

The Famous Four on the War-Path!

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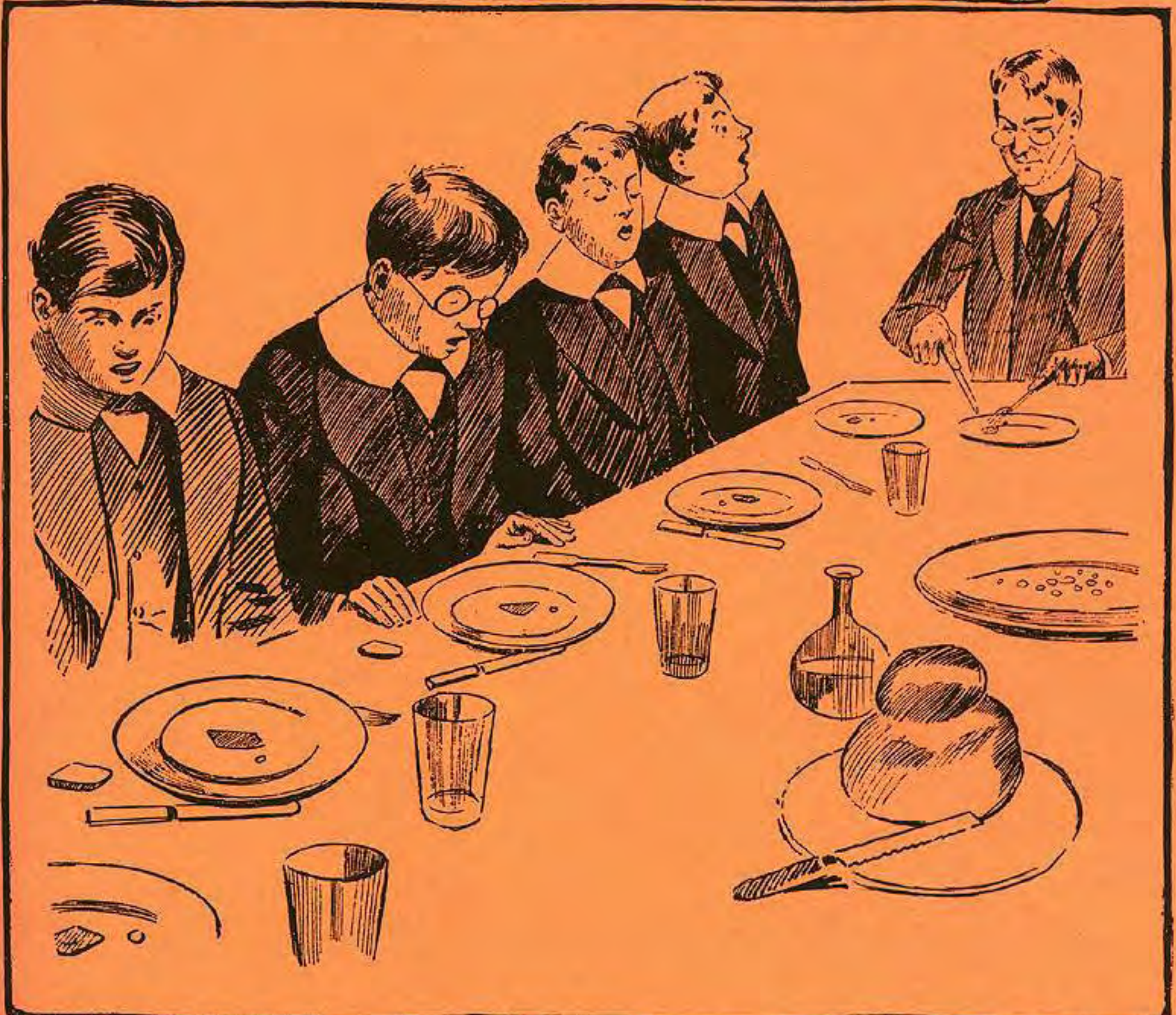
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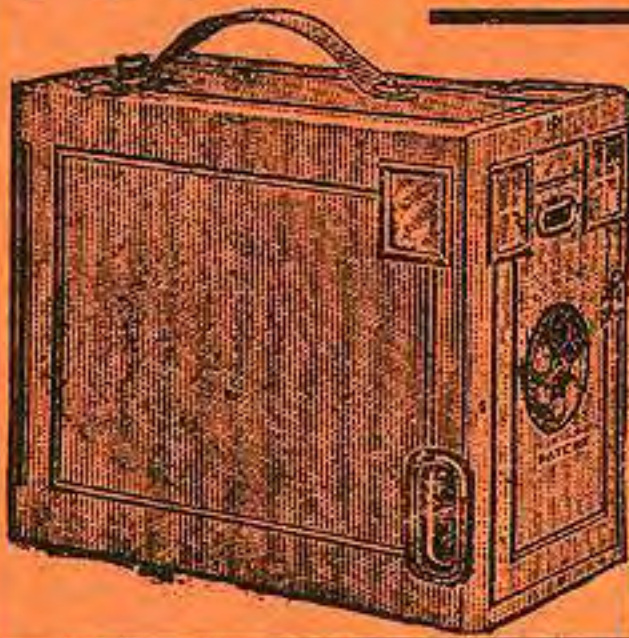
GRAND SCHOOL TALE.

