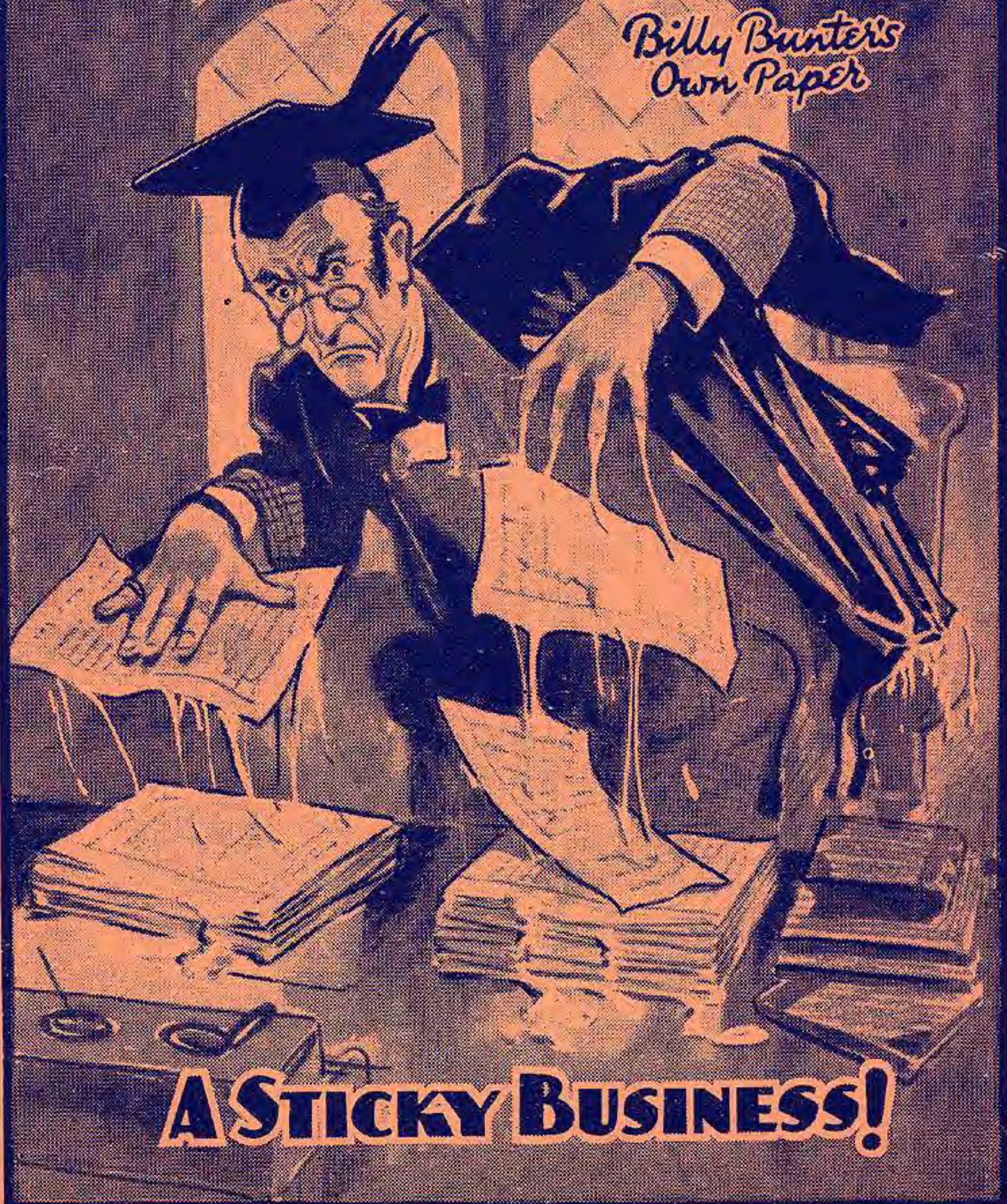


"GETTING HIS OWN BACK!" Laugh with Harry Wharton & Co.—Inside!

The Magnet ^{2^D}

*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



A STICKY BUSINESS!

WHO SAYS ANOTHER RAMBLE WITH—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE



A TOUR OF THE SCHOOL. The Fags' Common-Room.

(1)

There's a smell of burning kippers
From the kingdom of the nippers,
What a stench!
There's a crowd of little creatures,
All with ink-bespattered features,
On a bench!
And they shouldn't be inspected
Till they've all been disinfected!

(2)

What a shindy they're creating
As they sit there, congregating
Round the fire!
And the fish, while slowly turning
Into charcoal, smells like burning
Rubber tyre!
Here they live together gaily,
Here they start a dog-fight daily!

(3)

Toasted kippers, black and fuming,
Is the supper they're consuming—
Rather "high"!
They enjoy each blackened ember,
And at one time, I remember,
So did I!
It's a very gay existence,
But it's better at a distance!



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

The Head has just gone into Big Hall with a tape-measure. Looks as though someone's going to be flogged within an inch of his life.

A visitor to the district complains that he couldn't find the school. Perhaps Bunter was standing in front of it at the time.

A reader asks if there is any fish in the Greyfriars fountain? Sometimes—when he starts swindling the Remove.

Why is Bunter the bigger part of the Remove?

Because he is the "ass" of the "class."

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS Bunter Minds the Shop

(1)

Mrs. Mimble, full of worry,
Cried: "Oh dear, I cannot stop!
I must go out in a hurry.
Who will stay and mind the shop?"
Bunter, as he stood there hearing
Mrs. Mimble's tale of woe,
Lost no time in volunteering,
Took her place and watched her go!

(2)

Hardly could he trust his senses
As he saw the piles of tuck,
Caring naught for consequences,
Bunter murmured: "This is luck!"
Shakespeare said (or was it Bacon?)
"There's a tide in our affairs
Which, if well and truly taken,
Leads us on to millionaires."

(3)

More to Bunter than mere money
Was the stuff around him spread,
In a land of milk and honey
Now he reigned supreme as head!
Swiftly to the door retreating,
Bunter shut and turned the lock,
Swiftly then he started eating,
Swiftly travelling through the stock.

(4)

Tarts or doughnuts—what's it matter?
Bunter meant to eat them all.
Steadily the Owl grew fatter
Till he stretched from wall to wall!
Then he burst—Ah, dreadful slaughter!
Burst!—and awakened with a scream!
Cherry, with a jug of water,
Shattered Bunter's blissful dream!

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET MR. "LARRY" LASCELLES, mathematics and Games-Master.

L is for LASCELLES—our "Larry,"
Who makes the whole school "dot and carry!"
When teaching us cubes and quadratics,
That hideous tripe, mathematics!
His horrible tangents and angles



Tie me into terrible tangles,
But Larry is most sympathetic
Providing a chap's energetic,
He'll give you a hand with the questions
And make very helpful suggestions.
At games he's a popular figure,
He coaches us hard and with vigour,
He'll referee junior matches,
Emerging without any scratches,
At cricket and boxing a winner,
He's liked by us all—even Skinner!

CURIOUS EVENTS AT GREYFRIARS.—The Upper Fourth football eleven scored a goal in a Form match yesterday.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE
MORGAN.

PUZZLE PAR

The initial letters of the following names, when put into the right order, will make another Greyfriars name. Can you find it? Greene, Redwing, Nugent, Angel, Mauleverer, Ogilvy.

Answer at foot of column 2.

By an awful mistake Mrs. Mimble used Gosling's bag of cement instead of flour in her latest doughnuts. I thought they seemed a bit softer than usual.

When Gosling overslept the other morning there was a terrific rush to ring a rising-bell under his window.

They are talking of putting a postage-stamp machine in Hall to save fellows going to the post office. After that, they will no doubt put a postal order machine to save the postman's daily tramp with bulging sacks for Bunter.

Dicky Nugent was seen wandering about in an aimless fashion yesterday. He's forgotten what it's like to be out of detention, and he doesn't know what to do with himself.

When did Greyfriars begin with a G and end with an E?—Greyfriars always begins with a G and "end" with an E.

ONE BAD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER! And when Arthur Carter nearly brings about Vernon-Smith's expulsion, the Bounder goes all out for—

GETTING HIS OWN BACK!



By
FRANK RICHARDS

In the gloom, Carter, the breaker of bounds, saw the face of Vernon-Smith at the window. The sarcastic grin on the Bounder's face alarmed him!

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Too Late!

"BUNTER!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

In the Remove Form Room at Greyfriars Billy Bunter's eyes—and spectacles—were on the clock.

Mr. Quelch's eyes were on Billy Bunter!

The lesson was near its end. Class that day ended at four, and towards four other eyes as well as Bunter's turned surreptitiously on the clock.

Harry Wharton & Co. were thinking of a spot of football before tea. Billy Bunter was thinking of a spot of tea—a large spot!

But if other fellows' eyes glanced at the clock, Bunter's did not merely glance at it—they turned on it continually! The clock seemed to draw his gaze like a magnet. Had that clock been a thing of beauty and a joy for ever the Owl of the Remove could not have gazed at it more earnestly.

Quelch did not approve of this kind of thing.

What was the use of a Form-master handing out valuable historical instruction if his pupils, instead of listening attentively and absorbing the same, only counted the last minutes till he shut down?

Quelch had given Bob Cherry a severe glance. He had frowned even at Harry Wharton, his head boy. But he glared at Bunter.

Bunter, gazing at the clock, was wondering whether it had stopped. It had indicated five minutes to four at his last blink. Now it indicated four and a half to four! Bunter was sure that several minutes, at least, had

passed since his last blink. It seemed like hours really!

It was rather rotten, Bunter thought, if that beastly clock was slowing down when a fellow wanted to get out.

Gazing earnestly at the clock to ascertain whether the putrid thing really had stopped, Bunter was quite startled by his Form-master's voice rapping out.

He gave a jump and transferred his gaze to Mr. Quelch.

"You were looking at the clock, Bunter!" said the Remove master.

"Oh, no, sir!" said Bunter promptly. "I—I wasn't wondering whether it had stopped, sir! I—I was listening to you, sir! I—I heard every word you were saying, sir."

"Very well, Bunter!" said Mr.

Spanking Fine School-
Adventure Yarn of **HARRY WHARTON & CO.**, the
Cheery Chums of Greyfriars.

Quelch in a grinding voice. "I shall ask you a question, and if you fail to answer it correctly I shall cane you."

"Oh crikey!"

Remove fellows gave Billy Bunter sympathetic glances. Bunter had difficulties in class owing to an uncommonly bad memory, and still more uncommon laziness. And on this occasion all his attention had been concentrated for some time on the Form-room clock. Whatever question Quelch asked, it was fairly certain that Bunter was going to supply the wrong answer.

"The year of the Conquest, Bunter?" said Mr. Quelch.

That was such an easy one that it ought to have been a relief to Bunter. But the easiest of easy ones was never easy to the fat Owl.

He blinked at Mr. Quelch.

"Well?" rapped Quelch.

"I—I—I remember perfectly, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Then answer me!"

"If—if you'll let me think a minute, sir—" groaned Bunter.

Bob Cherry, under his desk, pencilled "1066" on a fragment of paper and passed it along out of sight.

Which, of course, Bob ought not to have done; but it was Bob's way to help any fellow out of a scrape first and think about it afterwards.

Unseen, under the desk, that fragment of paper passed along, by several hands, till it reached the fellow sitting next to Bunter.

That fellow was Carter, the new junior in the Remove.

"Bunter—" came Quelch's deep voice.

"Oh! Yes, sir! I—I know!" gasped Bunter.

He was aware, though Mr. Quelch was not, of the spot of information that was coming to the rescue.

It was only a matter of seconds.

The fragment of paper reached Carter.

He held it in his hand, under cover of the desk, where Bunter's eyes could drop on it.

Unfortunately, whether by accident or design, Carter held it upside down.

Bunter, dropping his eyes, saw it, and read:

"9901."

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No fellow in the Greyfriars Remove excepting Billy Bunter would have fancied that 9901 could be the date of anything that had happened in English history so far.

Even Bunter would have realised that it post-dated the Conquest very considerably, had he stopped to think for a moment.

But Bunter did not stop to think.

Thinking was not his long suit, anyway.

"If you do not answer me immediately, Bunter—" came Quelch's deep voice.

"Oh, yes, sir! Nine thousand nine hundred and one, sir!" said Billy Bunter cheerfully.

"What!"

"N-nun-nine thousand nun-nine hundred and—and one, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a howl along the Remove. Really, they could not help it! This was too good even from Bunter.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "What do you mean, Bunter? How dare you make such an answer!"

"Ain't that right, sir?" stammered Bunter. "I—I—I thought it—it was nine thousand nine hundred and—and—and one, sir!"

"Are you not aware, Bunter, that the present year is only one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight?" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes! Of course, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Then what do you mean, Bunter?"

"I—I—I mean— Oh lor'!"

"You will stand out before the Form, Bunter."

"Oh crumbs!"

Mr. Quelch picked up a cane from his desk.

Billy Bunter rolled out reluctantly to receive the same.

Arthur Carter crumpled the fragment of paper in his hand and dropped it under the desks. He was grinning—all the Remove was grinning.

It did not seem to have occurred to Mr. Quelch that Bunter had given the right number upside down! But it occurred to most of the juniors—especially to those who had passed the paper along.

Bob Cherry gave Carter a glare behind a row of heads. Evidently he had held the paper upside down, and, with an ass like Bunter, that had done it! Bob did not believe that it was an accident. Certainly any fellow but Bunter would have guessed that the paper was upside down. Bunter could be relied upon not to guess that, or anything else.

"Bend over that chair, Bunter!"

Whack!

"Wow!"

"Now go back to your place, Bunter! You will remain in the Form-room until half-past four! If I see you glance at the clock again I shall detain you until five."

"Oh lor'!"

Bunter rolled back to his place, wriggling.

A few minutes later the Remove were dismissed—leaving William George Bunter sitting in solitary state—and making manful efforts to keep his eyes and spectacles off the clock!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Trail of Vengeance!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"What have you got there?"

"Nothing!" answered Billy Bunter.

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Harry Wharton & Co. were coming in to tea after their spot of football.

The Famous Five, Vernon-Smith, Carter, and several other fellows were coming up the staircase together when Billy Bunter was seen coming down.

Under Billy Bunter's jacket was a large bulge.

Bunter's jacket, like his other garments, fitted him tightly. He had more to pack in than most fellows.

The fat Owl could hardly have squeezed a bullseye under his jacket without the fact being revealed.

And it was something of much more considerable size that was packed under his jacket now. It bulged to such an extent that it would have caught the most casual glance. In fact, it leaped to the eye.

The juniors stopped half-way up the staircase and surrounded Bunter, with grinning faces.

They were not likely to believe that he had "nothing" there, when one side of his jacket was swollen, as if it had a bad toothache.

"I say, you fellows, gerrout of the way!" yapped Bunter. "I'm in rather a hurry—"

"Whose study have you been raiding this time?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"What are you hiding under your jacket?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Nothing, old chap! I—I mean, it—it's a Latin dictionary. I—I'm going to take it down to the Rag, and—and read it. See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the Removites. They could not quite "see" Bunter sitting in the Rag reading a Latin dictionary.

"You fat villain!" said Smithy. "If that's the box of chocolates from my study—"

"I haven't been in your study, you beast! I never knew you had a box of chocolates there—"

"You'd have been in, if you'd known!" grinned Carter.

"Yah! I say, you fellows—"

"Stand and deliver!" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Show up, you fat brigand!" said Harry Wharton. "You've been grub-raiding again, or you wouldn't be hiding the plunder."

"I haven't!" yelled Bunter. "I say, gerrout of the way—Quelch has gone over to the Head's house, but I don't know how long he will be. I tell you I'm in a hurry!"

"You howling ass, what have you got in your fat nut now?" exclaimed Bob.

"Nothing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, do let a chap pass. This tin of treacle doesn't belong to any of you. I'm not going to mop it over the papers in Quelch's study. I wouldn't waste treacle like that! Besides, I haven't got a tin of treacle. Now let me pass."

"You priceless ass!" gasped Bob. "You're going to mop treacle over Quelch's papers?"

"Well, look what he did!" said Bunter warmly. "Caning a fellow for nothing, and keeping me in till five o'clock. He made out that I was looking at the clock again, just because he saw me, you know. That's the sort of justice we get here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Besides, I ain't going to Quelch's study. Very likely he's there. I never saw him go over to the Head's house—you see, I wasn't keeping an eye on him. I've got this book of poetry to read in the Rag—"

"As well as a Latin dictionary?"

"I—I mean, a Latin dick! I say, do let a fellow pass. I never got it out of your study cupboard, Wharton! If you had a tin of treacle there, I don't know what's become of it. How could I?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, you're not going to get a flogging for mopping treacle over Quelch's papers, old fat man—especially my treacle!" he said. "Hand it over!"

"I haven't got any! Look here, you beast! I suppose I can carry a geography book under my jacket if I like!"

"Shake it out of him!" said Bob Cherry.

"The shakefulness is the proper caper!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Three or four fellows collared Bunter.

They had not, perhaps, any objection, in principle, to treacle being mopped over a Form-master's papers. But such a jape on Quelch was altogether too dangerous—especially as Bunter was just the fellow to be caught at it. And there was the treacle to be considered—by the owner thereof.

"Leggo!" howled Bunter. He struggled in the grasp of many hands.

A whop from Quelch's cane, and an hour's detention, had made Bunter wrathful. Quelch had made it painful for him to sit down; so it was only just, from Bunter's point of view, to make Quelch sit up.

There was no doubt that the Remove master would have "sat up" very emphatically had he found the papers on his study table sticky with treacle.

The consequences would have been dire, had the perpetrator been found out. But that did not worry Bunter. He was not going to be found out!

He wriggled wildly in the grasp of the grinning juniors. That tin of golden syrup, naturally, slid from under his jacket as he struggled.

Bang!

It landed on a stair.

Smithy made a clutch at it, Hurree Singh made another, but both were too late. The tin rolled on to the next stair, and then on to the next, and went sailing merrily down.

Bump, bump, bump, bump! went the treacle tin, from stair to stair. There was no stopping it now.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "Look what you've done, you dummies! I say, get hold of it—stop it—they'll spot it—oh crumbs!"

Bump, bump, bump! Bang!

Bunter wrenched himself loose, and rushed down the stairs after the treacle, as it landed, with a final bang, at the foot of the staircase.

"Bless my soul! What is that?" exclaimed Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, coming across to stare at the article that had crashed down.

"Mon Dieu! Vat is zat?" ejaculated Monsieur Charpentier, who had been standing near the staircase talking to the Fifth Form master—or, to be more accurate, listening to him.

Bunter jumped from the stairs, and bagged the rolling tin—under the eyes of the two masters.

"What—" boomed Prout.

"I—I—I dropped it, sir!" gasped Bunter. "It—it's mine!"

From the staircase a bunch of Removites watched breathlessly. Bunter had the treacle tin again—and, under the eyes of the beaks, they could not recapture Bunter. They wondered whether even the fatuous fat Owl would be ass enough to carry on, after it had been seen. There was no doubt that

both Prout and Mossoo would remember that treacle tin, if it transpired later that Quelch's papers had been smothered with treacle!

But even Billy Bunter's asinine gifts had a limit.

He put the tin of treacle under a fat arm, but he did not start for Masters' Passage with it—under official eyes. He rolled away to the Rag—to wait there till the coast was clear. A fellow had a right to take a tin of treacle into the junior day-room, if he liked—so Bunter

had waited only two minutes out of the ten when the door of the Rag opened, and Harry Wharton & Co. came in and shut the door after them.

Bunter gave them a wrathful blink through his big spectacles. He could see that those beasts were going to butt in again.

They were! They surrounded the fat Owl in the Rag, as they had surrounded him on the stairs. A dozen fellows were in the room before tea, and they all looked round.

"Oh, shake it out of him again!" grunted Johnny Bull.

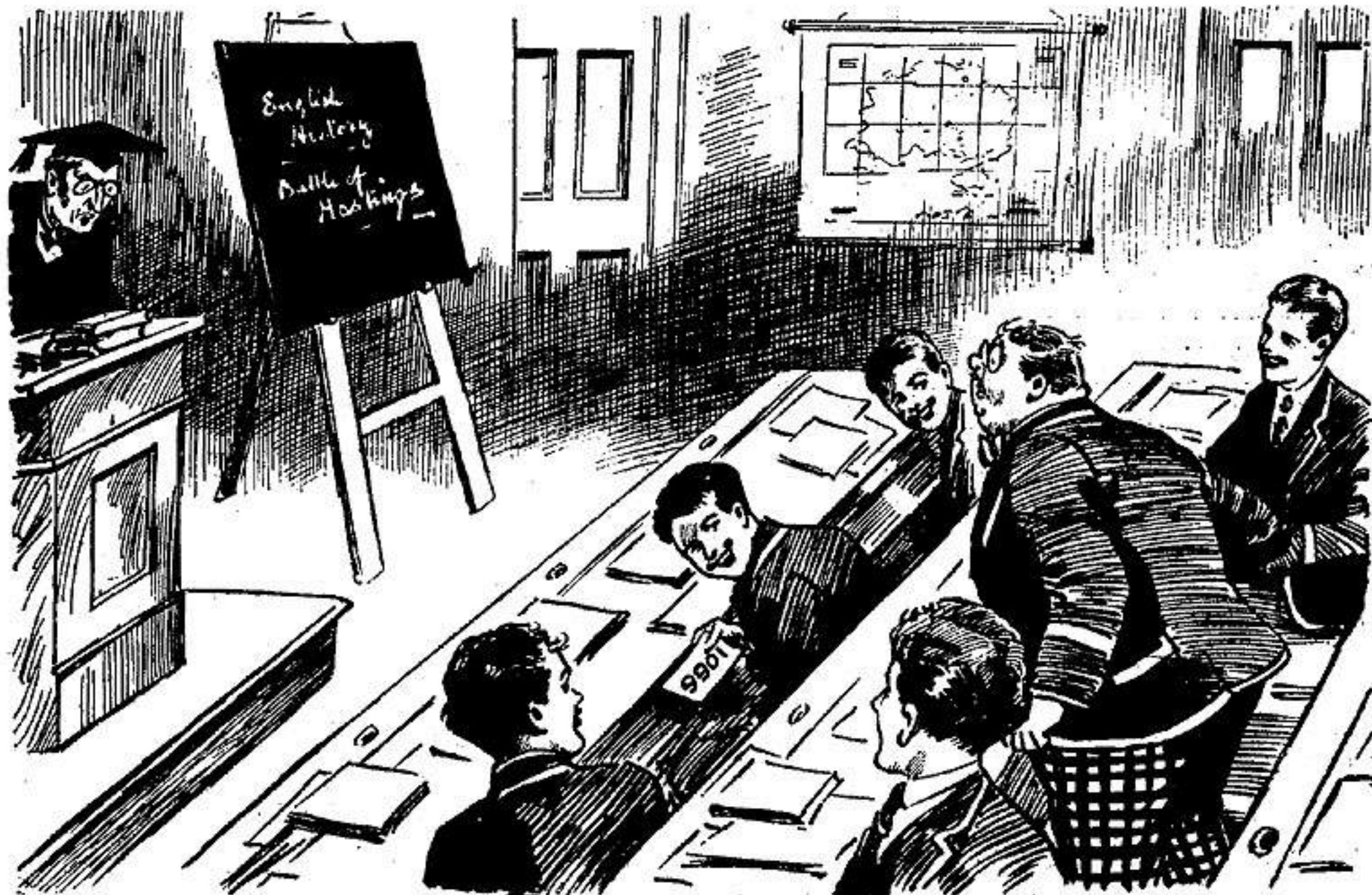
"I say, you fellows— Yarooop!" Bump!

