

"BILLY BUNTER'S RICH RELATION!"

Amazing
School-Adventure
Yarn of . . .

Harry Wharton & Co.

The Magnet

2^D

*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



NOTHING DOING!

Join Up for Another Peep Behind the Scenes with—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

A TOUR OF THE SCHOOL. The Music-Room.

(1)

Hark, there comes a sound like
thunder,
Study walls are rent asunder.
Faces wear a look of wonder
Not unmixed with gloom!
Not an earthquake or volcano,
Not an air raid just began, no—
It is merely the piano
In the Music-Room!

(2)

Every Lower School old stager
Knows the row, and he will wager
It's the Study in D Major
Brilliantly portrayed
By its addlebrained composer,
Hoskins of the Shell, who throws a
Famous man like Bax or Brosa
Wholly in the shade!

(3)

Hoskins' row is simply fearful,
Patrick Gwynne is far more cheerful,
He can give a pleasant carful
With his hearty boom!
Then the fags at music practice
Give us headaches, and the fact is
That the one place always packed is
NOT the Music-Room.

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS The Midnight Feast!

(1)

Oft in the stilly night,
E'er slumber's chain has bound us,
We sit in candle-light,
With tons of grub around us!
Old Mauly stands the spread
(Though he himself is sleeping!)
The rest are out of bed,
And careful watch we're keeping!

(2)

For if it meets the eye
Of any prowling master,
Such feasts are followed by
Unmerciful disaster!
The grub for which we've yearned
Is quickly confiscated,
And all the chaps concerned
Are walloped, lined, or gated.

(3)

But one of us, at least,
Has no spare time to worry,
When Bunter's at a feast,
He's always in a hurry!
His jaw works up and down
In strong and steady rhythm,
Those pies and pastries brown—
He's playing havoc with 'em!



(4)

Then whispered healths are drunk,
And candle-flames cease gleaming,
And soon, in slumber sunk,
The guests have started dreaming.
A groan sounds here and there,
There isn't any question
The groans aren't in despair—
No fear! They're indigestion!



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

Kipps, the Remove conjurer, recently made a half-crown vanish from his hand into the pocket of Fisher T. Fish. He hasn't succeeded in making it reappear again yet!

There is a rumour that Dabney of the Fourth may be leaving the school. In order not to miss his chum, Temple is going to buy a parrot, and teach it to say, "Oh, rather!"

Coker of the Fifth has broken the world's impot record by bagging 150,000 lines. When Prout, at a lantern lecture on the Rockies, showed a slide of a grizzly bear's carcass, with himself standing proudly beside it, Coker asked which was the bear.

PUZZLE PAR

If a goods train takes three minutes to pass a fixed point, how long will it take to pass another train the same length travelling at the same speed in the opposite direction?

Answer at foot of column 2.

Dicky Nugent, of the Second, seen looking glum, said that he had been in hot water. Don't be alarmed—he meant trouble, not a bath!

Frank Nugent has been chosen to play the beautiful Ophelia in the forthcoming production of "Hamlet." The claims of Bolsover major were not treated seriously, because he must have imagined the play to be Tarzan of the Apes.

Peter Todd, tall and thin, has been practising the long jump, and claims to have covered 47 ft. with one leap. He covers nearly that much with one suit!

Skinner has been caught smoking, and is afraid Quelch will "raise Cain." Personally, I'd be more afraid he would bring it down!

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET



CEDRIC HILTON, the Dandy of the Fifth Form.

It is for HILTON, and I suppose
He's not so bad, though no one knows
What causes him to chum with Price,
Who's full of dirty tricks and vice.
With lots of money, tons of sense,
Good-natured, too, and never dense,
He might have found a worthier chum—
But he is under Price's thumb.
The blackguard of the Fifth, in fact,
Might easily get Hilton sacked;
For if there was a row about,
You bet that Price would wriggle out
And leave his chum to stand alone,
And face the music on his own.
Well, Hilton knows—so, after all,
It's really his own funeral!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

Three minutes. If both trains took the same time to pass a fixed point, they'd take the same time to pass each other.

THE CUT DIRECT! When Arthur Carter comes to Greyfriars, Billy Bunter of the Remove banks on having a really ripping time—with bags of “brass” and tons of tuck! But his hopes are dashed to the ground when his rich relation cuts him dead!

BILLY BUNTER'S RICH RELATION!

By **FRANK RICHARDS**



Carter stared as Billy Bunter approached, then he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving the fat junior blinking in astonishment!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Not According to Programme!

LIKE this!" said Bob Cherry. "Better not play the goat, old man!" advised Johnny Bull.

"I could do it on my head!"

"More likely to do it on your head, than not, if you ask me."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I didn't ask you, old bean!" said Bob, cheerily. "Just watch!"

Bob put on speed and shot ahead on his bike.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh, rode after him in a bunch, and watched—rather uneasily.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and the Famous Five were on their jiggers, on the Lantham road, enjoying a spin in the clear, frosty air.

Getting near Lantham, they slowed down, for the last mile into the town was uphill. But it was just then, when four members of the Co. were disposed to take it easy, that Bob Cherry proposed to do stunts.

Bob could do anything—or almost anything—on a bike. He liked riding with his hands in his pockets, turning corners merely by a gentle swerve of the body.

Plenty of fellows could ride downhill with their hands in their pockets—if they chose to take the risk of a tumble. Plenty could ride on the level, in the same reckless manner. But riding uphill in that way was an altogether difficult and dangerous performance. Even with a hefty pair of legs—and Bob's legs were hefty enough

—it was not easy to keep up the necessary speed.

However, Bob could do it, he had said that he was going to do it, and he proceeded with the doing.

He shot ahead of his comrades, and, having gained the necessary momentum, released the handle-bars, and shoved his hands into his trousers pockets.

Sitting thus in the saddle, grinding hard at the pedals, and with the wheels revolving like lightning, Bob sailed cheerily onward and upward.

"Fathead!" remarked Johnny Bull.

Tip-Top Story of Schoolboy Adventure, featuring HARRY WHARTON & CO., the Cheery Chums of GREYFRIARS.

Johnny was a practical youth, with no use for stunts.

"The fatfulness of the esteemed Bob's head is terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Watch for the bump!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"Chuck it, Bob!" called out Harry Wharton.

Bob Cherry did not chuck it.

So long as he was able to keep up the speed, he was safe. He was going—if he could—to arrive at Lantham with his hands in his pockets, just to demonstrate that it could be done:

and that he, Robert Cherry, of the Greyfriars Remove, could do it.

But he did not allow for the chapter of accidents! Bob was not an ass, and had a car appeared on the road, he would have grasped his handle-bars fast enough. But no car came in sight—the road was perfectly clear—until a rabbit suddenly shot across it, from the wood on one side, to the wood on the other.

It was not uncommon for a rabbit to shoot across that country road. If one met a passing car, it never reached the other side. This particular rabbit met Bob's bike.

It whisked by under his front wheel, so suddenly and swiftly, that Bob hardly saw it, if he saw it at all. But it made the bike wobble.

That wobble did it!

The rabbit escaped, hardly touched. It whisked away into the wood, and vanished. The rabbit got off all right—the cyclist was not so lucky! As the bike wobbled, Bob's hands shot from his pockets and grabbed at the handle-bars, a second too late.

The bike curled up.

The next item on the programme was a terrific bump! It was immediately followed by a fearful yell.

The bike crashed and clanged. Bob Cherry sprawled beside it, hardly aware, for the moment, what had happened.

"Ow!" he roared. "Wow! Oh! Ah! Oooooogh! Ow!"

"Oh my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Come on!" exclaimed Nugent.

The four juniors rode quickly to the

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spot. They jumped off their bikes, ready to render first-aid.

Bob sat up, dizzily.

"Ow!" he repeated. "Wow! Oh crikey! Wow!"

"Hurt, old chap?" asked Harry, anxiously.

"Oh, no! Enjoying it!" gasped Bob.

"If there's one thing I like better than another—ow—it's a bang, on a hard road—wow! Silly ass! Yow-ow!"

Bob's usually sunny temper seemed to have suffered a little!

He tottered to his feet and wriggled. He rubbed half a dozen places where there were aches and pains.

"Well, you're lucky!" remarked Johnny Bull. "You might have broken something, playing the goat like that!"

"Ow!" Bob rubbed aching bones. "Wow! It was a rabbit, or something—some beastly thing ran under the front wheel—ow! My napper! Yow-ow!"

"I told you you were more likely to do it on your head than not!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Fathead! Ow! Ass! Wow! Idiot! Yow-ow!"

"Well, it's nonsense to call a fellow names, because he told you so!" said Johnny, staring at him. "I did tell you so, didn't I?"

"Chump! Ow! Blithering idiot! Wow!"

"If you're going to slang a fellow, simply because he told you you couldn't do a thing that you jolly well couldn't do—" said Johnny, in a tone of patient argument.

"My esteemed Johnny," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Speechfulness is silvery, but silence is the cracked pitcher that saves a bird in hand from going to the well!"

"I'll jolly well show you whether I couldn't do it, you fathead!" roared Bob Cherry, in great wrath. "I tell you it was a rabbit bunged into the bike! I'm going to do it, see?"

"Bob, old man—" urged Harry Wharton, as Bob limped to his fallen jigger, to pick it up and re-start, after the interval.

"Don't jaw!" said Bob crossly. "I tell you I'm going to do it, if only to show that silly ass Bull what a silly ass he is."

"Well, I did tell you so—" said Johnny, stolidly.

"Shut up!" roared Bob. "Now watch!"

He picked up the jigger. His comrades looked on in dismay. Bob's back was up: and he was going to do it now, whether he could or not. But even if he could have done it before, it was quite improbable that he could do it now, in his present bumped and limping state.

But the anxiety of the Co. was soon relieved. The bike, when it was lifted, revealed at once that it was not a going concern. That crash on the Lantham road had damaged the cycle as well as the cyclist.

A pedal was bent, a mudguard was broken, and a wheel was twisted. So far from riding that bike uphill with his hands in his pockets, Bob could not have ridden it downhill in the ordinary way! He could not ride it at all! It was likely to be a difficult task to wheel it!

"Oh crumbs!" said Bob blankly. "The dashed thing's crocked. Oh crikey! I shall have to wheel it into Lantham and leave it for repairs! Oh scissors!"

"All the better, old chap, if you could only see it!" said Johnny Bull.

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"It will save you from another tumble."

Bob Cherry gave him a look. Johnny Bull had more solid common sense than most fellows in the Remove. On the other hand, he had less tact than a good many. His present remarks were much more sensible than tactful.

"Idiot!" said Bob, briefly. A dozen bumps and bruises distributed over him, and a crocked jigger on his hands, had not improved Bob's temper. He had, at the moment, absolutely no use for solid common sense.

"Abuse is no argument," Johnny pointed out. "I think—"

"You don't!" interrupted Bob. "You can't! You've got nothing to do it with. If you could only think, you wouldn't talk such rot!"

"Look here—"

"Let's push the jiggers on to Lantham!" interrupted Harry Wharton, hastily. "You'll have to walk it now, Bob, and we'll walk it, too—"

"No need for you to walk, that I can see!" growled Bob. "You were going round by Redclyffe, and back. Get on with it, while I push that dashed jigger into Lantham. I shall have to come back by train, anyhow."

"But—"

"Oh, blow your butting! Think I want four silly owls to trail after me, and Bull talking rot all the time? Rats!"

And Bob heaved his disabled jigger into motion and shoved it away up the hill into Lantham—leaving his comrades standing by their machines.

"The absurd Bob is terrifically infuriated!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"The old bean will get over it by the time we see him again at the school," he said. "After all, we may as well finish the spin. Come on!"

And the four remounted, taking the first turning off the Lantham road, to ride home by Redclyffe. Bob Cherry, not in his customary exuberant spirits, wheeled his clinking, clanking jigger up the hill into Lantham, to leave it at the cycle shop for repairs, which, to judge by the bike's musical effects, were likely to be extensive.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Getting Tidy in Study No. 7!

BILLY BUNTER blinked round Study No. 7 in the Remove through his big spectacles, with a peevish and disparaging blink.

He grunted several times—the grunts, like the blinks, expressive of disparagement.

Peter Todd, who had the pleasure, or otherwise, of sharing that study with the fat Owl of the Remove, glanced at him. Bunter did not seem satisfied with the study. He seemed, indeed, to be turning up his fat little nose at it. What was the matter with him, Peter could not guess. There was, so far as Toddy could see, nothing wrong with the study, except that it had Bunter in it.

"This won't do, Toddy," said Bunter, at last turning his spectacles on Peter with an irritated blink.

"What and which?" inquired Toddy.

"The room's untidy—in fact, slovenly," said Bunter. "Look at it."

Peter did not look at it; he looked at Bunter. He looked at him in astonishment.

This was the very first time in history that William George Bunter, of

the Greyfriars Remove, had objected to slovenly surroundings. As Billy Bunter was the most slovenly fellow in the Remove, this was quite surprising.

Bunter was the only fellow in the Remove whom Mr. Quelch had ever sent out of the Form-room to wash, or to put on a cleaner collar. In his study he never put anything away, and he left traces of jam in numerous spots.

Now, all of a sudden, Bunter seemed to have become particular on the subject. Naturally it made Toddy stare.

"Look at that marmalade on the table," said Bunter contemptuously.

"You smeared it there," remarked Peter.

"Well, you might have wiped it off. Look at those papers lying about the floor."

"You dropped them on the floor."

"Well, I don't see why you couldn't have picked them up, if I did. Look at that lock on the cupboard—busted!"

"Why, you fat villain, you busted it with the poker to get at a cake I'd locked in the cupboard."

"You can jaw as much as you like, Toddy, but this won't do. We can't have the study slovenly like this. That rotten old armchair is all chipped and torn; the stuffing coming out. I suppose you gave about ten bob for that rotten old armchair!" said Bunter scornfully.

"Fifteen," said Peter. "Nobody's stopping you from buying a more expensive one, old fat bean."

"Look at the seat of it—all squashed out!"

"That's through a porpoise squatting in it."

"You've got your football boots on the shelf. You might shove your rotten old boots out of sight. Don't you ever think anything about keeping up appearances?" demanded Bunter. "Look at all those inkstains on the table!"

"Where you spilt the ink!"

"You might have cleaned the table, I think. What would a fellow, coming from another school—a very expensive and swanky school—think of this study?" snapped Bunter. "Look here, Peter, I expect you to buck up, and get it a bit cleaner and tidier—see?"

Peter could only gaze at him. It was true that Study No. 7 was the untidiest study in the Remove. It was equally true that Billy Bunter was the fellow who made it so. Really, it was not for Bunter to find these faults. Neither had he ever shown any particularity on the subject.

"Are you trying to pull my leg, or what?" asked Peter, mystified.

"I think a fellow's study ought to be a bit decent!" snapped Bunter. "Pick up those old papers, Toddy. Get out the duster, and give the table a rub, and put those books and things away, and—"

"I'll watch you do it," suggested Peter.

"I wish you'd talk sense. There's another thing I'd better mention, too," went on the Owl of the Remove. "I'd like you to change out of the study, Toddy."

"What?"

"I mean we're three here—you, me and Dutton," explained Bunter. "Some of the studies have only two, you know—like Wharton and Nugent in Study No. 1. Well, with three in the study, Quelch isn't likely to put a new fellow in here, is he?"

"I hope not," said Peter. "What

are you driving at, you fat chump? Is there a new kid coming this term?"

"Yes, there jolly well is, and I want him in this study. I'm going to ask Quelch to put him in here."

"I'll scalp you if you do!" roared Peter. "Wharton and Nugent can have him in Study No. 1. There's only two of them."

"There'll only be two here if you change out," said Bunter. "I want you to make room for him, Toddy. And it's not only that. The fact is, if you don't mind my mentioning it, you're hardly the class of fellow I want to show off to my relation—see?"

tin—if any—and he's not coming into my study."

"It won't be your study if you change out," explained Bunter. "I really want you to, Peter. It's bad enough having that deaf ass Dutton here; but, after all, he's not a freak like you, is he, old chap?"

"Not!" gasped Peter.

"Well, no; and he's got some decent people, too," said Bunter. "I'm no snob, of course. You can't say that I haven't always treated you decently, Toddy, though your father's a measly solicitor in Bloomsbury. I don't care much about such things. Fellows of

Study No. 3, with Ogilvy and Russell. The fact is," said Bunter, in a burst of generosity, "I don't care where you go, so long as you clear out of here, Peter."

"Oh!" gasped Toddy. "Is that the lot?"

"Yes, that's about all," said Bunter, with a nod. "Arthur won't be here before six. Lots of time to get the place spruced up a bit, if you put your beef into it, you know. You might as well begin at once."

"I will," said Peter.

He stepped across to the shelf, and picked up a cricket stump.



"If you think I'm going to sweep up grates——" began Bunter. Whop! "I mean, all right! Keep off, you beast!" With Peter Todd standing over him with the cricket stump, the fat Removite set to work tidying up the fireplace and fender!

"You fat, foozling, frabjous freak!" gasped Toddy. "Mean to say you've got a relation coming into the Remove this term?"

"Yes; one of my wealthy connections," explained Bunter. "His people are awfully rich——"

"So you want him in this study?"

"I'm going to take him up and look after him a bit at his new school, Toddy. That's only friendly, as he's a relation," said Bunter. "He's rolling in money. His uncle's got thousands—I mean millions."

"Not billions?" asked Peter. "Or trillions? Sure it doesn't run into quadrillions or quintillions?"

"Oh, really, Toddy! He's fearfully rich, anyhow," said Bunter. "He's been to St. Olaf's. That's a fearfully swanky school."

"Never heard of it."

"Well, you wouldn't, in your humble sphere," said Bunter cheerily. "I can tell you St. Olaf's is a cut above Greyfriars. Awfully rich people send their sons there—just juicy with oof. I can't make out why Arthur is leaving to come here. But I'm jolly glad, of course."

"You would be, if he's got any tin," assented Peter. "But I don't want his

really good family don't, you know. Still, I don't want Arthur to find you here. There's a limit!"

Peter Todd stood gazing at Bunter. He seemed to find some difficulty in breathing.

This was the first he had heard of a relative of Billy Bunter coming to Greyfriars. New fellows generally turned up on the first day of the term; and the term was now a week old. It was not, in Peter's opinion, a case of better late than never. He did not want any more Bunters. He had as much of the Bunter tribe as he wanted, and a little over.

"So if you'll change out, old chap, all right," said Bunter breezily. "Mind, I don't mean that I'm going to drop you. I wouldn't do that to an old pal. I may tea with you sometimes. I shan't forget you, Peter."

"Not at tea-time."

"Oh, really, Toddy! Only look here, as my relation is coming to-day, I want the study a bit decent," said Bunter. "Set to and get it tidy, Peter. Clean it up all round—see? Then you can shift your things into another study. I dare say Wharton would take you into Study No. 1. Or you might shift into

Billy Bunter gave him an impatient blink.

"No good collecting your things till you know where you're going to take them, Toddy," he said. "Where——"

"I'm going to use this here," explained Peter. "I'm not changing out of the study, old fat bean! Not quite! If any relative of yours butts in here, I shall slaughter him stone dead—but I'll leave that till he does."

"Look here, you beast——"

"But there's one point on which I agree entirely," continued Peter, "and that's about making the study tidy. I think you're right there."

"Well, I'm glad of that, at least!" yapped Bunter.

"Glad you're glad!" said Peter. "Get down to it!"

"Eh?"

"Don't I speak plain? Get down to it!" said Peter cheerfully. "You made the study untidy, old fat man, and you can put it to rights! I'm going to stump you till you do."

"You—you—you silly ass!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I think perhaps the study will do, after all——"

"I don't!" grinned Peter. "If a
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fellow from a swanky school, a cut above Greyfriars, is going to poke his nose in here he's going to see this study tidy! Pick up those papers."

"I—I—I've got to go and meet his train—"

Billy Bunter made a strategic movement towards the door.

Peter Todd's long legs whisked across the study.

Whop!

"Yoo-hoop!" roared Bunter, as the cricket stump landed on his tight trousers. "Ow! Beast! I say—"

"Picking up those papers?"

"No!" yelled Bunter. "I—"

Whop!

"Yaroooh! Leave off, you beast!" howled Bunter. "Keep that cricket stump away, you rotter! I'm picking up the papers, ain't I?"

Bunter picked them up and crammed them into the wastepaper-basket. He gave Peter Todd a glare that almost cracked his spectacles.

By that time, probably, Bunter regretted that he had raised the subject! He had not expected this outcome—though really he might have!

"Now that marmalade on the table!" grinned Peter.

"I can't—"

Whop!

"Yoo-hoop! I mean, I'm just going to!" shrieked Bunter.

Bunter cleared the smear of marmalade off the table.

"Now put all your books tidily on the shelf—"

"Look here—"

Whop!

"Yaroooooooh!"

For the first time since Billy Bunter had had school books they were all put away neatly!

"There's a smear of jam on the armchair," said Toddy.

"I—I—I can't see it, Peter."

"Take my word for it! If it's still there in half a minute you get a whop!"

The smear of jam was cleaned off the armchair under the half-minute.

"Now put those football boots away in the cupboard!"

"They're your boots!" shrieked

Bunter. "Think I'm going to put your boots away for you, Peter Todd?"

"I think I'm going to whop you till you do! We're going to have this study tidy or bust something. Now then!"

"I jolly well won't—" yelled Bunter.

Whop!

"Yaroooh! I—I mean, I jolly well will!" howled the fat Owl.

