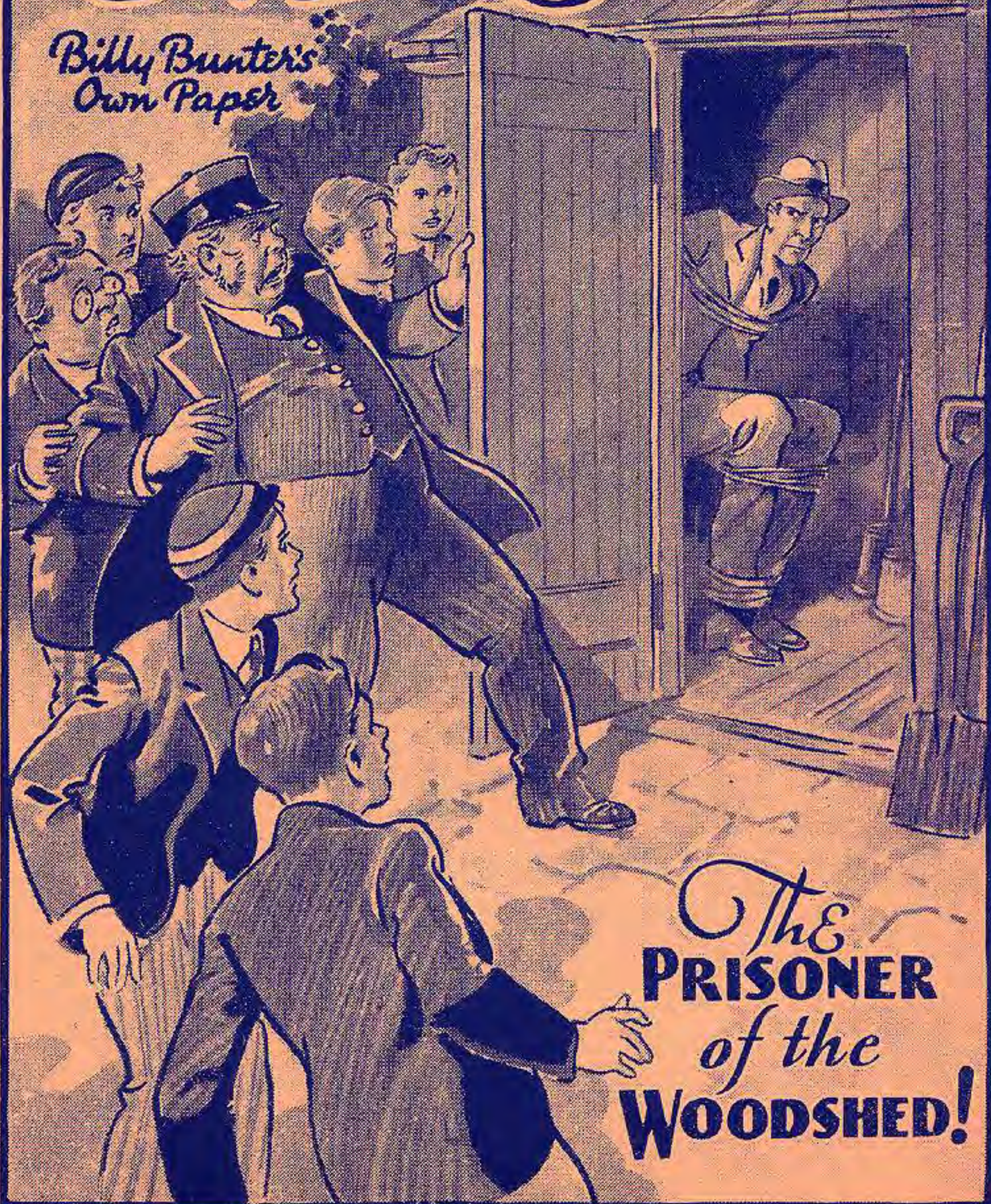


HARRY WHARTON & CO., OF GREYFRIARS, IN ANOTHER SMASHING SCHOOL STORY "BILLY BUNTER'S TWIN!"

The Magnet ^{2^D}

*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



The
PRISONER
of the
WOODSHED!

Interesting School News in a Nutshell by—

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

THE DAILY ROUND.

8.30 a.m. Breakfast.

(1)

At half-past eight there comes a smell,
A scent of sizzling bacon,
And—wait a bit!—yes, eggs as well,
If I am not mistaken!
Then Bunter runs with lightning
speed—
He cannot run for toffee,
Except when he is near a feed,
And smells the smell of coffee!



(2)

The chaps file in the dining-hall,
Their faces washed and eager,
And food is served enough for all,
The helpings are not meagre.
A master at each table sits,
And reads his morning paper,
Though conversation he permits,
He's down on any japer.

(3)

And daily Quelch disallows
The Owl a seventh helping,
Poor Bunter sets his teeth and vows
The beast deserves a scalping.
But there are others to be fed,
Hence Quelch's stern embargo,
So Bunter fills himself with bread—
Where does he stow the cargo?

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

DAVID MORGAN,

the Welsh junior of the Remove.

M is for Morgan from Wales,
The land of the mountains and vales;
And Dave is a typical son,
He's one of the average run
Of fellows, and isn't unique,
Not terribly strong and not weak,
Not clever, perhaps, but no dunce,
Not poor, and not oozing with bunce.



He's simply a jolly good sort,
A fairly good fellow at sport,
Well-liked by the decent chaps here,
He's steady and sure and sincere.
With Wibley and Desmond he shares
A study, and always prepares
To back up his chums in a jape,
And then help them out of the scrape!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

The other half were also boys. Yow!

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS Happy Half-Holiday

Some fellows on the river row,
Some in the river swim,
Some chase the leather to and fro,
Some swing it—in the gym!
Oh, isn't it inviting
While the sun still shines?
It's better far than writing
Beastly lines, lines, lines!
Yes, rowing, swimming, fighting
Are all much more exciting
Than sitting and inditing
Beastly lines!

Some chaps are breaking bounds. I
know,
And some are braking bikes,
Some fellows to the tuckshop go,
For each does what he likes.
Oh, doesn't time go fleeting
To their own designs?
While slowly I'm completing
Beastly lines, lines, lines!
They're cycling and they're meeting,
They're laughing and they're eating,
While I sit here repeating
Beastly lines!

Some fellows on the ice rink slip,
Some slip in low resorts,
Some race or chase or sail a ship,
And some try other sports.
To fresh air sports so bracing
How my heart inclines,
And yet I sit here facing
Beastly lines, lines, lines!
I cannot go out racing,
And yet I'm paper-chasing.
On every sheet I'm tracing
Beastly lines!



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

I hear that 7,500,000 postal orders are sold every year. Well, we hope that the other 7,499,999 are not delayed in the post.

A circular from a Courtfield tailor says that nothing removes dust from clothes like scientific beating. Our suits, of course, are spotless.

A lecture on the wireless recently dealt with the way to treat pests. Fishy's studymates picked up some valuable hints.

Gosling agrees with the temperance motto: "Down With Drink." He does it regularly.

PUZZLE PAR

When we asked Peter Todd if he had any more cousins besides Alonzo, he replied: "I have three cousins all told, and half of them are boys." How was that possible?

Answer at foot of column 2.

Mr. Quelch recently condemned the habit of reading books dealing with "blood and thunder." I suppose Virgil deals with milk and roses?

Quelch has just ordered three new canes. There's no doubt the armament problem is getting serious.

There is no truth in the rumour that the frogs in Friardale duckpond jumped away with startled squeals when Mosscoo passed by.

Sir Hilton Popper said recently that he'll be hanged if he'll let boys trespass on his island. Well, we're willing to trespass, if he'll carry out his part of the bargain.

Smithy intends to put up for Parliament one day. But will Parliament put up with Smithy?

Coker of the Fifth recently said: "I think I can play football!" As a matter of fact he can't do either.

GREYFRIARS WITHOUT BILLY BUNTER would be like a cream-puff without the cream! Yet the fat Removeite might have received "marching orders," but for the intervention of—

BILLY BUNTER'S TWIN!

By FRANK RICHARDS



"Yes, that's my school—Greyfriars!" said the fat junior, turning to his companion on the stile. "I'm in the Remove!"

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Caught in the Act!

BILLY BUNTER breathed hard. His fat heart beat. It was really a thrilling moment.

In the Remove Form Room at Greyfriars they were busy on Latin papers. Mr. Quelch sat at his high desk, facing his Form. But for once Quelch's gimlet eye was not on the alert.

Five or six times had Billy Bunter blinked at him cautiously. Not once did Quelch look up.

A large volume was open on his desk before him. Quelch was perusing the same. Deep in that volume, the Remove master seemed actually to have forgotten his Form.

There was at least one member of that Form who was glad to be forgotten. Only the master's eye was likely to keep Billy Bunter at work. Unobserved, Bunter was sure to slack.

Carter, the new fellow in the Remove, had taken a packet of chocolate from his pocket. Billy Bunter's eyes and spectacles had fallen on it—longingly but hopelessly. He supposed, of course, that Carter was going to scoff that chocolate while Mr. Quelch's attention was elsewhere. He was not likely to offer Bunter any. Deep dislike was mutual between those two relatives in the Greyfriars Remove.

But Carter did not scoff that chocolate. He laid it on his desk and resumed his Latin paper. He seemed to forget that chocolate.

Bunter did not forget it!

Alternately he blinked at Mr. Quelch and blinked at Carter through his big spectacles.

Neither observed him.

The chocolate was within his reach if he stretched out a fat arm. Carter's eyes were fixed on his Latin paper—he had even turned his head a little away, really as if to give Bunter a chance. Quelch's gaze remained glued upon his volume of that entrancing author, Seneca.

Breathing hard, the fat Owl of the Remove stretched out a podgy arm at last, and his fat fingers touched the chocolate.

Still Quelch did not look up. Carter did not look round. It was safe as

Billy Bunter grinned with satisfaction. That chocolate was his now. Possession was nine points of the law, and Bunter did not bother about the tenth point. It served that beast Carter right, Bunter considered. He had been a thorn in Bunter's side ever since he had come to the school that term. He had landed Bunter in many rows. Snooping his chocolate was tit for tat—a Roland for an Oliver! That consideration satisfied Bunter's conscience—so far as it needed satisfying. But Billy Bunter had an easy-going conscience, which never gave him much worry.

Bob Cherry gave him a glare.

Bunter did not mind.

So long as Quelch did not glare it was all right. And Quelch never stirred; Quelch had seen nothing.

This was rather unusual. But the fact was that Quelch was booked for a lecture that evening on the enthralling subject of Seneca, and he was giving the "Epistolae Morales" the once-over during class. And—amazing as it was to the Remove—Quelch was as deeply interested in Seneca as a Remove fellow might have been in the "Holiday Annual." Tastes differed—widely!

Bunter allowed a minute or two to pass to make all safe. Then, under his desk, his fat fingers hooked a chunk of chocolate out of the packet and transferred the same to his capacious mouth.

It was a large chunk!

Capacious as Bunter's mouth was, it was filled to capacity. Both his fat cheeks bulged.

He chewed, and was happy.

Bang!

Carter at last moved. His elbow knocked a book off his desk, and it fell

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EXCITING 35,000-WORD
SCHOOL YARN of HARRY
WHARTON & Co., of
GREYFRIARS.

houses. The fat fingers closed on the packet.

Other fellows observed Bunter. Some of them grinned. Bob Cherry made him a sign to chuck it—unheeded by Bunter. Harry Wharton gave him a frown—equally unheeded. Softly, silently, Billy Bunter snaffled that packet of choc—in a moment it was in his fat hand under his own desk.

Wibley nudged Carter. It seemed only fair to warn him that his chocolate was about to disappear on the downward path.

But Carter only made an irritable gesture and took no other notice. Wibley left it at that.

to the floor. In the silence of the Form-room the crash of that book on the old oak planks seemed almost thunderous.

The whole Remove jumped. Mr. Quelch jumped. He sat up, and his gimlet eyes gleamed at his Form.

"Who-what—" he ejaculated.

"Sorry, sir," said Carter meekly. "My book slipped off the desk—"

"You should be more careful, Carter!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "You should—" He broke off suddenly, disregarding Carter and fixing his eyes on Billy Bunter. "Bunter, what are you doing?"

Bunter gasped.

He was fairly caught.

He could not speak—his mouth was too full of chocolate for that. He could only gasp. With bulging cheeks, he blinked at his Form-master with startled eyes behind his spectacles.

Mr. Quelch stepped from his desk. Leaving "Ad Lucilium Epistolae" unregarded for the moment, he picked up his cane.

"Bunter!"

"Ooogh!"

"Are you consuming comestibles in class? Answer me!"

"Woogh!" gurgled Bunter.

"It appears," said Mr. Quelch grimly, "that I cannot take my attention from my class for one moment without some infraction of the rules occurring. Not for one moment!"

This was an under-statement. Quelch's eyes had been glued on Seneca for a good half-hour! But perhaps, with such an entrancing author as Seneca it seemed like only a moment to Quelch.

"Bunter, you are eating!"

"Gurrgh!"

"Will you answer me, Bunter?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Groogh! Yes, sir!" gurgled Bunter.

"I—I didn't! I—I mean, I—I wasn't! That is, I—I mean— Urrrrgh!"

Bunter made a tremendous effort, and the chocolate slid down its appointed way. That effort made him choke and gasp. He choked, gasped, and gurgled, and his eyes watered behind his big spectacles.

Mr. Quelch came round the forms. His face was grim. Arrived at Bunter, he swished the cane.

"Stand up, Bunter!"

"I—I say, sir—" gasped Bunter.

"I— Ooogh! I mean— Woogh!"

"Now bend over your desk!"

Swipe!

Bunter roared.

"You will now hand to me any other comestibles you may have brought into the Form-room!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Have you any others, Bunter?"

"Urrgh! Ow! No!"

"Why, what is that?" Quelch's gimlet eye spotted the packet on the ledge under Bunter's desk. "Bunter, how dare you! This is a packet of chocolate! Bend over your desk again!"

"Oh lor'!"

Swipe, swipe!

"Ow! Oh crikey! Ow!"

Mr. Quelch rustled away taking the chocolate packet with him. Billy Bunter blinked after him with an infuriated blink that might have cracked his spectacles. Mr. Quelch sat at his desk again, frowning. A man who was mugging up Seneca for a lecture that evening did not like these interruptions. Bunter liked them still less than Mr. Quelch.

Bob Cherry gave Carter a glare.

"You worm!" he breathed.

Carter glanced at him carelessly.

"You toad!" growled Bob. "You

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were pulling that fat chump's leg on purpose—"

"Cherry!" came from the high desk.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bob.

"Are you talking in class?"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"Take a hundred lines, Cherry!"

Bob Cherry did not talk any more!

There was silence in the class, as the Remove carried on with Latin papers, and Mr. Quelch with Seneca—broken only by the scratching of pens, and an occasional painful squeak from Billy Bunter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bunter Wants a Bunk!

"BOB, old chap—"

"Don't bother, fathead!"

"But I say—"

"Buzz!"

"Look here, give me a bunk up, you beast!" hooted Billy Bunter.

"What?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Bob stared at Billy Bunter. So did his friends. So did several other Remove fellows, in the group on the path by the Form-room windows.

It was a half-holiday that afternoon; and the Remove fellows were discussing a pick-up game; a last practice before the Rookwood match, now nearly due. That subject did not interest Billy Bunter! He interrupted it ruthlessly.

"A bunk up?" repeated Bob.

"What do you mean, you fat duffer?"

"Just what I say—a bunk up!" answered Bunter. He jerked a fat thumb towards the open window of the Remove Form Room. "There's nobody about—except you fellows! Safe as houses! Bunk me up before some beastly beak or pre. comes fooling along!"

"Don't be an ass—"

"Will you bunk me up?" demanded Bunter.

"No!" grunted Bob. "If you want to ask for more trouble with Quelch, you howling ass, you won't get any help from me!"

"Beast! I say, Wharton—"

"Shut up, ass!"

"Nugent, old chap—"

"Fathead!" said Frank Nugent.

"Will you give me a bunk up, Bull?"

"No, ass!"

"Will you, Inky?"

"The answer is in the absurd negative, my esteemed fat Bunter!" answered Hurrec Jamsat Ram Singh.

"Smithy, old chap—"

"Dry up, Owl!" said Herbert Vernon-Smith. "Now, about that pick-up, Wharton, if you want me to captain a side—"

"Just that!" assented the captain of the Remove. "We can make up a full twenty-two in the Remove—"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Will you shut up, Bunter?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"No, I won't! I want a bunk up! I say, Toddy—"

"Park it, old fat bean!" said Peter Todd. "Roll away! You jolly well know a fellow isn't allowed in the Form-room out of class! Chuck it!"

"That's why I'm getting in at the window," explained Bunter. "Quelch might spot me if I went in at the door. I say, Hazel—"

"Idiot!" said Hazel.

"Carter—give me a bunk, will you?" asked Bunter, turning his spectacles on the new fellow in the Remove.

Being on terms of warfare with his relative, Carter, Bunter would not, as a rule, have thought of asking him to oblige in anything. Now it was a case

of any port in a storm! He had asked every other fellow present, and every other fellow present had refused. Only Carter being left, he asked Carter.

"Oh, I don't mind!" said Carter, unexpectedly obliging.

"Good! You're not such a cad as you look, old chap!" said Bunter. "Come on, I've got to get it done before dinner. Ten to one Quelch will go back for it after dinner."

This sounded rather mysterious. Bunter, apparently, had designs on something that his Form-master had left in the Form-room, after dismissing the Remove at the end of third school.

"Hold on, Bunter, you priceless chump!" said Bob Cherry quietly, and his eyes glinted at Carter. "Haven't you sense enough not to let that fellow land you in a row?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I want a bunk up to the window—"

"What do you want in the Form-room, you ass?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

Bunter grinned.

"I'm going to make Quelch sit up!" he explained. "Safe as houses! The beast swiped me this morning—I can feel it now! I say, you saw him with that book in third school—I jolly well know he was mugging it up for his lecture to the Sixth! He left it on his desk in the Form-room, see? Well, suppose it's gone when he goes there for it?"

Billy Bunter's grin widened—extending from one fat ear to the other.

Evidently Bunter regarded this as a good one on Quelch.

Carter laughed—the other fellows did not. They stared at Bunter. Playing tricks on Henry Samuel Quelch, the master of the Greyfriars Remove, was about as safe an amusement as twisting the tail of a tiger.

"You benighted chump!" said Bob Cherry. "Quelch would be as mad as a hatter if anybody meddled with his books!"

"That's what I want!" explained Bunter. "So long as he doesn't know it was me, of course! That's important."

"Well, you're not going to do anything of the kind, you fat ass! Now shut up and roll off!"

"You mind your own business, Bob Cherry!" exclaimed the Owl of the Remove hotly. "I suppose a fellow can do as he likes, without asking you. Who asked you to butt in, I'd like to know?"

At which Bob Cherry's friends grinned. All through that term, Bob Cherry had stood up for the fat and fatuous Owl, and saved him again and again from the consequences of his own fatheadedness and Carter's cunning trickery. But championing Billy Bunter was rather a thankless task!

Bob did not grin. He drew back his right foot—and Billy Bunter promptly dodged out of the way of it.

"Come on, Carter!" he exclaimed. "Come and give me a bunk up!"

"Any old thing!" drawled Carter; and, with a sneering glance at Bob Cherry, he followed the fat Owl to the Form-room window.

Other fellows could have clambered in at that window unassisted; but the high stone sill was rather beyond Bunter's clambering powers.

Bob glanced at them, with a dark brow.

Smithy laughed sarcastically.

"Bunter's the man to ask for it, isn't he?" he remarked. "He specially

wants a good report this term! That's how he's setting about getting it."

"The howling ass!" said Harry Wharton.

"The blithering idiot!" growled Bob Cherry. "That cad Carter has landed him in all the trouble he could this term—he wangled that row over the chocs in third school just to get Bunter in trouble—and now—"

"Now Bunter's asking for more, and Carter's happy to help!" grinned the Bounder. "Obliging fellow, Carter!"

"I've a jolly good mind—"

"Oh, let the fat chump rip!" grunted Johnny Bull. "If he gets six from Quelch, it may teach him a little sense."

Bob Cherry did not answer. He stood watching the two juniors under the Form-room window, with knitted brows.

Bunter had grabbed the high stone window-sill, and Carter was bunking him up from below. It was no easy task. Bunking the fat Owl up might, indeed, have made a thirteenth job for Hercules. Bunter scrambled, and Carter heaved, but progress was slow.

"Now, about the sides—" went on Harry Wharton, reverting to the more important matter of the pick-up.

"Bunter—" began Bob.

"Eh! Bunter's no good," said the captain of the Remove. "Bunter can't play football! What do you mean?"

"Bunter's hunting for trouble, I mean! He ought to be stopped!"

"Oh, blow Bunter!" exclaimed Wharton. "I'm talking football—"

"Well, I'm jolly well going to stop him!" growled Bob. "That cad's not going to land him this time."

And, leaving the group, Bob Cherry tramped across to the Form-room window. There was no more time to be lost if Bunter was to be stopped. Hefty as the task was, Carter was heaving him up, with herculean efforts, and the fat Owl was now nearly landed on the window-sill.

A few moments more, and his weight would have been transferred from Arthur Carter to the solid stone sill. Bob Cherry arrived just in time.

Unceremoniously he grabbed Carter by his collar and hooked him backwards. Carter staggered back, and ceased to support Bunter.

The law of gravitation did the rest! Bunter, being left without any visible means of support, and not yet safely landed, fell back, with a startled howl.

He fell, naturally, on Carter, as that youth was just under him.

Carter went over on his back, on the quad; Bunter went over on Carter, on his waistcoat!

There was a horrible gurgle from Carter, as all the wind was driven out of him under the impact of Billy Bunter's weight.

"Oooooooooogh!"

"Oh! Ow! You silly ass! Ow!" roared Billy Bunter, scrambling wildly to his feet, planting a foot on Carter's face in the process. "You clumsy ass—ow!"

"Oooooogh!" moaned Carter.

He sprawled, gasping and gurgling. Bob Cherry grinned. There was a howl of laughter from the group of juniors.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows— Ow!"

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

"Try again, Carter!"