Billy Bunter sat down on the floor of the Rag, and the treacle tin rolled again.

Peter Todd pounced on it, and picked it up.

Bunter sat and spluttered.

"Now, you fat ass," said Harry Wharton, "you're not having that tin of treacle! You're not going to play



"What was the year of the Conquest?" asked Mr. Quelch. Whether by accident or design, Carter held the paper—on which was scribbled the date—upside down. "Nine thousand, nine hundred, and one, sir!" said Billy Bunter cheerfully.

"What!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

saw nothing for a beak to be suspicious about.

The Bunder chuckled.

"Well, that does it!" he said. "If that benighted Owl lands that treacle on Quelch now—ha, ha, ha!"

Smithy went on up the stairs, laughing. Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged a glance, and went down. Carter remained on the staircase, looking over the banisters—his eyes following the Famous Five far from pleasantly.

Carter, for reasons of his own, would have been very glad to see Bunter carry on with that jape on Quelch—but he was not going to carry on with it if his well-wishers could stop him. And the Famous Five thought that they could.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Sticky!

BILLY BUNTER waited in the Rag, the treacle tin parked under his jacket as before, and bulging.

He was going to give Prout and Mossoo time to clear off the scene—ten minutes, he thought, would do. He was anxious to get through before his Form-master came back from the Head's house—but it was only caution to wait a bit. But, as a matter of fact, Bunter

"Now, you fat ass—" said Bob Cherry.

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Mind your own bizney, see?"

"Hand over that treacle!" rapped Harry Wharton.

"Shan't!"

"Bag him!" said Johnny Bull.

"I say, Toddy, keep those beasts off!" roared Bunter.

Peter Todd came across to the group. "What's up?" he asked.

"Bunter will be up—for a flogging if we don't stop the silly Owl!" said Frank Nugent. "He's got that tin of treacle for Quelch!"

"I—I—I ain't, Toddy!" gasped Bunter. "I ain't going to take this treacle to Quelch's study and mop it over his papers—I ain't, really!"

"You're not!" agreed Peter, grinning. "You can bank on that, old fat ass! We don't want any floggings in Study No. 7. Hand it over!"

"Look here, Toddy! Don't you be a beast, like the other beasts!" exclaimed Bunter, in dismay. "Look what Quelch did—"

"Never mind that—you'd better think about what he will do, if he finds that treacle in his study!" chuckled Peter. "Hand it over!"

"Beast!"

tricks on Quelch! Quelch is too jolly dangerous—see?"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. He staggered to his feet. "Gimnec that treacle, Toddy! Look here, if you don't give me that tin of treacle—"

"No 'if' about it!" grinned Toddy.

"Then I'll jolly well go and mop the ink instead!" hooted Bunter. "See! Think I'm going to be whopped and kept in an hour for nothing? I'll jolly well go straight to Quelch's study and upset his inkpot over his papers—so yah!"

And Billy Bunter turned towards the door, his fat mind evidently made up.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Toddy. "If you mean that, you can have the treacle, Bunter!"

"Oh!" Bunter turned back. "Hand it over, then!"

"You fathead, Toddy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "He's not to have it! The blinking Owl will get flogged—"

"You shut up, Bob Cherry!" howled Bunter. "Gimnec that treacle, Toddy!"

"Look here, Toddy—" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"My dear chaps," said Peter, "my idea is that if I give Bunter the treacle, he won't go to Quelch's study at all. I think he will be too busy with the treacle! Bag him!"

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"Oh!" exclaimed the Famous Five together.

They caught on to Toddy's idea—and they caught on to Bunter.

"Leggo, will you?" roared the fat Owl. "Will you leggo, you beasts! Now, Toddy, will you give me that treacle?"

"Here you are!" smiled Peter.

He prised off the lid of the tin. Then he held the latter over Billy Bunter's head, and upended it.

There was a roar of laughter from the fellows in the Rag. From Billy Bunter there was a shriek of apprehension. He realised now in what manner Toddy was going to give him the treacle.

"I say, leggo! Stop it! I say, take that tin away! I—I say, I shall be all sticky!"

"Better you than Quelch's papers, old fat man!" said Peter cheerily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold him!" grinned Peter, as Bunter struggled frantically. "He doesn't seem to want it now he's getting it! Blessed if he seems to know his own mind at all! You heard him asking for it!"

"We did!" chuckled Bob.

"The stickfulness was terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Treacle, in a sticky mass, exuded from the tin. It landed on Billy Bunter's fat head and flowed down his fat face. It felt clammy and sticky—horrid, in fact! Bunter rather liked golden syrup, taken internally. He did not like it taken externally. But it was externally that he had to take it, and he took it in bulk!

"Urrgh! Gurrgh! Wurrgh!" gurgled the hapless fat Owl.

There was no escape for Bunter, and the sticky stream flowed down—down his face and down his fat neck.

That it was better for Bunter, in the long run, to get the treacle himself than to mop it over Quelch's papers was certain. Obviously, after that tin was emptied on him, Bunter was going to be too busy, getting the treacle off, to think of japes on Quelch. He was going to be very busily occupied, and there was no doubt that Quelch would be back in his study long before Bunter had finished scraping off treacle. That was a sheer benefit to Bunter; Peter and the Famous Five were doing him a good turn, as every fellow but the fat Owl knew.

But Bunter did not realise it, and there was no doubt that the treacle was sticky and horrid. He struggled, he wriggled, he squirmed, he spluttered, he howled, and he yelled.

But it bootied not. Treacle streamed out of the tin and swamped him. Not till the stream was reduced to a mere trickle did Peter throw the tin into a wastepaper-basket.

By that time Bunter's state was really awful. He lived, and moved, and breathed, and had his being in golden syrup!

He clawed at it wildly, and his fat paws streamed with treacle.

"Oooooogh! I'm all sticky!" howled Bunter. "Oh, you beasts! Wow! Look at me!"

The juniors looked at him, and roared.

"The stickfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You beast, Toddy!" shrieked Bunter. "I'll jolly well—"

He made an enraged rush at Peter.

Peter Todd dodged round the table. Bunter was rather too sticky for a fellow to touch.

"Better get a wash, old man!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I know you hate

washing, but it's not so bad as the Head's birch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A spot of washfulness, my esteemed Bunter—"

"This way, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton, opening the door of the lobby at the end of the room, where there were wash-basins. "Don't touch anything till you've washed!"

"Beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even Billy Bunter, in that treacly state, realised that what he chiefly needed was a wash.

He rolled into the lobby, and Harry Wharton turned on hot water for him, and Bob kindly handed him soap. Then they left him to himself, gasping, spluttering, and gurgling, as he washed off treacle.

With cheery faces—happy to have done Bunter that good turn—the Famous Five went out of the Rag and up the stairs again.

Carter was still on the staircase, and he eyed them as they passed him.

They went on up to the Remove passage, leaving the new junior still looking over the banisters. But Billy Bunter did not emerge from the Rag; he was not likely to emerge for a good long time yet. Carter was driven to the conclusion that the fat Owl had abandoned the idea of that jape on Quelch, though he did not know why.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Is Wanted!

MR. QUELCH opened his study door, switched on the light, and stepped in.

There was quite an agreeable expression on Quelch's face. He had had tea and a pleasant chat with his chief, and forgotten temporarily the worries of a Form-master's existence. In a very good humour, he had come back to his study, to put in an hour going over Latin papers for his Form.

He sat down in his chair at the table, turned on the reading-lamp, and stretched his hand out to the pile of papers.

Then he gave a sort of convulsive start.

Naturally, he had not noticed that those papers were sticky. He had not expected them to be sticky. He did not discover that they were sticky till his fingers touched them. Then he discovered it.

The amiable expression faded from Quelch's countenance as if wiped off by a duster.

He stared at sticky fingers. Then he stared at sticky papers. Then he rose to his feet and fixed his eyes on that pile of Latin papers, with an expression that the fabled basilisk might have envied.

"Treacle!" said Mr. Quelch.

It was treacle. A whole tin of it must have been emptied on that pile of papers. They were almost swimming in it. Treacle flowed over them, and flowed in little streams from them about the table. One stream, as Mr. Quelch now discerned, had reached the edge of the table and was dripping to the floor.

Quelch gazed.

Tricks had been played in his study before—not often, for the results were generally very painful. Still, such things had happened. But this was rather the limit. Quelch gazed and gazed, his brow growing more and more thunderous as he gazed.

It was impossible to go through those Latin papers now. Careless mistakes in

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By Martin Clifford

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any of those papers had to pass unrebuked.

That, perhaps, was the object of the japer. Possibly some fellow who had doubts about his paper had done this to keep his blunders from discovery.

Somebody, at all events, had done it. Quelch's looks indicated that there was a high old time in store for that somebody.

He had been an hour with the Head. During that hour some young rascal had surreptitiously entered the study and done this. The next item on the programme was to discover that young rascal. The next but one was to take him to the headmaster, with a request for a flogging to be administered. Quelch, with a bitter brow and set lips, wiped the stickiness from his fingers, stepped to the door, and looked out into the passage.

"Has anything happened, Quelch?" Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, was coming along, and he glanced in surprise at Quelch's expressive face.

"A wretched trick has been played in my study, Capper!" answered the Remove master. "Have you seen anyone here during my absence?"

"I have been in the Form-room," answered Mr. Capper. "Perhaps Hacker—"

The master of the Shell was looking out of his doorway.

"Have you noticed anyone coming to my study, Hacker?" asked Mr. Quelch. Hacker shook his head.

"No. I have been reading," he answered. "What has happened?"

"Someone has upset treacle over my papers. Mr. Prout!" Prout looked out at the sound of voices. "Have you seen—"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Prout. "Did you say treacle, Quelch?"

"Yes—a number of papers in my study have been swamped with it! If you have seen any boy of my Form here—"

"I have not!" said Prout. "But half an hour ago, Quelch, I saw a boy of your Form with a tin of treacle. He dropped it on the stairs, and it rolled down."

"Which boy, Prout?"

"Bunter?"

Quelch's eyes glinted. He had caned Bunter that afternoon. He had detained him for an hour after class. On the other hand, a tin of golden syrup was quite a natural possession for Bunter, if he was going up to his study to tea.

"Was Bunter going upstairs, or down, Prout?" he asked.

"He was coming down," answered Prout. "He went into the junior day-room, Quelch, and I did not see him again."

"Taking the treacle with him."

"Certainly."

"Thank you, Prout!" said Mr. Quelch. "That leaves no doubt on the matter." He rustled away down the passage.

There could, of course, be no doubt now! Bunter might have been taking a tin of golden syrup, bought at the school shop, to his study for tea! He could have had no imaginable reason for bringing it downstairs, except one!

Mr. Quelch whisked away to the staircase, and mounted rapidly. On the Remove landing, several fellows glanced at him curiously. The Bounder was standing there, talking to his chum Redwing, and Carter was sitting on the settee by the balustrade, reading. They all looked at Mr. Quelch.

He passed them like a thundercloud, and went up the Remove passage.

The Bounder whistled.

"What's up?" asked Redwing.

Smithy glanced up the passage after Mr. Quelch, saw him stop at the door of Study No. 7, and grinned.

"Bunter's number, I fancy!" he answered.

"What has that fat chump been doing?" asked Carter.

"Treacling Quelch's papers, I rather think!" grinned the Bounder. "Quelch is after him!"

Mr. Quelch looked into Study No. 7 in the Remove, which belonged to Bunter, Toddy, and Tom Dutton. Only the last-named was there.

Dutton, who was deaf, was stirring the fire, and having his back to the door, did not see his Form-master step in. Neither, being deaf, did he hear him.

"Dutton!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

Dutton went on stirring the study fire.

"Dutton!" hooted Mr. Quelch. And as the deaf junior still did not turn his head, he rustled across the study, and clapped him on the shoulder. Dutton, startled, jumped.

"You silly ass, making a fellow jump!" he exclaimed. "Don't be such a thumping fool, Toddy—oh—" Dutton jumped again, as he looked round. "I—I didn't know it was you, sir."

"Where is Bunter, Dutton? Do you know?"

"Do what now, sir?" asked Dutton, puzzled.

"What? Bless the boy! I desire to see Bunter at once! If you know where Bunter is, tell me at once."

"Wasn't my Latin paper all right, sir?" asked Dutton anxiously. "I did my best with it, sir. I—I try not to be a dunce, sir."

"What—what? I did not call you a dunce," gasped Mr. Quelch. "I told you to tell me at once where Bunter is. This is his study."

"Do you mean my boots, sir?"

"Your—your boots?"

"I wiped them when I came in, sir."

"I am not speaking about your boots!" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, aren't you, sir? What did you mean was muddy, then?"

"I did not say muddy! Bless my soul! Can you tell me where Bunter is at this moment?" raved Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Do you want Bunter, sir? I haven't seen him since class, sir."

Mr. Quelch, breathing hard, rustled out of the study.

Tom Dutton stared after him. He could see that Quelch was in a bait, and he wondered what was wrong with his Latin paper, to make Quelch come up and call him a dunce!

There was a sound of cheery voices from Study No. 1, and Mr. Quelch tapped on that door, and opened it, to inquire further for Bunter.

"Oh, here's the blithering ass!" said Bob Cherry's voice, as the door opened. "Had a wash, fathead? You needed one—in fact, you've needed one all the term."

"Cherry!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bob. He bounded. "I—I—I thought it was Bunter, sir—"

"I am in search of Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice. "Do you know where Bunter is, Wharton?"

"We left him down in the Rag, some time ago, sir!"

"I—I think he's been rather too busy to come up to tea, sir!" said Frank Nugent.

Snort from Mr. Quelch! Apparently he had mounted the stairs for nothing! He turned, and whisked out of the passage.

"What on earth's up?" asked Harry Wharton, rather alarmed. "Quelch

looks as if he's going to bite Bunter! That fat ass can't have—"

"He can't have treacled Quelch's study!" said Bob. "He couldn't have used that treacle, after he got it off."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He can hardly have got it off, yet," said Johnny Bull. "But something's up. Better go along, I think."

The Famous Five left the study, and hurried after their Form-master. Mr. Quelch was whisking down the stairs at a great rate.

On the landing, Carter was watching him curiously, over the banisters, the Bounder was grinning, and Redwing looking very serious.

"Know what's up, you fellows?" asked Harry.

"Looks as if Bunter got on with his treacle stunt!" said Vernon-Smith. "I thought you fellows were going to stop him."

"So we did!" said Bob Cherry. "Bunter jolly well never took that treacle to Quelch's study! What on earth's happened?"

The juniors hurried down the stairs. They sighted Mr. Quelch again, at the door of the Rag, and followed him in. The fellows in that apartment ceased speaking, all at once, as they saw Quelch's thunderous face.

"Is Bunter here?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir," answered Peter Todd.

"I do not see him—where is he?" Quelch's gimlet eyes gleamed round the Rag, without discerning the fat Owl.

"He's in the lobby, sir, getting a wash—"

"Call him at once."

Peter pitched the door open.

"Bunter, you're wanted—"

"Beast!" came back a yell. "I'm all sticky! I haven't got all this filthy treacle off yet! Go and eat coke!"

"It's Quelch, fathead!" hissed Peter.

"Oh crikey!"

Billy Bunter emerged into the Rag. His collar and tie were off, and his fat face wet and soapy, and he had a towel over a fat arm.

"Bunter!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"Did I hear you mention treacle?"

"Eh? Oh, yes! I got all sticky, sir—"

"No doubt!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "No doubt at all! You may dry yourself, Bunter—I will wait a few moments! You will then follow me to your headmaster's study!"

Bunter jumped.

"Wha-a-t for, sir?" he gasped.

"To receive a flogging!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "Lose no time, Bunter!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Not Bunter!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. followed Mr. Quelch into the Rag. Smithy and Redwing came in with them. The Famous Five were alarmed for the fat Owl. They had, as they supposed, left him too busy to think about japes on Quelch, when they went up to tea, but it was plain that something had happened—and something very serious.

Billy Bunter dabbed at his fat face with the towel, set his spectacles on his fat little nose, and blinked at his Form-master.

"I—I say, sir, it—it wasn't me!" he gasped, in great alarm.

Bunter did not yet know of what he was suspected, not having the faintest idea that treacle had been spilt in

Quelch's study. But he was prepared to deny anything and everything.

"I have not the slightest doubt, Bunter, that you are guilty of the outrage in my study!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "But I will hear you, if you have anything to say. You had a tin of treacle—"

"Oh! No, sir!"

"Mr. Prout saw you drop it on the staircase, Bunter! He has told me so! Now do you dare to deny that you had a tin of treacle!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"It wasn't mine, sir!" gasped Bunter. "It was Wharton's."

"That is immaterial; it was in your hands."

"Oh, no, sir!"

"I have told you of Mr. Prout's statement, Bunter! Do you venture to deny that the tin of treacle was in your hands?"

"Yes, sir! It really wasn't, sir! You can ask all these fellows, sir! It was under my arm!"

"Under your arm!" repeated Mr. Quelch. In spite of the gravity of the situation, there was a chortle in the Rag. It died away, however, as the gimlet eyes glittered round. "Bunter, is that merely stupidity, or is it intended for impertinence?"

"It—it's true, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Wharton saw it, sir; so did Smithy. I say, you fellows, hadn't I got it under my arm?" appealed Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Bunter, when I say that it was in your hands, I mean in your possession!" shrieked Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, I—I see, sir! Of course I couldn't guess what you meant, if you didn't say so, sir."

"It is proved, beyond doubt, that a tin of treacle was in your possession half an hour ago. What were you doing with it, Bunter?"

"Oh, taking it up to tea, sir!"

"You were seen to bring it downstairs, Bunter, and to enter this room with it."

"Oh, yes! I—I mean I—I was bringing it down to—to—to this—this room, sir!" stuttered Bunter.

"Where is it now?"

"The—the treacle's been—been spilt, sir, but the tin's in the wastepaper-basket, if you want it!" gasped Bunter.

"The proof could hardly be more complete," said Mr. Quelch. "It was you, Bunter, who upset treacle over the papers on my study table."

Really it looked complete enough. Bunter had been seen with the tin of treacle. It was now empty in the wastepaper-basket, and Bunter had been washing off treacle. Few Form-masters would have wanted more proof than that!

Bunter's fat jaw dropped.

"In—in—in your study, sir!" he gurgled. "I—I haven't been to your study, sir! Oh crikey!"

"Great pip!" murmured Peter Todd. "Has some other silly fathead had the same silly fatheaded idea?"

"Now, Bunter—"

"I didn't!" yelled Bunter desperately. "I never went near your study, sir! I say, you fellows, you tell him—"

"It wasn't Bunter, sir!" exclaimed Peter Todd.

"What? How dare you say so, Todd, when Bunter, even now, has traces of treacle about him!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Bunter never took that tin of treacle to your study, sir!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "We all know that, sir."

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"How can you know anything of the kind, Wharton?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"He came into this room with it, sir, and it got spilt over him," said the captain of the Remove.

"Spilt over Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I've been washing it off ever since!" gasped Bunter. "I haven't got it all off yet, but I've been washing and washing and washing—"

"Bunter's been here more than half an hour, sir, washing treacle off all the time," said Peter. "Every fellow here's heard him grunting and snorting—I—I mean, heard him at it, sir."

Mr. Quelch paused.

"Do you mean, Todd, that the tin of treacle which Mr. Prout saw in Bunter's possession was spilt over Bunter in this room, and that he has been here ever since?"

"Yes, sir. All the fellows here will tell you."

"Yes, sir, that's so," said Squiff and Tom Brown and Hazeldene and three or four more fellows, all at once.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "It is a very singular coincidence—very singular indeed—that Bunter should have been carrying a tin of treacle about the House, and that another boy should have played a disgraceful trick with treacle in my study at the same time."

"By gad, it is!" murmured the Bounder.

There was no doubt about that. It was a very remarkable coincidence.

It was so very remarkable that the Bounder, at least, suspected that there was something more than a coincidence in it. Some thought of the same kind was in Bob Cherry's mind.

"I am bound, of course, to believe what you tell me," said Mr. Quelch. "But it is very singular indeed. But for the accident of the treacle having been spilt over Bunter, it would have looked—certainly it would have looked, beyond doubt—"

Mr. Quelch paused. He realised that he had been within measurable distance of an act of injustice. That was a painful thought to the Remove master.

"I shall inquire very strictly into this matter," said Mr. Quelch, after a pause. "As the tin of treacle which Mr. Prout saw in your possession, Bunter, is now accounted for, you are not under suspicion."

Mr. Quelch left the Rag with that. Evidently he had to find some new line of investigation if he hoped to discover the treacher.

