, allez-vous-en—go your way!"

"If you'd give me a chance, sir—" pleaded Wibley.

"Pouf!"

"It only needs a word from you to the Head, sir!" said Wibley eagerly. "Dr. Locke never really wanted to sack me, but he could not refuse when you demanded it. He would let me off, if you asked him."

"Je vous dis, allez-vous-en!"

"I'm sure that Mr. Quelch would be glad to see me back in the Remove, sir!"

Wibley breathed hard and deep.

There was, as the other fellows had told him, nothing in it. Mossoo had been too deeply wounded and offended.

The little French gentleman's dignity was his most precious possession. And his dignity had been cruelly outraged by being "made a mock of" before a laughing crowd.

Really, Wibley was expecting too much. No other master at Greyfriars would, or could, have pardoned such an offence. He had been banking on the amiable kind-heartedness of Mossoo.

He realised now that his hopes had led him astray. Mossoo had been in the best temper ever—till he saw Wibley. Now he was hard as steel.

"Won't you listen to me, sir?" exclaimed Wibley, making a last effort.

"Non!" snapped Monsieur Charpentier. "Jamais! Jamais de la vie! I will not hear one word from so verree bad a boy, Wibley. Is it zat I, Henri Charpentier, sall be made a mock? Go you your ways!"

And, with a scornful sniff, Monsieur Charpentier walked past the junior, and went on his own way.

Wibley stared after him.

He glared after him.

He had failed!

It was useless to repeat the experiment at another time—even the hopeful Wib realised that!

The game was up!

All his hopes had been centred on this—and there was nothing in it. It was quite a knock-out for William Wibley.

He shook his fist after the disappearing, dapper figure of the French master. The winding footpath hid that dapper figure from his eyes. Wibley gave an angry grunt.

He left the footpath, to thread his way through the wood, to the spot where he had left his bike and his Archibald outfit.

Patter, patter, patter!

He was at a little distance from the path when the sound of rapidly running feet came to his ears, from the direction Monsieur Charpentier had taken.

He glanced round. Between trees and bushes, he could see part of the footpath he had left a dozen yards away. Down the footpath came Monsieur Charpentier, running hard, his hat on the back of his head, panting as he flew.

He vanished in a few seconds, leaving Wibley staring.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Wibley.

Mossoo had turned back before reaching the Pegg road. Why, and why he was running as if for his life, Wibley had no idea.

But a few moments later he knew. There was a beat of heavy footsteps

on the footpath, and another running figure passed before his eyes.

"Oh!" gasped Wibley.

It was a stubbly chinched, battered-looking man with a broken nose.

Wibley knew that broken-nosed man. He had seen Bill Huggins before. Now he saw him again; and was glad that the ruffian was passing at a distance, and did not look in his direction.

Panting, the broken-nosed tramp rushed by, obviously in pursuit of Monsieur Charpentier, and disappeared in his turn from Wibley's sight.

Footsteps, of pursued and pursuer, died away, in the direction of Friardale Lane.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wibley.

He whistled.

He knew that the gentleman with the damaged nose had a grudge against Monsieur Charpentier. Mossoo had pitched into him with a walking-stick, on an occasion when he had wanted to relieve Billy Bunter of his watch. Luckily help had been at hand on that occasion, or Mossoo might be made to feel extremely sorry for himself.

But Mr. Huggins had not forgotten Mossoo and his walking-stick. He had met Mossoo later on Courtfield Common, and had been going to "bash" him, when Peter Todd rushed into him on a bike, and knocked him over.

Since then the police had been looking for Mr. Huggins. They did not seem to have found him, however, for here he was—and clearly Mossoo had met him on the footpath.

It was no wonder that Mossoo was running. He was a brave little gentleman, as his first encounter with Bill had shown. But he had no chance against the burly tramp, Bill Huggins could easily have dealt with two Mossoos—one with either hand!

Wibley was deeply annoyed with Mossoo. Still, he rather hoped that Froggy would win that race. He was booked for a high old time if Bill Huggins laid hands on him.

Both were gone, anyhow. And Wibley resumed his way through the wood to the solitary spot where he had parked his bike.

His face was clouded as he resumed his Archibald outfit.

He was going to carry on as Archibald. He had failed with Mossoo; but hope springs eternal in the human breast. Something might yet turn up. He might yet think of some new dodge, some new scheme, which would set matters right.

But even the hopeful Wibley realised how faint that hope was. And just then he would not, perhaps, have been wholly sorry had he learned that Bill Huggins had got hold of Mossoo and "bashed" him.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder's Big Idea!

HERBERT VERNON - SMITH strolled into Study No. 1 after tea, and grinned as he looked at Archibald Popper.

The Famous Five had finished tea. Billy Bunter who had honoured the study with his presence, had rolled away in search of another tea in another study. The five were talking about the approaching cricket match at Rookwood—the last big fixture to wind up the term.

Archibald sat silent. Every now and then he gave the chums of the Remove a morose look.

Harry Wharton & Co. were not unsympathetic. They could feel for poor old Wibley—all the more now

that he had tried his luck with Mossoo and failed. Still, cricket was cricket, and the Rookwood match was the Rookwood match. It was a matter of deep import to them, though no doubt matters of deeper import were on William Wibley's mind.

"Oh, here you are, Wib—I mean, Popper!" grinned the Bounder.

He slung the study door shut.

"If you mean Popper, ass, say Popper, fathead!" grunted Archibald. Clearly he was not in a good temper.

"Popper, fathead!" said Smithy cheerily.

Wibley reached out for half a loaf that remained on the tea-table.

Harry Wharton laughed, and pushed it out of his reach.

"Mustn't whip poor old Wib now, Smithy," he said. "He's had rotten luck, you know. Froggy's let him down."

"Well, we told him," remarked Johnny Bull.

"Don't tell me again, fathead!" yapped Archibald.

"Well, we did—"

"Shut up, Johnny, old man!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Froggy's gone out again," remarked the Bounder casually. "I hear that he dropped on that tramp Huggins in Friardale Wood, and the man got after him. Now he's buzzed over to Courtfield in a taxi to jaw to Inspector Grimes at the police station about it."

"It's time that tramp was run in!" remarked Bob Cherry. "He tried to get Bunter's watch off him once—it would have cost Bunter fourpence, or perhaps a tanner, to get another like it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's what started the trouble, from what I've heard," said Vernon-Smith. "Mossoo weighed in with his walking-stick, and cracked it over Huggins' head. If Quelch hadn't come up Huggins would have eaten him alive. It looks as if the brute is hanging about there, looking for a chance to mop up poor old Froggy. To-day's the second time he's tried to grab him."

"Let's hope third time will be lucky!" growled Archibald.

The Bounder chuckled.

"Well, he nearly got him to-day," he said, "and Mossoo's fearfully excited about it, and he's gone to the police-station to wake them up. That takes him safe out of the way, see?"

"What about it?" asked Harry.

"While the cat's away, the mice can play!" said Smithy. "I've got an idea for Wibley—I mean, Popper!"

"Take it away and boil it!" answered Archibald, ungratefully.

"Oh, don't be an ass, Wib!" said Bob Cherry, warmly. "Your own ideas are simply mouldy: and Smithy's as keen as Sheffield steel! Smithy's got more brains in his little finger than you've got in your head."

Snort from Archibald! Wibley's faith in his own intellectual powers was unlimited: though, really, he could not say that they had served him very well, so far.

"Give it a name, Smithy!" said Harry Wharton. "Goodness knows, we'd all do anything to help poor old Wib get back if there was a chance."

"Wib's a silly ass," said the Bounder. "About the limit in that line, I think—as everybody but Wib will agree! But there's one thing he can do—theatrical! It was for making up as Mossoo, and guying him, that he got sacked! He can make up as Mossoo again—we've got all the things in the Remove Dramatic Society's property-box—"



Monsieur Charpentier rushed at the unfortunate Popper, brandishing his cane. "You are one bad boy!" he shrilled. "I shall cane you, Poppair—ow!" he yelled, as a heavy French grammar, accurately thrown, caught him in the back of the neck.

"What the dickens—" began Bob. "What the thump?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Let a fellow finish, old beans! When Wib was made up as Mossoo, Quelch saw him, and took him for Mossoo! So did Loder of the Sixth! Wib's the kind of ass that can do just one thing—but that one thing he does to a T. In his Froggy rig, the Head would take him for Mossoo, if he saw him."

"That's so!" said Harry Wharton. "But what—and why—and how—"

"Blessed if I can see what you're driving at, Smithy!" said Nugent.

"You fellows dry up and let Smithy get on!" said Archibald.

At the mere mention of theatricals, Wibley's face had brightened, and he sat up and took notice, as it were! It was only necessary for that subject to be started to make Wibley bright and eager.

"Well, Mossoo's safe out of the way, and Wib could make up as Mossoo, in this study, in a quarter of an hour!" said Vernon-Smith. "That's the big idea! If he's got the nerve to see the Head in his Froggy outfit—"

"I've got the nerve to see the Prime Minister, made up as the Chancellor of the Exchequer!" yapped Wibley. "I could do it on my head! But how's that going to help?"

"It only needs a word from Froggy to the Head, to get the sack washed out," said the Bounder. "We all know that Dr. Locke wasn't keen on it, but he couldn't refuse Mossoo. Even Wib knows now that Froggy will never speak that word. But—if he has the nerve—he can speak it for him!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob.

"Oh, my esteemed hat!" gasped the Nabob of Bhanipur.

The Famous Five stared at Vernon-Smith. They saw the idea now—and it rather took their breath away.

"You—you—you mean Wib makes up

as Mossoo, and calls on the Head, and—and asks him, as Mossoo, to let Wibley off!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"That's the big idea!" said the Bounder with a nod.

"Oh crumbs!"

"I know it's risky! But Wib's sacked already, so the risk don't amount to much," said Vernon-Smith. "Even if the Big Beak smelled a rat, he can't sack a chap twice over, and he can't eat him! It want's nerve, I know!"

"Oh, Wib's got nerve! But—"

"Froggy, of course, won't know anything about it," said Vernon-Smith. "He can't butt in till it's too late. The Head thinks that Froggy's begged him to wash out the sack—he writes to Wib's pater that Wib can come back—and after that, Mossoo will have to lump it, if he doesn't like it!"

"But—" gasped Bob.

"Hurrah!" roared Archibald. He leaped to his feet and pirouetted round the study table. "Smithy, you're a genius! A pure genius! Why the dickens didn't I think of that myself!"

"You haven't the brains, old bean!" said the Bounder.

"Fathead! Hurrah! This is a winner!" gasped Archibald. "By gum, I could do it on the back of my neck! Sure Mossoo's out, Smithy?"

"I saw him go in a taxi—"

"Get the property-box here, old chap! By gum, this is going to work the oracle!" exclaimed Archibald gleefully. "I'm telling you fellows—this is a winner—this is a prize-packet—this is the goods! The genuine goods, A.I. at Lloyd's!"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances.

Wibley, from the depths of glumness, had bounded to the heights of hope—which was rather a way the volatile Wib had. His confidence in himself was great—and, so far as playing a part was concerned, there was no doubt that it was justified. But—

There was no doubt that he could make up as a twin brother of Mossoo. He had done it before, and he could do it again. But—

Neither was there much doubt that a plea from Mossoo would wash out the sack for Wibley: the Head, in fact, would, all the fellows believed, be glad of the chance to let the culprit off. But—

Wibley could do it! He could, as he declared, do it on the back of his neck! But—

There were, to the minds of the Famous Five, innumerable "buts." The bare idea of pulling the majestic leg of their headmaster was rather staggering! They had plenty of nerve—but their nerve stopped short of such a performance as that!

But Wibley had no doubts!

In any matter connected with theatrical stunts Wibley never had!

He was only keen and eager to get on the go!

Dubious as they were, the Famous Five were willing to help. Anyhow, there was no stopping Wibley, now he had got on to the big idea!

The R.D.S. property-box was opened—the study door was locked—garments and gadgets were sorted out—and then Archibald Popper disappeared as completely as William Wibley—and an exact reproduction of the French master stood in his place, grinning at the reflection of a sallow face, with black brows and a pointed beard, and dinky little moustache, in the glass!

"Ca va, je crois!" chuckled Wibley. "Vat? Vy for you laff, baddest of all ze bad boys? Vat?"

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

Wibley had Mossoo's shrill squeak to the last tone!

"I say, you fellows!" The door-handle rattled. "I say, wharrer you got the door locked for? You said there wasn't any more cake!"

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry opened the door, and Billy Bunter rolled in. He blinked round suspiciously through his big spectacles.

"Look here, if you've got a cake——"

"Buntair!"

"Oh crikey!" Billy Bunter jumped, and blinked in astonishment at the dapper little frock-coated figure. "Oh! I—I never knew you were here, sir—I say you fellows—what—what——"

"Take one zousand lines of ze Henriade, Buntair!" said Wibley.

"Oh, really, sir—wh-a-at for?" gasped Bunter in dismay.

"Take ten zousand lines of ze Henriade, Buntair!" said Wibley.

"Wh-a-at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The dapper little figure whisked out of the study, leaving Billy Bunter fairly staggering with astonishment.

"I—I—I say, is he balmy?" gasped Bunter. "I say, has Froggy gone mad? What was he up here for? I say, I shan't do those lines!"

"I shouldn't!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! I say, you fellows, what are you cackling at?" howled Bunter.

But the juniors in Study No. 1 did not answer that question. They yelled.

Billy Bunter rolled out into the Remove passage to tell the fellows, in tones of thrilling indignation, that that mad little ass, Froggy, had given him thousands of lines, for nothing! He left the chums of the Remove yelling.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Monsieur Wibley Tries it On!

DR. LOCKE carefully suppressed an expression of impatience.

"Pray come in, Monsieur Charpentier!" he said courteously.

Less than half an hour ago Monsieur Charpentier had been with the Head. He had related, with many excited gestures, his perilous adventure in Friardale Wood.

The headmaster, of course, sympathised. He advised Monsieur Charpentier to call at the police station at Courtfield without delay. And he was greatly relieved when Mossoo set off to do so.

Dr. Locke's time was of value, and excitement and gesticulations had no appeal for him. He had been glad to see Mossoo go. He was not glad to see him come back. Greatly he would have preferred Inspector Grimes, at Courtfield, to have the benefit of Mossoo's excitement and gesticulations.

But here he was again—to all appearance, at least!

For the dapper, slim, frock-coated figure that presented itself at the Head's door was Mossoo to the life. So was the fallow face, the black pointed beard, the twirling little moustache, the dark hair that looked dyed.

It was not surprising that Billy Bunter had taken the schoolboy actor for Mossoo—for the headmaster took him for Mossoo without a shadow of a doubt!

Monsieur Wibley stepped in, with the whisking, mincing step of the French master. He had it exactly—as he had every other detail.

Where he found the nerve to do it, in his headmaster's presence, might have puzzled any other Remove man. But Wibley, in these matters, had absolutely unlimited nerve. When Wibley played a part, he not only played it,

he lived it! Got up as Mossoo, he almost believed that he was Mossoo!

"You have returned from Courtfield already, Monsieur Charpentier?" asked the Head. "Really, you have lost no time."

"Mais oui, sair!" said Wibley, in a shrill voice that Henri Charpentier might have supposed to be his own. "Zere is a mattair I vish to speak of, if you vill be so good as to grant me one few minutes."

The Head glanced at the papers on his desk.

"Is there anything further to be said, sir, with regard to the occurrence in Friardale Wood this afternoon?" he murmured.

"It is not zat, sair! It is anozer mattair!"

"Oh!" The Head was glad to hear that, at all events. He had already heard all he wanted to hear about that so terrible and ferocious ruffian, Bill Huggins, and a little over! "Pray proceed, Monsieur Charpentier."

"It is about zat Vibley, sair."

"Wibley!" repeated the Head. "You mentioned to me, sir, that you had met the boy in Friardale Wood, before you came on the tramp Huggins. I fail to see what can be done in the matter. Mr. Wibley has already been informed that his son is staying somewhere in the neighbourhood of the school, the preciso locality unknown. It is for him——"

"Mais oui, but——"

"I can do nothing in the matter!" said the Head. "If he should venture to enter the school again, as I am informed that he has done more than once since his expulsion, I shall deal with him. He will in that case be sent home in charge of a Sixth Form prefect! But so long as he does not come here, I am powerless."

"I have zinked, sair——"

"Wh-a-at?"

"I have zinked verree much about that boy, sair. He vas one mauvais garcon, to go to make one mock of me, but I zink zat he can be pardon."

Dr. Locke raised his eyebrows.

Only half an hour ago Monsieur Charpentier had mentioned his meeting with the expelled junior in the wood, in the most acid and implacable of tones.

Now he was speaking of pardoning him!

"Really, Monsieur Charpentier——" said Dr. Locke.

"I zink zat perhaps zat garcon he meant not so much disrespect as at first I have zinked!" explained Monsieur Wibley. "Also zere is son pere—his fazzer—who feel perhaps zat expulsion as a blow ze most cruel. I zink, sair, zat I pardon zat boy, and I beg of you, sair, to pardon him also. If you, sair, vill pardon zat Vibley, and allow him to be of return to ze school, to me zat vill be one pleasure of ze most grand."