"Oooooogh! Whooogh! Moooooh!" moaned Carter. He sat up dizzily, pressing both hands to his waistcoat.

"Urrgh! I'm winded! Gurrh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked down at him through his big spectacles.

"You silly, clumsy ass!" he hooted. "You let me fall—"

"Oooooogh!"

"I might have got hurt, if I hadn't fallen on you!" howled Bunter indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Moooooh!" moaned the wretched Carter. He clasped his waistcoat, and wriggled and moaned.

"I say, Bob, that clumsy idiot let me down! Lend me a hand, old chap—"

"Will a foot do?" asked Bob.

"Eh? No! What—"

"You'll have to make it do! Here it is!"

"Ow! Beast! Leave off kicking me, will you?" yelled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, stop that beast kicking me! I say— Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter shot along the path as if it were the cinder path. His nefarious designs on the Form-room window had to be abandoned. The pressing necessity, at the moment, was to get out of reach of Bob Cherry's lunging boot. And Bunter, yelling, got out of reach at something under 60 m.p.h.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Quelch Takes Bunter at his Word!

MR. QUELCH knitted his brows. Under those knitted brows his eyes glinted.

Quelch had been busy since third school. He had had to see the Head about that lecture in the evening; he had had to see Monsieur Charpentier about a French set; he had had to see Mr. Lascelles about a maths set, and now there was only a quarter of an hour left before the dinner-bell rang.

Fifteen minutes, however, were fifteen minutes, to a methodical man who never wasted half a minute. There was time for another dig into Seneca CVIII. So Mr. Quelch was heading for the Form-room, where he had left Seneca on his desk, intending to sit down once more to the entrancing epistles which that ancient Roman had written to his pal Lucilius.

As he entered the corridor, Quelch's brows knitted, and his eyes glinted at the sight of a fat figure in advance of him.

He had a back view of that figure; but he did not need to see Billy Bunter's features to identify him. It was always easy to identify Bunter by his circumference, which was noticeable at once, from whatever point of the compass he might be viewed.

Bunter was in the act of opening the Form-room and barging therein.

Mr. Quelch marched down the corridor after him.

Except in class, fellows had to ask leave to enter a Form-room. Seldom did any fellow want to do so. Mr. Quelch was grimly curious to know what Bunter wanted there.

He arrived at the open doorway and looked in. Bunter was breaking a rule; but if he had merely gone back to the Form-room for such a thing as a book, or a pencil, or a map that he had forgotten, Quelch was prepared to let him off with a mild reproof. If his object was to split a cane, or introduce drawing-pins to a master's chair, Quelch was prepared to make an example of him.

By the time Quelch reached the door and looked in, Bunter had reached the Form-master's desk and picked up the volume that lay thereon.

It was a hefty volume. Quelch's

lecture that evening was going to deal with Seneca in general, and Epistle CVIII in particular. That volume contained all the celebrated epistles that Lucius Annaeus Seneca inflicted on the long-suffering Lucilius—no fewer than a hundred and twenty-four, all lengthy.

The volume was open at Epistle CVII, and Bunter blinked at it, his very spectacles gleaming with dislike and scorn.

Quelch liked this tosh. How anybody, not driven thereto by a Form-master's cane, could read such stuff, was a mystery to Bunter.

He thanked his lucky stars that they did not do Seneca in the Remove. He could see at a glance that he was a tougher beast than Virgil or Caesar.

Tosh as it was—in Billy's valuable opinion—Quelch was keen on it. He actually liked it. That hefty Latin volume was one of the favourite companions of his scanty leisure hours. He had been seen sitting under a shady elm in the quad perusing that big volume.

Well, he was not going to peruse it again in a hurry. Bunter was going to see to that.

That volume was going to disappear.

Bunter was not going to damage it, of course. Bunter was an ass, but he was not a malicious ass. He was going to cart that hefty volume off, and hide it in a box-room, or somewhere.

Sooner or later it would turn up. In the meantime, Bunter was going to enjoy Quelch's rage and dismay. Quelch would be inquiring all over the shop for his Seneca. Nobody would know where it was, except Bunter; and Bunter was going to laugh in his sleeve.

That was the programme—destined, alas!—never to be carried out. For as Bunter, with Seneca under his fat arm, rolled towards the door of the Remove-room, he found himself face to face with his Form-master.

Quelch's eyes were fixed on him like points of glittering steel.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

Crash! went Seneca to the floor.

Billy Bunter stood goggling at his Form-master, transfixed with terror.

"Oh!" he repeated, in a horrified squeak.

Mr. Quelch advanced into the Form-room.

"Well?" he said grimly.

He said "well," but that was only a figure of speech. His look did not indicate that matters were going well—for Bunter, at least.

"Oh!" moaned Bunter, for the third time.

He had failed to burgle the Form-room by the window. Now he wished that he had failed to burgle it by the door. He wished that he was anywhere but in that Form-room, under the deadly glint of Quelch's gimlet eyes. His fat knees knocked together in sheer funk.

"Well?" repeated Mr. Quelch grimly.

"Oh lor!" said Bunter.

"What are you doing with that volume? I presume," said Mr. Quelch, with devastating sarcasm, "that you were not intending to read it, Bunter."

Quelch had a sarcastic tongue. He could wither a fellow with sarcasm. This was one of his best efforts. Bunter, who "skewed" in Caesar, and had difficulties even with Eutropius, was not likely to have pinched Seneca for the purpose of reading him.

But that remark, bitterly sarcastic as it was, gave Bunter a cue.

Obviously, he could not tell Quelch
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that he had been going to hide Seneca in a box-room to pay him out. That was not the sort of thing any fellow could tell a beak. Just what he could say, Bunter did not know. The truth was of no use to him, even if he had thought of it, which he seldom did.

But Quelch's sarcastic suggestion came like a ray of light. Bunter jumped at it with both feet, so to speak.

"Oh, yes, sir!" he gasped.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, you—you venture to tell me that you were taking that volume away to read it?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Bunter. He had a wild hope of getting by with this. "I—I know I—I shouldn't have taken it without leave, sir, but—but I thought you wouldn't mind me looking at it, sir, as—as I'm fearfully keen to—to read Seneca, sir, and—and see what he—he—he's like."

Mr. Quelch gazed at him.

He did not, of course, believe this. It was unbelievable. Even studious fellows in the Remove, even one or two fellows given to swotting, never revealed any desire to dig into Seneca. Mark Linley or Penfold might borrow a Livy from their Form-master. They had never asked him to lend them Seneca. And Bunter's tastes in literature were really not classical. They ran rather in the direction of the "Burglar's Boarding-School," and terrifically thrilling works of that kind. Quelch's breath seemed to be taken away by Bunter's statement. He just gazed at the anxious fat Owl.

"You—you see, sir, I—I've heard a lot of talk about your lecture this evening to the Sixth," went on Bunter hopefully. "I heard Wingate mention it to Gwynne, and—and—"

"Bunter!"

"And—and I—I thought I—I'd like to have a shot at it, sir," went on Bunter. "I—I thought it—it might improve my Latin, sir."

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch.

"If—if you'd let me have the book, sir, when—you're not wanting it, I—I should so much like to—to read it, sir," breathed Bunter. "The—the harder it is, the better I should like it, really."

"Are you asking me to lend you that volume, Bunter, for the purpose of translating and studying it?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir; if—if you'd be so kind!" gasped Bunter.

There was a chance, at least, of getting by with this. After all, Quelch ought to be pleased at a fellow displaying such keenness to study a difficult author. He had often ragged Bunter for slackness. He couldn't say that this was slack, anyhow.

If Quelch swallowed this, lent him Seneca, and let him get away, that was all Bunter wanted. Certainly he had no intention of opening the volume and taking a single blink at the contents.

Mr. Quelch continued to gaze at Bunter. Suddenly he smiled, but it was a grim smile.

"Very well, Bunter," he said. "I find it difficult to believe that such was your desire and intention in taking away that volume, but I shall accept your statement. You may pick up that volume and follow me to my study."

Bunter picked up the volume and followed Mr. Quelch to his study.

Behind his Form-master's back he grinned.

This undoubtedly looked as if he had pulled Quelch's leg and got by, though he was rather puzzled to know why he was to go to the study.

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Arrived in that apartment, Quelch signed to him to place Seneca on the table; then the master of the Remove stepped to the bookcase, and from a set of small volumes selected one.

He handed it to Bunter. Bunter blinked at it. It was a smaller edition of Seneca. It contained a dozen of the epistles, instead of the whole hundred and twenty-four.

"That volume, Bunter, contains Epistle CVIII, with which I am specially dealing in my lecture this evening," said Mr. Quelch pleasantly.

"Dud-did-does it, sir?" stammered Bunter.

"I will lend it to you, Bunter. This volume I require for my own use, but I will lend you that small volume of Seneca—"

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"I have no doubt," continued Mr. Quelch, with almost ferocious sarcasm, "that you will find it sufficient. I am keenly interested in this unaccustomed interest you display in the classics, Bunter. You will translate Epistle CVIII—"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"And bring it to me—"

"Eh?"

"And I will go over it with you, Bunter."

Billy Bunter blinked at him in horror.

"Oh!" he gasped. "I—I—I say, that—that's very kik-kik-kind of you, sir! I—I'm so much obliged, sir! If—if I get time—"

"I advise you to find time, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly; "for unless you bring me that translation within three days I shall cane you."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"I shall, in fact, cane you with the utmost severity," said Mr. Quelch. "I shall be driven to believe, Bunter, that you have attempted to deceive and delude me, for which no punishment could be too severe."

"Oh crikey!"

"What? What did you say, Bunter?"

"I—I said thank you, sir!" groaned Bunter.

"You may now go, Bunter. Take that volume with you, and remember that I shall expect to see your translation of Epistle CVIII within three days."

Billy Bunter tottered from the study. Mr. Quelch smiled as he went—his grimmest smile.

Billy Bunter did not feel like smiling.

He was landed with a translation of Seneca. Quelch might as well have set him a jigsaw puzzle to translate.

Bunter did not smile; he looked, indeed, like the sorrowful king of ancient times—as if he was never going to smile again!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder's Way!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH glanced at a Remove fellow who was going out of gates, and his lip curled in a sarcastic sneer.

He gave Bob Cherry a touch on the elbow, and Bob glanced round.

"Look!" said the Bounder, nodding in the direction of the gates.

Bob's sunny face darkened a little as he glanced after Carter.

"Carter's cutting the footer," said Smithy.

"Looks like it," said Bob. "Can't say I'm sorry. He's a good man at the game, but I can't stand him."

"Why do you think he's cutting?"

"Blessed if I know, or care! I'm not

interested in Carter," answered Bob shortly.

The Bounder laughed.

"I think you are, old bean. You've had a feud on with him ever since he came—and I know why. You haven't made much of a secret of your belief that Carter's out to dish Bunter's chances with that jolly old relation of both of them—old Joe Carter—who doesn't seem to be able to make up his mind where to leave his money."

"I know that that's his game; and you know it as well as I do, Smithy," said Bob directly. "He's played one dirty trick after another on that fat ass—and you've spotted him at it, and so have I. Only last week—"

"Yes," said the Bounder quietly, "only last week a fellow who looked like Bunter tricked the Head on the telephone, and Bunter was actually bunked for it; only it came out at the last moment that it wasn't Bunter. Nobody knows who the fellow was—"

"I do," growled Bob.

"Not to prove it?"

"No, ass! That rotten rascal is too cunning to get anything proved on him. But I know it was Carter—and I know where he got the idea, too. That ass Wibley made himself up as Bunter for one of his theatrical stunts; and I'm as certain that Carter borrowed his props and played that trick at the post office as if he'd told me about it."

"Same here," said the Bounder. "Guess where he's going now Cherry."

Bob shrugged his shoulders.

"What does it matter? Out of bounds very likely, the dingy worm! I saw him that day when old Wingate spotted him at the Three Fishers. By gum, if he's cut footer for that kind of thing—"

"I don't think it's that. He's pretty keen on footer; and he could sneak along to the Three Fishers or the Cross Keys any time. He's got some special appointment out of gates this afternoon, or he would turn up for Soccer. I fancy I know what it is, too," sneered the Bounder. "He's in tow with a man named Gooch—a cousin of his, I think—I spotted them once. And I fancy that you know more about that than I do, too."

Bob did not reply. He knew that Carter, in his scheming campaign against the fat Owl of the Remove, had the assistance of his cousin, Mr. Gideon Gooch, but the subject was distasteful to him.

"Ten to one it's Gooch this time," said Smithy. "What about keeping an eye on the cad?"

Bob made a gesture of repugnance.

"No fear!" he answered promptly.

"You don't like the idea of watchin' him?" sneered the Bounder.

"No, I don't!"

"It doesn't strike me the same way," said Vernon-Smith coolly. "That fellow's a crook, Cherry. If it were simply a squabble between him and Bunter to get after old Joe Carter's money I should care no more about it than you would. But when it comes to laying dirty schemes to get a fellow bunked from the school—and a helpless ass like Bunter at that—I think it's time somebody kicked!"

"Yes, but—"

"That cur ought to be booted out of Greyfriars," said Smithy. "Borstal's nearer his mark! I don't care a straw about Bunter—and I've booted him often enough for pinching tuck from my study—but that fellow's a crook, and the man who's helping him in this game is another crook; and I'd take a lot of trouble to dish the pair of them."



"Will you answer me, Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Are you consuming comestibles?" "Wooogh!" gurgled Bunter. "Urrrrrgh!" The fat Removite made a tremendous effort, and the chocolate slid down its appointed way. The effort made him choke and gasp and his eyes watered behind his big spectacles.

"So would I," said Bob, "but—"
"You wouldn't let yourself down to the extent of watching a fellow?" jeered the Bounder.

"I couldn't, Smithy! You couldn't, either! Look here, it's time we got along to the changing-room."

"Couldn't I?" said Vernon-Smith. "I'm not so jolly particular as you are, old turnip! I not only could, but I'm going to! Detectives do it—"

"You're not a detective," said Bob gruffly.

"If one Remove man can be a crook, I don't see why another Remove man shouldn't be a detective to spot him," said the Bounder. "I'm going to do it, too! Coming?"

Bob shook his head. It seemed likely enough to him, as to the Bounder, that the schemer of the Remove was going to see his confederate that afternoon. But the idea of keeping watch on any fellow was altogether too repugnant to his mind.

"Don't do it, Smithy," he said. "Come along to the footer."

"You won't come?"

"No, I can't."

"Then give Wharton a message for me—tell him I'm sorry I've got to cut this afternoon," said Vernon-Smith.

"Look here, Smithy—" urged Bob.

"See you later—with news, perhaps," drawled the Bounder, and he walked down to the gates and went out after Carter.

Bob Cherry went along to the changing-room rather slowly and thoughtfully. In that peculiar contest of wits with the schemer of the Remove, the Bounder was on his side, and he was glad of it; he knew only too well that the cool, keen-witted Bounder was better able to deal with an unscrupulous rascal like Carter than he was himself. But he did not like

Smithy's methods, and nothing would have induced him to join in the Bounder's present enterprise.

He heard Wibley's voice as he arrived in the changing-room. William Wibley was arguing with the captain of the Remove there. He sounded rather excited.

"What sort of a silly ass do you call yourself, Wharton?" Wibley was inquiring.

"No sort at all, old bean," said Harry mildly. "Not, at any rate, the sort of silly ass to fancy that you can play Soccer, old top!"

"You chump!"

"You can play Hamlet!" said the captain of the Remove soothingly. "If we ever play Hamlet you shall captain the side—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But there's a spot of difference between Soccer and amateur theatricals," explained Wharton. "You stick to theatricals, old bean! Stick to your jolly old impersonations! You're topping in that line. You can make yourself up as anybody—I mean, anybody except a footballer!"

"You silly ass!" roared Wibley. "I can play your head off as easily at Soccer as at theatricals. It's only a pick-up game, too. Mean to say that I'm not good enough for a pick-up?"

"Yes, yes, old fellow—quite; but this is rather a special pick-up—putting the men through their paces for the Rookwood match. Any other time—"

The thoughtful expression on Bob Cherry's face was changed into a grin, as he came in. All the changing-room was grinning. Wibley, who had no equal in the theatrical line, was not content to do what he could do—he wanted, like many fellows, to do what he couldn't do! Soccer was one of the things he couldn't do.

"Where's Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton, as Bob came in.

"He wants to cut this time," said Bob. "He—"

"The silly ass!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "He can't cut—I want him to skipper the other side!"

"Well, he's gone out of gates," answered Bob. "It—it's something he thinks rather important." Bob coloured rather uncomfortably. He could hardly explain what it was that had taken the Bounder out of gates that afternoon.

"Bother the silly ass!" growled Wharton. "Squiff, you'll have to skipper the other side. Now we shall want another man." Wharton knitted his brows. The Remove was a numerous Form; but twenty-two men was rather a heavy draw on the football talent in the Form.

"Here I am!" said Wibley at once.

Harry Wharton looked at him.

"Oh! You!" he said. "Um! All right—it's you or Skinner, and I suppose you're as good as Skinner?"

"Do you mean a million times better?"

"Oh, a billion if you like! Get into your togs!"

And William Wibley changed for footer; and he played in that pick-up with considerable satisfaction to himself, if not to his skipper.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Shadowed By Smithy!

ARTHUR CARTER walked quickly down Friardale Lane. He glanced back when he reached the stile that gave on the footpath through the wood. He did
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not suppose for a moment that he was followed; it was only the habit of caution. On a half-holiday, Greyfriars fellows were likely to be about, and he did not want to be seen when he joined up with Mr. Gideon Gooch.

Two Sixth Form men—Loder and Walker—were strolling along the lane—taking no heed, naturally, of so inconsiderable a person as a Lower Fourth junior. Remove men were not likely to be seen with a pick-up game on that claimed twenty-two members of the Form. Carter gave the two seniors a careless glance, and climbed over the stile.

On the footpath, he waited a minute or two, until they had passed on towards the village, however. Then he walked quickly along the footpath, under the shadowy branches of the old trees.

At a distance from the stile, a man was leaning on a beech—a thin, pallid-faced man in rusty black. His eyes rested on Carter for a moment, and then he left the footpath and went into the wood. Carter turned off at the same spot, and followed him.

Not till he was a good hundred yards from the footpath, and in the midst of trees and thickets, did Mr. Gooch halt. Then, safe from observation of anyone who might pass along the path, he stopped, and Carter joined him.

Carter's expression was not very pleasant. His cousin, Gooch, was helping him in his peculiar campaign—to get back into his rich uncle's good graces and to get rid of his rival for the same. But Gooch's assistance had not availed him very much, so far; and his advice was useless to Carter, his advice being that that young rascal who had been expelled from his last school should follow the path of reform, as the

surest method of regaining old Mr. Carter's favour.

That method did not recommend itself to Carter, and he wanted to hear no more on that subject.

"Look here, Gideon," he began, "I got your message, and here I am; but it's rotten awkward coming out this afternoon. I've had to cut the footer, and you know as well as I do that it's my cue to get on in games as well as in class—everything counts!"

"Quite!" agreed Gooch. "Most important of all, however, is consistent good conduct."

"Oh, wash that out!" interrupted Carter irritably. "If that's all you've got to say—"

"It is not! I have a new idea; and there is no time to lose—the term is drawing near its end. You have failed, and failed again—so far from bringing Bunter to disgrace, the position is unchanged."

"Not quite!" said Carter. "Every time I land him in a row with Quelch, it helps! A lot depends on his term's report; old Joe Carter is going to judge by that before he does anything definite. And Bunter has given Quelch a lot of trouble this term—with help from me."

"Only," snapped Gideon, "it has led to nothing!"

"Not my fault. I'm beginning to wonder whether there's anything in it at all!" growled Carter. "Nothing seems to come off! What's the matter with you?" he added irritably, as Gideon gave a slight start and stared round suspiciously at the surrounding thickets.

"Did you hear something?" asked Gooch.

"No, I didn't."

"A rustle—"

"Oh, rot! A rabbit, perhaps!"

"You were not followed?"

"Don't be an ass!"

"You have told me that a boy named Cherry—"

"Cherry's butted in again and again, but he would no more follow a fellow and watch him than he would pick his pocket!" grunted Carter.

"You have mentioned another junior—Vernon-Smith."

"Well, he might—only he doesn't care a boiled bean about Bunter. Why should he? I got on his wrong side by getting him nabbed in mistake for Bunter—but that's all. He's captaining one side in a pick-up match now—the pick-up I ought to be playing in."

Gideon stood listening, and watching, for a long minute, Carter staring at him with a contemptuous sneer.

But the solicitor seemed satisfied at last.

"You cannot be too careful, Arthur," he said at last. "You have made enemies in your school, where it should have been your object to make friends. No one, of course, knows that you are meeting me to-day?"

"Do you think I should tell anybody? They might get curious to know what we have to confab about!" sneered Carter. He took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and lighted one, Gooch eyeing him with cold disapproval.

"That will do you no good, Arthur!" he rapped.

"Oh, give us a rest! You said you had a new idea. What is it? If there's anything to be done, I'm keen enough."

"Listen to me, Arthur! It is fairly clear that you can do nothing. If anything is to be done, I must contrive it personally!"

"I can't see you taking any risk!" jeered Carter.

"I intend to take none! The plan I have formed does not involve me in any risk, or I should not touch it!" answered Mr. Gooch calmly. "But, from what you have told me of Bunter, it looks good. I have thought this out very carefully, Arthur. The boy has, you have told me, vicious propensities."

"No. He's a greedy, unscrupulous little fat ass! But he's more a fool than anything else!"

"You have told me that two or three weeks ago he had a fatuous idea of backing a horse, and his well-wishers in his Form were hardly able to restrain him from acting in such a way that he would have been expelled."

"Oh, yes, if that's what you mean! He's idiot enough for anything!" said Carter impatiently. "I lent him a quid, that time, to help him land himself—but it only ended in the quid going on tuck."

"Suppose he met a sporting man, outside the school, who was prepared to lend him money, take him to the races, and generally go to the trouble and expense of helping him to make a fool of himself. What would he do?"

"Jump at it!" said Carter. "He would land himself in anything, without even understanding that he was doing wrong—that's the sort of ass he is. But how—and what—"

"He does not know me, personally," said Mr. Gooch. "Also, differently dressed. I should have a very different appearance."