"By gum!" said Bob Cherry, when he was gone. "You can thank your lucky stars, Bunter, that we treaced you! You'd have been for it!"

"Who the dickens can have treaced Quelch's study, though?" asked Hazeldene.

Bob gave an angry grunt.

"Some cad who knew what that fat idiot was up to, and wanted to land him in a row with Quelch!" he growled. "As Bunter didn't do it, he did it for him, and left Quelch to think it was that potty porpoise."

"I say, that's rather thick!" said Skinner.

Bob gave another grunt, and walked out of the Rag with his friends. Bob, at least, had no doubt about it, though in the total absence of all proof he did not care to mention Carter's name.

"I say, you fellows, it wasn't me, anyhow!" said Billy Bunter. "I'm jolly glad some fellow did it, of course, after Quelch whopping me and keeping me in. Some pal of mine, I expect, paying Quelch out for me."

"Lucky Quelch didn't ask what you were going to do with that treacle if it hadn't got spilled over you by accident!" grinned Peter. "You'd better let this be a lesson to you, you fat chump!"

"I say, you fellows, think Quelch will go to the Head about this?" asked Bunter. "If he does he won't be in his study. I—I think I'll cut along to his study."

"You'll cut along to Quelch's study?" gasped Peter Todd. "What for?"

Bunter grinned.

"What about upsetting the ink over the treacle?" he asked. "Make him wild when he goes back and finds the ink mixed with the treacle. What?"

"You blithering, bloated bloater!" gasped Peter.

"Oh, really, Toddy! If he asks me about it, you can tell him I haven't left the Rag, same as before—see?"

Peter Todd gazed for a moment at William George Bunter. Then he seized him by a fat neck.

Bang!

Bunter's head smote the table in the Rag. The roar that came from Billy Bunter woke the echoes far and near.

"Yoo-hooooop!"

Bang!

"Yaroo! Leggo! Beast! Help! Rescue! Yaroooop!"

Bang!

"Ow! Wow! Oh crikey! Ow!" "There!" gasped Peter. "Still thinking of japing in Quelch's study?"

"Ow! Yes! I—"

Bang!

"I mean no!" roared Bunter. "Nothing of the sort! Leggo! I—I—I won't go near Quelch's study! Yoo-hoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter did not go near Quelch's study. Between washing off the lingering remains of the treacle, and rubbing his bullet head where it had been banged, Bunter was too busy for some time to think of the trail of vengeance.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Row in the Changing-room!

"PLAYING Dutton?"

"Didn't you see his name in the list?"

"Well, yes, but—" said Carter.

"But what?"

"Seems rather rot to me."

Carter was speaking to Harry Wharton in the changing-room. He did not glance at Bob Cherry, who was sitting on a bench, with one boot on, and the other in his hand. Vernon-Smith, on the same bench, did glance at Bob, and grinned as he glanced.

All the Remove knew that Bob barred the new junior, though only Bob's friends knew why. Bob could be civil to a fellow, even if he barred him; but it seemed to be difficult for him to keep civil to Arthur Carter.

Everything that the new fellow did or said seemed to touch Bob on the raw. Now he was glaring at Carter as the latter talked to the captain of the Remove, and Smithy, grinning as he watched him, knew that Bob would have liked to pitch the boot in his hand at the new junior's head.

That Wednesday afternoon Highcliffe were coming over to play the Remove. The Highcliffe fixture was a big event in the Remove list, and men for that match were selected with care. Carter, who had only come to the school that term, was considered lucky to be picked out.



Billy Bunter blinked at Bob Cherry in surprise through his big spectacles. "You want to be a bit tough to play Soccer, you know! Don't you think you're a bit soft, old chap, to come off just for a hack?" Bob Cherry, who could hardly stand on his damaged leg, glared at the fat junior as if he could have eaten him.

But there was no doubt that he was showing great form at Soccer. Harry Wharton, who was getting more and more to share Bob's repugnance for the new fellow personally, did not think for a moment of allowing that to interfere with football matters. If he had disliked Carter as much as Bob did, or twice as much, he would still have put him in the team if he believed that he could help to beat Highcliffe.

So Carter was in, on the right wing, Hurree Singh having been shifted along the front line, in a little rearrangement. Bob had nothing to say to that—he did not like Carter, but he had to admit that the fellow deserved a place, on the form he had shown. But Carter's talk, in the changing-room, made Bob's eyes gleam—much to the Bounder's amusement.

Tom Dutton was in the team at right-back, in the place usually taken by Mark Linley. Mark had a game knee, from an accidental kick, in games-practice, and had to stand down.

Dutton, who had already changed, looked a very active and sturdy fellow in football garb, keen as mustard. The fact that Dutton was deaf, was undoubtedly a handicap in any game. But he was a good player, keen and wary and watchful, and he could hear a shout, even if ordinary conversation was rather lost on him.

Bob would have stretched a point, or a good many points, in favour of a fellow who had to carry on under such a handicap. But that was evidently not Carter's view.

"I hear that this game is expected to be rather a tussle," went on Carter.

"Highcliffe are always good!" answered Harry shortly.

"You see, your pal Ponsonby isn't in their team!" said Peter Todd, with cheery sarcasm. Peter, who was a forward in the team was by no means pleased by Carter's remarks. Tom

Dutton belonged to his study, and was also his pal. "You mustn't judge Highcliffe by your friends there, Carter!"

"Well, I wouldn't play a deaf ass, if I were skipper!" said Carter. "Don't you want to win the match?"

The captain of the Remove looked at him.

"You're not skipper!" he pointed out.

"Oh, quite! But—"

"And Dutton isn't an ass! And if he heard you say so, he would probably punch your cheeky head, so it's just as well for you that he's deaf."

Dutton, who was within a few feet of them, had a cheery smile on his face, evidently unaware that he was being discussed.

Carter laughed.

"Well, he hasn't heard me say so, and he won't hear anything you may have to say to him on the field!" he remarked. "Seems rot to me to put him in."

"Oh, shut up, Carter!" broke out Bob Cherry. "Nobody asked for your opinion! Keep it to yourself."

Carter glanced round at Bob.

"I don't think I was speaking to you!" he drawled.

"Well, I'm speaking to you," growled Bob, his face reddening.

"Dutton's a decent fellow, deaf or not, which you will never be. Any fellow here would rather be deaf like old Dutton, than a scheming worm like you."

"Chuck it, Bob, old chap!" said Harry hastily. "No rows here, you know."

"Let him shut up, then," grunted Bob. "He makes me ill."

"I'll please myself about that, if it's all the same to you, Cherry!" drawled Carter. "Can't a fellow ask a question?"

"Oh, all right!" growled Bob, "I'll

ask one, too! Where were you when that treacle was mopped over Quelch's papers yesterday?"

Carter started a little.

"I hardly remember, at the moment," he answered. "What does it matter?"

"Oh, try to remember," retorted Bob, with savage sarcasm. "Then, perhaps, you'll call to mind that you were in Quelch's study, pouring out that treacle, to set him on Bunter's track."

"Did you see me there?"

"You took jolly good care that nobody saw you there!"

"Then do you think it quite fair to say that I was there, when you own up that you don't know anything about it?"

"I know it as well as if I saw you!"

"Draw it mild, old man!" murmured Squiff. "You're not a giddy magician, you know."

"Well I do know it!" grunted Bob.

"You don't," said Carter coolly, "and to put it plain, it's a lie!"

Bob Cherry bounded up from the bench. With one boot on, and one boot off, he jumped towards Carter.

Five or six fellows interposed at once.

Carter stood with a sneer on his face. He was in no danger. The footballers were not likely to let a scrap begin in the changing-room, when Highcliffe were expected almost any minute.

"Let me go!" roared Bob, struggling in the grasp of Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, Hurree Singh, Tom Brown and the Bounder.

"Chuck it, fathead—"

"Cheese it, you ass!"

"Hold on, Bob—"

"Do you think I'm going to let that cad call me a liar?" roared Bob.

"Well, dash it all, if you say things you can't prove, what do you expect the chap to say?" exclaimed Tom Brown.

"Anyhow, you're not going to scrap."

"Chuck it, Bob!" said Harry.

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"Don't play the goat! Do you want Courtenay's crowd to see a fight on here when they blow in?"

Bob Cherry controlled his anger. He realised that it would not do.

"Oh, all right!" he grunted. "Let go, you duffers—I won't touch the fellow. He can go and eat coke!"

Bob went back to the bench and put on his other boot. Carter shrugged his shoulders. Tom Dutton looked round, from face to face.

"What's the row?" he asked. "What were you going for Carter for, Cherry?"

"Oh, nothing; it's all right!" answered Bob.

"A fight? This isn't the place for a fight, old chap!" said Dutton.

"We're going to play football, you know."

"All right!" howled Bob.

"Oh, lots!" said Dutton. "What do you mean? It's only two o'clock now—of course there will be light—plenty of it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ring off, old chap!"

"Eh? I'm going to play with it on. What do you mean, fling off my cap?" asked Dutton, in surprise.

"Oh, help!" gasped Bob.

"Do you mean Carter? Look here, Cherry, I shouldn't call a chap a whelp, if I were you. It's not a nice thing to call any fellow, even if you do dislike him. I don't see that Carter's a whelp! He seems all right to me."

"Give us a rest!"

"Whose chest?" asked Dutton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob did not answer that question. He liked Tom Dutton, and he was ready to stand up for him at any time; but a little conversation with him went a long way.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Accidents Will Happen!

BOB CHERRY quite forgot irritation and annoyance, on the football field. His ruddy face was bright and cheery.

Highcliffe had come over in great form. Harry Wharton & Co. always expected a tussle with Courtenay's team, and they had it. The Highcliffe footballers were very different from Carter's friends at that school—Pon & Co.

Bob, who was at right-half, was accustomed to see Smithy and Hurree Singh in front of him. Now he had Smithy and Carter, the Nabob of Bhanipur being on the left-wing. It was quite possible that Carter, in Bob's place, would have failed to "feed the forwards"; but Bob, once he was in the game, quite forgot that he barred Carter.

Carter, at the moment, was simply the Greyfriars outside-right, to Bob—and, in fact, in that position, the new junior played up brilliantly. He was at least as good as Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, and a good many fellows thought him better. He was quick and alert, keen on the game, and had pace—and Bob, if he had thought about it, would have admitted that the captain of the Remove was right in playing him. But Bob was not thinking about that—he was only thinking of the game.

It was hard and fast from the whistle. Highcliffe had come over for a victory—and the Greyfriars men were determined to greet them with a defeat; so the game was rather like the old story of the irresistible force brought to bear on the immovable object!

The first half ended without a score

for either side. In the second half, both sides went all out for victory. But luck seemed with the Highcliffians. They came down like wolves on the fold. Squiff, in goal, was all eyes and hands and feet, and thrice he drove the leather away: and the third time, it sailed over Johnny Bull, who was on his back. The Caterpillar was on it, when Tom Dutton hooked it fairly away from his toe, and sent it to midfield. The game swayed back up the field.

"Good man, Dutton!" gasped Harry Wharton—his words quite lost on Tom.

Vernon-Smith had the ball, and the Bounder took it up the field. The Highcliffians had to fall back and defend, and there was a hot struggle in front of the visitors' goal.

But the leather went away again, and again Courtenay & Co. were attacking. There was a mix-up on the right wing.

Three or four fellows went down, and from one of the sprawling figures came a sudden yelp of pain. The Caterpillar had the ball again, and was racing on with it, the other Highcliffe forwards speeding on. Behind them, Bob Cherry staggered to his feet, reeled, and went down again on one knee.

"Goal!"

It was a Highcliffe shout.

The Caterpillar had passed to Courtenay, who slammed the ball in, beating Squiff this time. It was first blood to Highcliffe.

"Goal!"

"Cherry, old chap——"

"Bob——"

Bob was up again, but he was tottering. His ruddy face was white with pain.

Harry Wharton caught him by the shoulder.

"Hurt, old chap?"

"Ask Carter!" breathed Bob. "He knows whether he's hurt me. I—I—I can't carry on—awfully sorry, old man—I can't stand on that leg!"

"Carter——"

"Sorry!" said Carter. "If I fell on you——"

"You know you did!"

"I was barged over——"

Potter of the Fifth, who was refereeing the junior match, came up.

"What——" he began.

"All right—I've got a hack!" stammered Bob. "I shall have to totter off—sorry, you chaps!"

"I say, I'm awfully sorry, if it was me," said Carter. "I was barged right over, as you all saw. I never knew I'd given Cherry a knock——"

Bob took no further heed of him. It was possibly an accident.

Bob limped off the field, his football finished for that afternoon. He had had a cruel hack, and he could hardly put his right foot to the ground.

"You fellows can't imagine——" exclaimed Carter.

"Of course not!" said Harry. "Line up! We've got to put our beef into this, you men—a man short."

"Man hurt?" asked Courtenay, coming up.

"Yes, an accident——"

"One of ours——"

"Oh, no, one of ours—just an accident."

The sides lined up again, Greyfriars a man short.

The Bounder's eyes were curiously and keenly on Carter. He dropped a whisper in his fellow-winger's ear as they lined up.

"One accident is enough for one game, Carter."

"What do you mean, Vernon-Smith?"

"I mean, that if you have an accident with me, I'll have an accident with you!" answered the Bounder deliberately. "That's what I mean—and you'd better have none in my direction."

"You fool, do you think——"

"I don't think—I know! Shut it!" said the Bounder.

The whistle went, and the game was resumed after the Highcliffe goal.

Bob Cherry limped away to the changing-room, with a clouded face and a heavy heart.

It was difficult for a fellow like Bob to believe that a man had deliberately hacked him—a man on his own, side, too, as good as throwing away the game to gratify personal malice. But he could not help thinking that Carter had done so. It might have been an accident—he hoped that it had been—but he did not believe so.

Billy Bunter met him on the way and blinked at him in surprise through his big spectacles.

"Finished already?" he asked.

"Who won?"

"No, ass! I've had to get off!" grunted Bob. "Crooked!"

"Bagged a hack?"

"Yes."

"Does it hurt?"

"Idiot!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I shouldn't have chucked it for that!" said Bunter, shaking his head. "You want to be a bit tough to play Soccer, you know! No good a fellow playing Soccer if he can't stand a knock or two! Don't you think you're a bit soft, old chap, to come off just for a hack?"

Bob Cherry, who could not even stand on his damaged leg, glared at William George Bunter as if he could have eaten him.

Bunter wagged his fat head seriously.

"Hardly what I should do!" he remarked. "Wharton made a mistake in not playing me. Don't you think so? I offered."

"You priceless idiot!"

"Well, I don't think you ought to call a fellow names because he can stand a knock or two better than you can!" said Bunter reprovingly. "You're as soft as putty, old chap!"

Bob made a frantic mental calculation whether he could stand on his damaged leg long enough to kick Bunter with the other. A fearful spasm of pain warned him that he couldn't!

"Look here, brace up, and get back to it!" said Bunter encouragingly. "They'll want you, you know. You're not much good, but they don't want to play a man short against Highcliffe! Brace up! That's my advice!"

Bob looked round.

"Here, Micky!" he yelled.

Micky Desmond looked round. He hurried up.

"Sure, if you want me to lind you a hand——" he said.

"No," gasped Bob, "a foot! Kick Bunter for me, will you? I can't."

"Yaroooh!"

If Micky was pleased, Bunter was not.

"Kick him again for me," gasped Bob. "I'll do the same for you another time."

Bunter fled. Micky landed two more as he went. Bob limped on his way, feeling a little better.

Meanwhile, the game was going on, ding-dong. It was close on the finish, when a roar from the Greyfriars crowd reached Bob Cherry's ears:

"Goal!"

"Good man, Carter!"

"Goal! Goal!"

The footballers came crowding into the changing-room—the game a draw. It was Carter who had kicked the equalising goal—the only one taken by the side. He seemed very popular with the other fellows as he came in—and Bob, as he sat, rubbing his damaged leg with embrocation, looked on—with very mixed feelings.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Smithy Wants to Know!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH strolled into Study No. 13, after prep that evening.

Bob Cherry was alone there.

His study-mates, Linley and Hurree Singh and Wun Lung, had gone down, Bob remaining to give his bruised leg another rub or two.

He had it resting across a chair, and there was a perceptible scent of embrocation in the atmosphere when the Bounder lounged in.

Bob gave him a glance—not a very affable one. His usually sunny temper was not at its best. He hated to give in to an injury, and he hated to appear to be making a fuss about one. But there was no help for that! He was still in a limping state, and he had to limp whether he liked it or not.

"Still bad?" asked Smithy.

"Oh, a twinge or two!" answered Bob carelessly.

The Bounder grinned and shut the door. He sat on the corner of the table, looking at Bob.

"I know all about that twinge or two!" he agreed. "I can see the damage. That cur got you fair and square."

"Oh! You think—"

"Don't you?"

"Well, I did at first when I got it!" admitted Bob. "But it seems such a rotten thing—a fellow to foul a man on his own side, just because—"

"Don't you think so now?"

"Well, I'd rather not, anyhow! After all, he kicked a goal for the side—the only one we got. They'd have beaten us otherwise."

"He can play Soccer!" said the Bounder. "He's no sportsman, but he can play Soccer. I believe he did it on purpose, because of that row in the changing-room, and what you said. I suppose you meant what you said?"

"Yes, I did!" grunted Bob. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said it, but I did mean it, and do now."

Vernon-Smith nodded.

"There's been a lot of jaw in the Form about that fellow Carter, and his jolly old relation Bunter," he remarked. "Can't blame a chap for being down on a relation like Bunter. But, according to what's going round, there's some question of rivalry for some old bean's money-bags. Bunter makes out, at any rate, that Carter's uncle, who is a sort of uncle-three-times-removed to Bunter, has got an eye on our fat old Owl. It seems clear, anyhow, that the old bean's written to Quelch about Bunter, and wants to hear his report this term."

Bob made no answer to that.

He knew more than the other fellows about that rivalry between Carter and Bunter, but he was not disposed to discuss what he knew with the Bounder.

"You've been up against the fellow ever since he came," went on Vernon-Smith. "Sort of protector to Bunter—what?"

"The fat fool needs somebody to help him keep his end up!" grunted Bob.

"No doubt about that, if a cunning fox like that man Carter is on his track. Looks to me as if something may depend on Bunter getting a good report this term, and Carter's made up his mind that he shall get a jolly bad one."

Bob, in silence, rubbed a big black bruise.

The Bounder, now that he turned his thoughts to the matter, saw how things stood, with his usual keenness. But Bob could not help wondering why he bothered his head about it at all. Smithy had his good qualities; but he was not the fellow to go out of his way to back up a lame duck. Bunter was nothing to him.

"Exactly!" said Vernon-Smith, as if Bob had spoken.

Bob started, and looked at him.

"Readin' your thoughts, old bean!" explained the Bounder airily. "Right on the wicket! If Bunter chooses to be a mixture of fool and rogue, he can take the consequences, and be blowed to him! I'm not worryin' a lot about Bunter. But if that cad hits out wildly and hits the wrong man, he must expect the wrong man to hit back—if the wrong man's me."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Bob.

"I'll tell you. A week ago I was

nearly nabbed at the Three Fishers. It would have been the sack."

"Serve you right!"

"Oh, quite! But that isn't the point. You and Bunter knew that I was there, and neither of you would have given me away, for love or money—not even that fat, grub-raiding, frabjous Owl!" The Bounder set his lips. "But I was given away, Cherry—Wingate of the Sixth came straight there, acting on information received, as the bobbies say. I got out of sight so quick it made my head swim. No time to get hold of my overcoat. And if it had been my own coat, I should have been done for."

"I know. But what—"

"You remember how it happened; that fool, Bunter, barged me over and made my coat muddy, on the towpath, and I made him change. Well, Wingate never got me—he got the coat, and brought it back, and Bunter was up before the Head! But as everybody knew he had been in gates, he was all right. They had to leave it that somebody had borrowed Bunter's coat that afternoon—and they never found out who."

"Lucky for you!" grunted Bob.

"I'm usually lucky—my long suit!" grinned the Bounder. "But it was the closest shave I ever had, old bean, and I've been thinking about it ever since. I had my eye on Carter that day. He seemed so jolly sure that Bunter had been nailed, through the coat. Now, why did he fancy that Bunter was at the Three Fishers that afternoon?"

"Might have seen you, at a distance, after you'd got Bunter's coat on. Everybody knows that coat by sight; it's some coat!"

"Exactly!" said Vernon-Smith, with a nod. "I've thought it over, and that's how I work it out. That purple-striped coat of Bunter's would be known half a mile off—and I had it on, as it happened. If Carter chanced to see me going in, from a distance, he would think it was Bunter."

"That accounts—"

"I think it does. From what the Head said, when Bunter was up, he was warned by a telephone call that a Greyfriars man had been seen going into the place, and then he sent Wingate to investigate. Who phoned?"

"Goodness knows! Hardly Carter; the Head might have known his voice and—"

(Continued on next page.)

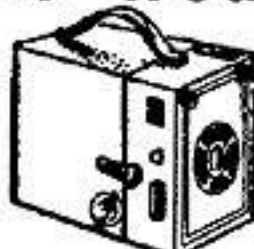
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"I've talked on the telephone without my voice giving me away," said the Bounder. "So could Carter."

"But—I can't believe—even Carter is—"

"Look at it! Carter gave it completely away that he believed that Bunter was at that den on the river. He even thought, at first, that you fellows were telling lies when you testified that the fat ass had been in gates all the time. That can only mean that he spotted Bunter's overcoat going in. Then comes a mysterious telephone call, warning the Head! If it's true that Carter wants to disgrace Bunter here, it's all plain enough."

"Well, it looks like it, but—"

"But," said the Bounder, "he was making a bungle, like scheming cads often do. He nearly got me sacked, getting after Bunter! One good turn deserves another—and the same applies to a bad turn! It might happen like that again. Carter doesn't seem to care where his shots hit, so long as there's a chance of one getting Bunter! If it were Carter gave me away that day, I don't care whether he was after Bunter or not; I'm going to hand him the same as he handed me. Sneaking to the Head, and betraying a fellow—especially the wrong fellow—is a little too thick for the Remove."