Dr. Locke pursed his lips.

He was glad to hear this. He was surprised, but pleased!

Wibley had been a thoughtless young rascal, and he could not refuse the French master's demand for his expulsion in the circumstances. But he had been sorry to inflict so extreme a sentence. He knew that Mr. Quelch did not like it, and he was sorry to displease Quelch.

If Mossoo relented, and asked for the boy's pardon, that, so to speak, let him out!

He smiled benignly. His expression, no doubt, would have been very different had he known that it was William Wibley who was asking for William Wibley's reinstatement at Greyfriars.

Fortunately, the Head had no idea of that!

"My dear Monsieur Charpentier," he said, "I am glad that you have made this request! I am very glad to grant it."

"I zank you, sair!"

"Not at all," said the Head. "The boy was thoughtless, foolish, disrespectful in the absurd trick he played; but his Form-master has told me that in other respects he is quite a good lad—quite! There is no real harm in him. Thoughtless folly is certainly a serious matter, but it is not, after all, a crime!"

"Zen Vibley sall return, sair?"

"He shall return!" said the Head.

"One zousand zanks, sair! Voulez vous avoir le bonte—would you have ze great goodness to write one lettair to Meester Vibley, and tell him zat his son sall be of return to ze school, sair?"

"I will certainly write to Mr. Wibley, and say—— Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head.

Buzzzzzz!

It was the telephone-bell.

"Pray excuse me a moment, Monsieur Charpentier!" said the Head, and he turned to the instrument and picked up the receiver.

Monsieur Wibley grinned at the back of his head when it was turned away. The schoolboy actor was in high feather. Smithy's big idea was a winner!

There was no doubt about that now!

Dr. Locke had not the slightest doubt that it was Mossoo who was asking for Wibley's pardon. He was glad to grant it. And that was that!

Once a letter was written to Mr. Wibley, stating that his son would be permitted to return to the school, the thing was settled. Whatever view Mossoo took of it, when he heard, the Head could hardly go back on his word.

The disguised junior sat in a state of blissful satisfaction while he waited for Dr. Locke to get through with that telephone call.

"Yes; Dr. Locke speaking," said the Head into the transmitter, "what is it, Mr. Grimes?"

That call, evidently, was from the police station at Courtfield.

"I thought I'd better have a word with you, sir!" came the deep voice of Inspector Grimes. "A gentleman from the school has called here, sir——"

"Oh! Quite!"

"He seems very excited——"

"Seems!" repeated the Head. Mr. Grimes was speaking just as if Monsieur Charpentier was still at Courtfield police station.

"Very, sir!" said the inspector dryly. "I understand that he has had trouble, several times, with that disreputable tramp, Huggins, and he states that the man attacked him again to-day. Of course, I know it's very disagreeable—but we are doing our best, sir, to lay the man by the heels——"

"I am sure that you have done everything in your power, Mr. Grimes," said the Head soothingly.

"I quite understand the French gentleman being rather alarmed, sir, but really, we can only search for the man, and lay hands on him at the earliest possible moment!" said Mr. Grimes.

"Quite! Oh, quite!"

"I have told him so, sir, several times over. Really, sir, he seems a very excitable gentleman!" grunted the inspector. "Perhaps you, sir, would assure him that the matter is quite safe in the hands of the police. Really, sir, we are doing our best, and can do no more."

"Oh, quite! I am sure——"

"Very well, sir! I really do not

know what more he expects us to do, unless he desires me to call out the military!" said Inspector Grimes, with heavy sarcasm.

"Hem!"

"Well, sir, it's a little difficult to deal with so very excitable a gentleman! But if you will speak to him when he returns to the school, sir, and assure him——"

"Did you say when he returns to the school, Mr. Grimes?" stuttered the Head.

"Eh? Yes."

"I do not quite understand! Monsieur Charpentier has returned here!"

"Wha-at?" It was Mr. Grimes' turn to stutter!

"He is now in my study——"

"In your study, sir! What can you mean? The French gentleman is here——"

"Monsieur Charpentier is there!" gasped the Head.

"Certainly!"

"Then who—what——"

"Oh crikey!" came a startled gasp behind the Head.

Wibley had listened to that talk over the telephone in growing dismay and horror. Really, it was the rottenest of rotten luck for the schoolboy actor! A few moments ago everything seemed to be coming his way, and now——

"Who——" stuttered the Head.

"What——"

He turned, in almost dizzy bewilderment. If Monsieur Charpentier was still at Courtfield Police Station who was in the Head's study?

Whoever it was, he did not linger! He jumped to escape!

As Dr. Locke turned his bewildered head he did not see "Monsieur Charpentier" sitting in his chair! He saw a dapper frock-coated figure leaping for the door!

"Who——" gasped the Head. "Who—what——"

The dapper figure disappeared through the doorway!

The door slammed!

Dr. Locke, with an expression of almost idiotic bewilderment on his face, was left holding the receiver and staring blankly at the slammed door!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Mysterious Disappearance!

"I SAY, you fellows, what's up?"

Nobody answered Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. were on the Remove landing, looking rather anxiously down over the banisters.

They had been waiting there for Wibley to return. When he came, they were not wholly surprised to see him come flying. He bolted up the staircase, bolted past them on the landing, and shot into Study No. 1. The slam of the door rang back from the passage. Exactly what had happened the chums of the Remove did not know; but they could guess that this hurried flight to his lair did not spell success!

"Monsieur" Wibley, in Study No. 1, was getting off his Gallic outfit as fast as he could. They guessed that. And they were looking over the banisters, for signs of pursuit, when Bunter rolled out of the Remove passage.

Bunter was surprised and curious. He had seen Mossoo—as he supposed—bolt into Study No. 1 and slam the door. Which certainly was surprising!

"I say, is Froggy mad?" asked Bunter. "You know he gave me thousands of lines in the study! Well, that's just potty! Now he's just come

up here, and gone into your study, Wharton——"

"Fathead!" said Harry.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Something's gone wrong!" remarked the Bounder, who was leaning on the banisters, watching the stairs below. "The silly ass has mucked it up somehow!"

"Oh, my hat! There's Quelch!" breathed Bob Cherry.

On the lower stairs the angular figure of the Remove master appeared. There was a thunderous frown on Mr. Quelch's face. After him came Wingate, Gwynne, and Loder, three prefects of the Sixth. Evidently it was pursuit!

"I say, you fellows, they're after somebody!" said Billy Bunter, blinking over the banisters through his big spectacles. "I say, think they're after Mossoo? If he's gone mad, and it looks like it——"

"Shut up, you fat ass!" breathed Harry Wharton. "It wasn't Mossoo, fathead—it was Wibley. Not a word when Quelch comes up!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "That silly fathead—pulling a fellow's leg——"

"Quiet!"

"I say, they'll jolly well cop him!" said Bunter. "He's in the study now, and they're coming——"

"Shut up, fathead!"

Mr. Quelch was coming quickly up the stairs. He reached the Remove landing and gave the juniors there a sharp look.

"Wharton! Wibley is in the House—that foolish boy has dared to penetrate into the school again——"

"Has—has he?" stammered Harry.

"There can be no doubt of it," said Mr. Quelch. "A preposterous trick has been played on the headmaster. That foolish boy, who was expelled for imitating and impersonating the French master, has played the same foolish trick over again. It can have been no one else—no one else here is capable of such things. It must have been Wibley."

"Is he really in the House, sir?" asked Vernon-Smith blandly. "Has he been seen, sir?"

"He had the audacity to present himself in Dr. Locke's study!" said Mr. Quelch. "The Head supposed him to be Monsieur Charpentier, but, fortunately, a telephone call apprised him that Monsieur Charpentier was still at Courtfield. He was seen to come in this direction—several persons saw him run in this direction."

"Oh!"

"These juniors must have seen him, if he came up here, sir!" said Wingate. "And it seems certain that he ran upstairs."

"Have you seen him?" demanded Mr. Quelch. His gimlet eyes were very keen on the group on the landing. "A person resembling Monsieur Charpentier in appearance—almost exactly resembling him, I understand——"

Mr. Quelch was interrupted. The bull voice of Bolsover major was heard from the Remove passage.

"What's Froggy want up here, I'd like to know? We're not having that cheeky little beast barging into our passage! He went into Wharton's study."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob.

Evidently Bolsover major had seen Monsieur Wibley, and taken him for the genuine article.

Mr. Quelch did not stop to ask further questions. He whisked across the landing into the Remove passage. After him went Wingate and Gwynne and Loder.

The Famous Five and the Bounder followed—in dismay.

Wibley had had a few minutes. Had

he had time to change back into Archibald?

If not, he was done for!

"Bolsover!" rapped Mr. Quelch. "Have you seen Monsieur Charpentier?"

"Eh? Yes, sir!" answered Bolsover major. "He came up here a few minutes ago, running like a hare. He dodged into Wharton's study, sir!"

Mr. Quelch turned the door-handle of Study No. 1. The door was locked!

A dozen Remove fellows, in the passage, gathered round. They had seen Froggy, as they supposed, dodge into that study, and were in a state of great surprise and curiosity.

Mr. Quelch rapped sharply on the panels.

"Open this door at once!" he snapped. "You impertinent young rascal, admit me instantly!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bolsover, astonished to hear his Form-master address Monsieur Charpentier as an impertinent young rascal.

"Admit me!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "Wibley, I am perfectly aware that you are there! I am perfectly aware that it is you, Wibley, as no other person could play such a trick! You were seen to enter this study! Admit me at once!"

"Is anything the matter, sir?" came a rather high-pitched voice from within Study No. 1—the well-known tones of Archibald Popper.

"Bless my soul! Are you there, Popper?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances. William Wibley could hardly have changed back into Archibald Popper yet! But the locked door concealed the fact that Archibald's voice proceeded from Mossoo's double!

"Who is in the study with you, Popper?" called out Mr. Quelch.

"Nobody, sir."

"What? Open the door at once, Popper!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I cannot believe that you are alone in the study! A boy who has had the temerity to impersonate the French master was seen to enter the study a few minutes ago."

"Oh-crikey!" gasped Bolsover major. He understood now.

"You are sure that you saw a person, whom you took to be Monsieur Charpentier, enter this study, Bolsover?"

"Oh! Eh? I—I—I thought so, sir!" stammered Bolsover. "I—I—I wouldn't like to say for—for—for certain, sir!"

"Unlock this door, Popper, this instant!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "I can only conclude, Popper, that you are sheltering the young rascal who has had the audacity to enter the school from which he was expelled! I am convinced that Wibley is in the study!"

"Who is Wibley, sir?"

"What—what?"

"Popper came after Wibley left, sir," remarked Vernon-Smith.

"Oh! That is true! Nevertheless, Popper, I command you to open this door! This instant!"

"I've dropped the key, sir! I can't see it!"

"Find it at once!"

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stood with bated breath.

No doubt Wibley had dropped the key, and couldn't see it—he was a truthful fellow. But they knew that his occupation, at that moment, was stuffing the French-master outfit back into the property box and resuming the outward aspect of Archibald Popper. Wib was a quick-change artiste; but even Wib required a little time!

"Wingate—Gwynne—Loder! Go up the passage and look in the other studies," said Mr. Quelch. "I will wait here till the door is opened."

The three prefects hurried up the Remove passage.

Mr. Quelch waited impatiently at the door of Study No. 1.

The key grated in the lock inside.

It was turned back.

Mr. Quelch pushed the door open and stepped in. A crowd stared in after him, in breathless excitement.

Archibald Popper stood in the study.

No one else was to be seen there.

Mr. Quelch's gimlet eyes swept searchingly round the room. Archibald was alone.

"I told you there was no one in the study with me, sir!" said Archibald. "I'd locked the door to keep fellows from barging in—"

Mr. Quelch gave a snort, and stepped out of the study again.

"You are a very stupid boy, Bolsover," he snapped. "You certainly could not have seen anyone enter that study, as only Popper is there."

And Mr. Quelch rustled on after the prefects.

"Oh gum!" murmured Bolsover.

He stared at Archibald, who winked in return.

There was a chuckle among the juniors in the passage.

"I don't think they'll find Wibley now!" murmured the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Smithy was right—they didn't!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Ragging Froggy!

"**P**oor old Wib!" murmured Bob Cherry, in break the next morning.

His comrades nodded.

They sympathised with poor old Wib. All the Remove sympathised. Even fellows like Skinner, and Snoop, and Fisher T. Fish wished him well. They were all keeping the secret, and there was hardly a man in the Form who would not have taken a lot of trouble to help him through.

But any man in the Form could have told Wibley that there was nothing in it; and Wibley himself had to own up now that there wasn't.

Certainly he had had no luck.

His hopes had been founded on that appeal to Mossos, when Mossos was caught in a good temper. The appeal had been made, and it had failed.

The Bounder's big idea had given him another glimpse of hope. That had failed, too!

Matters had been made worse, instead of better.

In the Remove they knew, and outside the Remove nobody doubted, that it was Wibley who had played that trick on the Head, calling on him in the guise of the French master!

His motive, indeed, was obvious!

Mossos, when he heard of it, was naturally more incensed than ever. Wibley had been sacked for impersonating and "guying" him! Now he had repeated that very offence!

Hopeful as he was, it was difficult for William Wibley to see a spot of hope anywhere on the horizon.

At the present moment he was walking in the quad, with his hands driven deep into Archibald's pockets, and Archibald's thick eyebrows knitted in a frown. Hence Bob Cherry's remark.

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"The poorfulness of the esteemed old Wib is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Archibald joined the Famous Five. His eyes were glinting under his thick eyebrows.

"Third school's French!" he remarked. "We go up to Mossos in No. 10. We'll make the little beast sit up!"

The Famous Five stared at him. This was a complete change of view in Archibald.

"Rag him—see?" said Archibald.

"You fellows are game?"

"Well, you ass!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "You've been set against ragging Froggy ever since you've been playing this fatheaded game! You've rowed with half the Remove about it. Now everybody's chucked ragging him, just to oblige you! And now—"

"Has it done any good, chucking it?" snorted Archibald.

"No; and any fellow could have told you that it wouldn't, only you're such a silly ass, old chap!"

"I thought it would turn out all right if I caught the little beast in a good temper. You know that. Well, it didn't. No reason now why he shouldn't be ragged—and ragged bald-headed! See?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I see!" he said. "Well, you'll find most of the fellows keener on ragging than on being awfully, fearfully good. It was rather a strain yesterday."

"The strainfulness was terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Make the little beast sit up, anyhow!" said Archibald. "Goodness knows how long this stunt can last now, with all the fellows knowing that I'm Wibley. It's bound to come out sooner or later, I suppose. Still, something may turn up!" Wibley, evidently, had not quite lost all his hopefulness. "Anyhow, so long as I'm here I can make Froggy sorry he got me sacked. See?"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob.

"We'll back up," said Frank Nugent, laughing, "and so will all the fellows, old chap!"

They did!

The previous day the Remove had played up as one man, and they had been as good as gold in the French class, to give Wib his chance. But there was no doubt that they played up more enthusiastically when it was a question of ragging. Really, it was more in their line!

If Monsieur Charpentier, that morning, expected the Remove to repeat their uncommon and surprising outburst of goodness, he was woefully disappointed.

When he let the juniors into Classroom No. 10, Skinner dropped a book. Bolsover major stumbled over it and caught at Mossos for support. There was a bump as Mossos sat down, with the burly Bolsover sprawling over him.

"Ooogh!" gasped Mossos. "Mon Dieu! Bolsover, you verree clumsy boy—ooogh!"

"Sorry, sir!" grinned Bolsover, as he picked himself up. "I stumbled over something, sir!"

"Help Mossos up!" exclaimed Peter Todd.

Five or six juniors rushed to Mossos's help. No doubt by accident, they got in one another's way, and stumbled over him.

"Here, look out!" exclaimed Toddy. "You're pushing me over Mossos—there, I told you so!"

Bump!

"Ciel! Zat you fall not on me, Todd!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "Mon Dieu, I am crush—I am squash—"

"Somebody pushed me, sir—"

"Here, get out of the way, Todd, when I'm trying to help Mossos!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Now then, don't barge—phew!"

Bob fell over Toddy!

"Yooooooogh!" came in a gurgle from the unfortunate Mossos. "Zat you get off—zat you stop zis—I vant not ze help—go 'vay—go 'vay viz you! Je vous dis, go 'vay!"

Mossos struggled up, dusty and breathless.

"Take you ze lines!" he gasped. "Todd, you take one hundred lines of ze Henriade. Sherry, you take one hundred lines. Smeeth, you take one hundred lines! Mon Dieu, who zrow zat book?" shrieked Mossos, as a class-book sailed through the air and landed under his ear.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poppair, I zink you zrow zat book! I zink zat I see you! You have toujours—always—been one good boy, Poppair, and now you are one of ze most bad! I sall cane you, Poppair!"

Monsieur Charpentier rushed to his desk and caught up his cane. He rushed at Archibald, swishing the cane.

Whack, whack, whack!

The new junior, hitherto an example of orderly behaviour in the French class, felt the weight of Mossos's cane for the first time. Three swipes landed, and Archibald roared. Then a French grammar whizzed across the class-room and caught Mossos on the back of the head.