By
FRANK
RICHARDS



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**FOUR ON THE
WAR-PATH.**

A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale of
the Boys of Greyfriars,
By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
The Faddist Again.

"WHERE'S Quelch?"
It was Harry Wharton, of the Greyfriars Remove, who spoke, in a tone of surprise. The Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars—were in their class-room, ready for the first morning lesson. But the big hand of the clock had crept on from 9.15 to 9.20, and the Form master had not appeared.
"Five minutes late, by Jove!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the matter with Quelch?"
There was a buzz of voices in the Remove-room. The class were taking a natural advantage of the absence of the Form master. Most of them were talking, a few were singing, and several were hammering on their desks, or throwing paper pellets at one another. Morning work should have commenced five minutes ago, and the Remove enjoyed their unexpected liberty.
But there was an anxious shade upon Harry Wharton's brow. This tardiness on the part of Mr. Quelch was unprecedented. The master of the Remove was usually punctuality itself. Harry Wharton had never known him to be even a minute late for class before.
"Where's Quelch, I wonder?"
"What does it matter?" asked Billy Bunter, who was

extracting a tart from a paper-bag hidden under his jacket. "I'm blessed if I can see what you want to worry about him for, Wharton. We are much more comfy without a master in the room."
"Yes, rather!" agreed Nugent. "I'll have one of those tarts, Bunter."
"Well, you see, Nugent, I've only got six, and—"
"I hope there's nothing wrong with Quelch!" Harry Wharton said, in a low voice. "You know he went away for his health, and came back earlier than he had intended, because we got on so badly with his substitute. He may have broken down."
"My hat," said Bob Cherry, with a whistle of dismay, "I hope not! Of course, I should be sorry for Quelch, but I think I should be sorrier for us. We don't want to be under that ass Chesham again!"
"The assfulness of the honourable Chesham is terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the Hindu junior, in the excellent English he had not learned at Greyfriars. "It was impossible to stand his esteemed faddfulness."
"We shall have to stand it, though, if Quelch is ill," said Bob Cherry glumly. "Chesham isn't gone yet, you know. He was going by the ten a.m. train this morning, I heard, so he won't have started for the station yet."
"Hallo, here's Quelch!"
The door of the class-room opened, and the master of the

Remove came in. The buzz of chatter and the hammering on the desks ceased as if by magic. During their short term under the new master, Mr. Chesham, the Remove had been riotous—and not without reason—but they never "ragged" their own master, Mr. Quelch. He was a man to inspire respect, and he was, moreover, a dangerous customer to "rag."