Carter started.

"You!" he breathed.

"I should not be likely to take any other person into my confidence, in such a matter," said Mr. Gooch dryly, "especially a person who would play such a part! I have no wish to be blackmailed! Yes, I—once in touch with Bunter, I have no doubt that I could contrive all that is necessary, if

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you have described him accurately to me."

"By gum!" said Carter, his eyes glistening.

"You, of course, must not appear in the matter at all," said Gooch. "But you must contrive, somehow, for Bunter to be in some spot where I can make his acquaintance. The rest you can leave to me."

"I could fix that all right! By gum! You're a sporting man, taking a young blackguard to the races—" Carter chuckled. "Oh, my hat! You needn't be afraid that the fat Owl would smell a rat! Why, you could land him at the Three Fishers, or the Cross Keys, or some such place, and leave him there to be copped—caught right in the act!"

"Exactly!"

"Gideon, old man, you're no fool!" said Carter.

"I have been considered a rogue, Arthur," said Mr. Gooch. "But no one, so far, has ever considered me a fool!"

"This is a winner!" said Carter. "Look here, we'd better fix it up on the spot! I tell you, Bunter will fall for this like a gudgeon for bait! He'd have landed himself long ago if he'd had any money. Get right on to it now."

"To-morrow, then!" said Gideon. "If you can manage for Bunter, after class, to take a little walk—say, in Friardale Lane! Could you manage that?"

Carter laughed.

"Easily! There's a tuckshop in Friardale—anybody could get him to go there."

"If I am sitting on the stile, I shall see him. I have no doubt that I shall recognise him easily enough—"

"A fellow as fat as a porpoise, with a pair of big spectacles, and a voice like a ventriloquist's squeak!" said Carter. "Nobody else could be mistaken for him. You've seen him from a distance, too. That's all right."

"Leave the rest to me, then!" said Mr. Gooch, with a sour smile.

Carter lighted another cigarette. His eyes were dancing.

For ten minutes or more the precious pair remained discussing the scheme; and then they separated. It was too late for Carter to think of football, and he consoled himself by creeping quietly in at the back gate of the Cross Keys, where he had acquaintances of the sporting kind. Mr. Gooch walked back to the railway station, to take his train back to Lantham.

The spot where they had conferred, in the deep, dusky wood, was left deserted. Not till after the sound of their footfalls had died away was there a rustle in the thickets. Then the Bounder of Greyfriars stepped into view—had there been any eye to see him! The Bounder was laughing silently to himself.

Gideon Gooch had not been mistaken in thinking that he had heard a rustle in the wood! But the schoolboy shadower had been cautious—there had not been a second rustle for him to hear. Unseen, unheard, the Bounder of Greyfriars had listened to almost every word of that conference in the heart of the wood.

"By gad!" murmured Vernon-Smith. "I wonder if Cherry would have got over his scruples if he had had any idea of what was going to be on."

And the Bounder sauntered back to the school, still laughing silently to himself.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Up Against It!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared all the fellows in the Rag.

It was fearfully unsympathetic. Billy Bunter could not help feeling that the Greyfriars Remove were a stony-hearted lot.

It was the following day, and William George Bunter was in a state of woe and tribulation.

He rolled into the Rag, after class, with a woebegone fat face. All the fellows knew what the trouble was; and they all took it as one of the best jokes of the term.

It was no joke to Bunter!

It made all the Remove roar. It made Bunter feel inclined, like Peter of old, to go out and weep bitterly!

It had always been a serious complaint of Bunter's that Quelch never would take his word! Now Quelch had taken it—and he was less satisfied than ever!

Caught in the very act of snaffling Seneca, Bunter had adopted his usual resource—fibbing! Either Quelch had believed him, or he had acted as if he believed him! Anyhow, he had taken Bunter at his word!

All that Bunter had to do now, was to make that word good! That, unluckily, was miles beyond his powers, and millions of miles beyond his inclinations. The bare idea of translating Seneca made him cringe.

But he had to do it—somehow! Either he had to do it, or he had to take the consequences—and Quelch had promised that the consequences would be very severe!

The unhappy Owl blinked round, through his big spectacles, at a crowd of grinning faces.

Bunter himself could see nothing at which to grin. The matter was serious—awfully serious! It meant nothing less than a severe whopping for Bunter! If that was not serious, Bunter would have liked to know what was.

"If you fellows think that this is funny—" groaned Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Clearly the fellows did!

"Try sticking to the truth next time, old fat bean!" advised Bob Cherry.

"Next time's no good—it's this time that's worrying me!" groaned Bunter.

"Truthfulness is the cracked pitcher that goes longest to the well, my esteemed Bunter, and saves a bird in hand from a stitch in time, as the English proverb remarks!" grinned Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh.

"I don't believe Quelch half-believed me, really," said Bunter.

"Not half!" agreed Frank Nugent.

"Of course he didn't!" said Johnny Bull. "And he's jolly well caught you, and serve you right, you fat spoofer!"

"Beast! The question is, what's a fellow going to do?" yapped Bunter.

"Seneca!" suggested Harry Wharton.

"I can't do the stuff, of course! I don't suppose any man in the Remove could touch it! I know I can't! But—but if I don't, I get a whopping—and—Quelch said specially that it would be severe! That's what he says when he means swipes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle!" said Bunter bitterly. "I'm for it, and all you fellows can do is to cackle, after all I've done for you."

"Why not tackle it?" asked Tom Redwing, laughing. "With a dictionary and a grammar, and a wet towel round your head—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shall have to tackle it!" groaned Bunter. "I shall have to translate the muck somehow. But there's yards and yards of it. Three or four hundred lines, at least! It's a beastly epistle—which means a letter—fancy any man writing such a lot of rot to a friend, and fancy any man reading it when he got it! I—I wish I hadn't told Quelch I liked Seneca—who the thump was Seneca? Anybody know?"

The Removees yelled.

"Ask Quelch!" suggested Peter Todd.

"Well, I can't ask him who the beast was, after telling him I liked the beast and his beastly tosh! He fancies I know, you know."

"Seneca," said Mark Linloy, laughing, "was a jolly old Roman, born in Spain in the year 4 B.C. He was tutor to Nero. His Epistles were written to his old friend Lucilius."

"I say, old chap, you seem to know all about it," said Bunter. "Think you could do the translation! I'd copy it out, if you did—I'm not lazy, I hope! I'd do that much."

"Fatehead!"

"Tackle it, old man!" said Bob encouragingly. "It will improve your Latin no end. You want a good report this term! Well, think of Quelch putting in your report, 'Good at classics; especially fond of difficult authors, such as Seneca—'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, look here, you chaps," said Bunter, "it's got to be done somehow! My idea is this—suppose you all tackle it! Many hands make light work, you know! You all take a bit each, and worry through it somehow—then I'll copy out the lot—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Call next door!"

"Mention it next Christmas!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!" roared Bunter.

That proposition did not seem to appeal to the Remove fellows! They could not quite see themselves sitting down to a feast of Seneca, in order to provide Bunter with a translation ready-made.

Billy Bunter rolled dismally out of the Rag, leaving the fellows there yelling.

Carter, who was loafing in the passage, glanced at the fat Owl's lugubrious face, and grinned.

Bunter gave him a ferocious glare.

"Beast!" he remarked, in passing.

"Hold on, Bunter," said Carter amiably, "you seem to be in a bit of a scrape. If I could help—"

"Yes, I can see you helping!" yapped Bunter. "Think you can pull my leg, you beast?"

"I wouldn't mind having a shot at it," said Carter, "only I've got to go down to the village. Look here, if you'll go for me, I'll have a shot at it while you're gone—that's fair! If it's bogus, that's something."

Bunter paused, and blinked at him doubtfully. It was, as Carter said, "something," if he made a beginning with that putrid translation. Carter, certainly, was much better able to tackle it than Bunter. On the other hand, Bunter did not want to walk down to Friardale. He was too lazy to tackle Seneca, and for the same excellent reason, he did not want a walk.

"Is it a go?" asked Carter. "It's only to the tuckshop, to fetch a parcel of toffee-apples—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"You know Uncle Clegg's toffee-apples—you can't get better ones anywhere else," said Carter. "I ordered them yesterday, and he told me they'd

be ready to-day. I'll get that translation started for you, if you'll go."

"I'll go, old chap!" said Bunter, at once.

Walking down to the village, considered merely as a walk, had no attraction whatever for Bunter! But fetching a parcel of toffee-apples was quite another and more attractive proposition. Bunter did not even mind if it was a heavy parcel! Indeed, the heavier it was, the better he would like it! Like *Æsop's* burden of old, it would grow lighter the longer it was carried!

"Right-ho, then!" said Carter. "Give me your jolly old Seneca, and I'll get it going. The parcel's paid for—that's all right."

"The beastly book's on the table in my study," said Bunter cheerfully. "I'll get that parcel all right, Carter, old chap! I'll be back by tea-time! Get as much of that tosh done as you can."

"It's a go!" said Carter.

And he went up to the Remove studies to get Seneca from Study No. 7 and start on the same! Lucilius Annæus Seneca had little more attraction for Carter than for Bunter, but he smiled as he sat down to it in Study No. 1. It was almost too easy to pull that fat Owl's leg!

Bunter was going down to Friardale. He was going to pass the stile on which sat Mr. Gideon Gooch. The rest was safely left to Gooch. No wonder the schemer of the Remove smiled, as he sat down to Seneca, and Billy Bunter rolled out of the House and headed for the gates.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Wheeze for Wibley!

"GET out!" said William Wibley inhospitably.

Vernon-Smith grinned, and came in, instead of getting out.

Wibley was alone in his study. His property-box was open, and the table, the chairs, and nearly everything else in the study, were covered with theatrical gadgets. Wib was busy, and when he was busy, he did not like being interrupted. Hence his remark as the Bounder came in.

Smithy came in, all the same, and shut the door. He leaned on it, and watched Wibley, who was combing out a long black beard, which had got rather mixed and tangled among the other "props."

"Want anything?" yapped Wibley.

"Yes! I haven't looked in simply for the pleasure of hearing you yap like a dog, old bean," said Smithy. "I've been thinking out a stunt, which no man at Greyfriars can handle except you."

"Oh!" Wibley looked a little interested. "That means something in the theatrical line?"

"Exactly!"

"Carry on!" said Wib, quite amiably. Wibley was always willing to listen to anything in that particular line.

"It's a sort of impersonation," said the Bounder. "You could do it! In fact, you've done it once! Last week, you fixed yourself up to look like that fat ass, Bunter! I fancy that that was what put a trick into somebody's head, too—you know that somebody like Bunter was seen at Courtfield Post Office, when the Head was spoofed on the phone—"

"I know."

"Well, it's put a trick into my head, too," said Smithy. "You can play that game over again, Wib."

Wibley looked at him.

"I'm not playing any tricks on

Bunter, if that's what you mean," he said. "I've got a pretty clear idea that he's got enough trickery to look for from that chap Carter."

"Let a chap speak, old man! Let me tell you something that I spotted yesterday!"

Wibley listened, with his eyes growing wider, while the Bounder gave a succinct account of the conference between Carter and his cousin Gooch in Friardale Wood.

He whistled when the Bounder had finished.

"What do you think of that?" asked Smithy.

"I think I'd rather not have done what you did, old man!" said Wibley, rather dryly. "The fellow's a sneaking toad, if you've got it right—but—"

"Wash that out!" interrupted the Bounder. "I didn't come here for a lecture—besides, I've had one from Cherry on the same subject. I've told you how the matter stands. Do you think that plotting cad Carter and his confederate ought to be allowed to carry on?"

"No, but—I don't see how a man can butt in," answered Wibley. "You can warn Bunter, of course, but that won't prevent a born fool making a fool of himself. I dare say he wouldn't even believe you—he's such a fibber that he thinks everybody tells fibs."

"You mean, you think they've got him this time?"

"Well, I'd warn him," said Wibley. "That's all you can do—but I don't suppose it will save his bacon. Look how he wanted to go blagging a few weeks ago, when he fancied he had a tip for the races. If there's any trouble lying about, you can rely on that fat ass to stick his fat head into it. Still, I'd give him the tip."

"N.G.," said Vernon-Smith. "I've got something better than that. Carter's going to wangle it for Bunter to go down to the village this afternoon, and Gooch is going to nobble him. Suppose you went?"

"I!" ejaculated Wibley.

"Just you—got up as Bunter!"

"Oh crikey!"

"That's the big idea!" said Smithy, with a grin. "Gooch doesn't know Bunter—he's seen him from a distance, that's all! He's going to wait for a fat fathead in specs—in a Greyfriars cap! You could do it on your head."

"But—but—" Wibley gasped. "Suppose he took me for Bunter—that's easy enough—what then?"

"Oh, lots then!" said Smithy. "I'll undertake to keep Bunter off the scene, so that he won't butt in at the same time—and without Carter knowing, too. You fool Gooch to the top of his bent—make him think he's got everything coming his way—and fix up an appointment with him in some nice shady spot where we can give him a lesson about landing Greyfriars fellows in the soup."

"Oh!" Wibley grinned. "By gum, the rotten rascal ought to be ducked, and booted—in fact, he ought to be lynched!"

"Well, we can't lynch him," said Vernon-Smith. "But we can make him feel sorry for himself in a lot of ways. After we've done with him he will be tired of angling after Bunter—and that's what we want."

Wibley chuckled.

"I'm on!" he said. "It's no end of a lark! If the brute doesn't know Bunter, it's as easy as pie. Is it to-day?"

"I fancy he's sitting on that stile now, waiting."

"Then we'll get going."

Wibley began sorting "props" out of the property-box.

"I can't walk out of the school as

Bunter, of course," he remarked. "I can take the things in a bag, and make up out of gates, and then stroll along. You see that Bunter doesn't butt in."

"Leave that to me."

Ten minutes later, Vernon-Smith and Wibley left the House together, Wib carrying a packed bag. At the gates Wibley went on his way, with a cheery grin on his face, and disappeared, leaving the Bounder lounging at the gateway. Tom Redwing spotted him there a little later, and joined him.

"Coming down to the footer, Smithy?" he asked.

"Not just now, Reddy."

"You cut the practice yesterday, you know. You want to keep in form for Rookwood," said Redwing.

"Yes, but I'm rather busy now."

"Busy—hanging about the gates?"

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"I'm waiting for Bunter," he explained.

"Bunter?" repeated Redwing blankly.

"Yes, I've an idea," said the Bounder gravely, "that our dear old porpoise is going out to get into mischief. Naturally, I'm bound to chip in. I can't see a fellow wandering from the straight and narrow path without utterin' a word in season, can I? You know my upright nature."

"If you mean anything, what do you mean?" grunted Redwing.

"Oddly enough, exactly what I say," answered the Bounder, laughing. "Cut down to the footer, Reddy and leave me to get on with the good work."

"Oh rot!" grunted Redwing.

"Here comes Bunter! Cut off, old man! Positively, for one occasion only, I prefer Bunter's company to yours."

Redwing, with another grunt, walked away, leaving the Bounder in the gateway to meet Billy Bunter as he came rolling down from the House.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Looking After Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER blinked at Vernon-Smith as he passed him in the gateway, and rolled out.

The fat Owl of the Remove was feeling rather bucked.

That rotten translation, which had worried him so sorely, was getting started, at any rate. If Carter did only twenty lines or so it would be something. Other fellows, perhaps, might be induced to lend aid later. Bunter had three ways in which to get it done, and there was a sporting chance, at least, of getting it done on the instalment system.

Anyhow, the beastly thing would be started, and that was so much to the good. But Bunter was thinking less of Seneca than of the toffee-apples. If a fellow carted a bag of toffee-apples about, he was entitled, Bunter considered, to sample them on the way. There was no doubt that Bunter was going to sample those toffee-apples. It was probable that the samples would be extensive.

"Whither bound, old fat man?"

Bunter blinked round at that voice over his fat shoulder. The Bounder had sauntered out after him.

"Oh, just a walk down to the village!" he answered.

"Done your translation for Quelch?" grinned the Bounder.

"Well, it's started," answered Bunter cheerfully. "Carter's starting it for me while I go down to Friardale for him, see?"

Vernon-Smith looked at Bunter's fat, obtuse face with a mingling of curiosity, contempt, and compassion. Evidently it had been easy enough for Carter to pull his leg, in accordance with the arrangement made with Mr. Gooch.

"Coming?" added Bunter. "I'm going to Uncle Clegg's." He blinked hopefully at the Bounder. There was ample accommodation within Bunter's circumference for other comestibles as well as toffee-apples. "I say, old Clegg has some jolly good things, better than you get at the school shop, really. I'm going to fetch some toffee-apples for Carter. You know what old Clegg's toffee-apples are like, Smithy."

Smithy gave him a sarcastic grin. Toffee-apples, it seemed, were the bait by which that fat fish had been so easily hooked.

It was difficult for a cool-headed, keen-witted fellow like the Bounder to understand such obtuseness as Bunter's. Carter was his enemy, as he well knew. Bunter had told every fellow in the Remove that if he had a good report that term it might mean great things for him from his distant and rich relative, old Joseph Carter. He knew that Carter's desire was to "dish" him in that direction. Yet no suspicion had crossed his fat mind.

In Bunter's place the Bounder would have been wary of every word, every look, every movement of his enemy. The happy Owl was not wary in the least. He went straight into the trap like a fat rabbit!

But Smithy, if he despised such obtuseness, felt a spot of pity, too. The more helpless the fat Owl was against the machinations of his enemies, the more it was up to a brighter fellow to lend him a helping hand.

That was how Bob Cherry felt—and the Bounder also, to a lesser extent. It was altogether too thick for that fat duffer to be caught between two cunning rogues as if in a pair of pincers.

Smithy walked on by Bunter's side. Without his intervention, Bunter would have walked on past the stile, and Mr. Gooch would have found some means, easily enough, of getting him into conversation. He would not know that Gooch was any connection of Carter's; he would take him for some sporting man. He would know perfectly well, as he was, that he ought not to get

into any dealings with such a man; but that would not stop him. He would be like clay in the hands of the potter—like a fat fly in a spider's web.

"Turn off here," said Smithy suddenly. He stopped at a gate long before the stile came in sight.

"Eh? That's a long way round to Friardale," said Bunter. "It's nearly twice as far across the meadows, Smithy."

"Nice walk!" said Smithy.

"Oh rot!" said Bunter.

"I'm teeing at Uncle Clegg's," said the Bounder casually. "I'd like you to join me, old fat bean, if you'd care for it."

"What-ho!" said Bunter. Bunter had never yet refused an invitation like that, and he was not going to begin now. "I told Carter I'd be back by tea-time, but that's all right. But let's go by the lane."

"I'm going by the meadows."

"I'll wait for you at the tuckshop, then."

"You needn't. If you don't want my company in a walk you don't want it at tea," answered the Bounder.

He opened the gate.

"Oh, I—I do, old chap!" gasped Bunter. "I—I'd like a walk, no end! It—it's ripping going across the meadows."

And he rolled through the gateway after Smithy. Long walks did not appeal to Bunter, but tea with the Bounder did!

They walked by a winding path across the meadows, far out of sight of the stile in Friardale Lane.

Bunter plugged on cheerfully, thinking now more of a lavish tea at Uncle Clegg's than of the toffee-apples.

The Bounder could not help grinning. Bunter, like many obtuse fellows, fancied that he was very cute, that he knew who was who and what was what. But he had not the remotest idea why Carter had sent him to Friardale; neither had he the faintest suspicion that Smithy had any motive for taking him there by a roundabout route. Blissfully ignorant that there was anything going on unknown to him, Bunter rolled on, thinking of tea at Uncle Clegg's.

Keeping widely clear of Friardale Lane, they arrived in the village, and at Uncle Clegg's shop.

The bag of toffee-apples, ordered by Carter the previous day, was in readiness. But Bunter was not immediately concerned about that now. Tea came first. Carter could wait for his toffee-apples till lock-up. They sat down at the little table in the corner of the village tuckshop, and Vernon-Smith gave orders in his usual lavish style.

The next hour was a happy one for Bunter.

Seldom or never did the Bounder bestow his company on the fat Owl of the Remove. Seldom did Bunter have an opportunity like this of picking up the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. Bunter was not the fellow to let his chances, like the sunbeams, pass him by. By the time tea was over Bunter was happy, sticky, shiny, and found a little difficulty in breathing. And Carter's toffee-apples in the bag were safe now. Bunter had not left himself room for a single toffee-apple!

There was a fly in the ointment, of course. He had to walk back to the school, and he was rather heavily laden for walking.

"Look here, we're going back by the lane!" said Bunter decidedly. "No more tramping over the meadows, Smithy!"

"Not even in my attractive company?" asked the Bounder.

"I'm going by the lane," said Bunter. "You can wander all over the shop if you like—I'm not going to."

The Bounder laughed. Bunter was less amenable after tea than before tea. There was a difference between "before taking" and "after taking," as it were. But Smithy did not mind. What he got from Bunter was exactly what he expected to get from Bunter.

There was no doubt that the coast was clear now, and there was, in fact, little more than time to get in for lock-up. So the Bounder cheerfully gave Bunter his head.

As he was done with the fat Owl now, however, he did not bestow his company on him further. As Bunter, with the bag of toffee-apples under a fat arm, started at the pace of an old tired snail, the Bounder walked off, and the fat Owl was left on his own—to plod his weary homeward way, like the ploughman in the poem!

(Continued on next page.)

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THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Taken In!

GIDEON GOOCH smiled.

Sitting on the stile in Friardale Lane, under the westering sunshine of the spring afternoon, Mr. Gooch was watching the lane in the direction of Greyfriars School.

He had little doubt that Arthur Carter would succeed in sending the fat junior where he was wanted; and he waited in cheerful patience.

Mr. Gooch did not present his usual aspect as he sat on the stile. The rusty black clothes, the rusty black hat, and the elastic-sided boots, were gone. His acquaintances would hardly have known Mr. Gooch in his change of attire. He wore a grey lounge suit, and tan shoes, and a new Homburg hat; a coloured waistcoat, and a spotted tie. He looked ten years younger, and quite a different sort of person. Unchanged was his wolfish face, and his sharp, shifty eyes.

He smiled—as a wolf might have smiled at the sight of a plump lamb—as those sharp eyes fell on a fat figure plugging up the lane.