"That's better!" said Peter, with a nod of approval. "The study's looking much tidier already! I'll keep you up to this, Bunter, now you've suggested it! No more slovenliness in this study! The grate looks a bit untidy! There's a brush in the locker! Get to it!"

"If you think I'm going to sweep up grates—"

Whop!

"I mean, all right! Keep off, you beast!"

With Peter standing over him with the cricket stump Bunter set to work, and the fireplace and fender were soon newly swept and garnished. Peter looked round the study. There was no doubt that its appearance was considerably improved already. But Peter was not satisfied yet.

"Bit dusty," he remarked. "Take the duster and go over the whole room, Bunter! We can't have a dusty study."

"I—I—I don't mind a spot of dust, Peter!" groaned Bunter.

"I do!" said Peter.

"Look here, you rotten beast—"

Whop!

"Ow! Wow! Where's that duster?"

Billy Bunter's fat face was crimson with rage as he dusted Study No. 7. A very cursory dusting would have satisfied Bunter. But it did not satisfy Peter. Peter was getting very particular about the tidiness of that study. Several whops from the cricket stump spurred Bunter on. There was hardly a speck left in Study No. 7 when he had finished.

"Good!" said Peter approvingly.

"Now, there's only one thing more you can do to improve the look of this study!"

"What's that?" hissed Bunter.

"Get outside it!"

"Look here—"

Whop!

Bunter got outside the study quite quickly.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Highcliffe Rag!

"GREYFRIARS cad!"

Bob Cherry's blue eyes glinted.

That pleasant observation was not addressed to him. But it was spoken for him to hear, and he heard it.

Bob was walking up and down the platform at Lantham Station. He was feeling neither merry nor bright.

He had a considerable number of aches and pains lingering from that bang on the hard high road. He had had a lot of trouble getting the disabled jigger up the hill into Lantham. He had left it at the cycle shop for repair—it was not going to be sent home for several days, and quite a little bill was going to be sent home with it! Added to which he had arrived at the station just after a train had gone out, and he had to wait half an hour for the next.

It was cold and windy on the platform. There was hardly anybody about, and he had the windy platform to himself to tramp on—till four Highcliffe fellows came on.

Ponsonby & Co. of the Highcliffe Fourth walked warily at the sight of Bob Cherry. As the Famous Five generally "went about" together on a half-holiday they supposed that Bob's friends were probably in the offing. If all the Co. had been there the Highcliffe knots would have avoided them very carefully indeed, regardless of old quarrels.

But after a time they realised that Bob was alone. Having made that discovery, Ponsonby saw no reason for not making himself unpleasant.

Ponsonby and Gadsby, Monson and Vavasour, walked past Bob, and as they passed Pon drawled "Greyfriars cad!" for Bob to hear.

Bob's eyes glinted round at him. After the chapter of accidents that afternoon he was in no mood to stand cheek from Pon of Highcliffe.

However, he restrained his irritation and walked in the other direction. Bob was generally full of beans, but that bang on the Lantham road had knocked a lot of the beans out of him. He had a big bruise on his knee, which made him limp a little, and another on his right elbow, which would have taken a lot of the vim out of his usual punch. He was, in fact, in no state for a scrap—and the enemy were four to one, and so it was evidently judicious to avoid trouble if he could.

Pon winked at his friends.

Bob was so hard a hitter that, even four to one, the Highcliffians were not fearfully keen on a row. But if Bob was avoiding one, no more than that was needed to encourage Pon.

The quartet wheeled round and walked after Bob again.

"Greyfriars cad, I think!" said Pon cheerily. "Look how dirty he is!"

Bob's ears burned at that cheery remark behind him. It was true that his roll on the Lantham road had made him a little muddy.

"They never wash at Greyfriars, y'know!" remarked Gadsby.

"Never, I believe!" agreed Monson.

"Absolutely!" chirruped Vavasour.

Bob paused a moment—breathing hard. He was powerfully inclined to turn round and charge the four—and had he been in his usually exuberant state he would certainly have done so.

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2d

But a pang in his knee and a twinge in his elbow reminded him that he was in no state for a battle against heavy odds.

It was fairly clear, however, that he could not keep clear if he remained on the platform with the Highcliffians, so he went into the waiting-room.

No one else was there; Bob and the Highcliffians were the only waiting passengers on that side of the line at present.

There was a chuckle from Cecil Ponsonby.

"Dodgin' us, old beans!" he murmured. "Not his usual style—he's generally rather like a bull at a gate! Come on!"

Pon led his flock into the waiting-room after Bob. The good Pon was quite determined on trouble now.

Bob's eyes gleamed at the four as they came in. He was getting very near the end of his patience.

"Oh, here's that Greyfriars cad!" drawled Ponsonby. "Barge him out! Can't have the fellow in here with us."

"I'd like to see you barge me out, you Highcliffe nincompoop!" roared Bob.

"Now, isn't that lucky?" said Pon blandly. "Because that's just what we're goin' to do. Barge him!"

The four barged together.

Bob Cherry forgot his game knee and his crooked elbow. He hit out with right and left.

Gadsby gave a roar and rolled over. Vavasour yelled and stumbled over him.

Then there was a heavy bump as Bob went down, with Pon and Monson grasping him.

"Back up!" yelled Pon, as Bob struggled, and Gaddy and Vavasour scrambled up to join in again.

Bob was not easy to hold. His left came jolting up, landing under Pon's chin with a crack like that of a hammer, and the dandy of Highcliffe gave a yell of anguish. He felt, for the moment, as if his chin had been knocked through the top of his head.

But it was Bob's last punch. The four Highcliffians piled on him together, and he was spread out helplessly on the floor of the waiting-room, pinned down by the four.

"Got the cad!" grinned Monson. "Chuck him out—what?"

Pon, with his knee on Bob's chest, rubbed his chin.

"No; we're not done with him yet!" he snapped.

"I say, the train's due in five minutes," said Gadsby.

"Lots of time to catch it, but that Greyfriars cad isn't goin' to catch it," said Ponsonby coolly. "We'll leave him fixed up here to wait for the next—or the next after it."

"But how—"

"Tie up his fins!" said Pon.

"I say," began Gadsby, "I—"

"Don't jaw, Gaddy; just do as I say. Take his hanky and tie his fins!"

Bob struggled savagely as his handkerchief was taken, twisted, and tied round his wrists. He had waited nearly half an hour for his train, and the idea of being left in the waiting-room while it went on to Courtfield without him was intensely exasperating.

But his struggles did not avail. His wrists were tied together. He was in the hands of the Philistines, and there was no help for it.

"Now his hoofs!" said Ponsonby.

"I say—" began Gadsby.

"You talk too much, old bean! Tie up his hoofs. His necktie will do—and your hanky, Gaddy."

"You rotter!" roared Bob.

His ankles were tied together. Then the Highcliffians released him, and

grinned down at him as he lay helpless on the floor, wriggling.

Ponsonby rubbed his chin, with a vicious gleam in his eyes. That punch was going to be paid for.

"I rather think he won't catch that train now," he remarked.

"He will yell for a porter, fathead!" said Gadsby. "There'll be a porter about as soon as the train's signalled."

"He won't," said Pon coolly. "Give me your hanky, Vav."

"Oh, you cad!" gasped Bob. "You—groooooogh!"

With his hands tied he could not resist as Ponsonby forced his mouth open. The handkerchief, twisted, was stuffed in, and Pon tied it there with a length of string.

Bob could not even gurgle.

"Think he'll call to a porter now?" grinned Pon.

"I say, it's too thick!" muttered Gadsby.

"Shut up, you ass! Now stick him on one of those chairs and tie him to it. Can't be too careful!" chuckled Ponsonby.

Bob was swung up from the floor and plumped into a chair. Pon had a whipcord in his pocket. He cut it into lengths, and Bob's arms were tied to the back of the chair, and his ankles to its legs. He sat in the chair unable to stir a limb or to utter a sound. And his enraged glare had no effect whatever on the grinning Highcliffians.

"Now stick him behind the door," said Pon. "Somebody might wander in here, and we don't want him to be spotted."

Pon was evidently full of bright ideas that afternoon.

"I say—" began Gadsby uneasily.

"Shut up, Gaddy! Don't be soft!"

"Well, look here—"

"Shut up, you noodle! Now, then, all hands!" said Ponsonby.

The chair was shoved behind the door. That door stood wide open, back against the wall. Pon pulled it out sufficiently to allow the chair to be placed behind it. It was a cold and chilly spot, the stove in the waiting-room being at the other end.

"Right as rain!" grinned Pon. "I rather fancy he won't catch this train—or the next, I rather think. Shouldn't wonder if he sticks there for a couple of hours."

"I say—"

"Do shut up, Gaddy! Anythin' more we can do for you, Cherry?" asked Pon.

Bob gave him a petrifying glare in reply.

"Come on, you men!" drawled Pon. "Only a minute to the train now. Good-bye, Cherry, old bean! Have a good time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Pon & Co. walked out of the waiting-room.

A minute or two later Bob heard the train come in, and heard it roll out again, carrying away the Highcliffians. Bob had no chance of catching that train, and he wondered, dismally and furiously, whether he was going to catch the next—or any train at all that day.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The New Boy!

"COME in here!"
"The train—"
"It is ten minutes yet."
"Oh, all right!"

Those two voices were only a few feet from Bob Cherry, but they might as well have been two miles for all the chance

he had of making his predicament known.

For about twenty minutes Bob Cherry had sat exactly as Pon & Co. had left him, for the good reason that he could do nothing else.

He could not shift a limb. He could not utter the faintest sound. Pon had done his work well—perhaps a little too well! Bob could do nothing to attract attention, even if anyone came into the waiting-room. Unless somebody looked behind the door he could not be seen. And it was improbable, to say the least, that anyone would look behind the door.

Two passengers, waiting for the next train, appeared in the doorway. Through the aperture between door and jamb, Bob had a glimpse of them.

One of them was a man, dressed in black, with elastic-sided boots that squeaked as he moved. He had a hard, cold face, with fishy-looking eyes.

The other was a boy of about Bob's own age, whose resemblance to the man showed that they were relatives.

On their looks, Bob would have liked neither of them, but he would have been extremely glad to attract their attention at that moment.

He hoped that they might come along to the end of the waiting-room, and chance to glimpse him behind the door. But it was unlikely, as the stove was at the other end, and it did not happen.

The rusty-looking man walked at once towards the stove, and stood warming his hands in front of it. The boy followed him.

Both disappeared from Bob's sight; but he heard the scratch of a match and smelt tobacco, and supposed that the man was smoking. That, however, was an error, as he learned the next moment as he heard the man's voice, which had a squeaky sound like his boots.

"You had better stop that, Arthur."

"Last chance before I get in at the school, Cousin Gideon," came the voice of the smoker.

"You young fool! Do you want to ask for the same trouble at Greyfriars that you had at your last school?"

"Oh rats!"

Bob was not in the least interested in the conversation of strangers, and would have preferred not to hear it had it been avoidable; but he was a little interested as he heard that.

This fellow, it seemed, was going to Greyfriars, joining up a few days late after the beginning of the term. The man he called Cousin Gideon, it appeared, was taking him to the school.

"I am speaking for your own good, Arthur!" said the squeaky voice.

"Well, you needn't!"

"Look here, you young rascal—"

"Oh, chuck it!" said the cheery Arthur. "You're not my father—"

confessor, that I know of. You're my legal adviser!" Bob heard him chuckle.

"Or perhaps I'd better say, illegal adviser! What?"

"If you will not take my advice—"

"I will when it suits me."

"If you were anything but a self-willed, selfish, bad-mannered, disgraceful young blackguard, you would listen to good advice, Arthur."

"Especially as I'm getting it free of charge—what? You don't often advise your clients free of charge, do you, Gideon? Or are you going to send in a bill, Mr. Gooch?"

And he chuckled again.

"Listen to me, Arthur! I am your cousin, and have no responsibility for you, and no interest in you except—"

"Except a share in the loot! What?"
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"You young fool!" The squeaky voice came like a rasp. "You have already been kicked out of one school for bad conduct. Do you want to be kicked out of another, with so much at stake?"

"I'll watch it!" said the cheery Arthur. "They won't nail me at Greyfriars. Besides, they don't sack a man for smoking!"

"You had better give it up, as well as all the other foolish and vicious things you did at your last school."

"Oh, don't be an ass, Gideon! I don't want sermons from you—a dashed hole-and-corner solicitor on the make!"

Bob would not have been surprised if the next sound had been a smack on a head. But there was no such sound. Gideon Gooch seemed amazingly patient with that remarkable new boy for Greyfriars!

"You are a fool, Arthur!" came the rasping voice. "It was not easy for your uncle to manage to get you into Greyfriars, after you were turned out of your last school. If you are turned out again—"

"I'll watch it, old bean! Not much chance of playing the goat there, as I shall be hard up all the time. Half-a-crown a week pocket-money—unless my Cousin Gideon squeezes out a quid occasionally. The old hunk! The old ass! The dashed old curmudgeon!"

"You have only yourself to blame, Arthur! You have lost a fortune by your folly—you know that your uncle altered his will after you were expelled from school—fifty thousand pounds. Have you forgotten that?"

"Am I likely to?" snarled Arthur.

"You had better bear it in mind. What would have come to you, is now left to a more distant relative. I have absolutely certain information on that point. Your uncle will do nothing for you now, except pay your bare school fees! Last term you had all the money you wanted, at an expensive school—what have you this term, at your new school?"

"No need to rub it in," growled Arthur savagely.

"I am trying to make you see sense. You are going to the same school as your relative, who now stands in your place as heir. You have one chance and one chance only, of getting back into the old man's good graces. That relative may disappoint the old man as you have done—"

"He will, if I get a chance!" snarled Arthur.

"And if, at the same time, your own conduct is good—"

"Oh, don't jaw! I'm going to play up! I'm going to be a dashed model!" growled Arthur. "I'm going to be Good Little Georgie, who loved his kind teachers! I'm going to keep a diary of all my good deeds! I shan't smoke—if I can help it; and if a fellow talks about backing a horse, or a hundred up, I shan't even know what he means! I'm going through with it—if I can stand it!"

"You had better contrive to stand it, Arthur, if you have sense enough to know what is good for you! You have two tasks ahead of you at Greyfriars—to prove that you have completely reformed, and to prove that the relative who has cut you out is no better than you were at your last school. Both of these are equally necessary."

Bob Cherry almost wondered whether he was dreaming, as he heard this.

"Leave it to me!" snarled Arthur.

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"I'll fix that cad who's cut me out, somehow, if I have a dog's chance!"

"Your own conduct is equally important—"

"Oh, give us a rest!"

"Well, I can do no more than advise you, and leave it to your common sense, if you have any!" snapped Gideon.

"Don't light another cigarette."

"Oh, rats!"

A match scratched again.

"You will have to see your headmaster and your Form-master when we reach Greyfriars! If they detect tobacco-smoke about you—"

"They won't! I've got some cachous to scoff in the train."

"You are an incorrigible young rascal, Arthur."

"Same to you, with knobs on—except for the 'young.' Do shut up and give a chap a rest!"

"I have a great mind to box your ears, Arthur!"

"Do—and I'll jolly well hack your shins, Gideon!"

"There is the train!"

Footsteps passed the door again. For the umpteenth time, Bob Cherry made wild efforts to make himself heard. But it was in vain; and Mr. Gideon Gooch and "Arthur" walked out of the waiting-room, without the faintest idea that anyone was there.

And a few minutes later, Bob heard the train roll away with them to Courtfield—and wondered, with inexpressible feelings, whether somebody would come in and find him before the next!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Glorious Prospects for Bunter!

"ONE of my rich relations!" said Billy Bunter impressively.

Whereat there was a chuckle in Study No. 1 in the Remove.

Harry Wharton & Co., as well as the rest of the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars, had heard all about Billy Bunter's rich relations.

But their knowledge was limited to hearsay from Bunter. They had never seen any of those rich relations of the fat Owl's. They rather doubted whether Bunter had!

"Is the richness terrific?" asked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, pots of money!" said Bunter airily. "Pots and pots!"

"And he's coming here?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Yes! I don't know why he isn't going back to St. Olaf's. He's coming to Greyfriars—getting here this afternoon. His name's up in the Form list already. It was all fixed in the hols, I suppose. I say, you fellows, he's simply rolling in money! You'll be glad to meet him."

At which Study No. 1 chuckled again. Four members of the famous Co. were in that study. They had rather expected Bob Cherry back by that time, but he had not yet come in. As they had ridden round a good distance before riding back to school, Bob had had time to get in by train.

But he had not turned up, and the four were getting a handsome tea ready for him when he did; which would help the clouds to roll by, if there was still a spot of bad temper about.

When Billy Bunter rolled in, they had no doubt that he had spotted supplies being brought in from the school shop. But Bunter, for once, did not seem to be thinking of food. He handed out the surprising information that a relation of his was coming to Greyfriars.

"It's too jolly thick!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Eh? What is?" asked Bunter.

"We've got too many Bunters here already!"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"You in the Remove, and your brother Sammy in the Second! Is it going to rain Bunters?"

"His name isn't Bunter, fathead! If you'd looked at the Form list, you'd have seen him there—A. Carter."

"A carter!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Yes!"

"Well, a carter's a jolly useful sort of man—more useful than a millionaire, really—but I never heard of carters being rich!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "I don't mean that he's a carter—I mean that he's A. Carter!"

"That's lucid, anyhow!" remarked Harry Wharton. "Sure you don't mean that he's a chauffeur?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A. Carter!" roared Bunter. "Arthur Carter, you fathead! The Carters are fearfully rich. Old Carter—that's his uncle—just rolls in oof. He's our rich relation—I mean, one of our rich relations. Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! My pater says he gets richer every time he goes bankrupt."

"Oh crikey!"

"Pots and pots of money!" said Bunter. "Young Carter is his nephew, and he will get it all some day, or most of it. I saw old Carter when I was a kid—bit of a beaky old merchant, and he rather liked me—"

"No accounting for tastes, is there?"

"Well, I mean to say, a good-looking and well-mannered Public school chap does make a good impression on these City people, you know—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Young Carter didn't like me much. I fancy he thought I might be after the old bean's money. Me, you know! You know I'm not the sort of fellow to want anybody's money but my own! I say, you fellows, I want you to lend me a pound—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at now?" demanded Bunter. "The fact is, I've been disappointed about a postal order, and I want to stand young Carter something rather decent when he blows in. See? I'm going to be very friendly with him. He had an enormous allowance when he was at St. Olaf's."

"That's why, is it?"

"Well, I'm fond of him, you know. I've seen him once—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the chums of the Remove.

If Billy Bunter had seen that relative once, they hardly supposed that a deep affection was founded on that single encounter! It really began to look as if A. Carter really had pots of money!

"Smithy, here, swanks about his money," went on Bunter. "Bet you Arthur will put him in the shade! Just juicy with oof, you know. I'm going to get him in my study, if I can, only that beast Toddy won't clear off! I've asked him to change out, you know, because he's hardly up to the mark to associate with my rich relation, and he seemed to take offence about something, and cut up rusty—"

"Now, I wonder why!" gasped Nugent.

"The whyfulness is terrific!"

"You see, I want to be pally with the chap, of course, and see him through at his new school, and all that!" said Bunter. "I'm going to be his very best friend here! Me and my Cousin Arthur,



Marjorie Hazeldene gave a gasp at the sight of Bob Cherry, gagged and tied up like a turkey. "Why—what—who——" Bob gazed at the three Cliff House girls, his face crimson. Never before had he felt such an utter ass, as at that moment.

you know, like Raymond and Porteous—

"Do you mean Damon and Pythias?"

"Well, you know what I mean, loyal pals, and all that——"

"Cousin, is he?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Well, actually, he's a sort of second cousin twice removed, or something," said Bunter. "But I shall call him Cousin Arthur, because——"

"Because he's got pots of money?"

"Yes—I mean, no! Naturally, I care nothing for his money. I may get him to cash my postal order, perhaps. We shall feed pretty well in Study No. 7, if I can get that beast Toddy to change out and let him in. You'd hardly think that Toddy has refused to change out, would you, though I explained to him that he wasn't socially up to my Cousin Arthur——"

"Didn't Toddy boot you?" gasped Wharton.

"He pitched into me with a cricket stump, for some reason. The fact is, there is never any relying on Toddy's temper. He breaks out any minute, you know, in the middle of a friendly talk! But I say, you fellows, what about that pound?"

"Ask again next Christmas!"

"I hope you fellows are not going to be mean. I'm stony, owing to my postal order not having come. I can't borrow of Arthur the minute he sets foot in the place, you know. Now, could you, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No; but I don't see why you couldn't, old fat man! You may as well begin soon, as late! Bring him up in the way he should go, in fact."

"Well, look here," said Bunter, "you've got a pretty good spread here. Anything special on?"

"Only waiting for Bob to come in."

"Never mind him! Look here, suppose we keep it for my Cousin Arthur?"

suggested Bunter. "It doesn't matter about Cherry——"

"Doesn't it?"

"No; and you fellows can tea in Hall. It's not too late! You've got enough here for Arthur and me. I'll do the same for you when my postal order comes. What about it?" asked Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the four. That bright suggestion of Bunter's seemed to strike them as a joke!

"I say, you fellows, I think you might back a fellow up, for once!" urged Bunter. "I don't have a rich relation come to the school every day, you know. It's a sheer stroke of luck for me, Arthur leaving St. Olaf's, and coming here. A lot depends on first impressions, you know. I don't want to borrow off the chap, first shot! He might think me a needy sort of chap, always borrowing money——"

"He might!" gasped Wharton.