"Blessed if I know what you're telling me all this for, Smithy!" said Bob, rather restively.

"I'll put it in words of one syllable, suitable to your undeveloped intellect, old scout. It's come out lately that Bunter is Carter's rival for some old bean's cash—through Bunter's gabble on the subject. But you were up against Carter from the day he came, before there was any talk on the subject. So I work it out that somehow you knew something earlier. What was it?"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

"Then there is something—"

"Something I heard by accident. I can't jaw about it."

"All I want is to get it quite clear that Carter's after Bunter, and using any method that comes to hand. If I'm certain of that, I'm certain that he's the man who gave me away last week. Get it off your chest."

"I'm not talking about it."

"You're against him—so am I, if I get that clear! Two heads are better than one, in any sort of a tussle."

"I'm not against him, so long as he leaves Bunter alone! What does it matter to me who bags old Joseph Carter's cash!" said Bob, irritably. "All I care about is seeing that he doesn't play treacherous tricks on that fat fool. I'm jolly well going to stop that."

"I'd stop him faster than you! I've got about ten times your gumption, old bean! Will you spout it all out?"

Bob shook his head.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders and slipped from the study table.

"Keep it packed up, then!" he snapped. "I'll find out for myself. And if I get it clear that the cad got me within an inch of the sack last week, let him look out! He may get nearer to it than I did!"

And with that, the Bounder of Greyfriars tramped out of the study and slammed the door after him.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Whose Cigarette?

"GOT a match, Skinner?"

Carter of the Remove stared in surprise.

He was coming along the path under the old elms, the day after

the Highcliffe match, when he came on Billy Bunter.

Bunter had a cigarette in his fat fingers.

Carter himself smoked cigarettes, though he was careful to keep it as dark as he could. But he had never suspected Bunter of it.

Neither was Bunter ass enough to spend money on smokes. If Bunter were seen in possession of a cigarette, it was a safe bet that it belonged to somebody whose name was not Bunter.

But there he was, with a cigarette, and as Carter came along, he blinked at him through his big spectacles, addressed him as Skinner, and asked him for a match.

Only a minute or two before, Loder of the Sixth had passed along that path. Carter had seen him. He might turn back, for all Carter knew—or Bunter! In which case, he would assuredly spot the fatuous Owl with that smoke.

Loder was a prefect, and, though it was rumoured that he smoked, in quiet spots, himself, it was certain that he would not fail to do his duty if he caught a Lower boy smoking! It meant a swipe from an ashplant if Bunter were spotted with that smoke!

"Oh! You!" Bunter, at the second blink, recognised Carter. "I don't want a match from you, Carter! You can go and eat coke!"

He put his fat hand behind him, with the cigarette in it.

Carter laughed.

"Is that a fag you've got there?" he asked.

He spoke quite loudly. He was fairly sure that Loder of the Sixth was not far away.

"Eh? No. Certainly not!" answered Bunter. "If you think you're going to find out anything to tell tales about, Carter, you're mistaken. I've got a stick of toffee here—"

"You wanted a match for a stick of toffee?" asked Carter, laughing.

He spotted Loder of the Sixth, hitherto hidden from sight by an elm trunk. The prefect was coming towards the spot.

Loder was looking annoyed. It was rather a secluded spot, between the old elms and the wall, and perhaps Loder was not pleased to hear the voices of the juniors there. It was barely possible that Gerald Loder had strolled there to put on a quiet smoke himself!

"It's toffee, anyhow!" said Bunter defiantly. "I jolly well know you smoke, Carter. I've seen you in the Cloisters. You'd like to let out, where Quelch could hear you, that you'd seen me with a smoke, wouldn't you? Yah!"

"You've got a cigarette in your paw now, you fat ass!" said Carter, quite loud enough for Loder to hear. "Did Smithy give you one?"

"No, he didn't!" snapped Bunter. "This is a better sort of smoke than Smithy's. Much more expensive! Not that I've got one," added Bunter cautiously. "I've got a stick of toffee, as I said. If you can't take a fellow's word about that, it only shows what a suspicious cad you are!"

"Bunter!"

"Oh crikey!" Billy Bunter gave a jump and revolved like a fat humming-top at Loder's sharp voice.

As Loder had come along from behind Bunter he could hardly have failed to see the cigarette held behind him. But Bunter, as he faced round, kept it behind him, hoping that Loder hadn't seen it. Bunter had a hopeful nature.

"Smoking, you young rascal!" rapped Loder. He slipped his ashplant down from under his arm into his hand.

"Oh, no! I haven't lighted it!"

gasped Bunter. "I mean, I—I haven't a cigarette, Loder! Only a—a stick of toffee."

Carter, smiling, strolled away. Having drawn Loder's attention to the fat Owl and his cigarette, he was finished there. He wondered whether Loder would report this to Mr. Quelch. He hoped so; it would be another black mark against Bunter—and every black mark counted, in consideration of the report that was to go to old Mr. Carter later.

Billy Bunter backed away from Loder in alarm.

Really he wished that he hadn't been in possession of a cigarette. He rather liked to fancy himself a "bad hat," like the Bounder; but, in point of fact, Bunter would have given all the cigarettes in the wide world for one stick of toffee or packet of butter-scotch. Had he lighted that cigarette he would not have taken more than a couple of puffs—just to prove to himself, as it were, what a gay dog and a bad hat he was! But he had not even lighted it when Loder came down on him like a wolf on the fold.

"I—I say, Loder, don't you take any notice of that cad Carter?" gasped Bunter. "He's always getting me into rows. He jolly well knew you were there—"

"You've been smoking?"

"Oh, no! I hadn't a match—I mean I haven't a cigarette—"

"Hand it over at once, and then touch your toes," said Loder. He swished the ashplant.

"I—I—I say, Loder, I—I—I only picked it up!" gasped Bunter. "I—I give you my word that I—I just picked it up—"

"Sounds likely?" grinned Loder. "Lots of cigarettes lying about Greyfriars, I dare say! I told you to touch your toes."

Bunter backed away farther. A flick from Wingate or Gwynne would not have worried him very much, but Loder always swiped! And Loder was evidently annoyed about something—Bunter did not know what. When Loder was annoyed he had a way of laying it on very hard.

"Stoop, you young ass!" rapped Loder.

"Look here, I'm not going to be whopped just for picking up a cigarette I saw on the ground!" gasped Bunter. "I—I was only going to—to throw it over the wall, Loder; nasty thing, you know! I wouldn't smoke it! I—I—I ain't going to be whopped!"

"By gum! I'll—"

Loder made a forward stride.

Billy Bunter fairly bolted. He flew—and after him strode Loder.

Mr. Quelch was walking in the quad after morning school, and Billy Bunter headed for Quelch. The Remove master, who was pacing majestically, in conversation with Mr. Wiggins, the master of the Third, stared at that plump member of his Form as he came gasping up.

Loder, at the sight of the Remove master, followed more slowly. But he followed—he was not likely to let a junior escape, having once bidden him "touch his toes."

"What—?" began Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I wasn't, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I didn't! I mean, I never did! It's all a mistake, sir!"

Mr. Quelch made him a gesture to be silent.

"What is it, Loder?" he asked.

"Smoking, sir!" answered Loder. "As Bunter has come to you, perhaps



"Unless you can give me the name of the boy who dropped the cigarette you hold in your hand, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly, "I shall request Loder to give you six strokes!" "Well, if you must know, sir," said Bunter, "it was Loder!"

you would prefer to deal with the matter."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, you—"

"I haven't!" howled Bunter. "I didn't! I wasn't! I never—"

"Why, there is a cigarette in your hand at this moment!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I picked it up, sir!" groaned Bunter. "I—I saw a fellow drop it, sir, and—and just picked it up to—to see what it was, sir!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "If that statement is correct, Bunter, you may give me the name of the boy who dropped the cigarette."

"Oh, I—I—I'd rather not, sir—" stammered Bunter, with an uneasy blink at Loder. "I—I hope you can take my word, sir—"

"I can do nothing of the kind, Bunter! Unless you give me the name immediately, I shall request Loder to give you six strokes, for such a pernicious—"

"Oh crikey!"

"Loder, you will kindly—"

"I—I—I'll tell you, sir, if—if Loder doesn't mind!" gasped Bunter.

Loder stared at him.

"Why should I mind, you young ass?" he snapped. "If you're telling the truth, tell Mr. Quelch at once."

"Oh, all right! It was Loder, sir!"

to smoke in a secluded corner, secure from observing eyes. He had supposed up to that moment that they were still there.

But at Bunter's words he hastily groped. He caught his breath as he felt only one cigarette in his pocket—and a hole in the lining!

"Did—did you say Loder?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch blankly.

"Yes, sir!"

"Why, you young rascal—" exclaimed Loder furiously.

"I—I say, you keep off, Loder!" squeaked Bunter. "You said you didn't mind! You know you did! You told me to tell Mr. Quelch."

Mr. Quelch gazed from one to the other.

Mr. Wiggins, with a lurking smile on his face, admired the scenery.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch. "You state that you saw Loder, a Sixth Form prefect, drop that cigarette, Bunter?"

"Oh dear! Yes, sir! It dropped behind him when he went under the elms, sir," said Bunter. "I—I wasn't going to smoke it! I—I just picked it up! I was going to throw it away when I asked Carter for a match—I mean—"

"Hand it to me at once, Bunter!"

"Yes, sir! I—I— Shall I ask one of the fellows for a match for you, sir?"

"You utterly ridiculous boy, be silent!" hooted Mr. Quelch. He scanned that cigarette. It was a large, fat, Turkish cigarette, hardly the kind that Bunter would have been likely to spend his money on if he spent money on smokes at all. "If Bunter picked up this cigarette, as he states, Loder, there is evidently no occasion for punishment, as it has not been lighted. But—"

Quelch's eyes fixed on Loder like two pin-points.

"You will hardly suppose, sir, that I, a Sixth Form prefect, smoke cigarettes, against all the rules of the school!" said Gerald Loder, with all the dignity he could muster in the difficult circumstances.

"I trust not, Loder. In any case, the Sixth Form are not under my authority," said Mr. Quelch dryly. "But—If you prefer this matter to be investigated by your headmaster—"

Loder breathed hard. At that moment he would have been glad to be dealing with Carter of the Remove, who had landed him in this. But Carter of the Remove had to wait.

It was quite clear that Bunter had seen Loder drop that cigarette and had picked it up. Quelch knew how to sift the wheat from the chaff, and he knew that that much was true. And Loder knew that he knew—and dreaded the possibility of the circumstances being mentioned to the headmaster.

"The fact is, sir," said Loder, pulling his wits together very rapidly—"the fact is, I think Bunter is probably telling the truth. If he had told me, I should have understood. In break this morning I took a couple of cigarettes away from a junior and put them in my pocket, intending to throw them into the fire when I went to my study. I forgot all about them."

"If the junior you refer to was a Remove boy, Loder, kindly give me his name."

"He was not a Remove boy, sir."

"If he was a Third Form boy, kindly give me his name, Loder," said Mr. Wiggins.

"He was not in the Third, sir."

Mr. Wiggins resumed admiring the scenery.

Mr. Quelch's eyes continued to be fixed on Loder's flushed face.

(Continued on page 15.)

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THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Not According to Plan!

LODER gave a jump. Mr. Quelch stared. Mr. Wiggins blinked, and then smiled.

Loder's hand shot to his pocket. He had slipped a couple of loose cigarettes into that pocket, in his study,

GETTING HIS OWN BACK!



(Continued from page 13.)

"I find now," went on Loder, "that there is a hole in the lining of my pocket. So Bunter's statement may be correct, sir!"

"In that case, Loder, the matter ends here," said Mr. Quelch in an exceedingly dry tone. "If you will take a word of advice from me, Loder, you will not on another occasion carry about with you cigarettes that you may take from juniors. Such proceedings are liable to misconstruction. Bunter, you may go."

Bunter gladly went.

Mr. Quelch snapped the Turkish cigarette in his fingers and threw away the fragments.

Loder did not stay to witness that destruction of one of his expensive smokes. He retired from the spot with feelings that he could not have expressed in words.

He went to look for Carter.

He was going to whop Carter for having landed him in that painful position. He felt that he had to whop somebody. He would have liked, indeed, to whop Mr. Quelch, had that been practicable.

He could not, of course, whop Quelch. He could not, in the circumstances, whop Bunter! But he could think of some pretext or other for whopping Carter.

As it happened, he found his pretext ready-made for him. Carter had gone into the changing-room, and Billy Bunter, in the doorway of that apartment, was addressing him, in tones of the deepest scorn.

"Yah! Cad! Sneak! You jolly well knew that Loder could hear you, when you gave me away! Yah!"

"Shut up, you fat fool!" came Carter's voice, from within.

"Shan't! I say, you fellows, what do you think that cad did? Shouted out for Loder to hear, that I had a smoke—"

"Will you shut up?"

"No, I won't! You rotten swab—ow! Leggo, you beast!" roared Bunter, as Carter stepped into the doorway and gripped a fat ear, just as Loder arrived in the offing. "Ow! Leggo! I'll hack your shins! I say, you fellows, make him leggo! Ow! My ears! Wow!"

Bump!

Bunter sat down—hard!

"Now will you shut up, you fat freak?" snarled Carter.

"Yarooooop!"

"Carter!" rapped Loder. Here was his pretext, and a good one!

"Oh! Yes, Loder!"

"What do you mean by handling Bunter like that—a helpless fat duffer who cannot stand up for himself?" said Loder sternly. "You're new here, Carter, but you'd better learn that this sort of thing won't do for Greyfriars! Step back into that room, and bend over."

Carter, setting his lips, stepped back into the changing-room. The fellows

there looked on. Loder pointed to a bench with his ash.

"Bend over that bench!" he said. "I don't know what they let you do at your last school, Carter, but bullying isn't allowed here."

The Bouncer, who was in the changing-room, winked at the other fellows. That was rather good, from the bully of the Sixth.

"Look here—" muttered Carter.

"I've told you to bend over that bench!" said Loder grimly, swishing the ashplant. "Now then."

Carter, setting his lips, bent over the bench.

Billy Bunter scrambled up, and stood blinking at the scene through his big spectacles, with a cheery grin on his fat face! He was rather glad that Carter had bumped him over, in view of the result!

Whack, whack, whack!

"He, he, he!" from Bunter.

Whack, whack, whack!

It was a full "six," and every one a swipe. Carter was panting by the time Loder had finished.

Loder tucked the ashplant under his arm.

"Let that be a lesson to you!" he remarked, and he walked out of the changing-room.

Carter stood wriggling.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, he fancied he was going to get me six, and he's got six himself! He, he, he!"

Carter, with a savage face, made a stride towards the grinning fat Owl.

Bunter blinked defiance at him.

"You touch me, and I'll call Loder!" he grinned. "I'm not going to lick you myself—you ain't worth it. But Loder—"

Carter decided not to "touch" Bunter—not at present, at all events. He swung away scowling—leaving the fat Owl of the Remove grinning.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Spotted—by Smithy!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH smiled sourly.

His eyes were on the new fellow in the Remove.

Carter was standing at the window of the Rag, looking out. Nobody else was taking any interest in that fact—but the Bouncer was.

Since the episode the previous week, when Smithy had had so narrow an escape through some unknown person giving information, his interest in Carter had been very keen. Smithy's was not a forgiving nature; and if it was Carter who had given him that narrow escape, Carter had trouble to come. "Sneaking" was barred in the Remove, and a fellow who had nearly landed Smithy in expulsion, by sneaking, was booked for the hardest knock that Smithy could hand back.

But Smithy wanted to be sure. If it was true, as he knew that Bob Cherry believed, that Carter was scheming and planning to land the fat Owl of the Remove in trouble after trouble, there was no doubt that he was the man who had given away the fellow who was wearing Bunter's coat on that occasion. Smithy wanted to know, and he was going to know.

Glancing from another window, he saw Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout in the quad, in coats and hats. Quelch was going out, after class, in company with the master of the Fifth. Carter was watching them—and the Bouncer had no doubt that he was waiting for his Form-

master to get clear of the school, for reasons of his own. But he had to wait, for the plump Prout progressed slowly towards the gates, and Quelch had to accommodate his pace to the Fifth Form master's.

Leaving Carter at the window, Smithy strolled out of the Rag.

Tom Redwing called to him, as he went, but he took no heed.

He walked away to Masters' Passage.

Carter, he had no doubt, had something on hand, after Quelch had gone out. The episode of the treacle was not forgotten yet, and the Bouncer had little doubt that Bob Cherry had stated the exact facts, in that row in the changing-room. If something of that kind was again in Carter's mind, his cunning was not going to save him from discovery this time. The Bouncer, at least, was going to know.

He slipped quietly into Mr. Quelch's study.

There was a screen across a corner of that study. Vernon-Smith slipped behind it, and re-arranged it, so that it concealed him from view.

Then he waited!

If Carter came to that study in Quelch's absence, he would not come unseen. And if he played some similar trick to the treacle stunt, to be landed somehow on Bunter, the Bouncer would know all he wanted to know.

He grinned, behind the screen, when, about five minutes later, the study door opened, and shut again quickly.

Someone had come in, and Smithy did not need telling who that someone was. Carter had waited and watched, for Mr. Quelch to get clear, in order to enter his study surreptitiously.

He heard the unseen fellow breathing quickly. Then, rather to his surprise, he heard the receiver taken off the telephone.

Smithy made a grimace.

If Carter had only been waiting for Quelch to get clear, in order to borrow his telephone, the Bouncer was there for nothing. It was a thing he had often done himself, and he had no interest in Carter's private affairs, apart from Bunter.

But he was there now, and he certainly did not care to reveal himself to Carter. He had to see it through. He heard a voice give a Lantham number. It was Carter's voice.

There was a pause, and then Carter spoke into the transmitter.

"That you, Gooch?"

The Bouncer knitted his brows with great discomfort. He knew the name of Gooch, the man who had brought Carter to the school, the first week of the term. He had heard that the man was a solicitor, and a cousin of Carter's. Smithy did not want—very much indeed did not want—to play the eavesdropper. Carter's talk to Mr. Gooch was nothing to him. He would have got away, if he could have done so unseen.

But that was impossible.

Carter's voice resumed:

"That's all right, Gideon—this is the first chance I've had of phoning to-day—but it's all right! I can't talk about it over the phone—I shall have to see you. Saturday's a half-holiday here—that all right?"

Another pause.

"Saturday afternoon, then—say three: I'll be walking along the tow-path between the school and Friardale. No—I've had no luck at all—the fat fool seems to wriggle out of everything."

Smithy, behind the screen in the corner, gave a start.

The "fat fool" would hardly be anyone but Billy Bunter! Did this mean that Carter had a confederate, outside

the school, in his peculiar game at Greyfriars—and that confederate was his relative, Gooch?

It certainly sounded like it: and Smithy was no longer sorry that he was there to hear! He was listening, now, keenly.

But there was no more to hear. "Saturday afternoon, then!" said Carter, and hung up the receiver.

But he did not immediately leave the study. The junior behind the screen heard him moving, with stealthy caution. He wondered what his occupation was—more and more convinced that his suspicion was well-founded, and that Carter had another object in the study, as well as calling Gooch on the telephone.

Then he heard the door open and shut.

Carter was gone. The Bounder shifted the screen and stepped out. He started, and stared, at a paper that lay on Mr. Quelch's writing-table.

"Oh crumbs!" breathed the Bounder. It was an ordinary sheet of impot paper—with a drawing on it. The artistic style revealed the handiwork of William George Bunter.

There were plenty of fellows in the Remove who could not draw, but no fellow could have depicted anything so utterly out of drawing as this—except the fat Owl.

But bad as the drawing was, its meaning was clear enough. A figure in cap and gown was whipping a junior who was bending over a chair. Behind that figure was depicted another junior, with his thumb and fingers to his nose.

This was Billy Bunter's brilliant idea of humour. Bunter did such drawings sometimes to show the other fellows, but certainly not to show Mr. Quelch. Had that work of art caught Quelch's eyes, the result for Billy Bunter would have been quite unnerving.

The Bounder grinned at the absurd picture. But his face became set and serious again. Quelch, when he came back, was to find that picture on his study table, and he could hardly doubt that Bunter had left it there for him. It would be easy enough to prove that it was Bunter's work. That that disrespectful drawing would get Quelch's rag out to an alarming extent, there was no doubt whatever.

"The cur!" breathed the Bounder.

He picked up the paper, folded it, and put it in his pocket.

Then, after peering out at the door to make sure that the coast was clear, he quitted the study.

There was a grim smile on Smithy's face as he went up to the Remove. He had learned now what he wanted to know—the schemer of the Remove was up against a fellow as keen as himself, or keener, and the probability was that there was more trouble coming to Carter than to Bunter.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter is Annoyed!

STUDY No. 7 were at tea when Herbert Vernon-Smith looked in. On Billy Bunter's fat brow sat an expression of deep discontent. Having scoffed half the tea intended for three, Bunter had been stopped from further depredations by a rap on his fat knuckles, which annoyed Bunter, though not so much as it annoyed him to be stopped from annexing what was left.

"Beast!" he was remarking, when Smithy opened the door and looked in.

"Pig!" answered Peter Todd cheerfully.

Bunter blinked round at the Bounder hopefully.

"I say, Smithy, if you've looked in to ask a fellow to tea—" said the fat Owl, quite brightly.

"I haven't!" answered the Bounder. Grant from Bunter! He immediately lost all interest in Herbert Vernon-Smith.

"Shut that door, then, will you? There's a beastly draught!"

"Want anything, Smithy?" asked Peter Todd.

"Yes. That fat chump was showing off one of his idiotic drawings in the Rag this afternoon! What have you done with it, Bunter?"

"Oh! Like to see it, Smithy?" asked Bunter, bright again. "I say, it's awfully funny! He, he, he! There's old Quelch whopping a chap—he, he, he!—and another chap pulling noses at him behind his back! He, he, he! I'm going to do pictures for 'Punch' later on! I've got the gift, you know!"

"One of your many gifts, old fat man!" said the Bounder. "Well, let's see it. I'm quite keen to see it."