A big pair of spectacles flashed back the rays of the sun!

Gooch watched the fat junior keenly as he came. He knew what to expect; and this was what he expected!

Certainly he had not the remotest suspicion that the rotundity of that fat figure was caused by skilful padding; that the ruddy hue in his cheeks was the effect of art; or that the big spectacles were of plain glass. He had no knowledge of William Wibley, of the Greyfriars Remove—not the faintest suspicion that his talk with Carter in the wood had been overheard—he had no reason for doubt, and he did not dream of doubting!

This was Bunter!

It had been his intention to stop the fat junior in passing with some remark and inveigle him into a conversation, to begin with. But he was saved even that trifling trouble. The fat junior came up to the stile, and stopped.

He blinked at Mr. Gooch through the big glasses.

"Mind if I sit here, too, for a bit?" he asked, in a squeaky voice. "I'm a bit tired."

Nothing could have happened better, from Mr. Gooch's point of view.

"Not at all!" he answered, very civilly. "Plenty of room." He shifted along the stile to make room for the plump schoolboy.

Bunter—if it were Bunter—sat on the top bar, resting his feet on the step with a grunt of relief. Wibley, as a matter of fact, was rather glad of a rest. Walking in that extensive padding was a little fatiguing.

"Perhaps you can tell me the name of that building," remarked Mr. Gooch, with a gesture towards a distant tower that showed against the blue sky in the distance over the trees.

"Eh! That's my school—Greyfriars!" answered the fat youth.

"You belong to Greyfriars?" asked Mr. Gooch. He had already noticed the Greyfriars cap on the fat junior's head; and he had no doubt that this was Bunter; but he had to make sure.

"Oh, yes, I'm in the Remove," answered his companion on the stile. "You know anybody at Greyfriars?" he added.

"No!" replied Mr. Gooch untruthfully. "I am unacquainted with any Greyfriars boys. Very glad to meet one!" A cigarette-case appeared in his hand. "I suppose you do not smoke?"

"Don't I just, when the beaks and prefects ain't about!" answered the fat youth, with a wink at Mr. Gooch.

Mr. Gooch laughed and held out his case. The fat schoolboy selected a smoke. Billy Bunter, in Wibley's place, undoubtedly would have done the same, and lighted it. But Wibley did not light it. He stuck it in his mouth, and left it at that.

Gideon drew a folded racing paper from his pocket. As he opened it, he noted, with a sidelong eye, that the fat junior's spectacles turned on it.

"Not interested in such things, I suppose?" remarked Gideon.

"You bet your life!" answered the fat schoolboy, with another wink. "Of course, a chap doesn't get a lot of chances at school. They keep an eye on us. But I can tell you we jolly well kick over the traces sometimes. There's a fellow in my Form named Carter—"

"Carter!" repeated Mr. Gooch, with a start.

"No end of a sportsman! He was whopped the other day for pub-haunting! I dare say he'll be sacked before long!"

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Gooch.

"New chap this term," went on the fat schoolboy chattily. "A regular old sketch brought him to the school—"

"Eh?"

"Some sort of a lawyer johnny—dressed in black, with fishy eyes—you should have seen him—fearful old blighter!"

Mr. Gooch breathed hard. It was he who had taken Arthur Carter to Greyfriars at the beginning of the term. This flattering description was, therefore, of himself! He was glad that he had made so complete a change in his appearance. Obviously—to Mr. Gooch—this fat fellow did not know that he was Gooch!

Gideon was very much inclined, at that moment, to tip the fat fellow off the stile, and land him in a heap in the lane. He did not think of giving way to that inclination, however.

"Mean beast, that fellow Carter!" went on the fat junior. "Catch him lending half-a-crown, even to a relation!"

"A relation!" said Mr. Gooch.

"Not that we're really related, you know! The Carters are very distant relations of the Bunters."

Mr. Gooch's eyes gleamed with a fishy gleam. He knew already, of course; but he wanted to be quite sure. He was quite sure now. This remark could only mean that the fat fellow was Bunter.

Really, he did not seem to have any use for his cunning, in dealing with this fellow! Bunter seemed to be doing his work for him!

"Anything good in that paper?" added the fat junior, with another blink at the racing paper in Mr. Gooch's hands.

Mr. Gooch smiled.

"Several things," he answered, "if they interest you! The fact is, this is my line of business."

"Oh, I guessed that one!" said the fat junior cheerily. "I could see at once that you were a sporting man."

"You are an observant lad, Master Bunter."

"Well, I fancy I know my way about," said the fat junior complacently. "I'm rather wide, you know! I've got my eye-teeth cut! I say, mind if I look at that paper?"

"Pleased!"

Mr. Gooch was, in fact, very pleased. He had not expected to have much difficulty with Bunter, after what Carter had told him about the fat Owl. But he

had hardly expected it to be so easy as this. The fatuous young ass was simply asking for it.

He handed "Bunter" the paper, and noted, with satisfaction, how eagerly his eyes and spectacles fixed on it.

But the fat fellow blinked up suddenly.

"Might be spotted here!" he said. "I should get into a fearful row if a pro saw me with this paper."

"A pro?" repeated Mr. Gooch.

"Prefect!" explained the fat schoolboy. "A prefect would report me to the Head! Look here, if you don't mind letting me have a squint at this paper, I'll step out of sight—anybody might pass along this lane."

"By all means!" smiled Mr. Gooch.

The fat junior slipped down on the inner side of the stile, and moved up the footpath.

Mr. Gooch followed him, smiling.

A dozen yards from the stile, the trees screened them from view in Friardale Lane. They also cast a dusky shade over the fat face; which was all to the good from the schoolboy actor's point of view. He had completely taken in Gideon Gooch; but he preferred to shun close observation as much as possible.

"I say, this looks good!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Man here says that Bonny Boy is a cert for the three o'clock next Wednesday—and you can get four to one! What do you think?"

"Quite a good thing."

"You really think so?"

"Quite!"

"If a chap only had a chance of getting something on!" sighed the fat junior.

"Perhaps I could help you there!" suggested Mr. Gooch. "I am acquainted with a good many bookmakers."

"Not much use to me, though—I'm stony! I don't suppose Carter would lend me a quid again."

"Betting can be done on credit!" said Mr. Gooch, watching the fat junior narrowly. "I could arrange that for you."

"Could you really?" asked the fat junior, with great eagerness. "I say, you are a sport, Mr. — You haven't told me your name!"

"Robinson!" said Mr. Gooch. "My dear fellow, I can fix this quite easily. A friend of mine at the Three Fishers—I dare say you know the place—"

"Don't I!" The fat junior winked.

"I could meet you there and arrange the matter with a sporting friend—"

"I say that's ripping! What about Saturday—that's a half-holiday at my school? A fellow can get away on a half-holiday."

"Make it Saturday!" agreed Mr. Gooch.

"Well, look here, a chap has to be careful," said the fat junior cautiously. "It's the sack if a fellow's spotted at that show."

Mr. Gooch's eyes gleamed for a moment.

"I fancy Carter wouldn't weep if his relation in the Remove was bunked. He ho, ho! But I'm not taking any risks, you know."

"A fellow cannot be too careful," agreed Mr. Gooch.

"Suppose I trot along Oak Lane about three on Saturday—"

"Yes," said Mr. Gooch softly.

"There's a gate there! Suppose you were sort of spotted around—"

"Exactly."

"You could give me the tip if it were safe to go in at the gate! If not, I could manage the fence."

"Quite a good idea!" smiled Mr. Gooch. "You will find me at the gate

of the Three Fishers in Oak Lane at three on Saturday."

"Sure you can manage it?"

"Oh, quite! I shall be very glad to see you there, Master Bunter," said Gideon with unusual truthfulness.

"Good egg, then!" The fat junior looked at his watch. "I say, I shall have to be clearing! Bit of luck meeting you, Mr. Robinson, wasn't it? You won't forget Saturday?"

"I never forget an appointment," smiled Mr. Gooch.

"Ye-e-es, sir!" mumbled Bunter.

He guessed what was coming.

And he guessed correctly.

"I shall expect to see your translation of Seneca before tea-time, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crikey—I mean, yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

There was a grin along the ranks of the Remove. Mr. Quelch's face was serious—indeed, severe—but no Remove man believed that he really expected to get that translation from Bunter. Or,



As Bob Cherry hooked him backwards, Carter ceased to support Bunter. The fat Removeite, being left without any visible means of support, fell back with a startled howl. Carter went over on his back and Bunter landed on top of him. "Oooooooooogh!" gurgled Carter. "Ow! You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"O.K., then!"

And after a few more words with his new friend, Mr. Robinson, the fat junior rolled away, and clambered over the stile into Friardale Lane.

He disappeared from Mr. Gooch's eyes.

Mr. Gooch departed in another direction. He was feeling satisfied.

If ever there was an unthinking, complacent, fathomed ass, asking for trouble, it was Arthur Carter's relative in the Greyfriars Remove! That was Mr. Gooch's happy reflection. He had had to do simply nothing in this matter—only leave the fat fool to act according to his folly! He had expected it to be easy—but not so easy as this!

On Saturday afternoon Billy Bunter would be safely landed inside the most disreputable resort in the district. Mr. Gooch would very easily arrange for him to be caught there. It was no wonder that Gideon smiled as he went his way.

Probably he would not have smiled could he have seen the fat junior whom he had lately interviewed—in a quiet, secluded spot, discarding his outward resemblance to Billy Bunter in order to walk back to Greyfriars as William Wibley.

But Gideon was happily unaware of that!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Unexpected!

"BUNTER!"

Mr. Quelch rapped out that name when he was about to dismiss the Remove after third school on Saturday morning.

at all events, his expectation must have been very slight!

He was giving the fat Owl a chance to be as good as his word, that was all—a sort of grim jest on Quelch's part.

"I—I haven't finished it, sir!" stammered Bunter. "I—I'm getting on with it, sir, but I—I haven't finished it."

"I am glad to hear that you are getting on with it, Bunter," said the Remove master, with grim gravity. "This afternoon being a half-holiday, you will be free from classes, and it will be an excellent opportunity to finish it."

"I—I was going out this afternoon, sir—"

"I recommend you not to do so, Bunter, until you have completed that translation!" said Mr. Quelch. And he dismissed the Form.

Billy Bunter rolled out, lugubrious. Quelch probably doubted whether the fat Owl had even started on that difficult translation. But it was, in point of fact, started; Carter had started it and done about fifteen lines, which Bunter had duly copied out in his own sprawling fist.

Bunter had fully intended to have a shot at it himself and add a little thereunto. But laziness, as usual, had supervened.

Copying out the lines Carter had done for him was a sufficient exertion for the fat Owl, and he had left it at that.

Being free from classes for the remainder of Saturday gave him a good

opportunity, as Mr. Quelch pointed out, of getting some more done. But Bunter was not looking for opportunities of that kind!

Besides, he had something on that afternoon. He was going over to Cliff House School to see his sister Bessie. Sticking in his study, grinding at a Latin translation, had no attraction for Bunter.

Carter had done that dismal epistle from "Id do quo quaeris" as far as "magis laxat." That left yards and yards to be done. It was a hefty afternoon's work for Bunter—if he had tackled it.

He was not thinking of tackling it! He was thinking of dodging it! But the question "how" seemed unanswerable.

"I say, you fellows, you're not playing football this afternoon," he said, hooking on to the Famous Five in the quad. "I know you've got games practice with Lascelles; but that's not till four. I say, what about a spot of the classics?"

At which five fellows chuckled.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! You heard what Quelch said," yapped Bunter. "I'm not asking you to do the lot! If I show up a good bit it will keep Quelch quiet! I've got a chunk done—"

(Continued on page 16.)

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BILLY BUNTER'S TWIN!



(Continued from page 13.)

"You have!" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

"Oh, yes; Carter did it for me!"

"Carter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Oh, not for nothing!" jeered Bunter.

"I went down to Friardale for him, and he did it while I went—see? Still, there it is; I've copied it out and it will do for Quelch. Over a dozen lines. Well, suppose you fellows do a dozen each, then—"

"The supposeness is terrific!"

"You see, I've got to get over to Cliff House this afternoon," urged Bunter. "I've promised Bessie I'd go. She'll be fearfully disappointed if she doesn't see me—"

"Gammon!"

"Oh, really, Bull! You know how fond I am of my sister Bessie," said Bunter reproachfully.

"Exactly!" assented Frank Nugent.

"The exactness is preposterous."

"Besides, she's had a cake from home—" went on Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, stop cackling!" howled Bunter, in exasperation. "I don't want to miss that cake—I mean, I don't want to miss Bessie. How many lines of that putrid Seneca will you do for me, Wharton?"

"Nix!"

"Beast! How many will you do, Bob?"

"As many as I can do while I'm riding my jigger!"

"Yah! How many will you do, Nugent?"

"Same number as Bob!"

"What about you, Bull?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Yah! Rotter! I say, Inky, old chap, you don't want to go fooling about on a bike with games practice later. Will you do a batch of that bosh for me?"

"The answer is in the absurd negative."

"Well, of all the rotters!" said Bunter, surveying the Famous Five with a blink of devastating scorn. "Of all the cads—of all the rotters—of all the mouldy swabs—I say, you fellows, don't walk off while a chap's talking to you!"

But the Famous Five did walk off. With the selfishness that Bunter really expected of them, they were going out on their jiggers, instead of sitting down to Seneca and producing a translation for Bunter to palm off on Mr. Quelch as his own.

Until the dinner-bell rang Bunter was a busy man. He was not busy with Seneca, of course. He was busy looking for some Remove man to render first-aid in this extremity!

Peter Todd declined, without thanks; Wibley, with a cheery grin, told him that he had a theatrical stunt on for that afternoon and no time for Seneca or anything else; Skinner roared with laughter at the request, as if Bunter had been telling him a joke; and about a dozen other fellows told Bunter to go to sleep and dream again, or to go and

eat coke, or to go and chop chips! Not a single fellow was prepared to touch Seneca!

Bunter's fat brow was worried when he rolled in to dinner. He found some consolation in the circumstance that there was steak-and-kidney pie for dinner; but even that was only a temporary consolation.

After dinner he was faced with the awful prospect of sitting in his study, and tackling that unspeakable beast, Seneca. It was awful to think of, but the fat Owl had to think of it.

And then the unexpected happened.

Rescue came from an utterly unlooked-for quarter. Carter of the Remove tapped him on the shoulder as he stood in deep and dismal pondering.

He blinked round irritably.

"Hard luck, Bunter!" said Carter amicably. "I heard you saying to Ogilvy that you wanted to go out this afternoon. Anything special?"

"Oh, yes, rather!" answered Bunter. "I—I say, Carter, if—if you'd —" He broke off, realising how hopeless it was.

But it was not so hopeless as he supposed. Carter had his own reasons for wishing his relative to go out of gates that afternoon. He had had word from Mr. Gooch, and knew all about that appointment in Oak Lane. Certainly, he had no idea that it was a cake at Cliff House that called Bunter forth to the open spaces. He naturally supposed that it was the appointment with Mr. Gooch.

"The fact is, I'll lend you a hand," said Carter.

"Will you really?" gasped Bunter. This seemed too good to be true.

"Why not?" said Carter. "After all, we're relations. If you want to get out of gates, I'll turn out fifty lines or so for you. I can tackle the stuff all right."

"Oh crikey!" said Bunter. "I—I say, Carter, you ain't half such a beast as I've always thought! You ain't, really!"

"Thanks! Well, I mean it. You can cut off as soon as you like."

Bunter lost no time in cutting off.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Backing Up the Bounder!

HERBERT VERNON-SMITH followed the Famous Five when they went down to the bike-shed.

There was a cheery grin on the Bounder's face.

"Going for a spin?" he asked.

"Yes, back by four, for Lascelles," answered Harry.

"Like my company?"

"Eh? Yes, if you like."

"The likefulness will be terrific, my esteemed Smithy."

And Smithy wheeled out his machine with the others.

"We're going round by the cliffs," said Bob Cherry.

"Mind coming Courtfield way?" asked the Bounder.

"No. But why?"

"I've got a reason."

"Oh, all right!"

Somewhat puzzled, the chums of the Remove mounted, and rode with the Bounder towards Courtfield Common.

At the corner of Oak Lane, Herbert Vernon-Smith slowed down.

"Stop here," he said.

"What on earth for?" asked Johnny Bull impatiently.

"Because I want you to, old bean." Johnny Bull grunted, but he dis-

mounted. The other fellows did the same, eyeing the Bounder curiously. They all understood by this time that Smithy had some special reason for joining up with them that afternoon.

"What's on, Smithy?" asked Harry, rather abruptly.

"I want you men to lend me a hand."

"In what?"

"Sticking a man into a ditch."

"Wha-a-t?"

The Famous Five stared.

Smithy grinned at their surprised faces.

"If that's a joke—" began Johnny Bull.

"It isn't!"

"Well, then, if you think we're going to help you do anything of the kind, you're a silly ass!" grunted Johnny. "Let's get on, you fellows."

"Wait till I tell you who the man is," said the Bounder. "You've all heard of him—relation of the new chap's, Carter. His name's Gooch."

"Gooch!" repeated Bob Cherry, with a start.

"Lots of time yet," added the Bounder. "Gooch is going to wait for Bunter at the gate of the Three Fishers, at three."

"What?" yelled Bob.

"How do you know that, Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton, very quietly.

"I'll tell you; but, first of all, are you ready to lend me a hand?"

"I am," said Bob Cherry promptly.

"If that rascal is pulling that fat chump's leg in that way, I'll be jolly glad to stop him."

"Same here," said Frank Nugent.

"But—"

"The butfulness is terrific," murmured Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

"I don't see how you know anything about it, Smithy," said Johnny Bull.

"Mean to say Bunter's told you?"

"Hardly. He doesn't know."

"He doesn't know!" gasped Johnny.

"Not a suspish."

"Look here, what are you driving at, Smithy?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You've just said that Gooch will be waiting at the Three Fishers for Bunter, and now you say Bunter doesn't know."

"Sounds a bit mixed, doesn't it?" grinned the Bounder. "But I'll make it all clear, if you'll give me a chance to speak. Bunter doesn't know; but Wibley does."

"Wibley! What's Wibley got to do with it?"

"He's Gooch's Bunter," grinned the Bounder.

"You howling ass! What do you mean?"

"I'm going to tell you. Park your bikes in these trees, and get out of sight. Can't be too careful. Gooch is a wary bird, and I won't want to catch his eye till I catch his neck. This way!"

Utterly mystified, the Famous Five parked their machines in the clump of trees at the corner of the lane. There, out of the general view, they looked at the Bounder for an explanation.

Smithy proceeded to explain.

They listened to him in utter wonder. But when the Bounder had finished, every face in the five was grimly set.

"The worm!" said Bob Cherry.

"The rotter! The toad! You—you found all that out on Wednesday, Smithy, when—"

"When I wasn't so jolly particular as you, old bean," said the Bounder lightly. "Lucky for our dear old porpoise that I wasn't, what? Bunter would have fallen for this—fairly nose dived into it!"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Getting Gooch!

Snort from Johnny Bull. "It would have been his own fault if he did!" he growled. "Gooch couldn't do anything with him, if he wasn't ready to play the goat!"

"Oh, quite!" drawled the Bounder. "But I don't see letting a couple of sharpers put it across a fool who doesn't know enough to go in when it rains."

"Oh, yes, that's all right, of course!" "My idea is to make Gooch tired of angling after Bunter," said the Bounder. "He's spotted this time; but he mayn't be spotted next time. If he's fed-up this time, it may keep him off the grass. A roll in a ditch may help."

"Good egg!" "Here comes Wibley!" added the Bounder, glancing through the trees at the road.

"Eh? That's Bunter!" said Johnny Bull, staring at the fat figure that came rolling up the road.

"Look again!" grinned Smithy.

The Famous Five stared hard at the approaching figure. At the first glance they would have said, without doubt, that it was Billy Bunter. The fat figure, the ripe-apple complexion, and the gleaming spectacles, were unmistakable.

But on a closer view they could discern the fact that it was not Bunter, though the newcomer bore not the slightest resemblance to William Wibley.

"Is—is—is that really Wib?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Really and truly," grinned the Bounder. "Gooch doesn't know Bunter so well as we do, of course—and that's quite good enough for him."

The fat junior rolled nearer, and stopped at the clump of trees. Evidently he expected to find someone there.

"I say, you fellows——" he squeaked. And so lifelike was his imitation of the fat Owl of the Remove, that the Famous Five could hardly believe that it was not, after all, Bunter.

"All serene!" called back the Bounder.

"You're ready?"

"All ready! Six of us here!"

"Good egg!"

The fat figure rolled on up Oak Lane.

The Famous Five stared after it, till it disappeared up the winding lane.

"Well, my hat!" breathed Bob Cherry. "That beats the band!"

"The beatfulness is terrific!"

"Come on!" said Vernon-Smith. "Leave the jiggers here. I've fixed it all up with Wib. I know you fellows would play up, when I told you. Wib's going to get that rotter exactly where we want him."

Vernon-Smith led the way, and the Famous Five followed him in silence.

They entered the field at the side of the lane, following the inner side of the hedge for some distance.

The Bounder stopped at a gap in the hedge.

"Here we are!" he murmured.

Looking through the gap, the juniors could see across the lane, bordered on the farther side by the fence of the Three Fishers. The gate was some little distance farther up. Below that fence was a shallow ditch, containing little water, but very considerable quantities of mud.

"Keep in cover!" whispered the Bounder.

And the Greyfriars juniors, keeping in cover, waited.

GIDEON GOOCH stood leaning on the gate-post, his face shaded by his Homburg hat, a cat-like smile on his face.

The gate was wide open, and every now and then some habitue of the place passed in or out. They took no notice of the man in the grey lounge suit and the Homburg hat, lounging idly there—evidently waiting for someone. Neither did Gideon take any notice of them. He was watching the lane for a fat figure to appear in sight—and he had little or no doubt that it would appear.

Bunter had fallen for this, like a fat gudgeon for bait! There was no spot of remorse in the cold heart of the man with the fishy eyes. Mr. Gooch's chief occupation in life was laying snares for the feet of his fellow-men; and the hapless Owl of the Remove was only one more fly in the spider's web.