"The mightfulness is preposterous!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Herbert Vernon-Smith came up the passage and glanced into the open doorway of Study No. 1.

"You fellows heard anything about a new kid?" he asked.

"Just heard," answered Harry, looking round. "Has he blown in?"

"There's a kid just come in a taxi from Courtfield, with a rat-faced blighter, who looks like a legal johnny. He's gone in to Quelch. Some new kid for the Remove, I suppose."

"Oh! He's come!" gasped Bunter. He rolled to the door. "Good!"

The Bouncer stared at him.

"You know him, Bunter?" he asked.

"Yes, rather! One of my rich relations!" grinned Bunter. "I say, does he look fearfully wealthy, Smithy?"

"Not that I noticed."

"Oh, he's frightfully rich," said Bunter. "His Uncle Carter allowed him no end of money at St. Olaf's. You

can chuck up swanking about your money now, Smithy. I can jolly well tell you that Carter's going to put your nose out of joint."

Study No. 1 chortled. The expression on Vernon-Smith's face, at that happy remark, was quite alarming—if the fat Owl of the Remove had not been too short-sighted to observe it.

"But I must go down!" added Bunter. "Can't waste time talking to you chaps, now Arthur's come!"

Bunter rolled through the doorway. The Bouncer's foot shot out as he rolled, and Bunter went into the passage quite suddenly. He roared as he went.

"Yoo-hoop! Why, what—— You beast! Wharrer you kicking me for, you cad?" howled the indignant fat Owl.

But Bunter did not wait for an answer to that question. The Bouncer's foot was rising again. The fat Owl shot away to the stairs, equally anxious to meet his rich relation and to get out of the reach of Smithy's boot.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Not Nice!

BOB CHERRY wriggled. He was quite tired of wriggling. He ached all over. But he wriggled, and wriggled, in the hope of getting loose.

It was in vain!

The man in black and the cheery Arthur had gone, without knowing that he was there! After the train had gone out a porter came in, warmed his hands at the stove, and went out again, without a suspicion that a hapless schoolboy was tied to a chair behind the door.

Bob began to wonder whether he was booked to remain there till the station. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,561.

was closed for the night. Really, it looked like it.

Pon, of course, had not meant it to be so bad as that! He had meant to make Bob lose his train, and perhaps the next after it. But Pon was quite reckless of what he did when he was on mischief bent. Really, Pon did not care a straw if Bob remained there for hours, and was late back at school for call-over. In case of official inquiry into the matter, Pon was cheerfully prepared to deny his own actions—hard lying being the good Pon's usual way of dodging consequences.

In a boiling state, so far as his temper was concerned, and in a chilly and almost frozen state otherwise, Bob wriggled, and wriggled.

He hoped that other passengers would come along for the next train, and that somebody would somehow spot him there. Several times he heard footsteps and voices on the platform outside.

But it was getting towards time for the next train before footsteps came in at the doorway of the waiting-room. He heard a voice—which was familiar to his ears. A fat squeak, very like Billy Bunter's!

"It's cold out there, Miss Bullivant." It was the voice of Bessie Bunter, of Cliff House School.

"Nonsense!" came the decisive tones of Miss Bullivant, the games-mistress of Cliff House. "You can keep warm by walking, Bessie."

"I'm tired."

"Nonsense!"

"It is really rather windy, Miss Bullivant!" came another voice, and Bob recognised it as Marjorie Hazel-dene's.

He ceased to wriggle. Bob was glad, at all times, to see Marjorie; but he did not want Marjorie to see him tied up in this ridiculous way. Much as he desired to be released, he did not want to meet the eyes of a party of school-girls just at this moment!

"Frightfully parky, you know!" came another voice—that of Clara Trevlyn, of the Fourth Form at Cliff House.

"Don't be so slangy, Clara!"

"I say, you girls, come in—there's a stove here!" said Bessie.

Miss Bullivant gave a grunt. She was a hardy lady, and the cold wind on the platform did not worry her. However, she allowed the three girls to enter the waiting-room and seek the warmth of the stove. She remained in the doorway herself, looking out, the tip of her nose glowing an attractive crimson in the frosty air.

She was hardly three feet from Bob, only the door was between. A wriggle might have attracted her attention. But Bob did not wriggle now. He did not want the Bull's surprised stare to fix on him; he did not want to hear Bessie Bunter's fat giggle, or to see Clara's smile. He did not even want Marjorie to discover him thus. Anything was better than looking such an ass. So he remained quite still.

"Won't you come to the fire, Miss Bullivant?" asked Marjorie.

"Thank you, no," said Miss Bullivant. "I will walk on the platform. It is much healthier to keep warm by exercise."

Her heavy tread woke the echoes, and died away up the platform.

"Cat!" remarked Bessie Bunter.

"Little beast!" said Clara.

"What are you calling me names for, I'd like to know?" demanded Miss Elizabeth Bunter.

"The Bull's just taken us to a matinee!" said Clara. "She's stood the

tickets—and stood you, which nobody else at Cliff House can do! And you call her a cat! You're a little beast, like your brother Billy, Bessie!"

"Yah!" said Bessie. "So she is a cat! You're a cat too, Clara! I say, shut that door, will you? There's a beastly draught!"

"No; it's stuffy enough in here already!"

"Cat! Shut the door, will you, Marjorie?"

"Well, if you really want it shut, Bessie—"

"Don't I keep saying so? You sit there, taking no notice, while I perish of cold! You shut that door!"

"Can't you shut it yourself, if you want it shut?" demanded Clara.

"I'm sitting down!" said Miss Bunter, with dignity.

"Don't you get up, Marjorie! If you go and shut that door, I'll knock your hat off!"

"Oh, Clara—"

"Mind, I mean it! I'll knock it off, and tread on it, if you shut the door for that fat lazybones!"

"Cat!" said Bessie.

And she rolled along to shut the door herself.

Bob Cherry sat dismayed! He would rather have sat there another hour, or another two or three, than have been discovered by a party of schoolgirls. But there was no help for it now. Once the door was pulled out from the wall he would be revealed.

Bessie Bunter grabbed the door, and pulled! The next moment, she caught sight of the figure behind it, and gave a shriek!

Marjorie and Clara looked round, startled.

"What—" exclaimed Marjorie.

"Little idiot!" said Clara.

Shriek, shriek, shriek!

Bessie was startled, which was only natural. Being startled, she felt entitled to shriek—and she did!

"Bessie, what is it?" exclaimed Marjorie, and she ran along the room, followed more slowly by Clara.

"Oh! Oh dear! There's somebody behind the door!" shrieked Bessie.

"Rubbish!" said Clara.

"I saw him! Oh dear! I—I—I think it's a boy!" gasped Bessie.

"Well, boys don't bite, even if it is a boy!" said Clara. "Besides, how could a boy be there, fathhead?"

Shriek!

Marjorie caught hold of the door-handle and pulled the door away!

Then she gave a gasp of astonishment.

"Bob!"

"Bob Cherry!" exclaimed Clara, in amazement.

"Oh!" gasped Bessie. "Is it Bob Cherry? Playing silly tricks—hiding behind a door! I'll tell Miss Bullivant, and she will smack his head!"

Bob gazed at the three. His face was a beautiful crimson. Seldom, or never, had Bob felt such an utter ass, as at that moment.

"He's tied up!" said Clara, in wonder. "What sort of a game is this? He's got something in his mouth! What—"

Marjorie stepped quickly to Bob.

Amazing as it was to see the Greyfriars junior in such a position, bound and gagged, she very quickly realised that what was wanted was prompt assistance.

In a few moments she had got the gag away, and Bob could speak.

"I—I say—" he gasped.

"What is it—a rag?" asked Clara.

"Who tied you up like a turkey, Bob?"

Marjorie, asking no questions, sorted

a penknife out of her bag, and began to cut the cords.

"Sorry to startle you!" gasped Bob. "I couldn't help it—I was tied up by a gang of Highcliffe cads—I've been here nearly an hour—"

"Playing silly tricks!" yapped Bessie. "Hiding behind a door—"

"I wasn't!" gasped Bob. "Can't you see that I was tied, and couldn't move or speak, Bessie?"

"Well, you shouldn't be!" said Bessie. "Why did you let them tie you up?"

"I couldn't help it!"

"You should have helped it!" said Bessie.

"Shut up, old dear!" said Clara.

"Cat!"

Bob was very quickly released. He

gladly rose from the chair, and stretched his stiffened limbs.

There was a smile on Clara's face—as he had fully expected. Marjorie was not smiling, which was a comfort.

Bessie was giggling.

"He, he, he! I say, you looked awfully funny tied up there—like a turkey! He, he, he!"

"Be quiet, Bessie dear!" said Marjorie.

"Shan't!" said Bessie. "He looked funny, and you know he did! Never seen anybody look so silly—even a boy!"

Bob Cherry breathed hard. Had Miss Bunter been Master Bunter, Bob would probably have put in some nose-punching next. But he could not punch Miss Bunter's fat little nose.

"I say, you girls, fancy Bob letting them tie him up like a turkey!" giggled Bessie. "Were you afraid of them, Bob?"

"There were four of the cads!" hissed Bob. "They were too many for me."

"He, he, he! They must be laughing!" said Bessie. "I expect they're fearfully amused! Don't you?"

"I'm so glad we found you, Bob!" said Marjorie. "Don't mind Bessie—she can't help being silly—"

"Cat!"

"Thank you for letting me loose, anyhow!" stammered poor Bob. "I dare say I looked a bit of a fool, sitting there—but what could one chap do, against four of them—"

"He, he, he!"

"Do be quiet, Bessie!"

"Shan't! He, he, he!"

"The train!" came Miss Bullivant's powerful voice from the platform; and Bessie rolled out, followed by the smiling Clara.

Marjorie hesitated a moment.

"Your train, Bob?" she asked.

"Oh—no—I—I'm taking the next!" gasped Bob.

"Good-bye, then!"

Marjorie ran out after the others.

Bob would have been glad to take that train; but he had had enough of Clara's smiles and Bessie's giggles. He had a faint suspicion that even Marjorie was suppressing a smile.

He stayed in the waiting-room till the train was gone, with Miss Bullivant and the Cliff House girls. Then he tramped out on to the platform, glad to restore his circulation with a little vigorous exercise.

He had half an hour to wait for the next train. But he was, at all events, free to take it now, when it came in. And at long last, it came—and he rolled homeward; his thoughts dwelling chiefly on Pon, and ways and means of getting into touch with that playful youth—and there was some consolation in reflecting

on the alteration in Pon's features that would follow!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Surprising!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. were waiting at the school gates when Bob Cherry came trailing wearily homeward. They had waited long for Bob; but

as he had not turned up, they had had their tea. Still he did not turn up; and at last they came down to the gates to look out for him, as the time for calling-over drew nigh.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Harry, as Bob came in sight at last.

A taxi was turning out of the gates as Bob arrived. He glanced at the fishy-eyed man in black who was seated in it. It was the man who had talked to

the cheery Arthur in the waiting-room at Lantham.

Evidently he had landed Arthur at Greyfriars, and got through his business there, and was now returning to the railway station.

He did not glance at Bob; never having seen him before, and quite unaware how near he had been to him at Lantham.

But Bob glanced after him very curiously.
(Continued on next page.)

LEARN TO PLAY FOOTBALL!



OUR INTERNATIONAL COACH

HALF-BACK PLAY

I THINK this week we had better get our game going again, after the long pause in which you have heard, and I hope learnt, some very important things. I guess most of you have forgotten where we were when we left the game to talk about tackling. I haven't. Our side had scored a goal, the ball was kicked off by the centre-forward of the other side, and our inside-right got a special pat on the back when he went in to tackle the opposing inside-left. We decided that the only thing wrong with the tackle was that the ball rolled wide, instead of coming out at the feet of our inside-right.

So the game is on again. Already, I can see developing a position which will show you, in practice, the value of a player who can draw an opponent—the important subject we discussed last week. Our right-half, seeing the ball run loose, dashes up, gets it under control, and starts to dribble it forward.

The left-half of the other side has no one to mark at the moment, because our inside-right is on the ground some yards away, so he comes up to tackle our right-half. But our player is a lad who has been practising his ball-control, and who has been watching first-class players. He manages, by a clever trick, to avoid the tackle, and the opposing half-back is left on the ground, while our right-half goes on his way with the ball at his feet.

He mustn't worry about the fact that for the moment he has wandered away from his position. Half-backs must take the ball through occasionally—put that down in your note-book, wing-halves—and another player will fall back in case of emergency.

"WELL PLAYED, GOALIE!"

NOW have a look at that diagram, with the twenty-two players, I suggested you should make for yourselves last week. You see what has happened. Our inside-right, and the inside-left of the other side, are out of the way for the moment. The opposing left-half, too, has been beaten, and our right-half has the ball at his feet. Someone must come to tackle him, or he will be away with a clear run to goal.

The opposing centre-half decides that he must leave his post to tackle the player with the ball. And that means

This week's "lesson" by our special contributor deals with corner-kicks—and tells how they can be turned into goals. Follow his advice very carefully, chums.

what? Our centre-forward is left on his own in the middle of the field. Our right-half passes the ball to him—oh, this half-back is a good player; that pass was delivered with the inside of the boot, and the ball never left the ground. It is easy for the centre-forward to bring the ball under control. He does so, runs on a bit, and then shoots. A good shot—perhaps a bit too high—but the goalkeeper gets his fingers to it, and the ball goes round the post. Nearly another goal for us, and all because our right-half seized his chance, drew two opponents out of position, and then gave a fine pass to his centre-forward.

We have had a "lesson" on goal-kicks, haven't we? After the ball has gone out of play over the goal-line, one of the defenders has to kick it off from inside the goal-area. This time, the ball has gone behind the goal-line in the same way, but the circumstances are rather different. The last player to touch the ball before it went out was the goalkeeper—one of the defending side. So the game must be restarted by a corner-kick.

You see, if one of the attacking side sends the ball over the goal-line, there is a goal-kick, which is like a free-kick for the defending side. But if one of the defenders sends it off, there is a free-kick for the attackers—a corner-kick.

A corner-kick has been described as being worth half a goal. You might think it ought to be, too. Unfortunately it is a fact that, even in first-class football, somebody has worked out that a goal is scored from only one corner-kick in every eighteen.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

LET me tell you how a corner-kick is taken, and then you will see why it should be easy to score a goal from one. On your map of a football field you will see, marked in the four corners, little quarter-circles,

like arcs in geometry. For a corner-kick, the ball must be placed inside one of these arcs. On whichever side of the goal the ball goes out of play, the kick is taken from that side. Corner-kicks are usually taken by the wingers. Not long ago West Bromwich Albion had a plan whereby Billy Richardson, their centre-forward, took all the corner-kicks. And at one time Jacky Bestall, of Grimsby Town, took all Grimsby's corners, although he was an inside-forward. There is no reason why you shouldn't let somebody other than the wingers take the kicks; but they are the usual fellows for the job.

The idea is that the player taking the corner-kick kicks the ball into the middle. He should try to send the ball just high enough to go over the heads of the first players and about three or four yards out from the goal, so that the goalkeeper cannot jump up above all the other players and punch the ball away.

Watch a player like Eric Brook, the Manchester City and England winger, take a corner-kick. He places the ball just right. And also notice that he, as well as most other first-class players, takes corner-kicks with what he would call his wrong foot. That means that an outside-left takes the corners with his right foot, and an outside-right takes them with his left foot.

This is done in order to get the proper swerve on the ball. If, in taking a corner from the right wing, the ball is kicked with the right foot, it will tend to swerve away from the goal. If the kick is taken with the left foot, the ball will swerve "inwards," which is much more useful. Try it and see.

Probably the wing men in our game will not be able to kick sufficiently strongly with their "wrong" feet to get the ball into the middle from the corner-flag. What shall we do? That's easy: we'll let the right-winger take the corners from the left, and vice versa. There is no harm in doing this. I remember a time when Mark Hooper, Sheffield Wednesday's outside-right, used to take the corners on both sides of the field.

I am afraid it is time for your "luncheon interval" now. But I can tell you many more stories about the tricks which first-class players get up to to score goals from corner-kicks. I'll let you into some of their secrets next week.

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ously as the taxi drove away towards Courtfield.

In his painful position in the waiting-room at Lantham, wriggling to get loose, he had almost forgotten that strange talk that had come to his ears there. The sight of the man in rusty black recalled it. "Arthur"—whoever Arthur was—was evidently at the school now—and Bob hoped that he was not in the Remove.

"You've turned up, old chap!" said Nugent amicably. "You've been a jolly long time getting in!"

"Try riding that bike again?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" grunted Bob gruffly. "I've had a rotten time, you fellows—lost train after train! Did you notice that sportsman in black who's just gone? Has he left a new kid here?"

"Yes—chap named Carter—" said Harry.

"Arthur Carter?"

"Eh? Yes! How did you know?" asked Harry, in astonishment.

"I didn't know the Carter part—only the Arthur part!" grunted Bob. "Precious sort of a rotter to let into Greyfriars!"

His chums regarded him in amazement.

They had never heard of Bunter's relative before that afternoon, so it was astonishing to hear this from Bob.

"You don't know the chap, surely?" asked Harry.

"No; and don't want to!"

"You seem to know his name."

"Yes, I know his name. I hope he's not coming into the Remove," growled Bob, as he tramped across the quad with his friends.

"As it happens, he is—I suppose it was fixed in the hols, though he didn't get here first day of term."

"Rotten!" grunted Bob. "We don't want a cad like that in the Form."

"Well, it may be rotten," said Harry, more and more astonished. "But as you've never seen the chap, I don't quite see how you know."

"I saw him at Lantham Station," grunted Bob. "Heard him, too."

"Oh! You haven't rowed with him, I suppose?"

"No, ass; he never saw me."

"You saw him without his seeing you?"

"Oh, I suppose I'd better tell you," grunted Bob. "A gang of Highcliffe cads got me there—nobody else about—and they tied me up in the waiting-room. I was stuck there over an hour. I should be there still, I expect, only some Cliff House girls came in—they'd been to a matinee with the Bull, and they found me—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"The cads left me stuck behind the door—tied on a chair, with a hanky stuffed in my mouth!" snorted Bob. "I might have stayed there till midnight, for all I know, only Bessie Bunter wanted the door shut—frowsty, like all the Bunters—and she saw me, and yelped."

"Lucky she did, if you were fixed like that—"

"Oh, frightfully lucky!" said Bob sarcastically. "It was so nice to be found tied up like a turkey by a party of schoolgirls, and giggled at! I enjoyed it immensely, I can tell you."

"Is that why you've come back in a bad temper?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bob looked at him.

"Who's in a bad temper?" he inquired, with dangerous calm.

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"Aren't you?" asked Johnny. "You look it."

"Well, cackle from a silly fathead is enough to make a fellow a bit bad-tempered," said Bob. "Can't you go and talk rot to somebody else?"

"Hem!" said Nugent loudly.

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

"But how did you see the chap if you were parked behind a door?" asked Harry, rather to change the topic than from a desire for information.

"Between the door and the post, as I'm not blind, as he came in, with that rotten rascal who's just gone."

"That what?"

"Rotten rascal!"

"You're not in a bad temper," said Johnny Bull, "but you call a man you don't know a rotten rascal, and a chap you don't know a cad. If that's good temper—"

"I call him a rotten rascal because he is one; and I call the fellow a cad because he's a cad!" answered Bob. "And if you think it out for a year or two—or perhaps a century or two—it may occur to you that I heard them talking, while I was stuck behind that door, and so I know what a pair of rotters they are!"

The Co. made no reply to that. Whether Bob's remarks were justified or not, it was clear that he was not in his usual good temper.

"So the fellow's name is Carter, is it?" said Bob. "I don't know of any Carters here! But he's got a relation here—I wonder who?"

"Bunter," said Harry.

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Thanks!"

"Well, what do you mean?" snapped Bob. "The cad's got a relation here. I heard that when they were gabbling in the waiting-room at Lantham. It can't be Bunter."

"Why can't it?"

"Well, it's rot! I couldn't make much sense of what they were saying, except that they were a pair of worms—but it didn't sound as if they were speaking of a fool like Bunter. How do you know this chap Carter is a relation of Bunter?"

"He told us so."

"Oh!" said Bob. "Not making a silly mistake?"

"Not at all!" said Harry dryly. "But perhaps you are, old bean!"

Grunt from Bob.

"He's one of Bunter's rich relations!" grinned Nugent. "Nephew and heir of a jolly old bean who's juicy with oof, according to Bunter."

"A rich relation, is he?" grunted Bob.

"Bunter will find out a mistake there, I fancy. Of course, he might have another relation here, as well as Bunter—if Bunter's really related to him. Blessed if I make it all out."

"We've kept some stuff for you, hot, in the fender!" said Nugent, as they went into the House. "I suppose you're hungry."

"Hungry as a hunter—or a Bunter!" said Bob, with a spot of his usual good-humour. "By gum, I could eat a mule's hind leg!"

"Come up to the study, then!"

The Famous Five tramped up to the Remove.

A bright fire was burning in Study No. 1; the kettle was singing, and the study looked very bright and cosy and hospitable.

Bob Cherry's clouded brow cleared a little as he came in. He was cold and tired, and had several aches and pains, and altogether disgruntled by the hapless happenings that afternoon—added to which, he was fearfully hungry. But

a cheery grin came over his face as Frank Nugent lifted a plate of sosses and chips from the fender, Johnny Bull handed up a stack of toast, and Harry Wharton made the tea.