"He looks pretty rotten!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Every eye was fixed on the Form master as he crossed from the door to his desk. Mr. Quelch's face was very pale, and it was evidently only by an effort that he made his way through the class-room. At the desk he paused, and looked at the Remove, leaning his hand heavily on the back of a chair.

"I am sorry I am late, my boys," he said quietly. "We will now proceed with first lesson."

A slight quiver ran through the Form master as he spoke, and he was seen to grip the back of the chair tighter. His pale face became like chalk. Harry Wharton sprang from his seat, and ran quickly forward and caught the Remove master as he reeled unsteadily.

"You are ill, sir!"

Mr. Quelch sank into his seat, looking sick and giddy.

"I—I am afraid I am!" he murmured. "Thank you, Wharton! But—"

He did not finish. It was plain that the effort of reaching the class-room had been too much for the Form master, in his weak state. He had been determined to go through with his duties; the spirit was willing, but the flesh was too weak.

The half-open door of the class-room was pushed wider open, and an imposing figure in cap and gown entered. The class were all attention at once. It was the Head.

Dr. Locke uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Mr. Quelch!"

The Remove master made an effort to rise. The Head came quickly forward.

"Do not move!" he exclaimed. "You are too ill to take your class, Mr. Quelch. I thought you looked very ill when I saw you in the corridor, and I came to speak to you about it. You must not think of going on."

"I—I am sorry—"

"Fortunately, Mr. Chesham has not yet left. I will speak to him, and he will be pleased, I know, to retain charge of the Remove till you are quite fit to resume your duties."

"But—"

"Not a word! You must go to your room immediately," said the Head, with kindly firmness. "You are not fit for work."

The Remove listened with glum faces. They were sorry for Mr. Quelch, whom they liked and respected; but their glum looks were chiefly caused by the thought of again coming under the authority of Mr. Chesham.

"There'll be trouble!" muttered Bulstrode.

"Heaps of it!" grunted Billy Bunter. "Let him try to cut down my meals again, that's all!"

There was a step in the passage without. A gentleman in a travelling-coat, with a bag in his hand, passed the open doorway. The Head looked round quickly.

"Wharton, ask Mr. Chesham to step in here, please."

"Certainly, sir!"

Harry went quickly to the door.

"If you please, Mr. Chesham—"

The new master turned round. Mr. Chesham's face was a dreamy one. He looked like a man who lived more in his thoughts than in the world. He nodded to Harry.

"What is it, Wharton?"

"Mr. Quelch is ill. The Head is here, and he wishes to speak to you."

"Certainly!"

Mr. Chesham came into the room. The Remove master had risen, and was leaning heavily on the doctor's arm.

"I am sorry for this, Mr. Quelch!" said the new master, looking genuinely concerned. "I am afraid you returned to take up your duties before you were really fit."

The Form master smiled faintly. He had returned suddenly to Greyfriars because he had received a letter from Wingate of the Sixth to explain to him the terms Mr. Chesham was upon with the Remove; but of that fact Mr. Chesham was blissfully ignorant.

"I am afraid so," he replied. "I fear I shall have to ask you to undertake my duties once more, Mr. Chesham, for a short time."

"I shall be delighted. I am only glad that I was not already gone from the school," said Mr. Chesham. "You may rely upon me, of course."

"Quite so," said the Head. "Come, Mr. Quelch, let me help you to your room."

"One moment, sir! I should like to speak to the class." Mr. Quelch looked over the silent Remove. "Boys, I am compelled to leave you for a time; I hope for a very short time. Mr. Chesham will take charge of the class while I

am gone. Will you do your best while I am away, and accord to Mr. Chesham the attention and respect you have always given me? If I feel that I can rely upon you, it will be a weight off my mind while I am away."