If Mr. Gooch had had a conscience, he might have satisfied it by the argument that the young rascal was only going to get that for which he was asking. But it was long since Mr. Gooch had possessed the luxury of a conscience.

His eyes suddenly gleamed. In repose, they looked like a fish's; now they looked like a hawk's. The expected fat figure rolled into sight.

Coming up the lane was the fat youth he knew as Billy Bunter. Mr. Gooch had only feared that some mischance at school, such as a detention, might have prevented his victim from keeping the appointment.

The fat junior rolled cheerfully up.

"Oh, here you are, Mr. Robinson!" he said, breezily.

"Here I am, Bunter!" answered Gideon, with an agreeable smile, and he made a movement to pass in at the open gateway.

"Hold on, though!" said the fat junior. "Bit too risky going in at the gate, Mr. Robinson! Might be anybody about."

"No one is in sight, at the moment," said Mr. Gooch, reassuringly, with a glance up and down the lane.

"You never know!" said the fat junior. "Carter thought there was nobody about, when he was copped here last week—but Wingate happened to be coming down the lane, and spotted him! Look here, there's a place where the fence can be climbed, with a bunk up—you come and lend a hand."

"Certainly, if you like!" assented Mr. Gooch. He was willing to agree to anything, so long as he landed his victim inside those forbidden precincts.

"This way, then!" said the fat schoolboy.

He turned, and rolled back the way he had come. Gideon walked by his side. About a hundred yards from the gate, the fat junior stopped.

The lane, at that point, had a cork-screw winding turn in it, shutting off the view from both directions. On one side was the Three Fishers fence; on the other, a high hawthorn hedge, with a gap in it.

"Here's the place!" said the fat junior.

Mr. Gooch glanced at the ditch that ran along the bottom of the fence. He did not fancy standing on the slimy slope of that ditch, to help the fat junior over the fence! He was not aware, at that moment, that he was booked to make a much closer acquaintance than that with the ditch!

But he had no time to make a remark on the subject. There was a sudden

stirring in the hedge, and Herbert Vernon-Smith leaped out of the gap into the lane.

Gideon gave a start, and stared at him. Following the Bounder, came five other active figures.

They were all round Mr. Gooch, almost in the twinkling of an eye.

He caught his breath.

The Greyfriars caps told him, at once, that they were Bunter's school-fellows. How, and why they had appeared on the scene so suddenly, was a mystery to him. But the wary rascal knew at once that it meant trouble.

"What——" he began.

He had no time for more.

"Barge!" rapped the Bounder.

And the whole party barged as one man.

Gideon Gooch was no athlete; but had he been, he could hardly have withstood that charge from half-a-dozen sturdy fellows.

He went staggering towards the ditch!

On the grassy verge of it, he made a wild attempt to recover his balance; but he had no chance! As he staggered there, he was barged again, and he went over backwards, headlong, into the ditch.

Splash!

Full length, in oozy mud and unclean water, he landed, on his back!

His legs disappeared under water and mud. Muddy water rippled over his waistcoat. Head and shoulders, resting against the opposite slope of the ditch, remained visible—the rest of Mr. Gooch was invisible.

Utterly amazed, as well as enraged, by this sudden and unexpected happening, he lay there, glaring up at the juniors in the lane.

His fat friend rolled off the scene at once.

It was no part of the Bounder's scheme to allow Mr. Gooch to discover that he had been "spoofed" by a duplicate Bunter!

Had Mr. Gooch made that discovery, no doubt he would have contrived, sooner or later, to get into touch with the genuine Bunter.

As he splashed into the ditch, Wibley rolled off down the lane—as undoubtedly the genuine Bunter would have done in his place.

Having led Mr. Gooch into the trap, Wibley was done with him; the rest was safely left to the Bounder & Co.

Mr. Gooch hardly noticed his departure.

He was not thinking of Bunter now; but of drenching water and smothering mud.

He lay and wallowed in it, spluttering.

Six fellows lined the edge of the ditch, smiling down at him.

Gideon's glare of deadly rage only made them smile the more.

"Wet in there, Mr. Gooch?" asked the Bounder.

"Is the wetfulness terrific, my esteemed rascally Gooch?" inquired the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Bit muddy?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Urrrggh!" gasped the hapless Gooch. "You young scoundrels—ooogh! I shall report this outrage to your headmaster—grooogh!"

"Oh, do!" said Harry Wharton. "I dare say the Head will be glad to hear all about it, Mr. Gooch!"

"My—my name is not Gooch!" gasped Gideon. "What do you mean? My name is—is Robinson."

"It was Gooch the day you came to THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,571.

Greyfriars with a new chap!" remarked Frank Nugent. "Have you changed it since?"

"You see, we all know you!" explained the Bounder. "You've changed your clobber, but you can't change that gas-mask you call a face!"

"Do come along and see the Head!" grinned Bob Cherry. "He would be frightfully interested to know what you were up to, Mr. Gooch."

Gideon struggled to an upright position. He stood in the ditch, with mud over his calves, and water over his knees. Water and mud streamed down him, from head to foot.

"What—what do you mean?" he spluttered. "I met that lad, Bunter, quite by chance—"

"You weren't going to take him into the Three Fishers?" asked the Bounder.

"I—I—no; certainly not! What do you mean?" stammered Gideon. "I—I—you young rascal—I—"

"There's a rascal here," agreed Smithy. "Not a young rascal—an old rascal, and his name is Gooch, alias Robinson! Don't be in too great a hurry to get out of that ditch, Gooch! You're going in again, if you do!"

Gideon, glaring with rage, scrambled up the side of the ditch.

"All hands on deck!" chuckled the Bounder.

And the clambering rascal was grasped, as he came, and hurled back again. This time he rolled over in the bottom of the ditch, and his face went under.

"Urrrrrrgh!"

He scrambled up frantically. Thick oozy mud covered his face, and he gurgled and gasped for breath. He stood in the ditch, a pillar of mud.

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

"Groogh! Oooch!" spluttered the wretched Gideon. "You—you—oooogh! Urrgh!"

"Think that will do, you fellows?" asked the Bounder.

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Then we'll leave it at that. Only chew on this, Mr. Gooch," said Vernon-Smith. "You'd better drop the acquaintance of Greyfriars fellows. Bunter has friends to look after him, if he hasn't sense enough to look after himself! Next time we catch you at that game, you'll get it worse! Chew on that, and give Greyfriars a wide berth!"

"Urrrrrrgh!"

The six juniors, laughing, walked away down the lane, returning to the clump where the bicycles were parked. They disappeared from Mr. Gooch's sight. He was only too glad to see them go! Drenched and dripping, caked with evil-smelling mud, he crawled out of the ditch.

He squelched away towards the gate of the Three Fishers. That was the nearest place where he could get a wash—and a wash was what Mr. Gooch, at the moment, was most pressingly in need of. It was not, after all, Mr. Gooch's lucky afternoon!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Let Down!

ARTHUR CARTER came down to games-practice at four o'clock, with the rest of the Remove.

It was "compulsory" practice, with Larry Lascolles, the games master, in charge; and on such occasions, no fellow was allowed to "out."

One fellow, however, was absent, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,571.

that one being William George Bunter!

The schemer of the Remove grinned to himself as he noted that circumstance. He had no doubt where the Owl of the Remove was, while the rest of the Form were gathering on Little Side.

There was, indeed, little doubt where Bunter would have been, but for the intervention of the Bounder, and Wibley's stunt of playing Bunter's double. But, in point of fact, Billy Bunter, little as Carter guessed it, was over at Cliff House, helping sister Bessie dispose of a cake from home; happily unaware of the trap that had been laid for him, and of Carter's belief that he had been caught in it.

After the practice, when Carter left the changing-room, he was on the alert for news; and was somewhat surprised to hear nothing.

He saw Mr. Quelch at the door of the Common-room, in conversation with Mr. Prout, obviously undisturbed; clearly Quelch had heard nothing of any member of his Form having landed in trouble. He noticed Wingate, Gwynne, Loder, and other prefects of the Sixth Form, who did not look as if anything unusual had come their way during the afternoon.

It was rather a puzzle to Carter.

The plan had been cut and dried. Bunter was to be safely landed in the Three Fishers, and the headmaster of Greyfriars apprised, by telephone, that a Greyfriars boy was in that disreputable den. The fat Owl would be "snaffled" there, and that would be that!

The whole thing should have been over and done with before this; yet nothing, apparently, had happened.

Carter went into Hall to tea, at tea-time, sorely perplexed. It looked as if something had gone wrong with that scheme, cunningly as it had been laid; though he could not guess what.

After tea he went up to the Remove studies, still perplexed and puzzled; and, as he arrived on the Remove landing, he gave a jump, at the sound of a well-known voice:

"I say, you fellows!"

Carter stopped dead on the landing, staring.

A number of the Remove fellows were there; and Billy Bunter, who had apparently come upstairs a few minutes before Carter, was addressing them.

Carter stared blankly at his podgy back. Bunter had come in, while he was at tea in Hall; and here he was; not, evidently, landed in a row!

"I say, seen Carter?" asked Bunter.

"Carter?" repeated the Bounder, with a grin. "Are you getting pally with Carter, old fat top?"

"Well, hardly," said Bunter. "But Carter's not such a beast as he makes out, Smithy! I couldn't have got out this afternoon, if he hadn't offered to do my Seneca for me."

"What?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Pretty decent of him, wasn't it?" said Bunter. "Not what I should have expected of him. Still, he did."

"Frightfully decent!" chuckled the Bounder. "I wonder why Carter wanted you to get out of gates this afternoon, Bunter?"

"The wonderfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob Cherry set his lips. His eyes gleamed at Carter, coming up the Remove staircase. The chums of the Remove did not need telling why Carter had wanted the fat Owl to be at liberty that afternoon.

"Well, I've got to go to Quelch," went on Bunter. "He said I was to show up that rot at tea-time—and it's

past tea-time now. I've got to copy out all that Carter's done for me. Seen the chap anywhere? He's not in his study."

"There he is, just behind you, fat-head!" said Skinner.

Billy Bunter revolved on his axis.

"Oh, here you are, Carter," he squeaked. "I say, how much have you done of that putrid Seneca?" He blinked curiously at the new junior. "I say, what's the matter?" Even the short-sighted Owl could see that Carter was amazed and disturbed. "Looking at a fellow as if he's a ghost! Anything up?"

"Oh, no!" Carter gasped. "Where have you been, Bunter?"

"Eh? What does that matter? You said you'd get a chunk of Seneca done for me while I was gone out—"

"Where have you been?" hissed Carter.

"I've been over to Cliff House, if you want to know!" answered Bunter. "Why shouldn't I? What do you mean?"

"To Cliff House!"

"Yes—Bessie had a cake; I mean, I wanted to see how my sister was getting on at her school. Look here, about Seneca—"

Harry Wharton & Co. had their eyes on Carter. The Bounder winked at them, and William Wibley gave a chuckle. With all his cunning, and all his self-control, the schemer of the Remove could not conceal how utterly he was disconcerted.

"Will you answer a chap?" hooted Bunter. "I tell you I've got to copy the tosh out and take it to Quelch. How much have you done?"

"None!" snarled Carter. "Go and eat coke!"

"But you said—" yelled Bunter, in consternation.

"Oh, shut up!"

Carter tramped across the landing, went into his study, and slammed the door.

Billy Bunter blinked after him, and then blinked round at the fellows on the landing, in almost speechless indignation.

On the previous occasion, when Bunter had gone down to Friardale for those toffee-apples, Carter had done a "chunk" of Seneca for him. So, on this occasion, Bunter had had no doubts.

He was not aware that Carter had expected him to be brought in, in custody of a master or a prefect, to be taken to the Head and "bunked"—in which case, of course, Seneca would not have been required. Carter had not taken the trouble to do unnecessary work.

"I—I—I say, you fellows!" gasped Bunter. "Did you hear him? I say, I never even asked him to do it—he offered! Pulling a fellow's leg like that! And—and he hasn't done it!"

"You shouldn't get your translation done by another chap, old fat bean!" remarked Peter Todd.

"I say, he's let me down!" groaned Bunter. "What an awful cad, you know! I can't copy it out if he hasn't done it, can I?"

"Ha, ha! Hardly!"

"Well, what's a fellow going to do? I've got about fifteen lines of that tosh that Carter did the other day. That won't be enough for Quelch, out of four hundred! Oh crikey!" Bunter's fat face was a picture of dismay. "I say, you fellows, what can I say to Quelch?"

"Tell him Bessie had a cake!" suggested Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"



"Barge!" roared Vernon-Smith. And the Greyfriars party barged as one man. Gideon Gooch, unable to withstand the charge, went staggering backwards into the ditch. Splash! Full length, in oozy mud and unclean water, he landed on his back. "Urrrgh!" gasped the hapless Gooch.

"Beast! I can't tell him that Carter's let me down—he would make a fearful fuss about another chap doing it for me!" groaned Bunter. "I—I say, you fellows, you'll have to stand by me in this. Look here, suppose I—I'd done it—and—suppose some of you used it to light a study-fire by—by mistake! You can go and tell Quelch that, Wharton—"

"Can I?" gasped the captain of the Remove.

"Yes—he'd take your word! He mightn't take mine—he's doubted my word more than once, as you know. I wish Quelch was more like Prout—Prout always takes a fellow's word in the Fifth; and I can tell you, some of them find it jolly useful! I say, Wharton, cut down and see Quelch, and say—Yaroooh! Leggo my neck!"

Shake, shake!

"Ow! Will you leggo my neck?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter jerked his fat neck away.

"Beast!" he roared. "I say, Bob, you're not such a rotten beast as Wharton! Will you go to Quelch and say—gerraway, you rotter!"

Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter dodged a boot, and rolled away dismally to his study to collect the small section of Seneca that was ready for Quelch.

He hoped that Quelch might be placated by that small section, and would give him time to do the rest. But it was a very faint hope.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Six for Bunter!

MR. QUELCH smiled—grimly. His grim smile was directed at the fat ornament of his Form, William George Bunter. Bunter was late with his translation,

but that did not surprise Quelch. He did not, in fact, expect Bunter to bring a translation to his study at all. He expected him to bring an excuse; and his cane lay on the table, all ready to reward Bunter.

The fat Owl did not look as if he expected to give satisfaction as he entered his Form-master's study. He almost crawled in.

But he had, rather to Quelch's surprise, a paper in his fat hand. This looked as if he had done something, at least, on account of his task. Quelch was prepared to go easy with a fellow who had done his best.

"Bunter, Mr. Lascelles has reported you as absent from games practice this afternoon!" was Mr Quelch's beginning.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. He had forgotten all about games practice and Lascelles. He was not likely to remember such trifles when there was a cake in the oiling "I—I—I forgot, sir—"

"You should not forget, Bunter!"

"I—I mean I—I was so hard at work on—on Seneca, sir, I—I thought I—I'd better get on with it, sir, as—as I hadn't finished—"

"I shall take that as an excuse, Bunter, if you can show me a translation of Epistle CVIII!" said the Remove master grimly.

"I—I haven't finished it, sir!" mumbled Bunter. "I—I've done quite—quite a lot—I mean—"

"Let me see what you have done, Bunter."

The fat Owl passed the sheet to his Form-master, who examined it carefully. His eyebrows lifted. Billy Bunter watched him anxiously. Was Quelch going to be a beast? He feared so.

"This translation, Bunter, is fairly good—" said Mr. Quelch.

"I—I'm so glad, sir."

"It is very much better than I should have expected of you, Bunter."

"I—I worked fearfully hard at it, sir—"

"But—" said Mr. Quelch in a deep voice.

Bunter quaked.

"But what do you mean, Bunter, by bringing me hardly more than a dozen lines out of some hundreds?"

"I—I couldn't get it finished, sir! I—I've been slogging at it like—like anything!" groaned the fat junior. "Swotting like—like anything, sir, all through a half-holiday! I even forgot games practice, sir."

"Are you telling me, Bunter, that you worked at this translation this afternoon?"

"Every minute, sir!"

"Upon my word! I saw you go out of gates very soon after dinner, Bunter, and—"

"Oh—crikey!"

"I warned you not to do so, Bunter! However, you did so. I observed you!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I mean, sir," gasped the unhappy Owl, "I—I was going to work at it all the afternoon, sir, because—because I'm so keen on it; but—but I had to go and see my sister at Cliff House. She—she's ill, sir—awfully ill!"

"Your sister at Cliff House is ill?"

"Yes, sir; and—and she was—was asking to see me. I—I felt that I—I had to go, sir! We're such an affectionate family—"

"Are you prepared for me to telephone to Cliff House, Bunter—"

"Eh?"

"And inquire—"

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"Oh crikey! I—I—I mean, Bessie isn't ill, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I mean that—that I wanted to see her because I'm so fond of her, sir! It had nothing to do with a cake!"

"A cake?"

"Yes, sir—I mean, no, sir! So far as I know, Bessie never had a cake from home. Besides, I don't care much for cake—especially plum cake! I——"

"You need say no more, Bunter! You made an untruthful statement to me! I gave you an opportunity of making your words good. You have not done so. Now"—Mr. Quelch stretched out his hand to his cane—"if you had translated half this epistle, Bunter—even a quarter—I should have been lenient with you; but to bring me a dozen lines——"

Mr. Quelch rose from his chair.

"Bend over that table, Bunter!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"At once!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

Evidently Quelch was going to be a beast!

There was a sound like the beating of carpet in the Remove master's study.

When Mr. Quelch laid down the cane and pointed to the door, Billy Bunter wriggled away like a fat eel.

Really, he might as well have had that whopping on Wednesday. All his gifts as an Ananias had only succeeded in postponing it. In fact, it would have been rather better to have had it on Wednesday—as, in that case, Bunter would have got over it before this. Now he still had it to get over.

"Ow! Yow! Wow!"

Those sounds of woe announced Billy Bunter's return to the Remove.

He wriggled into the Remove passage, moaning.

"Had it bad?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Wow! Yes! I knew Quelch was going to be a beast!" groaned Bunter. "And—and he was! Wow! I say, Bob, old chap, you might punch that cad Carter for letting me down! Ow!"

"You shouldn't——"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "I've had six—all swipes! I'm jolly well going to punch that cad! Ow!"

Bunter, as a rule, was no fighting-man. But Carter's nefarious conduct, with six from Quelch's cane added, were too much for any fellow to stand. Bunter rolled along to the door of Study No. 1, and hurled it open with a crash.

He glared in through his big spectacles.

Carter gave him an angry glare in return.

"Get out, you fat fool!" he snapped.

"I've had six!" roared Bunter.

"Serve you right!"

"You let me down!"

"Get out!"

Billy Bunter spluttered wrath. He did not get out. He rushed in.

Bang!

A fat fist landed unexpectedly on Carter's scowling face, and the new junior went over backwards.

"There!" gasped Bunter. "Take that, you cad!"

Bump!

Carter, with a yell, landed on his back. There was a roar of laughter from the fellows in the passage.

"Good man, Bunter! Goal!" chuckled the Bounder.

"Well hit!"

"Man down!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Carter sat up, with his hand to his nose.

Billy Bunter backed to the door.

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The expression on Carter's face was alarming.

If ever a fellow deserved to be knocked down Carter did, in Bunter's opinion. Knocking the fellow down was a just retribution, and a very satisfactory proceeding, so far as it went.

But the drawback to knocking a fellow down was what he might do when he got up again. That was less satisfactory.

Carter looked as if he were going to do something drastic as he scrambled to his feet.

Bunter backed hurriedly.

Carter leaped after him, almost like a tiger.

Bob Cherry stepped between just in time. Carter crashed on him, and a shove from Bob sent him staggering back again.

"Get out of the way!" he yelled.

"I'm sticking here, you cur!" answered Bob coolly. "You did let Bunter down, and you've had your nose punched for it—and serve you jolly well right! And if you want a scrap, you can scrap with me, not with Bunter!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned the Bounder.

Carter panted with rage as he dabbed his nose with his handkerchief. The handkerchief was spotted with crimson.

"Coming on?" asked Bob.

"Get out of my study!" snarled Carter.

He slammed the door.

"All serene, old fat man!" said Bob, laughing. "Carter isn't going to touch you!"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Carter!" said Bunter breezily. "I've a jolly good mind to go into that study and give him another!"

"Shall I open the door?"

"Oh, no! After all, I knocked the fellow down. D-d-d-don't open that door!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter rolled away to his study, still wriggling. He wriggled and wriggled. Still, there was consolation in having knocked Carter down, and still more in the fact that he was, at long last, done with Lucilius Annæus Seneca!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Rogues in Council!

AFTER class, on Monday, Arthur Carter wheeled out his bicycle, and rode away at a good pace.

Only one fellow noticed him go—and that fellow was Herbert Vernon-Smith, who grinned a sarcastic grin as he went.

That Carter was puzzled and perturbed by the inexplicable failure on Saturday, the Bounder knew, and the Famous Five and Wibley knew. But only the Bounder took the trouble to keep an eye on him, out of class. As this was Carter's first expedition out of gates since Saturday, Smithy had no doubt that he was going to see Gooch again, and find out what had happened—little guessing that there were seven fellows in the Remove who could have told him.

Carter rode away—heading for the Lantham road. He had had a letter from Gooch, but in that letter, of course, his cousin Gideon had not made any reference to Bunter, lest it should possibly meet other eyes. But he had mentioned that he was walking to Lantham Chase on Monday afternoon, which indicated that Carter was to see him there. Mr. Gooch was too cautious to put a word in a letter which, if seen, could excite suspicion, or even surmise. His frequent conferences with Carter

were—as he believed, at least—unknown at the school.

Carter realised that Gooch, for some reason of his own, wished to keep clear of Greyfriars; for the spot indicated for the meeting was eight miles away. This was out of school bounds, which made it all the safer, in a way, though risky in another way. But Carter had to take the risk.

He rode hard and fast, and covered the ground very quickly. Where the high stone wall of Lantham Chase bordered the Lantham road, Gideon Gooch was sauntering to and fro, when Carter arrived there. At sight of the cyclist, Gideon crossed the road and passed through a gap in a hedge on the other side, and Carter, a minute or two later, wheeled his machine through the gap and joined him.

"Well," he rapped, "how did it go? I've been on tenterhooks since Saturday—I can't make it out! What happened?"

"Those young scoundrels have said nothing about it?" asked Gideon, his thin lips closing as if he were biting off the words.

