

**BIG MONEY PRIZES FOR BOYS!** SEE INSIDE.

The Greyfriars  
**BOYS' HERALD**

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**PACKED WITH SPLENDID ADVENTURE AND SCHOOL STORIES.**  
The above is a thrilling incident from "The Terror of the Range!"

Another Splendid, Long Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars School.



# Skinner's Scheme Squashed!

Introducing Wun Lung, the Chinese boy of Greyfriars.

**Catching It!**  
**N**ICEY ole Drake.  
 Jack Drake grinned.  
 Little Wun Lung, the Chinese junior at Greyfriars, squirmed into No. 3 Study, casting an uneasy glance back into the passage as he came.  
 He made Drake and Rodney an Oriental bow, and addressed the former in his oiliest tones.  
 Evidently Wun Lung wanted something!  
 "Well, what's the game?" inquired Drake.  
 "Deal ole fellee!" said Wun Lung affectionately. "Me likee you top-side, and likee handsome Lodney, velly muchee."  
 Rodney laughed.  
 "And what do you want?" he asked.  
 "Leave out the soft sawder, and come to the hosses."  
 "Me wantee stoppee in studee," said Wun Lung. "Me likee heal you talk—you fellee so clevee."  
 "You can stop in the study if you like," said Drake. "We're going out soon; but stop as long as you like. But why don't you try to tell the truth, you yellow heathen?"  
 "Me tellee thuth," protested Wun Lung. "Likee healee you talky—you so velly clevee."  
 "Give his pigtail a jerk, Rodney," said Drake.  
 Wun Lung jumped back in alarm.  
 "No touchee pigtail!" he exclaimed.  
 "Me tellee thuth! Me wantee getty away from Skinnee and Stott."  
 "Oh, have Skinner and Stott been ragging you?" asked Drake. "Why couldn't you say so at first, you saffron image?"  
 It was not much use asking Wun Lung that question. He had a mind of truly Oriental tortuousness, and never took a straight path if there was a crooked one available. The Remove fellows sometimes wondered whether he really knew the difference between truth and falsehood. Even Billy Bunter was a model of veracity in comparison with Wun Lung. Bob Cherry had remarked that the little Chinese beat George Washington at his own game!  
 "Pool li'l Chinese lunny 'way from Skinnee," said Wun Lung pathetically. "Skinnee say cutty off pigtail!"  
 "Only pulling your Chinese leg, you young ass!" said Drake.  
 "Stott kicky pool li'l Chinese. Aftee me now," said Wun Lung.  
 "Well, if they come here after you, we'll give them a surprise," said Drake.  
 "My hat! Here they come!" exclaimed Rodney.  
 Skinner and Stott of the Remove, loomed up in the study doorway. They grinned as Wun Lung darted round the table.

"Here's the little beast!" exclaimed Skinner. "Have him out!"  
 "Hold on!" said Drake.  
 "Mind your own business, dear boy," answered Skinner. "We're after Wun Lung."  
 "And we're jolly well going to rag him!" said Stott warmly. "He stuck a pin into me in class this morning, and Quelchy jawed me for yelling."  
 "Stott stampee on pool li'l Chinese's foot!" said Wun Lung.  
 "Have him out!" growled Skinner. The two juniors came into the study; and Jack Drake and Rodney stepped into their way at once.  
 Whatever the rights and the wrongs of the dispute between Wun Lung and the two black sheep of the Remove, Drake and his chum did not intend to allow the little heathen to be ragged.  
 Jack Drake pointed to the door.  
 "Outside!" he said briefly.  
 "Look here—" blustered Skinner.  
 "Are you going out on you feet or your neck?" inquired Dick Rodney politely.  
 "We're not going out!" roared Stott.  
 "That's your mistake!" said Drake pleasantly. "You take Stott, Rodney, and I'll take Skinner!"  
 "Righto!"  
 No. 3 Study advanced to the attack, and Skinner and Stott backed a little. They did not want a scrap with those two hefty youths.  
 But it was too late to retreat.  
 Drake grasped Skinner and swung him round towards the door. The next moment, Stott was struggling in the grasp of Dick Rodney. Stott was a tougher antagonist than Skinner, and he kept Rodney rather busy. Harold Skinner swung towards the doorway in Drake's strong arms, resisting savagely but vainly.  
 "Let me go, you rotters!" he roared.  
 Drake chuckled.  
 "You're just going!"  
 And Skinner went!  
 With arms and legs flying he shot through the doorway into the Remove passage.  
 Crash!  
 There was a terrific collision.  
 Skinner ought to have landed on the floor. But by sheer ill-luck, Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was coming along the passage just then. The Remove master heard the uproar in No. 3, and hurried his steps to look into that study. It was at the psychological moment, so to speak, that he looked in—he was exactly in time to meet Skinner coming out.  
 Skinner landed full and fairly upon Mr. Quelch.  
 There was a startled gasp from the Remove master as he staggered back across the passage.