"All right! It's here."

Billy Bunter blinked round the study through his big spectacles.

"I say, Toddy, what did you do with that picture when you cleared the table for tea? I left it on the table."

"Never saw it," answered Peter.

"Then that ass Dutton must have moved it! I say, Dutton, what have you done with my picture of old Quelch?"

"Eh—who's Welsh?" asked Dutton. "Do you mean Morgan? He's Welsh all right. What about him?"

"I didn't say Welsh, you fathead! I said Quelch! Blow Morgan!"

"I'd like to hear you at it!" said Dutton derisively. "You couldn't play a tin-whistle, let alone an organ!"

"Oh crikey! You ask him, Peter!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Get on with it, old fat man! It will do your lungs good!"

"Have you seen the picture I left on the table?" roared Bunter.

"Rot!" said Dutton. "You're not able to do anything of the kind! It takes some brains to play the organ! You've got none that I've ever noticed!"

"Who's talking about playing the organ?" shrieked Bunter.

"Oh, Morgan! Yes, I dare say he can play the organ. He's Welsh, and music comes naturally to them. But you couldn't!"

"I left my picture of Quelch here—" "Eh?"

"Here!" roared Bunter.

"Yes; I can hear all right when you don't mumble! What's that about Morgan playing the organ? I never knew he could."

"Oh crikey! Look here," Bunter roared, "I left my picture of Quelch on this table! Have you seen it?"

"Eh? Oh, no! You needn't shout! I'm not deaf!" said Dutton testily. "No need to yell at a fellow because he's a trifle hard of hearing! Look here, never mind about your picture! I'm rather interested in what you were saying about Morgan—"

But Billy Bunter had no more to say to Dutton. He proceeded to blink round the study through his big spectacles.

The Bounder watched him, with a sarcastic grin, while Peter went on with his tea.

"I say, it's not here!" said Bunter at last. "Some fellow must have bagged it—some chap going to make out that he drew it, I suppose!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Toddy. "You're quite safe there, Bunter."

Nobody will ever claim your artistic works as his own."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Bunter morosely. "It was a jolly good drawing—good enough for the comic papers, you know! They pay lots of money for comic pictures like that! I've often thought of drawing for the comic papers if I could find the time."

"Only the time necessary?" asked Peter blandly.

"Eh—yes! Sorry I can't show it to you, Smithy. It was really fearfully funny," said Bunter. "Somebody's bagged it."

"You think it safe to leave fatheaded tripe like that lying about the study?" asked Smithy. "Suppose Quelch saw it?"

"How could Quelch see it, fathead?"

"The fellow who bagged it might drop it in his study."

"What rot! As if any fellow would be sneak enough!"

"I shouldn't chance it, if I were you," said the Bounder. "Here's your tommy-rot, Bunter, and my tip to you is to shove it straight in the study fire!"

He took the folded paper from his pocket and threw it on the table.

Billy Bunter gave an angry squeak as he unfolded it.

"Look here, you beast, you've crumpled it all up!" he exclaimed.

"What the thump did you want to crumple it in your pocket for?"

"Put it in the fire, fathead!"

"I'll watch it!" granted Bunter.

"Why, it took me half an hour to draw that picture, and there's lots of fellows I haven't shown it to yet! Like your cheek to bag it from my study and crumple it up like that!"

The Bounder laughed.

"Lucky for you I bagged it!" he answered. "I bagged that potty tommy-rot from Quelch's study, Bunter!"

"Rot!"

Peter Todd gave the Bounder a sharp look.

"What do you mean by that, Smithy?" he asked. "You're not saying that some fellow snooped that rot of Bunter's and left it in Quelch's study to land him in a row?"

"I'm saying exactly that!"

"Bit steep, old man! Pulling our leg, or what?"

Peter evidently had strong doubts.

Billy Bunter blinked at the Bounder in plain unbelief.

"Well, who was the man, if you know so much about it, Smithy?" asked Peter Todd tartly.

"Same man who did the treacling the other day, I fancy!" drawled the Bounder.

"Well, it never came out who did that."

"No. This wouldn't have come out, either, if I hadn't spotted it. Bunter's idiot enough to leave that in Quelch's study—at least, everybody would think so if it was found there. I know Quelch would. You don't believe that I got that out of Quelch's study, Toddy?"

"Not unless Bunter was ass enough to put it there. He might."

"Oh, really, Toddy, I thought of it, but it seemed rather too risky, you know."

"Did you actually see a fellow put that in Quelch's study, Smithy?" asked Peter Todd, with deep dubiousness.

"I can't say I actually saw him. I found it there just after he had been in the study, and I know he put it there."

"Um!" said Peter.

The Bounder laughed, and walked on to his own study. He had no intention of entering into a dispute in which it would have been his word against

Carter's. Neither was he keenly interested in the matter. He had saved Bunter from a serious row, and he had given him a warning, and he was quite satisfied to leave it at that.

"Cheeky ass!" said Bunter. "Bagging my picture, and crumpling it up in his pocket like that. Smithy's too jolly cheeky, Peter!"

"Did you stick that rot in Quelch's study, Bunter?"

"Eh? No! I left it here! I said so, didn't I?"

"Yes; that rather makes me think you didn't."

"Oh, really, Toddy——"

"Anyhow, it's safer in the fire, as Smithy said! Put it there."

"I'll watch it!" said Bunter warmly. "I'm going to show it to all the fellows! Smithy's jealous of my drawing—that's what it really comes to. I'm afraid you are, too, Toddy! I shouldn't be jealous, old chap! Some fellows can do things and some can't! It just happens that I can and you can't—see?"

Peter made no answer to that. He rose from the tea-table, grasped Bunter by the back of his fat neck, and jerked him over to the study fire.

"Chuck it in!" he said tersely.

"Beast! Shan't!" roared Bunter.

"Dutton, old man, hand me that poker."

"What's the joke?" asked Dutton.

"Do you mean Bunter's a joker?"

"Poker!" roared Peter.

"Oh, poker! Here you are!"

"Will you leggo, you beast?" roared Bunter, wriggling with his fat neck in Peter's grip.

Peter took the poker in his free hand.

"Chuckling that rubbish into the fire?" he asked.

"No!" roared Bunter.

Swipe!

"Why, you awful beast!" howled Bunter. "I'll jolly well punch your cheeky head, Toddy!"

Swipe!

"Ow! Leggo! There!" gasped Bunter, as he dropped the work of art into the fire. "There, you rotter! Wow!"

"Much safer there!" said Peter, with a cheery nod. "You've bagged enough trouble this term, old fat bean, and we don't want any floggings in this study. Don't do any more high art, Bunter—it's not your long suit. If I catch you at it again I'll swipe you again! I can't say fairer than that."

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the study in a state of great wrath and deep indignation. He passed Carter in the Remove passage and gave him an inimical blink. Carter glanced after him, with a rather sardonic smile. Had Bunter been able to read the thoughts in the schemer's mind he would have been glad that that picture of Mr. Quelch had been safely disposed of in the study fire.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Quite a Mystery!

MR. QUELCH went to his study when he came in after his walk with Prout!

He did not specially notice a Remove junior who was standing by the window near the corner of the passage.

But Carter was interested in Quelch, if Quelch was not interested in Carter.

He was very curious to see what would happen when the Remove master found that remarkable picture staring him in the face.

It was more than an hour since Carter

had left it there, but it did not occur to him, naturally, that anything could have happened to it. Nobody had been—or, at any rate, should have been—in the study during the Remove master's absence.

The scheme with the treacle had missed fire. But this little scheme could not, so far as Carter could see, miss fire. He waited for the sight of the Remove master's angry face appearing from his study doorway.

No such sight, however, met his eyes. Quelch had shut his door, and it remained shut.

He must have seen the picture. He could not have failed to see it. Carter concluded that he had rung for Trotter, to send the page to summon Bunter to the study. But Trotter did not arrive.

Minutes passed—five—ten—fifteen! Carter was more and more puzzled. Quelch had been a quarter of an hour in the study—yet he had not, seemingly, seen that picture staring at him from his study table. It was really extraordinary.

He had taken in an evening paper under his arm. Was it possible that he had sat down to read it without seeing the picture? It was scarcely possible; yet, if that was not the explanation, what was it?

Carter waited, his perplexity growing.

Quelch's door opened at last, and the Remove master went up the passage in the direction of Masters' Common-room.

Carter, with puzzled eyes, watched him turn the corner in the distance.

Obviously he had not seen that disrespectful caricature of himself. Had he seen it there would have been thunder in the air. But how he could have failed to see it was a mystery.

Quelch having gone, Carter cut up the passage and stepped quickly into the study to ascertain how matters stood. It was unlikely, but it was possible, that some draught, perhaps when Quelch opened the door, had blown that paper off the table! If so, he had only to replace it.

He stepped in hurriedly and glanced quickly at the table. It was not yet dark, but it was dusky in the study. Quelch had switched on the light when he went in, and turned it off again when he left. But it was light enough for Carter to see that paper if it were there.

"Oh!" he breathed.

On the table lay the evening paper Quelch had brought in with him. It lay on the Remove master's blotting-pad, in front of his chair, where Carter had left the picture.

It looked as if Quelch had dropped that newspaper on the table, thus covering up Bunter's picture before noticing it.

Carter stepped across the study and picked up the newspaper, nothing doubting that he would see the picture underneath.

Only the blotting-pad met his view!

He stared at it blankly.

The picture was gone!

He stood gazing at the spot where it should have been, hopelessly perplexed. He could not begin to fathom it.

Quelch might have taken the picture and gone to see Bunter! But he had gone to Common-room, and there had been nothing in his hand. So it was not that. The picture seemed to have vanished of its own accord into thin air.

As Carter stood, with the newspaper in his hand, staring blankly at the vacant spot, there was a footstep at the door.

He gave a jump as Mr. Quelch stepped in again and switched on the light.

The Remove master stepped toward's the study table, his hand outstretched as he came. Then he stared at Carter.

He had come back for the newspaper he had left there! Carter guessed that too late for it to be of much use to him. Carter was standing there, with the newspaper in his hand!

"Carter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "What—what—How dare you come to my study to take the newspaper, Carter?"

"Oh! I—I—" stammered Carter.

"This is an act of impertinence, Carter!" said Mr. Quelch angrily. "Upon my word! I repeat, how dare you!"

"I—I—I was—was——"

"Give me that newspaper at once!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "If you desire to see the evening paper, Carter, you should ask permission to do so. You are perfectly aware of that."

Carter had nothing to say. Certainly he could not have told Mr. Quelch his real reason for having visited the study!

Quelch gave him a thunderous frown.

"I came back specially for this paper!" he exclaimed. "Did you intend to take it away, Carter?"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Carter. "I—I was just—just looking at the—the war news, sir——"

"You should have done nothing of the kind, Carter! Take two hundred lines and leave my study. If this should occur again I shall cane you."

Carter, in savage silence, left the study.

Mr. Quelch, with a frowning brow, watched him go, and then walked away with his evening paper, heading for Common-room again.

Carter went up to the Remove to get busy with lines. At Study No. 1 he sighted a fat figure in the doorway of that celebrated apartment, and scowled at it. Billy Bunter was addressing the fellows within.

"I say, you fellows, I can't show you my picture of Quelch now——"

"What a loss!" came a deep sigh from Frank Nugent.

"Well, it was fearfully funny, you know! I say, that beast Toddy made me stick it in the study fire! It's gone now."

"Best thing you could have done with it, old fat man!" said Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—— Beast! Who are you shoving?" grunted Bunter, as Carter pushed him aside and went into the study. And Bunter rolled on.

Carter sat down to lines. What he had heard from Bunter added to his puzzlement. Evidently the "picture" Bunter referred to was the one Carter had left for Quelch. How it had got back into Bunter's hands was a mystery.

But Carter had no time to expend on elucidating mysteries. Until prep that evening he had plenty to do grinding out lines for Quelch!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Catching Carter!

COMING for a trot?" asked the Bounder.

"Games practice this afternoon!" said Harry Wharton.

"Lots of time for that! Do come!"

The Famous Five of the Remove regarded the Bounder rather curiously. On Saturday afternoon, which was a half-holiday, they had nothing special on—but as there was no match, they were going to put in some time at practice. They were not averse to a "trot" on a fine frosty afternoon; but



"Look here, you beast, you've crumpled up my drawing!" exclaimed Bunter angrily. "It took me half an hour to draw that picture, and there's lots of fellows I haven't shown it to yet!" "Lucky for you," said Vernon-Smith. "I bagged that tommy-rot from Quelch's study, Bunter!"

they were rather surprised at Smithy asking them to join him in one.

Generally, when football did not claim the Bounder, he had occupations on his half-holidays that he was far from likely to ask Harry Wharton & Co. to share. They had no taste for smoking cigarettes at the Cross Keys, or playing billiards at the Three Fishers—and though they liked a spot of excitement now and then, the excitement of risking getting expelled from Greyfriars was not the kind that appealed to them.

"Look here! What's the game?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Carter's gone for a walk," answered Smithy.

"Blow Carter!" grunted Bob.

"Well, why shouldn't we go for a walk, too?" urged the Bounder. "Feeling too old and tired for a walk?"

"I'd walk your head off, ass!"

"Come on, then, and walk it off! Just a trot along the towpath, down as far as Friardale Bridge."

"What for?" asked Nugent.

"Just because I ask you, and I'm such nice company that you can't refuse."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Oh, let's!" he said. "I can see that Smithy's got something on, though I'm blessed if I can see what it is!"

"Highcliffe cads about?" asked Johnny Bull, with a little interest. "I'd like to boot Pon—haven't booted him this term, so far."

"No—just come on, because it's a nice walk in attractive company."

"Oh, all right!"

Somewhat puzzled, but willing to oblige, the Famous Five walked out of gates with Herbert Vernon-Smith. They turned into the towpath along the Sark, and sighted a well-known figure ahead of them—that of Arthur Carter, the new fellow in the Remove.

Carter was some distance ahead, walk-

ing in a leisurely way. The chums of the Remove had no desire to overtake him. It did not occur to them, at the moment, that Carter had anything to do with that walk along the river. They supposed that Smithy had chosen the same direction by chance.

When the village bridge came in sight in the distance, Carter looked round over his shoulder.

His eyes narrowed at the sight of six Remove fellows coming on.

He slowed down in his walk.

Smithy slowed down to the same rate of progress. There was a mocking glimmer in the Bounder's eyes. He knew—what the Famous Five did not think of guessing—that Carter was there to keep an appointment, which he would rather not have made known to Greyfriars fellows generally. His occasional meetings, and consultations with Mr. Gooch, were not a matter that he would have cared to have discussed in the Remove.

"Oh, come on, Smithy!" said Johnny Bull. "Call this a trot! You're crawling!"

"What's the hurry?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Well, we haven't come out of gates to crawl along like Bunter, I suppose!" grunted Johnny.

"My dear man, you've come for a walk with me, and I'm setting the pace!" said Smithy. "Besides, Cherry's got a game leg."

"That's nearly all right now," said Bob.

"Can't be too careful, old man, when you've had a knock like that! Take it easy!" said Smithy.

"Oh, rot!" said Bob. "Look here! What are you up to, Smithy? I'm beginning to think that it's got something to do with that chap ahead."

The Bounder chuckled.

"With a brain like that, old bean, you're wasted in the Lower Fourth!" he said. "You ought to be head of the Sixth."

"Look here! I want to steer clear of that chap!" grunted Bob.

"That's all right—we shall pass him soon."

"Not if we crawl like this, fathead!"

"Oh, yes! He will stop before we get to the bridge."

The Famous Five stared at the Bounder as he made that statement. It was growing clear to all of them, by this time, that he had something "on," and that it was somehow connected with the fellow who was dawdling ahead.

"How do you know he will stop, Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

"Because next time he looks round he will see that we shan't pass him at this rate!" answered the Bounder coolly.

"Do you mean that he wants us to pass him?"

"Or else turn back!"

"Look here!" growled Bob. "If that cad's come out here to meet some shady rotter from the Cross Keys, I don't want to know anything about it."

"He hasn't!"

"Well, I jolly well don't understand you, then!"

"You can't expect to with an intellect like yours, old bean!" said the Bounder affably. "Keep cool—he will stop in a minute or two."

Somewhat curious to see whether the Bounder was right, the Famous Five walked on, at a snail's pace. Friardale Bridge was in sight in the distance, and the Bounder had not forgotten that it was between the bridge and the school that Carter was to meet that legal, or illegal, gentleman, Mr. Gooch. He was quite certain that Carter would stop

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soon, to allow the party to pass him, as the only means of getting rid of them before he met Gooch.

Carter glanced back again, and then came to a halt. He stood by the trees that lined the towpath, looking out across the shining river.

"He's stopped!" grinned the Bounder.

"Oh, come on!" grunted Bob.

There was no further reason for delay, and the Bounder stepped out. In a few minutes they passed the spot where Carter stood, and left him behind.

"Going as far as the bridge?" asked Nugent.

"Yes—then we'll turn back."

"Might walk back the other way, through Friardale."

"Oh, no, stick to the towpath."

"Why the stickfulness, my esteemed Smithy?" inquired Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Easier goin' on the towpath than on the roads for Cherry's game leg!" said the Bounder airily.

"Oh, chuck that, you ass!" grunted Bob. "Look here! If you want to keep an eye on that cad Carter, I don't, and that's that!"

"Cherry, old man, you've got one fault in your otherwise perfect character—you jaw too much," said the Bounder. "come on!"

They turned at the village bridge and walked back along the towpath.

Carter was in motion again, coming on slowly.

From the corner of his eye he watched them furtively. It was past three, and at any moment now Gideon Gooch might come along from Friardale Station.

Smithy stopped as they met Carter face to face.

"Coming back to the school, Carter?" he asked blandly.

"No—I'm going on."

"Right-ho! Let's walk on with Carter, shall we, you fellows?" asked Smithy. "It's a ripping day for walking."

The expression on Carter's face as Smithy made that happy suggestion, caused the other fellows to grin. It was only too clear that Carter was anxious to be rid of the lot of them.

"Don't do anything of the kind," said Carter, far from pleasantly. "I prefer my own company, if it's all the same to you."

And he walked on more quickly.

"Rather a facer, what?" grinned the Bounder. "Nice fellows like us—turned down like that! Well, the towpath doesn't belong to Carter. Let's walk back to the bridge again."

"Look here—" hooted Bob.

The Bounder, unheeding, walked after Carter. The Famous Five, hardly knowing what to do, went with him.

A minute or two later, Carter glanced over his shoulder, and scowled blackly, as he saw them behind him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's that man Gooch!" said Bob Cherry, as a figure came in sight from the direction of the village—a thin, ungainly man, dressed in black, with a sharp nose, and sharper eyes glistening over it.

"That's the man who brought Carter to the school the day he came," remarked Johnny Bull. He stared at Smithy. "Look here! If Carter's here to meet that chap, it's got nothing to do with us, Smithy."

"Might have something to do with Bunter," said the Bounder.

"Bunter?" repeated Harry Wharton.

"Oh!" Bob Cherry drew a deep breath. "That's the rotten rascal I

heard—" He broke off abruptly. "How the thump did you know that Carter was meeting that vulture, Smithy?"

The Bounder laughed.

"Did you know, Smithy?" asked Wharton.

"Sort of! I fancy Carter's seen him a good many times, but he keeps it dark. He's not keeping it dark this time! Look at his face—worth watchin', what?"

Carter's face was rather entertaining to watch. He glanced up the towpath at the group of juniors, and down the towpath at the approaching figure in black, evidently undecided. But he could see that the juniors had seen Mr. Gideon Gooch, and there was no help for it now. He hurried down the towpath to meet Gooch.

"Chuck it now, Smithy!" muttered Bob.

"Oh, come on!" urged the Bounder. "That cad's meeting the Gooch man to jaw over his next move against that fat chump Bunter. Let's go up and be introduced to the Gooch bird!" He chuckled. "Don't you think he'd be glad to know nice fellows like us?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Not quite! I'm going back!"

"Same here!"

The Famous Five walked back towards the school. They had had enough of the Bounder's peculiar game of catching Carter. And the Bounder, laughing, went with them—Carter, from a distance, scowling blackly after them as they went.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Hot Stuff!

"LOST something, Smithy?"

It was after prep on Monday evening, and the Famous Five were about to go down, with a crowd of other fellows, when they came on the Bounder, standing on the Remove landing, going through his pockets, apparently in search of something.

Bob Cherry stopped to ask the question. Billy Bunter, who was rolling after the Famous Five, stopped also. If Smithy had lost something, the good-natured Bob was ready to help him look for it. So was Bunter if it happened to be something eatable—though, in that case, if Bunter found it, it was never likely to meet the Bounder's eyes again.

"What the dickens did I do with it?" said the Bounder, in a tone of annoyance. "Nothing fearfully valuable—just a whipped cream walnut."

"I say, think you dropped it, Smithy?" asked Billy Bunter eagerly. "I'll help you find it, if—"

"No, ass, as if I should drop it! It was the last one in the bag!" said Vernon-Smith. "Did you see me lay a little paper bag anywhere, Reddy?"

"Yes, on the study table, just before you came away!" answered Redwing.

"Oh, that's all right, then—I shall find it there later!" said the Bounder carelessly.

Billy Bunter who had been heading for the stairs, now revolved on his axis and disappeared into the Remove passage again.

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned as he went.

"You fancy you'll find that cream walnut on your study table later, Smithy?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Why not?"

"I've got a sort of an idea that it's going to be found pretty soon, by some-

body else, if you don't hurry up," said Nugent, laughing.

"Think so?" asked the Bounder blandly.

"Look here, Smithy, what are you pulling Bunter's leg for?" grunted Bob Cherry. "The fat ass is always getting into trouble for grub-raiding—and that's really encouraging the blithering ass!"

"I hardly think so."

"Oh, rot! You know as well as we do that the fat chump's gone straight to your study for that cream walnut you left on the table."

"Yes, I know that!"

"Well, you can't make a fuss, then, if that fat blitherer bags it! You know him well enough."

"Not at all. I think Bunter will make the fuss," said the Bounder cheerfully. "You see, I'm doing Bunter a good turn. Don't you think he ought to have a lesson about grub-raiding in the studies, and that it would do him good?"