He whirled round like an excited turkey.

"Who zrow zat book?" he howled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Taisez-vous! I vill not have zis class one garden of ze bear! I demand to know who zrow zat book!" shrieked Mossos.

Nobody was likely to give him the required information.

Mossos stooped, picked up the book, and glanced at the name on the title-page—"W. G. Bunter." He glared at the Owl of the Remove.

"Buntair! Zat is your grammair! You zrow it, hein? Take zat, and zat, and zat!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, in indignant anguish. "I never—I wasn't—I didn't—yaroooop!"

"And zat—and zat—"

"Ow! Stoppit! I never—" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It wasn't Bunter, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Another fellow grabbed his book, sir!"

"Oh!" gasped Mossos. He realised that he was landing punishment in the wrong quarter—not an uncommon occurrence with Mossos when he got excited. "Zen who zrow Buntair's book?"

"Yaroooh! Ow! Wow!" roared Bunter.

"Taisez-vous, Buntair! Silence viz you!"

"Ow! I'm hurt! Ow! Wow! Yow!" yelled Bunter.

"Zat you be silent!" howled Mossos. "Zat zere is silence in ze class! Take you ze places! Silence! Ze next boy zat speak, I frappe him verree hard! Take ze places, zen!"

The Removites took their places.

Mossos faced his class with glinting eyes, breathing hard. It was only too



"I am told that there is a boy in the Remove calling himself Archibald Popper," thundered Sir Hilton Popper. "Some rascally young impostor has dared, by jove, to call himself by my nephew's name. Where is he?" Archibald Popper stepped forward. "He went in to see the Head, sir," he replied.

clear that the French class was not going to be good that morning!

Not only were they not good, but they were, as Mossoo would have expressed it, badder than they had ever been before.

Archibald Popper, the fellow who had hitherto been so very, very good, was the worst of the lot. But the rest backed him up with great heartiness.

When the Remove were dismissed at the end of the hour they had almost more lines than they could count; but they marched out grinning, with a happy feeling that they had given Froggy the time of his life!

Mossoo was left perspiring and wondering, as he had often wondered, whether the life of a French master was worth living.

Ten minutes later he went to his study; and as he pushed the door open to enter something fell from the top of the door.

It landed on Mossoo's head—and burst there. It was a bag of flour!

Mossoo sat in his study doorway, crowned with flour.

He no longer wondered whether a French master's life was worth living. He decided definitely that it wasn't!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Cochon!

ARCHIBALD grinned. "Watch!" he murmured. "He. he, he!" from Billy Bunter.

A group of Removites were standing outside the House after class. One of them—Archibald Popper—had his hand in his pocket. They were waiting for Monsieur

Charpentier to come out—and there was a general grin as the dapper figure of the French master was spotted in the doorway.

Mossoo came out, neat and dapper as usual, with his mincing steps. As he passed the group of juniors, Archibald stepped towards him, stumbled, and bumped into his back.

"Oh! Sorry, sir!" gasped Archibald. Monsieur Charpentier whisked round.

A few days ago he would have taken that stumble as an accident. Now he knew his Archibald better. Why the best boy in the junior French class had suddenly turned into the worst Mossoo did not know. But he knew that it was so. Even the Bounder in his most reckless moods, was not such a ragger as Archibald had become.

"You Poppair!" snapped Mossoo. "You push me, isn't it? You are one verree bad boy, Poppair; as bad as zat Vibley zat was expel! You take zree hundred lines of ze Henriade for to have push me, n'est-ce-pas."

And Mossoo, frowning, walked on.

A gurgle of merriment followed him. Mossoo knew that that stumble was no accident. But he did not know that Archibald, in stumbling against him, had fixed a card to the back of his coat with a fish-hook!

Archibald had! The white card showed up to advantage against the black coat. On it was written, in large capital letters:

"COCHON!"

Cochon, in French, meant merely a pig—the harmless and necessary porker. But, as all the young rascals of the Remove knew, it was a fearfully insulting word in that language. No French-

man could possibly be called a cochon without going off at the deep end.

Unconscious of being labelled with that awfully insulting name, Monsieur Charpentier walked on, taking his usual trot in the quad before tea.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Removites.

Monsieur Charpentier glanced round at that sound of merry laughter. He gave the Removites a suspicious stare.

As he turned, his back was brought into view of a bunch of Fourth Formers in the quad, and they gave a yell.

"Oh gad!" gasped Temple of the Fourth. "Look!"

"Cochon!" stuttered Dabney, staring. "That means pig! What the dickens is Froggy labelling himself pig for?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mossoo, at the burst of laughter behind him, spun round again. He glared at the hilarious Fourth Formers.

"Qu'est-que-c'est—vat is it?" he snapped. "Vy for you laff? Pouf!"

He stalked on, leaving Temple & Co. laughing.

Coker of the Fifth, in the quad with Potter and Greene, stared round at the chortling Fourth Formers, and then at the chortling Removites.

"What are those fags cackling about?" he asked. "What's up? Oh, my hat!" he added, as Monsieur Charpentier walked past. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Potter and Greene.

Monsieur Charpentier turned his head and gave them a glare. Then he walked on, with frowning brow and burning ears. As he passed some Shell fellows

(Continued on page 16.)

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(Continued from page 13.)

there was a howl from Hobson of the Shell:

"Look! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Stewart and Hoskins and Carr.

Mossoo walked on, his face red, his ears crimson!

He could not doubt that he was the cause of these extraordinary outbreaks of merriment, though he did not know why. It looked like a "rag"—but it was not only the Remove this time—Fourth and Shell were in it, even Fifth Form seniors. Indeed, glancing round with flashing eyes, Mossoo spotted Walker and Loder of the Sixth yelling with laughter. Even Sixth Form prefects seemed to be in the joke—whatever it was!

"Mon Dieu!" murmured Monsieur Charpentier, breathing hard. "One makes a mock of me—of me is made a mock! C'est trop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell.

Dicky Nugent of the Second and a crowd of fags spotted the card on Mossoo's back and yelled.

Monsieur Charpentier gave them a withering glare. But the heroes of the Second only yelled the more.

Under the spreading elms, across the quad, Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout were pacing and talking. Both of them looked at Monsieur Charpentier as he came towards them—surprised by the howls of laughter that followed him. They could not see Mossoo's back.

"What ever does this mean, Quelch?" exclaimed Mr. Prout, staring at about a hundred laughing faces behind the French master.

"Really, I cannot say!" answered Mr. Quelch. "Something seems to have caused a very extraordinary outbreak of mirth—"

"Meester Quelch—Meester Prout—vat is it zat all zis mean, zen?" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier, as he reached the two masters. "Vy for all zose garçons zey laff viz zemselves like zat? It is a choke! It is one choke! Is it zat I sall be made one choke?"

Tubb of the Third, coming along by the elms, spotted the card, and gave a howl:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monsieur Charpentier whisked round at him with an expression on his face that made Tubb shoot off like an arrow from a bow.

But in whisking he revealed the back of his coat to the surprised eyes of Quelch and Prout. They stared at the card.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Prout. "Monsieur Charpentier, what is your object in this?"

"Vat?" yapped Mossoo, whisking round again. "Vat you say, sair?"

"Cochon—" exclaimed Mr. Prout.

"Vat?" Mossoo jumped. "Vat you say? You say cochon to me, sair? Moi, Henri Charpentier, cochon! Vous m'insultez, n'est-ce pas?"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,540.

Mr. Prout made a backwards step as the French master gesticulated under his nose.

"Calm yourself, sir!" snapped Prout. "Mais non!" spluttered Mossoo. "Du tout! Vous dites cochon—on m'appelle cochon. C'est un mensonge, monsieur! Vous m'insultez—suis-je cochon—"

"I did not call you a cochon, sir!" gasped Mr. Prout.

"Mais je vous entends!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "I hear you viz my own ears, zat you say cochon!"

"No!" gasped Mr. Prout. "I merely repeated the word labelled on the back of your coat, sir."

"Comment?"

"I fail to understand your object in this, sir! Surely you must expect the boys to laugh if you walk the quadrangle with a label on your back!" snapped Prout. "No wonder, sir, that they are laughing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from all over the quad.

"Zere is somezing on my back?" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "Mais qu'est-que-c'est, zen, vat is it on ze back? I know not zat zere is anyzing on my back!"

He twisted round to look at the back of his coat. That was rather a difficult performance. Mossoo revolved completely on his axis, in his endeavour to look at the back of his coat.

Mr. Quelch, compressing his lips to keep them from twitching, reached out and jerked the card from Mossoo's back.

Prout stared disapprovingly. Prout could not imagine why Mossoo had pinned that card on his coat. It did not seem to occur to Prout's powerful brain that Mossoo hadn't.

"Look, sir!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

He held up the card.

Monsieur Charpentier ceased to revolve, and stared at it. He gave a splutter of fury.

"Cochon!" he gasped. "On m'appelle cochon, n'est-ce pas? One me calls cochon, isn't it? Yes! Zey stick zat on ze back! Mai foi! Who do zat? Is it zat I am one cochon—one peeg? Dites done! Who do zat?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Prout. "You did not place it there yourself, Monsieur Charpentier?"

"Comment? Allons, done! Moi! Non! Some mauvais garçon—zose bad boys in ze Remove, je crois—I zink! Mais oui! C'est affreuse—it is of ze too bad! Et pourquoi ee sourire, Meester Quelch—you smile, isn't it?"

"Oh, no! Not at all!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "I certainly did not intend to smile, sir! This is—is—is most disrespectful—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell.

"C'est trop! Je dis, c'en est trop!" hooted Monsieur Charpentier; and, in a burst of fury, he tore the card into fragments—rather forgetting the fish-hook attached to it in his excitement. However, he was quickly reminded of the fish-hook. "Ow! Wow! Ooooooh! I am sticked viz a pin! I am hooked in ze finger! Ooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Prout and Quelch turned away, to hide their faces—though probably Mossoo was quite aware that they were smiling.

Crimson with wrath, Froggy whisked back to the House and disappeared within, a roar of laughter following him as he disappeared.

As for the two masters, they continued their walk, deciding, doubtless wisely, that it was better to ignore the whole incident, since the culprit, whoever he was, could hardly now be brought to book.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Astonishing!

"BLESS my soul!"

Dr. Locke uttered that ejaculation several times in tones of the greatest astonishment.

Life is full of surprises, and no doubt the Head of Greyfriars had had his share of them in his long career as a schoolmaster.

But never had Dr. Locke been so utterly astonished, amazed, and bewildered as he was now.

He sat in his study, with a letter in his hand. He gazed at it with dizzy eyes. That letter seemed to flabbergast the headmaster of Greyfriars.

He rose at last and touched the bell.

Trotter, the House page, appeared.

"Request Mr. Quelch to come here as quickly as possible!" said the Head.

"Yessir!"

Trotter hurried away.

Dr. Locke sat down again. He gazed at the letter—gazed at it as if he doubted whether his eyes deceived him. He had already perused it three times; now he perused it a fourth time, with undiminished astonishment.

That letter was written in the well-known hand of Sir Hilton Popper, of Popper Court, a member of the Governing Board. Dr. Locke had had letters from Sir Hilton before, never much to his gratification. But certainly no letter from the lord of Popper Court had ever astonished him before as this one did. Even at the fourth perusal, he seemed unable to believe what he saw.

Mr. Quelch entered the study in a few minutes.

He started a little as he saw the expression of almost dazed bewilderment on the headmaster's face.

"Mr. Quelch, this—this letter—" stuttered the Head.

"From Mr. Wibley, sir?" asked the Remove master. "I agree, sir, that the matter is growing quite intolerable!"

There had been considerable correspondence of late from Wibley's pater. Mr. Wibley, who had supposed that his son had been permitted to stay on at the school after being "sacked," had naturally been very much surprised when he was informed that William, who had not gone home, was not at Greyfriars, but appeared to be staying somewhere in the vicinity.

"Oh, no!" gasped the Head. "This letter is not from Mr. Wibley; it has nothing to do with that matter, Mr. Quelch. This letter is from Sir Hilton Popper."

"Indeed, sir?"

"It—it—it is amazing—incomprehensible, Mr. Quelch! Sir Hilton's nephew is in your Form!"

"Certainly, sir!" answered Mr. Quelch, in wonder. "Popper has been in the Remove several weeks now."

"Precisely so!" said the Head. "Then what, Mr. Quelch, can this letter from his uncle and guardian possibly mean?"

Mr. Quelch was quite unable to answer that one, as he had not the faintest idea what was in the letter.

"You will remember, Mr. Quelch, that there was some doubt on Sir Hilton's part whether he would finally decide to send his nephew here," said the Head. "The matter was arranged in the middle of the term, but Sir Hilton telephoned that, owing to certain circumstances, he was undecided."

"I remember perfectly, sir."

"But he must have decided finally to send the boy here, Mr. Quelch, as the boy came."

"Certainly, sir! The boy is here now."

"Quite so! It is scarcely possible that Sir Hilton Popper can have forgotten sending his nephew to Greyfriars?"

Mr. Quelch stared.

"Scarcely, sir," he said. "He appeared to be undecided for some time, and to be thinking of other views for the boy—he is, in fact, if I may say so, a somewhat fussy and undecided man. But it certainly is not possible that he can have forgotten the decision to which he came."

"Then what can this letter mean?" gasped the Head.

Again Mr. Quelch failed to supply the answer. But he wondered very curiously what could possibly be in the letter.

"It is an answer to a letter from me," explained the Head, "but—but—but it is a most amazing answer. As the boy Popper has now been here a month, Mr. Quelch, and as the term is near its end, I was—ahem!—a little surprised that Sir Hilton had made no reference to his nephew's school fees."

"He has made none, sir?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"None! As a governor of the school, he is, of course, aware that it is customary for fees to be paid in advance of the term. The half-term's fees for his nephew should have been paid when he came in the middle of the term. Hearing that Sir Hilton had returned from London, I instructed my secretary to send him a note to Popper Court to draw his attention to the matter."

"Quite so, sir."

"He has written to me in answer. He has written this letter." Dr. Locke held it up. "He states, Mr. Quelch—he actually states that he has not sent his nephew to Greyfriars!"

Mr. Quelch jumped.

"He—he—he states what, sir?" almost babbled the Remove master.

"That he has not sent his nephew Archibald to Greyfriars at all; that he telephoned me, before leaving for London in some haste, to the effect that the boy would not be coming here, and that he therefore entirely fails to understand my secretary's reference to the half-term's fees."

Mr. Quelch gazed blankly at the Head.

The Head gazed blankly at Mr. Quelch.

"Upon my word!" gasped the Remove master.

"Look at the letter, Mr. Quelch! Read it! Can—do you think—can Sir Hilton be wandering in his mind?"

"It would certainly appear so, sir, from this!" said the amazed Remove master. "His nephew has been here for weeks in my Form. I must say that this is quite beyond my comprehension."

Mr. Quelch took the letter and read it. It was brief, but quite to the point. It stated, as the Head had said, that Archibald Popper had not been sent to Greyfriars, and that Sir Hilton Popper had phoned Dr. Locke to apprise him of the change of plan before leaving for London with his nephew. It stated further, in quite an unpleasant way, that Sir Hilton entirely failed to understand the reference to fees.

"You did not receive such a telephone call from Sir Hilton, sir?"

"Obviously not, Mr. Quelch. I have no recollection whatever of any such telephone call. Moreover, the boy is here."

"Certainly he is here, sir, in my Form."

"Then can you understand this, Mr. Quelch?"

"I cannot, sir."

"Unless Sir Hilton is suffering from some peculiar mental failure."

"It certainly looks like it, sir. But, as Sir Hilton is now back at Popper Court, you might ring him up and ask for an explanation," suggested Mr. Quelch. "It seems absolutely impossible that he can have forgotten sending his nephew here; yet in this letter he states explicitly that he left for London and took his nephew with him. The whole affair is inexplicable."

"Utterly so," said the Head.

"Sir Hilton may be able to make some explanation—"

"I will, at all events, speak to him," said the Head. "It appears to me a case of an extraordinary delusion—but I will see, at least, what he has to say."

He turned to the telephone, lifted the receiver, and gave the number of Popper Court.

A manservant's voice came through.

"Dr. Locke speaking from Greyfriars!" said the Head. "Kindly ask Sir Hilton Popper to come to the telephone."

"Very good, sir."

The Head waited. Mr. Quelch waited. Both of them waited in a state of bewildered amazement till the gruff bark of the lord of Popper Court came over the wires.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not Archibald!

"SIR HILTON POPPER—"

"Speaking!" came the bark.

"Your letter, sir," murmured

the Head. "I should be very glad if you could give me some explanation—"

The bark from Popper Court interrupted him.

"My letter requires no explanation, Dr. Locke. It is your letter to me that requires explanation. I should like to know what it means, by Jove!"

"Your nephew, sir—"

"Have I not made it clear, Dr. Locke, that my plans were altered with regard to my nephew Archibald?"

"But—"

"It was my intention to place him at Greyfriars. The boy preferred the sea, but that, of course, did not weigh with me. But, as it fortunately happened, an excellent opportunity offered for placing him in a training-ship. As the cost was considerably less I naturally closed with it. As I informed you of my change of plan at the time—"

"But—" gasped the Head.