"Ooooooooooh!"  
 Skinner, rolled at his feet, yelling.  
 "Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch, staggering against the opposite wall.  
 "What—what—what—"  
 "Oh, my hat—" muttered Drake.  
 "It's Quelchy!"  
 Rodney and Stott released each other instantly. All three stared in dismay into the passage, where Skinner was rolling on the floor, and Mr. Quelch leaning against the wall, spluttering.  
 The Form-master recovered his breath at last.  
 "Skinner!" he thundered. "Get up immediately! How dare you grovel on the floor in that manner?"  
 "Ow-wow!" mumbled Skinner.  
 He scrambled dizzily to his feet.  
 Mr. Quelch's eyes fixed on him like a gimlet.  
 "Skinner! You—you hurled yourself into me—you almost knocked me over—you—you—"  
 "Ow! I didn't!" gasped Skinner.  
 "Drake chucked me out of the study! Ow! I couldn't help myself, sir!"  
 "Drake! Did you hurl Skinner out of the study as I came up?" demanded Mr. Quelch.  
 "Ye-es, sir," stammered Drake.  
 "And what do you mean by it, sir?" thundered the Form-master.  
 "I—I—"  
 Mr. Quelch strode into the study, his eyes glittering. His wrath was turned upon Jack Drake now.  
 "Drake? You—"  
 "Nicey ole Drake protect pool li'l Chinese!" interjected Wun Lung. "Not whacky pool ole Drake. Skinnee wantee lag li'l Chinese—"  
 "Shut up!" muttered Drake.  
 "Silence, Drake!" The little heathen's words had given Mr. Quelch a glimmering of the facts, and he meant to know more. "Wun Lung, you may go on. Skinner came here to rag you, as you call it?"  
 "Yes, sir," said Wun Lung. "Ugly Skinnee and ugly Stott lag pool li'l Chinese; nicey ole Drake protect him. Drake velly good ole boy!"  
 "What have you to say to this, Skinner?"  
 "I—I—"  
 "And you, Stott?"  
 "I—I—" mumbled Stott.  
 "I have punished you before for persecuting the Chinese boy," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "You are in need, it seems, of another lesson. I shall do my best to give you one. Follow me to my study!"  
 Skinner and Stott followed Mr. Quelch as he rustled away. Their faces were like unto those of demons in a pantomime. Wun Lung gave a soft chuckle as they disappeared.  
 "Oie Quelchy likee Skinnee now,"

he remarked. "Li'l Chinese jollie glad. What you tinkee?"

"You shouldn't have given Skinner away to Mr. Quelch," said Drake.

"No savvy!"

"Don't you know you mustn't sneak?" demanded Rodney.

"No savvy!" said Wun Lung innocently.

Evidently the junior from the Flowery Land did not intend to savvy. He smiled sweetly and ensconced himself in Drake's armchair.

"Me stoppee here," he said. "You fellee talkee-me likee heal you—you so jolly clevee!"

But as Wung Lung curled up in the chair, and almost immediately went to sleep, he probably did not benefit much from the conversation of the chums of No. 5.

#### Skinner's Scheme!

"Ow!"

"Wow!"

"Yow!"

"Mmmmm!"

Skinner and Stott were making those remarks in the window-seat of the lower passage when the Famous Five came along. Harry Wharton and Co. stopped to look at them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Been through it?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ow! Yes."

"What have you been up to, then?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Drake and Rodney came by, in their Norfolks. They were going out for a bike spin that afternoon.

"Quelch's walloped them for ragging Wun Lung," said Drake, as he heard the question asked by the captain of the Remove. "Serve them jolly well right!"

Skinner gave him a venomous look. "I'll make you sorry for it," he muttered.