"Who?" exclaimed Carter, in astonishment. "What——"

"Bunter has said nothing?"

"Bunter? No! I never speak to him—especially since Saturday—we had a row." Carter rubbed his nose. "But I got from him on Saturday that he had been over to Cliff House—he has a sister there, you know. That means that he never kept the appointment with you, I suppose—but—but I can't understand it—I thought——"

"He did!"

"He did?" repeated Carter. "The fat rotter told me he had been to Cliff House——"

"He may have done so, after he left me! Very likely he did! He left me immediately after I met him in Oak Lane, as it happened."

"But why? You were going——"

Gideon gritted his teeth.

"What happened was quite unforeseen," he answered. "I was attacked by a mob of schoolboys——"

"What?" gasped Carter.

"Six of them—Bunter's friends, I suppose—anyhow, Greyfriars juniors——"

Carter stared at him.

"But nobody knew! Bunter never said anything—I'm certain of that! Even that fat fool has sense enough not to spread it all over the Form that he was going out of bounds to a place like the Three Fishers. I'm certain that he never said a word."

"They may have been on the spot by chance, of course," said Gideon. "They came suddenly through a hedge. I have seen them all before—they were the boys who were on the towpath one day, when you met me there——"

"Vernon-Smith and Wharton's gang! Yes, I know they were out on Saturday afternoon——"

"They came on us, a few moments after Bunter met me, and attacked me like a gang of hooligans," hissed Gideon. "They knew me—by name! They knew, or suspected, why Bunter was with me. They said so."

"Oh gad!"

"They pitched me into the ditch——"

"Great pip!"

"That is why I told you to come to a distance from the school to-day. I do not want to risk running into that mob again," said Gideon. "If you are sure that Bunter had said nothing at the school——"

"I'm quite sure."

"Then they must have been there by chance, but they seem to know a great deal too much for our safety or comfort," said Gooch. "I would gladly

report their conduct to their head-master, but—I do not desire Dr. Locke's attention to be drawn to the matter, of course."

"Hardly! But—what did Bunter do which those fellows set on you?" asked the amazed Carter.

"He ran off immediately."

"He would!" sneered Carter. "Not that he could have helped you much, if

he'd stayed. So that was why it was a frost? You didn't see Bunter again?"

"I was two or three hours cleaning off mud!" snarled Gideon. "I was in a shocking state—dreadful! The boys have said nothing about it?"

"Not a word—I should have heard something, if they had! What rotten luck! Are you game to try again?"

"One swallow does not make a

summer!" said Gideon with a shrug of his narrow shoulders. "I failed on Saturday through an unlooked-for chance—I shall not fail next time. Bunter, I am quite assured, is eager to carry on his dealings with Mr. Robinson—that is the main point. It is only a question of seeing him, without risk of intervention from those young ruffians

(Continued on next page.)

LEARN TO PLAY FOOTBALL!

OUR INTERNATIONAL COACH

I WONDER how you have all been getting on with your study of the offside rule? Those of you who have had the chance to play one or two games since our chat last week will probably understand more about offside than those who have had to be content with drawing diagrams on paper, and working out possibilities. In football it is always better to try things out on the field than to work them out on paper. You may learn a great deal by thinking about your football problems when you are not actually playing, but always take the first opportunity to put your ideas into practice.

We dealt with the main part of the offside rule last week. All that remains now is to tell you the various "ifs and buts," as I call them. Here is one. You can never be offside if you are behind the player with the ball.

If two members of the same side are running up the field, perhaps with only the goalkeeper in front of them, they are all right, so long as the one in possession of the ball keeps in front of the other. Keep behind the ball, and you will have nothing to worry about. Wing men should remember this fact when centring the ball. If the outside forward can centre the ball "backwards," there will be no danger of his getting offside.

The next if and but is not really a very important one, because the occasion will so seldom arise; but we might as well do this offside job properly while we are at it. The rule says that a player cannot be offside in his own half. This means that so long as he is standing in his own half of the field—the half of the field which his side is defending—he is not offside, even if there are no players at all between him and the opposing goal. Naturally, it would be very rare for the full-backs of a side to go so far up the field that they went over the half-way line. It might happen, of course. That is why it is mentioned in the rules of the game.

THE "HANDS" RULE

THERE are other occasions when you may look as though you are offside, and are not. A player can't be offside when the ball comes to him direct from a goal-kick, a corner-kick, or a throw-in. Note that I was careful to put in the word DIRECT. If the centre-forward,

This week's interesting footer article by our special sporting contributor deals with the "ifs and buts" attached to the off-side rule.

for sake of example, is standing in an offside position when his goalkeeper takes a goal-kick, and the ball comes straight to him, he is not offside. But if it is helped along by a member of the same team, the centre-forward may be offside.

That is pretty well all I have to tell you about the offside rule, except that when a free-kick is awarded for offside, the player taking the kick cannot score a goal direct from that kick. The ball must be touched by another player before it enters the net. Now go to it, lads, and work out your own problems, if you can. If you can't, find somebody who knows all about it, and get them to explain it to you.

I want to go on talking to you about the laws of the game, but as I don't want to bother you with another complicated one, I think I'll deal with the question of "hands." That's easy and straightforward. Everybody knows that only one member of a football team is allowed to use his hands, and that is the goalkeeper. All the other players might just as well leave their hands and arms in the dressing-room, if they were detachable. Hands and arms must not be used in any way whatever on the field of play. Half-backs have to use them when they throw in the ball, and, of course, anybody may use them if the ball is "dead." But when the ball is in play, hands and arms are much better forgotten.

The only point over which people can go wrong in connection with the hands rule is this. It is only when a player uses his hands or arms intentionally that he is penalised. If, in order to bring the ball under control or to stop it reaching an opponent, or something like that, a player deliberately plays the ball with his hand or arm, the referee must award a free kick to the other side—a free kick from which, unlike the one for offside, a goal can be scored direct.

THE REF. IS THE BOSS

DURING the course of a game, however, it will often happen that the ball will bounce up unexpectedly against a player's hand. Or perhaps it will be kicked there by another player, or a player will, in falling, touch the ball with his hand as he stretches it out to save himself. In cases like that the referee must not award a free kick. It is for him to decide whether a player handles the ball deliberately or unintentionally. If it is deliberate hands, then it's a case for a free kick. If the player couldn't help it—didn't handle the ball purposely—then the play proceeds in the normal way. I ought to tell you that hands, for the purpose of this rule, includes the arm, right up as far as the shoulder. If a player intentionally sticks out his shoulder to play the ball, that is hands.

While we are on the subject of hands, let me tell you of a little lesson which some friends of mine learnt during a game they were playing the other day. Their goalkeeper was injured, and had to go off the field. They asked the referee if they could make another of their players the goalkeeper. The referee must always be consulted if you want to change the goalkeeper. The referee gave them permission, of course, and one of the full-backs put on the goalie's jersey, and became the goalkeeper, being allowed to use his hands.

After about ten minutes, the proper goalkeeper was ready to play again. During a lull in the game, he hurriedly put back his jersey, and took up his place between the posts. In a few minutes the other side attacked, and the goalkeeper had to make a save. The referee immediately blew his whistle, and awarded a penalty kick for hands. Why? Because when the proper goalkeeper came back he didn't ask the permission of the referee. For all the ref knew, the full-back was still the goalkeeper. When another player handled, the referee had no choice but to penalise him for hands.

Rather funny for a foul to be given against a goalkeeper for handling. Yes, but there is also a lesson. The referee is the boss in football. Don't do anything which he doesn't know about. If you are in doubt, ask the ref. He's the man in charge of the game, and what he says goes!

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who seem to have set themselves up as his guardian angels."

Carter nodded.

"It was rotten luck—but it could hardly happen again," he said. "That brute, Cherry, was at the bottom of it. I expect—seeing you with Bunter, and recognising you! So long as you steer clear of him, it's all right."

"I shall be very careful of that!"

"But how will you get in touch again?" asked Carter.

"I shall see him at Lantham, which is a safe distance from the school," answered Gideon.

Carter shook his head.

"He's too jolly lazy to cover the distance, or half of it," he answered. "I might get him to go to Friardale, perhaps—"

"That is too near the school in the present circumstances. I have no doubt that Bunter would be quite willing to take the train to Lantham, if he received a free ticket for the circus there."

"I suppose he would; but what good would that do?" asked Carter, puzzled.

"It will be a booked seat, and the next seat to it will be occupied by his friend Mr. Robinson—a happy chance meeting!" said Gideon. "I have both tickets in my pocket now, for Wednesday afternoon."

"Oh!" exclaimed Carter.

"The circus performance lasts two hours—from three till five. During that time there will be ample opportunity for Mr. Robinson to renew his pleasant acquaintance with Master Bunter, and make arrangements for another meeting—in different circumstances."

Carter laughed.

"Easy as falling off a form!" he said. "The fat frowster will jump at a chance of getting in anywhere on the nod. He won't care where the ticket comes from. I can work that all right."

"Exactly. For instance, you have the circus ticket, but something prevents you from going, and you offer it to Bunter. It is quite natural that you should give it to your relation."

"Quite!" grinned Carter.

When Carter rode back to Greyfriars, there was a ticket in his waistcoat pocket—destined to pass into Billy Bunter's possession on Wednesday. And neither of the two schemers had the remotest idea that the Bunter to whom that circus ticket was going was quite a different Bunter from the one with whom Mr. Gooch was acquainted.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Spoke in the Wheel!

"HARRY, old chap—" said Billy Bunter, in his most honeyed tones.

Harry Wharton laughed.

Billy Bunter's voice was friendly—indeed, affectionate. It could hardly have been more so had the captain of the Remove been a long-lost brother, newly discovered. Without being unduly suspicious, Harry Wharton could not help suspecting that Bunter was aware that he had had a remittance that morning.

It was after dinner on Wednesday, and football filled the thoughts of most of the Remove fellows. With the Rookwood match at hand, the captain of the Remove was keeping his men vigorously up to the scratch. Bunter, however, was not thinking of Soccer. On compulsory days he had to think of it, much to his discomfort; but on other occasions, he dismissed such trifles from his fat mind.

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"Nothing to cackle at, old chap," said Bunter. "The fact is, I'm rather stumped. If you had a half-crown you didn't want—"

"I've got four half-crowns—"

"Oh, good!"

"But I want them."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"But I'll remember this," said the captain of the Remove gravely, "and if I ever have one I don't want, I'll shell it out at once. Now roll off, old fat barrel!"

Billy Bunter did not roll off. If the captain of the Remove was the happy possessor of four half-crowns, Bunter saw no reason why he should not annex at least one of them—if not two!

"I say, don't be a beast, old chap!" he urged. "I've got just my bare railway fare to Lantham—that's all. I shall have to cut tea as the circus isn't over till five. See? I can get some tea at the Pagoda—only, you see, I've been disappointed about a postal order this morning—"

"And this afternoon you're going to be disappointed about a half-crown," said Wharton sympathetically.

"Beast! I—I mean, dear old chap—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle! I say, I shall be jolly hungry when I come out of the circus," said Bunter persuasively. "I've got just my fare to Lantham—"

"Then how are you going to pay for admission to the circus?"

"That's all right! I've got a ticket," explained Bunter. "Carter gave me his ticket—"

"Carter did?"

"Yes, he doesn't want it, as he's in the football this afternoon. He jolly well wouldn't give it to me if he'd wanted it himself, you bet!"

Harry Wharton looked hard at the fat Owl.

"Carter's given you a ticket for the circus—as a reward for punching his nose on Saturday?" he asked.

"Well, I'm his relation, you know," said Bunter. "The ticket was sent to him, and he can't use it as he's wanted in the football. I rather think it did Carter good, punching his nose the other day." Bunter grinned. "He's been jolly civil ever since, and now he's given me that circus ticket. He lent me two bob for my fare, too."

"Then you'd better go and ask him to lend you half-a-crown for your tea," suggested Wharton.

"Well, he wouldn't. I mean, I can't very well ask him. I think you might lend me half-a-crown, old chap, as you had a ten-bob note from your uncle this morning. I'll settle out of my next postal order, of course."

"You fat ass, are you trying to pull my leg—or what? Carter would be more likely to give you a boot than a ticket for the circus."

"I tell you he's been jolly civil since I punched his nose—"

"Fathead!"

"Well, look!" snorted Bunter, and he extracted a square of cardboard from his waistcoat pocket. "Look at that! Seeing's believing."

Harry Wharton looked at it. It was undoubtedly a reserved seat for the Lantham Arena, price five shillings.

"Carter gave you that?" asked Harry very quietly.

"Yes. Why shouldn't he?"

"And lent you your fare to Lantham?"

"Well, the ticket wouldn't have been much use without the fare. I suppose I couldn't walk it," said Bunter. "I told him I was stony. Look here, if you'll

lend me half-a-crown, old chap, I'll settle on Saturday. I'm expecting a postal order then from one of my titled relations—"

"Ass!"

"I say, don't walk off while a chap's talking to you, you beast!" roared Bunter. "I say, have you seen Mauly?"

Without answering that question, Harry Wharton walked away quickly. It was getting near time for the football, and Remove fellows were gathering in the changing-room. The Bouncer was going in with Tom Redwing when Wharton arrived, and he glanced round as Harry tapped him on the arm.

At Wharton's look Vernon-Smith left his chum and moved away with the captain of the Remove out of earshot of the other fellows.

"What's up?" he asked tersely.

"I don't know that anything is, Smithy," answered Wharton. "But after what happened last week—Look here, what would you think if Carter gave that fat ass Bunter a ticket for the circus at Lantham and lent him his railway fare to go there?"

The Bouncer laughed.

"I should think that he had some jolly particular reason for landing Bunter at Lantham," he answered.

"Well, a chap doesn't want to be suspicious," said Harry. "But we know how he got Bunter down to Friardale the day Wibley met that scoundrel Gooch at the stile. Carter doesn't know we know about that—but we do!"

"We do—we does!" agreed Smithy.

"Well, what do you think, then?" asked Harry uneasily.

Vernon-Smith laughed again.

"I think that the lesson we gave Gooch the other day wasn't enough for him. I fancied he would be fed-up; this looks as if he isn't. Only he prefers to keep at a safe distance. If Carter's getting Bunter over to Lantham this afternoon, it means one thing—and one thing only—"

"And that is—"

"To put him in touch again with that rascal Gooch!" The Bouncer shrugged his shoulders. "What else? You know it as well as I do."

"Well, I couldn't help thinking—"

"That's it, as safe as houses! You're sure?"

"Yes, yes! He's got the ticket and the railway fare—and he got them both from Carter—"

"That settles it! Gooch will be hanging about the Lantham Arena waiting for him to turn up," said the Bouncer.

Harry Wharton nodded. In view of what he already knew, he could have little or no doubt of that.

"I suppose if we gave that fat ass a plain warning—" he said slowly.

"Fat lot of good! What's the use of talking sense to a born idiot? Ten to one he wouldn't believe a word of it," sneered the Bouncer. "Anyhow, he would use that circus ticket. Once he's in touch with Gooch his number is up here. Not that it matters a lot—"

"Well, it does!" said Harry. "He hasn't sense enough to go in when it rains; and those rotters are not going to lead him into mischief if I can do anything to stop them." He knitted his brows. "By gum, if it could be proved, I'd put it up to Quelch, but—"

"Leave this to me," said Smithy. "Bunter isn't worth the trouble, but we're going to see him through all the same. If Gooch wants another lesson we'll give him one—and make it a stiffer dose."



Spluttering with wrath, Billy Bunter rushed in. Bang! A fat fist landed unexpectedly on Carter's scowling face, and the schemer of the Remove toppled backwards. "There!" gasped Bunter. "Take that, you cad!"

"But how?"

"Bunter isn't going to use that ticket," grinned the Bounder. "I'll see to that. I fancy I can put a spoke in Mr. Gooch's wheel—with Wibley to help. Wib's keen on this game; it's right in his line. Leave it to me."

"Well, so long as that fat ass doesn't go—"

"I'll fix that all right. Gooch is going to see the Bunter he knows, not the Bunter he doesn't know!" chuckled the Bounder.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"If you can fix that, Smithy—"

"Easy as falling off a form! You keep that cad Carter from butting in. He's in the changing-room now; keep him there. Get the fellows changing; I'll join you on the field when I'm through."

"Right-ho!"

The captain of the Remove went into the changing-room. Some of the juniors were already changing. Wharton accelerated that process and led his men down to the field, Carter among the rest. The pick-up game started without the Bounder.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Other Bunter!

"I SAY, Smithy—" squeaked Billy Bunter.

The fat Owl did not know that the Bounder was looking for him. He was glad to see Smithy. He had not yet succeeded in finding Lord Mauleverer, and was still minus the little loan he required to see him through that afternoon.

Vernon-Smith certainly was not a promising subject to "touch" for a loan. He had plenty of money—more, indeed, than was good for him—but he had a great capacity for taking care

of it. But Billy Bunter had a hopeful nature, and the Bounder at the moment looked uncommonly genial. He gave Bunter quite a pleasant nod, which was encouraging.

"Hallo, old fat top!" said Smithy agreeably.

"I say, old chap, I was disappointed about that postal order I was expecting this morning," said Bunter, with a hopeful blink at Smithy through his big spectacles.

"Hard luck!" said the Bounder sympathetically.

"It's practically certain to come to-morrow," went on Bunter still more hopefully. "It's from one of my titled relations, you know. If you could lend a fellow half-a-crown, Smithy—"

"Anything special on?" asked the Bounder carelessly.

"I've got a ticket for the circus at Lantham," explained Bunter. "It's a jolly good show, and I don't want to miss it when I've got a ticket, you know. Only I shall be late back for tea. See?"

"That's a pity!"

"Eh? Why?"

"I was going to ask you to tea in my study."

"Oh!" said Bunter.

"It's going to be rather a spread," remarked Vernon-Smith. "But if you can't manage it—"

"My dear chap, I'll manage it all right!" said Bunter promptly. Tea in the Bounder's study had great attractions for the fat Owl! Even the counter-attraction of the circus would hardly have made him miss one of Smithy's lavish spreads.

"You'd hardly be back in time," said the Bounder, shaking his head. "You'd have to cut out Lantham. Why not go to the pictures in Courtfield, instead? They've got a jolly good picture at the Courtfield Palace."

"But I've got the ticket for the circus—"

"I'll take that off your hands, if you like! There's a Remove chap who'd like to go, and I can pass it on to him."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Bunter. "It's a five-bob ticket, Smithy—"

"That's all right."

Billy Bunter beamed.

The square of cardboard came promptly out of his waistcoat pocket.

Billy Bunter was glad to get that five-shilling ticket for the circus—for nothing! But there was no doubt—no doubt at all—that he would have preferred the five shillings!

Five shillings in hand, the pictures at Courtfield, and a spread in the Bounder's study, completely washed out the rival attraction of the circus!

The Bounder, with a cheery grin, handed over two half-crowns, on which Billy Bunter's fat fingers closed eagerly. He slipped the circus ticket into his pocket.

"Five-thirty in my study!" he said.

"What-ho!" said Bunter. "I'll be back in time, Smithy, you bet."

And he rolled cheerily out of gates, to catch the motor-bus for Courtfield, in a very happy and satisfied mood.

The Bounder, equally satisfied, walked away to the House. He went up to the Remove studies, to look for Wibley.

He found that youth in his study. Wibley's services as a footballer had been declined with thanks that afternoon; and he had retired to his study and his theatrical gadgets.

"Busy?" asked Vernon-Smith, as he looked in.

"Not too busy for footer, if you're standing out again!" said Wibley.

Smithy chuckled.

"I'm not!"

"Then take your face away and bury it!" grunted Wibley.

"There's a circus at Lantham—"

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"Blow the circus at Lantham."

"And you're going, old chap!"

"Rot!"

"And there's the ticket!" added Vernon-Smith, throwing it on the study table. "Better get going—you have to be at Lantham by three."

Wibley stared at him, and at the circus ticket.

"What the dickens—" he began.

The Bounder explained.

"By gum!" said Wibley. "Is that rotter at it again? Looks like it, if Carter gave that fat ass this ticket. Gooch waiting at the door for him, I suppose?"

"Or in the next seat!" said the Bounder.

"Yes, that's it, very likely!" Wibley began sorting out his "props" at once. "Well, if he wants to see Bunter, he shall see Bunter—the same Bunter! And if he wants another lesson, he will get it—and a stiffer dose this time! I'll fix him all right!"

Wibley packed a bag.

The Bounder left him to it, and went down to the changing-room. Ten minutes later, William Wibley was going out, with a bag in his hand—containing the necessary outfit for transforming himself into Billy Bunter's double. There was a cheery grin on Wibley's face as he went. Anything in the theatrical line was pie to William Wibley, and this stunt meant a happy afternoon to the schoolboy actor—with the circus thrown in.

Smithy also grinned a cheery grin as he joined the footballers on Little Side. He bestowed a wink on the captain of the Remove; and Wharton, glancing at Carter, smiled.

Carter, with all his keenness, and all his cunning, had not the remotest suspicion. When the pick-up game was over, he made it a point to ascertain that Bunter was out of gates. That was easy enough to ascertain—Bunter, undoubtedly, was out of gates!

That the fat Owl was in Courtfield Picture Palace, with his eyes and spectacles glued on a thrilling film, Carter did not know. He had no doubt that Bunter, in those moments, was sitting in the reserved seat at the Lantham Arena, watching the circus, and enjoying the renewed acquaintance of his sporting friend, Mr. Robinson.

Neither had Mr. Gooch any doubt. The fat junior in the seat next to him was the fat junior he had met before; and Mr. Gooch would have been very much surprised to learn that that fat junior's name, in the Form list at Greyfriars, was not William George Bunter, but William Wibley! Mr. Gooch never dreamed of guessing what a very different William it was! He remained in happy ignorance of the fact that there were two Bunters—and that this Bunter was not the Bunter he wanted, but the other Bunter!

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Big Idea!

WILLIAM WIBLEY was grinning when he answered to his name at call-over in Hall.

Wib had enjoyed his afternoon. He had enjoyed the circus—and still more had he enjoyed pulling the rascally leg of Mr. Gooch.