"Your letter to me, sir, was absolutely inexplicable. For what imaginable reason, sir, am I asked to pay the boy's fees when he had never even entered the school in his life?"

The Head and Mr. Quelch exchanged glances over the telephone. The Remove master was standing close to hear what was said.

To both of them this sounded like insanity! They knew, if Sir Hilton Popper did not, that Archibald Popper was in the Greyfriars Remove!

"Extraordinary!" murmured the Head.

"Amazing!" breathed Mr. Quelch.

"Is that all, sir?" barked Sir Hilton.

"No, no! Pray be patient, sir!" said the Head in a soothing voice. "You—you stated that your nephew Archibald had never entered the school in his life—"

"Certainly he has not! I should have brought him there, according to arrangement, but for my change of plan, of which I fully informed you."

"I received no such information from you, Sir Hilton."

"What? Am I to suppose that you have lost your memory, sir? I had to

leave for London in haste with my nephew, or I should have written. As it was, I telephoned to you that evening—you answered the call sir!"

"I certainly did not, Sir Hilton!"

"What? Someone certainly did—I supposed that it was you, as I supposed that I was speaking to you! But if someone else took the call no doubt it was reported to you!"

"It was not, sir!"

"Then someone at Greyfriars is guilty of negligence, sir, and I recommend you to find out who it is!" snorted the lord of Popper Court. "Good gad! Do you mean to tell me, Dr. Locke, that you remained in ignorance of my change of plan and supposed that my nephew was coming to the school?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Good gad! But that makes little difference, as I suppose you must have realised that the boy was not coming when he never came!" barked Sir Hilton.

"But he came, sir—"

"What!"

"Your nephew Archibald Popper is here—"

"Are you jesting, Dr. Locke?"

"Jesting, sir!" gasped the Head.

"Certainly not!"

"Then what do you mean? Explain what you mean. My nephew Archibald is not at Greyfriars! I took him to London a month ago and left him there. What do you mean, then?"

"I mean, sir, that your nephew Archibald arrived at the school on the day he was expected here, and has been here ever since."

"Nonsense!"

"Wha-a-at? What did you say, Sir Hilton?"

"I said nonsense, sir! Rubbish! Nonsense! Is that Dr. Locke speaking or some young rascal playing a trick?"

"Bless my soul! It is Dr. Locke speaking—"

"Then what do you mean, sir?" hooted Sir Hilton Popper. "I doubt whether you are in your right senses, by gad! What do you mean by saying that my nephew Archibald is at the school, when he is not within a hundred miles of Greyfriars?"

Dr. Locke looked at Mr. Quelch again.

Mr. Quelch looked at Dr. Locke expressively.

The bark from Popper Court came rapping through:

"Dr. Locke!"

"Yes, Sir Hilton!" gasped the Head.

"Am I to understand that a boy has arrived at Greyfriars, calling himself by the name of Archibald Popper, and claiming to be my nephew?"

"Certainly!"

"Then he is an impostor, sir!" roared Sir Hilton. "He is a rascally impostor, and you have been deceived and deluded!"

"Sir Hilton!"

"I repeat, sir, that if there is a boy at Greyfriars calling himself Archibald Popper he is an impostor! Is he at the school now?"

"Yes, yes! He is in the Remove—"

"Detain him!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Let him be secured! I will come over at once! It may be necessary to give him into custody!"

"Bless my soul!"

"An impostor, sir, if you are speaking seriously, and if there really is such a boy at Greyfriars—"

"I am certainly speaking seriously, Sir Hilton!" rapped the Head tartly.

"And I find it difficult to believe that—that—" He turned to Mr. Quelch.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1540.

"Mr. Quelch it is surely impossible that—that—"

"I can hardly think it possible, sir. The boy arrived here on the day that Popper was expected. His box had his name on it, and his linen and clothes must have been marked with the name or initials, or the House dame certainly would have observed it. So far as I am aware, sir, the boy's bona fides can be taken as unquestionable."

"An impostor, sir!" came Sir Hilton's hoot. "What is the boy like in appearance, sir? Has he red hair?"

"Has he red hair, Mr. Quelch?"

"Certainly not! He has rather thick and wavy brown hair!"

"He has brown hair, Sir Hilton."

"My nephew Archibald, sir, has red hair—very conspicuous red hair! He has been nicknamed for that reason—he has been called 'Ginger,' sir! If the boy you speak of has brown hair he can be nothing like my nephew Archibald to look at. I repeat, sir, that Archibald has red hair!"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Quelch looked startled. That detail had rather a convincing effect. And Sir Hilton, though he spoke like a very angry man, certainly did not speak like one who was wandering in his mind.

"Mr. Quelch, can it be possible—" gasped the Head.

"If it is correct that Sir Hilton's nephew has red hair, sir, certainly the boy in my Form cannot be his nephew."

"But—who—what—" stammered the Head.

"Detain that boy till I arrive!" came Sir Hilton's angry hoot. "Some rascally young impostor, by Jove! I will come over at once! I will order my car instantly! The young scoundrel! To dare to use the name of Popper for his scoundrelly imposture! Good gad! Take care to keep him at the school, sir, till I arrive! I will question him and hand him over to the police if he cannot give an account of himself! Take care that he does not escape, sir! Good gad!"

The angry baronet at Popper Court rang off.

"Upon my word!" said the Head faintly, as he put up the receiver. "This is—is—is most extraordinary—it is quite unnerving, Mr. Quelch! Is it imaginable that we have been deceived by some impostor?"

Mr. Quelch knitted his brows.

"It begins to look possible, sir, amazing as it is!" he said. "Perhaps it would be best to send for Popper, sir, and question him."

"Immediately, Mr. Quelch!"

The Head touched the bell, and Trotter appeared again. He was dispatched to call Archibald Popper of the Remove to the headmaster's study—and the two masters waited, in a state of doubt mingled with bewilderment and amazement, for Archibald Popper to appear!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Before the Beak!

"IF—" said Archibald.

"If which?" asked Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five and Archibald were in the quad after tea. Happily unaware of the storm that was about to burst on him, William Wibley was in a thoughtful mood, and apparently feeling hopeful.

"If a fellow had a chance—" he said. "You see, there's one thing about that little beast Froggy—he's a grateful little beast! You remember

how he oozed gratitude over Toddy—that time when Toddy knocked over the tramp with his bike. And that stunt we tried on—two of you fellows getting up in coats and masks and grabbing him, and me rushing to the rescue, would have been a winner, if—if—"

"If it hadn't been a frost!" grinned Bob.

"I don't seem to have any luck," sighed Wibley. "I get jolly good ideas, but they always seem to work out the wrong way, somehow."

Whereat the Famous Five smiled.

Wibley, it was true, was the fellow for ideas. He had original ideas, bright ideas, not to say amazing and extraordinary ideas. But there was no doubt that something seemed always to go amiss in the carrying out of those wonderful ideas.

"Bit of a handicap being a silly ass!" remarked Johnny Bull.

Grunt from Wibley.

He did not think himself that that was the explanation.

"If that stunt had come off, Froggy would have wept gratitude over me, same as he did over Toddy," said Archibald. "But—but it went wonky: I don't seem to get much luck. Of course, it's a comfort to rag the little beast—that's all right. But it won't get me back to Greyfriars."

"Hardly!" agreed Wharton.

"If—" repeated Archibald.

"The if-fulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"If I'd chipped in the other day, you know. I told you I saw that nosey blighter Huggins chasing Mossos through Friardale Wood. If I'd chipped in and knocked him down, it might have done the trick. Mossos's fearfully nervy of that brute. He went along to Courtfield and badgered old Grimsey for not arresting that tramp. Now if I'd weighed in and knocked him down—"

Wibley sighed over lost opportunities.

The Famous Five gazed at him.

"You—you think you could have knocked him down?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Jolly lucky you never thought of it at the time!" grinned Nugent. "That tramp could whop you with his little finger, old bean!"

Another grunt from Wibley.

It was rather his way to overlook difficulties. Certainly Bill Huggins would have made remarkably short work of him had Wibley chipped in on that occasion.

"Now it's too late," said Archibald. "I've no doubt that Huggins has cleared out of the neighbourhood, with the police hunting for him. No chance of catching him bashing Froggy, and weighing in, and making the little beast grateful."

"Just as well for you, old bean," grinned Bob. "If you got one punch from that man Huggins you wouldn't be bothering about getting back to Greyfriars. You'd have to book a bed in a hospital."

"Oh, rats!" yapped Wibley.

"Master Popper!" Trotter came out of the House, looked round, and came over to the group of juniors. "You're wanted, sir, in the Head's study."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's up?" asked Bob Cherry.

The chums of the Remove looked serious. Generally it meant trouble, if a junior was sent for to the headmaster's study.

"What does the Big Beak want, Trotter?" asked Nugent.

Trotter grinned.

"He didn't say, sir. He jest says,

find Master Popper, and send him in, sir. Mr. Quelch is with him," added Trotter.

And he went back into the House.

Archibald gave a grunt.

"A row, I expect," he said. "Perhaps Froggy's found glue in his hat. I don't see why they should jump on me, if he has. I didn't leave my card with the glue."

He went into the House.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged glances.

In Archibald's peculiar position there was danger, every day and every hour, of something coming out—especially now that all the Remove knew the secret. It was, indeed, surprising that he had been able to carry on so long undetected. They could not help wondering whether that summons to the Head's study meant that something had come out.

Archibald seemed to have no doubt, however. He made his way cheerfully enough to the Head's study, and tapped on the door.

"Come in!" said the Head's deep voice.

Archibald stepped in.

He breathed rather quickly as he saw the portentous gravity in the faces of the two masters.

Evidently something was "up." And Archibald could not help feeling that it looked like something more serious than glue in Monsieur Charpentier's hat.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Popper," said Dr. Locke. "I sent for you."

He fixed his eyes keenly on the new junior.

The gimlet eyes of Quelch fixed on him at the same moment, and never had they seemed so like gimlets. They almost seemed to bore into Archibald.

His heart beat a little faster.

But he was quite cool-headed. William Wibley needed a lot of nerve for the part he was playing at Greyfriars School; but he had all the nerve he needed.

There was a long moment of silence while the two masters scanned him. Then Mr. Quelch rose, and crossed towards the door.

Archibald supposed for a moment that he was going to leave the study. But he did not leave the study. He stood with his back to the door, between the junior and the door, his eyes still on Archibald.

Wibley's heart gave a thump.

Mr. Quelch's action was significant. Had he placed himself there to prevent a sudden bolt from the study? Certainly it looked like it.

"Now, Popper," said the Head.

"Yes, sir," breathed Archibald.

"I have received a communication from your uncle and guardian, Sir Hilton Popper," said Dr. Locke. "He has just spoken to me on the telephone."

With all his nerve, Wibley quaked.

So that was it.

The game was up!

Wibley, in borrowing the name of Sir Hilton's nephew, had had to take that risk. It had not seemed to him much of a risk as Sir Hilton did not know that his nephew was supposed, by the Head, to be at Greyfriars. Anyhow, he had had to take it. And now that old ass at Popper Court had weighed in.

Wibley's heart was in his boots. But he was still cool. If playing his part, without the flicker of an eyelid, or the quiver of a nerve, could see him



"How do I look?" inquired Bolsover, when Wibley had finished with his make-up box. "Have a squint!" smiled Harry Wharton, holding up a mirror for the junior to see himself. Bolsover looked—and gasped. Staring back at him was the face of Bill Huggins, the tramp who had sworn to revenge himself on Monsieur Charpentier.

through, he was going to get through all right.

"Indeed, sir!" he said. "Has Sir Hilton sent me a message, sir?"

He knew, of course, that Sir Hilton hadn't, and couldn't have. But it seemed the right thing to say.

The Head gazed at him very earnestly. He hardly knew whether he suspected this boy of imposture, or Sir Hilton of wandering in his mind. That casual reply disarmed him.

"No, Popper," he said, after a long pause. "Sir Hilton has made a very surprising and extraordinary statement. He states that his nephew Archibald was not sent to Greyfriars at all."

"Does he, sir?" asked Archibald. His face registered surprise. "That is very surprising, sir."

"He states," said the Head, "that any boy who has presented himself here, calling himself Archibald Popper, is an impostor."

"Oh, sir!"

"Have you anything to say on the subject, Popper?"

"Well, sir, this is rather startling," said Archibald. "I—I think, sir, that you have met Sir Hilton—"

"I have naturally met Sir Hilton Popper a good many times, as he is a governor of the school, Popper. What do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, as you have met him, you may have noticed—ahem!—that he is—is a little eccentric at times," suggested Archibald.

"Eccentric!" said the Head. "I hardly like to mention it, sir, but—but a little—just a little—queer," said Archibald calmly. "He might say anything, sir. There are times, sir, when nobody knows what he is going to say next."

Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch exchanged a quick, significant glance. They knew Sir Hilton Popper as a fussy, hasty, peppery old gentleman, far from bright in the intellectual line. It was possible that the old gentleman was suffering from some delusion.

Archibald understood that quick exchange of glances between the two masters. His hopes rose.

"If I may say so, sir, I shouldn't take much notice of anything Sir Hilton may say on the telephone," said Archibald. "He has fancies, sir."

"Bless my soul!" said the Head. "Fancies?" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"Very queer fancies sometimes, sir. It's generally considered best to humour him."

"Bless my soul!" said the Head again.

"To humour him!" breathed Mr. Quelch.

"That's the best way, sir," said Archibald. "So long as he is not contradicted, he is really all right. Contradiction makes him very excited."

The two masters looked at one another again.

There was a long pause. The Head broke the silence at last.

"You may go, for the present, Popper," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch stepped aside, and Archibald left the study.

Mr. Quelch shut the door after him and looked at the Head.

"What do you think, Mr. Quelch?" asked Dr. Locke slowly.

"I fear, sir, that this is some strange aberration on the part of Sir Hilton Popper. I can scarcely think anything else," said the Remove master. "The

boy is apparently well acquainted with this—this infirmity!"

"My own opinion," said the Head. "A very sad case, Mr. Quelch, but I can have little doubt that Sir Hilton was wandering a little. I suppose he will call, as he has said that he will do, so please be present when he comes, Mr. Quelch. In—in the circumstances, I should prefer not to interview Sir Hilton Popper alone."

"I quite understand, sir."

And the two masters waited, not very comfortably, for the arrival of the lord of Popper Court, who—unless Archibald was a particularly cool and astute young rascal—was evidently not quite right in the head!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bolted!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"All serene!"

Archibald chuckled.

It was a relief to the Famous Five to see him come away from that interview with the Head, looking so merry and bright. They had feared that it meant trouble—bad trouble. Apparently, however, the interview had bucked Archibald.

"Right as rain!" said Archibald cheerfully. "Lucky I've got a cool head on my shoulders, though. Ha, ha!"

"But what did the Head want?" asked Harry Wharton.

Archibald chuckled again.

"Old Popper's been on the phone!" he explained.

"What!" exclaimed the captain of THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1540.

the Remove, aghast. "Oh crumbs! Has he heard—"

"Yes."

"He's heard that you're here?" stuttered Nugent.

"Just that!"

"And you say that it's right as rain!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Quite!"

"But—but—but he must have told the Head that you're not his nephew Archibald, if he's heard of you at all!" exclaimed Wharton.

"He has!" said Archibald, with a nod.

"Oh crikey! Then your game's up!"

"The upfulness is terrific!"

"Forget it!" said Archibald cheerfully. "The game would have been up if I'd lost my head. No doubt about that. But I didn't. I've stuffed the beaks all right!" He chortled. "You see, I could spot at once that they didn't know what to make of it—and it was easy to put them on the track—"

"On the track?"

"Yes. At the first suggestion that old Popper was cranky, they lapped it up!"

"Cranky!" gasped Wharton.

"Eccentric—queer—cranky—balmy—batchy—potty— See? After all, what did it look like?" grinned Archibald. "A man sends his nephew to Greyfriars—then he says he never sent him! Naturally, old Locke must have wondered whether he was batty—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"It only needed a hint from me," said Archibald brightly. "They've got it right into their heads now that old Popper's wonky in the crumpet, and has to be humoured. Next time he rings up, I've no doubt the Head will talk to him soothingly—humouring him, you know. You have to humour people who have bats in the belfry!"

The Famous Five fairly blinked at Archibald. Certainly, they had regarded his game as utterly up as soon as Sir Hilton Popper heard of him. But Wibley had not been at the end of his resources—though this amazing resource was enough to take their breath away.

"You—you—you funny idiot!" stuttered Bob Cherry. "You've really made the Head and Quelch think that old Popper's batty—"

"They half-thought so already. I only had to give the finishing touch," said the cheery Archibald. "It's all right now."

"You don't think that it's too thick?" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Eh? No!"

"You don't think that it's rather rotten and unscrupulous, you silly fat-head?" growled Johnny Bull. "Do you ever think at all?"

"The thankfulness of the esteemed Wibley is not great!" grinned Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh. "But what will happen, my absurd Wib, if the excellent and execrable baronet blows in at the school?"

"Let's hope he won't!" said Wibley.

"Ten to one he will, now he's back at Popper Court," said Harry. "Why, you fathead, he's sure to come over specially, if he's heard that there's a fellow here calling himself his nephew!"