Drake laughed.

"Go ahead!" he said. "I'm just going out, but I can spare a couple of minutes to give you a hiding, if you want one!"

"Good!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"I'll hold your jacket, Skinner."

"I'll carry you to the mortuary afterwards," offered Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pile in, my esteemed Skinner," said Harree Jamset Ram Singh.

Skinner scowled savagely and did not answer. Drake and Rodney passed on with smiling faces.

"So that's what you were licked for," said Harry Wharton sternly.

"You were worrying that kid again. If Quelch hadn't licked you for it, Skinner, I'd give you a thumping myself."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snarled Skinner.

The Famous Five walked away, and Skinner and Stott were left to bemoan their injuries.

They were feeling their punishment very keenly. Mr. Quelch had not spared the rod in dealing with them.

For a considerable time the two young rascals rubbed their hands and moaned and groaned in unison.

"I'll make that rotter Drake sit up for this," groaned Skinner, at last.

"Quelch, too—somehow."

"Better leave the brutes alone," groaned Stott. "I'm fed-up, for one!"

"Ow! My hands!"

Skinner wrinkled his brows in thought.

He was not of a forgiving nature, and he yearned to retaliate upon both Drake and the Form-master; but neither was a safe object for revengeful schemes. Skinner was a very deep

and cunning youth; but he hated

taking risks, and vengeance in this case seemed very risky indeed.

He caught sight of Mr. Quelch, in the distance, leaving the School House, and his eyes glittered after the Form-master.

"Quelch's gone out!" he said to Stott.

"Ow! Let's hope he'll get run over by a motor-lorry!" said Stott charitably.

"Wow!"

"I've been thinking—"

"Might hunt up that little Chinese beast now," said Stott.

"Never mind Wun Lung now. I expect he'll be hidden away somewhere, now his noble protectors have gone out!" sneered Skinner. "Never mind him. I'm thinking of Drake and Quelch."

"Yow-ow! Hang them both!"

"The coast is clear now," said Skinner. "The whole gang are out. We're nearly the only Remove chaps left in the House." He lowered his voice. "We could nip into Quelch's study now, as safe as houses."

"Bother Quelch's study! Catch me going there again."

"Quelch's been at work on his typewriter," said Skinner, sinking his voice.

"He had it repaired the other week, and new type put into it. New type for a machine costs no end of money now. I fancy the job must have run Quelch into a fiver."

"Yow-ow!" said Stott.

"Oh, leave off grunting," said Skinner testily. "Listen to me—it's a stunt. With a pair of nippers we could extract all the type from Quelch's machine. What a surprise for him when he starts typing again on his precious fat-headed 'History of Greyfriars,' to find there wasn't any type in the machine!"

Stott chuckled feebly.

"Too risky!" he said.

"No risk at all the way I think it out," said Skinner confidently. "We can get all the type out of the machine in a few minutes; and if anybody is lagged for it, it won't be us."

"You ass!" said Stott. "Quelch would make the very dickens of a fuss about it—he would have every fellow searched to the skin, to find his blessed type—he would have detectives here if necessary! Why, it would be a terrific row."

"I mean him to find the type," said Skinner coolly. "And I mean him to find it in Jack Drake's pocket!"

"Eh?"

Skinner rubbed his hands.

"Just figure it out," he said. "Quelch as mad as a hatter over the damage to his machine—excitin' search for the missing types—discovery in Drake's pocket—terrific flogging for Drake! Isn't it good?"

"Too jolly good to be true," answered Stott. "You couldn't work it."

"I'm going to!"

For ten minutes more, Harold Skinner pursued the subject, explaining and persuading. By the end of that interval he had brought Stott to his way of thinking. Stott was almost as sore and revengeful as his chum, and he agreed that the risk was small—the way Skinner worked it.

Having arrived to that decision, the two young rascals left the window-seat. Skinner borrowed a pair of small pliers from Bob Cherry's tool-chest, and they proceeded cautiously to Mr. Quelch's study. It was a half-holiday, and a fine afternoon, and almost all Greyfriars was out of doors. The two juniors succeeded in slipping into their Form-master's study without attracting notice.

Skinner closed the door.

"You watch from the window, Stott," he said. "You'll see Quelch

when he comes back from his walk, and we shall have lots of time to clear. Keep a sharp look-out while I work the oracle."

