

# LODER'S LUCK!

By  
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## THE FIRST CHAPTER

PRESENTS FOR LODER!

**E**LEVEN strokes fell upon the darkness from the big clock high up in the old tower at Greyfriars. A dense gloom wrapped the quad and cloisters; the buildings themselves showed only one glimmer of light. This came from a place which should have been as dark as the rest of the school. The Remove dorm, in fact.

Nobody in the Remove should have been out of bed at eleven o'clock at night, but things were not as they should be. They frequently aren't, in the Remove. Several candles were burning in the dorm. Two fellows were out of bed. The rest were sitting up and grinning.

The fellows out of bed were Vernon-Smith and Bolsover major. Smithy

was mixing some concoction in a tin pan; Bolsy was putting on a few togs. The other fellows were engaged in arguing.

"The best thing to do is to lock his beastly door," said Skinner firmly.

"Oh, rats! We don't want to get the man the sack," commented Nugent. "How's it getting on, Smithy?"

The Bounder grinned.

"I'm just putting the carmine copying-ink and gum in it," he replied. "It'll be pretty ripe then."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All we need to do is to bung a bottle of liquid glue in his bed," said Bolsover major obstinately. "He won't like his bed swimming with glue. Stands to reason."

"Never mind his bed," grunted

## THE TOFFEE THAT SAVED A SENIOR FROM THE "SACK"!

Smithy. "It will be enough when he gets this pan of ink on his napper."

"Better just lock his door——"  
Skinner chimed in.

The person who was to be bombarded with ink and gummed up in bed was none other than our old enemy, Loder of the Sixth. And this was how it all happened.

Poor old Quelchy bagged a nasty cold from somewhere, and was shot off to the sanny to nurse it; so Loder was detailed to take the Remove while he was away. Loder must have thought the Head said, "Take it out of the Remove," for that's what he did—and he did it jolly well. Practically every chap in the Form was landed with lines or lickings, and the whole of the Remove was simply bursting for vengeance on Gerald Loder.

Bunter, of course, was in the thick of it all. Loder had snaffled a packet of toffee from Bunter and confiscated it, giving the Owl five hundred lines by way of compensation. After class, Bunter had made an attempt to hook the toffee out of Loder's study. He didn't get the toffee, for Loder came up to the study while he was there. Bunter had just time to get under the bed.

In hiding under the bed, Bunter overheard Loder making plans to go out on the razzle-dazzle that night, and he promptly passed on the news to the other fellows.

Then it was that we saw our chance of getting a bit of our own back. Skinner suggested locking the door of Loder's study so that he couldn't get back to bed; but most of us felt this was a bit too thick, although doubtless Loder deserved it. Bolsy was keen on glueing his bed for him, while Smithy, who had a large bottle of carmine copying-ink on hand,

was desperately anxious to give Loder the benefit of it by means of a booby-trap over his door.

Bunter did not care what means was selected, but he appealed loudly to whoever went to Loder's study to bring back his confiscated toffee.

"I say, you fellows," he wailed, "it was a one-and-sixpenny packet, practically full. I'd only eaten one piece when the brute dropped on me, and it was jolly good toffee, too. Wasn't it, Russell, old fellow?"

Russell stared.

"How should I know?" he demanded.

"Well, it was your—I mean," said Bunter hastily—"of course you don't know, old chap."

"Was that my packet of toffee he bagged?" roared Russell, starting. "Why, you fat brigand——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major had slipped on his jacket and bags. He now stole over to the door. Smithy glared at him.

"You needn't butt in," remarked the Bounder. "I'm goin' to give him this booby-trap——"

"I'm going to glue his bed——"

"Better lock the door, I think."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You'd better all three go it," he remarked. "Bolsy can glue his bed, Smithy can balance a pan of red ink on his door, and then Skinner can shut the door and lock it. Loder will be pleased."

"Don't you get foolin' round his door," snapped Smithy, glaring at Skinner. "I don't want this booby-trap spoilt."

"I'm going to glue his bed," repeated Bolsover obstinately.

"Well, buck up, then," said Vernon Smith impatiently. "You can go and swamp glue into his bed, if you like. Only you'd better be quick. This

mixture will be ready for him in half a tick."

"I—I say, Bolsy, old fellow," yelled Bunter, as the burly Remove junior opened the door. "Get my toffee for me, old chap. It's in the beast's desk."

"Rats to you!" snapped Bolsover, and went softly out of the dorm to get his bottle of liquid glue from his study.

