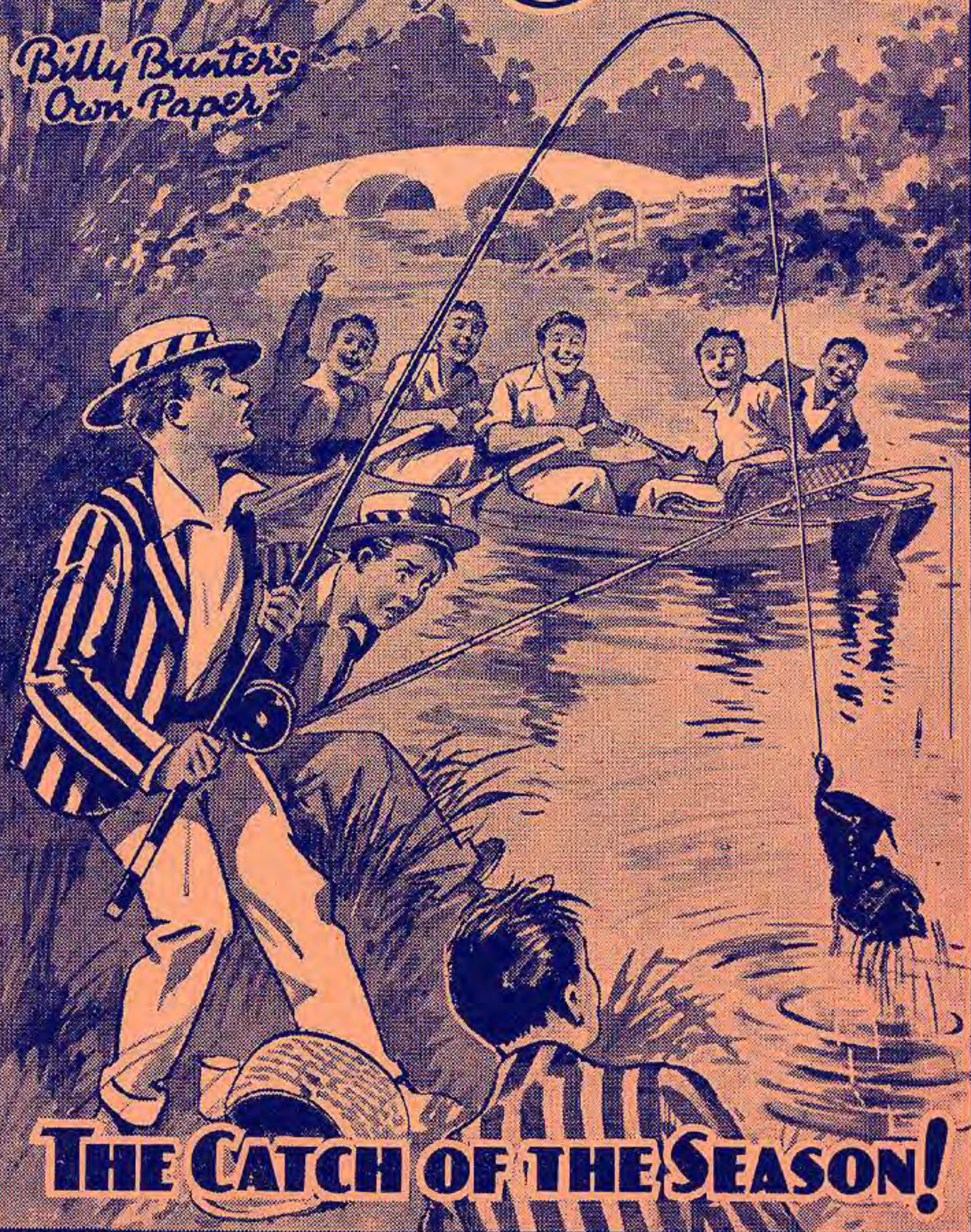


GREAT "ARMAMENTS" RACE—END OF SECOND LAP! MORE BIG PRIZES TO BE WON!

# The Magnet <sup>2<sup>D</sup></sup>

Billy Bunter's  
Own Paper



THE CATCH OF THE SEASON!

## THE GREAT ARMAMENTS RACE

# 10 More First Prizes of New Bikes!

## 4,000 Other Grand Prizes

### Still to be Won FREE

## SECOND PRIZE-GIVING—SEARCHLIGHTS WANTED

**HALT!** Here's great news, pals! This is the end of the second month's lap in our Great FREE Stamp-Collecting Race and we are now giving away Five More "Hercules" Bikes and up to 2,000 of the other super prizes. They will be given FREE to the readers who have collected the highest numbers of SEARCHLIGHT Stamps!

So, lose no time! Get out all the stamps you have been collecting each week, and add to them those given in this issue (twelve on this page, and eight more on Page 28). Sort them out carefully and then count up how many SEARCHLIGHT Stamps you have altogether, and remember, that all the Searchlights given so far can be used. No other stamps are wanted this month!

Having found your total, write it clearly in ink on the coupon given here, remembering that no allowance will be made for incorrect totals. Add your name and full address also, and fill in at the foot of the coupon which of the following Prizes you would like in the event of your being a second-prize winner—

FOOTBALL  
WRIST WATCH  
DART BOARD

CRICKET BAT  
PEN AND PENCIL SET  
CAMERA

FOUNTAIN PEN  
PROPELLING PENCIL  
A FAMOUS BOY'S BOOK

When you have completed the coupon in full, pin or clip your Searchlight Stamps only together, and attach them to the coupon. Post, in a l.d. stamped envelope, to: MAGNET "Armaments" (June), 1, Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

This Month's Closing Date for Home Readers is FRIDAY, JULY 1st, 1938.  
OVERSEAS READERS! Remember that you, too, are included in this scheme, and special awards are to be given for the highest collections from overseas readers. Send in your stamps according to the directions for Home readers, but note that in your case the closing date is extended to Wednesday, October 12th, 1938.

N.B.—As you know, this great gift scheme is also appearing in other boys' papers like "Modern Boy" and "Gem," and you will find more stamps in them.

And here's a good tip, pals—this week's MODERN BOY (issue dated June 25th) contains FOUR BONUS Searchlight Stamps, making twenty-four stamps in all in that issue.

When you have sent in your Searchlight Stamps, keep all the other stamps you have collected safely. There are still Five More Bikes and 2,000 other Prizes to be given away. More stamps will be given next week, and at the end of next month you will again be told how and where to send in for the third month's prizes. So keep at it, and accumulate all the stamps you can.

RULES.—Five First Prizes of £4 7s. 6d. "Hercules" Cycles and up to 2,000 other prizes will be awarded in order of merit each month during the contest to the readers declaring and sending the largest collections of the stamps called for. Cash value of any of the first prizes may be divided in case of a tie or ties for such prizes. Ties for any other prizes will be decided by the Editor.

All claims for prizes to be sent on the proper coupon (as given here); no allowance made for any coupon or stamps mutilated or lost or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence! No one connected with this paper may enter, and the Editor's decision will be final and legally binding throughout.

N.B.—You can also collect or swap "Armaments" Stamps with pals who read "Gem," "Modern Boy," "Detective Weekly," "Triumph," "Thriller," "Sports Budget," "Champion," and "Boy's Cinema."

## The "Magnet"

## "ARMAMENTS" RACE (June).

Herewith I enter..... stamps of

## SEARCHLIGHTS

In entering this competition I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Your Name.....

Address.....

Prize you would like if a second-prize winner.

NOTE: The total of stamps to be given above is your total of SEARCHLIGHTS only—no others to be included. See that your total is correct—no allowance made for error.

12 Stamps Here - - - and 8 more on Page 28



When James Walker, Sixth Former and prefect at Greyfriars School, is in a good temper, he's not a bad fellow to meet—but when he's on the war-path he can be as nasty as they make 'em!

# WALKER on the WAR-PATH!

By FRANK RICHARDS



Crimson with wrath, Walker took a flying kick at the portable wireless set. The kick landed with a terrific impact, and the portable set went flying. Tom Brown gave a roar of wrath.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### A Row In The Rag!

**S**QUEAL!

"Turn that off!"

Squeak!

"Do you hear me?"

Squeal, squeal, squeal!

Not a fellow in the Rag at Greyfriars was enjoying the radio at that moment. Tom Brown of the Remove had his portable wireless on the corner of the table. He was twiddling dials and extracting a series of awful sounds, which not even a modern Russian composer would have considered musical.

Lord Mauleverer had his fingers to his ears. Billy Bunter grunted protest. Harry Wharton & Co. backed as far away as the dimensions of the room allowed.

Still, in radio matters the rough had to be taken with the smooth. The fellows wanted to hear the news, and Tom Brown was going to get them the news. It seemed on this occasion rather a painful process, and perhaps a majority of the Remove fellows would have been willing to dispense with the news for the sake of dispensing with Browney's wireless.

Nevertheless, when Walker of the Sixth put his head in at the door and hooted at Browney to turn it off every fellow in the Rag gave him an indignant glare.

Every fellow, no doubt, would have been glad if Browney had turned it off. But it was no business of Walker's. Walker was barging in where he had no business.

James Walker was a Sixth Form man and a prefect, and by all the laws of Greyfriars School, written and un-

written, a junior had to jump when a prefect said jump. That was true. But if there was one spot within the precincts of Greyfriars where even a Sixth Form prefect was expected not to throw his weight about, it was the Rag.

Sometimes, when there was a row in the Rag—as often there was!—a prefect would walk in and restore calm. But this was quite a different matter. The squeaking and squealing of a recalcitrant wireless set was a row, no doubt, but not the sort of row that called for the intervention of a prefect!