After call-over, Wibley went up to his study. His study-mates, Morgan and Desmond, were in the Rag; but Wibley was not left alone for long. In a few minutes, the Bounder came in, and the Famous Five followed him. All the Co. had been told how the matter stood;

and all of them were keen to hear Wibley's news.

Smithy carefully shut the door.

"Now—" he said.

"Right as rain!" chuckled Wibley.

"That rascal was there?" asked Bob Cherry, with a knitted brow.

"In the next seat" assented Wibley.

"A happy chance, you know—and I can tell you, Mr. Robinson was quite pleased to renew his acquaintance with his young friend Bunter. So was his young friend Bunter!"

"Then there's no doubt about it," said Harry. "That was Carter's game."

"The treacherous toad!" muttered Bob.

"Look here, you men!" said Johnny Bull. "This isn't a matter for us to keep in our own hands! It ought to go to Quelch."

"Yes; but—"

"If the lesson we gave that rotter had cleared him off all right—but it hasn't!" said Johnny. "This shows that he's keeping on at the game. We've got on to it this time—we mayn't get on to it next time! Quelch is our Form-master, and he's the man to see that that scoundrel doesn't get at a fellow in his Form, and lead him into bad trouble."

"I know!" said Harry slowly. "But—but—"

"Let's hear what Wibley's got to say!" interrupted the Bounder. "Have you made another appointment with the toad, or what, Wib?"

"Exactly!" grinned Wib.

"Where?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Here!"

"Here?" exclaimed all the juniors together.

"Not in the school!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Why not?" grinned Wibley.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Isn't that just where we want him?" asked Wibley.

"But—when?" gasped Harry Wharton.

"To-night!"

"To-night!" howled Bob. "After dorm, do you mean?"

"Just that!"

The Co. stared blankly at William Wibley. They had not known exactly what to expect to hear from him; but certainly they had not expected that!

"That—that man Gooch is coming to the school, after lights out!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "But what—why—how?"

Wibley waved an airy hand.

"My dear chap, I've got it all cut and dried!" he said cheerily. "This time we get Gooch—get him hard and fast; and there won't be any next time! His idea was for his young friend Bunter to turn up next Saturday—but his young friend Bunter had a better one than that! And when he found his young friend Bunter was keen on breaking bounds after lights out, he jumped at it with both feet!"

"I—I suppose he would!" said Harry.

"But—"

"My esteemed idiotic Wibley—" murmured Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh.

"Let's hear the rest!" said the Bounder.

"Go it, Wib!"

Wib, chuckling, went it!

"It's all fixed up," he said. "Bunter—Gooch's Bunter, of course—is going to get out of the dorm at eleven to-night. Gooch is going to be on the spot to help. At that time of night, of course, he won't be expecting to meet any of the fellows who ducked him in the ditch. He will expect all those nice boys to be tucked up in their little beds, fast asleep."

"So we shall be, fathead!" said Bob Cherry.

"I think not," demurred Wibley. "I rather think that some of us will be busy after lights-out. If it's a bit of a risk for us, it's rather more than a risk for Gooch. It's a dead cert for him! This time, my beloved 'earers, we get him by the short hairs! As Shakespeare remarks—"

"Oh, blow Shakespeare!"

"As Shakespeare remarks—" persisted Wib.

"Get on, ass!"

"As Shakespeare remarks," repeated Wib serenely, "'tis the sport to see the engineer hoist by his own petard! That's what's going to happen to the Gooch bird! He's out to catch Bunter. He's going to be caught. And, as Inky would say, the catchfulness is going to be terrific."

Wibley was evidently in great spirits, and immensely pleased with the way he was handling this affair. But the Famous Five eyed him very dubiously.

Breaking dormitory bounds at eleven at night was rather a serious matter, even for a good object.

"Do you mean that the rascal's actually coming into the school?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Actually, old bean! If he didn't we couldn't nobble him. You see, his young friend Bunter explained to him that he would need a little help in getting out of bounds. The spot selected is the Cloister wall. Gooch will find the place easily enough. His young friend Bunter can get out of the House all right, but a fat bloke like Bunter needs a little help in getting over the wall. See? Was Gooch ready to give him that little help?" Wibley chortled. "My dear chaps, he jumped at it! Lapped it up like cream."

"But—" gasped Bob.

"When the jolly old clock strikes eleven," said Wibley, "the Gooch-bird will be waiting in that little lane beside the Cloister wall. His young friend Bunter will give a whistle. When he hears the signal, Gooch will hop over the wall and help Bunter out—perhaps!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"His idea is that once he's got his young friend Bunter outside the school at eleven at night the game is won!" chirruped Wibley. "So it would be, of course, if he was dealing with that idiotic Owl. All he would have to do would be to strand the blithering idiot somewhere, and let him be snaffled out of bounds at night. His number would be up then, with a whop! What?"

"Yes, rather! But—"

"But," chortled Wibley, "when Gooch hops over the Cloister wall to help Bunter out, he won't find his young friend Bunter there. He will find quite other parties. And he won't get out again as easily as he got in."

"Oh!" gasped Bob.

"In fact, he won't get out at all," said Wibley serenely. "Having got into Greyfriars, he will stay in Greyfriars, and to-morrow morning he can explain to the Head what he came for—if he likes."

"Wha-a-t?"

"Oh crikey!"

"That," said William Wibley, "is the big idea. As Bull remarked, we've got on to it this time, but we mightn't get on to it next time, so there isn't going to be any next time. After Gooch's interview with Dr. Locke in the morning, do you think he will worry Greyfriars again?"

"Hardly. But—"

"Wash out the butts," said Wibley. "That's the programme. We get Gooch, and he can wriggle out of it how he likes. He can tell the Head his name's Robinson, if he has a fancy to; but I rather think he won't, as he came here at the beginning of the term as Gooch. What the dickens he will say I don't know. But it's a free country; he can say what he likes. But if this doesn't stop his game I'll eat my property-box and all the props in it."

The Bounder chuckled.

"This is a winner," he said. "He may get run in as a suspicious character, frequenting with felonious intent."

"Oh, my hat!"

"One of us can bag the key of Gosling's woodshed," said Wibley. "We can lock him up safe till morning."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And we'll see that he gets a good audience in the morning," went on Wibley. "Gooch is going through it, my beloved 'earers—right through it—and if he's handed over to the police, all the better. He can explain that he butted in to help a Greyfriars kid break bounds at night, if he likes. I don't think that would help him much with the Head."

"Not a lot!" chorled the Bounder. "Goodness knows what will happen to him, but whatever it is it's coming to him."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"Not a word outside this study!" said Wibley.

That night, when Wingate of the Sixth put out the light for the Remove, there were seven fellows in the dormitory who were not thinking of sleep. When eleven o'clock chimed the rest of the Remove were safe and sound in the embrace of Morpheus; but seven fellows were wide awake—very wide awake indeed!

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Trapped!

GIDEON GOOCH listened, and his cold, fishy eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

Low, but clear, came the sound of the whistle over the stone wall of the ancient Cloister.

Mr. Gooch had been some time on the spot. His young friend Bunter, at Lantham, had described it exactly to him, and he had found it easily enough. But he had arrived early to make sure, and he had been in the dark lane by the Cloister wall a good half-hour when he heard the signal.

It was an absolutely safe spot. The narrow lane ran between the old stone wall and a dark fir plantation. Seldom used by day, it was never used by night. Thick ivy hung over the old wall, completely screening Mr. Gooch as he waited. No one was likely to spot him there, and no one did. With an easy mind Gideon waited for the whistle from the fat junior within the wall.

Mr. Gooch had had no doubt of success in dealing with that fat youth. But his success had been remarkably easy. That untoward incident in Oak Lane had only postponed the inevitable. The easy trick with the circus ticket had brought him in contact again with his young friend Bunter. And Mr. Gooch had been not merely willing, but eager, to help his young friend in his desire to break school bounds at night. It was all clear now. The game was in his hands—at least, he had no doubt that it was!

That fat young ass was coming out, with Gooch's help. He was not getting in again. And now the moment had come. As he heard the low whistle over the Cloister wall, Gideon grasped the ivy and swung himself up. It was easy enough to him to clamber over the ivied wall, though it would have been difficult enough for Bunter without assistance. That assistance the obliging Mr. Gooch was only too willing to render.

It was the work of hardly more than a moment to clamber over. Mr. Gooch dropped lightly within.

He peered round in the deep gloom.

"Here!" he whispered.

What happened next seemed like a fearful dream, a horrid nightmare, to Mr. Gooch.

He expected to see Bunter there. He did not see Bunter. He had a vague glimpse of shadowy forms in the darkness, and then he was grabbed on all sides, and came down on the stone flags with a heavy bump.

He was too utterly amazed and taken aback even to think of resisting for a moment or two.

He sprawled on the flags, gasping and spluttering. Then, as he started to struggle, he found that it was quite futile. At least half a dozen pairs of hands were grasping him, and he was powerless.

"Who——" gasped Gideon. "What the——"

"Good-evening, Mr. Robinson!" said a cheery voice, and there was a chuckle from the gloom. "That is, if you are still Robinson. Or have you called as Gooch?"

"Who——" panted Mr. Gooch. He peered wildly at dim faces and figures. "Who are you? Who—why—how——" he spluttered helplessly.

"Stand the toad on his feet!"

Gooch was jerked up, but he had no chance to struggle. Each of his arms was held by two sturdy fellows, and another had a grasp on the back of his collar. He wriggled convulsively, but he had no chance of getting loose.

"Got him!" murmured a voice.

"The gotfulness is terrific!"

"Release me!" panted Gooch. "I—I—I will go away at once! I—I will——"

"I dare say you would; but a burglar isn't getting off so easily as all that."

"A—a what? I am not a burglar, you young fool! Are you mad? I—I—I——"

"Not a burglar?"

"No," gasped Mr. Gooch; "nothing of the kind!"

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I—I—I——"

Gideon stammered helplessly. He was caught and secured—by whom he did not know and could not see in the darkness, but there was no doubt about the fact. How was he to explain his presence at that hour of the night within the precincts of the school?

As a solicitor, Mr. Gooch understood how very serious it was to be found, and caught, on enclosed premises at night. He could hardly explain his real object in coming there! And other explanation there was none!

"Will you—will you let me go?" he panted. "I—I assure you that I am not—not a burglar—the idea is simply absurd—you seem to know my name—then you know that I am a relative of a boy here, and certainly not a burglar——"

"Are you calling on your relation at this time of night?"

"Oh, no; but——"

"After the Head's silver?"

"No," gasped Mr. Gooch. "Nothing of the kind! Please let me go——"

He wrenched at his pinioned arms—and wrenched in vain. He peered savagely at the dim faces round him. He could not make them out clearly; but he had a suspicion, by this time, who had collared him.

"You are the boys who attacked me in Oak Lane a few days ago!" he breathed. "I am sure of it——"

"He's guessed it!"

"What a brain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you release me? You know that I am not a burglar!" hissed Mr. Gooch. "You know perfectly well——"

"We know we've caught you burgling! Bring him along——"

"I—I will shout for help——" panted Mr. Gooch.

"Oh, do! We'll take you straight to the Head, if you like!"

Gooch shivered.

"Please let me go—release me! I—I——"

"Aren't you going to shout for help?"

"N-no! But—I beg of you——"

"This way! You're going to be kept safe till morning. Mr. Gooch—Robinson, and then you can explain that you're not a burglar!"

And there was another chuckle as the shadowy figures led Mr. Gooch away.

Terror lay like ice on the wretched rascal as he went.

His presence within the school precincts was utterly impossible for him to explain. He clung to one faint hope—a very faint one—of somehow getting away before he was taken before persons in authority.

These boys, he could see, were juniors—boys of Bunter's Form, as he knew. They did not, apparently, intend to march him off to the House and hand him over at once. That respite was all he had!

He had almost forgotten Bunter, in his terror and confusion. But, as he was led away, he realised that Bunter was not there. Wibley certainly was; but he was not playing the part of Bunter's double now; and Gideon had not the faintest idea that he was the "Bunter" he had met at Lantham. There was no sign of the fat junior.

Bunter had not turned up, as arranged! These fellows had! They had learned from Bunter what was intended—that seemed clear! If that encounter in Oak Lane had been a chance encounter, this certainly was not—it was not by chance that a mob of juniors were out of bed at eleven o'clock at night, and waiting for him to drop into their hands like a ripe apple! Bunter—intentionally or not—had given him away! That was the only conclusion to which the shivering rascal could come! Not that it mattered much now—the pressing problem was how to get away!

That was a problem that Mr. Gooch was likely to find it very difficult to solve. Harry Wharton & Co. had no intention whatever of letting him get away! Having walked into a trap of his own making Mr. Gooch was booked to stay in that trap!

Where they were taking him Gideon did not know—only it was a relief that they did not approach the House. Late as the hour was, several lights still gleamed in distant windows, and Gideon cringed with apprehension at the bare idea of being marched in to meet master's astonished eyes.

But they went nowhere near the lighted windows! They stopped at last at a small building, from which lighted windows were out of sight.

One of them produced a key and unlocked the door. Mr. Gooch was marched into the building—a shed of some sort.

Within the shed the darkness was more intense. There was a gleam from a flash-lamp in an unseen hand.

"Stick him on that bench!"

Gideon was backed to a bench, the back of his knees banged on it, and he sat.

"You—you are leaving me here?" he panted.

"Yes. Like your quarters?"

Gideon Gooch did not reply; but he gasped with relief. If he were left there till morning he might yet get away—unseen, unquestioned! But that brief hope was quickly extinguished.

"Got the cord?"

"Here you are!"

"Make the brute safe!"

"You bet!"

"For mercy's sake," groaned Gideon, as the cord was run round his bony limbs, "I—I—"

His voice trailed off.

The cord was knotted round him, under the bench, the knots carefully tied out of his reach. He heard another chuckle, and then the juniors were gone—the door closed and locked on the outside.

A few minutes later Harry Wharton & Co. were climbing in quietly at the window of a box-room and tiptoeing back to their dormitory. They slept soundly enough when they turned in at that late hour.

But there was no sleep for the rascal who sat tied to the bench in the woodshed!

In rage and terror, Gideon Gooch counted the weary minutes to dawn! He wrenched and wriggled, and wriggled and wrenched, but there was no escape for him, and he gave up the vain attempt at last. He hardly dared to think of what the dawn would bring—yet the night seemed endless. What was going to happen to him when he

was found in the morning was uncertain; but one thing was certain—that, after this, he was done with Greyfriars, done with Carter, and done with Bunter! On that point, at least, there was no shadow of doubt!

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

A Startling Discovery!

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

"Gosling!" answered Bob Cherry.

"Eh? What about Gosling?"

"He's going round to his shed."

"Well, he always does in the morning," said Billy Bunter, puzzled.

"Nothing special about that, is there?"

"Who knows?" grinned Bob. "Let's go and see, anyhow."

Billy Bunter blinked at the Famous Five in inquisitive surprise. After breakfast in the morning the chums of the Remove were quite interested in the movements of old Gosling, the ancient porter of Greyfriars.

Not often did Gosling interest them; but on this particular morning they watched him with eager interest when he came away from his lodge. Gosling had missed the key of his woodshed from its usual nail, and his gnarled brow wore a frown as he tramped away to the shed.

Why the Famous Five were interested Billy Bunter could not guess. But it was clear that they were, and Bunter wanted to know. So he rolled after them as they strolled after Gosling. Vernon-Smith and William Wibley came cutting across to join up, and other fellows, scenting that something was "on," followed. Among them was Arthur Carter—little guessing the attraction that the woodshed had for seven members of his Form that bright spring morning!

Carter was happily unaware, so far, of the happenings of the night. He had been fast asleep when the seven left

the dormitory on tiptoe—and fast asleep when they tiptoed back to it. He knew nothing of the arrangement made at the Lantham Arena the previous afternoon between "Mr. Robinson" and his young friend. He expected to see Gideon Gooch before long, to learn from him how the plot was progressing! Certainly, he never dreamed how soon he was to see him and where!

"Lost your key, Gosling?" asked the Bounder, as the ancient gentleman went snorting to his shed.

"Which I ain't lost it, but it's been took off the nail!" grunted Gosling. "And if any young himp has been larking in that there shed, I'll report 'im!"

"Why, there's the key in the lock, Gosling!" said Harry Wharton.

Grunt from Gosling!

"I know I never left it there!" he growled.

He turned back the key and threw open the door of the woodshed.

Gosling had little doubt, after missing that key, that some of the young "imps" had been "larking" in his woodshed—a thing that had happened more than once. He rather expected to find something amiss in that shed. But he certainly did not expect to find what he actually found!

"Goo!" gasped Gosling, in amazement, as he stared into the shed.

He stared blankly, his eyes almost popping from his gnarled countenance. He seemed hardly able to believe those ancient eyes!

"Goo!" he repeated blankly.

"What's up, Gossy?" grinned Wibley.

"My eye!" stuttered Gosling. "Ere, who are you? What are you a-doing there, a-setting on my bench?"

"I say, you fellows, there's somebody in the shed!" yelled Billy Bunter, in great excitement. "I say, the door was locked, but there's somebody in it!"

"Who the dickens—" exclaimed Peter Todd. There were a dozen Remove fellows on the spot, as well as the Famous Five.

"Some tramp getting a lodging for the night, or what?" exclaimed Carter.

"But the door was locked!" said Hazeldene. "How the dooce—"

"What's all this 'ore?" bawled Gosling. "I says, who are you, and what are you a-doing 'ere? Why, bust my buttons, if he ain't tied up!"

"What?" yelled a dozen voices.

The juniors crowded round Gosling, at the doorway. They stared into the shed. All eyes were fixed on the man who was sitting on the bench, with knotted cords keeping him in that position; his haggard face turned towards the door.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, who's that?" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Anybody know that sportsman?" asked Johnny Bull.

"I've seen him before, I believe!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "Blessed if I remember where, but I've seen him somewhere—"

"I believe I have, too!" exclaimed Squiff. "But how the thump did he get here—tied up like that?"

Gosling tramped into the shed, and stood staring at the wretched Gideon.

The doorway was crowded with juniors, staring in. There were seven fellows who were not surprised to see him there!

Some of the other fellows thought they knew his face—doubtless having seen Mr. Gooch on the day, at the

"Wreck the Panama Canal!"



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beginning of the term, when he had brought Carter to Greyfriars. But there was one fellow who knew him at the first glance—and whose face became quite pale at the sight of him. Arthur Carter gazed at his Cousin Gideon, like a fellow in a dream!

"Now, my man, who are you, and 'ow did you get in 'ere?" demanded Gosling. "Now, then, answer up!"

Gideon Gooch gasped.

"Please let me loose!" he gasped. "I—I—I was brought here—it was a— a foolish practical joke. I—I—let me loose, please—"

"No 'urry!" said Gosling grimly. "You ain't getting loose in a 'urry, Mr. Whoever-you-are! You come 'ere to pinch something?"

"I say, you fellows, Quelch ought to telephone for a bobby!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "I say, Wharton, you cut in and ask Quelch to telephone for a bobby!"

Gooch's eyes turned on the fat face blinking in at the doorway through the big spectacles. A spasm of rage crossed his own face.

That Bunter did not know him from Adam, naturally, never occurred to him. He knew Bunter—or fancied he did!

"You young scoundrel!" he panted. Bunter gave him a surprised blink. "Eh? You speaking to me?" he asked.

"You young villain!" hissed Gideon, wriggling with rage. He had not the slightest doubt now that Bunter had deliberately landed him in this.

"What the dickens does he mean?" exclaimed the puzzled Owl. "What is he calling me names for?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! I say, you fellows, I don't like his looks! I say, he looks fearfully savage! I say, Quelch ought to telephone for a bobby, to run him in."

"Quite a good idea!" chuckled the Bounder. "What do you think of it, Carter?"

Carter did not heed the Bounder's gibe. His eyes were fixed on Gideon, almost starting from his head.

Mr. Gooch's eyes passed from Bunter to Carter. He had a gleam of hope, at the sight of him. His look at Carter was eloquent.

"Cut off to Quelch, Carter!" went on Smithy. "Tell him that somebody's caught a burglar, and locked him in Gosling's shed."

"What you got to say for yourself, my man?" roared Gosling.

"Will you let me loose?" gasped the wretched Gooch. "I have been here for hours! I—I—"

"No, I won't!" said Gosling. "Looks to me as if you come in 'ere to pinch something, and you was caught, and tied up 'ere. You can jest stay where you are, my man, while I let the 'Ead know."

"I—I will give you five pounds to release me!" panted Gideon.

Snort, from Gosling.

"I'd like to know whose pounds they was!" he retorted. "What was you doing 'ere, when you was caught and stuck in my shed? You can wait 'ere till the 'Ead comes. I'm going to fetch him now."

Gosling turned back to the door.

Arthur Carter slipped into the shed. His one thought was to get his Cousin Gideon away before he was recognised—before any of the masters could come on the scene. How and why Gideon was there, was a hopeless mystery to him, but he knew that he had to get him away, if he could, before the Head came.

But there was no chance of that. Gosling gave him a glare.

"You get hout, Master Carter!" he snorted. "I'm going to lock up this 'ere shed till the 'Ead comes! Houtside!"

"Look here—"

"Houtside!" repeated Gosling firmly.

And he pushed Carter out, stepped out after him, and banged the door shut.

Carter stood panting. Gosling turned the key in the lock, drew it out, and put it in his pocket. Then he tramped away to call the Head!

Carter, with a face like chalk, almost tottered away.

He was glad to hear the clang of the

bell for class. That drew the crowd away from the wood-shed, at least.

As the buzzing crowd of Greyfriars fellows strode away, the Head was observed, coming majestically on the scene, followed closely by Gosling.

The Bounder winked at the Famous Five. None of them envied Mr. Gooch his interview with the Head.

There were seven grinning faces in the Remove when Mr. Quelch let his Form into the Form-room—and there was one that was far from grinning! Carter hardly knew how he got through lessons that morning!

(Continued on next page.)

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

EVER been "had," chums? No, it's not April Fools' Day! I was caught the other day, and I want to get my own back by catching you fellows. You've got some idea of the thickness of a cigarette-paper, haven't you? Well, suppose it were possible to fold a cigarette-paper in halves sixty times, what height would it reach? Think it over, chums, before making any rash guesses. You'll be surprised when you see the answer, which appears at the end of this chat.