"By gum! This is better than that beastly waiting-room at Lantham!" said Bob, as he sat down and started.

"The betterfulness is probably terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Next half-holiday we will go and look for the execrable Highcliffians and slay them slaughterfully."

"Tuck in, old chap!" said Harry. "It won't be long to call-over now."

Bob Cherry tucked in.

There was no doubt that a rest in the warm and cosy study and a square meal made him feel ever so much better.

He had finished that late tea, and was washing down a final chunk of cake with a third cup of tea, when there was a tap at the study door.

"Trotter in, old thing!" called out Nugent.

The door opened, and Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was revealed.

The juniors jumped at once, Nugent crimsoning. He had not guessed that it was his Form-master there when he bade the "old thing" trotter in!

The Remove master glanced round at a junior who had followed him up the Remove passage.

"Come in, Carter! This is your study."

"Yes, sir!"

The new junior came in, and Bob, with a deep breath, fixed his eyes on the fellow who had smoked and talked with the man in black at Lantham Station.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Relation!

ARTHUR CARTER glanced at the fellows in the study with a keen, cool eye.

New boy as he was, there was nothing of the new boy in his looks; not a spot of sheepishness or nervousness about him.

That, of course, was accounted for by the fact that he came from another school; life in a big school was nothing new to him.

At the same time, his cool self-assurance was not exactly pleasing to the other fellows.

As Bunter's relation—rich or not—he was of some interest to the juniors, especially to Bob, after what he had heard at Lantham.

He was absolutely nothing like Bunter to look at.

So far from being fat, like the fat Owl, he was slim, and looked fairly active and sturdy. He was not bad-looking—and his eyes were uncommonly keen. They seemed to take in the whole study and everybody in it in one flash.

"Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch. "This is Carter, the new boy in the Form. Carter, this is Wharton, the head boy of the Remove."

The two gave one another a nod and a grin.

"I have decided to place Carter in your study Wharton—"

"Oh!"

"As there are only two in this study, since Bullivant left last term," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, quite!" said Harry. "But—"

"But what, Wharton?" asked Mr. Quelch, rather sharply.

It was not for a Remove fellow to explain to his Form-master that he did not want new boys landed in his study. Wharton and Nugent were accustomed to having Study No. 1 to themselves,



In a very secluded spot, almost hidden by ivy and the old stone pillars, Billy Bunter spotted his man. Cousin Arthur was leaning against a pillar, smoking a cigarette! The searching Owl grinned as he spotted him!

though the whole Co. generally tea'd there. A stranger in the land, so to speak, was likely to be disturbing to the accustomed harmony.

But that was not all. It was clear already that Bob Cherry was not going to be friendly with the new junior, and that was likely to make matters awkward, if he were assigned to Study No. 1.

On the fellow's looks, Wharton neither liked nor disliked him; but he did not want him there, if he were going to row with Bob.

All that, however, certainly could not be explained to the master of the Remove. Wharton thought of another tack.

"I think Carter has a relation in the Form, sir," he said. "He might like to be put in his relation's study."

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows. It seemed that this was news to him.

"Indeed," he said. He turned to Carter. "Have you a relative here, in my Form, Carter?"

"Not that I know of, sir!" answered Carter.

"It appears that you are mistaken, Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch, with a touch of asperity. Perhaps the Remove master did not need telling that old-established occupants of a study did not exactly like new boys bunged in on them!

Bob Cherry looked hard at the new junior.

That the fellow had a relative in the school was a certainty, for he had heard it, in so many words, at Lantham.

That relative's Form, however, had not been mentioned, or his name; and, so far as Bob knew, it might have been any man at Greyfriars from the Second to the Sixth. And certainly he had no likeness whatever to Billy Bunter.

"I—I thought—" stammered Harry, quite taken aback.

"I fail to see why you should have

thought so, Wharton, as you have never seen Carter before, I imagine!"

"No, sir; but—"

"Have you any relatives at Greyfriars at all, Carter?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"I don't know of any, sir."

Bob set his lips.

That, at all events, was a falsehood! A fellow might easily be ignorant of a distant relative, and not know whether he was in the school or not. But the fellow's own words at Lantham proved that he knew.

"Really, Wharton—" snapped Mr. Quelch, "I repeat that I quite fail to see why you should have thought anything of the kind."

Harry's face was red. He was not going to leave it at that.

"I was told so by a Remove fellow who said that Carter was his relation," he said. "I supposed it was so, as he said so."

Carter gave him a quick look.

"Indeed," said Mr. Quelch, less sharply, "Carter may have a relative here whom he does not know. In that case, no doubt, he would be glad to meet him. Who was the Remove boy to whom you refer?"

"Bunter, sir!"

"Bunter!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "Carter, there is a boy in my Form named Bunter! Is he a relative of yours?"

"I hardly think so, sir," said Carter. "I believe we have some very distant relations of that name, but I don't know anything about them."

"Bunter said he had met you once at your uncle's!" said Harry.

"Did he?" said Carter, indifferently. "I don't remember!"

"If Bunter is such a very distant relative that Carter has forgotten his existence, I see no special reason for placing him in Bunter's study, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch. "There are three

already in Bunter's study, and only two here."

"Very well, sir!" said Harry.

He made a mental resolve to kick Bunter. Evidently—as it appeared, at least—the fat Owl knew his "rich" relation, or pretended that he did, better than the rich relation knew Bunter! After Bunter's talk, Wharton had naturally expected the name of Bunter to be familiar to the new fellow. It seemed, however, that he had hardly heard it.

"Carter will share this study with you and Nugent," said Mr. Quelch. "You will make the new boy welcome here, Wharton."

"Oh, certainly, sir."

"I will leave Carter here now," said Mr. Quelch. "You will come down to call-over with Wharton when the bell rings, Carter."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch left the study. Carter was left with the Famous Five, quite easy and assured in his manner, with that little crowd of strangers.

"You don't seem fearfully keen on having me in this study!" he said, with a laugh. "Sorry to barge in!"

"Oh, not at all!" said Harry, with a touch of compunction. "You see—"

"I see perfectly! I've been through it at my last school—I had an absolute blighter landed on me once," said Carter. "I'll try not to be a blighter, if you'll give me a chance."

Four members of the Co. laughed. Bob Cherry stood grimly silent. His friends were rather taken with the new boy's way of speaking.

"That's all right" said Harry. "I've no doubt we shall get on all right. This chap is Nugent, your other studymate."

"Pleased to see you, Nugent—more than you are to see me, probably," said Carter. "By the way, who's that fellow Bunter you were speaking of? Does he

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(Continued from page 13.)

really make out that he's related to me?"

"A distant relationship—second cousin twice removed, I think he said," answered Harry, laughing. "I suppose you must be the chap he was speaking of—there can't be two Arthur Carters."

"Hardly!"

"Bunter's Carter was at a school called St. Olaf's. Was that your school?"

"That was it! My uncle has a fancy that the sea air may be good for me, so he's hooked me out of St. Olaf's and planted me here!" said Carter. "St. Olaf's is right in the Midlands, as I dare say you know."

"I'm afraid I'd never heard of it before," said Harry. "Not till Bunter mentioned it."

Bob Cherry stepped a little nearer to the door. He was beginning to feel that he could not breathe the same air as this fellow.

Unless he had been dreaming, in the waiting-room at Lantham, he had heard Carter and Gooch mention, quite plainly, that the fellow had been turned out of his last school for bad conduct.

Certainly the fellow could not be expected to mention that, at his new school. But there was no need to roll out lies.

Bob, certainly, had no intention of repeating what he had heard by accident, and thus causing the new fellow trouble in his new school. But he was feeling that he could not stand him personally.

"I think I'll cut, you fellows!" said Bob abruptly, and he left Study No. 1 before anyone could answer.

Carter's quick eyes flashed after him.

"Who's that chap?" he asked.

"Bob Cherry!" answered Harry.

"Friend of yours?"

"Yes, rather!"

"He doesn't seem to like me a lot—I've never seen him before, that I know of," said Carter, puzzled. "If he's a friend of fellows in my study, I don't want to be unfriendly with him. What the dickens has he got his back up about?"

The Co. were rather uncomfortably silent. At the same time, they could not help being struck by the new fellow's swiftness of observation. In those few minutes, and without Bob speaking a word, he had sensed his dislike.

"Sorry if he doesn't like me," added Carter. "I like him, on his looks. Looks a fearfully healthy sort of chap."

"One of the very best," said Harry. "Best chap in the Remove, really—you'll like him all right! Like the study?"

"Topping!" said Carter. "Better than my study at my last school! Greyfriars seems a jolly sort of place, from the little I've seen of it so far."

"The jolliffulness is terrific!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Carter jumped.

"Eh, what? Would you mind saying that again?" he ejaculated.

"I remarked that the jolliffulness of

this esteemed school is terrific, and indeed preposterous, my esteemed Carter."

"Is that a joke?" asked Carter, mystified.

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"That's Inky's English," he said. "He learned it under the wisest moonshee at Bhanipur, and since then he's used no other."

"I say, the chap's name ain't really Inky, is it?" asked Carter.

"Inky for short—full name, Hurree Bang Wallop Jampot."

"Oh, my hat—"

"My esteemed and absurd Wharton!"

"You haven't seen Bunter yet?" asked Nugent.

"Bunter? No! I wonder if he's really a relation!" said Carter. "I know we've got some distant connections of that name—I may even have seen the chap, of course, and forgotten him. The fact is, I believe they're a rather hard-up branch of the family, and my uncle sort of barged them off! Funny thing to find a relation in a school without knowing it."

"Well, he hasn't forgotten you, if you've forgotten him," said Harry. "You'll see him all right! Hallo, there's the bell. Come down to Hall."

The juniors left the study together.

Bob Cherry was in the passage, and he made a movement to join up, as the little crowd of fellows poured out of Study No. 1. But as he saw Carter with the Co. he checked himself.

"Come on, Bob!" called out Harry.

"In a minute—don't wait!" called back Bob.

Five juniors went down the Remove staircase, quite cheerfully, together. Bob Cherry followed more slowly.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Blow for Bunter!

"I SAY, you fellows! Seen my Cousin Arthur?" asked Billy Bunter anxiously.

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned.

As Carter, the new fellow, was with them, Billy Bunter really seemed under no necessity to inquire after his "Cousin" Arthur.

Apparently the fat Owl did not know the rich relation, of whom he had talked so much, by sight.

Whether Carter knew Bunter by sight or not was not apparent in his face. If he had met the fat junior only once, a considerable time ago, it was probable that he might have forgotten the meeting. On the other hand, Bunter was a fellow who, once seen, was not easily forgotten. His circumference, at least, was likely to be remembered.

"I've been looking for the chap everywhere," went on Bunter. "First he was with Quelch, and then I heard he was with the Head; and after that I went along to the House-dame's room, but Mrs. Kebble told me he had gone. He's not with Quelch now; Quelch is jawing in Hall with Prout. I say, I wonder where he is?"

"I wonder!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"The wonderfulness is terrific!"

"Well, I want to find him!" said Bunter, evidently quite unconscious that "Cousin Arthur" was quite near at hand. "Haven't you seen him?"

In a school of some hundreds of fellows, there were, of course, plenty whom other fellows hardly knew. Bunter, who plainly did not know Arthur Carter by sight, did not notice him specially coming down the stairs after the Co. It did not seem to occur to him that this fellow was a new fellow, and therefore probably Carter.

Carter stopped on the stairs and leaned on the banister, carelessly glancing down at the fat Owl. If he was, as Bunter had said, a sort of second cousin twice removed, the relationship was hardly near enough for a fellow to feel very enthusiastic about it. At all events, it did not seem that Carter was keen to be claimed as a relation by Billy Bunter.

He took no notice of the fat junior, and Bunter, blinking anxiously at the Co., did not notice the fellow on the staircase.

"You see, I don't want him to feel that I'm neglecting him," explained Bunter. "He will be jolly anxious to see me, you know."

"The knowfulness is not preposterous!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, really Inky—I mean to say, we're awfully attached to one another, you know!" said Bunter. "Fearfully pally, and all that! Queer that I haven't spotted him yet."

"You'd know him at once?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, yes, rather!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I say—"

"What's he like?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Oh, not a bad-looking chap, I believe!" said Bunter. "Not handsome, you know. The good looks are all on our side of the family—"

"Oh crikey!"

"But skinny," said Bunter—"I mean, he hasn't a figure like me, you know. As skinny as you, Wharton! About as good-looking, too—I mean to say, good looks ain't his long suit!"

"Oh, thanks!"

"To tell you the truth, I believe he was a bit jealous of my good looks," said Bunter. "Plain fellows are, you know. But I don't mind that! I'm used to it, you know."

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

"I wish you fellows wouldn't cackle whenever a fellow opens his mouth! I say, have you seen the chap or not?" demanded Bunter.

"Yes, we've seen him," said Harry, laughing. "Quelch brought him to my study, fathead! He hasn't a figure like yours, old fat bean, that's a cert. He didn't have to squeeze in at the doorway!"

"Yah! Well, where is he now?" asked Bunter. "I want to take him in to call-over. Is he in the study?"

"Sure you'd know him if you saw him?" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Eh? Oh, yes! I—I think so. Is he coming down?"

"He's come, fathead! There he is!"

Harry Wharton made a gesture towards the new junior leaning on the banisters.

"Oh!" ejaculated Bunter. He turned his eyes and his spectacles on the new fellow. "I—I say, are you my Cousin Arthur?"

"Not that I know of!" answered Carter coolly.

"Eh—what? Look here, are you Carter?"

"Yes, I'm Carter."

"Then you're my Cousin Arthur!" declared Bunter.

"Mistake somewhere!" said Carter, shaking his head. "I have only one cousin in the wide world, and you're not the man!"

"Well, not exactly a cousin," said Bunter. "Second cousin twice removed, or third cousin once removed, or—or something of the kind. I suppose you know me?"

"Not in the least!"

"Look here——"

"If your name's Bunter, you may be some distant connection of mine," said Carter coolly. "As the relationship's so distant, would you mind keeping as distant as the relationship?"

"Oh, really, Arthur——"

"If you call me 'Arthur' again, I shall boot you!" said Carter.

"Why, you cheeky beast——"

"If you're a relation of mine—which I don't believe—you don't look one to be proud of!" said Carter. "Blow away, you bloated bluebottle!"

Billy Bunter stood blinking at him. He seemed as utterly taken aback as a full-rigged ship, under full sail, caught in a sudden head wind. He could only blink.

"Let's get into Hall!" said Harry Wharton hastily.

"Come on!" said Nugent.

The juniors moved on, followed by Carter, leaving the hapless fat Owl rooted to the floor, still blinking.

In the study, the four had rather liked Carter; but they did not like the way he had spoken to Bunter.

Bunter, it was true, was "on the make"; it was plain enough that he wanted to hook on to Carter because Carter was a rich relation. The chap was entitled to keep him at armslength if so disposed. Still, there were ways of doing these things, and Carter's way did not seem very pleasant. They could not help thinking that he might have let the fat and fatuous Owl down a little more lightly.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter at last, blinking after them as they went. "Oh! Swanky cad! Beast!"

Bob Cherry, coming down after his friends, had been a witness of that little scene. He stopped to tap Bunter on a fat shoulder.

That Carter had some relation at Greyfriars he knew, though the fellow had lied about it. From what he had been told, it seemed that that relation was Billy Bunter. That, however, now seemed rather doubtful.

"Look here, Bunter," said Bob gruffly. "Is that chap really a relation of yours or not?"

"Yes, he jolly well is!" yapped Bunter. "Not a near relation, of course, but he's a relation. He jolly well knows it, too."

"You never knew him by sight?"

"Well, I've only seen him once, and it was a long time ago. But he jolly well knew me," said Bunter. "I'm a bit more distinguished, you know! People don't forget me like they do commonplace chaps!"

Bob grinned.

"He didn't seem to know you," he said.

"Swank!" said Bunter. "They're frightfully swanky at St. Olaf's. Why, I wrote to him there once, and told him I'd come and see him if he liked, and he never even answered the letter!"

"Has he any other relations here?"

"Of course he hasn't, except my brother Sammy. If he had, they'd be my relations, too."

"I suppose they would, if you're really related to him," said Bob.

"Well, I jolly well am! I say, this is pretty thick, ain't it?" said Bunter. "Fancy Wharton bagging my rich relation like that!"

"Wha-at?"

"After his money, of course!" said Bunter.

Bob stared at him.

"You silly owl!" he snapped; and he walked on.

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled away to Hall, with a frowning fat brow. Carter was

already there, in the ranks of the Remove. Bunter gave him a blink, utterly unnoticed by the new fellow. Arthur Carter seemed oblivious of his fat existence, and, after calling-over, he left Hall with Wharton and Nugent, still blankly oblivious of Bunter.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Very Distant Relation!

THE Famous Five grinned.

So did a dozen other fellows.

It was in break, the following morning.

Arthur Carter, the new member of the Remove, was in the quad when Billy Bunter came out, blinking to and fro through his big spectacles.

Having spotted Carter, the fat junior rolled across to him, with a grin of affectionate friendship on his fat face.

Carter gave him a stare as he approached, turned on his heel, and walked away.

Bunter was left blinking.

He blinked after Carter's back as he went, then blinked round at a score or so of grinning faces.

"Cheeky cad!" gasped Bunter.

Billy Bunter was not a sensitive fellow. He had a fairly thick skin, and, considering his manners and customs, he needed it. Still, even Bunter was not impervious to this sort of treatment.

His relation—if Carter was his relation—had turned his back on him in open quad, before a crowd of fellows. If Bunter had a use for a rich relation, it was clear that Arthur Carter had no use for a poor relation!

"I say, you fellows, did you see that?" gasped Bunter.

"Sort of!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Think he was cutting me?" asked Bunter.

"The thoughtfulness is terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter."

"Swanky cad!" said Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind not to take him up at this school at all!"

"Doesn't look an easy thing to do, does it?" grinned Vernon-Smith.

"Yah!"

Bunter rolled away, disconsolate.

The fat Owl's pursuit of the new junior was causing a great deal of entertainment in the Remove.

In the dormitory, the previous night, he had spoken to Carter two or three times, without receiving an answer once. At the breakfast table he had given him a friendly grin, which Carter had completely ignored. In early school, he had whispered to him in class, and Carter had turned his head away. Now, in break, Carter had turned his back on him in quad. Bunter was a sticker; but even Bunter was expected to "chuck" it after that.

That he was related to Carter was probable; but it was clear that the relationship was a distant one, which Carter did not choose to acknowledge.

That the Carters and the Bunters were not in touch, was, in fact, plain enough, as Bunter had not even known the new junior was coming to Greyfriars until the day he came.

Billy Bunter was not, perhaps, a relation whom any fellow might have been proud and pleased to find in his new school. Some fellows might even have been annoyed thereby. Carter, at any rate, was making it very clear that if Bunter was his distant relative, he preferred the distance to the relationship.

"Fat ass!" remarked Johnny Bull,

as the Owl of the Remove rolled away. "Why can't he let the fellow rip? Carter's not a soft ass like Mauly, to let a fellow stick on him because he's rich."

"Is he rich?" grunted Bob Cherry.

"Well, he looks pretty well off, and Bunter thinks so, at any rate. He wouldn't care two hoots about him if he wasn't."

Back into Bob's mind came those words, which he wished he had never heard, in the waiting-room at Lantham.

Arthur Carter had been rich, but his riches had taken unto themselves wings and flown away. Bunter still regarded him as a rich relation; but Bob Cherry knew that he was nothing of the kind.

He had many expensive things, which a good many fellows had already noticed, which bore out Bunter's belief. Obviously, they were left over from the time when he had been a rich uncle's heir, with a large allowance.

It was no business of Bob's, and he was very far from being a fellow to concern himself about what was not his business. He would gladly have dismissed that talk at Lantham entirely from his mind.

But he could not help knowing what he knew; and he knew that Carter had been turned out of his last school as a bad hat; and that he had told falsehoods in Study No. 1. He felt an instinctive dislike for the fellow.

But that was not what bothered Bob chiefly. He could not help thinking of what he had heard—with regard to Carter's intentions towards his relation at Greyfriars.

How was he going to "fix the cad who had cut him out," as he had viciously expressed it?

He came to Greyfriars as the enemy of his relation there! Was that relation Bunter, or had he some other connection, unknown, in one of the other Forms?

Bob did not like thinking about it; but there was a hint of treacherous scheming in the matter that made it difficult for him to get it out of his thoughts.

Anyhow, he could not stand the fellow; and he was not going to have anything to do with him; which was rather awkward, as he was now a member of Study No. 1. It was all the more so because he felt that he could not repeat what he had heard accidentally about another fellow's private affairs. He realised that he had said rather too much already, as a matter of fact.

When the bell rang for third school, the Famous Five were going in together, when Carter joined up. That was natural enough, as he belonged to Wharton's study, and Wharton and Nugent were on more or less friendly terms with him.

But Bob's face clouded at once, and he quickened his pace, and joined Vernon-Smith and Redwing, who were a little ahead.

Carter walked with the other four, who hoped, rather uncomfortably, that he did not notice that Bob was avoiding him.

If he noticed it, the new junior made no remark on it. In the Form-room corridor Bunter rolled up. Apparently he had recovered from that "facer" in the quad, for he looked on to Carter's arm.

"I say, Arthur, old chap——" he began.

Carter pitched the fat hand off. Then he took out his handkerchief, and

deliberately wiped his sleeve where the fat paw had clutched.