If Walker of the Sixth did not like it, all he had to do was to keep his distance. Loud and ghastly as it was, it

~~~~~  
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did not reach as far as the Sixth Form studies or the prefects' room.

So every fellow in the Rag glared indignantly at Walker, even Billy Bunter giving him an indignant blink through his big spectacles.

There was only one exception—and that was Browney. Browney's deep and earnest attention was fixed on that portable, and he did not seem either to see or hear Walker of the Sixth. He twiddled dials, and the radio squealed and squeaked and hooted, regardless of the prefect.

Walker strode in.

"Will you turn that off at once?" he roared.

Tom Brown did not heed. Something seemed a little amiss with his set—it sounded like it, at all events. His attention was concentrated on it. He was not interested in Walker.

Harry Wharton tapped the New Zealand junior gently on the shoulder to draw his attention.

Tom did not look up.

"Browney, old chap—" murmured the captain of the Remove.

"Shut up!" said Browney old chap.

"But—"

"Do shut up!"

Tom Brown was generally a polite and equable fellow. But he was fearfully keen on wireless matters. When his radio took the bit between its teeth, as it were, and persisted in jibbing, he was liable to get shirty if he were bothered.

"But I say, old chap," said Bob Cherry, "it's Walker—"

"For goodness' sake shut up!"

Squeal! Squeak! Groan! Hoot!  
The radio was going strong—stronger than ever!

Walker, unheeded, came across to the table with quite an alarming expression on his face.

"Stop that!" he roared.

"Look here, Walker, we're allowed to have the radio on here!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Mind your own business, Walker!" called out Herbert Vernon-Smith. It was like the Bounder to be cheeky!

"Yaas, that's a good idea!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. "Why not mind your own bizney, dear man?"

It was not like Mauly to be cheeky.

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and Mauly, whose noble ears were sensitive, would have been gladdest of all to hear the end of that fearful row. But it was a question of standing up for the rights of the Remove in their own quarters.

Walker of the Sixth did not heed. He grasped Tom Brown by the shoulder and jerked him back from the portable. "Will you stop that?" he bawled.

Walker, clearly, was in a bad temper.

Why he was in a bad temper nobody in the Rag knew or cared. No doubt some personal matter was worrying James Walker and disturbing his equanimity. When Walker was in a good temper he was not a bad fellow—when he was in a bad one he could be very unpleasant! Now, plainly, he was in a very bad one indeed. In that mood the squeaks and squeals and howls from the Rag had irritated him, and instead of walking off out of hearing he had barged in to stop the row.

But for the fact that he was a prefect the Removites would have rolled him out on his neck without hesitation. But handling a prefect was an awfully serious matter, even if the prefect was a little exceeding his rights and his duties.

Even the Bounder, the most truculent member of the Remove, contented himself with verbal cheek and resisted the temptation to buzz a cushion at Walker's head.

"Now, stop that unearthly row!" snapped Walker, as he jerked Tom Brown away from the table.

"Shut up!" snapped Tom Brown, which was quite an unusual answer for him to make to a prefect. "I'm busy! Get out!"

"Wha-a-t?" gasped Walker.

"What do you want here? For goodness' sake get out! Don't jaw, anyhow!" said Tom Brown, and, moving round Walker, he went back to his wireless.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Walker stared at Browney! So did all the Removites! It was quite unusual for Browney to break out like this! Walker seemed quite dumb-founded. Tom resumed wangling the wireless, just as if the prefect was not there, and the squeaks, squeals, and shrieks intensified.

"You cheeky young sweep!" gasped Walker. "I've told you to stop it!"

"Be quiet!"

"What?" stuttered Walker.

"Quiet!"

James Walker almost gibbered.

Never, probably, had a Lower Fourth junior at Greyfriars told a Sixth Form prefect to be quiet before. Some of the juniors laughed. Some of them looked alarmed. Tom Brown, regardless, concentrated on the radio. That was, for Browney, the urgent business in hand at the moment, and Walker of the Sixth was no more to him than a buzzing, irritating insect.

But Walker of the Sixth was in no mood to be brushed aside like a buzzing, irritating insect! His face crimsoned with wrath.

He made a stride towards the table and took a flying kick at the portable standing thereon.

"Look out, Browney!" gasped Johnny Bull.

But it was too late!

That kick landed right on the wireless with a terrific impact! The portable flew! It streaked across the table, whizzed off, and crashed on the floor with a tremendous crash!

Tom Brown gave a roar of wrath.

The radio ceased suddenly to squeal, squeak, shriek, or hoot. The crash on the floor was the last sound from it. It was likely to need some attention before it squealed, squeaked, shrieked, or hooted again. Blessed silence fell on the Rag! It was broken by an outburst of indignant voices.

"Walker, you rotter——"

"You bully——"

"You cad——"

Tom Brown did not speak. He gazed at the silenced radio for a moment or two as if spellbound. Then he turned on Walker. Forgetful and regardless of the fact that Walker was a prefect, and that a fellow was sacked for punching a prefect, Tom Brown made one rapid step and hit out. He hit out with all the force of a strong arm, and Walker of the Sixth went over backwards.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Something Like A Shindy!

**B**UMP!

Walker of the Sixth landed on the floor, on his back.

"Oh!" gasped all the Remove together.

"Man down!" grinned Smithy.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Browney, old man——"

"Oh, great pip!"

Walker sprawled and gasped. Then he sat up, clasping his nose. That nose streamed crimson. The claret trickled through his fingers as he clasped it. Walker's nose, like Marian's, in the ballad, was red and raw.

The juniors gazed at him. Most of them would have liked to punch Walker's nose, but a prefect's nose was not, so to speak, punchable. Such things were not done—could not be done! Only—Browney had done it!

Walker tottered to his feet. He took out a handkerchief and dabbed his nose, red-spotting the hanky. The juniors gazed at him, almost in awe. There had been rows in the Rag many a time; but this was the first time that even the Rag had beheld a Sixth Form prefect knocked down by a Lower Fourth junior and given a tomato nose. Really, it was time for the skies to fall.

"Urrrgh!" was Walker's first remark. "Gurrgh! You young scoundrel—wurrgh!"

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, look at his boko! He, he, he!"

"Shut up, you fat ass!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"Urrgh!" gurgled Walker, still dabbing. "Brown, you—gurrgh!—you young ruffian, I shall take you to the Head at once! You'll be expelled for this! Urrgh!"

"I'll take my wireless with me, for the Head to see!" retorted Tom Brown. "Perhaps the Head will think that you can kick it off the table and knock it to bits! Perhaps he won't."

"You'll leave that rubbish where it is, and come with me!" roared Walker.

"Rats!"

Walker of the Sixth looked at Tom Brown as if he could have eaten him.

The New Zealand junior faced him coolly.

Some of the Removites grinned. It dawned on Walker that he had better not take Tom Brown to the Head. It was true that any fellow was liable to the "sack" for punching a prefect. But Walker's own action would want a lot of explaining to Dr. Locke. Certainly, he did not want the headmaster to hear that he had kicked a wireless set off a table and damaged it.

Such an ebullition of bad temper was not what the Head expected of his pre-

fects! It might even be taken as an excuse for Browney's action! Walker stood dabbing his nose and glaring.

"By gum!" murmured the Bounder. "Browney's got him on the hip! He don't dare take this to the Big Beak!"

Walker appeared to come to that conclusion himself. He said no more about taking Tom Brown to the Head! He glared round for his ashplant, which he dropped from under his arm when he went down. He grabbed it up and turned round to the New Zealand junior again.

"Bend over that table, Brown!" he hooted.

"Rats to you!" retorted Tom Brown. "I'll go to the Head, if you like. I won't bend over. Go and eat coke!"

That was enough for Walker. More than enough! He made a jump at the rebel and grabbed him by the collar with his left. With his right he wielded the ash.

Swipe!

"Ow!" roared Browney, struggling frantically.

Swipe!

A "Holiday Annual" sailed through the air as Walker delivered the second swipe. It landed on his ear, and he staggered.

Tom Brown wrenched himself away. Walker made a jump after him. A foot was put in his way, in time, and the prefect stumbled over it and went head-long. For the second time he hit the floor of the Rag with a resounding bump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Boot him out!" shouted the Bounder.

All the juniors were getting a little excited by this time; and Smithy was the fellow to start a tremendous shindy, if he could.

Walker bounded up. An inkpot caught him on the chin, shedding its contents over his waistcoat.

Swipe!

"Yaroooh!" roared Billy Bunter, in anguish and indignation.

Peter Todd had buzzed that inkpot, over Bunter's fat shoulder; but it was Bunter who got the swipe! His roar woke all the echoes.

A hassock, on which Lord Mauleverer's feet had been resting, came whizzing through the air. It came from Mauly's hand, with an accurate aim, and crashed in the back of Walker's neck.

For the third time the bully of the Sixth went over.

This time he did not bound up. He had no chance! A crowd of excited juniors closed round him.

They grasped him on all sides. The Bounder captured one leg, Tom Brown the other. Peter Todd had an arm, Squiff another arm. The Famous Five all put in a grip. Wharton had a collar, Bob Cherry a handful of hair, Johnny Bull an already damaged nose, Frank Nugent an ear, Hurree Jamset Ram Singh the other ear. Other fellows grabbed where they could. There was hardly enough of Walker to go round, among so many clutching hands.

Walker travelled to the door. He yelled, and howled, and wriggled wildly as he travelled. He seemed to be feeling hurt.

Regardless of yells, and howls, and wriggles, the mob of juniors rolled him doorwards. Skinner held the door wide open, and Walker was rolled into the passage.

He sprawled in the passage, spluttering, breathless, and bewildered. A crowd of grinning juniors packed the doorway.

"Come in again, Walker!" yelled the Bounder.

"Do come in!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Oh, do!" implored Peter Todd. Walker did not come in! He staggered to his feet and stood gasping for breath and glaring at the crowd of grinning faces. A cushion flew out of the doorway and banged on a nose already considerably damaged.

That seemed to decide Walker. He turned, and hurried down the passage! He seemed to have had enough of the Remove for the present.

"Ha, ha, ha!" followed him, in a roar.

Walker disappeared. "Oh, my hat!" gasped the Bounder. "What a rag!"

"And what a row to come after!" said Bob Cherry.

"The rowfulness will be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But it was worth it, my esteemed and idiotic friends."

"Who cares?" said Smithy, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, we've done it now!" said Harry Wharton. "After all, Walker asked for it. How's the radio, Browney?"

"Conked out!" grunted Tom Brown. He picked up his portable, and set it on the table. It was silent as the tomb. "You won't get the news on this today! I'm jolly glad I punched Walker's nose, anyhow! I wish I'd given him another."

Tom Brown carried off his portable to his study. It evidently needed first-aid before it was going to be a going concern again.

The Remove fellows were not, perhaps, sorry that the wireless had ceased to function. There was no doubt that it had been making a most unearthly row—though that was none of Walker's business.

Moreover, most of them were wondering what was going to be the outcome of that shindy. They all agreed that Walker had asked for it—in fact, begged for it; that he deserved all he had received, and some over. Nevertheless, the fact remained that he was a Sixth Form prefect, and no one would have been surprised by the arrival of the Remove master, Mr. Quelch, or even of the Head! But nobody arrived, so they wondered whether Walker was going to let it drop.

"Bet you he's going to chuck it!" said the Bounder confidently. "He hasn't a leg to stand on, if it comes before the Head! Bet you he's letting it drop!"

And it really looked as if Smithy was right—which, now that the excitement was over, was rather a relief to the heroes of the Remove.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### The Happy Sportsman!

**H**AZELDENE of the Remove gave a sudden start as the door of Study No. 2 flew open.

Hazel was seated in the study armchair, with a packet of cigarettes open on his knee and a cigarette in his mouth, from which the smoke was curling. Two or three stumps and half a dozen burnt matches lay in the fender.

In those circumstances, a suddenly opening door was enough to make a fellow start! Had either a master or a prefect caught Hazel in that smoky state it would have meant six of the very best.

He started—in fact, he jumped; and the cardboard box slid from his knee, scattering cigarettes on the carpet. Swiftly he grabbed the cigarette from his mouth, turning a startled, guilty

face towards the door, his hand, with the cigarette in it, behind him.

"You ass!" he grunted, in mingled anger and relief, as Tom Brown came in, with a portable wireless in his arms. It was only his study-mate!

"You smoky swab!" retorted Tom Brown. "What the dickens are you turning the study into a tap-room for?"

He bumped down the wireless on the study table. Tom was not, for once, in the best of tempers.

Damage to a precious wireless set, two swipes from an ash, and a possibility of going up to the Head, were not calculated to improve a fellow's temper.

"Oh rats!" grunted Hazel; and he replaced the cigarette in his mouth. "A man can smoke in his own study, I suppose, if he likes."

"It happens to be my study, too!" snapped Tom.

Hazel gathered up a handful of the dropped cigarettes, and replaced them in the box. Then he sat in the armchair again, still smoking.

"Live and let live!" he remarked. "I stand that dashed radio of yours. If you're going to kick up a row with it, I'll clear, though."

"It's damaged!" growled Tom. "That fool Walker biffed it off a table. I shall have to go right through it, and then it mayn't go again."

Tom Brown sniffed and snorted. A smoky atmosphere did not agree with his healthy lungs.

Hazel watched him, grinning, over the smoke of the cigarette, as he started on the set. He was not sorry to hear that that radio wouldn't "go."

Tom Brown was of a scientific turn of mind, and very keen on wireless and all appertaining thereto. Hazel was not in the least of a scientific turn, and his taste ran to cigarettes and surreptitious bets on "gee-gees." The two juniors in Study No. 2 in the Remove did not pull together remarkably well.

But Hazel seemed to be in an uncommonly good temper this afternoon. Having finished his cigarette, he threw away the stump and did not light another. As a rule, he would have continued to smoke, just to show that he could do as he jolly well liked.

"Badly damaged?" he asked.

"Looks like it!" grunted Tom, over his shoulder. "I shall have to get some things, blow it—and money's tight."

"I'll lend you some to-morrow, if you like."

Deep as he was in a dismantled wireless, Tom Brown looked round at that.

"You will?" he ejaculated. "I'd like to know where you will get it from, then! You borrowed my last ten-bob note yesterday."

"I told you I should settle to-morrow!" said Hazel.

"Yes; you told me so!" grunted Tom.

His tone implied that he did not expect to see his ten-shilling note again so soon as the morrow.

"Well, you'll see!" said Hazel, still good-tempered. "I can lend you a few pounds to-morrow, if you want it. I expect to be in funds. One good turn deserves another. If you're interested, Browney, I've turned your ten-bob note into a fiver!"

Tom looked at him very hard.

"Does that mean that you borrowed it to put on a horse, with one of those scrubby welshers at the Three Fishers?" he asked.

"Just that!" said Hazel, with a cheery nod.

"You wouldn't have had it, if I'd known, you shady sweep!"

Hazel chuckled. "That's why I never mentioned what I wanted it for!" he said cheerily. "Easy money, old man—a fiver for a ten-bob note!"

"Gammon!" grunted Tom. "You're trying to pull my leg! Where's the fiver?"

"I'm collecting it to-morrow."

"By gum!" said Tom. "You really mean to say that you've landed a ten to one winner? Much better for you if you'd lost!"

"I've won, all right, old bean!" said Hazel. "I want to see Walker's evening paper, as soon as I get a chance; but it's quite certain."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tom Brown blankly. "Then you don't know yet?"

"I jolly well do," answered Hazel confidently. "Blue Mouse was a dark horse, you know—they were keeping him dark and getting ten to one against him. But he had to win—simply had to!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Brown.

Hazel's confident manner had led him to suppose, for a moment, that the sportsman of the Remove had really got away, for once, with a winner. Now he realised that Hazel did not yet know the result of the race. He had no doubt that the sportsman would get a surprise and a shock when he did know it. He roared.

"Cackle, if you like!" said Hazel, unperturbed. "I fancy I know something about gee-gees. I got the gee from Walker, really—I heard him talking to Loder of the Sixth—Walker's putting his shirt on Blue Mouse."

"I wonder how long he'd be a prefect if the Head knew that!" snorted Tom. "Shady blackguard! And the same to you, Hazel!"

"Thanks!" said Hazel. He rose from the armchair. "I say, you said you'd seen Walker. Did he have an evening paper with him?"

"No. He was in a rotten temper about something, and barged into the Rag, and we chucked him out. Rottenest temper I've ever see him in!"

"Never mind his temper—it's his evening paper I want," said Hazel. "I know he's getting one to see the result of the three-thirty. Of course, there's no doubt—Blue Mouse got in all right. Still, I'd like to see it in print. He must have had the paper before this—if he hadn't it with him, he must have left it in his study."

Hazel strolled out of Study No. 2.

Tom Brown chuckled; and then, devoting himself to his disarrayed wireless, forgot all about Hazel and Blue Mouse.

Hazel went down the stairs and made his way to the Sixth.

If Walker had left that evening paper in his study, he could go in and look at it, if Walker wasn't there! But he had to make sure that Walker wasn't there. He tapped at the door and opened it, with an excuse ready if Walker was present. But James Walker was not in his study. He was, as a matter of fact, in the Sixth Form lobby at that moment bathing a seriously damaged nose under a tap!

Hazel cut in, and shut the door after him. He glanced quickly round the study. On the table lay the "Evening Times."

He clutched it up eagerly.

He was absolutely confident that Blue Mouse had pulled it off. Hazel was always absolutely confident in these little matters. He had, he flattered himself, some knowledge of racing!

His knowledge had run away with a good deal of his pocket-money, and sometimes placed him in very awkward positions. Bad luck would reduce him to a state of deep depression for days. But he was always buoyant again when he spotted another winner. Experience is said to make fools wise; but it had never had that effect on the Remove sportsman.

Confident as he was, however, he was very keen to see the actual official announcement. His eager eyes were quickly on the "Racing Results."

There it was—Wapshot, 3.30. Hazel fixed his eyes on it—and gasped! Then he gasped again! Then he gasped a third time! Shocks like this made a fellow gasp! Hazel had been through it before—many a time and oft! But he was always surprised when his winner came in eleventh!

Tam O'Shanter, Pink Eye, The Rook—they were the names! Blue Mouse was not to be seen, till Hazel ran a despairing eye over a list of horses that had "also run." There he found Blue Mouse!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Hazel.

That dead cert had let him down—as dead certs so often did! He was not going to collect a fiver from Mr. Lodgey at the Three Fishers. Mr. Lodgey was going to keep the ten shillings he had put on that delusive geo-geo!

"Oh crumbs!" mumbled Hazel.

He remembered that Browney had mentioned that Walker was in a bad temper—the rottenest temper he had ever seen him in! Hazel understood the cause now—if Walker had "put his shirt" on Blue Mouse for the three-thirty!

"Oh, what rotten luck!" moaned Hazel.

The evening paper fell from his nerveless hand. He stood staring at it, so overwhelmed with dismay that he rather forgot that he was without leave in a prefects' study, and that it behoved him not to be caught there.

"Oh!" gasped Hazel again. "The brute! What foul luck!"

The door opened, and James Walker came in.

One look at Walker's face made Hazel forget even his foul luck! Walker's nose blazed like a beacon—and the rest of his face bore an expression of such concentrated and malevolent bad temper, that it was really alarming. Walker had been fearfully exasperated by losing his "shirt" on Blue Mouse, and what had happened afterwards in the Rag had not, naturally, made him feel better.

He stared at the unexpected sight of a junior in his study.

"What—" he snarled.

Then he gripped a cane.

As the Bounder sagely guessed, Walker did not intend to take the shindy in the Rag before the Head. But all the more for that reason, his temper was in a boiling state. The sight of a Remove fellow in his study, where a Remove fellow had no business, was rather like a red rag to a bull in its effect on James Walker just then.

Swipe, swipe!

"Here, I say—" yelled Hazel.

"I—"

Swipe, swipe!

"I'll give you playing tricks in a prefect's study!" roared Walker.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Ow! Stop it! I—I wasn't— Yaroooh!" Hazel dodged wildly. "I say— Oh crikey— Whoop!"

Swipe, swipe!

Hazel dodged round the table and fled for the door.

Walker got in two more as he went. He got in a last tremendous lick as Hazel escaped from the study. Then the happy sportsman, yelling, was gone.

Walker slammed the door and threw down the cane. He was feeling rather better now!

Hazel, to judge by the sounds that floated back as he fled, was feeling decidedly worse.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Coker Waxes Wrath!

"THERE'S a kid in the Remove who's got a set!" remarked Coker, of the Fifth Form.

"Um!" murmured Potter and Greene.

"Kid named Black, or Blue—no, Brown!" said Coker. "That's it—Brown! Cut along and borrow it, Potter."

"Mightn't want to lend it!" suggested Potter of the Fifth.

"Don't be an ass!" admonished Coker. "You cut along, Greeney."

"Well," said Greene, "the kid mightn't—"

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

Potter and Greene exchanged a look; but they did not cut along to the Remove to borrow that wireless. They were fearfully keen on getting the news—but they did not fancy, like the great Coker, that a Remove kid would regard it as an honour and a distinction to lend his portable to a Fifth Form man.

Plenty of fellows at Greyfriars were keen on the news that day. The Remove fellows had been keen, in the Rag; though Walker's intervention had put paid to any chance of getting the news through on Tom Brown's wireless. News, that day, was of an interesting nature.

Nobody was very keen on news of air-raids in China. Nobody wanted to hear the latest news of Hitler and Mussolini. Nobody cared a bean for the prices of fat stock, or the prices of fat stock-brokers. But there was real news that day—genuine news—news in which a reasonable fellow might reasonably be interested. Great things were going on in the cricket world! Great men were doing great things in that line! A big match was going on—and fellows were naturally interested to hear how it was going.

Coker of the Fifth, remembering that there was a kid in the Remove who had a wireless, took it for granted that any kid in a lower Form would feel honoured and distinguished by lending that set to so great a man as Horace Coker of the Fifth Form. Coker often took things for granted.

"Well, I'll fetch it, if you're too jolly lazy!" said Coker scornfully, and he marched out of the study and headed for the Remove quarters.

He arrived at Study No. 2 in the Remove.

The door was half-open, as Hazeldene had left it when he went down.

Coker glanced in—sniffed—and then snorted.

His eyes fell on a junior seated at the study table, with various bits and pieces spread out before him. But Coker gave less attention to what struck his eyes than to what struck his nose. What struck his nose was a strong scent of tobacco!

For which reason, Coker first sniffed, and then snorted. He stepped into the study, with a frowning brow.

"You putrid little rotter!" said Coker.

Coker of the Fifth had his faults—

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indeed, their name was legion. But Coker was healthy and wholesome, and he had a proper scorn for fellows who smoked cigarettes in their studies.

It did not concern Coker of the Fifth in the very least whatever might go on in a junior study. But Coker had never thought of attending wholly and solely to his own concerns. His views were perfectly correct but he was not, as he often seemed to fancy at Greyfriars, to bring up other fellows in the way they should go. Moreover, he was making, as usual, a mistake.

It was not Browney who had smoked in that study—it was Hazel. But seeing Browney alone there, with burnt matches in the fender, a cigarette lying on the carpet, two or three stumps about, and a reek of smoke in the atmosphere, Coker jumped—naturally—to a wrong conclusion.

"You measly little sweep!" added Coker.

Tom Brown looked round at him. His expression was exasperated. He was having trouble with those bits and pieces; and Coker was the last straw.

"What do you want here, you silly fathead?" he asked. "What are you barging in here for, you silly chump? Get out, you blithering idiot!"

"You shady, smoky little beast!" said Coker. "If I were a prefect I'd give you six!"

"Idiot!" said Tom. He did not take the trouble to explain to Coker what was no business of Coker's. "Fathead! Dummy! Get out, and don't bother!"

"Is that set working?" asked Coker, glancing at the wireless.

"Does it look like it?" hooted Tom Brown. "For goodness' sake get out and don't worry, you silly fathead!"

"If Quelch came up and caught you—look at that!" said Coker, pointing to a cigarette on the carpet, which Hazel had overlooked when he had gathered up the contents of the fallen packet.

"Idiot!"

"If a prefect looked in——"

"Dummy!"

"You smoky little swab——"

"Will you shut up and get out?" roared Tom Brown.