"Yes, ass; he gets booted often enough. If the fat chump had the sense of a bunny rabbit, he would chuck it, now there's a cad here watching him like a cat, to land him in trouble every time he gets a chance!" growled Bob.

"Exactly. I'm helping him."

"By leaving a cream walnut on your study table for him to gobble!"

"Just that! My belief is that Bunter won't enjoy that whipped cream walnut! Do you think he will look it over carefully before he scoffs it?"

"No. Why should he?"

"Echo answers why. So he won't! He will take it down in one gobble! And he won't find out, till then, that there's mustard in it."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Mustard!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Bounder moved back across the landing and looked up the passage. The other fellows followed him.

If Billy Bunter snooped that whipped cream walnut and discovered the mustard in it when he crunched it in his capacious mouth, something like a volcanic eruption was to be expected.

"Oh, my hat! Listen!" exclaimed Bob.

From the open doorway of Study No. 4, up the passage, came a sudden, startling sound:

"Grooooooch! Oooooch! Currrggh!"

"He's got it!"

"The gotfulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrrggh! Gurrgh! Wurrgh! Oh crikey! Woooooh! I'm burnt! Yoooooh!" came a frantic splutter from Smithy's study.

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

Evidently Billy Bunter had scoffed that deceptive cream walnut and discovered the mustard too late.

"Gurrgh! Beast! Rotter! Yooogh! Pulling a fellow's leg! Ooooooh! Oh crikey! Aytishoo! Atchooooo! Ooogh!"

A wild and spluttering figure emerged from behind Smithy's study. Bunter's face was crimson, his eyes streaming water behind his spectacles, his mouth open, emitting frantic gurgles.

He did not look towards the group of laughing juniors on the landing. He bolted up the passage towards the tap, which was at the upper end.

He spluttered frantically as he went. Bunter seemed to be finding that mustard hot!

He turned on the tap, twisted his fat head under it, and opened his burning mouth wide to receive the water.

What Bunter wanted, just then, was something to cool his mouth, which felt like the crater of Vesuvius, and he let the water stream into it.

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

"Urrggh! Gurrgh! Wurrgh!"

The juniors walked up the passage and gathered round the suffering fat Owl. He blinked at them with wet spectacles, spluttering.

"Anything the matter, Bunter?" asked Vernon-Smith blandly.

"Beast! Rotter! Ow!"

"What's up?"

"Cad! Swab! Beast!" roared Bunter. "Ow! I'm burnt! My

tongue's burnt off! I can't use it—I mean, I nearly can't! Oooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You should keep your absurd claws from the pickfulness and the stealfulness, my esteemed Bunter!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Honesty is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the bird in hand."

"I say, you fellows—groogh—that cad Smithy—ooogh—I'm all burnt!" wailed Bunter. "He put a lot of mustard in that—Groooogh!"

"You've been raiding in my study?" asked the Bounder. "Did you find that

whipped cream walnut? Wasn't it nice?"

"Urrggh! Beast! You stuck it there to pull my leg!" roared Bunter. "Think I don't know? You did it on purpose, you beast!"

"What a brain!" gasped the Bounder. "He's guessed it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gurrgh! Wurrgh!"

Bunter had recourse to the tap again, and the juniors, yelling, left him to it. His gurgles and gasps followed them for quite a distance.

It was some time before Billy
(Continued on next page.)

LEARN TO PLAY FOOTBALL!

OUR INTERNATIONAL COACH

THE PIVOT OF THE SIDE

I HAVE spent the last two "periods" dealing thoroughly with the things which are expected of the full-backs and goalkeeper of a football team. A little bird whispered to me as I sat down to think out this week's lesson. It said "Be careful, you will have the other fellows getting jealous." Perhaps the bird was right. Now that I have started going through the positions of a team I had better carry on until I have told you all there is to know about the position you may chance to occupy—or, at least, as much as I know myself, as nobody knows everything about football.

Next in order come the half-backs. It would not be right for me to treat the three half-backs all at the same time. I must take the centre-half and the wing halves separately. The centre-half certainly deserves individual attention. There are many teams in first-class football to-day which may truthfully be said to have been built up around the centre-half—he was chosen and made the "pole in the middle," and the rest of the "building" was put up round him, like putting up a tent.

I asked Mr. Jimmy Seed, the manager of Charlton Athletic, what he thought about the importance of the centre-half. Supposing, I said, that you had to start building the Charlton team all over again, which players would you look for first? Remember that no manager in the world to-day has done more for one club than Mr. Seed, who was an England player when he was younger and played for Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday, has done for Charlton. So he must be a pretty good judge. He told me that if he had to start building a football team to-day he would first of all choose the goalkeeper—because that is obviously a very important job—and after that he would look for his centre-half. Now you know how important the centre-half is.

STOPPERS AND ATTACKERS

YOU probably know, too, if you are a keen football follower, that there are two distinct kinds of centre-half. There is the one who has been nicknamed the "stopper"

When making up a football team be particularly careful when choosing your centre-half—it's one of the most important positions on the field.

centre-half, because the only thing he worries about is stopping the opposing centre-forward. Players like Herbert Roberts, of Arsenal, Alf Young, of Huddersfield Town, and Jack Allen, of Aston Villa, go under the stopper heading.

The other type is the fellow who is popularly called the attacking centre-half. As well as making it his duty to mark the opposing centre-forward, he gives some of his attention towards attacking and helping the forwards with their job of scoring goals. Jack Barker, of Derby County, and Stan Cullis, of the Wolves, are perhaps the best examples of the attacking centre-half in present-day football.

From my first description of the two kinds of centre-half you don't need to be very clever to realise that the fellows who play the stopper game have the easier time. They are sent on to the field with one instruction—stick to that centre-forward like glue and don't let him get a look at the ball. That roughly is what they are told. I don't say that it is always easy to "bottle up" the opposing centre-forward. He is often just as good a footballer as the centre-half, and, with the help of his colleagues, he works out tricks which will get him past the stopper. But the point is, that the defensive centre-half—that is another name for him—has only one duty to perform.

The attacking type of centre-half must carry out the defensive business to just the same extent, but he also has to think about helping his forwards. Thus, I think, it is true to say that the attacking centre-half must be more of a complete footballer than the stopper. The stopper will be all right if he has speed, plenty of weight, height to reach the

ball when it is in the air, and the ability to head it safely and accurately. With all those things there won't be many centre-forwards whom he can't stop. But the attacker must have all those, and in addition be a good dribbler, so that he can take the ball up, and also be able to pass it accurately rather than just boot it.

Watch Jack Barker playing his attacking game. He gets the ball, takes it up a few strides, perhaps beating an opponent, and then sends a long pass, straight as an arrow, to one of his wing men. And yet he always seems to be back in his place to stop the opposing forwards when they come down.

THE MAN THAT COUNTS

I AM afraid I cannot help you to make the decision as to which kind of centre-half you would like to be. What I can tell you is that you will have to be exceptionally good, when you get a bit older, to hold your place in a football side as an attacking centre-half. Unfortunately, the stopper is more in favour nowadays.

Your decision about the style of centre-half game you want to play will have a big effect on the play of the wing half-backs in your side. As a matter of fact, I was rather surprised, when I popped the question to Mr. Seed about how he would set about building a football side, that he didn't put the wing half-backs next in importance after the goalkeeper. When I think of all the fine sides I have known in my time as a footballer it seems to me that the secret of all of them has been in the strength of their wing halves.

Yet I suppose it would be necessary to choose the centre-half first, because, if he is to play a defensive role, the wing halves must, between them, take over his attacking duties. If the centre-half is himself an attacker the wing halves must make doubly sure that no gaps are left in defence. Thus even the important wing half-backs are really built around the centre-half.

Nevertheless, wing halves are just as worthy of individual attention as the centre-half, so I will tell you about their job next week.

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Bunter appeared in the flag that evening. The mustard kept him busy for a long time.

When he did appear, his fat face was red and damp, and his eyes still watering. Every now and then he gurgled—and every now and then he sneezed. The effect of the mustard seemed to be lingering. Smithy had prepared that whipped cream walnut thoroughly—perhaps a little too thoroughly.

Bunter was still in a state of woe and tribulation when the Remove went up to their dormitory.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

After Lights Out!

ARTHUR CARTER sat up in bed in the dark dormitory and listened.

Half-past ten had chimed, and at that time the Remove fellows were—or ought to have been—fast asleep.

But Carter was very wide-awake.

He listened with intent ears to the sound of steady breathing from many sleepers and a rumbling snore from Bunter's bed.

That familiar sound in the Remove dormitory was not so regular as usual. Generally, Bunter's snore was an unending melody, from bed-time till rising-bell in the morning.

Now it was intermittent. The fat Owl was not sleeping soundly that night—doubtless owing to the effect of Smithy's mustard.

However, he was snoring at the moment.

Carter listened for two or three minutes. Then he slipped noiselessly from his bed, and dressed in the dark, almost without a sound. He slipped on a pair of rubber-soled shoes.

Bunter's snore died away—and he stirred. Carter stood quite still! He did not want any Remove fellow to discover that he was breaking bounds after lights out—least of all, Bunter.

"Urrrrgh!" came a sleepy mumble from Bunter. "Urrgh! Beast!"

He settled down again, and snored.

Carter trod lightly to the door. That any fellow was awake, in the long, dark dormitory, he could not see, and did not suspect. It did not occur to him that a pair of keen, mocking eyes were watching him over the edge of a blanket, fixed on his shadowy form in the gloom, losing no movement.

He turned the door-handle silently.

It was strange, perhaps, that the fellow who had been expelled from his last school as a "bad hat," and was being given a last chance at Greyfriars, should run such risks. But Carter, if he had really intended to reform, had soon fallen back into the old ways. It was, indeed, when on his way to the Three Fishers, on a half-holiday, that he had, as he fancied, spotted Bunter there, and played the informer, very nearly landing Smithy with the "sack." But he was quite unaware that the Bounder knew it, and was determined to give him back, as he expressed it, some of the same.

Gideon Gooch had advised him, and urged him, to keep as straight as a die at his new school, for reasons of common prudence. Getting Bunter a bad name would keep the fat Owl out of old Mr. Carter's good graces; but only a good name for himself could get Carter back into those good graces. But good advice was wasted on a young rascal who was a blackguard by nature. So far as Bunter was concerned, Carter was carrying on the scheme without scruple.

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but so far as he himself was concerned, he was taking the same risks at Greyfriars as at St. Olaf's. All he had learned was caution!

Softly he closed the dormitory door behind him.

There was risk, but it could only come by unlucky chance.

It was always possible that the Remove master might glance into the dormitory at a late hour, to be sure that all was as it should be with his Form. But Carter had left a dummy in his bed—a coat and rug, and blankets arranged to give the appearance of a sleeper.

That was an old game with him at his last school, and it was done skilfully enough to deceive a casual glance.

Not unless he was specially suspected was the Form-master—if he came—likely to look closely at the bed, and there was no reason why he should be suspected. He had been too careful for that, so far as masters and prefects were concerned—indeed, so far as his own Form were concerned, also.

In the Remove, only the Bounder knew him as he was, though Bob Cherry had much the same opinion of him. He was aware that Bob had a pretty clear idea what sort of a fellow he was; but he was aware, too, that nothing would have induced Bob to give a fellow away. Of the Bounder's knowledge he knew nothing. He was not thinking of either of them as he trod away silently by dark staircases and passages. He was thinking of a room at the Three Fishers, of cigarettes and banker with Bill Lodgey and one or two other sporting characters.

He would have felt less easy in his mind had he known that as the dormitory door closed after him another fellow slipped quietly out of bed.

The Bounder did not trouble to dress. He was not, like Carter, booked for a "night out." He drew on trousers and jacket over his pyjamas, and a pair of soft slippers.

Again Billy Bunter's snore intermitted. There was a grunt from the fat junior, and a sneeze. The mustard still lingered.

The Bounder glanced round angrily at the sound.

"Urrrrgh!" grunted Bunter.

He sat up in bed, groping for a handkerchief. He gave a sudden squeak at the sight of a shadowy figure between him and the starlit window.

"Ooogh! Who—"

"Quiet, you fool!" whispered the Bounder. He did not want Bunter to wake the dormitory. "Quiet, only me!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "That you, Smithy?"

"Yes, ass! Don't kick up a row!"

"Beast!" hissed Bunter. "It's your fault I've woke up! That beastly mustard—"

"If you make another sound," said Vernon-Smith, in a low, concentrated voice, "I'll have you out of that bed and bang your silly head on the floor!"

Bunter did not make another sound.

He glared at Smithy with watery eyes, in mute wrath. But he did not want his head banged on the floor. He remained silent.

His fat head sank on the pillow again.

Vernon-Smith gave him a scowl and trod away softly to the door. He had no doubt that Bunter would be asleep again in a minute or two.

But Billy Bunter did not go to sleep again. As the dormitory door closed after the Bounder he sat up.

"Beast!" he breathed.

Of Carter's absence from the

dormitory Bunter knew nothing. He could only suppose that Smithy was going out of bounds after lights-out. All the Remove knew Smithy's manners and customs. Smithy, the beast who had caused him to swallow mustard, and spoiled his night's rest! The Bounder was on the trail of vengeance—and Billy Bunter could be revengeful, too! The fat Owl did not like getting out of bed, especially on a cold night. But he got out!

Smithy probably forgot his fat existence as he crept quietly down the dormitory passage.

He was going to be reminded of it!

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Measure for Measure!

CARTER stopped at the door of the Remove box-room, turned his head, and listened.

All was dark, silent, and still.

Downstairs, there were lights in some of the studies; masters had not yet gone to bed, and some of the Sixth were still up.

But in the Remove passage all was silent, and only a gleam of starlight from a window broke the darkness.

It had seemed to Carter that he caught a faint, stealthy sound, as if some other, as well as he, was creeping cautiously through the gloom.

But as he listened he heard nothing, and, reassured, he opened the box-room door, stepped in, and shut it after him.

He crossed to the window, which looked out on flat leads. It was the easiest way out at night, and Carter had not been long at Greyfriars before he learned it. He knew, from talk among Skinner & Co. in the Remove, that that was the way the Bounder went on such occasions. It was an easy descent, by a rainpipe, from the leads to the ground.

He pushed up the window, dropped out on the leads, and drew the sash down, leaving it an inch open, for his return.

Then he turned to grope across the leads, under the stars.

He stopped suddenly.

There was a sound from the window behind him. The sash, which he had pushed down, was pushed up again.

Carter spun round and stared at it blankly, his heart thumping almost to suffocation.

The opening of the window could mean only one thing—that he was discovered! In sheer terror he gazed, expecting to see the light flash on and the face of his Form-master, or a prefect, looking out.

But no light came.

In the gloom he saw a head and shoulders at the open window. The glimmer of the stars revealed the face of Herbert Vernon-Smith.

Carter panted with relief.

He was not discovered. It was not a master or a prefect! It was a young rascal, like himself, on the same errand! So he supposed, for the moment, at least.

But the Bounder did not drop from the window. And Carter noticed that he was not fully dressed. His pyjamas could be seen under the half-buttoned jacket he had thrown on. And the sardonic grin on the Bounder's face alarmed him. He had guessed already that Vernon-Smith did not regard him with friendly feelings. Now it dawned on his mind that the Bounder was not merely no friend, but an enemy.

"Smithy!" he muttered, his voice shaking. "What—"



Vernon-Smith picked up the bolster and stepped towards Bunter's bed. Swipe, swipe, swipe! "Yaroooh! I say, you fellows, stoppin!" shrieked Bunter, wildly dodging the swipes. "I say, it wasn't me, Smithy—honest Injun! I never knew those chairs were in the passage till I heard you fall over them!"

He stepped back towards the window and put his hands on the sill.

"Don't try to climb in," said the Bounder, in a low, cool voice.

"Why not?"

"Because I shall slam the window."

Carter breathed hard.

"You cad! What do you mean? What are you playing this rotten trick for? What have I done to you?"

"I'll tell you," said Vernon-Smith. "Stand where you are, my pippin! When I'm through, you can hike off to the Three Fishers as soon as you like—if you're in the mood for it!" He chuckled. "I fancy you won't be. But please yourself!"

"What do you mean to do?" breathed Carter.

"I'm going to shut you out of the House," answered the Bounder deliberately.

Carter caught his breath.

"And I'll tell you why. A Roland for an Oliver, you treacherous, double-crossing cur!" said the Bounder, between his teeth. "I've been waiting for this. I knew you were going to-night—I got a tip about that. I was watching you when you left the dorm. I came after you. And now I've got you exactly where I want you—on toast! I'm going to give you exactly the chance you gave me—just that, and no more or less."

"What?" breathed Carter.

"A week or two ago you were going to the Three Fishers. You spotted a fellow in Bunter's overcoat, fancied it was Bunter, and gave him away."

"I—I did not!"

"Lies won't see you through!" said the Bounder contemptuously. "I knew it the same day; but I had to make sure, and I've made sure since. You're here to give that fat fool foul play, and you don't care what methods you use to diddle him with old Carter. I know all

about that. No bizney of mine, though I'd put a spoke in your wheel if the chance came my way. Well, you fancied you had landed Bunter that day, but it came out that another fellow had borrowed Bunter's coat—"

"What?" muttered Carter. "What about that, you rotter? Nothing to do with you."

"I happened to be the fellow!" said the Bounder grimly.

"Oh!" gasped Carter.

"I just got away by the skin of my teeth when Wingate came to that show," went on Vernon-Smith. "I had to leave the coat behind me. He brought it back to the school, and Bunter was up before the Head. If it hadn't happened that a crowd of fellows knew he had been in gates, he would have been for it—as you planned, you worm! And then—can you guess what would have happened then?"

Carter did not speak.

"Bunter knew that I had his coat. I'd made the fat idiot give it to me, because he made mine muddy on the towpath. He would have given me away to save his own skin if it had been in danger. Not that it was much odds. I shouldn't have let another fellow take what was coming to me, if he had been willing to keep his mouth shut. I had the narrowest escape ever of getting it right in the neck."

Carter understood.

"If Wingate had been a minute sooner at the Three Fishers, or if I'd been playing billiards when he came, as I very nearly was, or if Bunter hadn't been able to prove that he was in gates, I should have been up before the Head, and bunked the same day."

The Bounder's eyes glittered down at the face looking up at him.

"Now you've got the lot. You nearly landed me, playing a dirty, treacherous

trick on that fat Owl. I'm giving you exactly the same back. I'm not going to give you away. I'm going to land you as you landed me, and you can get out of it, if you can, same as I did. Measure for measure—see?"

"Oh!" breathed Carter.

"Once this window is shut and fastened you're out for the night. I shall lock the door on the outside, too, in case you might get the window open. You'll be in the same fix that I was in that day, and you're welcome to get out of it if you can. If you can get back another way, if you can lie yourself out of it when you're found out of the House in the morning, go ahead and do it, and I wish you luck. You've got the same chance that I had—no more and no less—and I'll leave you to it!"

Carter's lips opened, but the Bounder did not stay to listen. He had said all that he had to say, and he shut down the sash.

The click of the catch within, as he fastened it, was like a knell to the ears of the young rascal outside.

He had a moment's glimpse of the Bounder's face, looking at him through the glass. It vanished.

Vernon-Smith was gone.

Arthur Carter leaned on the window-sill, his knees sagging under him. He made no attempt to open the window. Even had it been possible, it was futile, if the Bounder locked the box-room door on the outside. That the Bounder would relent he had not the slightest hope. The look on Smithy's bitter, scornful face washed out all hope of that.

He was done for!

He was not thinking of going on his way and getting to the Three Fishers now. Bill Lodgey & Co. were not going to see him that night. He leaned on the cold stone window-sill, overcome.

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At his last school he had come a "mucker." The same ways had landed him in the same fate at his new school. There was no help and no hope. As he had done, he was done by, and his game was up!

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Hits Back!

HARRY WHARTON awoke. So did six or seven other fellows in the Remove dormitory.

There were sounds—unaccustomed sounds—at that hour of the night. It seemed to the captain of the Remove, as he awoke, that furniture removing was going on—which was remarkable, to say the least, in a junior dormitory at past half-past ten.

Wharton sat up in bed and stared round in the dim shadows.

Bump! Thud!

"Oh, blow it!"

The sound seemed like that of a chair tumbling over. The voice was the voice of William George Bunter, the fat ornament of the Lower Fourth.

Bunter evidently was out of bed. Equally evidently, he was shifting furniture. There were a number of light, cane-seated chairs in the dormitory, beside the beds. Why Bunter was up and shifting them about was a remarkable mystery.

"Bunter!" came Peter Todd's voice.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"That fat ass——"

"What the thump——"

"Oh, I say, you fellows, don't wake the House!" gasped Bunter. "Do you want Quelch up here? I—I'm not out of bed!"

"You blithering owl!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What are you up to?"

"Nothing, old chap—nothing at all!"

"What have you woke us all up for?" hooted Johnny Bull.

"I haven't. I didn't want you to wake up. You woke up yourselves!"

"Is that fat chump potty?" exclaimed Skinner. "He's pitching the chairs about the dorm!"

"Mad as a hatter!" exclaimed Ogilvy.

"The madfulness is preposterous."

"You potty porpoise!"

"You batchy bloater!"

"What are you chucking the chairs about for?" shrieked Bob Cherry.

"I—I'm not, old chap! I just dropped it, that's all. It's all right. You fellows go to sleep!"

The Remove fellows did not take that advice. Half the Form had awakened, and they sat up and blinked in amazement at the shadowy figure of the fat Owl.

Peter Todd lighted a match, and then a candle-end, and the glimmer revealed Bunter with a chair under either arm. He was carrying them doorward.

In utter amazement they gazed.

A fellow who got up late at night to carry chairs out of the dormitory was surely off his "rocker"—if Billy Bunter had ever been quite on it.

Bunter had not intended to wake anybody while he carried out this stunt. He had done it without intending it.

The amazed juniors watched him open the door, walk out with the two chairs, and disappear. They just stared.

"Barney!" said Bolsover major.

"Absolutely batty!" said Russell.