"Beast!" grunted the Porpoise. "I say, Smithy——"

"Cheese it!"

"I'm hungry, you know. You might get a fellow's toffee for him."

"I might pull a fellow's nose for him, if he doesn't shut up," replied the Bounder, busily stirring his horrid mixture.

"My hat!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Won't Loder enjoy himself! First of all he'll get a nice drenching with red ink and gum, and then, after he's scrubbed himself clean, he'll crawl wearily into a pool of glue."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Remove, greatly tickled with the thought of Loder's face when this happened.

"Won't he yell when he gets that lot on his napper," chortled Squiff.

"Will he?" replied the Bounder grimly. "I don't think he will. If he wakes up any of the other prefects or a few of the masters, he can explain to them what he's doing out of bed at one o'clock in the morning. I don't think Loder will try it, somehow."

Smith carefully lifted the pan and trod over towards the door.

"I—I say, Smithy——"



The dormitory door opened and a fearsome figure, dripping with gum and ink, entered the room, flourishing a large fist at Vernon-Smith. "You—you——" stuttered the figure wildly. It was Bolsover; he had landed Smith's booby-trap laid for Loder.

"Shut up, you fat ass!"

"My toffee, old fellow! You can easily hook it out of the beast's desk. I say, you know, don't go out while a fellow's talking to you. Beast!" hooted Bunter, as Smithy left the dorm without taking any further notice of him.

The fellows all waited with keen interest for Smithy and Bolsover to return with the news that Loder's bed was duly glued and the booby-trap was in position over his door. Bunter grouched and grumbled about his toffee, and Skinner, who was sore and savage, complained that Loder's door should have been locked, leaving the prefect with a chance of being discovered and expelled.

"Bolsy's gone a long time," remarked Wharton, yawning.

"Giving Smithy a hand with the booby-trap, I expect," grinned Nugent.

We waited patiently. Presently the door opened and the Bounder came in grinning.

"All serene!" he said. "If Loder touches his door now, he'll get the whole lot on the back of his neck."

We stared at him.

"Where's Bolsover?" asked Wharton. "Didn't he come up with you?"

"Bolsover!" repeated the Bounder. "I didn't see anything of him. I took it for granted he'd been and gone. Oh, my hat! I wonder——"

The door opened again, and a fearsome figure staggered into the room.

The figure was a vivid scarlet in colour; gum and ink were dripping from it in a stream. In one hand it held a bottle of liquid glue!

It staggered up to Smithy and flourished a large fist in front of his nose.

"You—you—you——" stuttered the figure wildly.

We simply shrieked.

Bolsover had got it! How, or why, we didn't know; but the sight of him was enough for us. We yelled—regardless of the noise we were making.

Smithy didn't laugh. His face was dark with fury.

"You fool!" he snarled. "What did you want to spoil my booby-trap for?"

"Could I help it?" raved Bolsover fiercely. "I couldn't find the glue for some time. That fathead Dupont had shoved it behind the bookcase. When I found it, I went down to Loder's study and—and this caught me——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at me!" yelled Bolsover. "Just look at me! Ain't I a sight? You—you blithering bandersnatch! You—you——"

"You want a wash!" Smithy snapped, picking up a jug of water. "Here you are, ass!"

And he swooped the water over Bolsover with a swing of his arm.

That did it. Forgetful of time and place, Bolsover jumped at Smithy, hitting out wildly.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Wharton. "Stop them! We shall have the Beaks up here at this rate."

A number of fellows jumped out of bed and rushed at the combatants to drag them apart.

As they did so, two other fellows slipped quietly out of the dorm. Bunter went first and, shortly after him, Skinner.

That night's adventures were not yet over.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER

### A CLOSE SHAVE

**B**UNTER was hungry. That, of course, was not unusual with Bunter. Skinner was savage. And

that, equally of course, was not unusual with Skinner.

Bunter left the dorm first. The thought of a whole packet of toffee simply waiting in Loder's empty study for somebody to go along and hook it out was not to be resisted. Scuttling out of the room, he edged his way quietly to the Sixth-form passage.

Skinner followed him a few minutes afterwards. Skinner had taken two lickings in class that morning, and he was burning to get his own back. By simply turning the key in Loder's door, and taking the said key away with him, he was putting Loder in the position of being shut out of his own bed-room, with a risk of being expelled if he couldn't find a way to get in. It looked a soft thing to Skinner.