Horace Coker neither shut up nor got out. He had come there to borrow Browney's wireless; but the wireless was unavailable, in its present disconnected state. Coker dismissed that from his mind.

But he could not dismiss the more serious matter of a young rascal caught—fairly caught—smoking in his study; breaking the rules of the school right and left, as well as undermining his own health, stunting his growth, spoiling his wind, and deteriorating his eyesight. Browney did not look as if all these disasters were happening to him—he looked remarkably healthy and sturdy and clean and fit; still, there was the evidence under Coker's eyes, and Coker could not disbelieve the evidence of his eyes.

He had no doubt that Tom Brown's pockets were packed with cigarettes. He overlooked the trifling circumstance that it was no business of his to keep the Lower School in order.

Instead, therefore, of shutting up, or getting out, as Tom so earnestly requested, he grabbed Browney by the back of his collar and jerked him to his feet.

"Now turn out your pockets!" said Coker, quite in the manner of a stern prefect of the Sixth, if not of a headmaster.

"What?" gasped Browney.

"Deaf?" snapped Coker. "Turn out your pockets! Throw all your cigarettes into the grate! Sharp!"

Tom Brown gazed at him for a moment. His feelings were too deep for words. Had he been as smoky as Hazel, or Skinner, or the Bounder, he would not have dreamed of letting a Fifth Form man hector him in his study. But in point of fact, he wasn't—and Coker's mistake exasperated him even more than Coker's hectoring. His feelings being too deep for words, he expressed them in action.

He grabbed up a cricket stump and lunged. The business end of the stump impinged on Coker's waistcoat.

"Now get out, you cheeky fathead!" roared Tom, as Coker staggered from the lunge, spluttering.

"Put down that stump!" yelled Coker.

Browney lunged again. Coker jumped back—not quite in time. Coker gave a spluttering gasp.

"You young sweep! Oogh! Put down that stump! I'll—urrrgh!" A third lunge interrupted Coker's eloquence.

"Buzz off, fathead!" hooted Tom Brown, brandishing the stump.

Coker backed to the doorway. But he rallied there! Stump or no stump, Coker was not going to buzz off.

But just then there came a tramp of feet in the Remove passage from the stairs.

The Famous Five were coming up to the studies.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "What's the row?"

"Coker of the Fifth——" said Nugent.

"Bag him!" said Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton & Co. came on the scene with a rush. They did not need to inquire what the matter was. The sight of a Fifth Form man throwing his weight about in their passage was enough for the chums of the Remove. They pounced on Coker and collared him.

"Stop that!" roared Coker. "Hands off, you cheeky little rotters! I'll smash you—I'll spifficate you—I'll—ooooooooooh!"

"Come on, Coker!" grinned Bob Cherry. "This way."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker, struggling, travelled on the back of his neck, as far as the Remove staircase. He went down that staircase, rolling. He sat on the next landing and roared.

The Famous Five packed the stairs, grinning down at him cheerily.

"Come up again, Coker!" invited Bob Cherry.

Coker declined that invitation, without thanks. He was feeling rather too bumped and breathless to carry on the campaign. He gave the Famous Five a glare of concentrated wrath and stalked away—gasping.

Potter winked at Greene as Horace arrived in his study in the Fifth.

"Anything happened, Coker?" asked Potter, blandly.

"Urrgh!" spluttered Coker.

"Row with the fags?" asked Greene.

"Wurrrrrrrgh!"

Coker collapsed into an armchair, gasping. Potter and Greene, with smiling faces, strolled out of the study and left him to gasp.

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## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### A Chance For Walker!

"SEEN Walker's nose?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a regular topic the next day at Greyfriars.

James Walker's nose drew glances

and grins from all sides. Tom Brown of the Remove had a hefty punch; and he had put all his beef into that punch, which had landed fair and square on Walker's unfortunate proboscis.

The outcome seemed amusing to most of the school, though not in the least amusing to Walker himself.

Walker had done all he could for that nose. He had bathed it, he had tended it with care—he had done everything that could be done for a punched nose, except to sit up at night and nurse it.

But it booted not! Walker's nose was swollen, it was red, it was raw—it was a crimson beak that fairly flamed.

Even in the Sixth Form Room that morning, Dr. Locke had glanced at Walker's nose, and, though he had made no remark, his expression was expressive.

Sixth Form men, especially prefects, were not supposed to take noses like that about with them.

In the prefects' room Walker had told the old punchball story. He hated to admit that a junior had punched his nose.

It was a fearful humiliation for a Sixth Form prefect. Properly speaking, a junior who punched a prefect should have been carted off to the Head to be reported, and, no doubt, "bunked." But Walker realised that he had placed himself too hopelessly in the wrong for that.

He simply dared not let the Head know that, in an outbreak of silly, irritable temper, he had kicked a junior's wireless set off a table, and damaged it.

But the Head had to hear the whole story, if he heard any of it, so Walker had prudently decided to let him hear nothing of it.

That meant letting the junior off, and letting off the cheeky young rascals who had turfed him out of the Rag. And, in the meantime, his nose was a sight for gods and men and little fishes.

Walker's nose was sore, his temper was sore—he was, in fact, like a bear with a sore head!

At the bottom of his heart he knew that he was himself to blame for the occurrence, but, being human, he laid the blame on the junior who had punched his nose. His thoughts concentrated bitterly on Tom Brown. Walker would have given more than he had ever expected to win on Blue Mouse to have punished that cheeky junior, and made an example of him.

But Browney was not a fellow liable to punishments. He was not cheeky, except in that one instance of punching Walker's nose. He did not put on "roll," he did not break rules thoughtlessly like Bob Cherry, or deliberately like Herbert Vernon-Smith. It was really difficult to think of any excuse for whopping him. And, as for reporting him to his Form-master or headmaster, there was never anything to report. The shindy in the Rag having been dropped, there was nothing else for Walker to take hold of, which made him feel sorer and sorer.

Walker could not take his nose for a walk in the quad without detecting smiling glances on all sides. He could not whop juniors for smiling—a fellow could smile if he liked. Most of the fellows did.

During that day, Walker of the Sixth got touchier and touchier.

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Smiling glances having palled on him, he remained in his study after class, his nose blushing unseen like the flower in the poem.

He sat by the open window till a fat voice floated in at that window:

"I say, you fellows, you can see Walker's nose from here! He, he he!"

Then Walker sat farther back from the window, his cheeks as red as his nose, making a mental note to give Billy Bunter a whop on the very first available occasion.

It was a little later that a powerful voice floated in from a fellow walking and talking on the path near the studies.

It was the voice of Horace Coker of the Fifth Form.

Walker scowled as he heard it.

Thrice that day had he come into contact with Coker of the Fifth, and each time Coker had grinned offensively at his flaming nose.

Horace was one of the fellows that Walker would have liked to "whop." There were quite a lot of fellows that day whom Walker would have liked to whop.

"It's pretty serious, Potter," Coker was saying. "A putrid young rotter, smoking like a furnace! I tell you his study was fairly reeking."

"My dear chap, for goodness' sake, let the Remove alone!" said Potter. "You're not a prefect."

"I ought to be," said Coker. "I should be, if the Head had sense enough to appoint prefects from the Fifth Form. You know that. The dingy little beast had cigarettes all over the shop."

"You're mistaken, I fancy, Coker," said Greene.

"Don't be an ass, Greene!"

"Well, young Brown doesn't look like it to me," said Greene. "Looks a decent clean sort of kid in every way."

"Think I don't know what I saw?" demanded Coker. "Think I'm blind? Think I'm silly?"

"I don't think you're blind, old chap," said Greene.

He did not add that he did not think Coker silly. Something was due to truth.

"Well, there it was—smokes all over the shop, and the study reeking, and young Brown alone there," said Coker. "And he had the cheek to poke at me with a cricket stump when I told him to chuck his smokes away!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What the thump are you cackling at?" hooted Coker. "Anything funny in a cheeky fag nearly puncturing a chap with a cricket stump?"

"Oh, no! Ha, ha! Not at all, old bean!"

"It's pretty serious," said Coker. "I don't see how I can let it go on—as a senior. The prefects are jolly slack. Some of them ought to have spotted him before this, and whopped him. I don't quite know what to do about it."

"Why not mind your own business?" suggested Potter.

Coker's answer to that happy suggestion was a long list of uncomplimentary remarks about Potter personally. He was still going on with the list when the three Fifth-Formers passed out of hearing from Walker's window, quite unconscious of the fact that Walker, sitting there out of sight, had heard it all.

Walker's eyes were gleaming.

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They gleamed almost as brightly as his nose.

"By gum!" he breathed.

This was a windfall for Walker.

He had never suspected anything of the kind about young Brown.

There were fellows in the Remove who had landed in trouble for smoking—Skinner, Snoop, Stott, Vernon-Smith. Walker had never heard of anything of the kind in connection with Tom Brown, and he would never have thought of it, unassisted.

But there could be no doubt now. Coker must be supposed to know what he had seen. He had said that young Brown had been smoking like a furnace, that the study reeked with smoke, that there were cigarettes all over the shop. If that was so, it was Walker's duty as a prefect to look into the matter, and bring the dingy delinquent to justice.

Walker was going to do his duty. He was not always a very dutiful prefect, but on this occasion he was a real whale on it. Never had a prefect in the history of Public schools over been so fearfully keen to do his duty.

Walker of the Sixth tucked his ash-plant under his arm, and left his study, passing smiling faces as he headed for the Remove. But he did not notice them now. Walker was smiling, too.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Proof Positive!

HARRY WHARTON opened the door of Study No. 2 in the Remove hurriedly and looked in.

Hazeldene, sitting in the armchair, scowled at him over a cigarette.

Hazel was in a scowling temper that day. His wonderful winner having let him down, he had passed, as usual, from the height of confidence to the depth of depression. He was irritable and quarrelsome. And reading Wharton's thoughts in his face as he saw the cigarette, he was ready for a row.

"You ass!" said Harry.

"Oh, shut up!" retorted Hazel.

"I've looked in—"

"Look out again."

"Because I thought that, as likely as not, you'd be smoking, you silly ass!"

"Any bizney of yours?" sneered Hazel. "If you've looked in to give me a sermon, you can keep it!"

"Don't be a fool! I've looked in to tell you that there's a prefect coming up the Remove staircase."

"Oh!" gasped Hazel.

He jumped up, realising that it was a warning, not a sermon, that the captain of the Remove had looked in to give him.

He dropped the cigarette at once, and put his foot on it.

Harry Wharton passed on up the passage, after pulling the door shut.

Hazel was left in a panic.

If a prefect was coming up the Remove staircase, he was evidently bound for a Remove study on official business. There were fourteen studies in the Remove passage, and it might have been any one of them. But if it happened to be Study No. 2, Hazel was fairly caught.

There was a reek of cigarette-smoke in the room. There was no time to think of clearing it off. He was alone in the study; Tom Brown had leave from Mr. Quelch to go down to Court-field on his bike to get some gadgets he required for the repair of his wireless. He had left that radio set, in a

rather dismantled state, on the study table. Three or four fellows had been helping him with it. But it was not a case of many hands making light work; rather was it an example of too many cooks spoiling the broth! Combined efforts, at all events, had not proved effectual.

Hazel grabbed the packet of cigarettes from his pocket.

Ten to one, the prefect Wharton had seen was bound for some other study—most likely Smithy's; the Bounder was always more or less under the eye of suspicion. But if he came to Study No. 2—and he might—

In that case, there could hardly be any doubt that he would sniff the cigarette-smoke; and if Hazel had to display the contents of his pockets, he did not want to have to turn out a packet of cigarettes among other things.

He glanced round him quickly for a hiding-place for that packet.

There was no fire in the study in June, or he would have thrown the packet into it. He reached out his hand towards his desk, but stopped. If the brute came in, and was suspicious, he would look into that.

Then his eyes fell on the wireless on the table.

Browney had left it open, some of its interior works being scattered on the table, just as Tom and his friendly but inefficient assistants had left them.

Swiftly Hazel pushed the packet of cigarettes inside the wireless cabinet, and shut the little wooden door on it.

Nobody would think of looking there for it. Besides, that wireless was well known to belong to Tom Brown, and Tom Brown was never under suspicion of anything of that kind.

Having thus got rid of the evidence, Hazel stepped to the bookshelf and began sorting over the books there—quite a harmless occupation to meet a prefect's eye if he looked in.

Footsteps heavier than a junior's were coming along the passage from the stairs.

Hazel hoped fervently that they would pass the study.

But they did not. They stopped at Study No. 2. Then, from the bottom of his heart, he was thankful that he had got rid of those cigarettes.

He did not look round when the door opened. He was deeply engaged in looking for a book!

Walker of the Sixth stepped in.

Like Coker the previous evening, his first proceeding was to sniff. The scent of tobacco struck him at once.

But, to his surprise, Tom Brown was not present. It was Brown's studymate, Hazeldene, that he saw—so busily occupied in sorting out a book that he had not, apparently, heard the door open.

Walker stared at him.

"Isn't Brown here?" he snapped.

Hazel looked round.

"Oh! That you, Walker? No; Brown's gone out."

"Somebody's been smoking here!" said Walker, with another sniff.

"Yes; I noticed it when I came in," assented Hazel. "I've only just run in for this algebra I promised to lend to Field. I jolly well wish I knew who had been smoking here! Dirty trick to smoke in another chap's study!"

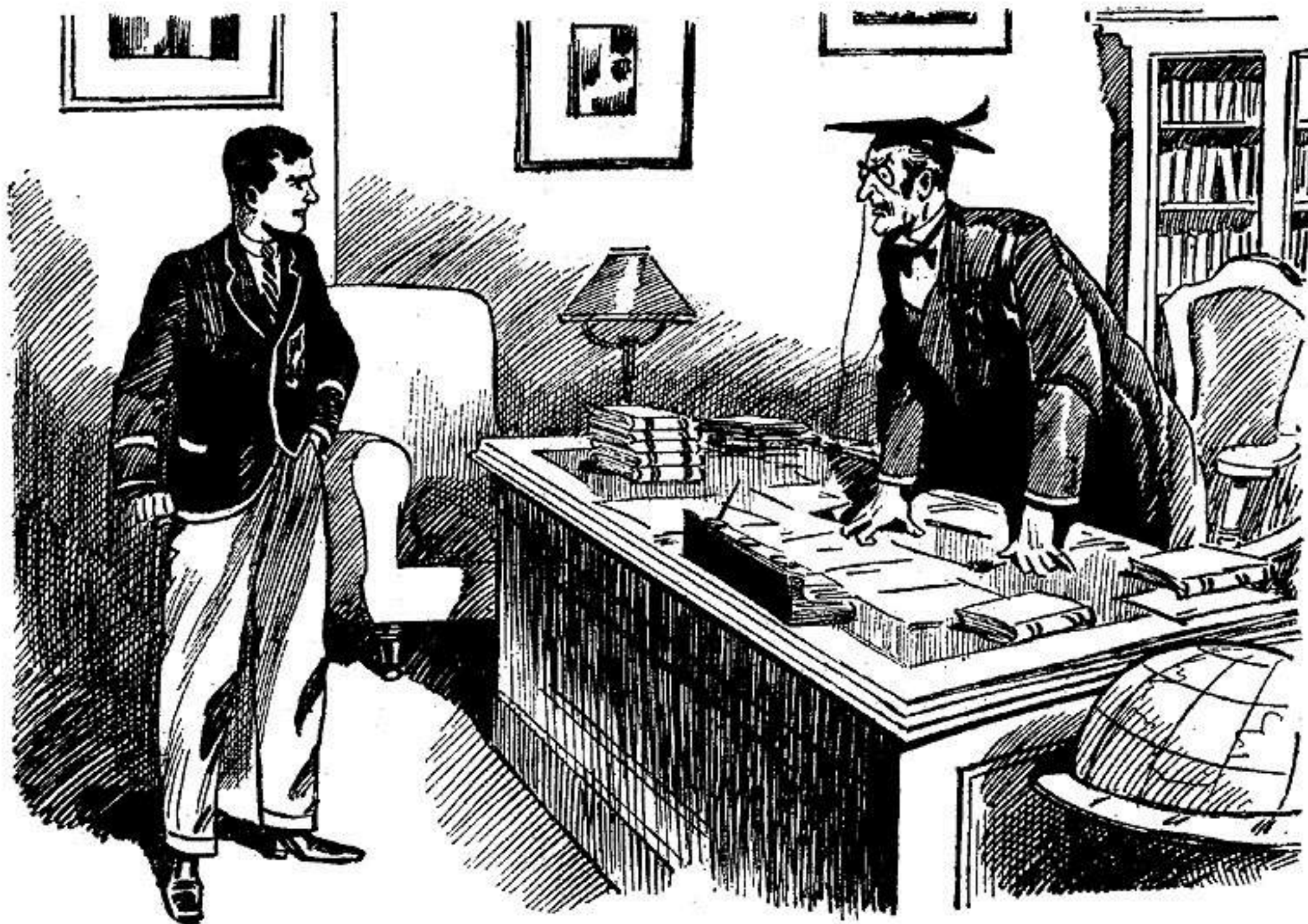
With the algebra volume in his hand, Hazel turned to the door.

"You've only just come in here?" asked Walker.

"A minute or two ago."

"You didn't see Brown smoking here?"

Hazel jumped. He realised that the prefect's suspicions were fixed, not on



"It seems useless to report a boy of your Form to you, sir," said Walker bitterly. "Next time I will take my report direct to the headmaster!" Mr. Quelch rose to his feet, a picture of majestic wrath. "Walker!" he barked. "You are insolent!"

him, but on Tom Brown. Why, he could not guess.

"Oh, no!" he gasped. "Brown had gone out when I came in."

"Well, if that book's all you want, you can cut!" said Walker.

Hazel cut. It was a great relief to him to find that he was not under suspicion.

Walker did not waste a thought on him. Hazel had not even been in the crowd the previous day who had turfed Walker out of the Rag. He was one of the few Removites who were not in Walker's black books at present.

The dutiful prefect was left alone in Study No. 2. Hazel, glad to escape unsuspected, disappeared promptly.

Walker looked round the study with a keen, searching, suspicious eye.

Brown was not there, but evidently—to Walker—he had been smoking in that study quite lately. The air was scented with it; there was a cigarette-stump on the floor, crushed by a foot. Still, as two fellows shared that study, something a little clearer was wanted to fix it on Brown. There was no doubt, of course, after what he had heard Coker say. Still, he had to be quite sure before he reported this serious infraction of the rules to the Remove master.

Probably there was plenty of evidence at hand if it was looked for. A fellow who smoked in a study was very likely to keep cigarettes there. Walker had, in fact, the very best of reasons for knowing that, for he smoked in his own study and kept cigarettes there.

He proceeded to search. Nothing in the study was locked, so a search was quite easy. On the other hand, nothing was to be found, so a search was not quite satisfactory. Ten minutes of sedulous searching

only revealed the fact that there were no smokes to be found.

Then, as a last resource, Walker turned to the wireless set. He knew that that belonged to Tom Brown, and it was Tom Brown that he suspected. That, of course, had never crossed Hazel's mind when he found that safe hiding-place for his smokes. It was not so safe, after all!

Walker jerked the portable cabinet open and squinted inside. Then he jumped.

"Oh gad!" he ejaculated.

Right under his eyes there was a packet of cigarettes, poked in the empty space left by the removal of some of the works.

Walker's eyes glittered.

This was proof positive. If it was not, James Walker would have liked to know what was. The cunning little rascal kept his cigarettes hidden in his wireless cabinet, and Walker could not help feeling elated at his own cleverness in thinking of searching in such a spot.

"By gum, that does it!" said Walker, grinning.

And he walked out of the study, with the packet of cigarettes in his hand, went down the stairs, and proceeded at once to Mr. Quelch's study.

With definite, irrefragable proof in his hands like this, he was on solid ground in reporting the young rascal to his Form-master. Walker was feeling quite consoled for the state of his nose when he presented himself in the Remove master's study with that telltale packet of cigarettes in his hand.

He had been too hopelessly in the wrong himself to report the nose-punching incident, but to tell Quelch about the cigarettes—that would be quite enough!

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Called On The Carpet!

**B**ROWN!" Wingate of the Sixth called to the New Zealand junior as he came into the House after putting up his bicycle.

"Yes, Wingate," answered Tom.

"Go to your Form-master's study."

"Oh, all right!"

Tom was anxious to get back to his wireless set with his new supplies from the radio shop in Courtfield. But a summons to his Form-master's study was not to be disregarded. Wondering what was up, and whether it perhaps had any connection with the state of Walker's nose, Browney proceeded to Masters' Studies and tapped at Quelch's door.

Mr. Quelch was at his table, pen in hand, when Tom Brown entered. He laid down the pen, and fixed his grimest glare on the junior.

Evidently something was up, and Tom could only wonder uneasily whether Walker had raked up that affair in the Rag after the lapse of twenty-four hours.

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

"Yes, Brown!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "I have received a surprising and very disagreeable report concerning you from a Sixth Form prefect. I am more pained and shocked than I can say. I have never once suspected you of anything of this kind—never till I heard Walker's report."

"I don't think I was so much to blame, sir," said Tom. The mention of Walker left him in no doubt that it was the punching of Walker's nose that was the matter in hand.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

raising his eyebrows. "What? You do not think that you are to blame, Brown, for having broken a strict and necessary rule—a rule laid down by the headmaster for the good of the school?"

"I—I mean, sir, my wireless was damaged—"

"That has no bearing on the matter, Brown!"

"I—I think it has, sir! I've had to get a new valve—"

"I fail to understand you, Brown! What connection has any damage to your wireless set to do with your using the cabinet as a place of concealment for cigarettes?"

"Eh?" gasped Tom blankly.

"You do not deny," said Mr. Quelch, tapping a cardboard packet on the table, "that these cigarettes are yours, Brown?"

Tom blinked at them.

He was quite amazed.

But he realised that it was not Walker's nose, after all, that he was called on the carpet for! Apparently he was suspected of smoking! He was astonished, but relieved. He had punched that nose, but he hadn't smoked! So it was all right.

"No, sir, they're not mine!" he answered. "I've never seen them before, that I know of."

"Brown!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "How dare you say so?"

"It's true, sir!" said Tom, feeling bewildered. "I don't smoke! I'm not such a fool—it would spoil my bowling."

"This packet of cigarettes, Brown, was found concealed in your study," said Mr. Quelch sternly.

"Oh!" gasped Tom.

He knew then to whom that packet belonged! Certainly he could not tell Mr. Quelch so; but he made a mental note, to punch Hazel's head!

"They were found," continued Mr. Quelch, "concealed in the cabinet of your wireless set."

"Wha-a-t?" gasped Tom.

"Walker has stated that, owing to some remarks that reached his ears, he visited your study to make inquiries," said Mr. Quelch. "He found the study smelling of smoke, and a cigarette-stump on the floor. He thereupon searched for cigarettes, and found this packet hidden in your wireless set."

"Oh!" gasped Tom again.

"I am shocked, and I am pained," said Mr. Quelch. "There are boys in my Form who have been punished for this kind of folly; but you have not, hitherto, been one of them, Brown. I fear that you have deceived me. Deception is a more serious fault than a breaking of the rules."

"But I haven't, sir!" stuttered Tom. "Walker can't possibly have found those cigarettes in my wireless—"

"Boy! You do not venture to impugn the veracity of a Sixth Form prefect!" exclaimed the Remove master, with great sternness.

"Oh!" gasped Tom. "No! I—I don't mean that Walker was telling whoppers, sir. No! I know he wouldn't! But—"

"Then what do you mean?"

"I mean that that packet isn't mine, and I never put it in my wireless," answered Tom. "If Walker found it there, I don't know anything about it. I've never seen it before."

"You can hardly expect me to believe that statement, Brown! Found in any other receptacle in your study, there might be a doubt in the matter, and I should question the boy who shares your study as well as you. But I cannot believe for one moment, that any other boy uses your wireless cabinet to hide

his cigarettes. The suggestion is absurd."

Tom Brown stood silent.

That suggestion was, of course, absurd. If any fellow kept cigarettes parked in Tom Brown's wireless, that fellow was Tom Brown! And Walker had found them there! It was quite bewildering.

Tom could guess that Walker was in a malicious and vengeful temper, and that he was glad to land him! But he could not suspect a Sixth Form prefect of making a false statement for that purpose. That was unimaginable. If Walker said he had found the packet there, it was true. No doubt Walker was glad to believe that he was a dingy young sweep, deserving of punishment; but he did believe it!

The only explanation was that some fellow had put the cigarettes there. Why any fellow should do so was a mystery, as Tom knew nothing of Hazel having been nearly caught, and in a panic. It seemed to him some sort of an idiotic practical joke.

"Have you anything more to say, Brown?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Only I don't know anything about those cigarettes, sir!" said Tom. "I never put them in my wireless, and I can prove it."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch, very dryly. "I should be exceedingly glad to hear the proof, Brown."

"It's quite easy, sir!" Tom Brown was a cool-headed fellow, and he had his wits about him. "I was mending my wireless after class, sir, and some Remove fellows were helping me—Wharton, and Cherry, and Nugent, and Toddy. Then I came and asked you for leave to go down to Courtfield, sir, to get a new valve. All those chaps know whether there were any cigarettes packed in the wireless or not, when I left it. And Walker found those cigarettes while I was gone, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. He gave the New Zealand junior a very keen look. "In that case, Brown, how do you account for the packet of cigarettes having been found where Walker found it?"

"I can't account for it, sir, unless it's a silly practical joke."

Mr. Quelch pursed his lips.

After a moment or two of reflection, he touched a bell, and dispatched Trotter to call the four juniors named.

Tom Brown waited quite cheerfully for their arrival. Those four fellows had not been able to help much, so far as the wireless was concerned; but they were, in the circumstances, extremely valuable witnesses.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### No Luck For Walker!

**M**R. QUELCH fixed his gimlet-eyes on the four juniors who entered his study, a few minutes later.

It was easy for him to see that they were wondering why they had been sent for, and they were surprised to see Tom Brown waiting in their Form-master's study.

"Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch. "I understand that Brown's wireless set is out of order, and that you and your friends have been giving him some assistance in putting it to rights. Is that the case?"

"Yes, sir!" answered Harry, in great astonishment. And his companions fairly blinked at Mr. Quelch.

All of them wondered what was wanted, but certainly none of them had

expected to hear an inquiry about Brown's radio.

"The case, or cabinet, which contains the set, was open, in your presence?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!" answered the mystified captain of the Remove.

"When was this, Wharton?"

"After class, sir."

"You looked into the interior of the cabinet?"

"Yes; we all looked into it, sir!" said Harry, more and more astonished.

"We wanted to help, but it turned out that a valve had gone—"

"Had a packet of cigarettes been inside, would you have seen it?"

Wharton jumped.

"Oh, certainly, sir—we saw everything that was inside!" he gasped.

"There was no such packet?"

"No, sir."

"Do you other boys say the same?" asked Mr. Quelch, glancing at Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent and Peter Todd.

"Yes, sir!" answered the astonished three.

"Did you leave Brown alone with the wireless for any space of time after giving him assistance?"