"What-ho!" said Stott.

He placed himself at the window, under cover of the curtains, to watch.

Harold Skinner set rapidly to work. Mr. Quelch had been using his typewriter earlier in the afternoon, and it stood upon his table, with the cover placed over it to protect it from the

stood upon his table, with the cover and produced the pliers from his pocket. Then he started on the task he had set himself. A twist or two of the pliers jerked each type out of the little socket at the end of the type-bar.

Skinner did not handle the machine gently. His twists were rather rough, and one or two of the type-bars cracked, and several were bent. But Skinner did not mind. All the damage was to be put down to the account of Jack Drake, so there was no reason to be very careful.

In a very short time, the machine was bereft of type, and the latter lay in a little heap on the table.

Skinner wrapped the loose types in a sheet of notepaper, and put the little bundle into his pocket.

"Come on!" he breathed.

They left the study quietly, and strolled away.

The first half of Skinner's task was done. The remainder was even more easy.

"How are you going to get at Drake's pocket, though?" asked Stott, as they reached the Remove staircase.

Skinner smiled.

"Easy as falling off a form. You noticed them going out—they were going for a spin, and they'd changed into Norfolks. Drake's left his Eton jacket in his study."

"Oh, good!" breathed Stott.

"Come on!"

And the two young rascals, assuming an air of careless detachment, strolled along the Remove passage to No. 3.

#### Caught in the Act!

WUN LUNG sat up.

The little Chinese had remained in Drake's study, after the departure of Drake and Rodney,

but he did not venture to go to sleep in the armchair again. He was in fear and dread of Skinner and Stott. Mr. Quelch had given the two black sheep a lesson; but Wun Lung was well aware that that lesson would probably only make them all the more revengeful; and now that his protectors were gone, he half-expected them to hunt him out.

The sound of footsteps in the passage made him sit upright in the chair, listening like an alarmed cat.

The footsteps were coming along the stairs.

Wun Lung was aware that Drake and Rodney had gone for a long bicycle spin, so they were not likely to be coming in yet. Most of the other fellows were out of doors. If those footsteps portended the approach of his persecutors, Wun Lung was in for a bad time.

The little Chinese realised that quickly enough, and he curled out of the armchair, and scudded across the study to the cupboard.

The upper part of the study cupboard was used chiefly for tuck; but the lower part, which had a separate door, was the receptacle of bats, and foils, and footballs, and such-like things. There was room, however, for the diminutive Chinese.

In a twinkling, Wun Lung was ensconced in the narrow space, and had drawn the little door shut after him.

There he crouched, listening, with beating heart.

If the footsteps passed on— But they did not pass on. They stopped at the study door; and the door opened.

"All serene!" It was Skinner's voice, as he looked into the study.

Wun Lung breathed hard. It was as he had suspected, Skinner and Stott; though their object, as a matter of fact, was not what he supposed. Skinner was glad to find the study empty.

The little Chinese crouched as still as a mouse when the cat is near. He hardly breathed, as he watched from the narrow slit of the cupboard door, which was an half-inch opening.

That slit gave him a partial view of the study. Skinner and Stott came in, and, after a careless glance round, closed the door.

"Buck up!" said Stott. "No joke if those rotters came back and caught us here."

"It won't take me a minute," answered Skinner. "They've left their Etous here. Which is Drake's jacket?"

Wun Lung's almond eyes dilated.

The words astonished him; and he realised now that it was not on his account that Skinner and Stott had come to the study. It was on Jack Drake's account; and evidently a trick of some kind was to be played.

Wun Lung grinned silently. Skinner and Stott fumbled with the jackets Drake and Rodney had left carelessly lying on the table.

"Here's Drake's," said Skinner.

"Now, then!" He took the little packet of types from his pocket, and opened it.

"No good putting in a packet," he said, "Drake might notice it. I'll shove them in loose. He'll never notice that—in an inside pocket, too."

"Good!"

"Only a merry search will bring the goods to light," chuckled Skinner; "and that will take place when Quelch misses his types."

"Good egg!"

Skinner fumbled with the jacket for a few minutes, and then, with a suppressed chuckle, the two schemers quitted the study, closing the door after them.

Wun Lung did not move till their footsteps had died away.

After a safe interval, the little Chinese crept out of the cupboard, and for some moments he doubled up in a silent paroxysm of merriment.

