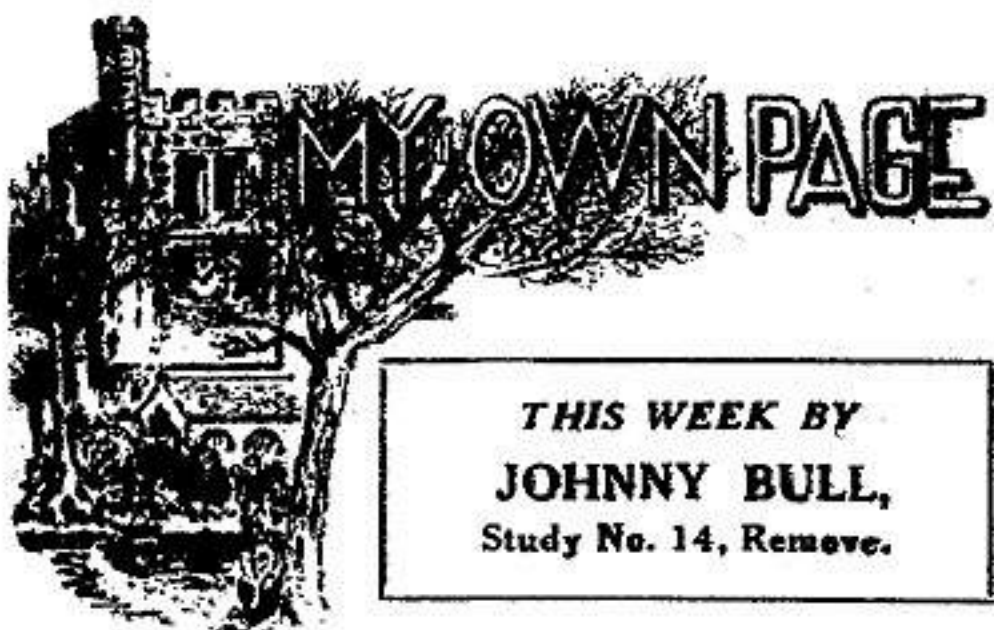




THIS WEEK BY
JOHNNY BULL,
Study No. 14, Remove.

I'm not going to write a lot of rot. There's quite enough of that in the papers these days, judging by what I see of them. I'm not going to write about Yorkshire. If you come from Yorkshire you'll know why. A Yorkshireman can't stick talking or writing about his county. Go there and see what you think of it.

I'm not going to write about the woollen trade. For one thing, I don't know enough about it. I like to get all my facts right before I say anything. I've been in the pater's factory often enough. I know the difference between tops and noils—tops are long strands of wool and noils are short bits. I've seen it spun and woven into all sorts of things. But I've not yet worked there myself, so I'll hold my tongue.

I'm not going to write about my home. (Well, for pity's sake, what ARE you going to write about?—ED.) If you want to know, I live not far from Bradford, up near the moors. It's the finest stretch of country in the world—everyone knows that. Up on "Hikley Moor haht I' aht" there are old stone farms and trout streams and rocks to climb. You can't beat the dales and moors up our way. The scenery round Greysfriars is a bit tame after Grassington and Wharfedale.

NOTHING ABOUT GREYFRIARS!

I'm not going to write about Greysfriars. You know as much as I can tell you, anyway. It's the best school in the world—everyone knows that. Mind, I don't say it couldn't be improved, because it could. Lessons, for instance. I'm not grumbling, but I can't see what good Latin and classical history and ancient geography are going to do a fellow when he leaves school. It may be all right for fellows like Linley, for instance; he means to be a doctor, so he'll need to know Latin. But where's the sense of it?