"No, sir; we all left the study together. Brown—I mean Brown—came down to ask you for leave," said Harry.

"Quite!" said Mr. Quelch. "Then, to your certain knowledge, Wharton, there was no packet concealed inside the wireless cabinet, when Brown left it?"

"Certainly there was not, sir! Nothing of the kind."

"It is extraordinary!" said Mr. Quelch. "I accept your word, of course, Wharton, but it is extraordinary." Mr. Quelch tapped the packet of cigarettes on the table. "This packet was found hidden in Brown's wireless, Wharton, by a prefect, who brought it to me and reported the matter, as was his duty."

"W-w-was it, sir?" gasped Harry.

"It was not there when you and Brown, and the others, left the wireless in the study?"

"No, sir! If it was found there, it must have been put there after Brown had gone to Courtfield."

"It is extraordinary!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "Some utterly foolish and insensate trick appears to have been played on Brown, by some boy who had cigarettes in his possession, against all the rules of the school. I am very glad that you have been able to bear witness in Brown's favour."

He turned to the New Zealander.

"Brown, I am sorry such a suspicion has fallen upon you. The facts appeared to speak for themselves; and Walker had every reason to believe that the cigarettes were yours. It appears, however, that you have been the victim of an utterly foolish prank. You may go, my boys."

The juniors left the study—four of them mystified as to how, and by whose hand, those cigarettes had got into Tom Brown's wireless. But Harry Wharton, remembering how Hazel had been occupied when he had warned him that a prefect was coming up, was not so mystified as the others on that point.

Mr. Quelch was left in a very thoughtful mood.

He was worried and troubled.

He had come very near to committing an act of injustice, which was enough to worry and trouble any schoolmaster. But for those witnesses in Tom Brown's favour, what could he have believed? And it had turned out, after all, to be nothing, apparently, but an utterly idiotic practical

joke on Brown by some person unknown.

The Remove master was thinking it over in a very troubled frame of mind when a tap came at his door, and Walker entered.

Walker's expression was not pleasant. He had seen Tom Brown arrive at the study, and he had had no doubt that the chopper would be coming down. Then he had seen him depart with four other fellows, obviously unpunished, with a cheery and smiling face. Why the other juniors had been sent for Walker did not know, and he could not begin to guess how Brown had got off. He wanted to know.

"Ah, I'm glad to speak to you, Walker!" said Mr. Quelch, glancing at the disgruntled prefect, and carefully avoiding seeming to notice his flaming nose. "I have questioned Brown."

"And, punished him, sir?"

"No," said Mr. Quelch. "In the circumstances—"

"Is he going up to the Head, sir?"

"Certainly not!"

Walker set his lips.

"I don't quite understand this, sir," he said, hardly able to keep the angry resentment out of his voice. "It does not seem much use for a prefect to do his duty, if an offender is to be let off without punishment."

Mr. Quelch's glance became very sharp.

So far, he had taken it for granted that Walker had simply been doing his prefect's duty, as Wingate, or Gwynne, or Sykes might have done it. But he detected now a personal note. His face grew grim.

"If you will listen to me, Walker, without interrupting me, I will make the matter clear!" he snapped. "I have heard indisputable evidence that the packet of cigarettes was not in Brown's wireless when he went out, and, as you found it there during his absence, obviously it could not have been placed there by him."

Walker stared.

"I'd like to hear the evidence, sir," he answered, without taking the trouble to hide a sneer.

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"The evidence, Walker, is that of four members of my Form, every one of whom I trust absolutely, and as these boys were assisting Brown in repairing his wireless until he went out, their evidence is conclusive."

James Walker breathed hard and deep. In a more placable and reasonable mood, perhaps he would have accepted that evidence as unquestioningly as Mr. Quelch. But a swollen, flaming nose, with a pain in it, did not make Walker placable or reasonable. Anyhow, he did not believe a word of it.

"I am quite satisfied," added Mr. Quelch, in a tone that implied that the interview was over.

"I am not, sir," said Walker sullenly.

"Walker!"

"It's not uncommon for boys to put their heads together and spin a yarn to get a pal out of a scrape," said Walker. "It's quite plain to me that that's what's happened."

"It is quite plain to me, Walker, that nothing of the kind has happened," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "The boys did not even know of what Brown was accused when I sent for them. By a very happy chance, Walker, an innocent boy has been cleared of a suspicion, and you should be as glad of it as I am."

Walker did not look glad.

"That is all," said Mr. Quelch, taking up his pen and turning to his papers again.

Walker set his lips. His disappointment and rage were too strong to be controlled. His view was that Quelch was an old donkey, who had had his leg pulled by artful juniors. Certainly he could not say so to Quelch, but he said as much as he dared.

"Very well, sir," said Walker bitterly. "Next time I will take my report direct to the headmaster, as it seems useless to report a boy of your Form to you, sir."

Mr. Quelch laid down his pen and rose to his feet—a picture of majestic wrath.

"Walker, you are insolent! I fear, Walker, that you have some personal prejudice against this junior. In that case, you are scarcely fit to exercise the duties of a prefect."

"I jolly well know—"

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Another word, Walker, and I will report your insolence to Dr. Locke. Leave my study!"

Walker suppressed his feelings, and left the study. Mr. Quelch snorted, and sat down again. He gave another snort, and then settled down to work, and dismissed Walker from his mind. James Walker went back to his own study, his face as red as his nose, and his temper as sore.

He slammed his door with a slam that was heard the length of the Sixth Form passage, apprising all whom it might concern, as well as all whom it mightn't, that Jimmy Walker was in a very bad temper indeed.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Knows How!

"I SAY, you fellows——"  
"Buzz off, Bunter!"  
"Oh, really, Browney——"  
"Buzz off!" roared Tom Brown. "Dry up! Quiet! Don't jaw!"

The Famous Five smiled. Tom Brown did not. Browney, at the moment, was in no smiling mood.

It was the following day. The Famous Five had looked into Study No. 2 to make a polite inquiry about that wireless. They found Browney concentrated on it with knitted brows. He told them it was "just coming," and they sat down round the study to wait for "it" to come. But "it" was taking its time. Something still seemed a little amiss, in spite of the nice new valve, and any amount of taking to pieces and putting together again.

A few moans were heard, which made Tom hopeful. Then there was a grunt, followed by an unmelodious howl. Then—silence!

The silence was broken by the fat voice of Billy Bunter at the door. The Owl of the Remove had been looking for Harry Wharton & Co., and he had run them to earth in Browney's study.

Browney wanted the silence broken—by the radio. He did not want it broken by Billy Bunter's fat voice. He hooted over his shoulder at Bunter. Concentrated on a jibbing radio, he found Bunter a worry.

"I say, you fellows, I've been hunting you," went on Billy Bunter, regardless of Browney.

"Now go and hunt somebody else," suggested Harry Wharton.

"I say, my postal order hasn't come——"

"Will you shut up, Bunter?" hooted Tom.

"No! My postal order hasn't come, you fellows. I want a pal to lend me half-a-crown to tide me over."

"Why not go and look for a pal, then?" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Mum's the word!" said Frank Nugent, laughing. "Old Browney will be getting shirty in a minute."

"The shirtfulness is already rather terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a dusky grin.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up!" bawled Tom.

Bunter blinked round at him through his big spectacles.

"Like me to do that for you?" he asked.

Tom Brown looked round, and gave the fat Owl of the Remove a glare of ferocity. He was not in the least grateful for that offer.

"You blithering idiot!" he said.

"I say, old chap——"

"You howling, blethering, benighted dunderhead!"

Really, Bunter's offer was of no use to a fellow worried with his wireless. Bunter knew nothing whatsoever about wireless. There was one thing that Bunter could do, and that was ventriloquism. But if Bunter started repairing a recalcitrant radio, one thing was certain—that it would for ever after hold its peace.

"You can call a fellow names," said Bunter, with dignity, "but——"

"Burling ass!"

"Look here——"

"Blitherer!"

"Oh, all right!" said Bunter. "Yap at a fellow, because you're in a bad temper, Browney. I could make it go, and chance it. I will, if you'll lend me half-a-crown till my postal order comes. Easy enough to me."

Tom Brown drew a deep, deep breath. That radio had beaten him; his friends had waited for nothing. No news was coming through—not even a moan or a groan, a squeal, or a squeak. Tom had a lot of research work before him. Really it was irritating, for a fellow who understood his job, but was beaten by it, to hear a silly ass who knew nothing whatever about it, declare that he could do the job easily.

"Right-ho!" said Tom grimly. "You try your hand, Bunter, and if you make it go I'll lend you half-a-crown, and if you don't I'll boot you as far as the stairs and down to the next landing."

The Famous Five chuckled.

They did not expect Bunter to accept that offer. It seemed pretty certain that if he did he would bag, not a half-crown, but a whole boot.

To their surprise, the fat Owl nodded cheerily.

"Done!" he said.

"Go it, then," said Tom, breathing hard.

He stepped back from the table on which the portable set stood, and Bunter cheerfully took his place.

"It's time for the news," he remarked. "I'll get the announcer through, shall I?"

"I'm going to boot you if you don't," said Tom.

"Mind, I may not be able to make it keep on!" said Bunter cautiously. "It's rather a rotten set, Browney—nothing like my radiogram at Bunter Court. But I'll get it started for you."

"Shut up and get going!" snorted Tom Brown.

Billy Bunter shut up and got going. He leaned over the wireless and

twiddled dial, and there came a faint squeak.

Tom Brown started a little. The set had gone absolutely dead under his hands. Bunter had succeeded in eliciting a squeak!

That was something! If it squeaked there was not, as he had supposed, a disconnection somewhere. It did not occur to him at the moment that the squeak was provided by the fat Owl himself. He was thinking of radio, not of ventriloquism!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, equally surprised. "That sounds as if it's coming to life, anyhow."

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Bunter. "I'll soon have it going!"

Squeak! Squeak!

"By gum!" said Tom quite blankly.

"It's coming, I think!" said Bunter.

And it came—in a voice that proceeded, or, at least, appeared to proceed, from the radio.

"A deep depression is spreading over the British Isles from the direction of Iceland."

Tom Brown and the Famous Five all jumped at once. Bunter had done it! He had coaxed the announcer's voice out of that obstinate radio. At least, the juniors in the study believed that he had!

"Weather during the next twenty-four hours will be fine when it is not rainy, and rainy when it is not fine," went on the voice. "There will be an east wind when it blows from the east, but a variable wind when it varies."

"By gum!" said Tom.

Bunter turned round from the radio.

"It's all right," he said. "It only wanted a touch—I mean, a touch from a skilful hand, of course. I fancy it will run on now all right! I say, Brownie, where's that half-crown?"

Tom Brown, with quite an extraordinary expression on his face, put his hand in his pocket for the half-crown. Billy Bunter's eyes twinkled behind his spectacles. Generally his ventriloquism earned him more kicks than halfpence in the Greyfriars Remove. But it had turned up trumps this time.

"My esteemed Bunter," murmured Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, his dark eyes fixed very curiously on the fat Owl's grinning face, "the absurd radio has stopped—"

"I said I'd start it, that's all, Inky," answered the fat Owl.

"Wait a moment, my absurd Brownie," went on Hurree Singh, as Tom produced the half-crown. "Let the estimable announcer speak again. If the idiotic Bunter has made him speak once he can make him speak again."

"Easy!" said Bunter.

"And place your esteemed paw over his mouth, my absurd Brownie, while he is making the announcer speak," added the grinning nabob.

"Wha-a-t?" ejaculated Tom Brown.

"Oh!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Is that it! Bunter, you spoofing fat villain—"

"I—I—I say, you fellows, it—it wasn't me speaking!" gasped Bunter, in alarm. "I—I'd forgotten all about my ventriloquism. It was the announcer all right; you heard it come from the wireless—"

"You podgy spoofer!" roared Tom Brown. He understood now. Only the wary nabob had spotted Bunter's trickery. But as soon as he mentioned it all the fellows knew at once.

"I—I say, I—I tell you—" gasped Bunter. "It—it was all right! Look here, Brownie, you're going to lend me half-a-crown for making that radio work—"

"And boot you if you don't!" said Tom grimly. "Go it. Make the jaw

come again with a hand over your mouth, you spoofing porpoise!"

"I—I—I fancy it's gone off for—for good now," stammered Bunter. "I—I'm afraid I—I can't do anything further with it, Brownie."

"You'd better!" said Tom, replacing the half-crown in his pocket and lifting his right foot.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, Brownie—"

"Go it!" said Tom. "Just one squeak from the radio while my hand's over your mouth and you're all right. Otherwise—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five, as the fat Owl made a sudden rush for the door and bolted into the passage.

Evidently Bunter was not prepared to produce even a single squeak from the radio while his mouth was stopped up and his ventriloquism cut off!

He had given up hope of that half-crown! He was only thinking of escaping the boot.

But there was no escape for Bunter. The boot landed as he shot through the doorway—it landed again in the passage—it landed a third time as Bunter did the Remove landing!

Bunter roared and rolled, and Tom Brown walked back to his study, still worried about his wireless, but not likely to be bothered with any more assistance from the Remove ventriloquist.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Walker Wants To Know!

"BUNTER!"

"Eh? Oh! Yes, Walker?" Billy Bunter was sitting on the Remove landing, gasping for breath. He blinked up in surprise at Walker of the Sixth.

What Walker was doing there, where he had no business, Bunter did not know. He was not aware that James Walker had, these days, a special reason of his own for keeping an eye on the Remove quarters.

"Go to my study!" said Walker.

"I—I say, I—I haven't done anything, Walker!" gasped the fat Owl, in great dismay.

"I said go to my study!"

"Oh lor'! I mean, all right, Walker!" groaned the Owl of the Remove. And he picked himself up and went.

He went in great trepidation. Everybody knew what a rotten temper Walker had these days—which was likely to last so long as his nose was like a beacon. Of course, a fellow with nothing on his conscience need not have minded being sent to a prefect's study. Unfortunately, Bunter had a good many things on his fat conscience.

He wondered dismally whether Walker might have heard that a bag of tarts was missing from Coker's study in the Fifth. It would be just like the beast, in his present rotten temper, to take up a trivial thing like that for the sake of whopping somebody! Or perhaps Hobson of the Shell might have been heard asking fellows if they knew anything about a bag of bullseyes he had left on his study table. There was no evidence against Bunter in that case—he had, in fact, eaten the evidence! But he did not trust Walker in his present temper.

He rolled dismally into the prefect's study in the Sixth.

He expected Walker to follow him there. But, as it happened, Loder of the Sixth met his pal in the passage,

and they stopped to speak, so Bunter had to wait.

Walker's official ash lay on the table. As Bunter fully expected that ash to be featured as soon as Walker arrived, it seemed to him rather a bright idea to put it out of sight!

He picked up the ash and blinked round for a hiding-place for it. There was a big armchair in the study with a big, flat cushion in the seat. Bunter jerked up that cushion to shove the ash out of sight under it.

Then he jumped.

In the armchair, hitherto hidden by the cushion, was a pink newspaper. Its title, in large letters, was "SPORTING TIPS."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

He let the cushion fall back at once. This was the sort of secret that a Sixth Form man would not like a junior to spot!

It was no wonder that Walker parked that paper in a safe place. It would have been a rather serious matter for Walker if the eye of authority had fallen on it.

Bunter backed quickly away from that armchair. What Walker would do if he found that Bunter had seen his sporting paper Bunter did not know, but he could guess that it would be something unpleasant.

Bunter looked round for another hiding-place for the cane! He was still blinking round when Walker came in.

Walker stared at him.

"What the dooce are you doing with that ash?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wasn't going to hide it, or—or anything, Walker! Nothing of that kind, you know."

"You young ass! Put it on the table."

Bunter put it on the table—in some relief! He had feared that Walker would take it in hand! So long as it was on the table, Bunter did not mind.

Walker shut the door. Then he sat on a corner of the study table, looking at Bunter. His hand was very near the cane—too near for Bunter's peace of mind!

"I saw young Brown booting you!" said Walker suddenly.

Bunter blinked at him in astonishment. As Walker had been loafing about near the Remove staircase at the time, no doubt he had seen Bunter's sudden exit from the Remove passage at the toe of Brownie's boot. But even Walker, in the worst of tempers, could hardly blame Bunter for that!

"I—I say, that—that wasn't my fault, Walker!" stammered Bunter. "I—I never asked him to, you know! I—I really never—"

"What was he booting you for?"

Bunter paused! Certainly he had no intention of telling Walker that he had been spotted spoofing.

"Oh! I—I just—just looked into his study, Walker!" he stammered.

"I fancied so!" remarked Walker.

"You saw what was going on there?"

"Eh? Yes."

"And he booted you out?"

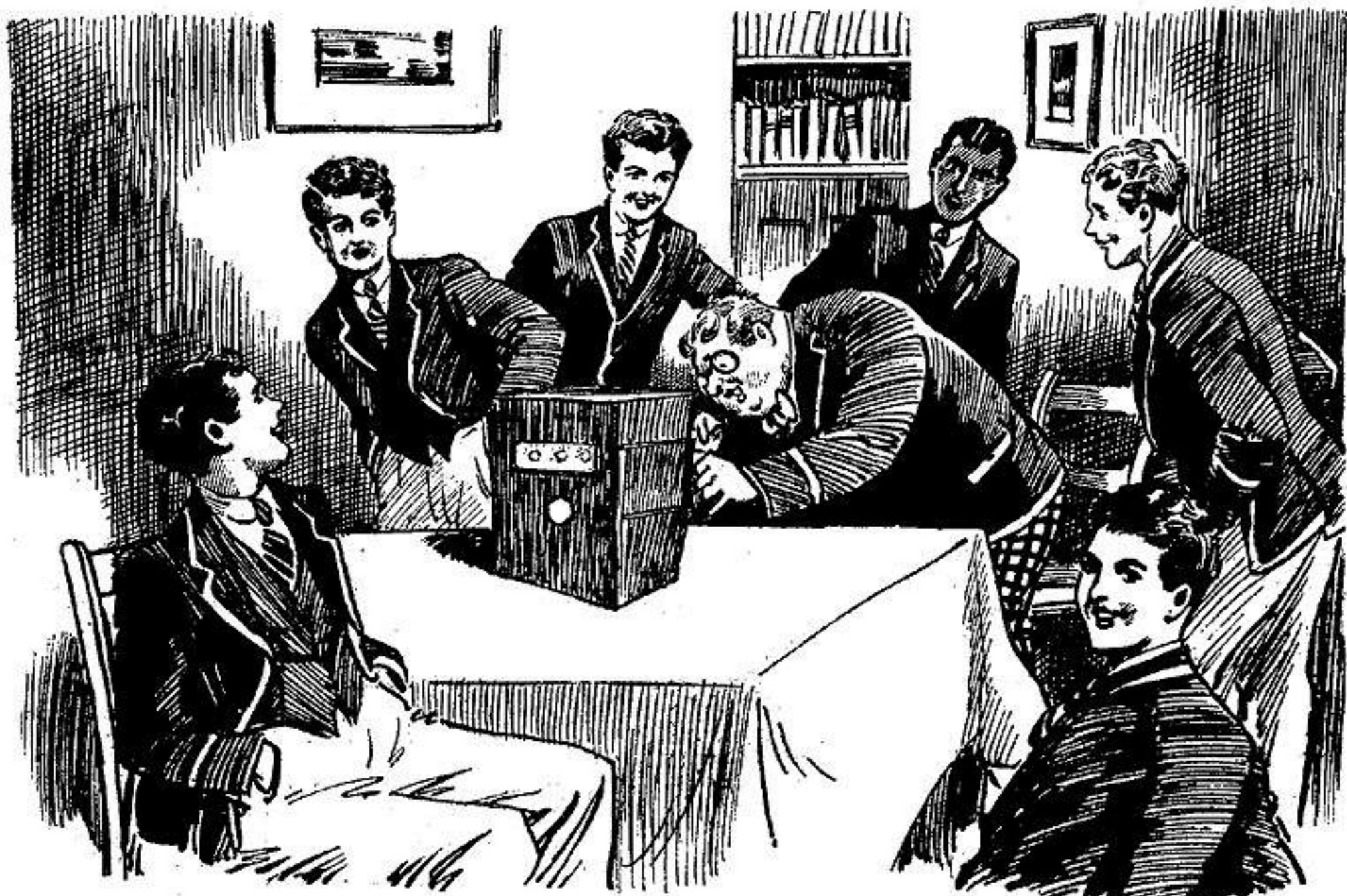
"Ye-es."

"He was smoking, I suppose?"

Bunter jumped.

It dawned on him now what Walker wanted him for. All the Remove had chuckled, the previous day, over Walker's catch in Brownie's study. Bunter, of course, had heard about it. All the Remove knew that Walker had jumped at a chance of landing Brownie in a row with his "beak," and knew why. It was not hard to guess!

The matter had been explained, to Mr. Quelch's satisfaction. Now Bunter



Billy Bunter twiddled the dials of the wireless set and there came a faint squeak. "A deep depression is spreading over the British Isles from the direction of Iceland—" Tom Brown and the Famous Five all jumped at once!

realised that Walker had not been satisfied, like Quelch! Spurred on, no doubt, by the disastrous condition of his nose, he was on the track of old Browney—determined to find him guilty.

"Well?" rapped Walker, as the fat Owl did not answer. "I want the truth, Bunter. You caught Brown smoking in his study, and he booted you out! Was that it?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Bunter. "Brown don't smoke, Walker—"

Bunter broke off suddenly.

A very unpleasant expression came over Walker's face, and his hand dropped on the ashplant.

"I've told you to tell me the truth, Bunter!" said Walker unpleasantly. "I warn you not to try to take me in!"

Bunter had been telling the truth. It was not a thing he often did; but this time he had done it. But it was clear that Walker had no use for the facts.

"I—I mean—" stammered Bunter helplessly.

He could see that Walker firmly believed that old Browney was a smoky young sweep, like Skinner, or Snoop. The wish was father to the thought, no doubt; but there it was!

Bunter hardly knew what to say. Within reach of Walker's cane, he was prepared to say anything that would keep the cane at a safe distance from his trousers. That was the chief consideration. Bunter was, in fact, rather in the position of the witness in the old story, who was prepared to swear "in a general way, anything."

"Now look here," went on Walker quietly. "I suppose you don't like being booted! Brown booted you out because you caught him smoking—I've very little doubt about that. He's a wary young rascal—he's never been spotted till I caught him yesterday. In the circumstances, Bunter, I'm bound to ask you, as a prefect, what you know

about what goes on in Brown's study."

Bunter blinked at him—and cast a longing blink at the door! But Walker was between him and the door.

"Now, what have you to say?" demanded Walker.

Bunter had quite a lot to say, if he had only dared to say it. In the first place, he could have pointed out that it was not a prefect's duty to ask one fellow for information about another; and that the Head would have been very wrathful if he had heard of any such proceeding. Then he could have pointed out that what Walker was doing now was not his prefectorial duty, but bullying, pure and simple; and that he was doing it, because he wanted to catch poor old Browney for having punched his nose.

But Bunter did not say any of these things! Walker's expression did not encourage such remarks!

"I—I never saw him smoking, Walker—" stammered Bunter. Walker's hand closed on the ash, and Bunter added in a great hurry, "I—I—I mean, he was smoking like a furnace—cigarettes all over the shop!"

"I thought so!" said Walker grimly. "He won't hide his smokes in the wireless again! Do you know where he hides them now?"

"Oh, yes!" gasped Bunter.

Having started, Bunter thought that he had better keep on! It was clear that Walker wanted information of one kind, and one kind only; and there was only one way of keeping clear of the ashplant.

"Where?" asked Walker eagerly.

"In—in—in a pie-dish in the study cupboard!" gasped Bunter. That was the first thing that came into his fat head.

Walker smiled; a grim smile. He could not report this to Quelch—Quelch would have gone off the deep end at once at the bare idea of a boy in his

Form being bullied into betraying another. But he would have liked Quelch to hear this—after letting that young rascal off, as he had done!

To do him justice, Walker did not realise that he was acting badly! His view was that he could stretch a point in getting at the undoubted facts—undoubted by Walker! He had no doubt that he was extracting the truth from a fellow who was reluctant to tell it. It did not even occur to him that he was frightening Bunter into telling untruths.

"C-c-can I go now, Walker?" mumbled Bunter. He felt that Walker ought to be satisfied with the cigarettes in the pie-dish!

But Walker was not through yet.

"Hold on," he said, very quietly. "I've got to know all about this, Bunter. Brown has been keeping this kind of thing dark pretty successfully, and I fancy he may have been keeping other things dark, too. He seems a pretty thorough young humbug, from this! There may be other things!"

Bunter blinked at him! He only wanted his cue! But he could not tell Walker about "other things" till he knew what other things Walker wanted to hear about!

"A week or two ago," went on Walker, "a fellow in a Greyfriars cap was seen getting over the fence of the Three Fishers, on the river. He was never spotted, but he was a junior."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

Evidently Walker's suspicions were going strong!

"Do you know who that junior was?" demanded Walker.

"Oh! Yes! No!" gasped Bunter.

Bunter knew—all the Remove knew, of the Bunder's latest narrow escape! But Walker was not thinking of

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Smithy! He was thinking of Tom Brown.

"It was Brown?" asked Walker.

"Oh! No—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, yes!" gasped Bunter.

"I thought so—I've been thinking of a good many things since I found that he smoked in his study, and deceived his Form-master about it!" said Walker grimly. "Does he, so far as you know, keep anything in his study, as well as cigarettes—such as racing papers—"

Bunter, about to say "no," remembered in time that "noes" were of no use to Walker!

"Oh! Yes!" he gasped.

"You've seen a racing paper there?"

"Lots of times!" gasped Bunter.

"What was it called?"

Bunter paused a moment. He was not well acquainted with the titles of racing papers! Then he remembered what he had seen hidden under the cushion in Walker's armchair! That gave him a hint.

"Sporting Tips!" he answered.

"By gum!" Walker's eyes gleamed. Obviously, now, he was on the track of a pretty thorough young rascal! Judging by all this, Tom Brown of the Remove was as shady a sweep as Walker of the Sixth himself! "I suppose he keeps it pretty carefully out of sight, Bunter?"

"Oh! Yes! Of—of course."

"Where, exactly?"

"Up the chimney!" said Bunter.

Walker whistled. He had never thought of looking up the chimney when he searched Study No. 2—or in a pie-dish, for that matter! He was getting a lot of valuable information!

"C-c-can I go now?" stammered Bunter.

He was ready, if necessary, to tell Walker that Tom Brown was a cat-burglar, and that he hid the loot in his Sunday hat! But he was anxious to go!

To his relief, Walker nodded.

"You can cut!" he said, and Bunter rolled out of the study, glad to escape.

Walker was left smiling grimly. He was aware that Billy Bunter was a Nosey Parker, likely to know anything that went on in the Remove, and just after he had been booted by Brown was a favourable moment for questioning him. But though he had hoped, he had hardly expected to get all this valuable information!

Now all that he had to do was to act upon it; and it was very agreeable to think of Quelch's face, when he had to admit that he was wrong, and Walker was right!

Walker rubbed his flaming nose. Before that damaged boko resumed its normal aspect that young scoundrel Brown would be bunked out of the school. Walker had no doubt about that.

Doubts were to come later!

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## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Smithy's Scheme!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"Eh?" Billy Bunter blinked at him. "What's wonderful?"

"The way you've nosed out that we've got a cake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