Having received a number of letters referring to the

"SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY,"

I feel that I ought to give you a few details about the current issues of this popular 4d. library. "Detective Bunter!"—No. 328—is an exciting and dramatic story, telling how the fat junior of Greyfriars, by sheer luck, solves a mystery which has got a detective and the police guessing. "The Rebellion at Packsaddle!" is the title of No. 329, and the yarn deals with the thrilling adventures of those old Gem favourites, Bill Sampson, the six-gun schoolmaster, and his lively pupils of the cow-town school. Finally, "The Housemaster's Revenge!"—No. 330—is a powerful tale of a master who, nursing a bitter grievance against St. Frank's, sets out to bring disgrace on the school. These grand numbers are now on sale, and each one is well worth the fourpence it costs.

One of my Liverpool readers, who apparently is not earning much as a clerk in a local office, writes to ask me if I can put him on to a profitable spare-time employment. My chum must understand that such is not easy to obtain unless he is gifted in some special way—with, say, musical, literary or artistic talents. Carpentering and wood-carving can be made to pay, so can the making of fancy articles, if only a market can be found for one's goods. Breeding fowls, canaries, rabbits, and other live stock pays under favourable conditions. Then there is photography and sign writing. Such jobs as envelope addressing, with its ill pay, I do not

advise, and I caution my chum not to have anything to do with firms that advertise home employment and then demand an initial outlay on the part of the worker.

"You've got to smile when you say good-bye!" You all know this great hit of Gracie Fields, don't you? But it's not everyone who can smile when they say "good-bye;" Arthur Carter, for instance, doesn't smile when he says

"GOOD BYE, GREYFRIARS!"

The schemer of the Remove has played with fire just long enough to burn his fingers! Instead of getting Billy Bunter expelled from Greyfriars, he gets kicked out himself. For a whole term Carter has been scheming against his rival, Billy Bunter, only to "dish" himself completely by his own actions. But there's no shedding of tears by Harry Wharton & Co. when he goes; in fact, they are glad to see the back of him!

As I informed you in last week's chat, Frank Richards has been hard at work on a new series, the first yarn of which I have just had the pleasure of reading. And what a corker it is, too! Vernon-Smith invites Harry Wharton & Co. to accompany him on an Easter trip to his millionaire father's ranch 'way out on the rolling prairies of Texas—the land of hold-ups and cattle-rustling. Take it from me, chums, you're booked for the most thrilling series of school-adventure stories ever told. What Frank Richards doesn't know about the wild and woolly West isn't worth knowing. Once you've got down to read this yarn you won't want to leave it, and when you come to the end of it you'll look forward to the next story every bit as anxiously as Billy Bunter looks forward to his next meal! Don't forget the date of the opening yarn—next Saturday week.

Gee! I'd almost forgotten—the answer to the cigarette-paper question is—several million miles—incredible though it may seem.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHAPTER.

Schemer's Luck!

"O H crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter, in alarm.

After morning class, most of the fellows were discussing the topic of Gosling's startling discovery that morning, in his wood-shed.

The man was gone when the Greyfriars fellows came out of the Form-rooms. Whoever he was, and whatever it all meant, he had, apparently, been allowed to go.

It was an interesting and rather exciting topic; but Billy Bunter was less interested in that topic than in the circumstances that Quelch was taking a walk in the quad with Mr. Capper.

Quelch being far from his study afforded an opportunity to a fat and fatuous Owl who was still sore on the subject of Seneca!

Having seen Quelch safe off the premises, the fat Owl had cautiously insinuated himself into Quelch's study. Seneca lay on the Form-master's table, open, where Mr. Quelch had left it, after a happy perusal of some of those entrancing epistles—from which Quelch seemed to derive as much satisfaction as their recipient, Lucilius, in ancient times.

Bunter pounced on it!

He whipped Seneca off the table. He opened the lid of the coal-box. He shoved Seneca inside, among innumerable knobs of coal! Grinning, the fat Owl was about to shut the lid on Seneca—when the door-handle turned and the door opened.

Bunter bounded away from the coal-box, gasping! For one awful moment he dreaded that it was Quelch, and the thought of being caught again, playing tricks with Seneca, was terrifying.

"I—I say, sir, I—I haven't tut-tut-tut-touched—" began Bunter. He broke off as he saw Carter.

Carter came quickly into the study.

He started as he saw Bunter. He gave the fat Owl the blackest of scowls. "Get out, you fat fool!" he snapped. "What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing, if you come to that?" retorted Bunter independently.

Carter clenched his hands. But he restrained his desire to hurl the fat Owl neck and crop out of the study.

"Quelch sent me here; he's coming!" he muttered. "You'd better clear, you fat idiot!"

That was enough for Bunter! If Quelch was coming it was time Bunter was going! He went—promptly! He rolled away down Masters' Passage—

and, like Iser in the poem, he rolled rapidly!

Carter shut the door after him. Having got rid of Bunter, he ran across to the telephone. It was risky enough to use Quelch's telephone when Quelch might come in—but Carter was too anxious to care for the risk! He had to get news from Gideon Gooch.

He rang up and gave a Lantham number, and waited anxiously—listening with one ear for the answering voice and with the other for a possible foot-step in the passage!

Why Bunter had been in the study he neither knew nor cared; and he did not even glance at the open coal-box, where Lucius Annaeus Seneca lay prominent among the coaly knobs! A grating voice came through at last.

"Gideon!" breathed Carter.

"Oh! It is you, is it, Arthur?" Mr. Gooch's voice seemed to be pure acid.

"Yes, yes! For goodness' sake let me know what's happened?" breathed Carter. "How did you—"

"I will tell you, as this is the last time I shall be speaking to you!" came the answering snarl. "I am done with the whole thing! That fool—that rascal—that young villain Bunter must have been deluding me all the time—he laid a trap for me to fall into, with his friends—at least, that is the only explanation I can think of—"

"But what—" gasped Carter.

"He led me into entering the school last night, under the pretence of helping him out of bounds—and I was seized by a mob of juniors; the same gang, I am assured, who ducked me in the ditch—"

"Oh!" gasped Carter.

"I have always told you that I would run no risks, and now, how has it turned out?" hissed Gideon.

"What on earth did you say to the Head?"

"What could I say? Could I tell him the facts?" snarled Gideon. "A lame story of wishing to view the school by moonlight—of which, old simpleton as he is, he did not believe one word! I thought at first that he would not even allow me to go! However, he did; I have never been so thankful in my life as when I found myself outside the school. I only hope that he will not discover the boys who seized me—they could tell him more than I wish him to know! You will hear nothing more from me, Arthur!"

"But—" gasped Carter.

"I mean that! I am done with you! My system has always been to avoid risks—and this is what has come of it!"

No more for me! I wash my hands of the whole matter—absolutely and entirely!"

"But, I say—"

There was no answer; Gideon Gooch had rung off.

Carter, gritting his teeth, replaced the receiver.

With a black and bitter face, he turned to leave the study. The door opened as he did so, and Mr. Quelch walked in.

He stared at Carter.

"Carter, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"I—I—I came to—to speak to you, sir!" stammered Carter. "As—as you were not here, sir, I—I thought I might wait." He was thankful that he had got off the telephone before Quelch's arrival.

Mr. Quelch gave him a very sharp look. Then he glanced round the study. If nothing was amiss in that study he was prepared to accept Carter's explanation. But that glance revealed, at once, that Lucius Annaeus Seneca was not on the table. A second glance revealed Lucius Annaeus—reposing among the knobs of coal!

Thunder gathered in the Remove master's brow.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed.

"Carter, take that book out of the coal-box at once!"

Carter stared at Seneca as Mr. Quelch pointed to that priceless volume. He picked it out from among the coals and laid it on the table.

Mr. Quelch picked up his cane.

"You have stated that you came here to speak to me, Carter! I find that volume—a most valuable volume—cramped among the coals! You need say no more, Carter! Bend over that table!"

"I—I—I never—"

"I am waiting, Carter. This is not the first time you have played pranks in my study. I trust it will be the last. Bend over that table!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"You may go, Carter!"

Carter wriggled out of the study.

The schemer of the Remove had lost his ally. With Mr. Gooch's assistance, he had not had a lot of luck; without it, prospects seemed still more dubious. And the end of the term was drawing near. Nearer still, if Carter had only known it, was the end of his own tether!

THE END.

(For the final yarn in this exciting series—"GOOD-BYE, GREYFRIARS!"—see next Saturday's MAGNET.)

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DOCTOR BIRCHEMALL'S MICROPHONE!

Screamingly Funny School Yarn of Jack Jolly & Co. of St. Sam's.

By DICKY NUGENT

Boom! Boom! Boom! "Bless my solo!"

Mr. Lickham jumped. The master of the St. Sam's Fourth was taking his Form in joggraffy.

Lessons at St. Sam's, as a rule, were conducted in an atmosphere of peace and quietude. No sound broke the stillness save the mer-mor of the Form-master's voice and the occasional shriek of some un-forchunit fagg being wal-loped in another Form-room.

On this partiekular morning, things had been even quieter than usual. Nothing had happened to disturb the serenity of the atmosphere.

And then, suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, had come this deffening roar.

Boom! Boom! Boom! "Bless my solo!"

"What the merry dickens—"

Form-master and pow-pils jumped to their feet in amazement.

"What is it, sir?" gasped Jack Jolly.

"Is it an earth-quake?" asked Frank Fearless.

"Ask me another," replied Mr. Lickham, nitting his brows in perplexity. "I've never heard such an egg-strordinary sound in my life! It's loud enuff to deffen a chap; and yet at the same time it sounds somewhat like a yewman voice."

"Just what I was thinking myself, sir," eggscclaimed Jack Jolly. "Do you think it possi-bul that some awful giant, like you road about in legends, has taken it into his head to visit St. Sam's?"

MAULY BAGS THE MARATHON!

Stunned Crowd Silent as Slacker Triumphs!

What silly ass said the age of miracles was past? Whoever he was, he would have had to sit up and rub his eyes if he had seen the finish of the Open Cross-country Handicap last Wednesday! For, believe it or not, Lord Mauloverer, champion slacker of the Remove, defied the best long-distance mon in the school and won on the post after the most gruelling race on record!

This sensational win should have been accom-pa-nied by thunderous cheers from an enrapt-ured crowd. It was not. On the contrary, Mauly won in a silence that could have been felt. The spectators were stunned into stupefied coma!

The "Greyfriars Herald," having had time to recover from its first shock, is now able to put things right by calling for three cheers for the victor! Let it rip, chaps! Thanks!

Having done that, we ought really to call for an extra one for Bob Cherry. For Mauly would



never have lined up for the start if Bob had not yanked him off the sofa in Study No. 12 and led him up to the dorm by his ears to change into running togs!

Mauly looked a cert for last place when he rolled down to the gates for the start. He was yawning and shivering and making feeble protests, as Bob piloted him across the quad. When Mr. Lascelles signalled him off in the handicap, he ambled down the lane as if next week would have done.

Then Bob Cherry gave him a well-directed kick to speed him on his way; and Mauly yelped and came to life! After a last rub at his tired eyes, he broke into a run and decided to take the race seriously. And then that moment on, things began to happen! Mauly,

though an unknown in the marathon world, is slim and long-legged and has the cut of a runner. He soon began to justify his appearance!

First he passed Brown and Squiff and other Remove chaps who had been given a longer start than he; then he mopped up a whole crowd of fags who had started out first. In less than ten minutes, Mauly was in going to be passed by dozens of older fellows before the race was half run.

But the funny thing was that the seniors all got into their stride—and yet somehow were unable to pass Mauly! At the half-way mark, our cheery old languid lord was still footing it merrily across the fields with the best runners in the school behind him!

With three-quarters of the distance covered, some of the cracks began to think it was time Mauly was dislodged. Wingate, North, and Blundell all put on a spurt and passed him.

But their triumph was brief and their spurt came a little too early. Mauly drew level again and kept level; and when they reached the last lap in Friardale Lane, he was still suffi-ciently fresh to challenge the three big uns and beat them in a desperato finish.

A great day's work, Mauly! You've brought honour and glory to the Remove in the last way we ever expected you to do it and we're proud of you!

If this is the kind of result you get from your celebrated snoozes on the sofa in Study No. 12, you can carry on snooz-ing for the rest of the term. We won't stop you!

The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 285.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

March 26th, 1938.



HARRY WHARTON CALLING!

Well, we're having some weird and wonderful happenings at Greyfriars lately, and no mistake! It was a pretty severe shock to some fellows when I went and won the Remove boxing championship. Now, to add to the confusion, Mauly, of all people in the world, has awakened from his winter sleep and won the open cross-country run!

I ran in the race myself and I can assure you all that there was no fluke about it. Mauly won more easily than most of the spectators imagined. He was as fresh as paint at the finish. The fact is, that Mauly

is in more ways than one a particularly dark horse. If we ever hold another series of boxing championship contests, it wouldn't surprise me in the least to see him beat all-comers—provided, of course, Bob Cherry, is there to wake him up in time for his fights. Speaking of waking up out of winter sleep, the spring poets seem to have made their annual reappearance. I have had quite a number of them invade the editorial sanctum this week.

Dick Penfold, of course, is always with us. He finds inspiration in ordinary things all through the year. But the fellows who got their inspiration out of leaping lambs and budding branches and carefree cuckoos, just make a brief appearance once a year and then they fade away. Hoskins, the Shell musician, is one. He rolled up with his annual effort this week. So did Coker of the Fifth, and Russell, Kipps, and Linley of the Remove, and many others.

Take a look at this. It's the first verse of Coker's poem:

"Oh, spring, oh, spring, oh, good old spring!
It's grate that you're reternin'!
For buds that bloom and birds that sing,
I'm yerning, yorning, yerning!"

There are nineteen more like that, but perhaps one will suffice. And here, I think, I will leave spring poets.

How do you like our "Greyfriars From Fresh Angles" series? My unusual contributors on this subject seem to be throwing quite a lot of new light on our famous old school. The series has proved very popular at Greyfriars. We all like to see ourselves as others see us sometimes—even if the result is not always flattering!

I hope that the powers that be will not take me to task for printing a contribution from Mr. Banks, the "bookie." Needless to say, he is no friend of mine—nor of anybody else at Greyfriars, if we are to believe what he says!

Next week's contribution comes from Uncle Clegg, and is headed: "The Boys—and my Bunshop!" Don't miss it!

Here's all the best, chums, till we meet next week!

HARRY WHARTON.

Mr. Lickham shud-dered slightly. "I sincerely hoap not, Jolly, I'm sure! My hat! There it is again!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! "We can't put up with this!" cried Jack Jolly. "Do you mind, sir, if we go and investigate?"

"Do anything, Jolly, so long as it is likely to put a stop to this garstly row!" said Mr. Lickham, sticking his thumbs into his ears to shut out the noise. "All I ask is that you do it quickly!"

"All screen, sir!" grinned the kaptin of the Fourth. "Coming along, you fellows?"

"Yes, rather!"

The Fourth-Formers

scrambled out of their desks and galloped after their leader with whoops of enthusiasm. As Merry put it, giant-hunting was better than joggraffy, any old day.

A lass! The "giant" proved to be a bit of a flasko. When they got outside the Form-room, they found that the noise was proceeding from the Sixth Form.

A glance into the Sixth Form Room was enuff to show them that the "giant" of Jack Jolly's imagination was nothing more than a microphone which Dr. Birchmall was using to amplify his voice!

The microphone was connected up to a power-ful loud-speaker; and

it was working so well that the Head's voice was farly making the Form-room winders rattle. It was working a little too well for the Sixth, by the look of them, for they all had their hands held over their ears and their faces looked awfully strained. They looked such a comical site that the Fourth Formers could not help larfing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" they roared.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Then the Head stopped speaking. He looked round at the door with a frown; and the juniors' larfter died down into a corus of meer chuckles.

"Boys!" cried the Head majestickally. "What is the meaning of this here? What do you think you're doing of?"

"That's what we'd like to ask you, sir!" grinned Jack Jolly. "Mr. Lickham told us we could come and find out what was causing all the row. I fancy he thought it was an earth-quake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" wrapped out Doctor Birchmall. "If you are by any chance referring to my amplifying set—"

"Right on the wicket, sir!"

"In that case, I would have you know that I have bought it for the purpos of bringing St. Sam's up to date! All the best skools nowadays have loud-speaker equip-ment to ensure that everybody hears. So why not St. Sam's?"

"Is that a conun-drum, sir?"

"No, Jolly, it is not! This microphone is the last word in electrical de-sine," said Doctor Birchmall, with a smirk. "I bought it absolutely re-gardless of cost. They charged me one-and-six for it at the local stores!"

"Grate pip!" gasped Fearless. "Do you think it was worth all that, sir?"

"I should think it was, Fearless! This little out-fit is guaranteed to turn a whisper into a thunder-clap. Just listen!"

The Head turned his

mouth to the microphone again and said: "Twice two! He said it in a meer wasper, but when it came out of the loud-speaker it was a deffen-ing avalanche of sound!"

Burleigh, the kaptin of St. Sam's, jumped to his feet. In Burleigh's opinion the joak had gone far enuff. But he was scared the trouble of preterfing, for at that moment Binding, the page, appeared with the news that Sir Frederick Funguss was waiting for the Head in the Visitors' Room.

There was a mermer of relief from the Sixth when the Head had gone. "Thank goodness for that!" cried Tallboy. "If he had carried on any longer with that microphons it would have busted my ear-drums!"

"Same here!"

The Fourth Formers grinned. Imperfethick-ally.

"As we can do to he," asked Jack Jolly.

"I only wish you could, sir!" sighed Burleigh. "The Head is going to use that micro-phons for the rest of the term unless something happens."

"He's even going to inflect it on the rest of the skool," said Swotter. "He's us this morn-ing thab no's going to give a lecture to the whole skool in Big Hall to-mor-rite; and it's simply and solely be-cause he wants to use it on a big-er audience!"

"I'm afraid it's be-yond the power of you youngsters to help," said Burleigh. "I don't mind telling you that I'd wil-lingly give a pound to anybody who could per-suade the Head to stop using the microphone!"

Jack Jolly's eyes gloomed.

"My hat! Do you really? A that, Bur-leigh."

"Yes, rather!"

"Well see what we can do, then!" grinned the kaptin of the Fourth.

And after morning classes Jack Jolly kept his promise. He and his pals adjoined to their study and held a sollem council of war.

What was decided at that council remained a secret. But it must have been something satis-factory, for passors-by heard the heroes of the Fourth simply busting their sides with larfter.

Next day, with the aid of Fossil, the porter, Doctor Birchmall fixed up the loud-speaker ap-paratus on the platform



in Big Hall in readiness for the grate lecture.

The lecture was to be on the subject of "The Races of the Earth."

Half an hour before the lecture started, when Big Hall was still in darkness, four dim fig-gers mite have been seen sneaking stelhily up to the platform. Two of them carried between them a pail nearly full of soot, and for some strange reason they set this down on the floor underneath the micro-phone. What eggactly they did with it could not be seen in the darkness,

but, judging by the chuckles that could be heard at frequent inter-vals, there was a jolly good lark in progress.

Half an hour later their labours were re-warded.

Big Hall was packed to the doors for Doctor Birchmall's lecture.

Grinning all over his face, Doctor Birchmall

"mike" which instantly made him as black as the ace of spades!

The Head staggered backwards with a yell—his sentence unfinished. The skool gasped. Then they roared:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Stately seniors and inky fags alike held their sides and howled and shrieked with larfter.

Natchurally, Doctor Birchmall did not larf. He gasped and sneezed and shook his fists and hopped about like a cat on hot brix. And then, finally, he gave it up in disgust and rushed away to the nearest bath-room.

He was followed by a grate roar of larfter from the assemblled skool.

Two minnits later, Burleigh was cheerfully handing over a crisp, ruffling pound note to Jack Jolly.

Five minnits later, Jack Jolly was spending his well-earned prize in the skool tuckshop for the bonnyfit of the Fourth.

"I fancy after this that we shall hear no more of the Head's microphone," he grinned as he munched away at a lushus jam-tart.

And he was quite right. Doctor Birchmall's loudspeaker had closed down for good!

(Don't miss "Well Rowed the Fourth!"—next week's hilarious boat-race story by Dicky Nugent!)

It seemed almost mag-ical! Even as the Head was claiming to be a white man he turned into a black man!

Of course, it was not really magick. What had happened was that Doc-tor Birchmall's broth had blown out a grate cloud of soot from the

"Boys!" he yelled. "Let me begin by saying that I am a white man and—"

Poof!

GREYFRIARS FROM FRESH ANGLES

5. Where are the Sportsmen of Yesterday?

Asks JAMES JOSEPH BANKS

Time was when there was a nice little circle of sporting young gentlemen at Grey-friars. What I mean is, young sportsmen as was game for a little flutter and knew a thing or two about the Sport of Kings. In them good old days I had more than one client at the school who would put a quid or a fiver on his fancy for the Swindleham Handicap or the Diddleham Stakes as

cool as you like. Yes, and lose his money without turn-ing a hair, too!

The young gentlemen of those days believed in that grand old motto, "If you don't speculate, you can't accumulate." They knew as they could trust honest Joe Banks to pay out if they won.

What I would like to know is this here: WHERE ARE THE SPORTSMEN OF YES-

TERDAY? I tell you straight, I don't see much of 'em to-day!

Master "Coder" of the Sixth, for instance, used to be what I call a real sporting toff. Paid me quids and quids, he did, and always come up smiling. Yet when I see him in Courtfield High Street last week all he does is give me a nasty sort of scowl and walk on sharp! Same with Master "Bilton" of the Fifth and Master "Penney" of the Upper Fourth and Master "Bernon-Smith" of the Ro-move. These ain't their real names; they're just names I faked to put the marks off the scent, see?

All these young nob's used to be regular customers of mine in days gone by. Course, I dare say things

is stricter at Greyfriars than what they was, and maybe they find it harder to give me the sporting commissions they used. But I've got an idea of my own that that ain't the whole story.

A short time ago I just looked in to see if I could spot any of my old clients, and I did. And, blow me tight, afore I knew where I was, I was out in the roadway again on my neck!

This incident seems to me to reveal the true facts of the situation.

The facts is as follows: Greyfriars ain't the school it was and the sportsmen of yesterday ain't sportsmen no longer.

It's a blooming shame but there it is!