Billy Bunter crimsoned with wrath. It was true that his fat paws were generally sticky; but, really, a fellow did not need to wipe his sleeve after Bunter had touched him.

"Look here, Carter—" he gasped. "Keep away, you fat fool!" said Carter.

"Why, you cheeky beast—I mean, look here, old chap—" "Oh, shut up!"

Carter walked on, and again Billy Bunter was left standing—gasping with indignation. Really, it began to look, even to Billy Bunter, that he was not going to benefit hugely by the arrival at Greyfriars of his "rich relation."

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Sees It All!

"PRETTY sickening, isn't it?" said Billy Bunter bitterly. It was in the Rag, after class.

Bunter was addressing the room generally.

Class was over early enough that day for a spot of football practice to follow. The Famous Five, and some other fellows, were taking advantage of the fact—Carter with them.

After what he had heard at Lantham, Bob Cherry had not expected to see the new fellow keen on Soccer; and when Carter joined up for practice at the first opportunity he rose some slight degree in Bob's estimation.

Billy Bunter had no use for Soccer; he preferred the fire in the Rag. A dozen other fellows were there, and they all grinned when Bunter rolled in. His desperate attempts to hook on to his rich relation, and Carter's determination to stall him off, had become a sort of standing joke in the Remove already.

"Putrid, I call it!" continued Bunter, blinking round through his big spectacles. "Not what I should have expected of Wharton. I see it all now, of course."

"What's Wharton done?" asked Skinner, with a grin. "Taken that new man off to the footer? They won't be long, old fat man! In fact, I don't think Carter could keep away long—he's so fond of his relations."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Sucking up to a chap for his money!" said Bunter bitterly. "Mean, I call it—absolutely outside! Not the sort of thing I could do!"

"Eh?" "What?"

"Bagging a chap's relation, you know—bagging him for his study and sticking to him like glue!" said Bunter. "If there's one thing I really despise, it's greasing up to a chap for his money."

"You do?" yelled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You can cackle!" said Bunter. "But I call it sickening! Wharton puts on a lot of airs and graces—now look at him! Sticking on to my cousin because he's got pots of money!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Skinner.

"The whole gang of them!" said Bunter. "Sticking round my cousin Arthur like flies round a jam-pot! I was a bit of an ass to tell them that he was rich! I see that now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked all the Rag. "Oh crikey! I'd like his High Magnificence to hear that!" gasped Skinner. "Wharton would like this!"

Lord Mauleverer sat up in his arm-chair.

"Bunter, you silly ass, shut up!" he said.

"Shan't!" retorted Bunter. "When I despise a fellow, I'm not afraid to say so. I'd tell Wharton so to his face, if he were here. I'm not saying it now because he's gone down to the footer."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I was going to get him into my study," went on Bunter. "Not because he is rich, you know. You fellows know that I never think about a fellow's money. I was going to take him up and be kind to him, and all that, as a new fellow here. And Wharton goes and bags him for his study before I'd even seen him! I dare say he's borrowing money off him already."

"You silly ass!" said Bolsover major. "Oh, run on, Bunter!" exclaimed Skinner. "You don't know how jolly entertaining you are, old fat thing."

"Coming between me and my relations, you know!" said Bunter. "Practically kidnapping the chap—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's my confiding nature, you know," said Bunter. "I tell them that my rich relation is coming here, and they go and bag him first shot, without even giving a fellow a look-in. Pretty sickening, ain't it? Unscrupulous!"

And Billy Bunter, having thus relieved his mind of a weight of indignation, rolled out, leaving the Rag in a roar.

It was not a laughing matter to the fat Owl. He rolled away to the Remove passage with a morose brow. It had seemed to Bunter real pie to have a rich relation coming to the school. He had revelled, in happy anticipation, in the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. But no crumbs had come Bunter's way so far.

Had Toddy only been a bit more reasonable, and had Bunter bagged the new fellow for his own study, Study No. 7 might have been like unto a land flowing with milk and honey.

Instead of which, an unscrupulous gang of fellows had bagged the wealthy one, leaving Bunter out in the cold. That, at least, was how Bunter looked at it, and it roused his indignant wrath.

The fat junior was on the Remove landing when Harry Wharton came up. The other fellows were still in the changing-room, after football; but the captain of the Remove had got out first to do some shopping for tea. He came up with a package in his hand.

Bunter blinked at it—and at him—with a disdainful blink. Wharton went into the study and unwrapped the package on the table, disclosing several good things, among them a cake. The fat Owl blinked in at the door.

"Asking me to tea?" he inquired with withering sarcasm.

Harry looked round.

"Sorry, old fat bean, but Carter doesn't seem able to stand you," he said. "It's his study now, you know, as well as mine."

"And he's my relation, not yours!" sneered Bunter. "I must say I despise this sort of thing, Wharton."

"Eh?"

"Did you borrow the money off him to get that?" asked Bunter.

The captain of the Remove stared at him.

"No, you howling ass! Do you think I'm the fellow to borrow a chap's money?" he hooted.

"What are you sticking on to him for, then?" sneered Bunter. "I've

been telling the fellows in the Rag that I think it pretty sickening! Bagging a fellow's relation away from him because he's rich—"

"You fat Owl!" roared Wharton.

"Yah! I suppose that's a sprat to catch a whale—what?" asked Bunter, pointing a fat and grubby forefinger at the goods on the table. "You'll get something pretty good out of him after that—what?"

Harry Wharton stared blankly at the fat Owl of the Remove. Really it was rather hard for him to realise that Bunter judged him by his own measure, and had no doubt that he was "sucking up" to a rich fellow for his money.

"You—you—you—" gasped Wharton.

"Well, I call it mean!" declared Bunter. "Not the sort of thing I would do. The very least you can do, Wharton, is to whack it out."

"Whack it out!" gasped Harry.

"Yes! I really think that!" said Bunter firmly. "You've got hold of my rich relation, and sponging on him. Well, he's my relation, not yours. After all, he's got pots and pots of money. I dare say he won't miss what you get off him—"

"You—you—" stuttered Wharton.

"But where do I come in?" argued Bunter. "Whacks all round is fair as he's my rich relation, not yours. I call it absolutely mean to keep it all to yourself! I must say that. In fact, it's unscrupulous!"

Harry Wharton, with a richly red complexion, made a stride to the door. His expression rather alarmed Bunter. Bunter revolved on his axis and shot up the passage.

But he did not shoot fast enough to escape a pursuing boot.

Thud!

Bump!

"Wow!" roared Bunter as he went over on his fat hands and knees. "Ow! Oh crikey! Beast! Wow!"

Harry Wharton walked away to the stairs to go down for his friends, leaving the fat Owl waking the echoes.

Bunter tottered to his feet. He cast an infuriated blink after the captain of the Remove. Why Wharton had cut up rusty Bunter did not know. So far as Bunter could see, "whacks all round" in the plunder of the rich relation was a fair and reasonable proposition.

"Beast!" gasped Bunter. "Mean beast! Rotter! Wow! Beast! Ow!"

It was clear—to Bunter—that the captain of the Remove wanted to keep that rich prize all to himself.

The fat Owl shook a fat fist after Wharton as he disappeared down the stairs, then he rolled into Study No. 1.

The fellows were not likely to be long in coming up—but Bunter did not need much time for what he had to do in that study.

He grabbed the cake with one hand, and a bag of doughnuts in the other; then he rolled out of the study again—and, like the River Iser, he rolled rapidly. Whether that mean and unscrupulous beast liked it or not, Bunter was going to have his whack; and he had it, and beat a prompt retreat with it.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Tea in Study No. 1!

BOB CHERRY paused at the door of Study No. 1 and looked in.

Seeing four juniors there, he stepped inside. The four were his friends, and as the new fellow was



"Didn't I say tea at five, Tubb?" growled Loder, swishing his cane. "With neither cash nor credit, the bully of the Sixth expected tea all the same. "Yes, Loder," faltered Tubb; "but—" "I'll give you another ten minutes!" said Loder.

not present Bob concluded that he was teasing down in Hall, or that some fellow had asked him into another study to tea.

Which was a relief to Bob; for he was extremely unwilling that the usual happy circle should be broken up if it could be helped—and he was not going to sit down to tea with Arthur Carter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob in his cheery voice as he tramped in. "Footer gives you an appetite in this weather! Anybody ready for tea?"

"Yes; we're only waiting for Carter," answered Harry. "No need to wait, though; he will blow along in a few minutes."

Bob came to a sudden halt.

"Carter's coming up?" he asked.

"Yes. He only stopped to speak to Smithy," said Harry. "He seems to be getting rather friendly with Smithy."

"He would!" said Bob curtly.

Wharton gave him a quick look. He had rather forgotten Bob's apparently unaccountable dislike of the new junior—and he was not pleased to remember it now.

It was utterly unlike Bob to take unreasonable dislikes to anyone. In fact, he seemed incapable of hard or bitter feelings; he could hardly have disliked an enemy very much if he had had one. So this repugnance for a new fellow, who had, so far as his friends knew, given no offence, was puzzling, and not a little irritating. Bob was the last fellow at Greyfriars who might have been expected to make unnecessary trouble.

"What do you mean by 'He would,' exactly?" asked Harry quietly. "I don't quite follow. Why shouldn't he get friendly with Smithy?"

"Birds of a feather, I mean," said Bob. "I suppose he's spotted already

that Smithy's the bad hat of the Form. He's pretty keen, I've noticed."

"I don't think that a very fair thing to say, Bob. The chap's only been here a day, and he's done no harm so far that I know of; he seems to me decent enough."

Bob opened his lips—and closed them again. He knew what he had seen and heard, but telling what he had seen and heard was another matter.

"What the dickens have you got against the chap, Bob?" asked Frank Nugent. "You said something yesterday about hearing something or other, and—"

"I heard it by accident, and that means that I can't tell it out all over the school," grunted Bob. "The fellow's affairs are no bizney of mine. I don't want to say anything against him."

"You've done so," said Johnny Bull calmly. "Yesterday you told us he was a cad, and that the man who brought him here was a rotten rascal. Don't you call that saying something against him?"

Bob flushed.

"Well, I spoke without thinking," he said. "I wish I'd said nothing—considering how I knew. It was through that cur Ponsonby. I should never have known anything about him but for that rotten trick. It can't be helped now. I don't like the fellow."

"Well, why not?"

"I don't!" said Bob stubbornly. "I'm not going to run him down. Leave it that I'm an unreasonable ass if you like. I don't want to row with him, and I suppose I can be civil if I come across him, but I'd rather keep out of his way. If he's teasing here—"

"I suppose a fellow can tea in his own study!" said Harry rather fairly.

"Of course he can. I'm going to tea

in mine," said Bob, turning round to the doorway.

"Now, look here, Bob, don't be an ass!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "We always tea together here. We had a new kid landed on us last term and it made no difference. Why should Carter make any difference?"

"I can't sit down and feed with a chap I can't stand!" grunted Bob.

"Are you going to cut tiffin in the Hall, then?" asked Johnny Bull, sarcastically.

"Oh, don't be a silly ass, if you can help it!"

"But look here, Bob," exclaimed Nugent. "We can't turn the chap out of his own study. Quelch landed him here, and that's that! If you've really got something against him—something serious—you can tell us what it is, and we'll turn him down fast enough, along with you."

"Yes, that's so!" assented Johnny Bull. "If the chap isn't good enough for us, we can cut this study, and tea in mine, or Bob's. But I jolly well know that I'm not going to cut a chap, and insult him, for nothing."

"Give it a name, Bob!" said Harry.

"I can't!" said Bob. "I heard what I did without being supposed to, and how can I repeat it all over the shop? Besides, it was as much the way they spoke, as what they said. They—" He paused. "If I'm mistaken about the chap, as you seem to think, all right—leave it at that! If I'm not, you'll find him out soon enough, without my help. He can't keep up this game all the term."

"What game?" demanded Wharton.

"Oh, nothing—I'm talking too much again, as usual. Look here. I shall row with that chap if I see much of him, so the less I see of him, the better."

"Certainly, if that's the case—we
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don't want a row for nothing. But you can't expect us to understand

"I fancy you'll understand soon enough—wait till he shows the cloven hoof!" grunted Bob; and he walked out of the study, and went up the passage.

The four looked at one another, worried and rather exasperated

"The esteemed Bob has his back terrifically up!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "It is an idiotic mystery."

"What the dickens can he have heard Carter and that man Gooch saying, to put his back up like this?" asked Nugent. "Might have been plotting a gunpowder plot, at this rate."

"Well, if Bob chooses to play the goat, we can't be uncivil to a new chap, who's done nothing!" said Harry. "Here he comes!"

The four were uncomfortably silent as Arthur Carter came into the study. The sight of him was not, as a matter of fact, very welcome. His presence was causing a rift in the lute.

But to blame him for that, when the blame seemed all due to Bob, was too unjust. Except that he seemed to them rather unnecessarily disagreeable to Bunter, the juniors had no fault to find with him, so far.

"Not keeping you waiting?" asked Carter, cheerily, as he came in. "By gum, I'm ready for tea—you get a terrific appetite in this wind. Can I lend a hand? Where do you fill the kettle?"

"Tap along the passage," answered Harry. "Sort out those things, you fellows—why, hallo—where's the cake?"

"Was there a cake?"

"There jolly well was—and a bag of doughnuts, too!"

"Bunter been about?" asked Nugent, laughing.

"Oh!" Wharton remembered. "Yes—that fat ass saw me bring the things in! By gum, I'll boot him up the passage and back again."

Carter, who was going to the door, kettle in hand, glanced back.

"What's Bunter done?" he asked.

"Snaffled our tea," answered Harry. "He's bagged the cake and the doughnuts."

"Do you mean that he's pinched them?"

Wharton looked at him. He did not like the word, and he did not like Carter's way of using it.

"No, I don't!" he said, and his voice was sharp. "You don't know Bunter, yet, Carter—though he seems to be a relation of yours. He bags tuck the same as he breathes. He hasn't the sense to know that he shouldn't."

"You'll get used to Bunter," said Nugent, laughing. "You see, whenever he sees a cake, he thinks he ought to have it."

Carter shrugged his shoulders.

"Mean to say you let him raid your grub, and nothing said?" he asked.

"Well, he gets booted a great deal! We rather make allowances for Bunter," said Nugent. "You see, he's such a howling ass."

"I don't quite see it," said Carter, dryly. "I suppose the beaks wouldn't take the same view, if they knew?"

"They don't know!" said Harry, curtly.

"I should call it pilfering, and I should think that Quelch would!" said Carter.

"I dare say Quelch might, being a schoolmaster, but Nugent's just told you that we make allowances for Bunter!" said Harry. At that moment he shared Bob's dislike for the new

junior. "He can't help being a silly fathead."

"Well, pinching is pinching!" said Carter. "Do you mean that he would take other things, as well as food?"

Harry compressed his lips.

"I mean nothing of the kind," he said. "Bunter's as honest as any fellow at Greyfriars—but, he can't resist tuck. You can leave that expensive wrist-watch of yours lying about the study, quite safely."

An unpleasant tone crept into Wharton's voice; he could not help it. Carter flushed faintly.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "If you fellows don't mind! But I can't say that I should feel the same. If anybody pilfers from me, he will land into trouble."

He left the study, with the kettle. Harry Wharton breathed rather hard.

"After all, he doesn't know our prize porpoise, yet," said Nugent, with a grin, "and really and truly, you know, it is pilfering, though that fat idiot can't get it into his fat head. Quelch would jump on him, if he knew."

"That's so!" said Harry. "But—"

"Perhaps the esteemed Bob is not quite so unreasonable as we absurdly supposed!" murmured Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"I was just thinking so!" said Harry. "If that fellow's going to make the worst of everything, and call everything by the nastiest possible name—"

"Oh, he'll get used to Bunter," said Nugent, "and really, you know, he wants some getting used to."

Harry Wharton nodded, and the subject was dropped. Carter came back with the kettle; and there was tea in Study No. 1.

Perhaps the new fellow realised that he had made a bad impression. He said no more about Bunter; but he turned the talk to the subject of Soccer. That was a subject in which all the fellows were keenly interested; and as Carter was keen on the winter game, too, the atmosphere very soon cleared.

Cheery talk ran round the table; and when Bob Cherry, a little later, passed the door, he heard a buzz of voices from within the study—and his face was glum as he went on to the stairs. He had left a vacant place in the circle—but his friends seemed to have filled it, very soon, and very easily.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Catching Carter!

"CARTER coming?"

Bob Cherry asked that question, rather abruptly.

It was Saturday afternoon.

Being the first half-holiday after the Lantham affair, it was the first opportunity Bob had of looking for Ponsonby of Highcliffe. He was not letting the grass grow under his feet.

His comrades were going with him—on the hunt!

All of them agreed that Pon had to be made to answer for his sins; all the more, because his wretched trick on Bob at Lantham had been the cause of Bob's trouble with the new fellow, Carter.

Pon, of course, had no idea of that unexpected outcome of his action; still, it was certain that if he had not left Bob tied up in that waiting-room, Bob would never have heard whatever it was that Carter and Gooch had said to one another, which had made him dislike the new fellow so much.

Pon had, in fact, exceeded the limit, as he often did in a rag; and all the Famous Five were keen to bring him to book.

"Carter?" repeated Harry, as Bob rapped, rather than asked the question. "No—Carter's not coming, that I know of. We shouldn't be likely to ask him to, when you can't see the chap without wanting to bite his head off."

"Why the dickens should Carter be coming?" grunted Johnny Bull. "He's got no row on with Highcliffe, in fact, I've heard him say that he knows some of the fellows there—knew them when he was at his last school. He's met Pon in the holidays, I think."

"Sort of fellow he would take to, I dare say!" grunted Bob. He checked himself at once. He had made up his mind to say nothing against the new fellow; but it was not always easy to keep to his own resolutions. "Well, if Carter's not coming, all right! I fancied that perhaps you couldn't part with him."

"Don't be an ass, old chap!" advised Johnny Bull.

Grunt from Bob. He was looking his old sunny self, as he went out of gates with his comrades.

His dislike of Carter, instead of wearing off, as his friends had hoped it would, seemed to have intensified. He carefully avoided the new fellow—which in effect meant that he was with his chums a great deal less than of old.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter was adorning the gateway with his fat person as the Famous Five went out. "I say, where are you off to?"

"Walking Highcliffe way, old fat man," said Bob. "Like a walk?"

"Well, what about taking the bus?" asked Bunter. "I'll come, with pleasure, old chap, if you're going over to tea with Courtenay and the Caterpillar. They stand you a jolly good tea, those chaps! But let's take the bus! I'll pay the fares, if you like. I'm expecting a postal order—"

"Think the bus conductor would let you have the tickets for the postal order you're expecting?" inquired Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! What I mean is, you fellows can lend me some money, and I'll settle out of my postal order!"

"We're not going to tea at Highcliffe," said Harry, laughing. "We're going to see Ponsonby, if we can."

"Eh? You're not pally with Ponsonby?"

"That's why we're going to see him!"

"Come on, Bunter," said Johnny Bull. "We may meet a crowd of them, and we shall be glad of a fighting-man like you to back us up."

"You—you—you silly ass!" hooted Bunter. "Think that I'm going to walk miles to look for a scrap? You fat-heads! If it ain't tea, I ain't coming! Jolly glad you're going, though," added Bunter. "A chap may have a chance to speak to his own relation without a lot of sponging blighters hanging round him."

"Kick him!" said Johnny Bull.

Bunter hastily scutled into the quad, without waiting for the kick for which he had asked.

Harry Wharton & Co. disappeared—leaving Bunter glad to see the last of them. Whether it was because the Co. had "bagged" Bunter's rich relative or not, it was certain that Bunter had not yet had a chance of sampling the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

Arthur Carter not only kept him at arm's length, but at foot's length—having booted him two or three times for displaying the natural affection he felt for a rich relation. It was very discouraging to Bunter.

But hope springs eternal in the human breast.

That his relation had any secret and hidden reason for disliking him,

naturally never occurred to Bunter. He had known next to nothing of Carter before the fellow came to Greyfriars, and supposed that Carter knew next to nothing of him.

Knowing what a real nice and attractive fellow he was, Bunter felt that his relative really ought to have taken to him at sight. It was clear that he hadn't; and it was a satisfactory explanation, to Bunter's fat mind, that a lot of unscrupulous fellows had bagged his rich relative, with an eye to the loaves and fishes!

Now that that unscrupulous crew were safely off the scene, for the afternoon, Bunter hoped for better things!

He proceeded at once to look for Carter.

Carter, however, did not seem easy to find.

Billy Bunter inquired up and down and round and about, for his "Cousin Arthur," eliciting many grins and chuckles from the fellows of whom he inquired.

It was Skinner who put him on the track at last.

"Look in the Cloisters!" suggested Skinner.

The cheery Skinner suggested the old, wind-swept Cloisters, as the least likely place in which any fellow was likely to be found. It was his amiable intention to pull Bunter's fat leg, and give him a search for nothing.

Happily unaware of that, the fat Owl rolled away to the Cloisters in search of his rich relation.

As it happened, Skinner's suggestion was better-founded than Skinner supposed! He had sent Bunter rolling off to the Cloisters, because he did not suppose for a moment that Carter was there. But, as a matter of fact, he was there!

In a very secluded spot, almost hidden by ivy and the old stone pillars, the searching Owl spotted his man.

He grinned as he spotted him.

Carter was leaning against a pillar, smoking a cigarette! That, as Bunter easily guessed, was why he had sought that retired and solitary spot. A fellow who smoked had to be rather careful about it, as it meant "six" from an ashplant if he was spotted by a prefect.