The Famous Five were at tea in Study No. 1. One member of the Co. had had a rather handsome tip from home that day, and so there was a spread for five. An imposing cake graced the tea-table. There were two guests—Tom Brown and Herbert Vernon-Smith, as well as the Famous Five, in the study. Now Billy Bunter had arrived, and it was a natural inference that he had nosed out the cake. Bunter had a nose for such things.

But for once that inference was ill-founded. Bunter had not nosed out the cake—though at the sight of it his little round eyes glimmered behind his big, round spectacles.

"I say, I never knew you had a cake, old chaps!" said the fat Owl. "But I'll have some, if you like. I say, I've got something to tell you. I think I ought to let you fellows know, especially Brown."

The juniors all looked at Bunter. There was a serious—indeed, a worried—expression on his fat face. But he was not too serious or worried to deal with cake. He helped himself to a large slice.

"Especially me?" said the New Zealand junior. "What's up, fathead?"

"Walker," said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, Walker's fearfully wild about his nose being punched, I think. He's after Browney. I—I say, he really believes that Browney's a shady rotter like Smithy—"

"What?" ejaculated Herbert Vernon-Smith.

"He does, really!" said Bunter, blinking at the Bounder. "He thinks that Browney had those smokes in his study the other day, and that you fellows gammoned Quelch about it. He thinks that Browney was the fellow who was spotted at the Three Fishers last week, and—and that he goes in for blagging, like you, Smithy—"

"You blithering fat ass!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"What rot!" said Tom Brown, staring at the fat junior. "Walker can't be such a fool! Anyhow, how do you know?"

"He's been asking me questions," mumbled Bunter. "I—I thought I'd better give you the tip. He may be searching your study next, and if Hazel leaves any of his smokes about you'll get into a row."

Tom Brown laughed.

"Hazel hasn't any more smokes. He's chucked smoking in the study now. I've persuaded him to, since Walker found that packet in my wireless."

There was a chuckle in Study No. 1. Some of the fellows knew the method of persuasion Tom Brown had used since his narrow escape of suffering for Hazel's sins. A cricket stump had been featured in the argument on the subject.

"Well, you'd better look out!" said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, this is a decent cake! Mind if I have another slice? I say, Walker got me to his study and asked me a lot of questions about Brown."

"The cheeky ass!" said Harry Wharton.

"Of course, he doesn't think I shall

tell anybody what I told him," went on Bunter, with his mouth full of cake. "He fancies I was sneaking about Browney, and, of course, if I had I shouldn't mention it. He doesn't know I was pulling his leg. I had to, you know—he was going to whop me. When I told him that Browney didn't smoke, he got hold of his ashplant. So—so I had to tell him what he wanted me to, you know. See?"

"You fat villain!" said Bob Cherry. "What did you tell him?"

"Well, what was a fellow to do?" argued Bunter. "He's got it into his head that Browney's a bad character, and he didn't want to hear anything else. I'd have told him that I'd seen the Head playing shove-ha'penny with Quelch to get out of his study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I thought I'd better give Browney the tip," said Bunter. "He's an ungrateful beast, pitching into a fellow after I took the trouble to help him with his radio, and all that; but—"

"What the thump have you told Walker?" exclaimed Nugent.

"You see, he saw Brown boot me," explained Bunter. "He thought it was because I'd caught Brown smoking. I had to let him think so, see? And—and he thinks Brown keeps his smokes hidden in a pie-dish in the study cupboard, and his racing papers up the chimney."

"What?" yelled Tom Brown.

"You told Walker that?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"What was a fellow to do?" demanded Bunter. "He was going to whop me if I didn't. Naturally I told him anything that would keep him quiet."

"Oh crikey!"

"I think it's pretty good-natured of me to come here and give Browney the tip, after the rotten way he treated me," said Bunter warmly. "Walker will be after him like a cat after a mouse, now."

"Let him!" said Tom. "I don't mind! He's welcome to all the smokes he finds in my study cupboard, and all the racing papers he spots up my chimney. And if he ever catches me at the Three Fishers he's welcome to walk me home to the Head to be sacked. He can get on with it."

"You've told Walker a lot of lies about Browney!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, staring at the fat Owl.

"He wouldn't listen to anything else," explained Bunter.

"You pernicious piffler—"

"Oh, really, Wharton! It won't hurt Browney if Walker makes a fool of himself," said Bunter. "I'm giving him the tip to be careful, and not have anything in his study for a prefect to spot."

"Walker can spot anything he likes in my study," said Tom. "But I'll pass that tip on to Hazel. He might be in danger if Walker starts nosing about."

"Well, whatever he found there he would put it down to you," said Bunter. "That's why I'm tipping you. If you've got a pie-dish I'll bet Walker will be nosing into it before long. I say, you fellows, if you don't want any of this cake I'll finish it."

It appeared, however, that the fellows did want some of the cake!

Bob Cherry rose to his feet and picked up a cricket stump.

Bunter retired from the study rather hastily, with a large chunk of cake in a fat paw, without stopping to inquire what Bob was going to do with that stump.

"This is pretty thick," said Harry

Wharton, frowning, as the door closed after the fat Owl. "Walker's got to stop this sort of thing."

"Oh, let him get on with it!" said Tom Brown carelessly. "I dare say he'll feel better when his nose gets mended."

The Bounder burst into a chuckle.

"I'll bet you that Walker will be searching your study," he said. "He would like to find something to report to Quelch. Why not let him find something and make him happy? Is there a pie-dish in your study at all?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, I can lend you one. I've got one. Walker would be fearfully bucked if he found a pie-dish with a lot of cigarettes in it."

The juniors stared at Smithy.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Tom Brown.

"I'll cut down to Courtfield and get some cigarettes," said the Bounder.

"You silly ass!" roared Tom Brown. "Think I want a prefect to find smokes in my study?"

"I can get them at the confectioner's."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Nice little cigarettes, made of chocolate and coated with white paper. They look exactly like the real article. I've been taken in myself with such things," said the Bounder. "Chap offers you a smoke, and it turns out to be a chocolate one!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"After all, it's our duty, as nice boys, to try to please the prefects," said the Bounder. "Ain't the Sixth Form prefects the giddy Palladium of the school? Why not give Walker something to report to Quelch?"

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

"Go it!" said Tom Brown, laughing. And Vernon-Smith, grinning left the study.

Having finished tea, the Famous Five and Tom Brown went down to the nets for a spot of cricket practice. They were still at the nets when Vernon-Smith came back on his bike. And the Bounder had in his pocket a little box, the contents of which were to make Walker of the Sixth happy when he discovered them in a pie-dish in Study No. 2.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Not Guilty!

**J**AMES WALKER breathed hard and deep.

His eyes danced.

It was after prep, that evening, and the Remove fellows had gone down from the studies. When the coast was clear, Walker had strolled into the Remove quarters in a casual sort of way.

Now he was standing in Study No. 2—at the open door of the study cupboard. On the shelf in that cupboard was a pie-dish. Walker had spotted that pie-dish the moment he opened the cupboard. He had expected, after what he had learned from Bunter, to find a pie-dish there. Now he had found one!

There was a saucer, turned upside down, in that pie-dish. Any fellow looking at it, might have fancied that it was there to cover up the remnant of a pie!

But Walker did not fancy so! He lifted that saucer! Under it, he beheld what he had fully expected to behold—a heap of cigarettes!

"By gad!" muttered Walker. "By gum! The nasty, smoky, dingy little beast!"

Walker rather forgot that he smoked cigarettes in his own study! He was genuinely disgusted at this!

But he was pleased—he was distinctly pleased! He had spotted the dingy young rascal at last! What was Quelch going to say to this?

He grinned at the thought.

Quelch's face would be worth watching, when he was shown this discovery!

Walker, grinning, left the study. He locked the door after him, taking away the key.

He had chosen a time when he was not likely to be observed making his investigations, in case he drew blank. He did not want his keen interest in Tom Brown's study to become the talk of the Remove.

But he had not drawn blank—he had, as it were, drawn a prize! And, in case any eye had fallen on him in the Remove passage, he carefully locked the door. He was not giving the young rascal a chance to get rid of that evidence before his Form-master saw it!

With the study key in his pocket, he went down the stairs, and headed for Mr. Quelch's study. There was a lurking grin on his face, as he presented himself in that apartment.

Mr. Quelch, who was busy correcting Latin papers for his Form, gave him a rather impatient glance of inquiry.

"What is it, Walker?" he asked.

"I have to make a report, sir, concerning a boy in your Form!" answered Walker. "As I told you at the time, I was not satisfied with Brown's explanation—"

Mr. Quelch held up a warning finger.

"I desire to hear nothing more on that subject, Walker!" he said acidly.

"If you refuse to hear me, sir, I will, of course, go to Dr. Locke!" said Walker maliciously.

"I am bound to hear you, if you are making a report as a prefect!" said the Remove master, breathing hard. "If there is something new—"

"There is this, sir, that I have now definite proof to place before you, which can hardly be explained away by Brown's friends!" said Walker, with a sneer. "I have visited the study, and found a quantity of cigarettes hidden in a pie-dish in the cupboard! I have left them exactly as I found them, without even touching them, for you to see."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

A positive statement like that could not possibly be disregarded.

"I have locked the study, in order that there may be no opportunity for the boy to remove the cigarettes before you see them!" added Walker. "If you will come up to Brown's study—"

Mr. Quelch rose from his table.

"I shall certainly do so immediately!" he snapped. "I cannot understand this. I shall certainly inquire into it at once."

Walker was smiling, and Mr. Quelch frowning, as they proceeded together to the Remove passage.

That passage was not deserted, as it had been when Walker paid his visit. Six or seven juniors were there—and they were gathered outside Study No. 2.

Tom Brown was turning the door-handle—the Famous Five and the Bounder were watching him.

Walker grinned sourly.

Evidently his precaution in locking the study door had been well-taken. He guessed at once that he had been spotted in the Remove quarters. Brown had come up to his study at once. But the evidence was still there—just where Walker had left it!

Mr. Quelch coughed, and the juniors in the passage looked round at him.

"Please stand back from that door!" said Mr. Quelch.

"My door's locked, sir!" said Tom Brown. "Smithy told me he'd seen somebody lock my door, and take away the key, so I came up—"

"I was in my study, sir!" said the Bounder blandly. "I happened to look out, and saw Walker lock the door—"

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Quelch. "Quite so! Walker, kindly unlock the door."

Walker kindly unlocked the door.

Mr. Quelch entered the study, and Walker followed him in.

The Bounder winked at the other fellows in the passage, and there was a suppressed chuckle.

The chums of the Remove had wondered whether Walker would fall into the playful trap that been laid for him. What the Bounder had seen, when he "happened" to look out of his study, left no doubt on the subject! So there they were, prepared to enjoy the discovery that their Form-master was going to make.

"Brown!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!"

"Please come into the study."

"Oh yes, sir!"

Tom Brown entered the study. The other fellows packed the doorway, watching. Several more Removites joined them there, having learned that something was "on." Peter Todd and Lord Mauleverer, Russell and Ogilvy, Skinner and Bolsover major, and two or three more fellows, came along. It was quite an audience.

"Brown! Have you any cigarettes in this study?"

"No, sir!" answered Tom demurely, Walker's lip curled.

"You have only to look, sir!" he said, and he threw the cupboard door wide open.

Mr. Quelch stepped to the cupboard! He gave a start, as his eyes fell on the pie-dish and its contents!

He gazed—and gazed again! Keen as his eyes were, he could hardly believe them. But he had to—there were the cigarettes, a dozen of them, piled in the pie-dish.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "Brown! You told me a moment ago that you had no cigarettes in this study!"

"I haven't, sir!" said Tom. "I never have had."

"Do you mean that these"—Mr. Quelch pointed to the pie-dish—"belong to your studymate, Hazeldene?"

"Oh, no, sir! They're not Hazel's."

"Whose are they, then?"

"Mine, sir! Smithy gave them to me."

"Vernon-Smith! You gave cigarettes to Brown?"

"Oh! No, sir!" answered the Bounder.

"One of them is lying, sir!" said Walker contemptuously. "But there is no doubt that the cigarettes are there, and that they belong to Brown."

"Brown! You stated that you had no cigarettes, and yet you admit that these are yours!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "What do you mean?"

"Only what I said, sir!" answered Tom meekly. "I haven't any cigarettes, and never have had any."

Walker stared at him blankly.

"Are these cigarettes yours, or not?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"They're mine, sir, but they're not cigarettes."

"What?"

"I suppose there's no harm in Smithy giving me some chocolates, sir!" said Tom Brown artlessly. "I gave him some bullseyes—"

"Chocolates?" stuttered Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!"

Mr. Quelch gave him a long, long look. Then he stretched his hand into the cupboard, to the pie-dish. He picked up one of the cigarettes.

"Upon my word!" he ejaculated.

That cigarette snapped in half! The two broken ends revealed brown chocolate!

Mr. Quelch blinked at it! So did Walker! The expression on Walker's face was really extraordinary. It was too much for the juniors in the passage. There was a sudden roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped Walker. "Chick-chack-chock-chocolates! Oh!"

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

"Silence!" rapped Mr. Quelch. "Walker, this is the second time that you have made a disagreeable and ridiculous accusation against this junior. You have wasted my time, bringing me here to find chocolates in a junior study! Chocolates!" Quelch fairly snorted out the word; all the more annoyed with Walker, because he had himself been taken in, for a moment, by those delusive chocolates.

"I—I—I thought—" stammered Walker.

"Brown, it would be more advisable for you to purchase chocolates in some other form!" said Mr. Quelch. "However, there is certainly no harm in—in this! Walker, you have wasted my time, and your own! You have acted hastily, foolishly, and unthinkingly, Walker."

Walker crimsoned.

"I—I—I thought—I—I—I certainly thought—" he stammered.

"Pah!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Absurd! Nonsensical! Leave this study, Walker! I forbid you to enter it again! I will not have foolish and unfounded accusations brought against boys of my Form! I will not have my time wasted by your foolish suspicions and folly!"

"I—I—I—"

"Go!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

Walker went, his face like a peony, his ears burning. Mr. Quelch rustled from the study after him. He was intensely angry. He felt the absurdity of his own position in making an official visit to a junior study, to discover chocolates in a pie-dish. He accompanied Walker of the Sixth down the stairs, talking to him all the way. His remarks were acid and unpleasant. From the Remove passage a yell of merriment followed them down.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Cecil Reginald Asks For It!

"SHEER off, you fags!" snapped Temple of the Fourth.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Don't disturb the fish!" exclaimed Fry.

Five glares were turned on the Fourth Formers from five fellows in a boat.

It was cheek, on the part of a fellow like Coker of the Fifth, to refer to the heroes of the Remove as "fags." But it was doubly distilled cheek on the part of Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth Form.

For which reason the Famous Five glared at Cecil Reginald, and drew the boat a little nearer to the bank, just to reveal unto Cecil Reginald that he was not quite so important a

personage as he seemed to fancy himself to be.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the chums of the Remove had pulled up as far as Popper's Island in their old boat. Now they were floating gently down the stream homeward, past the gate and fence of the Three Fishers, the rather disreputable riverside inn that was strictly out of bounds for all Greyfriars fellows, past the woods of Popper Court, and, at the present moment, past a jutting point on the bank, shaded by thick willows, where three men of the Fourth sat with fishing-rods.

Temple, Dabney and Fry were fishing that afternoon, but the funny denizens of the Sark did not seem to be in any great danger. The basket, at all events, was still empty; three rods and lines had not done any execution, so far. Perhaps that was one reason why Temple of the Fourth snapped at the passing Removites—apart from his natural tendency to swank. Temple had a very handsome and expensive rod, and he had been sitting and nursing it for over an hour; and he had had only one catch, which had unfortunately turned out to be a disused boot. It made Temple a little cross.

"Do you hear?" yapped Temple, as the boat drew in instead of out. "Don't disturb the fish, you silly fag!"

"My dear man," said Harry Wharton politely, "we're not disturbing the fish any more than you are."

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

They had spotted the fact that there was nothing in the basket that the Fourth Form fishermen had brought for the conveyance of their prey.

"You cheeky fag!" hooted Temple. "Will you sheer off?"

"We will, if you say 'please pretty,'" answered the captain of the Remove.

At which the Co. chortled again.

Temple did not look like saying "please," let alone "please pretty."

Temple did not answer. He reached behind him, grabbed a loose turf, and tossed it into the boat.

"Yoo-hoop!" roared Bob Cherry, as it dropped on his straw hat, knocking off the same.

"Ha, ha, ha!" It was the turn of the Fourth Formers to laugh.

"You silly ass!" roared Bob, grabbing up his hat.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give them some more!" exclaimed Fry.

"Oh, rather!" chuckled Dabney.

The three jerked in their rods, out of the way of the boat, and grabbed chunks of turf. Clods fairly rained into the Remove boat.

There was plenty of ammunition for the fellows on the bank—none for the fellows in the boat. So the Remove boat sheered off farther into the stream, promptly. Dusty clods at close quarters were far from pleasant.

"Yarrah!" roared Johnny Bull suddenly, as a heavy turf smote him on the ear.

Johnny was steering, and he let go the lines as the shock pitched him sideways. The boat zigzagged. Johnny rubbed his ear and roared.

Temple & Co. roared, too, with laughter. They did not often get the best of their rows with the Remove, but they were getting distinctly the best of this one.

Johnny Bull, spluttering wrath, grasped the lines again.

"Get back to that bank!" he hooted.

"I've got an awful of mud. I'm going to give Temple the same!"

"Good egg!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Let's!"

"The goodfulness of the egg is terrific!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Come on!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Ha, ha ha!" Temple & Co. were yelling.

But they ceased to yell with merriment as the Remove boat swung towards the bank.

"Look out!" exclaimed Temple.

"Pelt 'em! Pile in!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Give 'em jip!"

The three grabbed up clods from the grassy bank under the willows, and pelted hard and fast. It was not easy to land, under a fusillade of whizzing clods, and Temple & Co. hoped to drive off the attack. If once the Famous Five got to close quarters, it was likely that the tables would be turned rather severely.

Whiz, whiz! Crash! Smash! Bump!

Johnny Bull emitted another roar as a muddy missile caught him under the chin. Bob Cherry yelled as a clod knocked him over backwards in the boat. The other three all came in for their share.

But the Famous Five were made of stern stuff. They came on under that heavy fire, and the boat bumped into the rushes of the bank.

"Keep 'em off!" gasped Temple.

Bob Cherry was the first to land, with a flying leap. Temple rushed to meet him, to hurl him back. But it was Temple who got the hurl. He rolled over in the grass, spluttering.

Wharton and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were ashore in another moment. Nugent held the boat to the bank. Wharton collared Fry, and Johnny Bull collared Dabney. There was nobody for Hurree Singh to collar, so he collected up three fishing-rods.

For two or three minutes there was quite a wild and whirling tussle on the green bank of the Sark. Then three Fourth Formers were extended on their backs in the grass, with three Removites sitting on their waistcoats.

"Gerroff!" gasped Temple, wriggling under Bob Cherry. "Urrggh! Gerroff!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Fry. "Look here, chuck it!"

"Pax!" gurgled Dabney.

"Sorry you spoke?" asked Bob Cherry, settling down comfortably on Cecil Reginald's waistcoat.

"You cheeky rotter!" gasped Temple. "Gerroff!"

"I'm sitting here till you feel sorry."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gerroff!" shrieked Temple.

"Sorry?" asked Bob amiably.

"Ow! Yes! Gerroff!"

"Sure you're sorry?"

"Ow! Yes!" hissed Temple.

"Are you awfully sorry?"

"You swab!" roared Temple.

"That doesn't sound sorry. I'm sitting here till you're awfully sorry. Are you awfully sorry?"

"No—yes! Yes!" gurgled Temple.

"Are you awfully, fearfully sorry?"

"You rotter!"

"Waiting, old man! I'll wait as long as you like!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I"—Temple spluttered—"I—I—I'm awfully, fearfully sorry! Now gerroff, you blighter!"



"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch, as the cigarette snapped in half and the two broken ends revealed brown chocolate. "Walker, this is the second time that you have made a disagreeable and ridiculous accusation against Brown. You have wasted my time!" The expression on Walker's face was really extraordinary.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now shove those rods down their backs, Inky! Think of the poor little fishes. Temple might get a bite, if he sits here till calling-over!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There were howls of enraged protest from Temple & Co.; but it booted not. Three fishing-rods were pushed down three wriggling backs.

Then the Remove fellows, chortling, went on board their boat again, and pushed off.

They smiled back at Temple, Dabney and Fry as they floated away peacefully down the Sark. Three Fourth Formers, crimson with rage and exertion, were left on the bank, making frantic efforts to extract the fishing-rods from their backs.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### A Walk For Walker!

"SMITHY, old man——"

"Hallo!"

"Temple's gone fishing."

"What about it?" asked

Vernon-Smith, staring blankly at Tom Brown.

Smithy was not in the slightest degree interested in the proceedings of Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth Form on a half-holiday.

"His pals have gone with him!" said Tom.

"What about that, fathead?"

"Lots!" said Tom cheerfully. "If three fellows go fishing, they're three fishers, aren't they?"

"I suppose so!" said the Bounder.

"Wandering in your mind, or what?"

"Not at all! They've gone up the river. Well, if I go up the river and join them I shall be going to the three fishers—what?"

The Bounder laughed.

"Better not let anybody hear you putting it like that," he said. "You might be misunderstood. That idiot Walker thinks already that you go blagging at the Three Fishers, from what he got out of Bunter."

"Exactly! Come for a stroll under the elms, old bean."

"What on earth for?"

"Because Walker's there, and I want to let him hear, by accident, that I'm going up the river to the three fishers," explained Tom Brown.

The Bounder stared at him for a moment, and then burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha! Pulling Walker's leg?"

"Just that!" assented Tom. "Ever since he screwed a string of fibs out of Bunter, Walker's had a watching eye on me. He's followed me twice out of gates. I never let on that I spotted him, but I did! Now, if he hears, by a happy accident, that I'm going to the three fishers, what do you think he will do?"

Vernon-Smith chuckled.

"Follow you, and cop you, if he can!" he answered. "By gum! I believe Walker would give a fiver, if he had one, to land you for pub-haunting! The howling ass really thinks it was you who was seen there one day last week. Glad he doesn't think it was me!"

"I'm getting fed-up with the blithering idiot!" said Tom. "I fancy he will walk after me up the river. When I get near that pub I shall dodge out of sight, and ten to one he will jump to it that I've gone in! If he reports it to Quelch——"

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

"Come on!" said Tom. "Walker's sitting on a bench with a novel. He's got one eye on the gates. We'll walk by behind him—without knowing he's there, of course!"

"Come on!" grinned the Bounder.

The two juniors strolled along to the

old Greyfriars elms. On a bench, under one of the shady trees, James Walker was sitting.

He had a book open on his knees, but every now and then he lifted his eyes to glance at fellows going out at the gates, which stood wide open on a half-holiday.

Walker was on the watch, as Tom Brown had guessed at once when he noticed him there from a distance.

Walker's nose was getting better; but it was still red and raw. But even if his nose mended, nothing could mend the fact that a junior had punched it, and got away with that performance.