"Oh!" said Archibald, and he ceased to grin. Leg-pulling was one matter, but facing the lord of Popper Court in his wrath was quite another. "Oh! That would be a bit of a diffi-

culty! Still, he mayn't come!" he added hopefully.

"If he does—"

"I'm not going to meet troubles half-way. I—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob. "Look—"

A car whisked in at the gates, shot up the drive, and stopped at the House. From it descended a tall, bony, white-moustached gentleman, with an eyeglass gleaming in a fiery eye.

"Oh!" gasped Archibald.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter rolled up in great excitement. "I say, that's old Popper! I say—"

A good many fellows were looking at Sir Hilton. Never an amiable-looking gentleman, he now had a thunderous frown on his brow. He stared round, with the aid of his eyeglass, and then called to the group of juniors who were standing near the door.

"Here, Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Harry.

"You are a Remove boy, I think! I am told that there is a boy in the Remove calling himself Archibald Popper! Where is he?"

"Pip-pip-Popper, sir!" stuttered Harry.

Archibald was standing there, looking at the old baronet. Obviously, the lord of Popper Court did not know that nephew by sight!

"Yes!" roared Sir Hilton. "Some rascally young impostor has dared, by Jove, to call himself by my nephew's name! Where is he? If he is here, point him out to me! I have a riding-whip here to lay round him, by Jove!"

"Oh!" gasped Harry.

Archibald, with perfect coolness, made a step forward.

"Did you say Archibald Popper, sir?" he asked.

"I did!" hooted Sir Hilton.

"He went in to see the Head, sir, about a quarter of an hour ago," said Archibald—a statement that made the Co. gasp.

Certainly, it was true enough! It was a quarter of an hour since Archibald had been sent for by the Head.

"Oh, very well!" snorted Sir Hilton, undoubtedly deriving the impression, from Archibald's statement, that Archibald was still with the Head.

He stalked into the House.

"Oh, my only hat!" murmured Archibald.

"He, he, he!" cackled Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, Wibley's for it now! He, he, he! Yow-ow! Stop kicking me, Bob Cherry, you beast!"

"What are you going to do, Wib, old man?" asked Harry Wharton hurriedly. "You'll be sent for in a minute or two—"

Archibald whistled.

"Going to tell the Head that old Popper's batty, in his presence?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically. "Or going to tell old Popper so himself? He might believe you—perhaps!"

"Shut up, Johnny, old man! Look here, Wib, what are you going to do?" asked Bob Cherry.

"A bunk!" answered Archibald briefly.

"And the sooner, the better!" said Nugent anxiously. "The old bean meant that bit about the riding-whip!"

"Don't I know him?" growled Wibley. "The old ass—of course he had to barge in and spoil the best stunt that ever was! To think that I've carried on here for weeks, and now that blithering old donkey—"

"Never mind that, old chap!" said

Harry. "For goodness' sake get out of sight, before they send a prefect to walk you in—"

"Cut down to Courtfield, and take the train home, old fellow!" said Bob. Snort!—from Wibley.

"I'll watch it!" he snapped.

"The game's up here, old chap, and there'll be a terrific row if you're snaffled—"

"I know that. But I'm not going home. I've told my father that I've got a chance of getting back at Greyfriars, and I'm not going to own up beaten."

"But—" gasped Nugent.

"I'm getting back to Greyfriars, somehow! I don't know how, yet! But somehow! If that old ass hadn't butted in like this—"

"But he has, old chap! He has! For goodness' sake, get a move on, before you're grabbed by the back of the neck!" urged Bob.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I say, here comes Loder—"

"Oh, my hat!"

Loder of the Sixth came out of the House. He came across to the group of Removites.

"Come with me, Popper," he said, "you're wanted."

"Tea in your study, Loder?" asked Archibald affably. Even at that extremity, William Wibley had not lost his cool check.

Loder stared at him.

"Don't be a young ass! I'm to take you to the Head! Come on!" he snapped.

Archibald stepped back.

"Give the Head a message from me, instead, Loder!" he said cheerfully.

"Tell the old bean I'd be pleased to call, but I don't want to see old Popper! Tell the Head I like him all right, but I don't like the company he keeps!"

"Wha-a-at?" stuttered the Sixth Form prefect!

He stared at Archibald rather like a fellow in a dream. Loder of the Sixth was not likely to carry a message like that to his headmaster!

"Here—stop—where are you going? You're to come with me. Popper! What the dickens—stop!"

Archibald was cutting for the gates. Loder gazed after him. Then he rushed in pursuit.

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"Stop him!" roared Loder.

He tore on Archibald's track.

A fellow sent for by the Head was seldom, or never, keen on the interview. But this was the first time that such a fellow had bolted, instead of obeying the dread summons.

Gerald Loder was more astonished than angry; but he was very angry indeed, as he cut in chase of the fleeing junior.

"Stop him!" he roared as he rushed.

A dozen fellows could have barged into Archibald's way and stopped him—but they did not. He flew on towards the gates—and after him flew Loder.

Crowds of Greyfriars fellows watched the chase in breathless excitement.

Archibald was getting ahead. Probably the thought of Sir Hilton Popper's riding-whip helped to lend him speed. He flew! He whizzed! He was near the gates, when Loder yelled to Monsieur Charpentier, who was coming in.

"Stop him! Please stop him, sir!"

Mossoo stared at Archibald—stared at Loder—and then jumped in the junior's way!

A junior running from a prefect had to be stopped—moreover, this was the junior whom Mossoo suspected of having

(Continued on page 22.)

INS AND OUTS OF GREYFRIARS. A Conducted Tour with—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE



A TOUR OF GREYFRIARS. (No. 6. The Old Tower.)

(1)

Away from the river we stroll
To see the old ruins in grey,
A tower, once impressive and whole,
Now mouldering slowly away.
It stood in the strength of its stone,
Unchanged by Old Time on the wing,
With Henry the Eighth on the throne
(They called him "The Bachelor
King!").

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS Pillow Fights

(1)

When we lay us down at night
We do not always go to sleep,
For sometimes there's a pillow-fight;
Then through the silent school we
creep
To set about the Upper Fourth
And biff old Temple on the nose.
We pillow them for all we're worth;
They cringe beneath our hefty blows.

(2)

Then Temple stands to his defence
Like What's-it on the bridge of Rome,
And loudly crying "Get thee hence!"
He bashes Wharton on the dome!
Ah, fatal move! For vengeance swift
Is on the war-like Temple's track;
He's bashed and bolstered, banged and
biffed,
And left lamenting on his back.

(3)

Then comes a rally neatly planned
To squash the rest of Temple's Form,
Till Mr. Capper, cane in hand,
Appears inside the troubled dorm.
Then lines and lickings by the ton
Are handed out to all concerned;
But everybody says it's fun.
Despite the punishment they earned.



At football one morning the ref
Used all his available breaif
In blowing "offside,"
Then lay down and died—
For he tried to stop Dutton, who's deaf!

(2)

Then Greyfriars was powerful—but
The monks were approaching their
end;
The monasteries Henry soon shut,
And pinched all their treasure to
spend.
And so the poor monks went away,
And monkeys came here to be taught.
The tower has been left to decay,
And never been given a thought.

(3)

Now ivy is thick on its walls,
And owls build their nests in its
stones,
Where fags climb with light-hearted
calls,
And tumble with dolorous groans.
Here Skinner and Snoop in the crypt
Have smoked cigarettes, so they say;
So though its old stones may have
slipped,
The place is still useful to-day!

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET



WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER (The Owl of the Remove)

B is for BUNTER—Willie George!
(We ought to spell it "Will he gorge?")
He surely will, I'll tell a man—
And does so every time he can.
Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle, guzzle—
Where he puts it is a puzzle.
All our tuck this prince of gluttons
Gets away with—'Toddy's, Dutton's,
Wharton's, Coker's, Newland's, Morgan's,
All in his digestive organs!
One day, as we all acknowledge,
He'll be in another "college,"
Where the scholars wear broad-arrow.
(No, you're wrong; it isn't Harrow!)
Then perhaps he'll tell the warder
All about his postal order!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

Fisher T. Fish would make one
shilling.

A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

A well-known proverb tells us that
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
The writer of it must have had experi-
ence of Quelch's cane.

The Second Form visited the swim-
ming bath the other day. After they
left, the water was carefully poured into
bottles, and will be used as ink.

A baby jackdaw was seen on the roof
yesterday, having a flutter on the tiles.
The look in Loder's eye showed that
this had touched a familiar chord inside
him.

Mr. Prout is going to shoot grouse
this autumn. Now we know what makes
the grouse cackle.

Fisher T. Fish has struck a gilt-edged
proposition for making his fortune. He
is going to get the contract for supply-
ing notice-boards to Sir Hilton Popper!

What Removite suffers severely when
he has a cold?—Hurree Singh, because
he is black in the face every time he
coughs.

PUZZLE PAR

If Fisher T. Fish bought a
book from Bunter for a shilling,
and sold it for the same sum (!)
to Desmond, who sold it back to
Fishy when he was broke for six-
pence, and Fishy then sold it to
Temple for one-and-six—how
much did he make on the deal?

Answer at foot of column 2.

How can Billy Bunter be the brother
of a child who is not his father's son?—
He is brother to Bessie, who's Mr.
Bunter's daughter.

A writer in a paper asks: "What
happens to snails at the end of the
summer?" Wun Lung, our Chinese
cook, can give him the recipe.

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE will be on duty again NEXT WEEK!

hooked a certain card to the back of his coat.

He jumped at Archibald and grabbed.

Had that grab fastened on Archibald, Loder would have added a grasp the next moment. But as Froggy grabbed Archibald lowered his head, and butted!

His head smote the French master on his third waistcoat button! Monsieur Charpentier went over, as if Archibald's head had been a cannon-ball. He squealed and sprawled—and Archibald tore on—leaving him squealing and sprawling.

A second more, and Loder, going too fast to stop, was stumbling over Mossoo; and, in another second, he looked as if he was trying to dig up the quadrangle with his nose.

"Urrroooogh! Mon Dieu! Urrggh!" spluttered Mossoo.

"Ow! Oh gad! Ow!" gurgled Loder.

Archibald shot out of the gates!

Loder of the Sixth shot out a minute later.

But Archibald had disappeared, and Loder could only tramp breathlessly back to the House, and report that Popper of the Remove had bolted!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Some Person Unknown!

"BLESS my soul!" said the Head faintly.

"Huh!" granted Sir Hilton Popper.

"Upon my word!" murmured Mr. Quelch.

They had a view—a startling view—from the window of the Head's study.

Standing at that window, they gazed at Archibald, as he bolted, with Loder of the Sixth in pursuit.

"That is the boy?" snorted Sir Hilton.

"That—that certainly is the boy!" stammered the Head.

"That is—is Popper!" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

"He is not my nephew! He bears no resemblance whatever to my nephew! Is that stupid fellow going to let him escape? By Jove! Why was not the boy detained—secured? I asked you to have him detained and secured, sir, pending my arrival!" snorted Sir Hilton.

Dr. Locke made no reply to that. Neither did Mr. Quelch. They did not care to explain why it was that they had attached so little importance to Sir Hilton's remarks over the telephone.

Archibald's flight could mean only one thing—both the masters realised that. He was not the genuine Archibald Popper!

With amazing coolness and nerve, he had pulled their leg in that interview in the study, and left them doubting, not whether he was Archibald, but whether Sir Hilton was suffering from delusions. But for the baronet calling at the school, it seemed that he had meant to carry on.

Sir Hilton's arrival, of course, knocked that on the head. He could not stand in the old baronet's presence and keep up that amazing imposture.

Who he was, why he had done this, neither the Head nor the Remove master had an idea—for they did not even think of Wibley in connection with Archibald—neither did it occur to them that Archibald was in disguise.

But they knew now, who ever he was, he was not Sir Hilton Popper's nephew

Archibald Popper. His flight was a proof of that.

Loder came back to the House—alone. Archibald of the Remove had got out of gates—evidently intending to stay out. He was not likely to be seen at Greyfriars School again, in the peculiar circumstances.

Sir Hilton Popper snorted with anger. He was fearfully keen to handle his riding-whip on the young rascal who had had the nerve to borrow the name of Popper.

"An—an—an impostor" murmured the Head, almost dazedly. "It—it seems quite incredible! But—but there is no doubt now, Mr. Quelch!"

"None, apparently, sir!" said the Remove master.

"Doubt?" hooted Sir Hilton. "I presume that there was no doubt, after what I said to you on the telephone, Dr. Locke!"

"Oh, no! Quite!" stammered the Head.

"The boy should have been detained—seized—arrested!" snorted Sir Hilton. "It is amazing, sir, that you should have been imposed on like this, after I had informed you that Archibald was not coming to the school—"

"I received no such information from you, Sir Hilton—"

"I repeat, sir, that I telephoned the evening I left for London—"

"And I repeat, sir, that I did not take the call, and was not informed of it."

Tap!

The door opened, and Loder of the Sixth looked in.

"Popper, sir—" he began.

"I saw what occurred from my window, Loder!" said the Head. "Kindly notify the other prefects that if the boy is seen again, he is to be secured immediately."

"If—if—if he is seen again—" stuttered Loder. "I suppose he will return for calling-over, sir."

"The boy is an impostor, Loder! His name is not Popper at all, and he is not the nephew of Sir Hilton Popper! We have all been deceived by some extraordinary young adventurer!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Loder. "I—I—I mean—"

"Please inform the other prefects, Loder, and let the boy be secured if possible!" said the Head.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped the amazed Loder. "Certainly!"

He went away, blinking with amazement—with astonishing news for the rest of the school.

The Remove did not share in the general astonishment—knowing more about Archibald than Loder could have told them. But all the other Forms buzzed with the strange story.

Sir Hilton Popper went back to his car—riding-whip, unused, under his arm. He was deeply and intensely annoyed by the escape of the young impostor, unpunished. He was frowning more blackly than ever as his car rolled away from the gates of Greyfriars.

His departure, at least, was a relief to the Head. When he was gone, Dr. Locke fell, rather than sat, in his chair.

"This is—is—is a most extraordinary occurrence, Mr. Quelch!" he said.

"Most extraordinary, sir!" agreed Mr. Quelch.

"That boy, certainly, is not Popper."

"Most certainly not."

"Who can he be, Mr. Quelch?"

"I have not the remotest idea, sir. He was a complete stranger to me when he arrived at the school."

"And to me," said the Head. "I have, of course, seen him about the school several times, but have taken no special notice of him. But as he is in

your form, Mr. Quelch, and you have come into daily, almost hourly, contact with him—"

"The boy has done nothing, sir, nothing whatever to awaken suspicion!" said Mr. Quelch. "His bona-fides appeared unquestionable, and I never suspected for a moment that he was other than what he seemed."

He paused a moment.

"Once or twice, I admit," he added, "in dealing with Popper, it seemed to me that there was a certain familiarity about him—indeed, I remember asking him, on the day he arrived, whether I had ever seen him before. I had a kind of vague impression to that effect."

"But nothing definite?"

"Nothing, sir! I cannot make a guess at the boy's real name and identity. But I do not think, as Sir Hilton Popper appears to do, that he is a young rogue or rascal. His conduct has been perfectly above board while he has been here. He has done no harm of any kind, beyond carrying out this extraordinary imposture. I think it will prove that the whole thing was a most extraordinary practical joke—"

"A—a practical joke! But—such an unheard-of thing—"

"I think that will prove to be the truth, sir. There are persons who have an unfortunate propensity to practical joking, and sometimes carry it to inordinate lengths. Wibley, of my Form, was such a boy—and I have little doubt that this extraordinary lad is another of the same kind."

"Presumably, we shall never see the boy again—"

Mr. Quelch smiled slightly.

"Now that he has been found out, sir, I have no doubt that he will take the greatest care to keep at a safe distance from Greyfriars!" he answered.

"No doubt—no doubt!" said the Head.

Mr. Quelch's view was generally shared in the school.

But there were some fellows in the Remove who did not share it. They did not, certainly, expect to see anything more of Archibald—but they doubted very much whether they had seen the last of William Wibley.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Wibley's Latest Winner!

"POOR old Wib!" said Frank Nugent.

"Poor old chap!" agreed Harry Wharton.

It was two or three days later, and the two had come up to their study for prep, on Friday evening.

Archibald had shared that study with them, and they rather missed Archibald. And they were sorry and concerned for poor old Wib.

From the first, they had doubted whether there was anything in his hopeful and extraordinary scheme for getting back to Greyfriars. Their doubts had been justified. There had been nothing in it. Even after it had been demonstrated to be a hopeless failure, Wibley had refused to be beaten—he had carried on in the hope of something turning up in his favour. And it was Sir Hilton Popper who had turned up! Wib's ideas were original and remarkable—but it was indubitable that he did not have much luck with them.

"It's rotten" went on Harry, as he sorted out his books for prep. "Poor old Wib was a fathead, but a jolly good sort!"

"The silliest ass ever—but a decent sort!" agreed Frank. "I wish he could have got back somehow!"