His little yellow face wore a beatific grin, as he fumbled in the pocket of Drake's jacket.

His hand came out full of types. With meticulous care, he searched the jacket till every one of the types was in his possession. He twisted them into a packet in a sheet of paper, and the packet disappeared into his loose garments.

"Velly funnee!" murmured Wun Lung. "Ugly Skinnee playec lick on nicey ole Drake! Me chippy in, me tinkee! Oh, yes!"

Wun Lung peered cautiously into the passage.

Skinner and Stott had disappeared, and the coast was clear.

The little Chinese quitted the study, still grinning. Evidently the heathen was very much entertained by the turn affairs had taken.

shaded light glimmered on the keys of the type-writer. Mr. Quelch had sat down for an hour's pure enjoyment. How the Form-master could derive any enjoyment from clicking on his type-writer, and adding to the ever-increasing bulk of his celebrated "History of Greyfriars," was a deep mystery to his pupils. But Mr. Quelch did enjoy it. His type-writer was to him, what Bob Cherry's own special favourite bat was to Bob.

But the first click on the type-writer this evening was not a click, but a thud. Mr. Quelch turned up the carriage, and stared at the sheet in the machine. There was a dent in it instead of a printed letter.

Under the impression that a type had fallen out—as types sometimes will do in the best regulated type-writers—Mr. Quelch lifted the ribbon, and looked into the machine. Then he made the astounding discovery that took his breath away.

"Upon my word! Bless my soul! What wretch—what dastard—"

Words failed Mr. Quelch.

Not a type remained on the machine! Those beautiful new types which had cost Mr. Quelch the sum of four pounds five shillings and sixpence, only a week before, were all gone! Not one of them remained; and the twisted rods showed how roughly they had been plied out.

It was an outrage—an intentional, deliberate outrage—it was the last word in disrespect and in hooliganism! Mr. Quelch's face grew crimson with wrath as he gazed into his machine. The damage was considerable; there was a repairing job for a mechanic, even if the types were recovered. And were they recoverable? Surely! Nobody could be dastardly enough to throw away—actually throw away—types for which the Form-master had paid the considerable sum of four pounds five shillings and sixpence. But even the loss of the types was not so enraging as the outrage itself. Mr. Quelch rose from his table, with a glitter in his eyes that would have made Harold Skinner quake if he had seen it.

He was very calm. When Mr. Quelch

was furious, it was with a cold, quiet fury, which is the most dangerous kind. Often the Removites, when they had exasperated their Form-master, would have preferred to see him "ramp" as Mr. Hacker of the Shell sometimes did. Mr. Quelch never ramped; but he was much more feared than Mr. Hacker.

He stepped out of his study, and glanced along the passage. Wingate of the Sixth was in sight, and the Form-master called to him.

"Wingate!" The captain of Greyfriars came towards him.

"Will you be kind enough to assemble the Remove in their Form-room?" said Mr. Quelch. "An outrage has been perpetrated in my study, and I am anxious to investigate the matter at once."

"Certainly, sir," said Wingate. He hurried away to the Remove passage.

Most of the Remove were at prep. just then, and the Greyfriars captain found them in their studies. Little Wun Lung, the Chinese, was loafing in the passage, and he looked at Wingate with bright intelligent eyes as he came up. Wingate looked into No. 1, and called to Wharton and Nugent.

"Remove to assemble in the Form-room at once. Pass the word along!"

"Hallo! What's up, Wingate?" asked Nugent.

"You'll see! Get a move on!"

The word was passed along the Remove passage fast enough, and it caused a good deal of excitement.

Skinner and Stott exchanged a glance when the news was bawled into their study by Bob Cherry.

"Now for the merry ordeal!" murmured Skinner.

Stott grinned.

"What on earth's on?" asked Snoop, their study-mate.

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"Blessed if I know," he replied. "Quelch's got some bee in his bonnet, I suppose. We'd better go."

They joined the crowd of Removites pouring towards the stairs. Jack Drake and Dick Rodney came out of No. 3,



With arms and legs flying Skinner shot through the doorway into the Remove passage. Crash! There was a terrific collision. Skinner ought to have landed on the floor. But by sheer ill-luck, Mr. Quelch came along the passage just then. "Ooooh!" he gasped.