The discovery that Tom Brown was not the decent and self-respecting fellow his Form-master believed him to be, but an arrant young blackguard, was a windfall to Walker. All he had to do was to spot the young rascal—and then the damage to his nose would be fully avenged! At the same time, he would be doing his duty and showing what a zealous prefect he was—a contrast to his usual slackness in performing his prefectorial duties!

He had not ventured to make any more searches in Tom's study. But during the past two or three days he had had a watchful eye on the young sweep! Sooner or later, he had no doubt, he would spot him out of bounds, in some forbidden haunt, and, though he had actually shadowed him twice without result, he was still hopeful. Now he had an eye on the gates—ready, if Tom went out for a walk, to take a walk in the same direction.

Tom Brown did not appear among the fellows who went down to the gates. But suddenly, to his surprise, Walker heard his voice.

He had heard, without heeding, the footsteps of some fellows who were passing behind the elm on which he leaned as he sat on the bench. But

he heeded very promptly as he heard the voice of one of those fellows, and recognised the cheery, pleasant tones of the New Zealand junior.

"Coming out, Smithy?"

"Where?"

"I'm going up the river, to the three fishers."

Walker gave a violent start. Then he sat very still!

He heard every word distinctly.

His eyes gleamed.

It was not very dignified, perhaps, for a Sixth Form prefect to sit silent and listen to what was being said on the other side of a tree by juniors who did not know that he was there. But Walker was too keen on making a catch to be very particular. He listened with avidity!

"The three fishers, Browney!" he heard the Bouncer repeat.

"Yes; coming?"

"No fear! Might be a row!"

"Oh, I don't care!"

"Well, I jolly well do. Look here, why not come down to the nets? Much better than going up the river to the three fishers."

"I'm rather keen on it, Smithy. But if you won't come, you won't! I'm jolly well going to the three fishers."

"Look here, come down to the cricket instead!"

"Oh, rats! The three fishers for me! I tell you—"

The voices and the footsteps passed on, out of Walker's hearing.

Breathing hard, Walker peered cautiously round the massive trunk of the ancient elm. He had a back view of Tom Brown and Herbert Vernon-Smith walking away.

They disappeared.

"By gum!" breathed Walker.

There was no doubt about this! With his own ears he had heard that dingy, disreputable young rascal say that he was going up the river to the Three Fishers! Vernon-Smith—a fellow whose reputation was not of the best—had refused to go with him; but Brown was going!

Walker waited, watchful!

It was about a quarter of an hour later when he noticed Tom Brown walking down to the gates—evidently, to Walker, utterly unaware that the prefect had overheard his talk with Vernon-Smith and knew his destination.

Tom Brown turned out at the gates and Walker rose from the bench, put his novel in his pocket, and strolled after him.

Tom Brown, without a backward glance, walked past the school boat-house and went up the towpath.

Walker was rather glad that he did not look back. If he had looked back he might have spotted Walker and changed his plans for the afternoon! Walker did not want him to change his plans and spoil this splendid chance of catching him in the very act!

On the towpath, however, Tom Brown dropped his handkerchief. Stooping to pick it up, he looked under his arm and spotted the prefect some distance in the rear. Walker did not observe that swift backward glance as he stooped, and Tom walked on cheerily, satisfied that he was being shadowed.

It was quite a pleasant walk up the river, between the dark green woods and the shining Sark, under a blue, sunny sky. Tom Brown walked on in quite a cheery mood—all the cheerier because he was pulling Walker's egregious leg.

He walked at a leisurely pace till, far in the distance, over the tree-tops, a stack of old red chimney-pots came into sight against the blue of the sky.

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That chimney-stack marked where the Three Fishers lay.

Then Tom broke into a sudden, rapid run. It was time for him to disappear from sight, leaving Walker to come on, and, finding nobody on the towpath, draw his own conclusions from that circumstance! He scudded up the river—and chuckled as he scudded!

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The Three Fishers!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry suddenly. "Browney!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

It was only a few minutes after leaving Temple & Co. that the Famous Five spotted a running figure on the bank.

It was Tom Brown, coming up the winding Sark at a rapid run!

Why the New Zealand junior was cutting up the towpath at that rate was rather a mystery to the fellows in the boat. Looking past him, they could see no sign of a pursuer. But the winding bank, following the winding of the Sark, shut off the view at a distance.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Browney!" roared Bob. The juniors pulled the boat in nearer to the bank. "What's the row?"

Tom Brown came to a rather breathless halt. He shot a quick glance back along the towpath, and then grinned at the fellows in the boat.

"See anything of Walker?" he called out.

From the river there was a farther view along the bank than from on shore.

"Walker?" repeated Bob. "No, he's not in sight."

"He soon will be!" grinned Tom.

"But what's Walker after you for?" asked Harry Wharton. He stood up in the boat, holding on to a bush. "Hunting for smokes again?"

"No; pub-haunting this time!" answered Tom.

"Wha-at?"

"You see, he heard me mention to Smithy that I was going up the river to the three fishers," explained Browney. "So, of course, he was after me like a shot."

"But you're not——" gasped Bob.

"I jolly well am! Have you seen Temple and Dab and Fry?"

"Eh—yes! We've just been scrapping with them. What——"

"They're the three fishers I'm going to," explained Tom, "but Walker doesn't happen to know that."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh scissors!" gasped Bob Cherry. "You let him hear you——"

"I thought he'd be interested. He doesn't know anything about Temple and his pals going fishing, of course. If he did, he probably wouldn't think of them as three fishers——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Harry Wharton. "If that silly ass falls for that, and goes with a tale to Quelch—— Oh crumbs!"

"I fancy he will when he doesn't find me on the towpath!" chuckled Tom Brown. "I'm going to park myself out of sight—see? What is Walker going to think when he can't find me on the towpath?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, gorgeous!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Cut on, Browney! See those willows yonder? Those Fourth Form fatheads

are there; you can't see them from the bank through the willows, but they're there! Lots of cover in those willows, and right at the three fishers——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Brown grinned, and ran on up the towpath, heading for the spot where the clump of willows hid the Fourth Form fishermen.

"Get this boat round!" exclaimed Bob Cherry hastily.

"Eh—aren't we going in to tea?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No, ass! We're going up the river again as far as the three fishers—I mean, the three fishermen. Can't you see?" gasped Bob. "Walker will see us when he comes along, and we can tell him we saw Browney going to the three fishers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove gurgled with mirth as they got the boat round and pulled up the Sark again. To exactly what extent James Walker's leg could be pulled they were not sure, but they were prepared to pull it to the very greatest possible extent.

Pulling up the Sark, Tom Brown remained under their eyes. They saw him reach the willows and plunge into them. Then they saw him emerge from the clump on the side towards the water, where Temple, Dabney and Fry favoured him with a stare.

The "three fishers" had extracted their fishing-rods by that time, and were settling down to angle again.

Tom Brown gave them a cheery greeting, to which Temple & Co. replied only by grunts. Remove fellows were not popular with them at the moment.

However, Tom Brown did not linger in their company. He stepped back into the willows and disappeared from sight again.

This time he stayed disappeared.

The Three Fishers Inn was farther up the river, and Tom was going to remain parked in the willows till he saw Walker pass. After Walker had passed, all he had to do was to walk back to the school, leaving the zealous prefect to continue his investigations.

Harry Wharton & Co. ceased to pull, and pushed the boat into the bank. There they tied up, some distance below the spot where the three Fourth Form fishers were fishing. They had seen Tom Brown join Temple & Co., and could truthfully state that they had seen him go to the three fishers if Walker wanted to know. Now they took a rest, and waited for Walker to materialise.

They had not very long to wait.

Up the towpath from the direction of the school came James Walker at a rapid, swinging stride. He glanced at the boat in passing, and strode on. It was not unusual for fellows to tie up for a rest, and he did not suppose that the crew of the Remove boat were interested in him in any way.

But they were—deeply.

They watched him stride on and pass the willows, about a hundred yards farther up the Sark. Then he disappeared beyond a winding turn of the bank, going strong for the Three Fishers.

Evidently he had not the slightest suspicion that he had passed Tom Brown on the way, and fancied that the New Zealand junior was still ahead of him.

After he was gone Tom Brown emerged from the willows and came down the river. He stopped at the boat, and gave the Famous Five a nod and a grin.

"If you fellows are going back, you

can give me a lift," he remarked. "I'm done with Walker now."

"We're not!" chuckled Bob. "You cut off, Browney, and keep out of sight. We're waiting here till Walker comes back."

"Eh—what for?"

"To give him information if he wants any. He's fearfully keen on getting information from Remove fellows—we know that from Bunter. We're witnesses to your awful conduct, you young reprobate!"

"Eh—what have I done?"

"We saw you go to the three fishers! If Walker asks us questions, we're bound to tell him so—must answer a prefect!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Tom Brown.

And he cut away down the river and vanished, leaving the Famous Five in the boat, waiting for Walker, in quite a happy mood.

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Witnesses For Walker!

**W**ALKER drew a deep, deep breath.

Standing on the towpath opposite the gate of the Three Fishers Inn, he looked up and down and round about, and saw no one.

Where was Tom Brown?

That he had been hidden in a clump of willows which Walker had passed ten minutes ago, and that he had since walked off to Greyfriars, naturally did not occur to Walker.

He was not likely to suspect that a junior had walked more than a mile up the river, taken cover in some willows, and then walked back again.

Walker had walked on as far as the riverside inn, in the full belief that Browney was ahead of him all the time. But now that he had reached the inn, he did not suppose that Browney was ahead; he supposed that he had turned in at the gates of the Three Fishers.

What else was he to think after what he had heard Tom saying to Vernon-Smith at the school?

He had followed the young rascal up the river to make sure—to make assurance doubly sure, as it were. Now he was sure.

Tom Brown, at that actual moment, he had not the slightest doubt, was within those forbidden precincts. He was, Walker was sure, the junior whose cap he had seen, a week or more ago, dodging over the fence of that disreputable resort. Anyhow, he was there now.

Satisfied on that point, Walker turned back and walked down the river bank on his homeward way. He walked past the clump of willows—from which Tom Brown had long since departed.

He did not observe the three Fourth Formers on the jutting point of the bank, with their fishing-rods; the thick willows screened them from the landward side. Neither would he have been interested in Temple & Co. if he had known they were there.

Walking on down the bank, he sighted the Remove boat again, still tied up in the rushes, where he had passed it on his way up.

The five juniors in the boat were talking as he came along, and as they were not looking towards him, they did not, apparently, see him coming. Naturally, their voices reached his ears.

"That ass Browney!" said Bob Cherry. "Walker wasn't more than five minutes behind him, you know!"

"Well, he couldn't have seen him," remarked Harry Wharton.

"Well, no; but we saw him plain enough! If Walker had been in a boat he would have seen him, same as we did."

"Well, he wasn't. We——"

"Hush!" said Bob Cherry in a deep, dramatic whisper.

He looked round at Walker, who had come to a halt on the bank.

Walker of the Sixth came down to the edge of the bank. He fixed his eyes grimly on the juniors in the boat.

"Did you see Brown pass here a little while ago?" he asked.

"Brown?" repeated Harry Wharton. "Do you mean Tom Brown of our Form?"

"You know I do!" snapped Walker.

"Yes, we saw him," said Harry. "He was going up the river, Walker—going for a walk, I suppose."

"The walkfulness in this excellent summer weather is terrifically agreeable!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"This isn't out of bounds, Walker," said Bob Cherry. "School bounds are as far as Courtfield Bridge on a half-holiday, you know."

"Time we pushed off, isn't it?" said Nugent. "We want to get in to tea."

He fumbled with the painter.

Walker smiled—grimly! He had no doubt that these young rascals would have been glad to clear off and avoid questioning on the subject of Tom Brown! He did not guess that they were cheerfully giving him that impression, with malice aforethought!

"Don't untie that painter yet, Nugent!" he said.

"Eh? Why not?" asked Frank. "We want to get back to tea, Walker."

"In a fearful hurry all of a sudden?" asked Walker sarcastically.

"Well, not specially, but——"

"Well, you've been hanging on here some time, and you can hang on a few minutes longer!" grinned Walker. "Did you see where Brown went?"

"Up the river!" answered Johnny Bull.

"Yes, I know he went up the river, you young sweep!" said Walker. "I fancy I know just where, too—and I fancy you know as well as I do. You can't see the gate of the Three Fishers from here—but you could see it if you were out on the river. I want to know if you saw where Brown went."

That was exactly what the playful five wanted Walker to ask them, if Walker had only known it! But they were careful not to smile! Five faces, in fact, assumed carefully worried and troubled expressions.

None of the juniors answered.

"Do you hear me?" rapped Walker sharply.

"Oh, yes! But——" said Bob.

"Did you see where Brown went, after he had passed you?"

"Well, yes."

"Where did he go?"

Silence again. The juniors looked more worried and troubled than ever—though it was not easy to keep from grinning!

Walker's expression was almost gloating.

He knew—he had no doubt!—where Brown had gone, and where he was at that moment! But he had not actually seen him enter the forbidden place! He had had to shadow him from a distance, or the young rascal would have been put on his guard, and, of course, would not have gone into the Three Fishers at all! But though he had not himself seen Tom Brown enter that disreputable resort, he had no doubt that these

juniors had seen him from their boat on the river. What he had heard them saying as he came down the bank hardly left a doubt on that subject.

They were eye-witnesses—and their reluctance to answer his questions would have banished all doubt, if Walker had had any doubt.

"Will you answer me?" he demanded.

"Well," said Harry Wharton slowly. "I don't see that we're bound to answer a question like that, Walker!"

"I'm asking you, as a prefect!" said Walker. "You are bound to answer a prefect's questions, as you know very well."

"Yes, but——"

"We're not bound to give a chap away!" said Johnny Bull, shaking his head. "I shan't say anything."

"Well," said Bob, "Walker's a prefect, you know—I—I think we'd better tell him, if he asks us."

"I think you'd better!" said Walker grimly. "And I think you'd better waste no more time about it, either! Where did Brown go after he passed you?"

"He went to the three fishers!" answered Bob, with an air of great reluctance.

Walker's eyes gleamed.

"You saw him go to the Three Fishers!" he exclaimed.

"Well, we couldn't help seeing him, could we?" said Bob. "He went on up the bank, and we saw him go to the three fishers, as we were looking in that direction. No bizney of ours."

"You all saw him?" demanded Walker.

"We're not blind!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Give me a direct answer at once!" snapped Walker.

"Yes, we all saw him go to the three fishers!" said Harry Wharton. "If that's what you want to know, Walker, there it is."

"That's enough!" said Walker, and he turned away and strode on down the tow-path.

The Famous Five watched him go almost breathlessly.

Walker, evidently, was going back to the school with a report for Quelch! Really, it seemed almost too good to be true!

Bob Cherry gurgled. He did not want to laugh till Walker was out of hearing—but he felt like suffocating.

It was quite a relief when Walker disappeared beyond a winding turn of the bank, and the juniors could venture to chuckle.

"He's gone to Quelch!" gasped Bob.

"Gone to report Browney for going to the three fishers—Temple, Dabney, and Fry!" gurgled Johnny Bull.

"And we're witnesses, and he will call on us to prove it to Quelch!" murmured Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Walker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And—and—and he thinks that old Browney's in that den, at this very minute, painting the place red—and doesn't guess that he's back at the school before this——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shouldn't wonder if Walker gets fed up with trailing Remove fellows after this!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five roared. The bare idea of that zealous prefect making so absurd a report to Quelch made them howl. They almost wept as they pushed off the boat, to pull back to Greyfriars.

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## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

## Not Nice For Quelch!

"**N**ONSENSE!" said Mr. Quelch decisively.

"Really, sir—"

"I repeat, nonsense!" said the Remove master, fixing his gimlet-eyes on James Walker with a most unpleasant glint in them. "I will listen to nothing of the kind, Walker! You have a prejudice—a foolish prejudice—against this boy Brown: one of the very best boys in my Form!"

"But—"

"Twice" said Mr. Quelch, "you have reported this boy to me. On each occasion it proved to be a ridiculous mistake—a mistake such as no prefect should make. I will hear no more."

"I am bound to report to you, sir, as Brown's Form-master, that the boy has been out of bounds this afternoon—"

"Nonsense!"

"In a disreputable resort—"

"Utter nonsense!"

"A place, sir, strictly out of bounds—the most disreputable resort in the whole neighbourhood—"

"This is another ridiculous mistake, Walker."

"I have absolute proof, sir, that Brown entered the Three Fishers, and I have my duty to do!" said Walker.

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips hard! "Are you telling me that you saw Brown of my Form enter that disreputable public-house, with your own eyes?" he demanded.

"No; I did not actually see him enter—but I have proof—"

"Nonsense!"

"If you will listen to me—"

Mr. Quelch raised his hand. "I will not listen to you, Walker! I will hear nothing of the kind, after the two absurd mistakes you have made already! You are making yourself ridiculous by this conduct, Walker! I will not hear another word against a junior whose conduct has always been most exemplary."

"But—"

"That will do, Walker!" The Remove master waved his hand to the door.

"Very well, sir!" said Walker, between his teeth. "As you refuse to hear my report, I shall take it to the headmaster."

"You may please yourself about that, Walker, if you desire to persist in making ridiculous mistakes!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

Walker, almost pale with rage, left the Remove master's study.

Mr. Quelch frowned after him as he went. He was annoyed and angry; and he had no faith whatever in Walker's reports concerning Tom Brown.

But, after Walker had gone, the Remove master was a little troubled in mind. The prefect evidently intended to take his report to the Head. It was possible that Dr. Locke might consider that Brown's Form-master ought to have listened to it, and inquired into it. And if, by some unhappy possibility, Walker was not making a mistake this time—

At that thought Mr. Quelch felt quite a chill!

He did not believe, and could not and would not believe, that frank, honest Tom Brown was the sort of fellow Walker fancied him to be. His own judgment was a good deal more reliable than Walker's.

Yet there existed the possibility, at least—a remote possibility! And, in such a case, what would his position be?

It was most uncomfortable to think of!

Mr. Quelch, perhaps, wished that he

had listened to Walker's report after all! But it was too late now!

A tap came at Mr. Quelch's door, and Trotter, the House page, delivered a message from the Head.

Mr. Quelch had been expecting it! The Head, when he heard Walker's report, would naturally send for the accused junior's Form-master.

Mr. Quelch's lips were tightly compressed as he made his way to Dr. Locke's study.

Walker of the Sixth was in that study, standing before the Head's table. Dr. Locke's kind old face was very serious and grave.

"Pray be seated, my dear Quelch!" he said. "Walker has reported to me a matter concerning a boy of your Form. I have asked him why he did not take the matter to you in the first place, and he states that you declined to hear him."

"That is quite correct, sir!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "Walker is so prone to make absurd mistakes that I had not the slightest doubt that he is now making another."

Dr. Locke coughed.

"It is an extremely serious matter, Mr. Quelch! If it is as it appears, a boy of your Form will be expelled from Greyfriars."

"I have no fear whatever of any such occurrence, sir!" said Mr. Quelch stiffly. "But if it is your view that the matter should be inquired into, your decision is, of course, law to me."

"So very serious a matter cannot be passed over, Mr. Quelch! Walker states explicitly that Brown of the Remove had spent the afternoon in a public house, not only out of bounds for all Greyfriars boys, but avoided by all respectable people."

"I am assured that Brown has done nothing of the kind, sir," said Mr. Quelch acidly.

Having taken up his position in this matter, Quelch was not the man to recede from it.

"Please hear what Walker has to say, at all events!" said the Head, with a touch of acidity in his own tone.

"Very good, sir!"

"Proceed, Walker!" said Dr. Locke.

"Certainly, sir," said Walker smoothly. "This afternoon, while I was reading under the elms, Brown spoke to another Remove boy in my hearing. He did not observe me, and his words came to my ears quite by chance. He told the other boy, Vernon-Smith, that he was going to the Three Fishers. He asked the other boy to go with him. Vernon-Smith very properly refused, and on his side tried to persuade Brown to go down to the cricket instead. Finally, Brown went out of gates by himself."

Mr. Quelch stared at the prefect. He had some suspicions of Smithy—none of Brown! Unless Walker was making an utterly idiotic mistake, those two juniors seemed to have changed characters for the afternoon!

"Proceed!" said the Head.

"In the circumstances, sir, I decided to keep Brown under observation, to some extent," said Walker. "I went up the towpath, in the direction of the Three Fishers, the direction Brown had taken. He was some distance ahead of me—and when I reached the gate of the Three Fishers, he was nowhere to be seen. After what he had said to Vernon-Smith, I could have no doubt where he had gone."

"Quite so!" said the Head.

Mr. Quelch breathed rather hard! He realised that Walker had, after all, had something to "go upon." But he was not convinced.

"School bounds are extended as far as Courtfield Bridge on a half-holiday," he said. "Brown may have walked on to Courtfield."

Walker suppressed a grin. This, really, was catching at straws! Brown was not likely to have walked on to Courtfield, after what Walker had heard him say to Smithy! Still, Walker was glad that he had another card to play—quite an overwhelming trump card!

"That is not all, sir!" said Walker, very blandly. "As I returned, I noticed some juniors in a boat, and it occurred to me that they might have seen Brown's movements—from their boat on the river. I, therefore, questioned them, and learned from them that they had actually seen Brown enter that disreputable resort."

Mr. Quelch started.

"Boys of what Form?" he snapped.

"Your own, sir."

"Their names?"

"Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bull, and Hurree Singh."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, quite dismayed and bewildered. "You actually state, Walker, that these five boys told you that they had seen Brown go into that disreputable public-house?"

"They did, sir! They were very unwilling to speak; but they owned up, finally, that they had seen him go to the Three Fishers."

Mr. Quelch sat silent, quite overwhelmed.

"You see, my dear Quelch, that the matter is very serious!" said the Head. "The statement made to Walker by five boys of your Form is surely unquestionable evidence."

Mr. Quelch drew a deep breath. He was the man to stick to his guns, to the last shot in the locker.

"No, sir," he said firmly. "I regard this as far from unquestionable! I admit that I am perplexed—I cannot understand it! The matter must, of course, be thoroughly investigated, in view of Walker's statement. But I still hope, and still believe, that some error has been made—I believe, sir, that the boy Brown, who came here from a distant Dominion, is one of the finest characters in my Form—a credit to the Remove, sir, and a credit to Greyfriars. I shall not change that opinion in haste, sir!"

Walker had to suppress a chuckle! He had the Remove-master on toast now! At least, he had no doubt that he had!

"Strict inquiry, at all events, must be made, Mr. Quelch," said the Head. "All the boys named will be present at calling-over. After that, please let every one of them be sent to my study, and I will question them. You, of course, will be present."

"Very good, sir."

Mr. Quelch left the Head's study in a sorely troubled frame of mind.

James Walker left it in triumphant mood.

Walker rubbed his nose as he went down the passage! At last, at long last, that dilapidated boko was going to be avenged!

## THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

## Not A Win For Walker!

"**T**HE Head!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What larks!" gasped Bob Cherry. "My beloved 'carers, what jolly old larks!"



"Bunter, answer me directly!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Did you find this disreputable racing paper in Brown's study?"  