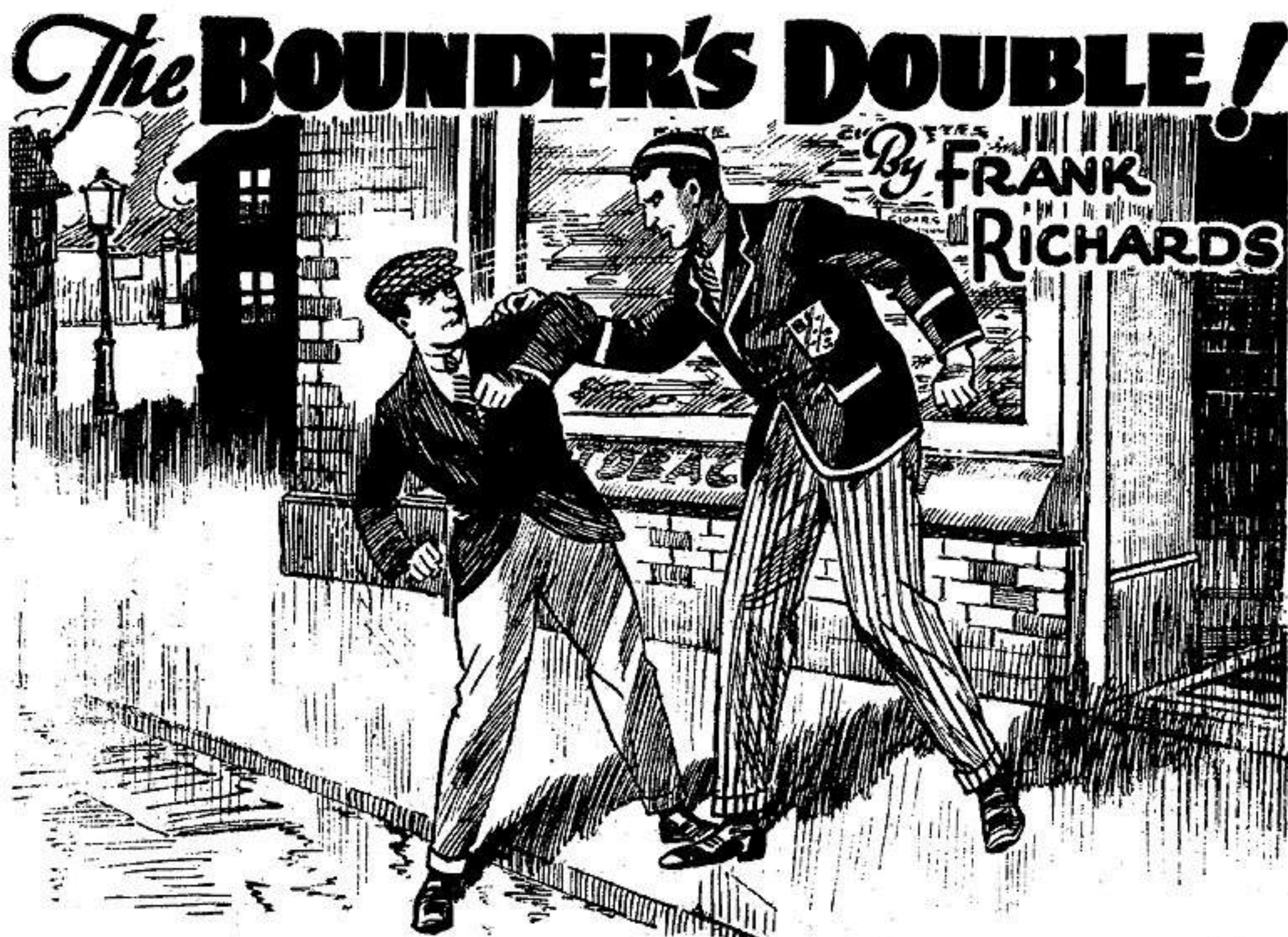
to show the latest details of Abyssinia, Austria, Albania, etc.

All the same, I dig into the work. A fellow is sent to school to learn things, and he has to play up, if only to give his pater his money's worth. I believe in sticking to the rules, too. A fellow who breaks rules is not to be trusted.

NO SPORTS TALK!

I'm not going to write sports talk. Naturally, I'm keen on sport. A fellow has to keep fit—everyone knows that. I play full-back in the footer eleven. I'm not brilliant at cricket—I admit it. I can keep my end up and get a few runs, but I'm not a class bat like Wharton or Smithy. I'm better at rowing and good at boxing.

NOT WANTED AT GREYFRIARS! That's what Herbert Vernon-Smith thinks of his cousin and double—"Bertie" Vernon. For when Bertie's about, it spells trouble in plenty for the Bounder of Greyfriars!



"You young sweep!" exclaimed Loder, grabbing the youth by the shoulder, as he came out of the tobacconist's. "So that's where you get your smokes from, is it, Vernon-Smith? Well, I've caught you this time!"

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Six In The Soup!

"LOOKS like rain," said Frank Nugent.

"Let it look!" suggested Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton glanced at the sky dubiously.

"We don't want to get drenched," he remarked.

"Afraid of getting an extra wash, like Bunter?" inquired Bob.

"Fathead! Look at the sky!"