Dizzy and half insensible from the battering he had received at the hands of the tramp, Wibley rose unsteadily to his feet. The little French master was helpless in the powerful grasp of Bill Huggins, and there was no doubt that, without the junior's aid, he would come off badly. Summoning his remaining strength, the schoolboy grasped his stick and brought it crashing down on the ruffian's head.

"Same here! I'd give a good deal to see him back in the Remove! I suppose he's gone home now!" added Harry doubtfully.

"Blessed if I half think so! He's ass enough to stick on somewhere, and work out some new scheme as fatheaded as the last!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Even Wib couldn't think of turning up here as a new kid again!" he remarked. "Even Wib isn't ass enough for that!"

"Blessed if I feel sure. After all, the poor old chap is ass enough for anything!" said Nugent. "The biggest fathead ever!"

"Same to you with knobs on!" said an unexpected voice.

The two juniors jumped. They had, naturally, supposed themselves to be alone in the study, as the Remove were at prep.

But it was not only the unexpectedness of the voice—it was the voice itself that made them jump! For that voice was familiar!

"Wibley!" stuttered the captain of the Remove.

"Wib!" said Nugent, quite faintly.

They stared round the study.

The tattered old screen that stood in the corner stirred, and a figure emerged from behind it.

Wharton and Nugent gazed, with popping eyes, at William Wibley.

He was not in his Archibald outfit! Archibald had played his part, and played it out. It was Wibley, in his own, proper person, who stood grinning at them in Study No. 1.

"Surprised?" asked Wibley.

"Oh! Sort of!" gasped Harry. "Is—is that really you, you ass?"

"I think so. Either me or my twin," said Wibley, cheerfully. "I think it's me."

"What on earth are you doing here?"

"Waiting behind that screen, till you fellows came up to prep."

"Then—you haven't gone home?"

"Do I look as if I had?"

"Fathead! How did you get in?" exclaimed Wharton. "If anybody's seen you—"

"Easy enough!" grinned Wibley. "I got over a back wall, lay doggo in the kitchen garden till the coast was clear, climbed up to the leads under the box-room window, and got in there—and I've been here an hour or more, waiting for you fellows."

They could only stare at him.

"Not glad to see me?" asked Wibley. "I should have thought, from the remarks I heard you make, that you'd have given me the glad eye and the brotherly hand."

"We're glad to see you, of course, you old ass!" said Harry. "But what—"

"I've thought of a new stunt!"

"Oh dear!" said Nugent.

"Oh my hat!" said Harry.

Wibley sniffed.

Those ejaculations from the chums of the Remove revealed what they thought of his stunts. Wib had always thought himself the brainy man of the Remove. But he had always been the only fellow in the Form who thought so.

"It's a winner!" he said impressively.

"Your stunts are always winners, till you try them on!" said Harry. "Then they generally turn out quite the other thing!"

"You mean always!" remarked Nugent.

"Oh, can it!" said Wibley. "I tell you this one is gilt-edged! I want some help. That's why I'm here. I haven't looked in wholly and solely for the pleasure of hearing two fellows talk out of their hats!"

"Well, carry on," said Wharton.

"You know we'd do anything to help you get back, old man! So would any man in the Form!"

"Think Bolsover major would?"

"I'm sure he would! But what the dickens can Bolsover do that we couldn't do?" asked Harry, puzzled.

"He's the biggest chap in the Form!"

"What on earth has that got to do with it?" exclaimed Harry blankly.

"Lots! Bolsover's an outsize, and he could easily pass as a fairly big man, if he were made up for the part."

Wharton and Nugent exchanged a look. Wibley's mind, evidently, was running on something in the theatrical line! It was seldom, indeed, that it ran on anything else.

"Get Bolsover here!" went on Wibley. "Never mind prep—you can chance it with Quelch for once! This is more important than prep."

Harry Wharton smiled. Wibley's own affairs were always more important than anybody else's. But he nodded.

"All right!"

Wibley dodged back behind the screen as the captain of the Remove left the study. In a few minutes he came back with Bolsover major, who had an expression of astonishment on his rugged face.

Wharton closed the door carefully after they were in.

"Wib here—" murmured Bolsover major.

"Adsum!" chuckled Wibley, and he reappeared from behind the screen and gave Bolsover a grin and a nod.

The burly Removite stared at him.

"Well, this takes the cake!" he said. "There'll be a fearful row if you're copped here, Wib, old man. You can't play Archibald now, you know."

"I'm not going to be copped, old bean! I shall clear off, after prep."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1540.

more easily than I got in! I want you to help me, old chap."

"Anything I can do——" said Bolsover heartily.

"Good man!"

Wibley took a seat on the corner of the study table—ready, however, to dodge out of sight behind the screen in the corner if footsteps approach the door.

"Now, I'll put it in a nutshell," he said. "That little beast, Froggy, is a grateful little beast—you remember how he oozed gratitude over Toddy, that time? Well, we tried on a stunt that ought to have been a winner, though it wasn't. Wharton and Toddy got themselves up in masks to collar Mossoo, and I was going to rescue him, see——"

Bolsover grinned.

"Of all the fatheaded stunts——" he said.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton. "You're not thinking of that idiotic stunt over again. Wib!"

"With improvements!" said Wibley.

"Let's hear the improvements!" sighed Wharton.

"Mossoo goes to the lecture at the Courtfield Institute every Saturday afternoon. That tramp Huggins got after him: once, on Courtfield Common. He might get after him again—suppose he did, and started bashing Froggy, and I rushed in with a stick—what?"

"Oh scissors! First of all, he won't, as he's cleared out of the place—at least, the police can't find him. Second, he could mash you like a potato with his little finger."

"Suppose it happened, and I rescued Mossoo, wouldn't he be fearfully grateful, and let bygones be bygones?"

"I've no doubt he would. But as it couldn't happen——"

"That's where Bolsover comes in.

He's big enough—the only fellow in the Remove who is. I can fix him up with a new complexion, a stubbly beard, and a dummy nose—we've got all the stuff in the property-box. He makes up as Huggins——"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bolsover.

"And pounces on Mossoo to-morrow afternoon. I rush in and save Mossoo! And—and there you are!"

The three Removites blinked at William Wibley. Evidently Wib was not a fellow to be discouraged by failure—or by one failure after another. His faith in himself and his wonderful stunts was still unlimited. That faith was not shared by the other fellows. Far from it.

"Easy as falling off a form!" said Wibley. "Bolsover can give him a punch or two—it will make it look more natural, and serve the little beast right for getting me sacked——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I hop in with a big stick and drive him off! Mossoo falls on my neck and weeps tears of gratitude, and everything in the garden is lovely! What do you fellows think of that?"

"Better not tell you, old chap!" gasped Harry. "You'd be offended."

"You silly ass!" howled Wibley. "I tell you this is a real winner! Safe as houses! You'll play up, I suppose?"

"I'm game!" said Bolsover. "I'd like to punch Froggy without seeing the Head about it afterwards!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The harder he's punched, the more grateful he will be for being rescued—so give him a few pretty hard ones!" said Wibley. "I can tell you, this is a winner!"

"Well, we'll help," said Harry. "But——"

"But it won't work!" said Nugent.

"Why shouldn't it, fathead?" demanded Wibley.

"Because you're going to have a hand in it, old chap. Your stunts never do work!"

"You footling ass——"

"Anyhow, Froggy will get the punches!" said Bolsover major. "That's so much to the good!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It will work like a charm!" said Wibley.

Wibley had no doubts about that. The other fellows had. But they were going to stand by the exile from Greyfriars, all the same! And, dubious as they were of the result, they were going to back Wibley's latest winner!

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

In Ambush!

"THAT ass——"

"That fathead!"

"That chump!"

On Saturday afternoon three Remove fellows made those remarks at the same time.

After dinner the three had walked out of the school, one of them carrying an attache-case, and taken the road over Courtfield Common.

Half-way to the town, in the loneliest part of a rather lonely road, there was a clump of beeches and willows by the wayside. Into that clump the three juniors disappeared.

Bolsover major set down the attache-case. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent looked round—for Wibley, and failed to spot him. Hence their remarks.

The previous evening, in Study No. 1, the plan had been discussed in all its details, and everything was cut and dried.

Bolsover major, who was to play the part of Bill Huggins, was to make-up as the broken-nosed tramp in that wayside clump. According to arrangement, Wibley was to be there to meet them, to lend his unequalled artistic assistance in the make-up business.

But Wibley was not there.

"Late, of course!" said Nugent. "Still, there's lots of time—we're early. Froggy won't be along for an hour yet."

"The silly fathead!" said Bolsover major. "He ought to be here! Wibley always was an ass!"

"Biggest ass going!" sighed Wharton.

He looked out of the thicket and scanned the road towards Courtfield. A car buzzed by, but there was no pedestrian to be seen.

Since Archibald had bolted from Greyfriars, Wibley had been putting up somewhere in the neighbourhood—where, the juniors did not know. There was no reason, so far as they could see, why he should not have turned up to keep the appointment. But he was not there, and he was not to be seen on the road—and they had to wait.

"May as well get on with it!" said Bolsover. "Think you fellows can manage without Wib?"

"Well, we'll try," said Harry. "I dare say the ass will turn up at the last minute!"

Deep in the clump the attache-case was unpacked. It contained all the articles necessary for the transformation, selected from the property-box of the Remove Dramatic Society.

Bolsover major drew on a pair of tattered check trousers over his own, and a pair of large, ragged boots, also over his own. A shabby coat was added, and a spotted muffler. Bolsover was a big fellow—bigger than some

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fellows in Fifth Form—and in that outfit he looked as burly as Bill Huggins.

A stubbly beard fixed to his chin, and a mop of untidy hair fastened over his own, altered his aspect very considerably. Then the juniors set to work with the artificial nose, which was to transform Bolsover's nose into the damaged proboscis of Bill Huggins.

"Better leave that to me!" said a cheery voice. "You fellows are rather mugs at this game!"

Wibley, grinning, came through the willows.

"Oh, here you are!" grunted Bolsover major.

"You had to be late!" remarked Nugent.

"Not my fault," said Wibley. "I've had to dodge! Quelch and Hacker are taking a walk this afternoon, and I ran right into them."

"You would!" remarked Harry Wharton, with a nod.

"You silly ass, did I know that Quelch and Hacker would be going to Courtfield this afternoon?" hooted Wibley. "How was I to know? I met them fairly face to face, and had to dodge. Quelch rushed after me. If he'd copped me, he would have bagged me for keeps! I was lucky to get away! Like his cheek, to get after me, now I don't belong to Greyfriars—but I suppose the old ass thinks I ought to be sent home—"

"So you ought!" grinned Nugent.

"Oh rats!"

"Are they after you now?" asked Harry. "If they follow you here—"

"That's all right—I tell you I dodged them on the common! Right as rain!" said Wibley. "Lots of time yet! Leave that to me!"

Wharton and Nugent willingly relinquished the task of make-up to Wibley. Whether William Wibley was the brainy man he believed himself to be, or the ass that other fellows thought him, there was no doubt that he was a past-master in that line. The false nose, added to Bolsover's own, was an exact reproduction of Bill Huggins' when Wibley had done with it. The stubbly beard, after a touch or two from Wibley, looked as if it grew. Smudges of mud helped the disguise, and were quite in keeping with Mr. Huggins' aspect—Mr. Huggins' washes being few and far between. A tattered cap was crammed over the untidy hair. Artistic touches, added by Wibley's skilful hand, turned the disguised Bolsover into an absolute twin of Mr. Huggins. Wibley had seen the tramp at close quarters, and there was hardly a detail in Bill's unpleasant appearance that he did not reproduce on Bolsover major.

"How do I look?" asked Bolsover, when Wibley had finished.

"I wouldn't like to meet you on a dark night!" chuckled Nugent.

Harry Wharton held up a glass, and Bolsover gave a jump, as he stared into it at a stubbly, broken-nosed reflection.

"Oh crikey!" he gasped.

"Huggins to the life!" said Wibley complacently. "Froggy won't have a suspish! Now, you've got it clear? You wait in this clump till Froggy comes trotting along. Keep out of sight—you'd get run in if you were seen—Huggins' description is posted up all over the place—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"You fellows get into this beech and watch the road for Froggy!" went on Wibley. "Whistle when you spot him, and warn Bolsover—see?"

"Right-ho!"

"Mind you don't make a muck of it!" added Wibley anxiously. "Now I'll cut off and leave you to it. I'm going to watch for Mossoo at the

corner—see—and follow him up the road! Bolsover will have time to put in a few good punches—"

"I'll put in the punches all right!" grinned Bolsover.

"Then I rush in with this stick and

drive him off! You've got it all clear?"

"Quite!"

Wibley slipped out of the clump and disappeared down the road. There was
(Continued on next page.)



COME INTO the OFFICE, BOYS - AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him; Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

PHEW! Who'd be an editor? I've just been reading through my mail, and now I'm not sure whether I'm standing on my head or on my feet.

"Let's have some more of the Bounder. He's my favourite character," writes Jack Martin. "Aha, more Bounder wanted," I murmur to myself and open the next letter. It's from Brian Morley, a Burnhamite, and he starts off: "Frank Richards gets better and better, but why can't he give us more of Lord Mauleverer and less of Smithy." Letter number three informs me that Ted Oulton, of Bexleyheath prefers Tom Redwing to any other character, and gives a list in order of preference. Last is Lord Mauleverer!

So there you are.

The Great Barnum is reputed to have said: "You can deceive all of the people some of the time, or some of the people all of the time! But not all of the people all of the time!" He might just as truly have said: "You can please all of the people some of the time, or some of the people all of the time. But not all the people all of the time." Substitute "readers" for "people" and you can understand just what a bewildering job being an editor is! But I must just go on aiming to please all of my readers all of the time!

One thing I'm fairly confident about (although I shan't be a bit surprised if several readers write and tell me how wrong I am) is that stories featuring Wun Lung, the little Chinese junior, appeal to practically everybody. I'm quite certain that:

"THE SINISTER DOCTOR SIN"

which begins an exciting new series in next week's issue will make even the doubters enthusiastic.

Frank Richards slips right into his stride from the first paragraph and laughs and thrills tumble over each other right to the last word.

Who is Doctor Sin, the man who visits Greyfriars to bring Wun Lung greetings from his uncle in Paris? And was the kidnapper who dared to enter the Remove dormitory at midnight the same man? The Chinese junior will not hear of it, but Bob Cherry cannot rid his mind of doubts, and Billy Bunter, at any rate, is quite sure.

The shadow of the East hangs over the famous old school, and the Famous Five are determined to protect Wun Lung from the peril which threatens him. Take my tip, here's a story you will not easily forget.

BUNTER "WEIGHS IN!"

"Magnet Fan" (Torquay) wants to know how much Billy Bunter weighs.

According to Bob Cherry the answer is just over a ton and a half, but this, we think, may be a little bit exaggerated.

Truth is that last time the famous porpoise stepped on to a weighing machine the top shot off. It was a sad day for Billy, because, after that, the owners of the machine refused to give him his penny back. They seemed quite cross about it, instead of apologetic as Bunter considered they should have been.

When we asked Bunter what he weighed, he replied that he was definitely under weight. In fact wasting away. The truth, he declared, was that he wasn't getting enough food to keep a canary alive, but since he was expecting a postal order perhaps we would advance—

We can't tell you the rest because at this stage we succeeded in getting out of earshot. If anyone knows of a canary which could put away the same amount of tuck as Bunter, we'd like to hear about it!

And here are some

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

Miss M. Phillips (Stamford).—Yes, this year the Famous Five are off to Paris for their holidays. This is advance information.

B. W. Barrett (Ilford).—The Greyfriars Herald has several steady contributors, but I agree it would be a good idea to persuade Trevor, Vivian, etc., to weigh in with some articles. Must remember to speak to Editor Wharton about this.

Ivor Hudson (Christchurch).—Greyfriars colours, blue and white. Number of pupils varies, but the figure is over 200. Some fellows naturally come into more stories than others. Yes, there is a First Form; the "inmates" have very little dealing with the middle and upper schools, however. Remove studies vary in size a good deal; none of them are very big. Best wishes for the club.

James McDermott (Glasgow).—On the classic occasion when Coker tried to fight Wingate, he let fly a terrific upper cut, hit himself on the chin, and knocked himself out—at least so Kipps tells us. He adds that this was just as well, since Wingate was laughing too hard to defend himself.

John Hastings (Plymouth).—Poter Todd and Vernon-Smith, both 15 years 10 months, are the oldest fellows in the Remove. Oldest in the school, George Wingate, 17 years 11 months. Yes, write to me again. I like it!

Hilary Webster (King's Lynn).—You may tell your chum that you were quite right, Hilary. There is a lift inside the torch which the State of Liberty in New York Harbour holds in her hand.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1540.

a turning at a little distance, in the direction of the school, and at that corner Wib was going to wait for Mossos and follow him when he had passed—ready to rush in at the psychological moment.

Wharton and Nugent exchanged a grin. So far everything seemed to be going well, and they wondered whether there might not, after all, be something in this remarkable stunt. They climbed into a tall, thick beech, to watch the road for Froggy when he came. Bolsover major, below, waited in deep cover—ready to act as soon as he heard the signal whistle from the beech. And then—

It was said of old that it is the unexpected that happens!
And the unexpected did!

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

A Hot Chase!