 "No, sir!" answered the fat Removite. "I—I found it in Walker's study!" "Wha-a-at!" stuttered Mr. Quelch.  
 "WHAT!" roared Walker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Seven juniors chuckled and chortled; they howled; in fact, they yelled. It was really too rich!

That Walker of the Sixth would go to Quelch, and make a fool of himself, they anticipated! But that he would go to the Head—that he would reveal to Dr. Locke what an ass he was, they had never guessed. Not for a moment had it occurred to any of them that the majestic Head would be dragged into this utterly ridiculous matter.

But there it was! At calling-over in Hall, seven juniors in the Remove had been directed to go to the Head's study, immediately after roll had been called.

They were not told why; but, of course, they knew! Tom Brown had expected to be called before Quelch—the Famous Five had expected to be called! They were called before the Head instead. Smithy was also summoned to that august apartment; no doubt his witnessing was also required. And the whole seven gurgled with merriment at the prospect of seeing Walker's face when the Head heard about those "three fishers."

In view of what was to transpire, when the matter was explained, it was not easy for the seven to keep serious, as they made their way to the Head's study. But they contrived to do so, as they neared that apartment. The headmaster's study was no place for hilarity.

Deep gravity reigned there when the juniors arrived.

Dr. Locke sat at his writing-table—grave and stern. Mr. Quelch stood at the end of the table, with prim, compressed lips. Walker of the Sixth stood in front of it, carefully suppressing his satisfaction, and affecting an air of serious concern.

Seven juniors filed respectfully in. Dr. Locke glanced at them, and with especial keenness at Tom Brown. He signed to Tom to come forward.

"Brown," said the Head, in a deep voice, "I have heard a very serious report concerning you, and must question you. You have been out of gates this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you been out of bounds?"

"No, sir."

"Did you, before going out of gates, ask another boy to accompany you to a place out of school bounds?"

"No, sir!"

Walker looked at Tom Brown. His look expressed open contempt. Walker knew what he had heard under the elms!

"I have told you what reached my ears, sir, when that junior was speaking to Vernon-Smith!" he said.

"Quite so, Walker; but I am now questioning the juniors. Vernon-Smith, stand forward!"

The Bounder stood forward.

"Did Brown speak to you, under the elms, before going out of gates, Vernon-Smith?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Did he ask you to accompany him to a place out of school bounds?"

"No, sir."

Walker gave a grunt. This, to him, appeared absolutely barefaced lying.

Mr. Quelch weighed in:

"Walker seems to imply, sir, that these boys are speaking untruthfully. I am bound to say that I believe every word they have spoken."

"I know what I heard them say, sir!" snapped Walker.

"You made some absurd mistake, Walker—not a new thing, by any means!" snapped back the Remove master.

"That is what we shall ascertain," said the Head patiently. "Wharton?"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"You and your friends, I am informed, were in a boat on the river

this afternoon, and you saw Brown on the bank. Did you see him enter a place out of bounds for Greyfriars boys?"

"No, sir."

"You told me——" began Walker furiously.

"Kindly leave this to me, Walker," said Dr. Locke. "Either Walker had made some very extraordinary mistake, Wharton, or you told him that you had seen Brown enter a public-house called the Three Fishers."

"I think Walker must have made an extraordinary mistake, sir," said the captain of the Remove demurely.

There was the sound of a suppressed gurgle.

"Cherry!" rapped the Head suddenly.

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Bob.

"This is not a laughing matter!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"The matter is very serious!" said the Head severely. "Brown will be expelled from the school if this charge be proved against him. Kindly be silent."

Dr. Locke pursed his lips. He was quite puzzled. However, he resumed the inquiry with Vernon-Smith.

"Vernon-Smith! No doubt you remember what Brown said to you, as it was only a few hours ago?"

"Every word, sir," answered the Bounder.

"Then kindly tell me exactly what was said."

"Brown asked me if I was coming out, sir, and said he was going up the river to see some Fourth Form chaps. I said there might be a row. We have rows with the Fourth sometimes, sir," said the Bounder meekly. "So I suggested to Brown to come down to the cricket instead. But he went, all the same, and I went to the cricket."

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"It's false!" gasped Walker, unable to contain himself. "Dr. Locke, I give you my word that I heard distinctly what Brown said. There was only an elm-tree between us, and I heard him clearly. And he said that he was going up the river to the Three Fishers. Vernon-Smith knows that perfectly well."

"Yes, that's right," said Vernon-Smith, with a nod.

Walker stared at him; Mr. Quelch started, and the Head almost jumped.

"That is right?" repeated the Head.

"Oh, yes, sir; that's what Brown said!"

"What! Take care, Vernon-Smith! A moment ago you stated that Brown said that he was going up the river to see some Fourth Form boys."

"Yes, sir—Temple and Dabney and Fry of the Fourth Form. They were the three fishers, sir."

"Wha-a-t?" stuttered the Head.

"Vernon-Smith!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"They were the three fishers that Brown was going to see, sir," said the Bounder calmly. "They'd gone fishing—"

"They—they—had—gone—fishing!" uttered the Head. "Bless my soul! They—they had gone fishing! Upon my word! Do you mean to say, Vernon-Smith, that Brown spoke of those three Fourth Form boys as three fishers, because they had—had gone fishing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless my soul!" said the Head, quite faintly.

"Brown might have called them three anglers, or three fishermen; but, as it happened, he spoke of them as three fishers, sir," said Vernon-Smith. "A fellow who goes fishing is a fisher, sir."

Mr. Quelch looked very hard at the Bounder, and a faint smile flickered over his face. Quelch was quick on the uptake, and he scented a jape. He could guess that Tom Brown had had some special reason for speaking of three anglers as three fishers.

"Brown," said the Head, after a pause.

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"Do you corroborate Vernon-Smith's statement?"

"Certainly, sir! I told him I was going up the river to the three fishers—Temple, Dabney, and Fry."

"Such an expression, Brown, is somewhat unusual, and might very easily lead to misunderstanding, in view of the fact that a disreputable resort in this neighbourhood bears the name of the Three Fishers."

"Oh, Smithy knew what I meant, sir!"

"Certainly, sir!" said the Bounder.

"No doubt, no doubt!" said the Head hastily. "Walker, you have heard this junior's explanation of the words you heard him use. It appears that there was a—a misunderstanding on your part."

Walker set his lips.

"I do not believe anything of the kind, sir!" he answered. "I am perfectly certain where Brown was going, and where he actually did go."

"Where did you go exactly, Brown?"

"Up the river, sir, as far as the three fishers—I mean the three anglers—those Fourth Form chaps—"

"You did not enter the—the resort called the Three Fishers?"

"Oh, no, sir! I never went so far up the river."

"It's false!" hissed Walker. "Dr. Locke, I followed this junior as far as the gate of the Three Fishers, and if he had still been on the towpath I should have seen him."

"I wasn't on the towpath when you passed me, Walker," explained Tom Brown meekly. "I was sitting down under some willows, where the Fourth Form chaps were fishing. I came back after you passed."

Walker almost choked.

Mr. Quelch's eyes were glimmering. It was clear enough to him, if not to the Head, that Walker's leg had been pulled.

"These boys, sir," said Walker, in a choking voice, pointing to the Famous Five, "if they tell the truth, they will

tell you what they told me when I questioned them. They should be compelled, sir, to tell the truth!"

"No compulsion will be needed, Walker, with these boys of my Form," said Mr. Quelch. "Wharton, kindly tell your headmaster exactly what you told Walker."

"Certainly, sir!" said Harry. "Walker asked us if we'd seen Brown, and where he went. I told him we didn't feel bound to answer questions like that; but as he insisted, and as he's a prefect, we told him—"

"What did you tell him?" rapped the Head.

"We told him we'd seen Tom Brown go to the Fourth Form chaps, sir," answered Harry Wharton.

"You told me you saw him go to the Three Fishers!" roared Walker.

"Yes, that's right; they were the three fishers—Temple, Dabney and Fry."

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Walker.

"Temple and his friends will bear out what we say, sir," said Harry meekly. "They saw Brown when he went to where they were fishing."

"Yes, sir," said Brown; "all the three fishers saw me, sir. They know that I sat down in the willows for a time, and then came back."

Dr. Locke looked at the juniors, he looked at Walker, he looked at Mr. Quelch.

Quelch passed his hand over his mouth. A glimmer came into the Head's own eyes. It was dawning on him now.

It was dawning on Walker, too. He was realising that he had, after all, discovered a mare's nest. He had been taken in completely by a playful play upon words.

"I think," said the Head slowly, "that—that this matter may be dismissed, Mr. Quelch. Obviously there was a misunderstanding on Walker's part."

"Obviously," said Mr. Quelch.

"That is clear to you now, Walker, I presume?"

"I—I—I," Walker stammered—"I—I suppose I—I—I certainly thought—I jolly well know that they meant me to think—" He broke off, overwhelmed with confusion.

"You may leave my study, my boys," said the Head.

Harry Wharton & Co. contrived to maintain their gravity till they got outside the Head's study. But they howled with merriment as they went down the corridor. They almost tottered away to the Rag to tell the story there, and the Rag rocked with laughter when it was told.

In the Head's study Walker of the Sixth stood crimson, wishing that the floor would open and swallow him up. Mr. Quelch had his hand over his mouth, evidently finding it difficult to restrain a laugh, and the Head's lips were twitching.

"You must be more careful, Walker," said the Head. "You have wasted my time, Walker, and caused Mr. Quelch some annoyance, and the whole matter turns out to be an absurd, a most ridiculous misunderstanding—a really ludicrous mistake on your part, Walker."

"I—I—I," stuttered Walker.

"A prefect," said the Head, "should not make such mistakes. I trust, Walker, that you will be more careful on future occasions. I am afraid that this absurd occurrence will cause merriment in the lower Forms, thus bringing the office of prefect into ridicule."

## Waiting for You today in The GEM

### "BARRED BY THE REMOVE!"

A powerful and dramatic Frank Richards story telling of a sensational mystery at Greyfriars. Someone unknown sends an insulting letter about a Form-master to the Head! Who is the culprit?

### "FORBIDDEN TO FIGHT!"

Martin Clifford's full-of-punch yarn of a truculent St. Jim's junior who is barred from fighting—and the penalty of disobedience is a flogging and expulsion! Read how George Alfred Grundy, so used to punching other fellows, finds himself at the mercy of any chap who chooses to punch him!

## The GEM

Now on sale at all Newsagents 2d



"I—I—" gurgled Walker.  
 "The matter closes here," said the Head. "You may leave my study, Walker!"

The hapless prefect tottered from the study. He shut the door and wiped his perspiring brow. Then he gave a start! There was a sound from within the study—the sound of laughter!

Mr. Quelch was laughing—the Head was laughing! Walker's feelings were too deep for words, as he stared at the Head's door.

"Most absurd!" He heard the Head's voice. "Most absurd—ha, ha!"

"Very absurd indeed!" That was Quelch. "Ha, ha!"

Walker shook his fist at the door, and tramped away.

## THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

### Billy Bunter To The Rescue!

"OOOOOGH!" spluttered Hazel-dene.

He was taken quite by surprise.

It was after class, on Monday.

Hazel was seated in his study, in deep and earnest perusal of that fascinating publication, "Sporting Tips."

Having, by this time, recovered somewhat from the misadventure of Blue Mouse, the sportsman of the Remove was looking for another winner!

Hazel was so deep in that entrancing pursuit that he did not look up when Tom Brown came into the study. He was apprised of his studymate's entrance by a sudden grip on the back of his neck.

He spluttered and glared round, and "Sporting Tips" fluttered to the floor.

"Urrgh! You silly ass! Wharrer you at?" gasped Hazel. "Leggo!"

"You frowsy, foozling, fatheaded swab!" said Tom. "What have you got that rag in this study for?"

"Mind your own business!" howled Hazel. He wrenched his collar away from Brown's grip, and stood panting, his fists clenched. "You silly, cheeky rotter, what's it got to do with you?"

Tom's eyes gleamed at him. Since Walker had been on the warpath, Hazel had not ventured to smoke in the study, or to keep cigarettes there! Brown's objections had been too strenuous. Now Brown seemed to be objecting equally strenuously to racing papers.

"You worm!" roared Tom Brown. "That chump Walker is watching me about like a cat—he may poke his nose into this study at any time—and what's going to happen if he spots racing papers here?"

"It's mine, you rotter, not yours!" panted Hazel.

"You'd own up that it was yours!" snorted Tom. "Did you own up that the smokes were yours, when I got lagged for them? You know you didn't! And you wouldn't own up that that racing rag was yours, either! You're not going to have anything of that kind in my study."

"It's my study, too!" bawled Hazel. "Leave that paper alone!"

He grabbed at the pink paper, and Tom grabbed at it! They both got hold of it together! There was a rending, tearing sound!

"Let go that paper!" shouted Hazel.

"I'm going to burn it!" said Tom determinedly. "If you can't keep straight, you worm, you can keep from landing me in your rows! I'm going to burn that rag in the grate, and if you want me to punch your head first, I'm ready."

The next moment they were scrapping.

"I say, you fellows!" came a fat squeak from the passage. "They're scrapping in Study No. 2! Hazel and Brown—"

There was a rush of feet in the Remove passage. Six or seven fellows stared into Study No. 2.

Tom Brown and Hazel were in a grapple, both punching, and trampling on a pink paper that was rapidly being reduced to an unreadable state.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "What's the row?"

"The rowfulness seems to be truly terrific!"

"Brownie, old man—" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

Bump!

Hazel went heavily to the floor. He sat panting and spluttering for breath, and Tom Brown, panting, too, picked up the pink paper.

He looked round at the fellows in the doorway, with a flushed face.

"It's this!" he said. "I've told Hazel I won't have this stuff here, for Walker to spot and put down to me."

"Oh!" said Harry. "Hazel, you ass, can't you have a little sense? You've got Brownie into a row already with your rotten smokes, and now—"

"Oh, shut up!" snarled Hazel.

He staggered to his feet, gasping. But he did not renew the combat. He was no match for the sturdy New Zealand junior, and it was futile. But he breathed fury as Tom Brown stuffed the torn and trampled paper into the firegrate, and put a match to it.

"Sporting Tips" flared up, and disappeared in smoke. Hazel's search for a winner—or a loser—had come to a sudden end.

"That's that!" grunted Tom Brown.

He picked up his bat, for which he had come to the study, and walked out of Study No. 2, leaving Hazel glaring and gasping.

The little crowd in the passage cleared off, most of them grinning—and certainly not wasting any sympathy on the exasperated sportsman.

Hazel stared angrily at the ashes in the grate. "Sporting Tips" was gone; it was too late to rescue even a fragment of that valuable publication. Which really was a good thing, for any Greyfriars fellow found in possession of a racing paper was booked for serious trouble. Since the affair of the "three fishers," Walker of the Sixth had been more vengeful than ever on Tom Brown's trail, and it really was not safe to have "Sporting Tips" in that study.

But Hazel did not think, or care, about that! He was intensely exasperated. He had been interrupted in the perusal of a very interesting article by "Quick-Eye," of "Sporting Tips," who knew all about some wonderful winners.

"He, he, he!"

He stared round at the door, at the sound of that unmusical cackle. Billy Bunter lingered there, grinning in at him. The other fellows had gone down to cricket with Brownie, but Bunter was not interested in cricket—he seemed interested in Hazel and his sad loss.

"You fat owl, get out!" snarled Hazel.

"I say, old chap—"

"Get out!" Hazel reached for a missile.

"I say, don't be shirty, old chap!" urged Bunter. "Look here; I know where to get that paper, if you want it."

Hazel laid down the Latin dictionary he had picked up. If there was another copy of "Sporting Tips" available, he was very keen to see it.

"Has Smith got one?" he asked.

"I fancy not!" grinned Bunter. "Smithy's grown jolly careful since Walker started rooting about the Remove studies. But I jolly well know where to get 'Sporting Tips,' if you want it, all the same."

"Well, I do want it!" growled Hazel. "I was picking out a horse for the three-thirty to-morrow, when that fool Brown barged in. Who's got one?"

"Walker!" grinned Bunter.

Hazel jumped.

"Walker!" he repeated. "Don't be an ass! I dare say he has one—I know he was on Blue Mouse last week—but if he has he will be keeping it jolly dark. What do you mean?"

"I saw it in his study!" chuckled Bunter. "I know where he parks it! If last week's number will do—"

"Of course—this week's isn't out yet, fathead! It was last week's I had—but you can't get it from Walker—he would skin you if he knew that you knew he had it—"

"I ain't going to ask him to lend it to me!" chuckled the fat Owl. "I know where to find it in his study. I can drop in for it when he ain't there—see? I can shove it back again after prep, when he's in Hall. Like me to get it for you, old chap?"

"Yes, rather."

"Then I'll tell you what!" said Bunter. "I'm expecting a postal order to-morrow! You lend me the five bob—"

"Don't be an ass!"

"I mean the half-crown," said Bunter, moderating his transports, as it were. "You lend me the half-crown, and I'll get that paper for you—"

"I'll lend you a tanner!" snapped Hazel.

Billy Bunter gave a grunt! Sixpence was a small sum—a very small reward, for the risk involved in borrowing a forbidden paper from a Sixth Form study! Still, even sixpence represented a certain quantity of jam tarts—not to be despised by a fat Owl who was in his usual stony state!

"All right—it's a go!" said Bunter. "I'll keep an eye open, and as soon as Walker ain't in his study I'll get his paper, and bring it here. If you ain't here, I'll shove it under the cushion in the armchair—that's where Walker keeps it—he, he, he! I'll have the tanner now."

"You won't," said Hazel. "You'll have it when you've got the paper."

"Beast!"

Hazel picked up his bat, and went to join the cricketers—really, a better occupation than perusing "Sporting Tips!" Billy Bunter rolled away, to keep an eye on Walker's study, and visit that apartment when he was quite sure that James Walker was not there!

As it happened, he sighted Walker of the Sixth going into the prefects' room with Loder and Carne. Aware, therefore, that the coast was clear, the fat Owl rolled away to Walker's study.

He whipped into that study, shut the door, and lifted the cushion in the seat of the armchair.

"Sporting Tips" lay there under his eyes and his spectacles. Walker, of course, knew nothing of Bunter having seen it on his visit to the study a few days ago. Had Walker been aware of that, no doubt he would have found another spot to keep it in. As it was, there lay "Sporting Tips"—revealed by the lifting of the cushion.

Billy Bunter picked up the racing paper and dropped the cushion into place again. He folded the paper and tucked it out of sight under his waistcoat; then he rolled hurriedly out of

Walker's study and made his way back to the Remove.

He grinned with satisfaction as he rolled into Study No. 2. He drew "Sporting Tips" out from under his waistcoat, unfolded it, and blinked at it through his big spectacles.

Had Hazel been there he would have handed it over and received the promised tanner; as Hazel was not there he was going to hide it in the armchair, safe from Tom Brown if he came up, and go in search of Hazel to collect his reward. But he looked it over, getting quite interested in the possibilities of vast wealth to be obtained by the simple process of backing winners—once they were spotted.

And he was deep—very deep—in "Sporting Tips," when there was a quiet, stealthy step in the Remove passage, and Walker of the Sixth looked in at the doorway.

## THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

### Walker Puts The Lid On!

WALKER started.

And he stared.

Since Mr. Quelch had ordered him not to enter Brown's study again, he could not, prefect as he was, investigate in that study—openly. But he had been keeping a watchful, though surreptitious, eye on it. Sooner or later, he was assured, he would spot that young rascal Brown, and prove that he had been right, and everybody else wrong.

Having made a complete and absolute ass of himself over the affair of the "three fishers," Walker was keener than ever to spot that young rascal Brown. Only by proving his case against that young sweep could he prove that he was not the fool he looked—and, indeed, was!

Now, with all the Remove down at cricket with the games master, he had another chance of rooting through Brown's study unnoticed. Nobody was about in the Remove passage; and as he had noted that both Hazeldene and Tom Brown had gone down to cricket, he naturally took it for granted that there would be nobody in their study.

So he started at the sight of a fat junior standing there blinking through a pair of big spectacles at a pink newspaper. And he stared as he saw what newspaper it was.

This was luck—at last! Previous explorations in Tom Brown's study had not been lucky. But this was sheer luck. There, right under his eyes, was a racing paper.

The fact that he had such a paper himself in his own study did not worry Walker. He was not hunting himself; he was hunting Brown of the Remove. And he had caught him at last!

That young ass Bunter had been nosing about the study and found Brown's racing paper there. That was clear to Walker. Indeed, in the circumstances, he could hardly think anything else. Bunter was in Brown's study, reading "Sporting Tips." So what else was Walker to think?

He fairly gloated.

Not only did Brown keep a racing paper in his study—proof that he was all that Walker suspected—but a foolish, fatuous fellow—Bunter—had got hold of it, and was being led into the same rascally ways thereby. Brown

was not only a disreputable young rascal, but he was spreading his rascalities in his Form, leading others astray. What would Quelch say to this?

Walker gloated at the thought. This was a fearfully serious matter; Quelch himself would have to place it before the Head. They would not laugh this time.

Billy Bunter, deep in "Sporting Tips," did not observe the prefect looking in at the door; he did not know that Walker was there till Walker spoke.

"Bunter!"

Then the fat Owl jumped almost clear of the floor.

He spun round, his eyes popping through his spectacles at Walker. His fat hand went swiftly behind him with the racing paper in it.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Oh crikey!"

"You needn't try to hide that paper," said Walker grimly; "I've seen what it is, Bunter."

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

"It's not yours, I suppose?" demanded Walker. He was going to make quite, quite sure this time. Having made an egregious ass of himself several times, Walker felt that he had better make quite, quite sure.

"Eh?" Bunter blinked at him.

"Wha-a-at?"

For one awful, terrified moment Bunter had supposed that Walker had spotted him and knew that he had abstracted "Sporting Tips" from under the cushion in the armchair in a Sixth Form study.

But Walker's question showed that that was not the case—which was a great relief to Billy Bunter.

"Answer me!" rapped Walker. "Is that paper yours?"

"Oh, no, certainly not!" gasped Bunter. "Catch me wasting twopence on it!"

"I see. You found it—what?"

"Oh, yes, I—I—I fuf-fuf-found it!" stammered Bunter. "I—I wasn't reading it, Walker! I—I wouldn't! I—"

"Where did you find it?"

Bunter did not answer that question—he dared not! Not for his fat life did he dare tell Walker that he had abstracted that "Sporting Tips" from Walker's own study!

Walker stepped in and dropped a hand on the fat Owl's shoulder.

"Come along!" he said.

"I—I say, Walker—"

"Bring that paper with you," grinned Walker. "Come on, my pippin!"

He jerked the fat junior into the passage and along to the stairs.

Billy Bunter, with "Sporting Tips" still in his fat hands, tottered by the side of the triumphant prefect.

"I—I say, Walker, where—where are you going?" he gasped.

"Guess!" grinned Walker.

He led the terrified fat Owl down the stairs and to Masters' Passage. Then, as Bunter realised that he was going to Mr. Quelch, the fat Owl gave a squeak of alarm.

"I—I—I say, we—we ain't going to Quelch, are we, Walker?" he stuttered.

"We are!" grinned Walker. "Come on!"

"But—but—but I—I say, he—he will ask me where I got this paper—" gasped Bunter.

"Exactly!"

"But, I—I say— Oh lor'! I—I say, Walker—" spluttered Bunter.

"I—I shall have to tell him if he asks me, a—a beak, you know—"

"That's what you're going to do!" answered Walker, as he walked Bunter along to Mr. Quelch's door.

"Oh crumbs! I—I say, I—I'd rather not—I say—"

"Shut up—and come on!" said Walker.

He tapped at Quelch's door, opened it, and walked Bunter in.

Mr. Quelch looked up.

"What—"

He frowned. Mr. Quelch had had more than enough of that zealous prefect Walker. He frowned portentously.

"Walker, why have you brought this boy of my Form here? Is this another absurd and ridiculous accusation against a Remove boy?"

"If you will glance at the paper in Bunter's hands, sir, you will see for yourself," said Walker coolly.

"What! Oh! Upon my word! What is that? Bunter, lay that paper on my table! 'Sporting Tips'! Upon my word! Bunter, how dare you have a racing paper in your possession!"

"I—I—I never—"

"Please let me explain, sir," said Walker. He was enjoying this. "I found Bunter with that racing paper in Brown's study—"

"In Brown's study?" repeated Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir. And I do not suppose for one moment that the paper belongs to Bunter. He told me that he had found it. I place this matter in your hands, sir, to be referred to the headmaster," said Walker. "Dr. Locke will judge whether Brown is to be allowed to keep racing papers in his study and allow them to fall into the hands of other boys and corrupt them in turn. This matter, sir, must go before the Head."