"Oh crikey!" murmured the fat Owl, as he saw him.

He had not suspected "Cousin Arthur" of this sort of thing. There were fellows in the Remove who smoked, like the Bounder and Skinner: but Carter had not seemed, hitherto, to be of the same kidney. It was quite a surprise to Bunter.

Carter gave a start, as he saw the fat Owl, and flung his cigarette into the ivy. His face reddened with rage. Clearly, he was intensely annoyed at being caught.

"You fat fool, what do you want?"

he exclaimed furiously, and he advanced on Bunter, with a threatening stare.

"All right, old chap, don't get shirty!" exclaimed Bunter, in great haste. "I ain't going to tell Wingate or Loder! He, he, he! It's all right—I put on a smoke myself sometimes. I say, I'll have one, if you like."

"You spying worm!" exclaimed the new junior, savagely.

"He, he, he! I'll bet they don't know in Study No. 1 that you've got smokes about you!" chuckled Bunter.

"I say—Yaroooooop!"

He jumped back just in time, as Carter smote.

"I say—look here, you beast—oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter, and he fairly turned and ran, as the new junior came at him.

Cousin Arthur had been far from pleasant to Bunter all the while he had been at Greyfriars. But he had never been so unpleasant as now! He followed Bunter up, landing out with one foot and then another, fairly dribbling the fat Owl out of the Cloisters.

Bunter roared and flew.

He had been very anxious to find his rich relation! Now he was still more anxious to lose him again!

How many kicks he collected, before he got out of the Cloisters, Bunter did not know! It seemed to him like hundreds. He bolted across the quad, spluttering, and did not halt till he crashed into Peter Todd.

Toddy grabbed him by a fat ear to steady him.

"Steady the Buffs!" said Peter. "What the thump are you charging about for like a mad elephant, you potty Owl?"

"Ow! That beast is after me—"

"Loder?" asked Toddy.

"Ow! No! That cad Carter—"

"Your jolly old rich relation?" chortled Peter. "Have you been trying to get him to cash your postal order?"

"Wow! No! He pitched into me because I saw him smoking!" gasped Bunter.

"Rot!" said Peter.

"I saw him—"

"Rats!"

"I tell you—"

"Bosh!"

"Look here, Peter Todd, you beast—"

"Bow wow!" said Peter, and he sat Bunter down in the quad, and walked on.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Up to Tubb!

GERALD LODER, of the Sixth Form, picked up the ashplant from his table, and swished it in the air in a thoughtful sort of way.

George Tubb, of the Third Form, eyed him uneasily.

Tubb of the Third had the pleasure—or otherwise—of being Loder's fag. Sometimes it was not so bad. Sometimes it was horrid. The present time was one of the horrid times.

When Loder was in funds he could be generous. Often and often had Tubb been allowed to carry off liberal remnants of ham, half a dozen eggs, or half a cake, for a feast with his pals in the Third. That sort of thing made Loder more or less tolerable as a fag-master.

But when Loder was hard up it was quite a different matter. Then the bully of the Sixth made Tubb feel that a fag's life was hardly worth living.

Loder was hard up now.

He had brought back quite a lot of pocket money after the Christmas holidays. He had set out to double the amount by backing a horse strongly recommended by Bill Lodgey at the Three Fishers. That horse had unfortunately come in eleventh.

Loder was stony now—and not only stony, but he owed money, he had exhausted his credit at the school shop, where he owed a long bill; and he had to sponge on his friends, Walker and Carne, for cigarettes.

Now Loder wanted tea in his study.

In flush times the matter was simple. Tubb took an order to the tuckshop, either to be chalked up to Loder's account, or with cash in hand to pay for the goods. Now there was neither cash nor credit—but Loder, like the bully he was, expected his tea all the same.

Tubb had been through this before. He had developed amazing gifts as an amateur brigand, in supplying his fag-master's requirements on such occasions.

If Loder found tea on the table, without having provided cash for the same, he never asked questions. Whether Tubb had to beg, borrow, or steal was Tubb's own happy business. All Loder cared about was having his wants supplied.

"Didn't I say tea at five, Tubby?" asked Loder, as he gently swished the cane in the air.

"Yes, Loder," faltered Tubb. "But—"

"I've got a fellow coming to tea," said Loder. "I can hardly keep him waiting, Tubb! This won't do."

"Yes, Loder, but—"

"I haven't whopped you yet this term, have I?" asked Loder, pleasantly. "My mistake—I suppose fags have to be whopped!"

"I—I say—" groaned the unhappy Tubb.

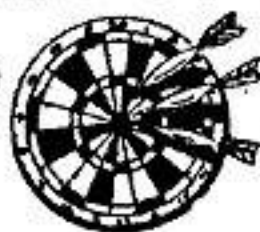
"Well, I'll give you ten minutes," said Loder, laying down the ashplant. "I'm going along to speak to Walker."

(Continued on next page.)

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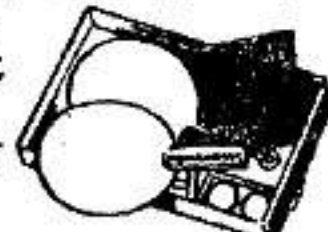


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Have tea ready when I come back, Tubb."

"Yes, Loder," moaned Tubb.

Gerald Loder strolled out of the study. Having waited till he was gone, Tubb of the Third shook a fist after him.

Then he, too, left the study—on the prowl. Prowling for provisions for Loder was no new experience for Tubb. Had he been in funds it would have been an easy matter. Loder would have paid up next time he had money. But Tubb's financial resources at the moment were limited to threepence!

Loder had to have his tea, or else there was a whopping for Tubb! Tubb had to prowl for provender till he found the same. Both his cash and his credit were as low as Loder's.

His friends in the Third, when he sought them, were sympathetic, but not helpful. Paget advised him to tell Loder to go and eat coke. Easy advice to give, but not to take! Bolsover minor offered to lend him all he had, but as he had only three-halfpence that was no present help. Paget, however, had heard that Hobson of the Shell was standing a spread in his study, and George Tubb prowled away to the Shell, in his character of a bold bad brigand!

He found that the news was correct—Hobby was standing a spread in his study. But as Hobson and Stewart and Hoskins, and three or four more of the Shell were in the act of disposing of that spread, there was no chance for Tubb. Hobby threw a tomato-tin at him when he looked into the study, which was all Tubb got by prowling in the Shell.

His next visit was paid to the Fourth. Cecil Reginald Temple, of that Form, was well known to splash money about, and often had something very decent in his study cupboard.

But Tubb's luck was out. He found the study empty, and looked into the cupboard; but before he had even time to ascertain whether there was anything decent there or not, Temple came in.

Temple of the Fourth promptly kicked him out of the study, and Dabney and Fry, in the passage, gave him a few more as he fled.

In a desperate state, Tubb wandered into the quad. His face brightened at the sight of Coker of the Fifth coming out of the school shop with a package of considerable size swinging by a string in his hand. Potter and Greene were with him, with such chummy expressions on their faces that it was clear that Coker was going to stand a spread.

"I say, shall I carry that for you, Coker?" piped Tubb.

The burly Coker glanced down at him. "Eh? Yes, if you like," he said. "Stick it in my study."

Tubb could hardly believe in his good luck as Coker handed that parcel over. Coker, of course, would kick up a row later, if he found that that parcel had been taken to the wrong study, and was not to be heard of again. Still, Loder was a prefect, and would stand by his fag—he would have to. Anyhow, it was a case of any port in a storm. The chance of a thrashing from Coker was not so bad as the absolute certainty of one from Loder.

Tubb, indeed, as he grabbed the parcel, felt that it was almost too good to be true. As a matter of fact, it was!

"Hold on!" said Potter of the Fifth. "Here, give me that parcel. I'll carry it, young Tubb."

Tubb panted.

"Coker gave it to me to carry!" he objected.

"Leave him alone, Potter!" said

Coker. "Why shouldn't he fag for me? Lot of rot—fags for the Sixth, and not for the Fifth!"

"I fancy he may be fagging for the Sixth, not for the Fifth, at this very minute!" grinned Potter. "I'd keep an eye on him, anyhow."

"Oh!" said Coker. "Tubb, carry that parcel in. I'll follow you up to the study. Come on, you men!"

Tubb could have groaned. He had to carry the parcel now, but it was quite clear that he could not bolt into the Sixth with it, with Coker walking at his very heels. Coker was not a suspicious fellow, but Potter did not fancy Tubb had offered his services simply because it was a privilege and pleasure to fag for the great Horace.

With Horace Coker, George Potter and William Greene walking just behind him, Tubb carried that parcel up to Coker's study—and left it there. He went away afterwards with feelings that could hardly have been expressed in words. He was having absolutely no luck in the brigandage line.

More than the stipulated ten minutes had elapsed now. If Loder was waiting for his tea, his temper would not improve while he waited. Tubb cut back to the school shop, with a wild hope of inducing Mrs. Mumble to let him have the required goods on "tick."

"And a dozen jam tarts," a junior was saying, as he came in.

Tubb glanced at him.

It was Carter, the new fellow in the Remove. He seemed to be giving a shipping order, to judge by the stack growing up in front of him.

Tubb eyed that stack hungrily.

He had heard of Carter. Some fellow had told him that he was a relation of that fat ass Bunter in the Remove, and that he was rolling in oof. The orders he was giving looked as if he had plenty of money.

"And a tin of peaches," said Carter, "and a bag of meringues."

"By gum!" breathed Tubb.

"And a pound of cheese biscuits, and half a dozen cheese cakes, and two pots of jam," said Carter.

Tubb's mouth watered.

That new man Carter seemed to be laying in supplies for a tremendous feed. If there was the remotest chance—

The brigand of the Third lingered by the door, while Carter's magnificent supply was wrapped up for him. It cost Carter over a pound. He came out swinging a large parcel.

Tubb did not offer to carry it for him. That was all very well for a fathead like Coker of the Fifth, but one glance at Carter showed that he was no fool. Tubb elaborately took no notice of the Remove fellow as he passed, but when he was gone followed on his track into the House.

It was not tea-time in the Remove yet, and Tubb considered that there was a sporting chance, at least, that that gorgeous supply was not to be immediately consumed. If Carter of the Remove took his eyes off it for sixty seconds, Tubb knew what he was going to do.

Breathless with eagerness, he trailed Carter up to the Remove passage. That bundle in Carter's hand was Tubb's last hope.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not for Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER knitted a fat brow.

Loafing on the Remove landing, he blinked at his "Cousin Arthur," as that youth came up with a big parcel.

Bunter's eyes and spectacles dwelt hungrily on that parcel for a moment or two. Considering that he was the chap's relation—and prepared to be a very affectionate relation—the brute might have asked him to share the good things in that big bundle.

But the fat Owl had realised at long last that there was nothing doing. That booting in the Cloisters had made it clear, even to Bunter, that Cousin Arthur had no use for him. It was not, after all, a case of a lot of unscrupulous rotters bagging his rich relation; that relation was absolutely insensible to the claims of relationship. He barred Bunter, and, in such circumstances, all that Bunter could do was to bar him back, as it were.

So the fat Owl knitted a fat brow, frowned, and fixed a contemptuous stare on his rich relation.

He turned up his little fat nose—an easy task, as Nature had rather started it on the way. He curled a fat lip, with an expression of scorn that was, in Bunter's opinion, almost blood-curdling.

With that aspect of scornful disdain he stared at Carter as he came across the landing. Deeply did he regret that he was no fighting-man. He would have liked to punch Carter, and then to kick him along the Remove passage. But as that was not practical politics he had to content himself with scorching, searing scorn.

Carter, however, did not look scorched or seared by Bunter's scorn. He did not seem to notice it. Indeed, he did not seem to see Bunter at all. At all events, he did not look at him.

Passing the fat junior, he dropped the parcel.

It burst open at one end, and a bag of meringues rolled out, and several loose doughnuts, and a pot of jam.

Bunter ceased to frown scornfully, and eyed the good things with a hungry eye. This really was cruelty to animals. Bunter was hungry. Bunter was always ready for a meal before a meal was ready for Bunter.

And his was a hard case that afternoon. His postal order, for some inexplicable reason, had not yet arrived. Peter Todd and Dutton were teeing out, and there was nothing for Bunter in Study No. 7. Harry Wharton & Co. had gone out for the afternoon, and looked like missing tea, though Bunter was waiting hopefully for them to come in.

A blink into Study No. 4 had been rewarded by a football boot, hurled by the Bounder, who thus vigorously made it clear that he did not want guests to tea. Lord Mauleverer—always Bunter's last hope—was not to be found.

"Doorsteps and dish-water" in Hall loomed dimly before Bunter, and at such a moment that beast Carter displayed these enticing things right under his eyes and his spectacles!

Heedless of Bunter's longing blink, Arthur Carter stooped to collect the fallen goods, and as he did so, several more things rolled out of the parcel—another pot of jam, a tin of peaches, and a bag of biscuits!

It was too much for Bunter! Scorn and contempt were all very well—barring the cheeky beast who barred him was all very well! But grub was grub! He made a step towards Carter.

"I say, let me help you pick those things up, Arthur!" he said eagerly.

"Get out!"

"Oh, really, Carter—"

"Clear off, you fat Owl!" snapped Carter.

"Beast!" hissed Bunter.

Carter gathered up the scattered goods, crammed them into the parcel, and



"Cannot you understand that it is dishonest to take anything that belongs to another person?" said Mr. Quelch, sternly. "But I never—" yelled Bunter. "Bend over that chair at once!" "Oh crikey!" Tap! The study door opened and Lord Mauleverer presented himself. Mr. Quelch turned a freezing eye on the interrupter.

walked on to his study. Bunter's yearning eyes followed as he went into Study No. 1 and disappeared.

"Rotten beast!" groaned Bunter.

Why Carter had laid in that immense supply of tuck, the mere sight of which made Bunter's mouth water, he did not know—unless he was standing a spread when his studymates came in. He could hardly intend to demolish such a stack on his own—no fellow in the Remove, except Bunter, could have dealt with so much at one sitting!

Whatever he intended, he obviously did not intend to ask his relation, William George Bunter, to the festive board.

Billy Bunter leaned on the landing balustrade and blinked down in the hope of seeing the Famous Five coming.

But there was no sign of them. The only fellow Bunter saw was a fag of the Third—young Tubb!

Tubb was lounging on the stairs, as if watching or waiting for something or somebody; but he had no interest for Bunter, who gave him only one careless blink.

The fat Owl blinked up the Remove passage. Carter was coming out of his study.

Bunter's little round eyes gleamed behind his big round spectacles.

Carter had left that consignment of tuck in Study No. 11. Now he was going! Possibly, as a new fellow in the Remove, he was not aware of Billy Bunter's little ways in the matter of tuck! Bunter hoped so, at any rate! For if Carter left that stack of tuck unguarded Bunter knew what was going to happen!

Carter did!

He came along the passage, passed Bunter on the landing, and went down the stairs, taking no notice of the fat Owl.

Bunter fairly gasped.

This was tremendous luck! It was almost unbelievable luck! He waited only till Carter's head was below the landing. Then he cut up the passage with unaccustomed speed.

Carter had left the study door wide open. Bunter blinked in—at an enticing and dazzling array on the study table! Really, it looked as if Carter, for some mysterious reason of his own, was actually bent on tempting the fat grab-raider of the Remove!

The bundle had been unpacked! The good things were in view on the table—doughnuts, meringues, cheese cakes and biscuits, peaches, jam, jelly! Billy Bunter gazed blissfully.

"Oh crikey!" said Bunter.

He gave a blink up the passage; no one was in sight! He blinked down the passage—and frowned, at the sight of Lord Mauleverer coming up from the stairs!

Ten minutes ago he had been anxious to see Mauly! Now the sight of Mauly was awkward and irritating. Even Bunter could not raid a study under witnessing eyes!

He waited for Mauly to pass and go into his own study, farther up the passage. Mauly, generally, was glad to get past Bunter without stopping. That annoyed Bunter as a rule, but now he was glad of it. All he wanted was to see the last of his lordship, and see it quick. Then he was going to whip swiftly into Carter's study and annex the good things before some other annoying beast came barging along.

Contrary to expectation, Mauly stopped. He stopped—with a grin on his face. Mauly was not a fearfully observant fellow, but he did not need telling why the fat Owl was lingering at the doorway of a study when there was a stack of foodstuffs on the table within.

Bunter blinked at him in intense annoyance. At any other time he would have been glad for Mauly to stop and speak. Now he was not glad.

"Jolly old Peri at the gate of paradise—what?" said Mauly, grinning. "Eh? What? You going in to tea, Mauly?"

"Yaas."

"Well, hadn't you better cut on?"

"Hadn't you better, old fat man?" suggested Mauly. "Didn't you get booted last time you raided that study?"

"Oh, really, Mauly! If you think I'd touch that tuck—"

Lord Mauleverer chuckled.

"Look here, you cheeky beast, you clear off!" said Bunter warmly. "I'm not going into that study! I—I'm just standing here to see Carter's stuff safe—see? There are chaps in the Remove who would bag it if they saw it lying about like that!"

"One chap, at least!" agreed Mauleverer.

"Beast! I mean, is Vivian getting tea in your study, Mauly?"

"Yaas!"

"I shouldn't keep him waiting, old chap!"

"You fat villain!" said Lord Mauleverer, with another chuckle. "Leave that tuck alone! Look here, come along to tea with me!"

"Oh!" said Bunter.

Tea with Mauly was always good, and at any other time Bunter would have jumped at it. But his eyes lingered lovingly on the stack in Study No. 1. Even Mauly's tea-table was not likely to be stacked like that.

"Come on!" said Mauleverer.

"Another time, old chap!" said Bunter. "I'll tea with you to-morrow, Mauly! I—I've got something else on to-day."

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"Oh, quite!" said Lord Mauleverer. He grabbed a fat ear between finger and thumb. "Comin' to tea in Study No. 12?"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow! Leggo!" howled Bunter.

"Better come!" advised Mauleverer. "I'm takin' your ear, old fat man—hadn't you better hike along with it?"

"No—yes—Ow! I'll come—Leggo! Wow! All right! Beast! I mean, all right, old chap!" gasped Bunter.

Lord Mauleverer led that fat ear along the passage. Bunter really had to accompany it! Mauly was not going to part with that ear—neither, of course, was Bunter! So he went!

Jimmy Vivian, in Study No. 12, stared as Mauly led Bunter into that study. He did not seem fearfully pleased to see Bunter.

"What's that fat image here for, Mauly?" he asked.

"Tea!" said Mauly. "Sit down, Bunter!" He released the fat ear. "Sosses and chips, old fat man—"

"Oh!" Bunter's fat face brightened. He liked sosses and chips, and he spotted a large cake on the table. "Well, if you really want me, Mauly, I'll—"

"Not at all!"

"Look here, you silly ass—"

"Tuck in and shut up!" said Mauly. "You're not goin' to raid Wharton's study, you fat bandit! Go it!"

Bunter went it! His fat thoughts lingered on that lavish supply of tuck in Study No. 11. But it was quite a good spread in Study No. 12, and, on the whole, Bunter was satisfied.

He was happily unaware that that stack of tuck in Study No. 1 was no longer available. Tubb of the Third had not missed his opportunity. Having watched Mauleverer and Bunter out of sight, and seen that the coast was clear, Loder's fag lost no time. While Bunter was teaing in Mauly's study there was another lavish spread going on in Loder's study in the Sixth!

How Tubby had provided it Gerald Loder neither knew nor cared. It was provided, and that was all that Loder cared about. He had his friend Walker to tea, and there was more than enough for both!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Bad Look-out for Bunter!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came in at the gates—a little tired, rather late for tea, and extremely hungry. They had had quite a long walk round that cold, frosty afternoon, with wary eyes open for Pon & Co. of Highcliffe. But they had seen nothing of Pon, and punishment had to be postponed.

Carter was waiting for them at the gate. He had been waiting some little time. He gave them a grin as they arrived.

"Any luck?" he asked.

"No!" answered Harry. "We've seen nothing of Pon."

"Ready for tea?"

"What do you think?" said Johnny Bull.

"Come on, then! I've got the stuff in the study—my treat!" said Carter. "No objection to me standing a spread—what?"

"None at all, if you like!" said Harry, laughing. Then he glanced at Bob, whose face was expressionless. That ruddy face had been quite cheerful after a long walk and several hours in

the fresh air. But the sight of Carter seemed to have dashed its cheerfulness.

"You'll come, Cherry, won't you?" asked Carter, as the bunch of juniors walked to the House.

"Thanks, no!" said Bob. "I'm teaing in my own study, with Linley and Wan Lung."

"Oh, all right!" said Carter carelessly.

They went up to the Remove passage together. Passing Study No. 1, Bob's friends all gave him rather expressive looks.

He did not seem to see them, however. He went on up the passage to Study No. 13—his own study.

The other four went into Study No. 1 with Carter.

"By gum! I'm ready for tea!" remarked Johnny Bull. "Jolly thoughtful of you to lay in the prog, Carter! Trot it out!"

Carter was standing and staring at the study table. On that table he had left almost a mountain of good things. Nothing was on the table now, but an inkstand.

"In the cupboard?" asked Nugent.

"No," said Carter quietly. "I left the stuff on the table, here, about half an hour ago. What's become of it?"

"Oh crumbs!"

Carter's face set hard. The other fellows exchanged glances. There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment.

"Much of it?" asked Harry, at last.