Bunter reached Loder's study exactly one minute ahead of Skinner.

The fat Porpoise had just opened the drawer of Loder's desk when the door of the room was gently closed and a key grated in the lock.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Bunter, transfixed.

Outside in the passage, Skinner grinned and slipped the key out of the lock. That would do Loder's business for him just right, reflected Skinner. He was about to return to the Remove dorm, when the handle of the door suddenly turned—obviously being moved from within. Skinner stared blankly.

"What the——"

"Oh, lor'!" came a dolorous whisper from within the study. "Oh, crikey! Beasts!"

"Bunter!" exclaimed Skinner, recognising the dulcet tones. "What the dickens is that fat ass doing in Loder's study?"

"I—I say—who's that?" came Bunter's voice.

Skinner grunted and stepped forward to open the door again. Obviously he couldn't leave Bunter shut up in Loder's study. He stepped forward.

If he had stepped on the floor, all would have been well. But in the darkness of the passage he did not see Smithy's tin pan, which was lying on the floor where it had dropped after connecting with Bolsover. Skinner planted a foot right on it. The tin pan skidded in the pool of inky gum. Skinner skidded, too.

Crash!

"Whoooooop!" roared Skinner, as he smote the lino.

The bump shook Greyfriars to its foundations. The yell brought every prefect and every master upright in bed.

Skinner scrambled painfully to his feet and fairly bolted up the stairs to the dorm. Bunter could wait; Skinner couldn't. He knew there would be a mob of prefects on the scene in something less than a minute.

He was right. Doors opened all along the passage. Heads looked out. Mr. Prout and Mr. Hacker, sporting dressing-gowns, rolled on the scene. Wingate switched on the light.

"What the thump——" He stared blankly at the pool of red ink and gum.

"What's happening?" inquired the prefects in wonder. "Somebody larking?"

"What is this?" boomed Mr. Prout, puffing along the passage. "Wingate, I have been awakened! Aroused! Disturbed! I have been startled by a noise from this passage. What is taking place here?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the school captain. "There's this on the floor. Somebody seems to have made rather a mess here."

"What, what?" Mr. Prout blinked at the remains of the booby-trap. "Bless my soul! Wingate, there has been a dreadful crime here. Blood has been spilt. I will go and get my rifle, and then——"

The prefects grinned. Some of them felt that, if Mr. Prout got to work with his rifle, it was only too probable that blood might be spilt by the gallon.

"Ahem!" said Wingate. "I don't think that's necessary, sir. I fancy some young rascal has been trying to fix a booby-trap in this passage."

"Ah, very probably," agreed Mr. Hacker. "One of Quelch's juniors, I have no doubt."

"No doubt," agreed the Fifth-form master. "But it is still far from clear how, or why, a booby-trap—as Wingate terms it—could be affixed at this spot, and for what purpose it was intended. This must be thoroughly investigated. I shall get to the bottom of this matter, Wingate. I desire to know what has been going on in this passage."

"It's outside Loder's door," observed Wingate. "Perhaps Loder knows something about it." And he rapped on the door. "Loder! Are you awake?"

"It will be very odd if he is not," said Mr. Hacker sarcastically, "since the noise occurred at this spot and woke nearly everyone else in the building. I should have expected Loder to be the first to come out into the passage."

"Loder!" called out Wingate, tapping the door.

"You had better go in and arouse him," said Prout.

"The door seems to be locked, sir."

"What, what! Absurd! Why should the door be locked? Is not the key there, Wingate?"

"Eh? No, sir."

"Dear me!" came the acid tones of Mr. Hacker. "Can it be possible that Loder is absent from the school at this hour of the night?"

Wingate set his lips. There had, in the past, been rumours about Loder, and Wingate had a shrewd suspicion that they were not unfounded. If they were true, and Loder was really out of bounds—it was the long jump for Loder.

The school captain banged heavily on the door.

Inside the study, Billy Bunter quaked. The fat junior had no very clear idea of what had happened. All he knew was that a crowd of masters and prefects were outside the door, and that, if he were discovered in Loder's room, it meant a whacking from the Head. Bunter shivered.

"Oh, lor!" he groaned silently. "Oh, crumbs! Oh, jiminy! If I'm nabbed here by Prout—— Oh, lor'!"

He wished from the bottom of his fat heart that he had let Russell's toffee alone. But it was too late to wish that. Prout had now taken command. He meant to get to the bottom of the mystery.