"What's the good of looking at the sky? We're not going that way in a plane; we're going on the jiggers!"

"Look at it, ass!" hooted Johnny Bull.

"The cloudfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bob!" murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob Cherry gave a snort.

Four members of the Famous Five were doubtful. One was not doubtful. That one was Bob Cherry.

It had been a glorious May morning. If half-holidays had happened in the morning instead of the afternoon nobody could have wanted better weather. Now, however, as Harry Wharton & Co. stood with their bicycles about to start, the outlook was far from promising.

A dark drift of clouds had rolled up from the sea. Out on the North Sea it was already raining. There was still sunshine over Greyfriars School, but it

was subdued. Those clouds might possibly roll by without rain. But it did not seem likely.

ing it for a spot of rain—even if it rains, which it won't do!"

The Co still hesitated.

Bob waited a minute; then he gave a shove at his pedals and started.

Harry Wharton gave another glance at the sky. It was getting more and more deeply overcast. There was a chance that the clouds might pass by without letting loose a heavy flood of rain. It did not look a healthy chance. Still, there it was.

"Oh, come on!" said Harry. "If Bob's going, we're going!"

"One fool makes many!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, stick together!" said Nugent.

"The esteemed Bob is a terrific ass, but the stickfulness to our idiotic chum is the proper caper!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

And the four mounted and followed Bob.

Bob Cherry was going slow to give them a chance to join up. But he put on speed as they joined him.

"Made up your minds?" he grinned cheerfully. "It's all right. It won't rain this afternoon."

"How do you know it won't?" snorted Johnny Bull.

"The radio weather prophet said it would," answered Bob.

"Ass!"

"Same to you, old scout, with knobs on! Put it on! We want to see all we can at Lantham! Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Smithy! Aren't you going to Lantham, after all, Smithy?" roared Bob.

Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, came into view, riding back to the school. He had started ten minutes ago for the same destination, and with the same object, as the Famous Five. Evidently the weather signs had caused him to change his mind.

"It's going to pour!" he called back. "You fellows will get wet if you keep on!"

"We're not afraid of a spring shower!" answered Bob. "Ask Mauly to lend you one of his handboxes to park yourself in, old scout!"

The Bounder gave him a glare



Crunch, crunch, crunch! Billy Bunter was munching and crunching toffees, when the door suddenly opened and Lord Mauleverer looked in. "You fat villain!" roared Mauly. "Grooogh! Oooogh! Wooogh!" gasped the fat Removite, as he swallowed a chunk of toffee whole.

only glad to hear that the Bounder was safe off the scene. If Herbert Vernon-Smith got soaked to the very skin while Billy Bunter was annexing the tin of toffees in Study No. 4, it was a matter of the very smallest consequence. What mattered was the toffees.

Billy Bunter ascended the stairs at unusual speed. He rolled into the Remove passage with a happy grin of anticipation on his fat face.

The door of Study No. 4 was half-open. That study was shared by Herbert Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing; though, as Bunter had observed, Redwing was not often in Study No. 4 now.

It was rather uncomfortable to share a study with a fellow with whom he was not on speaking terms. The friendship between the Bounder and his chum had been a chequered one; and often and often there had been rows—generally, if not always, due to the Bounder's arrogant and uncontrolled temper. So far, the clouds had always rolled by, sooner or later. But this time it looked as if the break was definite; and it did not look, for once, as if it was wholly the Bounder's fault, for Redwing had been seen to turn his back on him in the quad when Smithy would have spoken. Since then, there had not been a word exchanged between them.

Billy Bunter cast a cautious blink up and down the passage, and then rolled into Study No. 4.

"Beast!" he ejaculated.

Bunter had seen that tin of toffees on the study table. It was not on the study table now. Smithy, it seemed, had parked it somewhere before going out! Just as if he fancied that a fellow might be after his measly toffees, Bunter reflected bitterly—just like a suspicious beast like the Bounder.

The fat Owl of the Remove rolled

across to the study cupboard. He blinked into the same, and his fat brow cleared! There stood the tin of toffees!

In another moment a clutching fat hand was on that tin!

the doorway with a sort of crab-like motion.

Tom was not a suspicious fellow. But when a fellow circumnavigated him like a crab, with his hands held behind him, even an unsuspicious fellow was liable to get suspicious.

"What have you got there, Bunter?" he asked.

"Eh? Nothing! I'm not holding anything behind me," said Bunter, hastily. "Why should I? Besides, it's not yours. I say, look at the rain! Ain't it pouring?"