**A Shock for Skinner!**

**U**PON my word!" Mr. Quelch quite jumped. The expression on his face was extraordinary.

The Remove master was in his study. A cheery fire crackled and blazed. The

with Ogilvy and Russell. All four were looking surprised.

"Know what this means, anybody?" asked Drake.

"Give it up," answered Harry Wharton. "I suppose Quelchy will tell us."

Bunter's fat face was anxious as he rolled along with the crowd. He had many sins on his fat conscience. But the other fellows were only surprised.

Skinner scowled at Wun Lung as he passed him on the landing. It was the first time he had seen the little Celestial since the scrap in No. 3 that afternoon.

Wun Lung grinned at him.

"Ugly ole Skinnee!" he said, with unaccustomed defiance.

"What!" snapped Skinner.

"Ugly face!" said Wun Lung. "Hollid ugly ole Skinnee!"

Skinner made a swipe at him with his arm in passing. To his surprise, Wun Lung fastened on him like a cat, and so sudden was the attack, that Skinner went rolling over on his back in the passage, with the little Chinese clawing and clutching on top of him.

"Yoop!" roared Skinner. "Why, you little villain, I'll—I'll— Yaroo! Drag him off!"

"Here chuck it, and come along," said Bob Cherry, laughing, as he jerked Wun Lung away from the struggling Skinner.

"Me comee with nicey ole Bob Chelly!" murmured Wun Lung.

And he kept close by Bob's sturdy form as he went to the Form-room; and Skinner scrambled up breathlessly and followed—promising Wun Lung all sorts of things later.

"Hurry up there!" called out Wingate, from the stairs impatiently. "Mr. Quelch is waiting for you in the Form-room."

The juniors hurried down, and marched into the Remove room. Mr. Quelch was there—stiff as a ramrod, with a set, stern face.

"Boys!" he said. "An unparalleled outrage has been committed in my study. The types have been removed from my typewriter, and the machine considerably damaged!"

"Phew!" murmured Drake.

"This outrage has been committed, I fear, by some boy in my form," said Mr. Quelch. "I can only suppose that it is a mean and miserable revenge for some just punishment. I shall be very pleased if it proved that no Remove boy was guilty. But it is my duty to examine my own Form first. Is any boy here acquainted with the occurrence?"

There was a dead silence.

There were two present who were well acquainted with the occurrence, but they had no intention of speaking.

"This matter is not an ordinary practical joke," continued Mr. Quelch.

"It is a dastardly outrage—damage to the extent of five pounds has been done—unless the missing types are recovered. It is the duty of all of you to give me any information in your power."

Harry Wharton spoke up.

"I don't think anybody here knows anything about it, sir," he said. "If I knew anything, I should certainly tell you."

"May I speak, sir?" said Skinner.

"Yes, Skinner, certainly."

"This matter places the whole Form in a very painful position, sir," said Skinner. "If anything has been stolen, ought there not to be a search, so as to clear innocent fellows?"

"I do not think the types were stolen," said Mr. Quelch. "They are of little value to anyone without a machine. This outrage was perpetrated from a wicked love of destruction. But the types were taken away from my

study—no doubt in the pocket of the perpetrator. He may have them about him still—or one or two that he may have overlooked, if he had thrown them away, as they are such small objects. My intention is to ascertain whether such a clue exists. Every boy present will pass my desk and turn out his pockets."

Led by Harry Wharton, the Removites filed past the Form-master's desk.

Each fellow as he came to the desk turned out his pockets, and showed the total of the contents, pulling out the lining to prove that the pocket contained nothing more.

Mr. Quelch's eyes were like gimlets. Nothing was likely to escape them. And Harold Skinner drew a deep, deep breath as Jack Drake came up to the desk.

Drake turned out his pockets carelessly enough. Skinner caught his breath, as Drake jerked out the lining of his inside pocket. That action should have scattered a dozen or so types on the floor at his feet.

But it didn't!

Skinner stared, dumbfounded.

Jack Drake passed the ordeal successfully and passed on.

Skinner blinked. His brain was in a whirl.

What had happened?

If Drake, by some chance, had discovered the types hidden in his inside pocket, surely something would have been said about such a strange discovery. That was certain. And if he had not discovered them, they must be still there. Yet they were not there!

Skinner felt quite dazed.