Mr. Quelch gave him a look, then he fixed his gimlet-eyes on Bunter in a perfectly terrifying manner.

"Bunter, is this racing paper your own?" he demanded.

"Oh crikey! No, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Did you, as you have told Walker, find it?"

"Oh lor'! Yes, sir!" groaned Bunter.

"Did you find it in a Greyfriars study?"

"Oh dear! Yes, sir."

"In which study?"

Billy Bunter blinked at Mr. Quelch, and blinked at Walker. Between the two he was in a most unenviable state of alarm and dread.

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

"Oh! Yes, sir! No, sir! Oh crikey!"

"He was reading it in Brown's study, sir!" said Walker. "You can draw your own conclusions from that."

"I do not require instructions from you, Walker! Bunter, answer me directly. Did you find that disreputable paper in Brown's study?"

"Oh! No, sir!"

Walker shrugged his shoulders!

"Let him say in what study he found it, sir!" he suggested sarcastically.

"He will do so, Walker! Bunter, I command you to tell me in which Remove study you found that paper, if it was not Brown's!"

"Oh dear! It—it wasn't a Remove study, sir!" groaned Bunter. "N-n-not a Remove study at all, sir! Oh crumbs!"

"If that is true, I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Quelch, relieved.

(Continued on page 28.)

WHAT'S HAPPENING AT GREYFRIARS, By—

# The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

## THE DAILY ROUND 7.30 p.m. PREPARATION

(1)

Now we come to preparation,  
What a horrid situation,  
As old Virgil's piffle taxes  
Our ability to read.  
If the prefect's not on duty  
(Loder or some other beauty),  
Then each weary soul relaxes  
With celerity and speed.

(2)

If you hear the fellows cackle,  
It's a sign they've ceased to tackle  
Beastly Latin, and are after  
Some amusement for a change;  
For we all know Virgil's verses  
May cause groans and pants and curses,  
But they've never yet caused laughter  
Which perhaps is hardly strange.

(3)

So the fun gets fast and furious  
Till old Quelchy, feeling curious  
As to how we are progressing,  
Comes to see us—with a cane!  
Then ensues a scene of slaughter,  
When our blood is shed like water;  
It is brief, but most distressing—  
And we're hard at work again!

## AFTER SCHOOL HOURS A Matter of Time



It was an April evening,  
Old Gosling's work was done,  
He'd shut the gates, reported "lates,"  
And had his bit of fun:  
Inside his lodge with great content  
He sat until the gate-bell went.

It was the senior, Coker,  
Who stood without the gate.  
Said Gosling: "Ho! I'd 'ave you know  
You're fifty minutes late!"  
The champion idiot of the school  
Replied: "It's ten to six, you fool!"

"You've shut the gates too early!"  
And Coker showed his watch.  
"You're either mad, or, what's as bad,  
Been drinking too much Scotch!"  
Said Gosling, purple in the dial:  
"Your watch is wrong by 'arf a  
mile!"

"My watch is not," roared Coker,  
"Nor can be, while it ticks!"  
It's accurate, and I'm not late,  
It's only ten to six!"  
Said Gosling, as he touched his lid:  
"Which I'll report yer!" And he  
did!

Then Coker took his ticker  
To interview old Prout.  
Said he: "It's rot, my watch is not  
A single second out!"  
And "Grant me patience!" Prout  
replied.

"Just try it by the clock outside."  
"That clock is wrong," said Coker,  
"My watch proves that, you  
know!"

Poor Prouty gasped, and then he  
rasped:

"An hour—a whole hour slow!  
So now a hundred times you'll write  
That SUMMER TIME BEGAN  
LAST NIGHT!"

(Utter collapse of Coker.)

## THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET

DICK RAKE,  
of the Remove Form.

R is for RAKE—Dick's his name.  
As Dick he's not unknown to fame.  
To say what Dick is NOT is quite  
A simple matter, but to write  
Of what he IS, is rather hard.  
He's not a scholar or a bard,



He's not a "rake" like Snoop or Stott,  
He's not a Bunter—no, he's not!  
He's not a Fishy or a Todd,  
He's not in any manner odd,  
He's not a chap from foreign lands,  
He's not too hefty with his hands,  
He's not at all unpopular,  
And yet he's not a shining star,  
He's not a brilliant man at sport,  
But still—he IS a real good sort!

## ANSWER to PUZZLE

7 days. 6 days and 6 nights—6 feet;  
seventh day his 3-foot climb brings him  
to the top of the wall.



## A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By  
THE GREYFRIARS  
RHYMESTER

## OUR AGONY COLUMN

Lost.—30-ginny gold watch. One of  
its hands is bent, but it still tix. A  
REWARD OF ONE POSTLE ORDER  
to anywun giving informashun witch  
will lead to the arrest of the thief or  
thieves and recovery of the loot.—  
W.G.B., Study No. 7.

TO BE SOLD by private treaty while  
Johnny Bull is out—one death-defying  
cornet, guaranteed to cause earthquakes  
over a wide area. No reasonable (or  
unreasonable) offer refused. JOHNNY,  
BULL'S STUDYMATES. No. 14.

SALE OF UNREDEEMED  
PLEDGES.—All goods reduced to six  
times their market value.—Apply Fisher  
T. Fish, at the Sign of the Three Brass  
Balls, Remove Passage.

## PUZZLE PAR

A snail climbs 3 feet by day,  
but drops back 2 feet at night.  
How many days does he take to  
reach the top of a 9-foot wall?

Answer at foot of col. 2.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONSERN.—  
George Wingate has refused to meat a  
member of the Vth Form who chal-  
lenjed him to a fite behind the Jim for  
leeving him owt of the 1st XI. He  
there4 brands him publicly as A  
PHUNK!!! and he hoaps he'll be hist  
rownd the skool, and serve him rite!

FOUND.—Sixpenny-rolled-gold imita-  
tion watch. Owner can have same by  
applying to the school rubbish heap.—  
P. TODD.

H.S.—Meet me at back of the T.F.  
arter lights-owt to-night. Got a cert to  
put a young gentleman's shirt on.—  
JOEY B.

URGENT WARNING.—Mr. Prout  
intends to drop in the Fifth Form  
Games Study for a chat to-night.

while Walker shrugged his shoulders again with a very perceptible sneer. "Now, Bunter, I shall not deal with you severely for having foolishly looked at a paper you happened to find. But I must hear the facts—you must tell me in what study you found that paper! You have nothing to fear."

"Oh! Haven't I?" groaned Bunter. "I repeat that I shall not punish you, Bunter! What are you afraid of?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Woo-woo—woo-woo—"

"What?"

"Woo-woo—Walker, sir!" stammered Bunter.

Mr. Quelch stared at him. Walker stared at him. Neither could guess why the fat junior should be afraid of Walker, if he told the facts!

"Walker!" repeated Mr. Quelch.

Quelch. "Walker! You—a prefect—is it possible—upon my word—"

"Nothing of the kind!" gasped Walker. "Certainly not! I—I—it—it—" He glared at Bunter. "You young rascal, how dare you say—"

"I ain't going to be caned," gurgled Bunter. "I got it from your study! If you go and look, you'll see that your 'Sporting Tips' ain't under the cushion in your armchair, Walker. That one's yours."

Walker stood dumb!

Mr. Quelch's jaw shut like a vice! He looked at Bunter, and he looked at Walker. Then he tapped the "Sporting Tips" on the table.

"Do you still desire this matter to go before the headmaster, Walker?" he asked in a grinding voice.

"What will Walker find out next time?" gasped Tom Brown.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But there was no "next time." Perhaps it dawned on Walker that his suspicions, after all, were unfounded. Perhaps he was fed up with trailing Tom Brown—which would not have been surprising, considering the luck he had had! Perhaps he got over his disgruntled state when his damaged nose, at long last, reassumed its normal shape and hue. Anyhow, he left it at that—and the cheery junior from New Zealand was no longer bothered by Walker on the War-path.

THE END.

## MORE STAMPS, PALS! See Page 2



"Yes, sir! Oh lor!"

"You have no reason to be afraid of Walker, Bunter! Walker only desires you to state the facts, as I do."

"D-d-does he! Oh crikey!"

"There is no doubt, sir, that Bunter found that paper in Brown's study," said Walker.

"I think there is very considerable doubt, Walker! At all events, Bunter will state in what study he found it. Bunter, if you do not answer me at once I shall cane you with great severity."

"Oh crikey!"

Mr. Quelch picked up his cane.

"Bunter! For the last time, in whose study did you find that disreputable racing paper?" he thundered.

It had to come out!

"W-W-Walker's, sir!" gasped Bunter.

Mr. Quelch dropped the cane! Walker jumped!

"Wha-a-a-t?" stammered Mr. Quelch.

"What!" roared Walker.

"I—I've got to tell him, Walker!" gasped Bunter. "I—I ain't going to be caned! I was going to put it back when you were in Hall. Oh lor!"

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr.

"I—I— Bunter is mistaken, sir—or—or lying—he—he—I—I—"

"I have asked you a question, Walker! Do you still desire this matter to go before the headmaster?"

Walker gulped.

"N-n-n-no, sir!"

"Then leave my study!"

Walker was glad to get away!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites yelled.

Billy Bunter told the story when the fellows came in after the cricket. The Removites rocked with laughter over it. The Rag echoed and re-echoed with merriment. Walker, on Tom Brown's trail, had made some queer catches—but this one put the lid on! Marching Bunter to his Form-master with his own copy of "Sporting Tips" was really the climax! The Removites yelled and roared and howled over it; and the sound of their hilarity was heard far beyond the Rag! Walker of the Sixth heard it—but he did not, on this occasion, barge in to inquire what the row was about! No doubt he could guess!

## COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the MAGNET, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**T**HIS week we come to the end of the second lap in our Great FREE Stamp-collecting race. As no doubt you have already seen, five "Hercules" bikes and 2,000 other super prizes are to be given FREE to readers who have collected the highest number of SEARCHLIGHT Stamps during the month.

Cut out all the stamps you have collected, sort them out very carefully, and count up all the SEARCHLIGHT Stamps you have collected—adding to them the additional ones given in this week's issue. Then send them in as directed on page 2 of this issue.

Don't get downhearted, chums, if you fail to win a prize in this the second lap in our great "Armaments" Race. There's another lap to go. Keep on collecting "Armaments" Stamps—as many as you can—for the third lap. Third time you may be lucky!

Next week's programme.

When you have sampled

**"FIVE IN A FIX!"**

you'll say it is the finest school yarn you have ever read. Believe me, Frank Richards has absolutely excelled himself in this tip-top story, in which the Famous Five are called to account for an unfortunate accident, and the punishment is—a prefect's beating. Don't miss it!

YOUR EDITOR.

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**50 STAMPS, ALL DIFFERENT, AND 200 STAMP MOUNTS** **6d** STAMPS, 180, Carlton Road, ROMFORD, ESSEX.

# THE MASTERS' STAY-IN STRIKE!

Unprecedented Scenes at St. Sam's in this week's instalment of "MUTINY AMONG THE MASTERS!"

By DICKY NUGENT

"Plenty of larx in class to-day, boys!" grinned Jack Jolly. And the St. Sam's Fourth chorled: "Here, here!"

The bell was ringing for first lesson and crowds of fellows were making for their various classrooms. They were fairly buzzing with excitement as they swarmed through Big Hall.

The grato masters strike at St. Sam's had started, and the question on all lips was: Who was to do the teaching while the strike was on?

One thing was certain— whoever took Mr. Lickham's place in the Fourth Form Room was in for a pretty ruff time. The simperthy of the Fourth was with the masters. They considered that it was really too thick for Doctor Birchmell, the Head, to nock ten per cent off his assistants' wages— already down to starvation level. They had firmly made up their minds to help poor old

Lickham by making things as hot as they could for his successor!

A serprize awaited the Fourth when they reached their Form-room. Mr. Lickham was sitting at his desk in front of the class just as if he had never heard of such a thing as a strike. He grinned when he saw their amazement.

"Good-morning, boys! Serprized to see me, what?"

"Yes, rather, sir!" said Jack Jolly. "You don't mean to say that the strike is over? That the Head has yielded to your demands, and that you're no longer in the ranks of the unemployed?"

A doleful look came into Mr. Lickham's face for a moment.

"Not exactly that, Jolly, I'm afraid," he replied. "No. The reason I am at this desk as usual is quite a different one. The fact is, we have decided to make it a stay-in strike!"

"The dickens you have!"

"The Head can do what he likes about replacing us!" grinned Mr. Lickham. "We shall sit tight at our desks—and if our successors don't like it, they can lump it! Twigg-voo?"



"Oh, my hat! Yes!" "Jolly good wheeze, sir!" grinned Merry.

"Cave!" hissed Frank Fearless at that moment,

and all tungs were silenced as Doctor Birchmell appeared in the doorway. The Head russed in, with Tallboy of the Sixth at his heels. He did not nock Mr. Lickham at first.

"Boys!" he cried. "On account of your Form-master going on



strike, it will be necessary to get in a new man, which will be done as soon as possible. In the meantime, I am putting Tallboy in charge of you. I shall expect you to treat him with all dew respect. You here?"

"We here, sir!"

"Mind you do it, then!" said the Head, with a skowl. "Carry on, Tallboy!"

Doctor Birchmell turned to go. As he did so he saw Mr. Lickham for the first time. He fairly jumped at the unexpected site.

"You?" he gasped.

"Little me, sir!" grinned Mr. Lickham. "Nice weather we're having lately, aren't we? It looks like being a little too hot for some people soon, though, duzzent it?"

The Fourth chuckled. Doctor Birchmell choked.

"You—you—what are you doing here, when you're supposed to be on strike?" he roared.

"That's an easy one, sir!" laughed Mr. Lickham. "It's a stay-in strike, see? We're all turning up in class as usual. But we're not going to do any work. Savvy?"

The Head breathed hard.

"I order you, Lickham, to scram—or, as the vulgar mite put

it, to eradicate your presence!" he cried, in a voice that trembled with pashun. "I will give you till I count ten. One, two, three—"

"Be nice if it keeps like this for the First Eleven match, sir, won't it?" yawned Mr. Lickham.

"Four, five, six, seven—"

"Do you think they'll beat St. Bill's, sir? Or don't you?"

"Eight, nine, TEN!"

Doctor Birchmell made a rush—a listening-like rush that would have swept the rebellious Form-master right off his feet if it had not been checked! But quick as he was, Mr. Lickham was quicker. His hand grabbed an inkpot and jerked it outwards, and before the Head could reach him he was brought to a dead stop by a shower of ink.

Swoosh!

"Yooooop! Ow-ow-ow! Gug-gug-grooooo!" shrieked Doctor Birchmell.

Nearly blinded with the ink that streamed down his forrid he abandoned all idea of turning Lickham out. Instead, he turned round and fled from the Form-room.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

When the lafter died away, Tallboy made an effort to take the class. Mr. Lickham perched himself on top of his desk, crossed his legs tailor fashion, and watched the proceedings. It was no easy task with an expert like Mr. Lickham looking on, and Tallboy's face was the culler of a ripe tomato.

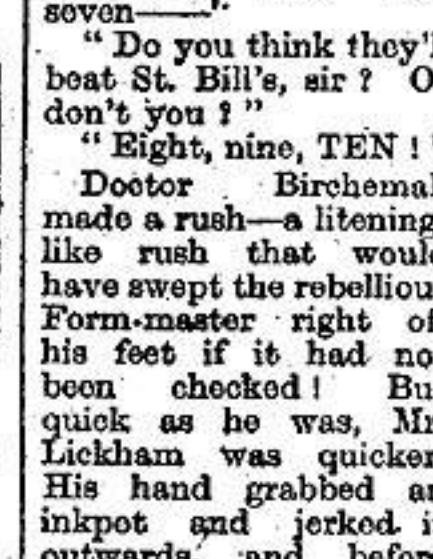
"Arithmetic first, kids!" he said gruffly. "Stand up, Barrell. What's two and six?"

"Nine!" replied Barrell; and the Fourth tittered. Tallboy rubbed his chin nervously.

"Ahem! I'm afraid you're a little off the rails there, Barrell. In actual fact, two and six makes seven—not nine!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Mr. Lickham; and Tallboy looked more uncomfortable than ever.

"Isn't that right, sir?" he asked.



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"Isn't that right, sir?" he asked.

"Of course it isn't, you young duffer! Two and six is neither seven nor nine!"

"That's if it isn't either of those air, what is it?"

"Hullo—er—of course!"

The Fourth grinned; and Tallboy looked as if he would have liked the first to open and swallow him up.

"Ahem! Perhaps we'd better take jog-grafy," he murmured.

"Merry! What is the capital of France?"

"Please, Tallboy, the capital of France is Berlin!"

"Wrong!" snapped Tallboy. "The capital of France is—or—Amsterdam!"

"Bless my sole!" It was a howl from Mr. Lickham. "The capital of France—Amsterdam, indeed! What next?"

Tallboy groaned.

"Well, then, if it isn't Amsterdam, what is it?"

"Nobody knows!" grinned Mr. Lickham. "The question is a ridiculous one, Tallboy! How on earth can anybody say what is the capital of France? It must run into millions and millions of francs, but nobody can say what it's for sure!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tallboy, his brane whirling, gave a hoarseless gesture.

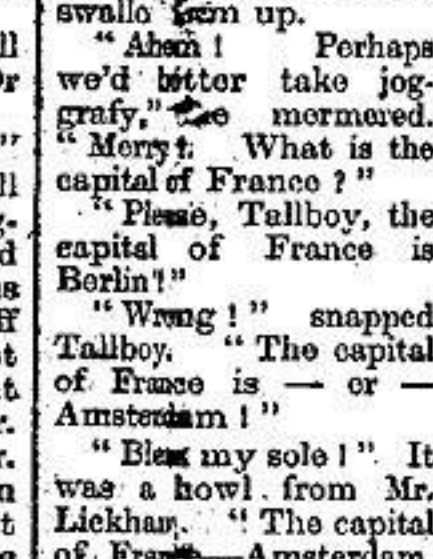
"I'm giving up this job!" he growled. "It's too much for me—I can see that I'm going back to Doctor Birchmell to tell him to find somebody else!"

And Tallboy fled. And the Fourth, with Mr. Lickham cheerfully encouraging them, made whoopee for the rest of the morning.

When they streamed out of class, it was to learn that all the other Forms had fared very much the same as themselves. So far, it seemed, the strikers were winning all along the line.

But Doctor Birchmell was not beaten yet—as St. Sam's was to find out in the very near future!

(There's fun galore in next week's spasm of Dicky Nugent's unique serial. Don't miss it!)



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No. 298.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

June 25th, 1938.

# The GREYFRIARS HERALD



## YOUR EDITOR CALLING

Readers who disagree with things I say in this column sometimes tell me I must be "up the pole" when I write them. That little gibe has become very nearly prophetic this week, for I have temporarily transferred my editorial office into the open air and I am actually writing this up a tree!

The weather is too fine to remain indoors, and yet the weekly chat has to be written. So I have brought my writing-pad out with me and am now perched up in a leafy chestnut overlooking Big Side.

There are a thousand and one important things to write about—sports plans, school politics, personal pars, and so on—but it's such a lazy summer's afternoon that I am going to skip them all and just say what a grand term the summer term is instead!

Some chaps like the Christmas term for footer and indoor pastimes like debating and amateur theatricals. Others like the Easter term for cross-country running, boxing and other sports featured at that time of the year. But give me the good old summer term all the year round and you won't find me grumbling!

Looking down on it from this lofty spot at the present moment, Greyfriars seems just about as perfect a place as any school could be.

The lawns look like satin and the flower-beds are a blaze of colour. Through the trees I just get a glimpse of the river in the distance, dotted with school boats, while below me the white figures of the First Eleven players, fielding against the Rookwood seniors, add a pleasant touch of movement to the nearer scene. The tree is rustling pleasantly and there is a faint, drowsy hum of insects—making between them just the right background to the click of bat and ball and the occasional ripple of handclapping from the spectators.

I really must get Dick Penfold up here one day to compose a poem about it.

Cheerio, chums, till next week!

HARRY WHARTON.

## UNCENSORED LETTERS

### No. 1. From BOLSOVER Major

Dear Pater,—I am sorry you are not satisfied with my progress this term. I thought I was getting on pretty well myself. Wingate complimented me on my bowling at the last compulsory practice, and I have played for the Form three times and scored an average of 18 runs. That's not bad for a start, is it? I have also been practising at the long jump and hope to pull off this event in the junior section at the sports. I should mention in addition that I have improved a lot at swimming.

I admit that I haven't reached championship

form in class, but a chap can't do everything at once. Anyway, I'm jolly sure I shall find physical fitness more help to me when I leave school than Latin and history.

Fancy old Quelchy writing to you about my work! I call that hitting below the belt. Take my word for it, pater, it's not my work that's at fault; it's Quelchy's liver!

With regard to the matter of that cigarette, I only smoked it because a chap said I couldn't do it without being ill. I don't like smoking, to tell you the truth, and I won't do

it again—especially after the licking Quelchy gave me.

His statement that I bully kids is also unfair. I admit that I do sometimes nock their heads together or pull their ears, but this is only to teach them to respect their elders.

Dear pater, I sincerely hope that what Quelchy has said will not affect my allowance. A strong, healthy chap like me needs plenty to eat, and I don't mind telling you I don't get enough in Hall. I can do with every penny of my allowance even if I do lay out most of it in the tuckshop.

Hubert is fit and well, and this goes for me also. Hoping that you and mater are in the pink.

Your affectionate son,  
PERCY.

## WENT BATHING IN SCHOOL FOUNTAIN!

### Removite's Amazing Protest

When the Remove were dressing last Tuesday morning, Sampson Quincy Ifley Field tramped into the dorm. He wore a dressing-gown over his pyjamas, a towel round his neck, and a disgusted look on his face.

"Same old story!" he cried. "Chaps from the Fifth and Shell queuing up for the Junior showerbaths. If something isn't done about it soon, I'm going to protest!"

"How?" queried a number of interested Removites.

"You'll see when the time comes!" replied Squiff darkly. Whereat the chaps chuckled.

Squiff's grievance against the seniors over the showers was of long standing. Most of the fellows, recognising that the Upper School are worse off for showerbaths than the Lower School, have no objection to the oldsters barging in now and again on territory that strictly speaking is not theirs. Squiff, who likes a showerbath every morning without fail, is not so easy. Tuesday happened to be the third morning out of four he had been crowded

out by invading seniors. And Squiff was jolly wild about it.

"I've complained to Wingate and I've complained to Quelchy," he growled. "Nothing's been done about it, and if I find I'm unlucky again to-morrow, I'm going to show 'em what I think about it."

All efforts to draw Squiff on what he intended to do failed. Squiff told inquirers that they would see what they would see, and beyond that he would not go. So, naturally, there was quite a lot of speculation about it.

Bolsover major suggested that he might batter his way into a bath-room and eject the intruder by force. Skinner's more subtle brain told him that Squiff had determined to turn off the water at the main.

But when the time came, both these conjectures proved to be miles wide of the mark.

Squiff found once again on Wednesday morning that he had been forestalled by the Fifth.

Stott, who followed him to

see what happened, came back in a state of great excitement to report that the would-be bather had gone downstairs.

Five minutes later, Morgan, who happened to be looking out of one of the dorm windows, gave a sudden yell. "Squiff! Ye gods!"

There was a rush to the windows.

What the chaps saw there made them gasp!

Squiff was out in the quad in his dressing-gown. As they looked out, he dumped the dressing-gown on the ground, revealing himself in a swimming costume; and then he stepped into the big basin of the school fountain and started taking his shower there!

Mimble, the gardener, who was working near-by, jumped

and rubbed his eyes. Gosling, who was tramping across the quad, stopped dead and visibly wobbled in his tracks. Mrs. Kebble's cat, on an early-morning constitutional, arched its back, then turned and fled. Coker of the Fifth, taking a breather out of a window, nearly took a header as well, and had to be hauled back by the seat of his trousers!

Squiff remained in the fountain for barely a minute before jumping out. In that minute, he rooked the old school to its foundations. Many a time and oft, fellows have had an unintentional bath on the historic spot where the school fountain stands; but never before has any fellow deliberately and with malice aforethought gone there for that purpose!

Squiff was grinning cheerfully when he arrived back in the dorm. He was not grinning cheerfully after prayers when he had a painful interview with the Head. But he had certainly made his protest—and made history at the same time! It will be a long time before Greyfriars stops talking about Squiff's showerbath in the school fountain!

Incidentally, he gained what he wanted.

The seniors have made special arrangements to give Squiff first option on any vacant showerbath for the rest of his career!



## GREYFRIARS FROM FRESH ANGLES

### 18. What A Lucky School Says Miss JUDITH COKER

On a recent visit to my nephew Horace at Greyfriars, one of the little boys in the lower Forms asked me if I would mind writing down my impressions of the school for the "Greyfriars Herald." He was a polite little boy of the name of Hake or Cake, I believe. When I asked him if he did not consider dear Horace out of the common, he assured me he had never met anyone like Horace in his life. Such a nice sense of discrimination being worthy of encouragement, I am setting down my impressions in accordance with his request.

The first thing that strikes me about Greyfriars is how lucky it is to have in its midst a boy like Horace to inspire it! Young and old alike seem influenced by the dear boy's presence; and the mere

mention of his name is sufficient to bring a happy smile to the face of the most serious among them! I have even known boys to burst out laughing on seeing him. Can one imagine one individual bringing such happiness into others' lives? I confess that when I think about it, it makes me feel quite touched.

What the school would be like without dear Horace I really cannot think. Horace tells me that the responsibility that rests with him is simply enormous. I am sure that the rest of the boys would be quite unable to score any goals at cricket without Horace to show them how to do it; nor, I am positive, would they obtain half the number of runs at football. The smaller boys would be quite lost for someone to help them with

their school work. The masters would all be at sixes and sevens without dear Horace to give point and direction to their work. Horace has a poor opinion of them on the whole; and I agree with him. But with a boy like Horace in the school, their efforts, however feeble, do achieve something.

What a dull place it would be, to be sure, without the magnetic personality of dear Horace to illuminate it! But fortunately, for the few fleeting years in which it can take advantage of it, the school is able to enjoy the blessings of dear Horace's presence. And I do not doubt that when he leaves he will leave behind him a school permanently enriched by the memory of his character.

Fortunate Greyfriars! (Pheew!—Ed.)