Redwing did not look at the rain! He grabbed Billy Bunter by a fat shoulder, and slewed him round. Then the toffee-tin was revealed.

"You fat sweep!" exclaimed Redwing, and he grabbed the tin from the fat hands, and placed it on the table. "Now out, before I boot you!"

"Beast!" roared Bunter. His eyes, and his spectacles, fixed on that toffee-tin. "Look here, you cad, you mind your own business! You ain't pally with Smithy now—besides, they ain't Smithy's toffees—I—I brought my toffees here to—to—to offer you some! Halves, see?"

"Get out!"

that the Bounder remembered the row that had happened on that woodland path, and was thinking of it now.

At a little distance, Bob jumped down. He waved a hand to his friends, and wheeled his bike off the path, by a track among the wet trees.

The other fellows dismounted to follow. Vernon-Smith gave an angry snarl, as he did so.

"There's a right-of-way through here," he snapped. "But nobody's allowed off the path! We're trespassing!"

"Fat lot you care, if we are!" grunted Johnny Bull.

The Bounder scowled, and wheeled on.

The Famous Five, as a matter of fact, were rather particular upon such points: but they agreed that a point could be stretched, to get shelter in such a heavy downpour of rain. Smithy did not care a boiled bean whether he trespassed or not—and all the other fellows were quite aware of it.

"Here we are!" called out Bob.

He had reached a small building, in the thickness of the wood. It was an open summer-house—pleasant enough, no doubt, in fine weather, but now

of the rain, and the Bounder's breathless panting;

Vernon-Smith stirred at last. He did not look at Bob Cherry; he was beaten, and he could not go on. He dragged at his bicycle, to detach it from the stack.

The black and bitter look on his face showed how deeply his defeat rankled.

"You're not going, Smithy!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

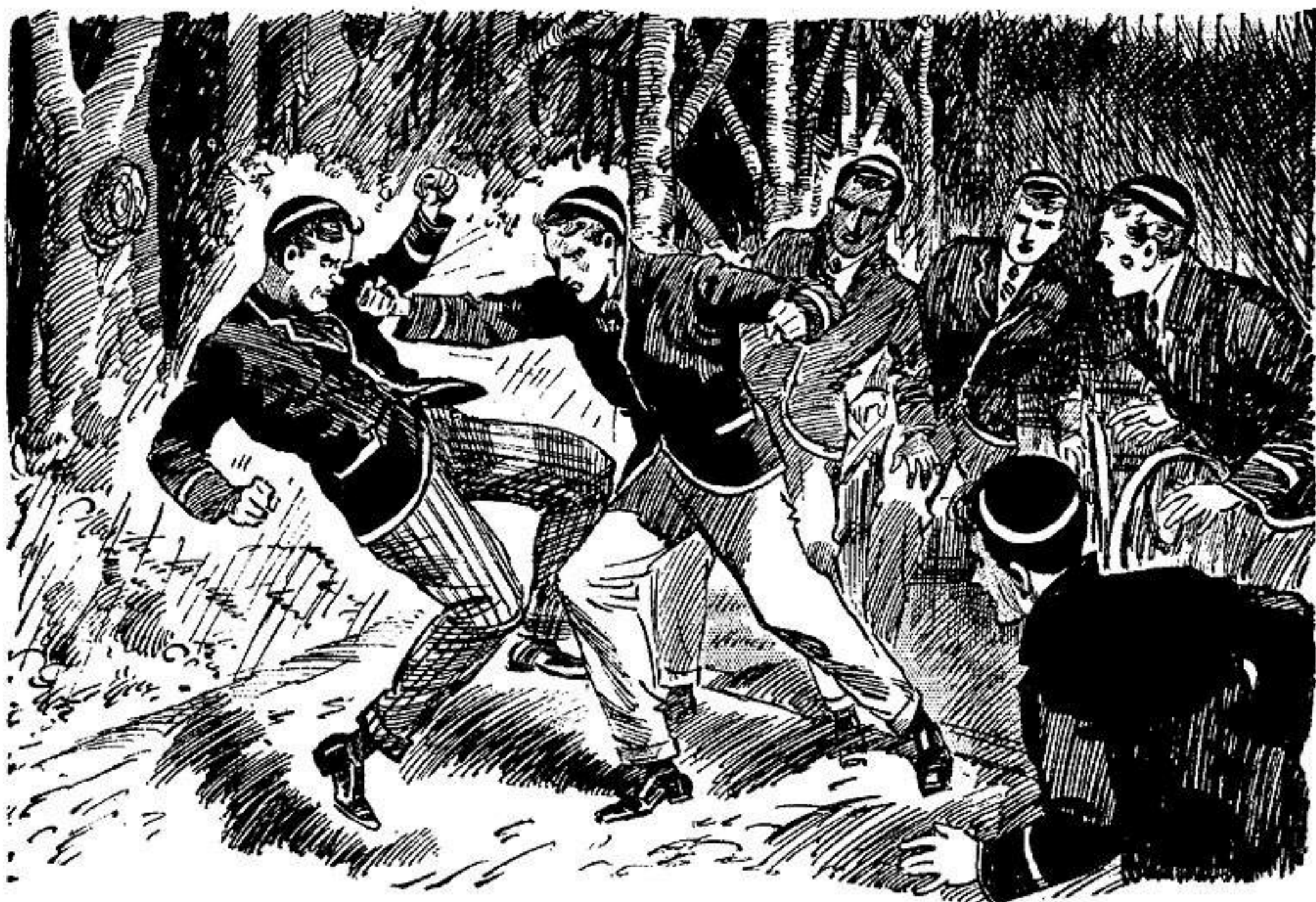
Evidently the sulky and savage Bounder was leaving them, in spite of the splashing rain.