"Twenty-four shillings' worth!" said Carter. "I thought you fellows would come in hungry, after tramping about all the afternoon, and I thought we'd have a bit of a feed."

"Oh, my hat!"

"It's gone!" said Carter, in the same quiet tone. "I'm not standing this!"

"Bunter about when you left it here?" asked Nugent, with a faint grin.

"Bunter? Yes; he was watching me all the time, I think. Yes; I remember he offered to pick up some things I dropped on the landing, and I told him to get out."

"The fat brute!" growled Johnny Bull. "Look here, you fellows, I'm getting fed up with this! Bunter's worse this term than he was last! Bagging a bag of bullseyes is one thing—but snaffling more than a pound's worth of tuck is too jolly thick. It's time Bunter had a lesson!"

"The thickfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "The bootfulness is the proper caper."

"If Bunter had it—" said Carter.

"Well, there's not much doubt about that, if you left it here under his eyes," said Harry Wharton. "You might have been a bit more careful, Carter, after what happened the other day."

Carter looked at him.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I'm new here, of course; but at St. Olaf's we never had to lock up our things. Is a fellow supposed to lock things up at this school?"

Wharton's eyes glinted.

"No. Don't talk rot, Carter! But we told you about Bunter; and you know he bagged a cake here the other day. You might have shoved the things in the cupboard, and turned the key."

"I suppose I might have," said Carter. "But if I'd thought of it I shouldn't have. I'm not going to lock my things up against pilfering. You fellows can, if you like; but I don't choose to. If there's a fellow in the Remove who can't be trusted not to steal, he ought to be booted out of the school."

"I told you about that fat ass. He would no more steal than you would!" snapped the captain of the

Remove. "He bags tuck, like a silly kid bagging plums out of a Christmas pudding. We'll jolly well boot him for this, but it's no good making a fuss about it."

"You booted him last time, didn't you?"

"You know we did."

"Has it stopped him?"

"Looks as if it hasn't."

"Well, then, you can boot him, if you like, when he pinches your things. I'm going to stop him from pinching mine!" said Carter. "Once is enough for me, and it's not going to happen again."

"You can't scrap with Bunter, if that's what you mean," said Harry.

"A fat ass in specs can't scrap; and you won't be allowed to lay hands on him, Carter, if you want it plain. He jolly well deserves to be booted up and down the passage—but you're not going to thrash a duffer who can't put up his hands."

"I'm not thinking of thrashing him. It's not for me to judge in matters of pilfering. If I'd lost anything at St. Olaf's I should have gone to my Form-master about it. That's what I'm going to do here."

"You're not going to Quelch?" exclaimed Nugent.

"I jolly well am!"

"My esteemed Carter—" murmured Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"Cut it out, Carter!" grunted Johnny Bull. "I'm fed up with him, as I've said; but we can't sneak in the Remove."

"I don't think it should be called sneaking. If Bunter had taken your watch, or your notecase, would you let him keep it?"

"Don't talk rot!" growled Johnny. "Bunter wouldn't do anything of the kind. You know that!"

"I don't know it. He's taken more than a pound's worth of stuff here. If I'd left a pound note on the table—"

"Bunter wouldn't have touched that!" said Harry sharply.

"What's the difference?"

The four juniors looked at Carter.

Strictly speaking, there was no difference. Pilfering was pilfering. But the Remove fellows were not accustomed to taking strict views of Billy Bunter's little foibles.

"Now, look here, Carter," said Harry Wharton, after a long pause. "This won't do. I don't know what things were like at your last school, as I'd never heard of St. Olaf's. But here, and at most schools, there's a certain amount of give and take. If a fellow can't find his own shirt in the changing-room, he's quite likely to bag the next man's shirt. The Head's down on it, and the beaks are down on it—so are the prefects. All the same, I've seen Gwynne bag a shirt of Wingate's, and seen Loder with Walker's boots on. I've got a pair of Bob Cherry's socks on at this very minute, but if Bob spots them he won't accuse me of pilfering them. I dare say he's got my necktie on! Well, that fat ass, Bunter, carries the same idea into matters of tuck—see?"

Carter shrugged his shoulders.

"I know he's a fool—a born idiot—an unscrupulous young rascal," said Harry. "But he's not a thief, and you're not going to call him one."

"I'm not going to call him anything!" said Carter. "I've been robbed, and I'm going to put it up to my Form-master, as I think right."

"If you choose to call it that—"

"I don't know what else to call it."

"Well, it's no good arguing the point," said Harry. "I can see that you're down on Bunter. I suppose

because he claims you as a relation, and you don't like it—"

"He's not my relation," said Carter savagely. "or, if he is, it's so distant that it doesn't count. I don't care a boiled bean about him—but I'm not going to have my things pilfered. My watch may go next."

"That's rot, and you know it!"

"It's not rot, and I don't know it!"

"You're not going to Quelch about this?"

"I am!"

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath.

"You'll get Bunter a flogging! It might be the sack. You never know how the beaks may look at a thing."

"That's his look out. I never asked him to pilfer, did I?"

"Well, it comes to this," said Harry. "You've lost something worth twenty-four shillings. We'll make it up to you."

"Yes, settle it that way, for goodness' sake," said Nugent. "You're right, in a way, Carter, but you're jolly well wrong in another. If you don't lose anything on it you're all right. We can find the cash."

Carter looked round from face to face.

"You're willing to clear yourselves out of pocket-money to protect a pilferer?" he said, with a sneer.

"We don't look at it like that," said Harry. He did not disguise the contempt in his look and tone. "We're willing to pay up to prevent you from landing that silly young idiot in a fearful row."

"We'll find the money all right!" said Johnny Bull.

"You can keep your money!" retorted Carter. "That won't set it right, and you know it. I don't care a bean about the value of the things. But I do care about not being able to leave anything about my own study. If you fellows don't agree with me, I'm sorry—but I'm going to do what I think right."

And with that, Arthur Carter walked out of the study and went along to the stairs.

"Come back, you fool!" roared Johnny Bull.

Carter did not come back.

The four juniors looked at one another rather blankly.

"Has he really gone to Quelch?" gasped Nugent.

"Looks like it," Harry Wharton set his lips. "He loathes that fat ass, of course—he hates being claimed as a relation by Bunter! That's natural enough. But—but— You fellows, I don't know what Bob's got against that chap, but old Bob's right! He's a worm!"

"The wormfulness appears to be terrific!"

"We can't stop him!" said Nugent.

"No!"

Harry Wharton stepped to the doorway and looked out. Carter was gone. He was, in fact, tapping at Mr. Quelch's study door at that moment.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Knows Nothing!

BILLY BUNTER stopped at the door of Study No. 1 and grinned into that apartment. Lord Mauleverer and Jimmy Vivian, who had walked down the passage with him, went on to the stairs.

Bunter blinked round over a fat shoulder as they went.

"I say, Mauly—" he squeaked.

"Yaas!"

"Wait a minute! I'm coming out with you, old chap!"

Lord Mauleverer did not wait a minute. He did not wait a second. He accelerated. Apparently, he did not yearn for Billy Bunter's fascinating company in a walk after tea. Jimmy Vivian, grinning, disappeared down the stairs with his lordship.

The fat Owl blinked again into Study No. 1. Four juniors were standing there, with worried and serious faces. They were waiting for the outcome of Carter's complaint to his Form-master.

What the result was going to be they did not know. But there was no doubt that it would be a serious result for Bunter. It was quite possible that Mr. Quelch's views, as a beak, would approximate more to Carter's than to those of the chums of the Remove. Anyhow, he had to take official note of the matter if it was placed before him.

It was worrying and exasperating to the juniors. They were feeling strongly inclined to boot Bunter, and, at the same time, alarmed for him.

Bunter blinked inquisitively from face to face. He could see that something was wrong in the study, and he was always inquisitive.

"I say, you fellows, did you meet those Highcliffe cads? And did they whop you all round?" asked Bunter, with a cheery grin.

The four looked at him. Bunter, as he spoke, was dabbing at a smear of jam on his fat face. He had the fat and shiny look he generally had after an ample feed. If they had doubted before, they would not have doubted now. Bunter, evidently, had been parking foodstuffs on a generous scale. Jam on his face, cream on his fat fingers, crumbs on his extensive waistcoat were clues that did not need a Sherlock Holmes to spot them!

"Did they?" grinned Bunter. "You're looking like a lot of moulting owls! Sorry I couldn't come with you! I'd have handled them all right!"

"You fat ass!" said Harry. "I suppose it was you bagged Carter's tuck out of this study? It can't have been anybody else."

"Eh!" ejaculated Bunter. "What? Somebody bagged the tuck? He, he, he!"

"You did!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull!" Bunter blinked at the study table, and saw that it was bare, and chortled. "Oh crikey! Serve the cad right! He, he, he! Of course, I don't know anything about it! I'm not a fellow to bag a fellow's tuck, I hope!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"I never knew Carter had any tuck, if you come to that!" said Bunter. "No good trying to put it down to me."

"You saw Carter bringing it in!"

"I didn't!" contradicted Bunter promptly. "I haven't seen the chap at all this afternoon. Forgot he was at Greyfriars, in fact."

"He told us he dropped something on the landing, and you offered to pick it up for him."

"Well, why shouldn't I?" yapped Bunter. "A fellow can be obliging, I suppose. After all, he's my relation, though he acts like a rotten cad! Any fellow might have offered to help him pick up the things, mightn't he?"

"You've just said that you never saw him this afternoon!" roared Johnny Bull.

"I haven't, either," said Bunter, blinking at him. "I wasn't on the landing when he came up with that bundle,

and I never saw it. I don't know whether he had a bundle or not! Think I notice whether fellows are carrying bundles? Why should I?"

"Oh crikey!"

"If Carter says I've snaffled his tuck, he's telling whoppers!" said Bunter. "I should disdain to do anything of the kind, of course. You fellows were making out the other day that I had a cake from this study—"

"So you had, you podgy pirate!"

"Well, I told you I hadn't," said Bunter. "If you can't take a fellow's word, I can't help it. It's rather low! I must say that. As if I wanted to eat your measly cake! There were hardly any plums in it, too—not more than a dozen in a two-pound cake!"

"And—and—and you never had it!" gasped Wharton.

"Certainly not—or the doughnuts, either! You made out that I had half a dozen doughnuts in a bag—"

"So you had!" yelled Johnny Bull.

"I hadn't!" yelled Bunter. "There were only five!"

"Oh scissors!"

"Five measly doughnuts, and a cake with hardly any plums in it!" said Bunter, with withering scorn. "A fat lot to make a fuss about, especially as I never had them. I haven't tasted a doughnut since we came back from the holidays, or a cake, either, till to-day!"

"We'd better tip him I think," said Harry. "Quelch may be up here after him soon. If he rolls out lies to Quelch, it will make it worse for him. Look here, Bunter, Carter's gone to complain to Quelch!"

"Eh—what about?" asked Bunter.

"About his grub being bagged, fat-head!"

"Rotten trick!" said Bunter. "I wouldn't if a fellow bagged any of mine. Know who the fellow was?"

"You!" roared Wharton.

"Oh, don't be an ass! I've told you already that I didn't even know that Carter had anything in the study. I suppose a fellow saw it there—stacking it up on the table and leaving the door wide open! Think it was Bob Cherry?"

"Wha-at?"

"Well, Bob seems rather down on that cad Carter," said Bunter. "He might have bagged it. What do you think?"

The four juniors did not state what they thought. They only gazed at William George Bunter.

"Or was it you fellows?" asked Bunter.

"Us!" gasped Nugent.

"Well, you're here, and the grub isn't!" pointed out Bunter. "Looks a bit suspicious to me!"

"I'm going to boot him!" said Johnny Bull, breathing hard. "I'm going to boot him all over the shop!"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Bunter's got enough coming to him, old man, when Quelch blows in!" said Harry. "Look here, Bunter, you're booked for a row! Can't you understand that? For goodness' sake, don't tell Quelch any lies!"

"Oh, really, Wharton, I suppose you don't know that that's insulting!" said the fat Owl, with crushing dignity. "I

(Continued on next page.)



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ask you fellows—all of you—have you ever known me tell a lie?"

"Oh crikey!"

"Some fellows are particular about such things, Wharton, if you could only understand it! Not you fellows, of course! But I——"

"Look here, Bunter——"

"Well, I can't stop!" said Bunter. "I'm going for a walk with Mauly. I'm keeping him waiting in the quad all this time. I——"

"Don't go, you fat dummy! Quelch will want you——"

"Rot! I can't keep old Mauly waiting like this!"

Billy Bunter turned from the study doorway and rolled off down the passage.

On the Remove landing he almost rolled into his Form-master. Mr. Quelch had just come up the Remove staircase with Carter.

"Bunter, where are you going?" rapped the Remove master.

"I—I'm going out with Mauleverer, sir."

"Come with me, Bunter!"

"I—I—I say, sir, it wasn't me!" exclaimed Bunter, in alarm. "If Carter says it was me, he's telling whoppers, sir! I never——"

"Come with me!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Mr. Quelch rustled into the Remove passage. Carter walked after him. Billy Bunter gave his Cousin Arthur a glare of concentrated wrath and scorn, and rolled in his wake.

"You beast!" he hissed, at the back of Carter's head. "Sneaking to Quelch! Yah!"

Mr. Quelch glanced round.

"What did you say, Bunter?"

"Oh, nothing, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I didn't speak, sir! I—I only said to Carter that—that it was a fine afternoon, sir!"

Mr. Quelch gave him a look and rustled on. He swept into Study No. 1, and Carter and Bunter followed him in, the latter with great reluctance. And Harry Wharton & Co.—hungry as they were—forgot all about tea as they looked at Mr. Quelch's grim face. Only too clearly, the master of the Remove was taking a very serious view of the "pilfering" in the new junior's study!

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

For It!

"WHARTON!"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry quietly.

His eyes gleamed for a moment at Carter as he answered his Form-master.

"It appears that pilfering—or, at least, the purloining of comestibles—has taken place in this study!" said Mr. Quelch. "I should have preferred you to bring this matter to my notice, as my head boy, instead of leaving it to the boy concerned—a new member of the Form!"

"There was nothing to report to you, sir!" answered Harry quietly. "If Carter calls it pilfering, he's the only fellow in the Form who would!"

Mr. Quelch gave him a sharp look.

"Do you mean that nothing has been taken, Wharton?"

"Nothing to speak of, sir!"

"I hardly understand you! If a person takes a pin that does not belong

to him, the act amounts to pilfering," said Mr. Quelch. "The value of the article taken does not affect the issue at all."

"Oh, yes, sir, I know that. But——"

"You are not saying, Wharton, that Carter has made an untrue statement, and that nothing is missing here?"

"Oh, no, sir! Some grub seems to have been taken," said Harry. "If it had been mine, any fellow in the Remove would have been welcome to help himself, if he dropped into the study and saw it. It was a bit thick to bag the lot, that was all!"

"It appears," said Mr. Quelch, "to have been a large quantity. Carter states that he spent the large and extravagant amount of twenty-four shillings on it, intending it for a party of schoolfellows. This is a serious matter, Wharton. I am surprised that you regard it so lightly."

Wharton compressed his lips. He was being placed in the unpleasant position of finding excuses for a pilferer, which was extremely disagreeable.

"Bunter never meant to pilfer, sir," he said. "He's just a silly ass!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"It was Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"I never——" wailed Bunter.

"Answer me, Wharton!"

"I don't know, sir!" said Harry, at once. "We took it for granted it was Bunter, as he's the only fellow in the Form who is such a fool. But it happened before we came in, and we really know nothing about it—in fact, we don't know that there was anything in the study at all, except that Carter said so."

"Yes, that's so," said Nugent, taking his cue from Wharton, and glad to give Carter a thrust, in return for causing all this unpleasant trouble. "We only know that Carter said so, sir."

Carter's face crimsoned.

"If you ask Mrs. Mimble at the shop, sir, she will tell you exactly what I brought here," he said. "I can give you a list, if you like."

Mr. Quelch glanced from one to another.

"Come, come!" he said. "This is not a matter for recriminations! Carter has acted quite rightly in informing me, if pilfering has taken place—such a thing certainly cannot be permitted in the studies."

"Pilfering has not taken place, sir!" said Harry stubbornly. "At least, if it was Bunter! If it was any other fellow——"

"That is absurd, Wharton! I make every allowance for Bunter's well-known stupidity, but there is a limit to allowances that can be made. Bunter!"

"Oh dear! I never——"

"Did you, or did you not, take comestibles belonging to Carter from this study?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir! Nothing of the kind! I wouldn't! Wharton knows I wouldn't, don't you, old chap? It was all a mistake about that cake the other day."

"Shut up, you ass!" hissed Johnny Bull.

"You need say nothing, Bull!" rapped Mr. Quelch. "I am quite acquainted with Bunter's ways, and I have punished him on several occasions for depredations in the pantry. Now, Bunter——"

"I never even saw the stuff, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I wasn't on the landing when Carter brought it up, and I

never saw him drop anything out of the parcel."

"What?"

"I wasn't there, sir—I was in the quad! You can ask Carter himself! He saw me!" gasped Bunter.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I do not know whether this boy's stupidity exceeds his untruthfulness, or whether his untruthfulness exceeds his stupidity. Bunter, if you tell me a single untruth again, I shall adjudge you guilty of this unscrupulous act."

"I—I wouldn't, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"I——"

"Where were you when Carter left these—these comestibles in his study, Bunter?"

"In the quad, sir! A lot of fellows were with me, too."

"Give me their names!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Their names, at once, Bunter!"

"I—I—I forget, sir!" groaned Bunter. "N—now I come to think of it, I—I was in the—the Cloisters, sir, and—and there wasn't anybody with me."

"I warn you to be careful, Bunter."

"Oh! Yes, sir! May I go now, sir? Mauly's waiting for me in the quad! I—I can't keep him waiting, sir, if—if you don't mind."

"Bunter was on the landing when I went down, sir!" said Carter.

"I wasn't!" yelled Bunter. "You never saw me there, you beast! You never even looked at me, as you passed."

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged hopeless looks. Whether Bunter had bagged Carter's spread or not, he seemed bent on making Mr. Quelch believe that he had. Really, it seemed impossible for the fat Owl to tell the truth, even if he tried—and it never seemed to occur to him to try.

"You were on the landing, and saw Carter go down, after he had placed his—his property in this study, Bunter?"

"Oh crikey! I don't see how you know, sir!" groaned Bunter. "If—if you saw me, sir, I—I was there. I—I've just remembered that I was on the landing, sir."

Carter gave the fat Owl a curious look. If his object was to land the fat Owl into trouble, he seemed likely to get plenty of assistance from Billy Bunter himself.

"And what did you do, after Carter went down, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"I—I may have looked into this study, sir!" stammered Bunter. "No harm in looking into a chap's study. Wharton and Nugent wouldn't mind—they—they like me to—to look in sometimes! I—I used to be in this study with them, sir, only I changed out because of Wharton's beastly temper—didn't I, old chap?"

Wharton did not reply to that.

"You came to this study after Carter had left!" said Mr. Quelch. "For what reason, Bunter, unless to pilfer what Carter had left here?"

"I—I—I just looked in, that's all, sir——"

"And why?"

"Oh! I—I mean, I didn't look in! I wasn't looking at the tuck that that cad left on the table. I don't believe he left any on the table, either. I—I think most likely he scoffed it——"

"You need say no more, Bunter."

said Mr. Quelch grimly. "You came to the study, for no reason, except that Carter had left food here; and the food is missing. You are so recklessly untruthful that I cannot believe a single word you utter—"

"Oh, really, sir! Not me!" exclaimed Bunter. "Do—do you mean Carter, sir?"

"Upon my word! Say no more, Bunter! I am bound to regard the matter as proved—"

"Oh crikey! But I never!" gasped Bunter. "Mauly knows I never!"

"That will do! Follow me—"

"Oh lor'!"

"One moment, sir, please!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What do you mean about Mauly, Bunter? Was Mauly up here at the time?"

"Of course he was, when he got hold of my ear and dragged me away," grunted Bunter. "Mind, I wasn't going to touch the tuck. I never even thought of it! I was just looking at it from the door—I mean to say, I—I wasn't looking at it at all—never noticed it! But Mauly thought—"

The four chums exchanged quick glances. Like Carter, they had taken it for granted that Bunter was the delinquent; and his prevarications had convinced Mr. Quelch of it. But this looked like a spot of hope for the fat Owl. And, just then, all their sympathies were with Bunter, and against the fellow who was making a mountain out of a molehill.

"I will listen to no further prevarications, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Follow me to my study at once!"

"But, sir!" exclaimed Harry. "Bunter says that Mauleverer—"

"I have said, Wharton, that I will listen to no further prevarications!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Bunter has already stated that he was in the quadrangle, that he was in the Cloisters, and finally admitted that he was on the landing. I will not waste further time listening to his untruthfulness."

"But—"

"That will do, Wharton. Follow me, Bunter!"

"But I say, sir—"

"Silence!"

Mr. Quelch rustled out. Billy Bunter gave the chums of the Remove a despairing blink, and rolled dismally after him.

"By gum, that chap can tell lies!" said Carter. "I can't understand you fellows standing up for him."

"You might understand, if you were a decent fellow yourself!" snapped Harry Wharton. "You've got that silly fathead into a fearful row now. This may go before the Head, for all we know."

Carter's eyes glinted for a second.

"At St. Olaf's, they would have booted a pilferer out of the school," he said.