"THE reckless young rascal!" said Mr. Quelch, with a frown.

"We are not likely to see him again!" said Mr. Hacker.

"I should be very glad to secure him, if possible, Hacker! This reckless conduct must be causing his father anxiety."

"No doubt!" agreed the master of the Shell. "But—"

The two Greyfriars masters halted in the shade of a wide-spreading beech by the roadside. They were glad to get out of the glare of the sun.

They were taking a walk that afternoon, and had nearly reached Courtfield when Wibley, as he had told his friends, had almost walked into them coming out of the town. He had, as he stated, dodged and escaped; and he had no doubt that the two beaks had continued on their way after losing him.

But, as a matter of fact, they hadn't.

Mr. Quelch was extremely anxious to secure that former member of his Form and to put a stop to his extraordinary proceedings. Mr. Hacker was willing to give him every possible assistance. They had not the slightest idea that Wibley had passed the last few weeks at Greyfriars under the name of Archibald Popper; but they knew that he was somewhere near the school, and there had been unceasing correspondence on the subject from Mr. Wibley. Mr. Wibley took the view, not unreasonably, that if the school authorities sent a fellow away it was up to them to see that he arrived home.

For the last half-hour the two masters had been looking for Wibley. They had no doubt that he was somewhere on the common, and they hoped to spot him again. Meanwhile, they were glad to get a rest in the shade from the sun.

"I am sure," said Mr. Quelch, "that he came in this direction!"

"I think so," agreed Mr. Hacker. "But he is certainly keeping out of our sight intentionally, Quelch." He glanced round at the thick clump of beeches and willows. "Did you hear something, Quelch?"

"I did!" said Mr. Quelch, staring at the thickets.

"If the young rascal has hidden himself here—"

"It is quite probable!"

The two masters left the road and walked into the clump.

They had both heard a rustle there, which told of a movement, and they were not likely to guess that the movement had been made by a Remove fellow, disguised as a broken-nosed

tramp, and startled by the sudden sound of his Form-master's voice only a few yards away.

"Someone is here!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, as there was another rustle in the willows—the dismayed Bolsover backing away in a hurry.

He ran forward. Hacker followed him.

"Look out, Quelch!" shouted Hacker suddenly, as he glimpsed a burly, stubbly-bearded, broken-nosed ruffian in the willows. "It is not a boy; it is—"

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

He came to a sudden halt, staring at the broken-nosed ruffian. He knew Bill Huggins by sight.

"That is the man Huggins!" he exclaimed. "The ruffian who attacked Monsieur Charpentier, Hacker."

"That scoundrel who is wanted by the police!" exclaimed Mr. Hacker. "It is our duty to secure him, Quelch!"

"Most decidedly! Stop, you rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, as the ruffian cut through the thickets. "Stop at once! Quick, Hacker!"

They rushed in pursuit.

Wibley, for the moment, was forgotten. They were not losing this chance of securing the dangerous ruffian who had twice attacked the French master. Both the masters had stout walking-sticks, and they uplifted them as they rushed in chase.

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Bolsover major, in utter dismay.

"Oh crikey!" murmured Frank Nugent in the high branches of the beech. "I—I say, that—that's Quelch!"

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Harry Wharton.

They could see nothing through the thick branches below, but they could hear! They listened in dismay. They had had a foreboding that something would go wrong with Wibley's stunt—as something generally did with his stunts. That foreboding was justified. Something was going awfully wrong with it!

They heard Bolsover major scuttling through the thickets. Obviously he could not wait there for Mossos now. That game was up. Bolsover's cue was swift flight before he was collared in his disguise—and he lost no time about it. He flew, with a crashing of twigs and branches.

After him rushed Mr. Quelch, with brandished walking-stick; after Mr. Quelch rushed Hacker.

"Stop!" shouted the Remove master again, as that dangerous-looking character darted out of the trees into the road.

Bill Huggins' double did not stop! What would happen to him if his Form-master collared him in that remarkable get-up on a public road Bolsover major did not know—but he knew that it would be something unpleasant! He flew across the road and took to the open common on the other side.

"Follow him, Hacker!" shouted Mr. Quelch.

"I am here!" panted Hacker.

They dashed across the road on the track of the fleeing ruffian. Neither doubted for an instant that it was Bill Huggins they were pursuing—Wibley had done his work too well for that.

The genuine Bill, probably, would have turned on them with punching fists. In that case they were ready to use their sticks, and no doubt Bill would have had the worst of it.

But as it was not the genuine Bill, but a Remove fellow in his guise, he did not think of turning on them!

He flew across the grassy common in the direction of the river, and his boots seemed hardly to touch the grass as he flew.

After him flew Quelch and Hacker.

And after them, from the top of a high beech, stared two juniors with popping eyes.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton. "If they get him—"

They watched with keen anxiety. From the top of the beech they had an extensive view across the common. Pursued and pursuers sped on till Wharton and Nugent could hardly follow them with their eyes. Then they descended from the tree and followed on.

Bolsover major kept ahead. He was running the race of his life. He tore off the coat and threw it away to free his movements. Then he stopped for a moment to kick off the big boots. After that he ran rather more easily, and began to gain ground.

Panting, breathless, he reached the bank of the Sark. He glanced back. Quelch and Hacker, still more panting and breathless, were a hundred yards behind.

"Oh crikey!" gurgled Bolsover major.

He dodged into a thicket of hawthorns by the towpath. There he tore off the mop of hair, the cap, the broken nose, the stubbly beard, and the check trousers. Leaving those appurtenances in the hawthorns, he ran down to the water, dipped his handkerchief in it, and rubbed the mud from his face.

There was a patter of hurried footsteps. Bolsover major—fortunately in his own proper person now—turned a newly cleaned face towards Mr. Quelch and Mr. Hacker as they came panting up.

"Here is someone!" exclaimed Mr. Hacker. "A Greyfriars boy—"

"Bolsover," gasped Mr. Quelch, "have you seen anyone pass?"

"No, sir!" gasped Bolsover major.

"I think he went through those bushes!" said Mr. Hacker. "Come!"

The two masters hurried on.

Bolsover major, gasping for breath, stared after them.

"Oh crumbs!" he breathed.

Mr. Hacker and Mr. Quelch disappeared down the river—still looking for Bill Huggins. They were not likely to find him now.

Bolsover major, grinning, started to walk back. In a few minutes he met Wharton and Nugent, coming on at a run. They stared at him.

"You got away?" gasped Harry.

"Just!" answered Bolsover. "I got that outfit off before they ran me down. Jolly lucky I did—what?"

"Oh, my hat! Yes, rather!" gasped Nugent. "If they'd snaffled you in that get-up—"

"Glad they didn't!" grinned Bolsover major. But, I say, what about Wibley? I suppose he's still on the road, watching for Froggy—"

"Froggy must have passed by this time," said Harry. "Let's go back and see, anyhow! Poor old Wib! His stunts always go wonky, like this."

"I told him so," breathed Nugent. "Nobody but Wib would expect such hare-brained schemes to come off. Not that I'm not sorry for him. He's a good scout—even if he's a bit loony."

And the three juniors walked back across the common towards the road, little dreaming what had been happening there in the meantime!

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Not As Per Programme!

WILLIAM WIBLEY grinned. It was a grin of triumphant satisfaction.

From the direction of the school a dapper figure appeared on the road—that of Henri Adolphe Charpentier, French master at Greyfriars.

Mossoo was coming.

Wibley watched that dapper figure as it approached. He kept deep in cover of a bunch of young firs, near the corner of the road. Mossoo, of course, was not scheduled to see him—yet!

Mossoo was to walk round that corner and onward—to the ambush. Wibley was to follow on, to rush in at the right moment!

The corner was a couple of hundred yards from the ambush. Wib, of course, could not see round corners; neither was he looking in that direction at all. He was watching the road from Greyfriars.

Of what was happening behind him, round that corner towards Courtfield, Wib had, therefore, not the slightest knowledge or idea.

That Messrs. Quelch and Hacker, searching for him, had found Bolsover major—that they had chased him away towards the river, and that Wharton and Nugent had followed on to see what had happened to him—of all this William Wibley was happily unaware!

So far as he knew, the ambush was still in apple-pie order, as he had left it, and he had only to follow the French master to the spot and rush in to rescue him from “bashing”—and the rest was, so to speak, happiness ever after—Froggy, weeping with gratitude, forgiving all offences, leading him back to the school to be forgiven by the Head!

No wonder he grinned with triumphant satisfaction as he watched the dapper figure come whisking along.

But the grin suddenly died from his face as he saw something else.

“The idiot!” hissed Wibley.

Across the road, from a fringe of blackberry bushes, a face looked out—a face with a stubbly beard, a broken nose, and a ragged cap on an untidy, tousled head.

That face stared at Mossoo as he approached.

Wibley breathed fury.

“The dummy!” he hissed.

Bolsover major had had the clearest, severest instructions to remain in cover of the beeches, where the other fellows watched from a tree-top. Round the corner, the road was more solitary, and Wibley had selected the spot for the ambush with great care.

Yet here the fathead was. He must have come along to the corner, for here he was, staring at Mossoo from the blackberry bushes. It was nothing like so good a spot. Mossoo might have seen

him, and run for it, and in that case, what would become of the rescue scene?

Wibley glared across the road at the broken-nosed man!

It did not occur to him, for a moment, that this was the real Huggins, and not Bolsover major at all!

So skilful was Wib’s make-up of the burly Removite that there was not a pin to choose between them, so far as looks went.

And Wib had been too fearfully keen on his own stunt to bestow a single thought on the genuine Bill.

Besides, Huggins was supposed to have cleared out of the vicinity since Mossoo had badgered Inspector Grimes on the subject, and the police had been looking for him up and down and round about.

In point of fact, Bill Huggins had not yet cleared off! He had a strong desire to fall in with the foreign cove who had banged a walking-stick on his head, and bash that foreign cove before he cleared.

Bill, in fact, had been sleeping, in the heat of the summer’s day, in the shade of those bushes, and when he got up, after his snooze, he naturally looked out to see whether the coast was clear before he made a move.

But to Wibley’s eyes he was the disguised Removite—he was Bolsover major, failing to carry out his instructions, and Wib trembled for the success of his scheme.

Wib glared from the firs, across the road, but he dared not call, lest Mossoo should hear!

But, to his immense relief, the tousled head sank out of sight in the blackberry bushes on the other side of the road.

Having spotted Mossoo coming, Bill Huggins did not want the foreign cove to spot him and bolt, as he had done in Friardale Wood. This was Bill’s chance to get away with the “bashing,” and then to depart from a dangerous district; and Bill was not losing the chance.

“The blithering fathead!” breathed Wib.

He gave Mossoo an anxious squint. Mossoo had seen nothing; he was coming on, with his quick, mincing steps.

It was all right, so far as that went!

“Bother the silly ass!” muttered Wib.

It would have been ever so much better for his instructions to have been carried out exactly; but it could not be helped now. The rescue scene had to be staged here, at the corner, instead of farther on, at a safer spot. Fortunately, there was no one but Mossoo in sight on the road.

Monsieur Charpentier came on, and had almost reached the corner when the blackberry bushes rustled and a formidable figure leaped out.

Right at him, the broken-nosed ruffian rushed.

“Gotcher this time!” hissed Bill Huggins.

He had!

Mossoo was given no time to run, no time to dodge—no time to lift his walking-stick in defence. The ruffian was upon him in a second, and a leg-of-mutton fist hit him like a cannon-shot and fairly lifted him off his feet.

“Ceil!” spluttered Mossoo.

He spun, and crashed, and rolled. His hat flew in one direction, his stick in another, and he sprawled in the dust at the mercy of the ruffian.

Wibley gasped.

He had instructed Bolsover major to give Froggy a punch or two. He had never dreamed of a frightful punch like this. It made him wonder whether Bolsover was out of his senses!

“Mon Dieu!” shrieked Monsieur Charpentier wildly. “‘Elp! A moi! Au secours! Scelerat! Mon Dieu!”

The ruffian closed in on him as he sprawled. The leg-of-mutton fist went up, and came thumping down.

Wibley leaped from the firs, grasping his stick. He rushed on the scene, as per programme.

“A moi—‘elp—au secours!” shrieked Mossoo as he writhed and struggled under the thumping fist of Bill Huggins.

“I’m coming!” shouted Wibley. “Get away, you scoundrel!”

He rushed at Huggins, with brandished stick.

The broken-nosed ruffian started, and stared at him.

Wibley’s sudden appearance, apparently from nowhere, startled him. But as he saw that the newcomer was only a schoolboy he disregarded him and continued to “bash” Mossoo.

Wibley rushed right at him, grabbed him by his frowsy collar, and dragged him back.

Instantly a grasp that was like that of a gorilla closed on Wibley. Leaving Mossoo for the moment, Bill gave his attention to the schoolboy. Wibley struggled frantically.

“You fool! You fool!” he gasped, still in the belief that he was dealing with Bolsover major. “Leggo! You mad fool, you’re spoiling everything! Cut and run, you mad idiot!”

“Git out of it!” snarled the tramp, and a huge fist crashed in Wibley’s face, felling him like an ox.

“Oooogh!” gasped Wibley as he dropped.

Then he knew!

It was not Bolsover major, disguised as Huggins; it was Huggins himself, and Wibley understood it, as he lay half-stunned in the road, both his eyes blackening and his senses spinning.

Huggins turned from him and jumped back to Monsieur Charpentier, who was struggling to his feet.

SHADOWS IN THE DARK

“Blinking with terror, Bunter watched the dark figure glide to the side of Wun Lung’s bed. The unmistakable smell of chloroform drifted across the Remove dormitory and then, suddenly, the beam of a flash-lamp cut through the darkness, disclosing the malignant face, the crafty, slanting eyes of—”

WHOM?

Mystery, adventure, spine-chilling thrills combine in next week’s story to hold you spell-bound. It’s a school-story and a thriller in one.

READ “THE SINISTER DOCTOR SIN” NEXT SATURDAY

The little Frenchman, whose courage was in excess of his muscular powers, struck at him, and struck again; and then he was swept off his feet in the gorilla-grasp of the broken-nosed ruffian.

Down he went in the dust, on his back, and a sinewy knee was planted on him, pinning him there. Up went Huggins' brutal fist to "bash."

Wibley sat up dizzily, two or three yards away.

He blinked, with blackening eyes, at the sprawling French master and the brute kneeling on him with uplifted fist.

Huggins, after that smashing blow, had no doubt that he had done with the schoolboy. But he had not done with him. Wibley's brain was spinning, his eyes half-closed, he could hardly keep his feet. But, grasping his stick with both hands, he brought it down with all his strength on the back of the ruffian's head.

Crash!

It was a terrific whop.

Bill Huggins' head was hard, but that terrific crash did it.

Stunned, the ruffian rolled off Mossoo, his descending fist missing as it came down. He wriggled for a moment in the dust, and then lay still, senseless.

Wibley stood swaying.

Mossoo bounced to his feet.

He gave the fallen ruffian a glance, and saw that he was senseless. Then he blinked at the junior.

"Vibley!" he gasped.

The stick dropped from Wib's hands. He lurched, and would have fallen had not Monsieur Charpentier caught him.

Had not that single blow knocked the tramp out, Wibley would not have been able to deliver another. Fortunately, it had. Bill Huggins was safe for ten minutes at least.

"Vibley!" repeated Mossoo. "Zat Vibley? Mon pauvre garçon, you are hurt! Ceil! Les yeux—ze eyes, zey are black! Poor boy—pauvre garçon! Mon cher Vibley! Bon garçon, you suffair ze injury of ze most fearful to help me—brave garçon!"

"Ooooooh!" moaned Wibley.

"Brave garçon—mon cher Vibley!" gasped Mossoo, as Wibley hung on his arm. "Oh! Vat to do? Que faire? Come viz me, pauvre garçon! Lean on ze arm—allons!"

Wibley leaned on Mossoo's arm as he hurried back towards Greyfriars as fast as Wibley could go. With two black eyes, a streaming nose, and a dizzy brain, Wibley needed care, and Mossoo was only thinking of getting him the care he needed.

Wib's stunt had not gone according to programme—Wib's stunts seldom did. But, as it happened, he had "got there," all the same.

He might have reflected, as he tottered away with Mossoo's assistance, on his success—on the fact that Mossoo, who had caused him to be expelled from Greyfriars, was now leading him back to the school, almost weeping with

gratitude for heroic services rendered—which, at least, was according to programme.

But poor Wib was not in a state to reflect on that measure of success—or anything else. He was only conscious of aching eyes, anguished nose, and a splitting headache as he tottered, and he hardly knew what was happening. Before they reached the school, he hung a dead weight on Mossoo's arm; but near the school Greyfriars fellows were sighted, and willing hands helped to carry Wibley in.

"I say, you fellows," gasped Billy Bunter. "Heard?"

Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Bolsover major came in at the gates of Greyfriars. They had seen nothing of Wibley on the road, or of Bill Huggins, who had recovered consciousness and crawled away before they came along. They walked back to the school at last, wondering what had become of Wibley. They found a buzzing crowd of fellows in the quad.

"Heard?" squeaked Billy Bunter.

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"I say, heard? Wibley's back!"

"Wibley!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Here!" ejaculated Nugent.