But Bunter reappeared in the doorway in a few moments. He reappeared without the chairs. He came in and shut the door, and the candle-light

showed a fat grin on his face as he rolled bedward.

For what reason he had taken two chairs out of the dormitory and left them in the passage, beat the Remove hollow. Unless he actually was "potty," the reason was hard to guess.

Apparently the fat Owl's job was done now. He rolled back into bed. He was heard to emit a chuckle as he did so.

"You howling ass!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Go and fetch those chairs in. Suppose somebody came along in the dark and tumbled over them?"

"He, he, he!"

"Is that the game, you potty ass?" exclaimed Peter Todd. "Do you fancy that somebody will be coming up the passage?"

"Well, I don't fancy he will stay out all night. He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "I suppose he'll be back before twelve. He, he, he!"

"Who?" exclaimed Redwing, rather sharply. If some fellow was out of the dormitory the Bunder's chum thought that he could guess the fellow's name.

"Oh, nobody!" said Bunter hastily. "Nobody's gone out, old chap! Don't you butt in! Nothing to do with you, Redwing!"

"Smithy out of bounds?" exclaimed Skinner.

"Oh, no! I never woke up and saw Smithy going out! Nothing of the kind! He—he hasn't gone! I haven't laid those chairs across the passage to catch him when he comes back, either. It's all right, Redwing; nothing for you to worry about."

"You fat fool!"

"Oh, really, Redwing——"

Tom Redwing jumped hastily out of bed. He picked up Toddy's candle-end and threw the light on Vernon-Smith's bed. It was empty; the bedclothes turned back, just as the Bunder had left it when he followed Carter.

Evidently the Bunder was outside the dormitory. Of his game to give Carter "measure for measure," the other fellows, of course, knew nothing. They could only suppose that the bad hat of the Remove had gone out of bounds after lights-out.

The light of the candle glimmered also on Carter's bed. But no one gave that bed any attention. The dummy in it was skilfully arranged, and no one doubted that Arthur Carter was there and fast asleep.

Redwing stared at his chum's bed, his face setting.

Billy Bunter gave him an anxious blink.

He had carefully arranged those two chairs lying end to end across the passage outside to catch the Bunder when he came back—late, as Bunter supposed. A fellow coming along in the dark would not see the obstruction, and would not, of course, expect anything of the kind. If the chairs were still there when Smithy returned, he was booked for a rather unpleasant tumble. This seemed, to Bunter's mind, a jolly good idea, in return for the mustard in the whipped-cream walnut.

"So Smithy's out!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Looks like it," said Harry. "The silly ass!"

"I say, you fellows, don't you let that fathead Redwing butt in," said Billy Bunter anxiously. "I say, you know what that cad Smithy did—sticking a dose of mustard inside a cream walnut to catch a fellow——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat idiot!" exclaimed Redwing.

"You've stuck those chairs out there

for Smithy to stumble over when he comes back."

"Well, serve him right, for going out of bounds," said Bunter. "He would get more than that from Quelch if he was spotted. I'm rather surprised at you, Redwing, sticking up for a black-guard like Smithy. Let him tumble over when he comes back at twelve, smelling of smoke. You see, it will be a lesson to him. Don't you think so?"

Redwing glared at the fat Owl.

If Smithy crashed in the passage in the dark the noise was quite likely to bring a master or a prefect on the scene. And there was no doubt at all that Smithy would collect some damages. Redwing did not want either to happen. He was angry and impatient with his chum's lawless ways, but he was a loyal pal.

"Cut out and get the chairs in, Reddy!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Lots of time; if Smithy's only just gone, he won't be back yet."

"Not before midnight!" said Johnny Bull, with a snort. "Serve him jolly well right if Quelch got him!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Look here, don't you barge in, Redwing! See?" howled Bunter. "You know what that beast Smithy did——"

Redwing made no answer to that. He turned away towards the door, with the intention of going out into the passage and fetching in the chairs.

Billy Bunter glared at him with an infuriated glare. He had turned out of bed in the cold and taken a lot of trouble to lay that trap for Smithy. Now Redwing was going to spoil everything.

But, as it happened, Redwing was not in time. It did not occur to him, or to anyone, that Vernon-Smith would be coming back hardly more than ten minutes after he had left. All the fellows who were awake supposed that he was out of the House, never dreaming that he had gone no farther than the box-room window for purposes of his own.

Redwing had not reached the door when there came a sudden terrific crash and bump in the passage.

Crash! Bump, bump! Yell!

"Great pip!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"That's somebody——"

"Can't be Smithy, yet!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Don't go out, Reddy. That can't be Smithy!"

"Who the dickens——" breathed Nugent.

"Some beak making the rounds," grinned Skinner. "Bunter's made a catch all right. Most likely Quelch!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

Peter Todd blew out the candle. Redwing dived back into bed. Somebody, it was plain, had gone headlong over Bunter's fatuous trap in the dark passage. But that it was Smithy, returning so soon, no one supposed. The Remove fellows could only wonder who it was as they listened to the startling sounds from the dormitory passage.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

A Mystery of the Night!

HERBERT VERNON - SMITH hardly knew what was happening to him.

Having finished with Carter, and left him to it, the Bunder crept up the dormitory stairs, cut across the big landing, and hurried up the passage towards the door of the Remove dormitory.

He had forgotten Bunter; but if he had remembered him, he would never have dreamed of the fat Owl's fatuous idea of "hitting back" for that hot cream walnut.

He came quickly up the passage in the dark, and all of a sudden something caught his knee, and he went headlong.

He had no chance of saving himself—he was over before he knew that he was falling.

He crashed!

Instinctively he threw out his hands, which was fortunate for him, or his face would have had a most unpleasant knock on hard old oak.

As it was, his nose tapped and both his hands banged and his chin jarred on the floor; his legs thrashed on the chairs, rolling him over. The crashing of the chairs, the bumping of the Bounder, and his wild, startled yell rang far and wide in the silence of the night. He yelled and spluttered and panted and rolled helplessly over.

Scrambling up, he caught his foot in one of the chairs and staggered and bumped over again, with another loud howl.

Groping in the dark, he picked himself up more carefully, in rage and astonishment, with aches and pains all over him. His nose was damaged, his chin was damaged, his hands felt as if he had had a severe caning on them; he had barked a shin on one leg and banged a knee on the other. He panted as he dragged himself to his feet.

Something had been in his way, and he had fallen over it—he could not imagine what. Gasping for breath, he grabbed a flash-lamp from his pocket and flashed on the light.

Then he saw the chairs lying on the floor. He had shifted them in falling over them, but he could see that they had lain end to end across the passage. He breathed fury as he realised that he had been caught in a trap. Someone had done this to catch him as he came back—and he did not need telling who. Only one fellow in the Remove had been awake when he left—and only one fellow in the Remove was idiot enough to play such a trick. With an assortment of pains from head to foot, the Bounder breathed fury.

But the next instant he forgot Bunter as he caught the sound of voices and footsteps. Instantly he shut off the light.

He realised that the sound of his crash had been heard. It would have been surprising had it not. The masters were not yet gone to bed; but even had they been, that crash would have been heard. There were footsteps on the big landing at the end of the passage.

"You heard, Quelch?"—it was Prout's boom.

"Yes. What—"

"Extraordinary!"

"Very! It sounded like a fall—"

"I heard a voice—"

The Bounder shut his teeth. A light flashed on on the landing. Any moment a light might flash on in the passage where he stood. He made a swift step up the passage, but even at that perilous moment the wary Bounder had his wits about him. He paused, grabbed up the two chairs, and carried them with him as he cut along to the dormitory door.

Those chairs belonged to the Remove dormitory, and he did not want investigation to be directed there. It would be a poor ending to his retaliation on Carter if he was caught breaking dormitory bounds himself at nearly eleven o'clock at night. Whatever Carter's

fate, the Bounder did not want to share it.

He reached the dormitory door and cut in, taking the two chairs; he shut the door, panting with relief.

There was a buzz of startled voices in the dormitory.

"Who's that?"

"Shut up, you fools!" hissed the Bounder. "Quelch is coming—and old Prout! Shut up, I tell you!" He was already hurrying to his bed.

"I say, you fellows, it's Smithy!" exclaimed Billy Bunter in astonishment.

"I say, he's come back!"

"Quiet, you fat fool!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Where the dickens have you been, Smithy?" exclaimed Tom Redwing. "I thought, when I saw your bed empty, that—"

"Never mind what you thought! Shut up!"

"But what—" exclaimed Skinner.

"Will you be quiet? I tell you Quelch is coming!"

The Bounder was in bed now, pulling the bedclothes over him. Footsteps could be heard in the passage. Under the door came a gleam.

"They're coming here!" murmured Bob Cherry. "They'll find the chairs out there, and—"

"I brought them in with me!" hissed the Bounder. "Will you shut up? We're all asleep if they look in here."

"Oh, fast asleep!" chuckled Skinner. "Haven't opened our innocent eyes since we laid our dear little heads on the pillows! You'd better snore, Bunter, if you're going to be asleep!"

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"Quiet!" breathed Harry Wharton.

There was a sound of the door-handle turning. The Remove fellows settled down in perfect stillness. If Smithy had brought the chairs in, there was no clue to trace the disturbance to the Remove dormitory. What the beaks were going to think did not matter very much to the juniors, so long as they did not think that a Remove man had been out. Hardly a man in the Remove approved of Smithy's manners and customs, but no man there wanted him to be caught.

The door opened.

In the light from the passage two figures were visible to cautious eyes peering over the blankets—the tall, angular figure of Quelch and the portly form of Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth.

Quelch's gimlet eyes gleamed over the dormitory.

"All seems quiet here," he remarked.

"I am sure the noise was in this passage," said Prout. "Of that I am absolutely convinced, Quelch."

"My boys are all asleep."

"Apparently so," said Prout. "But, in the circumstances, I should not trust to appearances, Quelch. I am convinced that—"

"It is easy to ascertain whether any boy here is out of the dormitory," said Mr. Quelch. "Please speak quietly, Prout! I do not desire the boys to be awakened at this hour."

That remark caused quite a number of fellows to find some difficulty in repressing a chuckle. If any fellow in the dormitory was still asleep, he must have been a very sound sleeper.

But the juniors remained as still as mice.

Mr. Quelch did not switch on the dormitory light. As he had said, he did not want to awaken his Form at that hour. He stepped quietly in, and scanned the low row of beds in the light from the passage, which was sufficient to reveal whether a bed was occupied or not.

Every bed contained—or, at least appeared to contain—a sleeper. Only the Bounder knew that Carter was missing—and Carter's bed looked as if it had a sleeper in it.

Mr. Quelch stepped back to the passage.

"The boys are all present," he said. He was speaking low, but the Remove fellows—not being so fast asleep as Quelch supposed—could hear. "Nothing has occurred here. It is very singular that—"

"I am absolutely convinced, Quelch, that the noise came from this passage. Someone fell down, and cried out—indeed, I may say, yelled—"

"I heard it, Prout. But who—"

"Is it possible, Quelch, that some extraneous person is in the House—"

"Really, it is unlikely."

"A burglar?" breathed Prout.

"I can scarcely think so, with lights on downstairs."

"On the other hand, my dear Quelch, someone certainly was here. There is a window at the end of this passage; it might be reached by means of the ivy—"

"Very improbable."

"Let us, at all events, examine the window."

"Oh, certainly, Prout!"

The door closed.

Suppressed chuckles were audible in the dormitory as soon as it had closed. The Bounder laughed. He was more than willing for the beaks to go looking for an imaginary burglar.

"Narrow shave for you, Smithy!" chuckled Skinner. "What did you come back so early for? Somebody spotted you getting out, or what?"

"You can't have gone far, Smithy!" said Snoop. "Did you get out of the House at all?"

The Bounder grinned in the dark. He had no intention of revealing why he had left the dormitory. None of the fellows knew that Carter was absent, and they were not going to know until the morning. A dozen fellows would have been ready to intervene had they known how matters stood. Fellows who liked him least would not have left him to it, had the Bounder's deadly scheme of retaliation become known.

"The fact is, I never got out," drawled the Bounder. "I decided to come back, and go to bed like a good boy."

"You mean you spotted the beaks on the prowl?" asked Skinner. "Well, they jolly nearly got you this time."

"A miss is as good as a mile! I suppose they'll keep on prowling. I shall have to leave you till the morning, Bunter."

"I—I say, Smithy, it wasn't me put those chairs in the passage for you to fall over!" said Bunter anxiously. "I—I hope you haven't got that idea in your mind, Smithy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I have!" said the Bounder grimly. "I've got about a dozen bruises and bumps all over me! I'll give you twice as many to-morrow!"

"Beast!"

Some of the juniors wondered whether the beaks were visiting other dormitories, or whether they were looking for that burglar. They did not, at all events, return to the Remove dormitory, and the juniors settled down to sleep again.

The Bounder was the last to fall asleep; his aches and pains were rather painful, and he was thinking, with malicious satisfaction, of the wretched black sheep shut out of the House—probably making a frantic search for

some door or window that might possibly give him admittance.

Not a twinge of remorse did the Bounder feel. The fellow had brought him within an ace of expulsion, in furtherance of a rascally scheme against a fatuous ass. He had given him back what he had handed out—measure for measure. Smithy had escaped on that occasion by the skin of his teeth, as it were. Carter was welcome to do the same, if he could. And that was that! The Bounder of Greyfriars was feeling quite satisfied with himself and with what he had done when at last he fell asleep.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Out in the Night!

ARTHUR CARTER had descended from the leads under the box-room window. There was no ingress for him there, and there was little chance of finding ingress elsewhere, but that faint, hopeless chance was all he had left.

He groped round the buildings, keeping in the shadow of walls and buttresses and old trees; for it was a clear night, with a touch of frost, the sky like steel, and the stars shining brightly. In the open he might have been spotted by a master glancing from a window, especially now that a silvery crescent of moon was coming up over the clock-tower.

Such hope as he had was very faint, but he clung to it that all was not yet lost.

Shut out of the House, he had to get in and creep back to the Remove dormitory, or his game was up. "Breaking out at night" was a serious matter at any school, but in Carter's case it was more serious than in any other fellow's. Only after long hesitation had the headmaster of Greyfriars allowed him to come there at all, after what had happened at his last school.

The first clear evidence that he had not changed his ways—that he was the same black sheep that he had been at St. Olaf's—meant the finish for him, without the remotest hope of pardon. If it was discovered that he had been out of the House at night, he had his box to pack first thing in the morning; the train would bear him away while the Remove were going in to class. That was what he had risked in his dingy folly, and that was what was now booked to happen, unless unexpected good fortune befriended him.

But he did not give up hope—he dared not. The Bounder, that day at the Three Fishers, had been in equal peril, and had pulled out. Carter desperately hoped to pull out somehow.

By chance some window might have been left unfastened—some door unlocked. It was improbable, but it might have happened. It was even possible that some young rascal like himself might have got out and left an unfastened window behind him—if he could find it. The chances were remote, but he dared not give up hope.

He had, at least, time. He knew that the Bounder did not intend to give him away beyond what he had done already. Exact "measure for measure" was the game, leaving him in the peril in which he had left Smithy, to get out of it if he could, as Smithy had done. He would not be missed from the House until morning; he had ample time, if only luck came his way.

Prout was still up. So was Quelch—his window glimmered, too. Other study windows showed light—as well as several of those of the Sixth Form. Carter gave them a glance from a distance—keeping in shadow.

He paused at an ivy-clad wall, and looked up. Above him was a window that gave on the dormitory passage, and the old ivy was thick and strong. That window had old sashes through which a penknife could be slipped, and the catch

on it was a simple one. If he could have climbed—

But he knew, with a sinking of the heart, that he dared not. A slip, or a breaking tendril of the ivy, at such a height, meant a fall that would end all things. He dared not take the risk. Even the Bounder, who had twice Carter's nerve, would hardly have tried it on—and Carter, though he thought of it, standing there and looking up, made no motion to attempt it. Suddenly, as he stood there, the window was illuminated.

He blinked at the light.

That illuminated window meant that the light had been switched on in the passage on which the Remove dormitory opened. What could that mean, but a visit to the Remove? If the dummy in his bed was discovered, it did not matter much about planning and contriving to get back into the House. Had it been discovered? Had that fool, Vernon-Smith, been spotted getting back to the dormitory? If they knew that a fellow was out—

He stood staring up at the high, glimmering window, with doubt and anxiety in his mind, miserable despair in his heart.

Two heads appeared at the lighted window. He saw the shadowy motion of an arm, as a hand groped over the sash.

He could make out only outlines at the distance, against the glimmer of light; but he fancied that the man groping over the window was the portly Prout—the other, a leaner man, might have been Quelch or Hacker. Prout seemed to be examining the window-fastening—why, Carter could not begin to guess. Certainly the beaks could not suspect that a fellow had got out that way.

Suddenly the window-sash shot up, and Prout's portly shoulder leaned out. He stared down. It flashed into Carter's mind that, standing there in the starlight, he was visible from the window. He had forgotten that—he realised it as the Fifth Form master leaned out. Instantly he darted into the shadow of the masses of ivy.

From above, Prout's boom reached him.

"Did you see him, Quelch?"

"I saw no one, Prout!"

"You were not looking! I distinctly saw someone standing there—I am absolutely convinced that I saw someone."

Carter, hidden in the ivy, trembled. Prout had seen him—had he recognised him? It was not likely, at the distance, and in the dimness. But he trembled from head to foot.

Quelch leaned out to look.

"You are sure, Prout?" Carter heard the clear, sharp voice.

"Positive!" said Prout. "Someone was standing there—looking up at this window, Quelch. Who—"

"Gosling, perhaps—"

"It was certainly not the porter, Quelch. A much smaller person—and he was wearing a cap—Gosling does not wear a cap. I could not say for certain whether it was a boy or a man—but certainly nothing like Gosling. Either a burglar, Quelch—"

"Really, Prout—"

"Or a boy out of House bounds—at this hour of the night! You are sure that no boy is missing from the Remove, Quelch?"

Carter, who heard every word in the

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still night, listened in anguish for his Form-master's reply. He gave a gasp of relief when he heard it. It came short and sharp.

"Quite!"

Evidently the dummy in his bed had not been discovered!

"The noise we heard was certainly in this passage, Quelch! Possibly a Third Form boy—"

"Not at all!" chimed in another voice—that of Mr. Wiggins. "I have visited the dormitory, Prout, and no boy of my Form is missing."

"Nor of mine!" came another voice—that of Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth.

There were now four masters at the open window above Carter. He realised that something must have disturbed them and set them "on the prowl." From what Prout said, Smithy must have made some sort of a row getting back to the Remove dormitory.

Four heads at the window looked out. Carter hugged deep cover at the foot of the wall in the thick ivy.

"You are quite sure, Quelch, that no boy is missing from the Remove?" came Prout's boom again.

"I have said so!" answered the Remove master tartly.

"Someone, Quelch, is out in the quadrangle. If you think it is a burglar, we—"

"I do not think so for one moment!"

"This window, certainly, was fastened! But if it is not an extraneous intruder, Quelch, it must be a Greyfriars boy. There are certain unruly spirits in your Form—"

"I have said, Prout, that the Remove boys are all in bed, and fast asleep. Shall we investigate the Fifth Form dormitory?"

"If you suggest, for one moment, that a Fifth Form boy—a boy of my Form, is—"

"It is precisely the suggestion you have made in reference to my Form, Prout."

The voices were rising a little, and growing acid. Mr. Capper's mild tones intervened.

"Possibly you were mistaken, Prout, and saw no one—a moving shadow, perhaps—this light is very deceptive."

"I am positive that I saw someone, Capper, and that he darted into the shadow below—he may be there at this moment, listening to us."

"Call to him," suggested Mr. Quelch. "If it is a Fifth Form boy—"

"It is not a Fifth Form boy, Quelch!"

"It is certainly not a Remove boy!"

"It is somewhat cold here, with that window open," remarked Mr. Capper. "I shall return to my study."

"I shall go to bed," yawned Mr. Wiggins.

"And I," said Mr. Quelch, "shall return to my study."

"One moment, Quelch!" boomed Prout. "How do you account for the noise—the startling noise—that we all heard?"

"Some Fifth Form boy, perhaps," suggested Quelch, with acid politeness.

Snort! from Prout, and the window closed with a bang. Carter heard no more.

"prowling," three seemed to be satisfied that all was well; and Carter hoped that Prout would give it up also. The alarm over, he had his chance of hunting for a window or a door that might give access to the House.

A sudden stream of light from an open doorway dazzled him for a moment, breaking into the dusky starlight. He blinked at it.

It was the door on Masters' Passage that was open. Framed in the lighted doorway was the portly figure of Prout, staring out.

The lighted passage behind him could be seen—no one visible but Prout. The others, evidently, had gone back to their studies, or gone to bed. Prout was still keeping it up.

Prout was, in fact, very much annoyed. He did not, on reflection, think it possible that a burglar was hanging about the quadrangle, while many windows were still lighted. Burglars generally came later. But if it was not that, it was some Greyfriars fellow out of bounds that he had seen—and he had little or no doubt that it was one of Quelch's boys. He was assured of that, because Quelch had suggested that it might be a Fifth Form boy.

Prout's own Form—in Prout's opinion at least—was above such suspicion. Someone, Prout was sure, was out of bounds—and he would have derived a certain satisfaction from proving that it was a Remove boy.

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He stared out into the dusky starlight, and gave quite a start, as he glimpsed a skulking figure backing quickly away.

"Stop!" roared Prout.

Carter was not likely to stop. He had very nearly come under Prout's vision—he knew that Prout had had a glimpse of him. He flew.

Prout rushed out.

Prout had intended to walk round the quad, with a keen and wary eye, looking for the delinquent, but locking the door after him, in case that delinquent dodged in behind his back. But now, having actually glimpsed the skulking form, he rushed, leaving the door wide open behind him.

Carter darted away, with thumping heart. That dismal and desperate hunt for a way in had to be postponed—escape was the immediate and pressing necessity. He dodged round ancient elms, Prout pounding on his track.

"Stop!" panted Prout. "I saw you—a junior, I am certain of that now! Stop! Oh, goodness gracious—Ow!"