"Rats to St. Olaf's!" growled Johnny Bull. "Don't bung St. Olaf's at us! I jolly well wish you'd stayed there, instead of coming here to make mischief."

Wharton gave the new junior a fixed look.

"Do you mean to say that you'd like to see that silly, helpless duffer booted out—and him your relation!" he said contemptuously.

"I'd like to see any pilferer booted out."

"Oh, shut up!" roared Wharton, his temper breaking out. "If you use that word again, I'll punch your cheeky head! And I'll tell you this—there's a chance for Bunter—I'm going to see Mauly about it, anyhow. He said—"

"You believe a word he says?" sneered Carter.

"Well, no; but there's a sporting chance, and if there's the ghost of a chance for the fat ass, he's going to have it."

And Harry Wharton cut out of the study and ran down the stairs. A minute later, Lord Mauleverer's graceful saunter under the elms was interrupted, and in less than another minute, Mauly—no longer sauntering—was heading for Mr. Quelch's study.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Not Guilty!

"BUNTER!"

"Oh dear! I mean, yes, sir," groaned Bunter.

His apprehensive eyes were on the cane in Mr. Quelch's hand. Quelch was swishing that cane, with a thoughtful expression on his severe face.

"Dishonesty in small matters," said Mr. Quelch, "may lead to dishonesty in larger matters. Boys have been expelled from school for such things as you have done, Bunter!"

"But I haven't done them, sir! I never—"

"That will do!" said Mr. Quelch. "I shall deal with this matter myself, Bunter, but any recurrence of it will be placed before your headmaster!" He swished the cane again. "You will bend over that chair, Bunter!"

"But I never—" yelped Bunter.

"Bend over that chair at once."

"Oh crikey!"

Tap!

The study door opened, and Lord Mauleverer presented himself. His lordship came in a little breathlessly. Mauly seldom hurried—but on this occasion he had sprinted!

"If you please, sir!" gasped Mauly.

Mr. Quelch turned a freezing eye on him.

"Kindly do not interrupt me now, Mauleverer! If you have anything to say to me, you may wait until I have dealt with Bunter!"

"But it's about Bunter, sir!" exclaimed his breathless lordship. "Wharton's just told me about it, sir! Bunter never snaffled the prog—"

"What?"

"I mean he never bagged the fodder—"

"You mean what?"

"He never collared the tuck—"

"If you have anything to say to me, Mauleverer, kindly speak in the English language!"

"Oh! Yaas! Quite, sir! I mean Bunter never bagged—that is snaffled—never collared—never took the grub—I mean the food—Carter's stuff, sir—he never touched it."

"Indeed! And how do you know this, Mauleverer?"

"I was there, sir—"

"I told you Mauly knew, sir—"

"Silence, Bunter! I will not listen to another word from you! Mauleverer, you are a boy I can trust! Kindly give me your account of this matter."

"Certainly, sir! I went up to tea, and saw Bunter looking into Wharton's study, and a regular mountain of tuck on the table, so I grabbed his ear and led him up the passage, sir! I mean to say, I took him to my study to tea. Bunter tea'd with Vivian and me."

"But afterwards, Mauleverer—"

"We all three came away from my study together, sir, after tea—and the fellows were in Study No. 1 then! Bunter stopped to speak to them, and I went down into the quad with Vivian. The stuff must have been taken before

the fellows came in—they missed it when they came. Bunter was in my study all that time. He wasn't out of my sight, till I left him talking to Wharton at the door of Wharton's study—and that was the same time that Carter was down here telling you about it, sir."

Mr. Quelch gave Mauleverer a very keen look.

"You give me your word on this, Mauleverer?" he said.

"Yaas, sir; and Vivian will say the same, if you ask him. I can't imagine who cleared off the stuff in Wharton's study—but it wasn't a Remove man, I know that. It wasn't Bunter, as I know; and no other fellow in the Remove would do it."

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

"I am glad that you came here and told me this, Mauleverer," he said. "It is impossible to trust the word of so untruthful a boy as Bunter. I accept your statement, of course. I must conclude that this unscrupulous act was the act of a boy in another Form. Thank you, Mauleverer; you may go."

The Remove master turned to Bunter.

"I told you I never did, sir—"

began the fat Owl.

"You need say nothing, Bunter! You have been punished for such acts before, and your word is worthless. However, it appears that you are innocent in this instance. It should be a lesson to you, Bunter, to see that I can accept Mauleverer's word without question, while your own carries no weight whatever. This should be a warning to you to speak the truth, Bunter."

"Oh, yes, sir, I always do."

"Wha-a-t! If you say another word, Bunter, I shall cane you! Leave my study at once!"

Quelch's hand strayed to the cane on the table—and Bunter made one jump for the door! He was only too glad to leave his Form-master's study at once. He fairly bolted down the passage, as if afraid that Quelch might change his mind and call him back.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Tea in No. 13!

BOB CHERRY stared.

His study-mates, Mark Linley and Wun Lung, had gone down, and Bob was sitting at a solitary tea in Study No. 13, not in the best of spirits, when the door was hurled open, and his four chums presented themselves.

They tramped in, and Harry Wharton slammed a parcel on the table.

Bob blinked at them.

"What's this game?" he asked.

"Mind if we tea here?" asked Harry, laughing.

"Haven't you had tea yet?"

"No; a lot of interruptions." The captain of the Remove unwrapped the parcel. "Shove the kettle on, Franky. Slice up that loaf for toast, Johnny—it's Bob's loaf, but he won't report us to Quelch for pilfering it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Bob in astonishment.

"We'd rather tea here," said Harry. "I don't know what you've got against that man Carter, Bob, and I dare say he means all right, according to his lights; but I feel that I can't stand any more of him just at present."

"Blessed if I see why he couldn't hang on at St. Olaf's!" grunted Johnny Bull. "No need to bung him into Greyfriars, that I can see."

Bob Cherry laughed. He knew the reason for that, if his friends did not.

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"But what has he done?" he asked. "You seem to have got fed up with him mighty suddenly."

The four told him, all at once. Bob's face grew grimmer and grimmer, as he heard it.

"The cur!" he said.

"Well, he really has acted like a bit of a worm," said Harry. "Of course, he's new here, and he's got his own ideas! But—"

"He's right in a way," said Johnny Bull, "but—"

"The miserable cur!" said Bob. His eyes were blazing. Back into his mind came the words the new junior had uttered at Lantham, that he would "fix" his relation at Greyfriars somehow. "Oh, the cur! He meant to get Bunter kicked out, if he could—the cur!"

"Well, Bunter shouldn't do such things, of course," said Harry, "and any fellow might have got his back up. But he—"

"And it wasn't Bunter, after all!" chuckled Nugent. "Blessed if I know who can have snaffled the stuff—but Mauly yanked Bunter away by his ear before he could snoop it."

"We all thought it was Bunter, of course," said Harry, "and really Carter

was asking for it, sticking the stuff right under the fat bandit's nose—"

"Tha was his game!" said Bob savagely. "He knew Bunter would fall for it—and that's why he did it!"

"Oh, come, old chap, it's not so bad as that—"

"It is, and worse!" growled Bob. "I jolly well know—!" He checked himself. "By gum, I'll keep an eye on the cur after this—he won't fix that fat frump so easily as he fancies!"

"My dear chap—"

"Oh, don't talk about him!" growled Bob. "He makes me feel ill. Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that Bunter?"

A fat voice floated in from the passage.

"Yah! Rotter! Cad! Sneak! Thought you had me booked for a row with the Head, didn't you? Yah!"

"You fat rotter!" came Carter's voice in reply. "How did you manage to lie yourself out of it?"

"Yah! Cad! Sneak! Making out that a fellow snaffled your mouldy tuck! As if I'd touch it! Yah! Look here, Carter, don't you get bragging about the school that you're a relation of mine!"

"What?" yelled Carter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Study No. 13.

"You're not the sort of relation that I want hanging about. Carter! I bar you! If I hear you bragging that you're a relation of mine, I'll jolly well punch your head, so yah!"

That defiance was followed by a swift patter of feet in the Remove passage. Billy Bunter bolted into Study No. 13.

"I say, you fellows, keep that beast off!" he gasped.

Billy Bunter hastily closed the door.

"Rotten cad, that chap!" he said. "If you fellows hear him swanking that he's a relation of mine, don't you take any notice. It's a very distant connection—very distant indeed! A rather low and disreputable branch of the family! In fact, we never mention them! I say, if you're having tea, I'll join you, if you like! I had a snack with Mauly, but if you fellows like—"

And without waiting to learn whether the fellows liked, Billy Bunter pulled a chair to the table.

THE END.

(Arthur Carter has failed to get Billy Bunter into trouble so far! Will he have better luck next week? You'll be surprised when you read: **BUNTER THE BRAGGER!** the second story in this exciting new series. Watch out for it in next Saturday's MAGNET!)

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THE FORM-MASTER'S SECRET!

A Spanking Fine Yarn of Jack
Jolly & Co. of St. Sam's

By **DICKY NUGENT**



No. 275.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

January 15th, 1938.

The GREYFRIARS HERALD



MY FORM IS THE BEST AT GREYFRIARS!

Says **H. S. QUELCH, M.A.**

I hope there will be no raising of eyebrows amongst my friends at the idea of my contributing to the "Greyfriars Herald." It is quite true that Wharton's paper is one which I can hardly view with unqualified approval. The lack of respect for authority which characterises its articles and features, for instance, is something on which I frown most severely—while Nugent minor's orthography is truly shocking!

But, for all that, I consider that the "Greyfriars Herald" is, on the whole, a commendable enterprise, and I am quite pleased to accede to Wharton's request to write in it my reasons for thinking that the Remove is the best Form at Greyfriars.

I am certainly very firmly of that opinion. Do not, however, for the moment, think that I look on them as paragons of virtue. The reverse is the case, I assure you! They are as mischievous and troublesome a collection of youngsters as were ever assembled in one Form-room.

But the high spirits shown in their fun have a valuable side which it would be unfair to ignore. The zest which they display in "rogs" and "japes" becomes a great asset in sport—and surely nobody can deny that they throw themselves heart and soul into sport! Furthermore, though this may surprise some of my readers, many of them apply themselves to their studies with equal vigour. Wharton, Linley, Todd and Penfold, to name four at random, are quite brilliant scholars and most of the Form, in their school work, reach a gratifying standard of excellence.

What is still more important, the majority of them are extremely likeable boys, possessed of courage and common sense and a sturdy independence of character. There are black sheep among them, as in every fold, but even these are often all the better for the wholesome influence of the others.

Undoubtedly, my Form is the best at Greyfriars!

(Next week Mr. Prout will tell you why he considers the Fifth is the best Form in the school. Don't miss it!)

Fisher T. Fish says that when he played in a Rigger match in New York, he converted no fewer than twenty "tries." We wish somebody would convert Fish from his habit of telling tall stories!

LET ME MAKE YOU STRONG!

Says **BOLSOVER MAJOR**

If you're a puny, undersized rabbit, with knock knees, pin toes, watery eyes and a sloping chin, come to me! In one term, I'll turn you into a raging lion, with bandy legs, splayed feet, blazing orbs and the square jaw of a real he-man!

And there's nothing to be nervous about, either. "Moderation in all things" is my motto, and you need not fear that I shall overdo it in any way. If you want anyone to confirm this, ask Snoop!

I took Snoop in hand last term. He was as nervous as a kitten. He thought I was

quarters was our moderate average.

We didn't plunge into a freezing bath at the finish. No fear! I preferred to strike a happy medium—about one degree above freezing point!

So you see, there's nothing to fear if you put yourself in my hands. I get my result by gentle, persuasive means—not by rushing at the thing like a bull at a gate.

If you don't believe me, ask Snoop, as soon as he recovers from his present unfortunate breakdown in health. He'll tell you I'm speaking the truth—or, if he doesn't, I'll break every bone in his body!

Let me make you strong, then, lads, and let me do it this term in my sensible, moderate way!

Apply early and avoid the rush!

We didn't do a three-mile run and exhaust ourselves. About two miles and three-

HARRY WHARTON CALLING!

Have you broken all your New Year resolutions yet, chums? Most of them, I'll wager!

I don't mind admitting that all mine have gone west—with one exception. Fortunately that exception happens to be the most important of the lot.

The resolution is to make the "Greyfriars Herald" even brighter and better than it has ever been before!

How to do it is a problem that has been occupying my mind since before the Christmas hols. I think I've solved it now. The keynote is "More variety!" I am going all out to obtain news and views from a host of new contributors.

Please don't think that this means your old favourites will be forgotten. Nothing of the kind, I assure you! Bob Cherry, the Bouncer, Dick Rake, Peter Todd, and all the other star turns of the past will continue to write for the "Herald." But I intend to spread my net a little wider and see if I can land a few more contributors who have something original to say and can say it in a way that is likely to appeal

to "Greyfriars Herald" readers.

Just by way of a start, I have secured an article by Mr. Quelch, giving the reasons why he considers us the best Form at Greyfriars. I hope in future numbers to get other masters who wish their own Forms to qualify for the honour to put up their arguments.

These articles should make a big hit. We all like to see ourselves as others see us now and again, and frank opinions about us from our own masters will be read by Greyfriars fellows with eagerness and possibly a certain amount of apprehension!

Dicky Nugent's staggering stories of St. Sam's will still be the principal feature in our family little paper and, if the quantity is unavoidably a little less than it has been recently, I am sure young Dicky will oblige by seeing that all his yarns are of "super" quality!

No room for more this week. Look out for another topical talk from me next week!

Cheerio, chums!
HARRY WHARTON

the head that nodded him spinning. Before he could get up again Mr. Lickham had been securely handcuffed.

"Isn't it possible, officer, for me to leave the skool without being seen?" he groaned, as the policeman yanked him to his feet and began to bundle him out of the study. "The disgrace of being marched off like this will be simply garstly!"



The policeman paused. Underneath his stern exterior he was a kindly man, and he did not want to do anything that would hurt Mr. Lickham's feelings.

"Got a sack?" he asked, after pondering deeply for some seconds. Mr. Lickham looked mystified.

"I've got several sacks if you want them; but what—"

"Give me one and I'll carry you off the premises if you like," said the constable, with a kindly smile.

"Thanks, awfully!" said Mr. Lickham, gratefully.

He went to his desk and drew out a sack from one of the drawers. And the kind-hearted policeman, after giving him another crack on the nut with his truncheon, put him in the sack and carried him off to the station.

The door slammed behind him. His footprints died away.

And then a grinning and grimy face peered out from the curtained-off recess in the corner.

"My heyo! Pore old Izaak!" muttered Dusty Lickham.

He ambled out into

the middle of the room and rubbed his unshaven chin reflectively. And as he did so, a sudden gleam came into his eyes.

"My 'at! Wot a chance this is for me to get free board an' lodgin' for a week or two!" he muttered. "Nobody in this 'ere skool knows Izaak 'as gorn. An' I'm 'is livin' image. If I can only tog up in 'is duds, nobody won't know as I hain't my skool-

figger, who was, of course, none other than Doctor Alfred Birchmall, the revered and majestic headmaster of St. Sam's.

"Sorry we're a day late for the new term."

"How do you do, sir?" corussed Jack Jolly & Co.

The next moment, the newcomers had the shock of their lives when the man they thought to be Mr. I. Jolliwel Lickham, replied to their greeting.

"Wotcher, me old sparrow! 'Ow do, young coveys!" he chortled.

"Bless my sole! Is there something wrong with my ears, Lickham, or did you really call me 'old sparrow'?" asked the Head, quite faintly.

Fortunately, before the bogus Form-master had time to reply to that question, the dinner-bell started ringing, and the Head and Jack Jolly & Co. turned on their heels and galloped away.

For the time being the mystery of Mr. Lickham was forgotten. But not for long. There were breakers ahead for Dusty Lickham of St. Sam's!

(The bogus Form-master makes things hum in next week's instalment. Don't miss it!)

JOHNNY BULL IS STARTING A BAND!

Shrieks **CLAUDE HOSKINS**

The cheek of it! The nerve of it!

How a Remove kid like Bull can have the face to set up seriously as a band conductor simply beats me!

For years and years I have been the acknowledged authority on musical matters at Greyfriars. The very least I should have expected from anybody who thought of starting a band was that he should come to me for help and advice.

Do you think Bull came to me for help and advice? Not a bit of it! I went to him, instead!

The reason I went to him was that my musical feelings simply could not stand the thought of the ghastly mess Bull would make of things if left to his own resources. I could picture him placing his reed and string players in the wrong positions, for instance. I could imagine him descending to vulgar dance music, instead of sticking to the masterpieces of the great composers like Wagner and myself. (Pardon the personal note!) All sorts of possible horrors might happen, I thought, unless I went along and stopped them from the start.

So I went along to the Rag to help. I was greeted by the most appalling din imaginable. It sounded almost as bad as the average dance band! And the instruments! There were mouth-organs and even worse than that! Two fellows were playing, if you ever heard of such a thing, on combs and paper!

In a state of frenzy, I rushed into the room. My hands were over my ears and a look of agony was on my face. "Stop! Stop!" I cried. "Vandals! Barbarians! Stop it at once, I tell you!"

You might have thought they would have been grateful for advice from a recognised musician. Nothing of the kind! None of them looked at all pleased—least of all Bull, who put down his conductor's baton and simply glared at me.

"What's wrong with it?" he growled.

"Ask me what's right with it, and save time!" I replied kindly. "My dear kid, everything's wrong with it! There's only one thing to do. Sit

bore an uncanny likeness to Mr. Lickham.

This likeness seemed even stronger when he spoke, for his voice, though less refined, was almost eyedential with that of the master of the Fourth.

"Yuss, Izaak!" he cried. "It's me—your long-lost cuzzin, Dusty Lickham! 'Ow are yer, me old covey?"

Mr. Lickham shuddered. He hurriedly closed the door.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I want people to know that I have a

cuzzin who is nothing more than a common tramp—a work-shy and a down-and-out? Let me tell you, Dusty, there is not a single Lickham who will acknowledge you to-day. You are the black sheep of the family!"

"Keep your wool hon, old covey!" grinned Mr. Lickham's visitor. "I may be the black sheep, but if you ram it down my throat I won't egg-sactly take it like a lamb!"

"Don't act the goat!" snapped Mr. Lickham. "I want to know why you have turned up here

down and let me see if I can make a band of it!"

There was generosity, if you like! A magnificent offer, if ever there was one! I fully expected that on hearing it, Bull would fall on my neck and weep with joy. I quite anticipated that the rest of the band would crowd round me, wringing my hand and thumping me on the back.

But how different was the reality! Instead of Bull falling on my neck and weeping with joy, he fell on my neck and whacked my jaw—while the rest of the band



crowded round me, trying to wring my neck instead of my hand! I retired in disorder, and left Bull and his band to carry on without me. But if they think I've given it up, they're soon going to find out their mistake! Watch out next week—and if I don't have a very different story to tell, my name's not Claude Hoskins!

"Ye gods! You must

like a bad penny, Dusty. What is it? Munny?" Dusty Lickham rubbed the corner of his cuzzin's desk and grinned a grin of antipassipation.

"Yuss, that's it, Cuzzin Izaak!" he said. "I hain't eaten a square meal or 'ad a nite's lodgin' for a week. It's your munny as I want."

"And it's munny I want myself!" retorted Mr. Lickham. "The fact is, I need it more than you do yourself, if only you knew it!"

"Wot, an' you a master in a posh skool like this 'ere?" cried Dusty Lickham. "Himpossible!"

But, impossible as it seemed to Mr. Lickham's frowzy cuzzin, it was only too true!

The new term had begun badly for the master of the Fourth.

During the Christmas hollerdays he had forgotten to keep paying the instalments due on a new cap and gown he had bought during the previous term. The result was that the first thing he had found on returning to St. Sam's was a blue envelope containing a court summons. Ten shillings would have staved off the trouble that threatened. Unfortunately, during the hollerdays, Mr. Lickham had spent munny not wisely, but too well, and he was unable to raise ten pence, let alone ten shillings.

So now he was in the unhappy position of egg-specting the hand of the law to descend on him at any moment. Small wonder, then, that Mr. Lickham sighed wearily as he gazed at his grimy relative.

"Impossible or not, there it is!" he said. "I am stony broke—or, to put it vulgarly, I am suffering from acute financial embarrassment! And now, to add to my troubles, you turn up!"

Plonk! Plonk! Plonk!

It was the sound of footprints echoing along the passidge outside the study.

Mr. Lickham's jaw dropped.

"The perlice!" groaned Mr. Lickham.

"Izaak Jolliwel Lickham, I arrest you in the name of the law!"

"Ye gods! You must

hide!" he breathed. "If this is Doctor Birchmall and he finds you here, there'll be the very dickens to pay! Quick!"

The master of the Fourth seized his cuzzin by the scruff of the neck and farcely rushed him into a curtained-off recess in a corner of the study.

The next moment the door opened.

Mr. Lickham looked round. Then a groan burst from his lips.

Standing in the doorway a grim figger in blue.

"The perlice!" groaned Mr. Lickham.

"Izaak Jolliwel Lickham, I arrest you in the name of the law!"

This was what the policeman said, in a harsh and rancorous voice, as he stepped into the study; and at the sound of the dread words, Mr. Lickham went white to the lips.

"What for?" he manniked to gasp.

"On account of not keeping up your instalments on a cap and gown bought from Messrs. Baggs & Ticks, tailors, of Muggletts!" replied the constable, after a glance at the document in his hand. "Take my tip and come quietly, Lickham!"

He tucked the document into his belt and, projoicing a truncheon, gave the master of the Fourth a short run on