He was still in a state of great mental confusion when his own turn came, and he stepped up to the desk. His hand went into his pocket—and then he started. His hand did not come out; but a strange pallor overspread his startled face.

Mr. Quelch's eyes fixed on him instantly—more like a gimlet than ever.

"Turn out your pocket, Skinner!"

"I—I—"

"Turn it out instantly!" thundered the Form-master.

Skinner's hand came out limply—and empty.

"There—there's nothing there—"

he stammered.

"Wharton?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Remove whatever it is Skinner has hidden in his pocket!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Wharton turned the wretched junior's pocket inside out. He laid a little paper packet on the desk. Mr. Quelch opened it!

"The missing types!" he said, with a terrible look at Skinner.

Skinner's jaw dropped.

He had felt them in his pocket, in amazement and consternation—almost fainting with the horror of the discovery. But even now that he saw them he could scarcely believe his eyes. Was his mind wandering? He knew—Stott knew—that he had placed those types in Drake's pocket. And here they were in his own—proof of his guilt that could not be mistaken.

"So it was you, Skinner," said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice. "This was your mean—your contemptible revenge for the caning I was forced to administer to you this afternoon. I shall not cane you for this, Skinner." The wretched schemer's face brightened for a moment. "I shall take you to Dr. Locke, and request him to administer a severe flogging!"

"I—I—" Skinner licked his dry lips. "I—I—I meant no harm, sir, only—only—"

"Come!"

Mr. Quelch's hand dropped on Skinner's shoulder, in a grip of iron, and the young rascal was led from the Form-room.

### Wun Lung Explains!

**J**EVVER hear of such a silly owl?" said Jack Drake, in No. 3 Study, ten minutes later. "Wrecking Quelchy's typer, and then taking the giddy types around in his pocket! Might have known Quelchy would make a search!"

"He suggested it," said Rodney, in wonder. "You heard him? Just as if he wanted to be found out!"

"Beats me hollow!" said Ogilvy.

The study door opened, and Wun Lung glided in, with an expansive grin on his yellow face.

"Skinnee catchee it!" he remarked. "Ole Doctee lay in with birchee—me heal Skinnee howl! What you tinkee?"

And he chuckled.

"Nicey ole Drake nearly get flogging!" added Wun Lung.

Jack Drake stared at him.

"I!" he exclaimed.

"What you tinkee? Me, Wun Lung, look after nicey ole Drake," said the little Chinese. "Me savee you! Oh, yes!"

"What the dickens are you burbling about?" demanded Drake, in amazement.

"Me hidee in studee when Skinnee comee in here," explained Wun Lung, with a gurgle of enjoyment. "Me watchee Skinnee hidee typee in your pockee!"

"What?" yelled Drake.

"Skinner hid the types in Drake's pocket!" gasped Rodney.

Wun Lung nodded.

"Me takee outee Drake's pockee," he said. "Me keeppee. Li'l while ago, me callee Skinnee names, he punchee, me jumpee on Skinnee, he loll over, me loll over him—"

"I saw you," said Drake. "But—"

"Loll on Skinnee and puttee typee in Skinnee pockee," said Wun Lung coolly. "Him goey in Form-loom, tinkee still in Drake's pockee; but in Skinnee pockee allee timee, and Skinnee not know!"

And Wun Lung fairly doubled up in a paroxysm of mirth.

The juniors stared at him blankly.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Drake, at last.

He realised from what the little Chinese had saved him. There was a step in the passage, and Skinner passed the open doorway—his face white, writhing as he walked. He had "been through" it.

Drake's eyes blazed at him.

"You cur!" he exclaimed. "You've got the flogging you meant for me, then?"

Skinner glanced at him, with lack-lustre eyes.

"Hang you!" he muttered. "I don't know how you found it out, or how you worked it; but—Ow! Ow! Hang you!"

He stumbled on.

Drake half rose, but he sank back into his seat.

"He looks as if he's had enough," he said. "But I'll talk to him tomorrow! Wun Lung, you grinning young rascal, I'm no end obliged to you! My hat! But for you—"

"Me lookee after nicey ole Drake," grinned Wun Lung. "Wun Lung velly nicey li'l chap! Velly clevee li'l lascal, what you tinkee?"

And No. 3 Study agreed that he was:

THE END.

Another grand long story of the chums of Greyfriars School next week.