Prout stopped himself as he banged into an elm trunk. He came to quite a sudden stop.

"Oh! Ah! Ow! My nose! Ooooh!" came from Prout, in a series of gasps. "Oh! Wooooogh! Ooogh!"

Carter, in terror, clamped himself behind a tree. He was hardly three yards from Prout.

Prout, at a standstill, clasped his nose with a large hand. Then he dabbed it with a handkerchief.

Carter cast a longing glance at the open doorway, in the distance, with the light streaming therefrom.

Had it been dark, he would have chanced it! But in the light from within, he would have been full in Prout's sight. He dared not stir.

For several long minutes—terribly long to Carter—the Fifth Form master stood dabbling his nose and gasping and grunting. Then he moved at last, going back towards the House.

The half-seen fugitive had dodged him and escaped. But there was absolutely no doubt on the subject now—some junior was out in the quadrangle, and there was going to be a search. If the other masters did not care to undertake it, Prout was going to call the Sixth Form prefects.

Carter watched him go.

Whether Prout was going in and giving it up, or whether he was going to rouse the House, Carter could not guess—but the latter, of course, was the most probable. Now that Prout knew, as a positive fact, that a junior boy was out of the House after eleven o'clock at night, he could not possibly let the matter drop. Apart from his personal desire to score over the Remove master, he had his duty to do. Instead of searching on his own, he was going to call in assistance—and Carter's heart sank at the thought of Wingate, Loder, Gwynne, perhaps all the Sixth Form prefects, rooting after him.

Prout, with his handkerchief to his nose, and red spots on the handkerchief, puffed and blew back to the open doorway.

Carter's eyes gleamed after him.

He was desperate now.

In a mood of sheer desperation, he tiptoed after the Fifth Form master. Prout did not look back—he did not think of looking back. He rolled on towards the door, grunting. Somewhere in the shadowy quad behind him was that young rascal—to be rooted out as soon as he had called the prefects. It did not occur to him how close behind him that young rascal was! Only desperation could have made Carter act as he did—and it was not surprising, perhaps, that Prout was taken quite by surprise.

He was hardly six yards from the doorway, when, Carter, lowering his head, rushed at his portly back and butted.

Prout went over like an ox!

He gave one gurgle and flapped down on his chest; his nose, already damaged on the tree, gathering further damages on the cold, unsympathetic earth!

"Gurrgh!" came from Prout.

Carter flashed past him.

Prout's nose was still digging into the quad when the young rascal darted into the doorway and whipped behind the open door.

To reach the stairs, he had to cut along the passage, past Masters' Studies—and that he dared not do, unless he was sure that the doors were shut.

He hunted the first cover that came to hand—and that was the wide-open door! In the twinkling of an eye he was crammed behind it.

It was fortunate for him that he had lost no time. From the quad came a roar like that of the Bull of Bashan—from Prout, scrambling to his feet, in terrific wrath. Two or three study doors immediately opened—Hacker, Capper, and Quelch looked out. All three emerged, and came hurrying down to the door—behind which Carter hardly breathed.

Another bellow from Prout! Then he staggered into the doorway, his face THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,565.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

By the Skin of His Teeth!

THE junior hidden in the ivy below did not venture to stir until he heard the window close. Then he crept away, almost on tiptoe, carefully keeping in the shadow of the wall.

Of the four beaks who had been

purple, his nose red and raw, sprinklings of earth on his knees and his gown.

"What—" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"My dear Prout—" ejaculated Capper.

"You have fallen down?" asked Mr. Hacker.

"No, sir!" spluttered Prout. "I have not fallen down, sir! I have been hurled over, sir—attacked from behind, sir, and hurled over."

"Goodness gracious! Who—what—why—"

"I saw him, sir—I saw someone—a junior—and if I had not run into a tree—Upon my word, are you laughing, Hacker?"

"Certainly not. I—I am sorry to hear—"

"I was coming back to call the prefects, when I was attacked—charged—butted—hurled over from behind!" gasped Prout. "Look at me!"

Prout tottered in and tottered away. Hacker shrugged his shoulders and went back to his study. Quelch and Capper exchanged a faint smile, and both of them stepped out of the doorway to look round.

Carter's heart beat. This was his chance! Prout would be at least a few minutes in the Sixth Form quarters—Hacker had gone into his study and shut the door—Quelch and Capper were outside. No other beak had appeared—the others, probably, had gone to bed. Carter gave the door a sudden push and slammed it. Then he cut away like lightning.

He was on the staircase by the time the door reopened. From the distance he caught Quelch's voice:

"Was that the wind, Capper? Very odd that—"

Carter flew up the stairs. In less than a minute he was at the door of the Remove dormitory.

Faintly, from afar, he heard sounds—Prout, doubtless, gathering the prefects to the search! They were welcome to search now! Breathing in great gulps, Carter opened the dormitory door, stepped softly in, and shut it behind him.

He was safe back in his quarters now—hardly daring to believe that he really had escaped!

But he had. He stood in the sleeping dormitory, panting and panting. All the fellows were asleep. The Bounder, last to fall asleep, had dropped off by that time. Bunter's snore rumbled intermittently. For once Carter was glad to hear that familiar sound. He did not dream that it was through the fatuous fat Owl that he had escaped the peril that Smithy had left him in.

He gave Billy Bunter no thought. His eyes fixed, with a glitter in them, on the Bounder's bed. A glimmer of starlight fell on Smithy's face, and showed his eyes closed. He was sleeping. He could sleep, after what he had done! Carter's look was black and bitter.

But his expression changed, and a sardonic grin came over his face. He

made no sound. Swiftly he threw off his clothes, removed the dummy from his bed, and turned in. Smithy could see him there when he turned out in the morning—a pleasant surprise for the Bounder!

Below in the quad, Prout and the prefects were prowling, looking for that unknown junior who was out of bounds, and who had hurled Prout over. Perhaps they did not wholly believe in that junior out of bounds. Anyhow, they did not find anybody, though they were still searching when Carter, in his bed in the Remove dormitory, went to sleep.

THE TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Smithy!

BANG! Clang! Clang!
Bob Cherry bounded out of bed—the first out, as usual. His cheery voice woke the echoes of the Remove dormitory.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Turn out, you slackers!"

Snore!

"Out you come, Bunter!"

Snore!

Either Billy Bunter had not awakened, or he was not going to waken. But he had little choice when Bob Cherry was there to help. Blankets were whipped off Bunter, and his snore was suddenly changed into a howl of protest.

"Ow! Beast! It's cold! Gimme my bedclothes, you rotter! I'm not getting up yet. Why, the bell hasn't stopped yet, you beast!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith picked up his bolster as he turned out. He stepped towards Bunter's bed.

Swipe!

"Yaroooh! Stop that, Bull, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Swipe!

"Ow! Is that you, Smithy, you rotter? Stop it!"

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"I say, you fellows, stoppin'!" shrieked Bunter, wildly dodging the swipes of the Bounder's bolster. "I say, it wasn't me, Smithy—honest Injun, old chap! I never knew those chairs were in the passage till I heard you fall over them—and never heard you, old fellow. I was fast asleep!"

Swipe, swipe!

Bump!

Bunter rolled off the bed on the farther side.

Vernon-Smith scrambled over the bed and re-started after the brief interval.

Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Yaroooh! Help! Fire! Yoo-hoop!" roared Bunter. "I say, you fellows—"

Swipe, swipe!

Bunter rolled under his bed, yelling.

Harry Wharton & Co. rushed at the Bounder, grabbed him, and spun him away, and Bunter was able to crawl out, unbolstered.

All the Remove were up by that time

—with one exception. Arthur Carter had not stirred.

He could hardly have been asleep, after the bolstering of Billy Bunter, and the terrific yelling that accompanied the same. Several fellows glanced towards his bed—the Bounder with a sardonic smile.

Smithy had no doubt that what appeared to be a sleeper in the bed was the dummy Carter had left there. So far, he had no suspicion that Carter had got back into the dormitory in the night.

"Wake up, Carter!" called out Harry Wharton. "The rising-bell's stopped!"

No answer from Carter. He was grinning sourly under the edge of the blanket, quite aware of the thoughts that would be in Herbert Vernon-Smith's mind.

"I fancy Carter won't hear you, Wharton," said the Bounder.

"Eh? Why not?"

"Well, I wouldn't be certain, of course, but I've got a sort of idea that he's had a night out," grinned Smithy. "What rot! There he is in bed!" said Harry, staring.

"Might be a dummy!" drawled the Bounder. "I've known of such things in my time."

"Oh!"

Attention was concentrated on Carter's bed now.

The Bounder stepped towards it.

"Look!" he said.

He whipped off the bedclothes. He had not the slightest doubt that a dummy would be revealed. He fairly staggered as Carter sat up and rubbed his eyes.

Carter gave him a glance.

"Thanks!" he said. "Rising-bell stopped? Thanks for calling me, Smithy!"

The Bounder could only stare.

"What on earth made you think that Carter was out, Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton.

Smithy did not answer that question.

He did not speak again till the Remove were going down. Then he spoke to Carter on the stairs.

"So you squeezed through, somehow?" He burst into a laugh. "Well, I'm rather glad than not. You had as much chance as you gave me, and you seem to have got through, same as I did. Gratters! But if you'll take a tip from me, you'll chuck up your rotten, dirty, double-crossing tricks. You can bank on it that if I come into the picture again, you'll get measure for measure."

And the Bounder passed on, without waiting for an answer.

THE END.

(Well, try as he may, Carter hasn't succeeded in getting Bunter in his Form-master's black books yet. But he's not given up trying, by any means, as you'll learn when you read: "THE SCHEMER OF THE REMOVE!" next Saturday's exciting story of Harry Wharton & Co.)

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DUSTY TO THE RESCUE!

Another Side-Splitting Spasm of
Our Super Serial:

"THE FORM-MASTER'S SECRET!"

By DICKY NUGENT

Jack Jolly & Co. were given special permission from Doctor Birchmell, the Head of St. Sam's, to go out on their bikes looking for Bullion, the welthy yung Fourth Former who had been kidnapped from the skool.

The heroes of the Fourth believed in the old motto: "It's the early bird that catches the worm"—so they were up with the lark. Their eagle eyes were going to search the countryside around St. Sam's with hawk-like zeal. If they found the kidnappers, they were going to swallow no tale deined to put them off their stroak. They would at once take swift action to cook the kidnapper's goose.

Jack Jolly & Co. were very hospful of a quick success that would enable them to crow over the rest of the skool for weeks. Their faces were grim and determined, as they wheeled their bikes past the Skool House on their way down to the gates.

Suddenly they halted. From a heavily barred winder at the top of the Skool House they had caught site of somebody waving to them.

It was Mr. Lickham, the master of the Fourth. Mr. Lickham had spent a restless nite in the punishment-room where the Head had locked him until the perlice arrived in the morning. The

prospect of being arrested for a crime he had never committed was one that simply appawled him.

He was tired and hungry—and completely fed up! His entire career was at stake; and arrest would simply send him off his onion.

The maddening thing about it was that this charge of being consarned in the plot to kidnap Bullion was one of which he could have cleared himself at any moment he wished.

He had only to reveal that his disreputable cuzzin Dusty had been impersonating him at St. Sam's for the last week to free himself from all suspicion!

But to reveal that meant also revealing that he himself had spent that same week in jail for falling into arrears with the instalments on his new cap and gown. And that revelation would disgrace him for ever in the eyes of the orthorities at St. Sam's!

No wonder, then, Mr. Lickham looked woeful and weery, as he pressed his face against the bars outside the punishment-room winder!

"Where are you going, boys?" he cried, as Jack Jolly & Co. halted on the gravel path beneath him.

"Searching for Bullion, sir!"

"I wish I could join you!" sighed Mr. Lickham. "If you would

only help me to escape, I could!"

"Some hoaps, sir!" larfed Jolly. "With all dew respect, you're locked up in that room for a very good reason—because the Head suspects you of having ahand in the kidnapping of yung Bullion!"

"Hear, hear!"

Mr. Lickham shook his head viggerously.

"I never did it, Jolly—honner bright! It's all



agastly mistake. Surely you know me better than that?"

"Well, I thought I did at one time," acknowledged the kaptin of the Fourth. "But you must admit that you've been a changed man during the last week. After the way you've carried on, I can quite imagine you doing anything!"

"Oh, bust it!" muttered the master of the Fourth. Once again he was in the unforchunit position of being unable to prove his innerence without giving away his secret!

"Sorry and all that, sir!" grinned Frank Fearless. "But there's nothing doing! Toodle-oo!"

The juniors mounted their machines and pedalled off; and Mr. Lickham was left to wrench and tug away at the bars that barred his way to freedom.

By the time they arrived in the field, Lickham had vanished just as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up!

Discerning readers will hardly need to be told that the man they had seen in the field was Dusty Lickham, and not Mr. L. Jollivell Lickham, the real Form-master of the Fourth.

dark, dank, dreery wells, they eggsplored the top of many a haystack.

But not a sime of the missing Bullion did they discover!

"Wherever those vilans have hidden him, it must be a pretty good hiding-place!" remarked Jolly grimly, as they pedalled slowly away from a coppice they had just been scouring.

"Some secret under-ground cell, perhaps, or a

Dusty was a low, common creetcher, but he had a consance. The black sheep of the Lickham fambly did not intend to have the wool pulled over Doctor Birchmell's eyes if he could help it. If it was yewmanly possibul to track down the raskally Joe and Charlie, he was going to do it. After that, he would reskow Bullion and restore him to St. Sam's—thus delivering the Fourth Form master from the suspishons which he had unintentionally fastened on him!

While Jack Jolly & Co. were gazing blankly round the field, Dusty was watching them from some bushes where he had taken cover; and he took good care not to venter his fourth again until the Co. had mounted their bikes once more and pedalled away down the road.

After they had gone, Dusty resumed his interrupted work of tracking down Joe and Charlie even more keenly than before.

"I 'ope as 'ow I shan't see those yung jents again to-day!" he muttered to himself, as he continued to crawl across the field.

Little did he dream how soon and in what dramattick circumstances he was to renew his ackwaintance with the Co.

Jack Jolly & Co. cycled on towards Muggleton. But they never reached that town.

What stopped them from doing so was a faint cry from an old barn at the side of the road.

"Help! Help!"

That cry was enuff for Jack Jolly & Co. With one accord they leaped off their bikes—their eyes simply blazing with eggitement!

"Bullion!" hist Jolly. "Not the slightest doubt about it!" said Fearless, between his clenched teeth. "This way, you fellows!"

"Yes, rather!"

They fairly rushed over to the barn!

Jack Jolly & Co. wheeled round, to find that Bullion's captors had arrived on the scene just at the wrong moment!

The sirs of those two burly ruffians, armed to the teeth with nives, daggers, and cudgels, mife well have dawnted the bravest. But Jack Jolly & Co. did not hezzitate for a moment.

With whirling war-cries on their lips, they flung themselves fearlessly at the kidnappers.

A lass! Meer curridge alone was not enuff against these desprits scoundrells! Nives flashed and cudgels whirled, and the heroes of the Fourth quickly found that they were up against it with a vengeance!

Clank! Clash! Wallop! Fearless was the first to fall, Mery and Bright soon followed him, and finally Jack Jolly himself, pounded almost into pulp, sank down under a regular rain of cudgel-blows.

But just when the hoaps of the Co. had sunk almost to zero, a help arrived from a most unexpected quarter.

Through the open doorway bounded a figger that was very familiar to the heroes of the Fourth.

"Lickham!" they gasped.

The way Lickham waded into the kidnappers was an eye-

opener to Jack Jolly & Co. He treated nife-stabs as if they were meer pinpricks, while as for cudgel-blows, he treated them with sheer disdain.

"Stop your tickling, Jock!" was all he said about them!

But it was a different matter with the kidnappers when they received his fist in their faces! Howls and shrieks of aggerny rent the air. Cudgels and nives dropped to the floor as though their owners had lost the power to hold them! Evenchally, the kidnappers themselves followed their weapons and Lickham (Dusty Lickham, of course, though the juniors did not know it!) was victorious!

"Good old Mr. Lickham!" cheered Jack Jolly & Co.

Their wounds forgotten in their eggitement, they jumped to their feet again.

"Shall we send for the perlice, sir?" asked Fearless.

But Dusty shook his head.

"No, yung jents. Personally, I hain't got no use for the pealers. Let me give these blokes a talkin' to instead."

And, much to the Fourth Formers' surprize, he yanked the kidnappers to their feet and gave them a lecture on what bad lads they had been!

"Promiss you'll go straight in future?" he finished.

"Yuss. We promiss!"

"Hoff you go, then!"

And off they went and stuck to the straight path—till they reached the place where it turned into the road!

"Well, sir, after this there's no doubt about it being all right for you to come back to St. Sam's," said Jolly, as they released Bullion.

"The Head will be jolly glad, in fakt, that you did escape from the punishment-room this morning!"

Dusty Lickham started violently.

"Me hexcaped from the punishment-room? Wot the dickens—?"

Then Dusty saw it all! His cuzzin must have come back—and landed right into all the trouble that Dusty had left for him!

"My heye!" murmured Dusty. "Heggs-cuse me, yung jents, but if you'll be orlight to go back to the skool on

your own, I think I'll go another way!"

And, sure enuff, he insisted on leaving them before they reached St. Sam's. And Jack Jolly & Co. returned in triumph with Bullion—minus the man who had really reskewed Bullion!

(Don't miss the comical conclusion of this great serial in next week's "Herald"!)

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HARRY WHARTON CALLING

"Are the gay dogs of Greyfriars as black as they are painted?" asks a reader in a letter I received this week.

This query, in various forms, is one I have put to me with surprising frequency. There seems to be a mysterious fascination about the more shady activities which sometimes go on in the school!

Well, personally, though I haven't much time for the bright young things who get their amusement out of puffing at cheap cigarettes and perusing pink sporting papers, I am inclined to believe that they are not half so villainous as they like to be thought!

Some readers seem to imagine that chaps like Loder of the Sixth, Hilton of the Fifth, Angel of the Fourth, and Skinner of our own Form, spend their entire time gambling and plotting dark plots against me and my friends.

Nothing of the kind, dear readers, I assure you!

Loder plays a good game of footer, Hilton is a topping boxer, Angel plays tennis very well, and Skinner is pretty hot at gymnastics. They can do many other things, but I mention these particularly to show you that a good deal of their time is spent in quite normal pursuits.

To imagine any chap at Greyfriars as an unmitigated rotter would, in my opinion, be very unjust. The four fellows I have mentioned have often in the past been at loggerheads with me. But I have also been at loggerheads with them and possibly the fault has not always been on one side!

Nobody is entirely bad—nor entirely good! I am not exactly a saint myself. On the other hand, fellows whose code of conduct is not the same as my own are not necessarily the last word in villains! I feel sure that the "gay dogs" of Greyfriars are not half so black as they are painted!

More chimeag next week, chums! Cheers!

HARRY WHARTON.

SORROWS OF A SWOT

Mark Linley enjoys school work so much that he can hardly bear the thought of holidays.

The idea of "breaking up" almost makes him "break down"!

MY FORM IS THE BEST AT GREYFRIARS!

Claims A. CAPPER, M.A.

Of course it is!

Frankly, I am amazed that there should be any question about it.

Have you never seen Temple's trousers with their immaculate crease? Or Fry's fancy waistcoat? Or Dabney's dinner-jacket?

Furthermore, look at their toppers! Is there another Form at Greyfriars that can wear toppers with the same easy, nonchalant grace of the Upper Fourth? I think not!

But their socks and ties are what really clinch it. Were I a sporting man I would

wager any amount that for sheer artistry in socks and ties the Upper Fourth cannot be equalled—let alone surpassed—anywhere!

Without doubt, my Form is the best DRESSED Form at Greyfriars!

(Capitals ours. We knew that Mr. Copper had got it wrong somewhere. We asked him if the Upper Fourth was the BEST—not the BEST DRESSED! But as their clobber is the only possible thing the Upper Fourth can boast about, his mistake was quite natural!—Ed.)

RAKE A WORTHY WINNER ON ROLLERS!

Says MONTY NEWLAND

A sprained ankle having finished my chances of winning the Lower School Roller-skating Championship, I was very glad to agree to Wharton's request to report on the race for the "Greyfriars Herald."

Roller-skating, in my opinion, is a great sport. I am always at home on a pair of rollers, whether I'm on a rink surface or on an ordinary road. I've won long-distance races on several occasions. I had hoped to win the silver medal that Mr. Lascelles put up for the winner of the Lower School Championship, too; but fate in the shape of a learner who got in my way at the Lantham Rink decreed otherwise and landed me with a sprained ankle instead!



With my name out of it, the race was a pretty open one and a large crowd turned up in the gym. on the great night.

Wingate and Blundell were

the judges, and they stood on a raised platform from which they could watch competitors all round the track. The presence of these two distinguished seniors, incidentally, has given a lot of prestige to the sport at Greyfriars. Fellows who have looked down on roller-skating as a kid's game in the past can hardly do so now that Wingate and Blundell have patronised it!

Ten skaters lined up for the start. The race was over 25 laps, and forecasts that it would be a close one were fully justified. For the first ten laps there was never more than a few yards between the first and last man, despite the fact that several fancied skaters were making great efforts to forge ahead!

An alarming incident occurred at this juncture, when Bunter, who had arrived too late for the start, careered into the gym. on skates at a hair-raising speed—unfortunately going the wrong way

round the track! Bunter skated with both arms stretched outwards and succeeded in knocking down Bob Cherry and Don Ogilvy simultaneously before landing on the back of his neck. Stowards on skates rushed to the spot and stuck a "Danger" sign on Bunter to give due warning to approaching skaters.

Bunter took no further part in the race.

At twenty laps the field had extended out a bit and Bull led, with Brown second and Rake third. Rake was going well at this stage and went even better in the next few laps. Despite desperate efforts on the part of Brown and Bull, he passed each in turn, and eventually got home by the narrow margin of a couple of yards!

Mr. Lascelles himself presented the medal and a very enjoyable evening concluded with loud cheers.

Roller-skating at Greyfriars has received quite a filip!