"Wibley here!" gasped Bolsover major.

"I say, Mossoo brought him in—fearfully knocked about; both eyes blacked; nose like a strawberry—all in!" squeaked Bunter.

"What!" gasped the three together.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here you are!" Bob Cherry came up. "I say, how on earth did it come about. Wibley's been put in sanny; they've got the doctor to him, and Mossoo's squeaking all over the place that the pauvre garçon got knocked about rescuing him from that tramp Huggins!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bolsover major.

"Huggins!" stuttered Harry Wharton. "Oh, my hat! Was the real Huggins hanging about, then?"

"Must have been!" gasped Nugent. "Wib never thought of that. Of course, he wouldn't!"

The three stared at one another. A fake rescue had been planned, and had

not come off. A real rescue, it seemed, had.

"Well," said Harry Wharton, with a deep breath, "this beats the jolly old band! But it may turn out a jolly good thing for old Wib!"

It did.

Whether the fake rescue, had it gone according to programme, would have worked the oracle was perhaps doubtful.

But the genuine rescue had done it.

Wibley was in the school sanatorium. He had to stay there till Monday. Meanwhile, his name was on every tongue, especially Monsieur Charpentier's.

Mossoo sang his praises far and wide. Mossoo was grateful, and, really, he had reason to be. He had had some hard knocks from Mr. Huggins, and there was no doubt that he would have been most fearfully and awfully "bashed" by that unpleasant character but for Wibley. And Wibley, who had saved him, was in a dreadfully bashed state.

Long before Wibley emerged from sanny, it was known that Mossoo had pleaded his cause with the Head, that Wibley was pardoned, that he was to stay at Greyfriars, and that by-gones were to be by-gones.

Wibley, on Monday morning, went into Form with the Remove.

He was once more Wibley of the Remove, much to the satisfaction of the Form and to his own satisfaction. His eyes were as black as the ace of spades, and his nose looked like a disused tomato; and it was clear that he was going to take away a highly decorated visage for the summer holidays. But he was a Greyfriars man again. All his wonderful stunts had gone wrong, one after another, and he had worked the oracle at last by happy chance. Still, there it was.

The "sack" was washed out. He was once more Wibley of the Greyfriars Remove—and that was that!

"Listen, you fellows," he said, after morning class, "I've got an idea. It's a ripping stunt—I thought it out during maths."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hanged if I can see what there is to cackle at. First of all, we wait until—"

"Stop him!" howled Bob Cherry.

"Gag him!"

"Smother him!"

Harry Wharton grinned.

"Forget it, Wib," he said. "We're glad you're back. But if you mention the word stunt again in our hearing—"

He did not finish the sentence. Doubtless Wibley's imagination could fill in the details quite adequately. It was brought home to the irrepressible Wib that stunts were, for the time, at any rate, taboo!

(Remember "Valentine Compton"? Remember the "Brazilian" series? Remember "The Man With the Glaring Eyes"? Frank Richards' new series has got them all beaten. Don't miss "The Sinister Dr. Sin," next week's grand opening story.)

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JACK JOLLY'S KARNIVAL

The Final Side-shattering Spasm of Dicky Nugent's Amazing Holiday Serial:
"DOCTOR BIRCHEMALL'S BOARDING-HOUSE!"

"Help! Reskew! Save me!" Doctor Birchermall's voice rang out peeringly, as the good ship "Sawey Sue" heeled over on the treacherous sandbanks.

Kaptin Saltspray larfed grimly as he heard it.

"You mite as well save your breth!" he yelled, above the deffening din of the breakers. "Who do you think there is to reskew us?"

A garstly pallor spread across the Head's feetchers. He eggperienced an awful sinking feeling.

"Surely someone will come to our sucker!" he cried. "What about the Sandyville lifeboat?"

"Shiver me binnacle! You're the right one to ask that question, I must say!" bellowed the kaptin. "Didn't I tell you that lifeboat was on its beam ends? And didn't you refuse to give a penny towards repairing it?"

Doctor Birchermall faredly winnied with fear.

"I was only joking, kaptin—honner bright!" he wined. "If only they'll come and reskew us now, I'll disgorge my prophets willingly!"

"It's a bit late in the day to think of that, sir!" cried Jack Jolly, as he clung despritley to the side of the shuddering ship. "I'm afraid we shall have to mannidge without the lifeboat. Forchuntly, the kaptin and Merry and Bright and Fearless can do the two-mile swim back to the beach."

"But what about me?" yelled the Head. "I can't swim two yards—let alone two miles!"

"Well, then, it's ruff luck on you—that's all! But never mind, sir," added Jack Jolly consolingly.

"We'll keep you company till you're drowned before we swim back. Won't we, you fellows?"

"Yes, rather!" "You—you callous yung broots!" shrieked the Head. "I refuse to be drowned! I won't be sunk! Fetch that lifeboat, somebody! Send up a rocket!"

"Sorry, sir—but I haven't a rocket in my pocket!" said Fearless. "Pity it's not dark. If it was, we could use your nose as a beacon, couldn't we, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The trippers larfed—but their larfer was cut short as another grate wave broke deffeningly over the stranded vessel. The Head, who was clinging to the tiller, gave a yelp of sheer terror. He was only a few inches from the sea level now. Already his beard was almost submerged. His eyes faredly bulged out of their sockits, as he stared down at his reflection in the eddying waters beneath him.

"Whoa is me!" he cried horsely. "Oh, to think that one so yung should meet a garstly fate like this! I'm only ninety-nine—in the very prime of life, with my best years before me! Am I to perish at this tender age without a sole lifting a hand to help me? Am I—"

"Wazzat?" rasped Kaptin Saltspray at that moment, breaking in rudely on the Head's soliloquy. Fresh hoap came into their harts as they heard feintly above the crashing of the waves the distant droning of a motor-boat.

"A sail—a sail!" gasped the Head. "We're saved, boys! We're

saved! Bags me for the first life-belt!"

"Don't be too sure about being saved yet, sir," said Bright, who was inclined to look on the dark side of things. "No boat will dare venther very close to these dredded sandbanks!"

But Bright's pessimism proved ill-founded, for the next moment a horse voice was bellowing at them through a megafone with news that sounded like sweet mewsick to the Head's ears.

"Aho, there! We're the Sandyville lifeboat! Stand by for a lifeline!"

"I, I!" yelled back the shipwrecked trippers in cheerful corus. Bang!

A rocket, fired with deadly accuracy, sailed through the air, trailing a lifeline behind it. Immejately after, Doctor Birchermall's cheering changed into howling, as the rocket caught him amidships and dented his weskit.

Wallop!

"Grab that lifeline!" gasped Fearless, fearful that the lifeline was going to slip back into the water.

Merry reached forward and seezed it just in the nick of time.

Some stirring scenes were witnessed in the corse of the next five minnits. First the lifeline was fastened to the tiller with a safety pin; then a single roller-skate, kept in reddiness for the purpose, was sent over by the lifeboat crew. It had grooved rollers in

the middle that fitted over the lifeline eggstly; so all that a shipwrecked mariner had to do was fit the skate on to the rope and hold on to it.

If the other end of the lifeline happened to be lower than the wreck, the force of gravity alone was suffisiant to carry him to safety. Otherwise, he had to work himself along as best he could with the aid of his feet.

Doctor Birchermall was the first to use the life-saving apparatus. He found that by observing the law of gravity he was carried back to the lifeboat easily.

He arrived at the lifeboat with a proper rush and landed or, his neck in the bottom of the boat with a roar of aggerney that promptly upset the law of gravity of Jack Jolly & Co.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

One by one the shipwrecked trippers made the jerney to the lifeboat till at last they were all safely aboard; and after it was not long before they were being landed on Sandyville Pier. They returned to Bella Vista boarding-house and a feed of do-nuts and hot coffy soon put them right again and left them feeling none the worse for their thrilling adventcher.

THE HEAD LEARNS HIS LESSON!

"You reeka!" Jack Jolly made that egg-sclamation after tea at Bella Vista that afternoon; and his pals looked at him in serprize.

"What do you mean, old chap—'you reek o'?' asked Fearless, misunderstanding. "Who reeks, anyway?"

"You reeka!"

"I reek o' what? If you mean those spring onions we had last nite—"

"Ass! I said 'you reeka!'!" grinned Jack Jolly. "That's French for 'I have found it'!"

"Why not say it in English, then?" asked Fearless. "What have you found, anyway?"

"The very idea I've been looking for ever since that lifeboat reskued us this morning!" was Jolly's reply. "I've thought of the best possibul way of repaying them. We'll raise the munny they want to bring their equipment up-to-dato!"

Merry and Bright and Fearless faredly blinked.

"How the thump are we going to do that?" demanded Fearless. "The Head's taken our last penny for his swindling boarding-house charges. How can we raise munny for the lifeboat?"

"By running a karnival or the pier!"

"Grate pip!"

Jack Jolly's chums stared at

him brethlessly for a few seconds. Then they wissled.

"Few! You mean a fanny-dress affair, with sports and games and competitions et settera?" asked Bright.

The kaptin of the Fourth nodded coolly.

"That's the idea! It ought to be a grato suxxess. Of corse, I know old Kaptin Saltspray's supposed to be organising something of the kind already. But an old fogey like the kaptin could never eggspert to make it go with a bang like we could!"

We can join forces with him and put yung ideas into the thing. We can give Sandyville a karnival that'll make people open their eyes—and their purses, too. What do you say, you fellows?"

"What-ho!"

"Ripping wheeze, by Jove!"

Jack Jolly grinned, as his pals all joined in an enthewsiastick corus.

"Glad you like it," he said. "We'll trot off and find the kaptin." The chums of St. Sam's went off to look for the old sea-salt.

Somewhat to their serprize, they found him in the lounge of Bella Vista, talking to Doctor Birchermall.

They had a bigger serprize still when they found that the Head had undergone a complete transformation since the morning. Instead of the crafty, cunning egg-spression he had always worn on his face since he had become the "landlady" of Bella Vista, there was an open, honest look about him now. His eyes, which had been so shifty in the past, now gleamed with a virtuous light and the ugly leer round his lips had been replaced by a jentle smile.

The fellows simply stared at him. "Sir! What on earth has happened to you?" asked Jack Jolly. "That crool, avarishus look you always had on your fizz—where has it gone? Have you turned honest, sir? Or is there a catch in it?"

There was a catch in the Head's voice, as he answered that question.

"Jolly, I will tell you the truth," he said. "The fakt is, I have reformed!"

"Gammon!"

"You're spoofing us!"

"Fakt!" said the Head. "My eggsprience on that boat, boys, has changed me completely. Having been so near to a watery grave, my desire to indolge in further

swindling has dried up entirely!"

"My hat!"

"As a first stop towards redeeming my evil past, boys, I am going to pay you for helping me with the housework (this morning," went on Doctor Birchermall, earnestly.

And, with a flourish, the Head distributed munny round the little circle; and, when Jack Jolly & Co. eggssamed what he had put into their palms, they found that he had given them tuppence each! But the Head didn't stop at that. He insisted on returning

them several shillings each which they had paid for extras they had never received! Of corse, Jack Jolly & Co. knew jolly well that they should never have been charged up in the first place. But it was a staggering serprize to find that Doctor Birchermall agreed with them!

"Well, that's that!" remarked Jack Jolly quite feintly, when the Head had finished paying out. "Now for more bizziness, sir! What we really came in for was to have a talk with Kaptin Saltspray about running a karnival on the pier—in aid of the lifeboat."

"That's a topping idea, Jolly!" beamed the Head. "Would you like me to help?"

"Plezzure, sir, if you want to help!"

"Then prey let me pay for the preliminary eggspenses, Jolly!"

And the Head then gave them the biggest shock of all—by planking down two crisp, russling five-pound notes on the table!

With a ripping start like that to set the thing going, it was not serprizing that the Sandyville-on-Sea Lifeboat Karnival went along like a house on fire!

From the St. Sam's fellows' point of view, as Fearless remarked, it was a topping end to their sea-side hollerday at Bella Vista.

As for Doctor Birchermall, it could be safely assumed that he would now keep to the straight and narrow path—for at least a week!

(Another inimitable story by Dicky Nugent, "Doctor Birchermall's Egg-speriment!" starts next Saturday.)



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EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

August 21st, 1937.

The GREYFRIARS HERALD



OGILVY AMAZES THEATRE AUDIENCE

DICK RUSSELL Reports

After going to see a variety show with Ogilvy, I've firmly made up my mind not to do it again.

Mind you, I'm not saying there's anything radically wrong with Ogilvy. He's a decent chap and all that sort of thing.

The only drawback about him is that he's so slow on the uptake.

On the average, it takes him three minutes to get the hang of things. He'll hear a screamingly funny joke in dumb silence. Three minutes later, he'll burst into a roar of laughter and you know he's seen it! Probably you've noticed that about him during the term.

Well, of course, it doesn't matter much in the study or in the Rag. But it was jolly embarrassing in the theatre, I can tell you!

Right at the beginning of the programme, one of the comedians cracked something really bright in the way of a joke. The audience yelled. Ogilvy sat in his seat with a frozen face and lips tight set.

Three minutes later, when we were all listening with lumps in our throats to a fearfully emotional singer, singing a sentimental ballad, Ogilvy uttered a loud roar of laughter!

After the sentimental singer had gone, and another comic turn started, Ogilvy began to sob. The song had just penetrated his consciousness!

I began to get uncomfortable. I saw that if Ogilvy was three minutes behind in his reactions all through the evening, I was going to have some awkward moments with him.

And I did! Throughout the performance he laughed in the sad parts and moaned in the comic parts. Worse still, he even tried to join in the popular choruses long after everybody else had finished the community singing.

His crowning achievement was to laugh immoderately while some trapeze artists were doing a breathlessly exciting act on a flying trapeze during the last act; but, just to show he had been thrilled by their show, he grabbed the back of a seat and went white to the lips three minutes after the band had played "God Save the King!"

After that, I suppose it was only fitting that we should lose our last train home by three minutes.

And it will be a jolly long time before I go to a show with Ogilvy again!

BE AIR-MINDED THIS HOLIDAY

Advices REGINALD TEMPLE

"Be air-minded on holiday—that's my tip!" said Temple, of the Fourth, in his most lofty way to our reporter this week.

"We moderns spend more and more of our leisure time above the clouds. It's natural. Why should a chappie limit himself to bally roads and what-not, when he can wander through the stratosphere?"

"You can have all your cars and motor-boats. Give me a plane! The thrill of loopin' the loop an' divin'! Gad, it's amazin'!"

"A chappie doesn't have the chance of flyin' at school, of course. All the more

reason for makin' the most of the opportunities he gets in the vac! When I leave Greyfriars, I make straight for the first aerodrome an' it's me for the high spots! Take my tip, kid, an' do likewise—that is, of course, if you've got the cash and the courage. You need both!"

And Temple laughed elegantly. While our reporter crawled away, feeling less than the dust.

He learned a little later the reason for Temple's advocacy of air-mindedness on holiday.

Temple had just had a five-bob flight—and it was his first trip in the air!

IMPORTANT NOTICES

We have been asked to state that the large, bulbous object observed floating over Greyfriars at an altitude of 1,000 feet, last Tuesday, was an escaped R.A.F. observation balloon, and not, as rumoured at the time, William George Bunter after an excess of gassy ginger-pop.

It is not yet known who phoned the Courtfield Fire Brigade to bring their longest escape.

If the anonymous contributor who left a manuscript entitled "Contemplations on Radiation in Relation to Spectroscopic Analysis" at this office for publication in the "Herald" will call at Study No. 1 he can have it back.

Says WINGATE MINOR

MY MAJOR MAKES ME LAUGH

My major's a funny old fogey when he's on holiday.

He has a comic habit of giving me what he thinks is a good time.

Everybody thinks it's frightfully sporty of him.

It's taken for granted that if the old buifer went out to amuse himself he would have a game of golf with a bearded professor johnny or put in a morning mooching round a museum or go gallivanting round an art gallery.

So they think it's simply marvellous of him to condescend to accompany me on my infantile amusements!

How noble and self-sacrificing he must be, they say, to lower himself to go to a seaside wax-works show or a beach concert-party or a fun-fair or a pin-table saloon! What agonies his sensitive soul must suffer in these vulgar places!

If he happens to hear people talking like this, my major puts

on his best look of patient resignation and nods quietly to himself. He carries on with the good work regardless!

What tickles me is the enthusiasm he manages to put into it—all for my benefit, of course!

To see him listening to a pierrot show, you'd think he was actually enjoying it! But nobody doubts, of course, that if he had his way he'd be watching the performance of a Greek tragedy.

To watch him carcering round in a dodgem car or going down in a water-chute you could easily mistake him for a common or garden holiday-maker.

His friends know differently. It's all done to give me a thrill!

Nobody who happened to come across him playing a game of pin-table would dream for a moment that he wasn't having a high old time. They'd be quite mistaken. All the time he's sternly repressing a longing for a battle with a master-player over a chessboard!



The odd thing about it is that I'm not so jolly keen on these stunts as he seems to imagine. Matter of fact, I'd sooner go swimming or shrimping or exploring with my pals!

But I let him do it all the same. I know he's only doing it to give me a good time.

I DON'T THINK!