Vernon-Smith did not speak. He pushed his bike out, into pouring rain.

Nugent put a hand on his arm.

"Smithy, don't be such an ass!" he exclaimed. "You can't go through this—what's the good of playing the goat? Stick here with us till it's over."

Without a word, the Bounder shook his hand savagely off, and stepped out into the drenching downpour. He tramped away through the trees, in the direction of the path, the Famous Five watching him as he went, with the rain splashing heavily upon him, soaking him to the skin.



"Stop them!" exclaimed Frank Nugent. "Rot!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Let Bob whop him! Smithy's asked for it long enough!" The juniors crowded back out of the way as panting, thumping, scuffling, Bob Cherry and Vernon-Smith went at it, hammer and tongs!

"That does it!"

The angry fellow made a jump at Bob, hitting out.

Bob knocked up his arm, unwilling to renew the combat; but as the fellow pushed on, hitting out again, he had to defend himself. He landed a jolt on the raincoat which sent his assailant staggering back out of the summer-house.

He staggered, stumbled, and sat down in a puddle left by the heavy rain! There was a heavy splash as he sat, and water flew up in shower.

"Oh!" he gas

would be no use for Herbert Vernon-Smith to tell the story if Herbert Vernon-Smith was run in himself—for having called at a tobacconist's! Loder's explanation was simple—he had turned in at that doorway because he had spotted the young rascal.

It was his duty, as a Sixth Form prefect, to run in any junior caught breaking the rules of the school in this flagrant way. Never had the irritated and annoyed Loder set about doing his duty so keenly. Loder was not, as a rule, a whale on duty; this time he was keen on it.

"You young sweep!" exclaimed Loder, and he grabbed the youth by the shoulder as he stepped out of the doorway. "Caught this time! You're not wearing a school cap, either—no wonder, considering. Well, I've got you!"

"You silly fool, what are you up to?" "Wha-a-t?" ejaculated Loder.

That was not the way Greyfriars juniors generally addressed Sixth Form prefects.

"Let go my shoulder, you hooligan!"

Loder stared at him. For a moment he wondered whether he had made a mistake, and it was not Vernon-Smith of the Remove at all. The boy was dressed in a dark grey lounge suit of a very quiet pattern for the Bounder, who was as loud in such things as the rules

Skinner winked at the smoke of his cigarette.

"You don't believe that, of course?" snarled Vernon-Smith.