"Wingate!" he boomed. "This door must be opened. There is a duplicate key in the key safe downstairs. If no other key can be found, the Headmaster must be aroused and a duplicate obtained."

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Bunter gasped. Evidently he was to be "for it." His wits worked with lightning speed. There was just one chance—just one. He took it with both hands.

Our old Owl is a weird and wonderful ventriloquist; he can imitate other fellows' voices to the finest degree of perfection. He now turned



As Skinner planted his foot in the tin pan, the pan skidded in the pool of inky gum. Next moment Skinner skidded, too! "Whoooop!" he roared, as he smote the lino.

on his ventriloquial tap and spoke like Loder.

"I say," he yawned, "what's all the rumpus out there? Do let a fellow sleep!"

Mr. Prout jumped.

"Oh, Loder! You are there!"

"Eh?" came the supposed voice of Loder. "Of course I'm here. Where else should I be at this time of night? What's up?"

Wingate breathed again. There was to be no sacking in the Sixth Form. But Hacker glared suspiciously at the locked door.

"Loder!" he snapped. "Why is your door locked?"

"I locked it, sir."

"But why? What is the reason of—"

A sleepy chuckle interrupted him.

"Oh, that's all right, sir. I took

Mr. Quelch's Form in class this mornin', and I believe one or two of the young rascals didn't like the lickings I gave them. There was some talk of paying me back, I believe. So I thought I'd lock my door to-night—just in case. Of course, it's a bit thick to talk of assaulting a prefect, but Mr. Quelch's juniors are rather—er——"

"Quite so!" assented Hacker. "They are, as you suggest, rather—er—— Quite so!"

Really, at times Bunter's cleverness almost amounted to genius. The fat spoofer completely convinced the two masters, and Prout's voice was quite amiable as he exclaimed:

"I have always said that the way Quelch manages his Form—— But that has nothing to do with the matter at present. There appears, Loder, to be the remains of a—a

booby-trap upon the floor outside your study."

"Ha, ha!" Bunter could even laugh like Loder. "Looks as if I acted wisely in locking my door, then. I expect the young rascal tried to walk into my room with that lot, and bumped himself on the door when it didn't open."

"Ah! Exactly! I have no doubt that is the case!" Prout nodded. "He shall be discovered to-morrow and punished. Meanwhile, we had better return to bed, I think."

And the crowd outside melted away, leaving Bunter to wipe his perspiring brow and gasp with relief.

About twenty minutes later Skinner came down and released Bunter. And this time Loder's door was left open. They were fed up with Loder.

We seemed to be lying awake for a long time, wondering if Prout would come to investigate further. But he was apparently standing by his determination to leave the matter until the morning. All we could hear was a strange noise of chewing and champing.

Bunter was the only one who profited by the night's adventure. He had got his toffee back!

An hour or so later Loder came in, yawned, grinned, and got into bed—without the faintest notion of how near he had come to being booted out.

We did not make any more plans for vengeance on Loder. We were quite tired of it. Our great midnight vengeance on Loder had panned out as follows:

Bolsy saved Loder from a booby-trap. Smithy saved Loder from a bed full of glue. Bunter and Skinner between them saved Loder from getting the sack.

And yet, Loder thinks himself unlucky!

## Greyfriars Jingles

# TOO MUCH FAG!

By PETER TODD



DON'T ask the Earl Mauleverer  
What kind of sport he would prefer;  
Upon his study couch reclined  
He'll yawn, "That kind of thing I find  
Too much fag!"

This limp and lazy nobleman  
Spends every single hour he can  
Upon his study sofa springs,  
And mildly calls all other things  
Too much fag!

Don't ask him why he does not wield  
A bat upon the cricket field  
And knock the bowling into fits—  
He's pretty sure to tell you it's  
Too much fag!

Of course, he gives his full support  
To every healthy form of sport,  
But taking part in it—no fear!  
The reason why is very clear—  
Too much fag!

The Latin language he'll approve  
Of being learnt by the Remove;  
The same with grammar, French and  
"stinks,"  
But learning them himself he thinks  
Too much fag!

He's fond of Lower School delights  
Like rags and feeds and pillow-fights,  
But does not share in them, not he!  
He says, "They always seem to me  
Too much fag!"

But Mauly, heed this little tale:  
There lived a tired and languid snail  
Who did not dodge the early bird  
Because he found it, so I've heard,  
Too much fag!

(Other slackers take warning!)