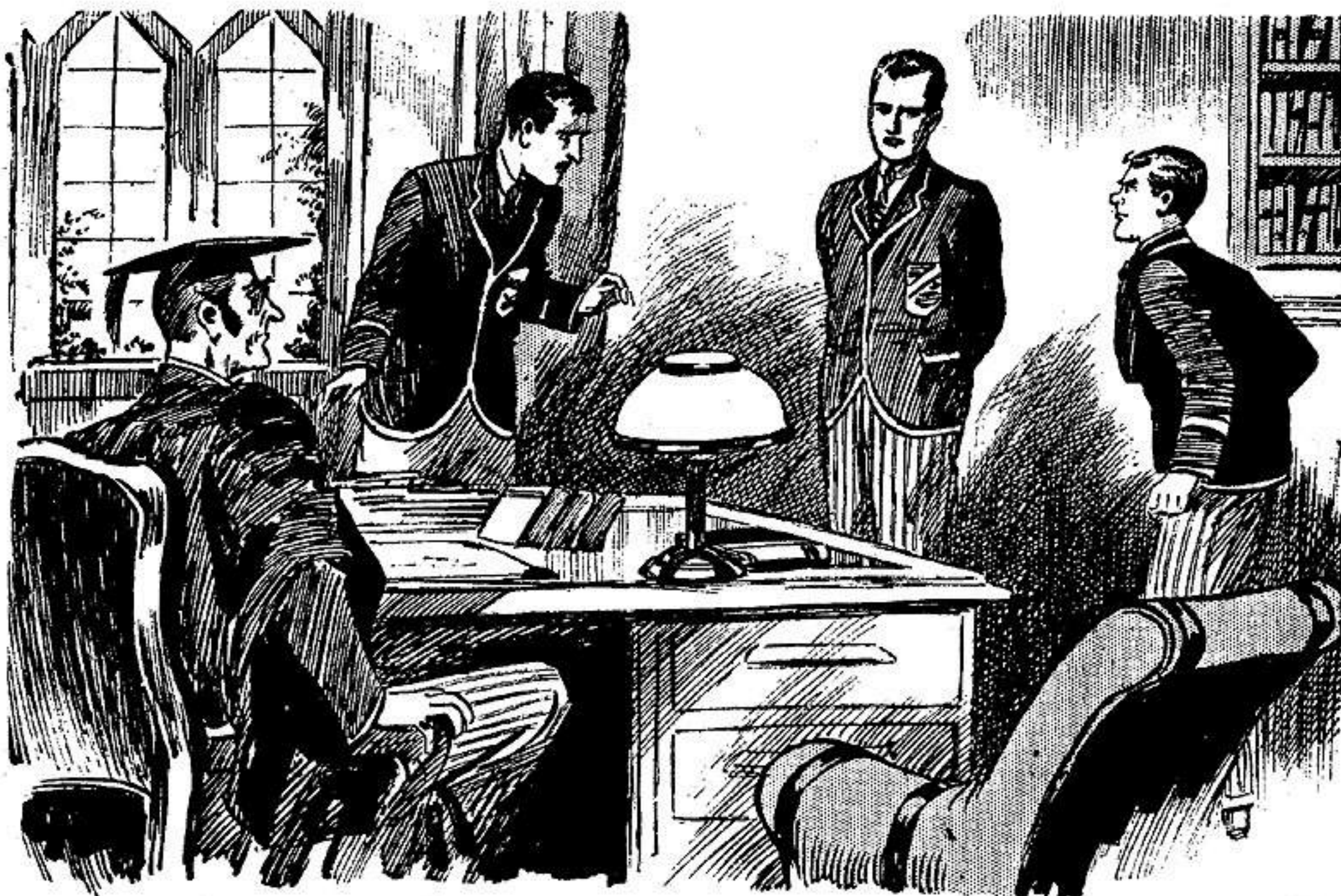
"Oh, yes, old fellow! I say, it wasn't Redwing gave you that nose, was it?" asked Skinner.

Vernon-Smith passed his hand over his nose. It was always a somewhat prominent feature. Now it fairly leaped to the eye—it was red, and it was swollen. It was likely to be some days before Smithy's nose recovered from the effect of Bob Cherry's hefty punch.

"No, you fool!" he growled. "We haven't come to that! If he chooses to keep his silly back up for nothing, he won't get much change out of me, but we haven't come to punching noses—yet! I got this from that hooligan Cherry, over at Lantham this afternoon."

"You looked rather wet when you came in!" smiled Skinner. "I'm rather glad I didn't join up! Looked rather rainy, I thought."

"You're too rotten slack to ride it, if it was the finest day in May!"



"A kid can't be in two places at once!" said Wingate. "Vernon-Smith was in school at five o'clock." "He was not!" roared Loder. "I tell you I saw him in Lantham!" "Keep it up!" sneered the Bounder. "You've tried to make me out a liar, Loder—now try to make Wingate out one!"

"You're not!"

"Either that, or a scrap!" said Vernon-Smith. "You can take your choice, you sulky fool!"

Tom Redwing drew a deep breath.

"I don't want to scrap with you," he said, "and I don't want you to speak to me! If you insist on it, Vernon-Smith—"

"Not Smithy now!" sneered the B