Harry Wharton had resumed his place. As captain of the Remove he felt called upon to reply, but the situation was a difficult one. It was impossible to refuse a Form master's request, and would have been unfeeling. But the promise, if it were made, to respect the new master and obey him in all things would have proved terribly irksome to the Remove.

"We will do our best, sir," said Harry Wharton quietly.

"I rely upon you, my boys."

And Mr. Quelch left the room, leaning upon the doctor's arm. The Remove drew a deep breath. They were under Chesham's orders again now, and there was no help for it. That Chesham was a kindly man made no difference. He was a faddist who insisted upon imposing his fads on others. How would the Remove be able to stand him?

"We will now take the first lesson," said Mr. Chesham quietly.

He had removed his coat and hat, and laid down his bag. The lesson was already nearly a quarter of an hour late. There was a movement of attention.

"Bunter!"

"Yes, sir," piped Billy Bunter, blinking nervously through his big spectacles. "Did you speak to me, sir?"

"How dare you come into the class-room with a smudge of jam on your face?"

Billy Bunter turned red. He had not come into the class-room like that. The smudge had been made by eating tarts at his desk during the waiting for the Form master.

"I—I—I'm sorry, sir—"

"What is making your jacket bulge out like that, Bunter?"

"N-n-nothing, sir!"

"Unbutton it immediately!"

"I—I—I—"

"Unbutton your jacket immediately!"

Billy made a desperate effort to slide the bag of tarts from under his jacket to the desk. There was a thud on the floor as a couple of tarts slipped out of the bag. Mr. Chesham came towards the desk.

"Bunter!"

"Y-e-e-e-es, sir!"

"You have brought these horrible sticky articles of diet into the class-room—"

"They're not horrible, sir!" said Bunter, with some spirit. "They're jolly good tarts, sir—the best that Mrs. Mimble makes."

"They are an unhealthy food."

"I get so hungry, sir—"

"That is merely habit-hunger, which can be cured by an effort of the will. In any case, this unwholesome pastry could only do you harm. Take these tarts out of the class-room immediately, and throw them away!"

"Throw them away?" gasped Bunter.

"Yes, and at once!"

Billy Bunter rose. He picked up the two tarts that had fallen, and returned them to the bag; then he walked slowly out of the class-room.

"Make haste, Bunter!"

"Yes, sir."

Bunter was not gone two minutes. When he came in there was a fat twinkle in his eye, and a fresh smudge of jam on his mouth. It was pretty clear to the Remove how he had disposed of the tarts. Fortunately Mr. Chesham was not so observant.

"We will now commence," he said.

And morning lessons commenced. Before the Remove were dismissed they heard the sound of wheels in the Close, and knew that Mr. Quelch was gone again.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Faddist on the Warpath.

HARRY WHARTON, Bob Cherry, Nugent, and Hurree Singh, the chums of the Remove, strolled out into the Close together after morning school. They were all looking very thoughtful.

"Well, we've got him again," said Bob Cherry.

"The gotfulness is terrific," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"He hasn't shown the cloven hoof yet," Nugent remarked.

"He may be going to turn over a new leaf, you know. Perhaps the experience he's had of the Remove will be a lesson to him?"

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"You don't think so, Harry?"

"No, I don't," said Wharton. "He means business. He hasn't started yet, because he hasn't had time—that's all."

"The rotter—"

"Well, he isn't exactly a rotter," said Harry, laughing. "He's doing it from a sense of duty."

"When a chap starts making other people uncomfortable, from a sense of duty, he wants jumping on!" said Bob Cherry oracularly.

"And the jumpfulness should be terrific!"

"He will get jumped on if he starts his fads again!" said Nugent, rather excitedly. "There were those sandals, you know. We never wore them, and Quelch sent them away yesterday. That was lucky. If they had been still here, we might be going around in sandals now, like a lot of giddy Arabs!"

"He means business," Wharton repeated. "I only wonder what the next wheeze will be. He's started taking care of our precious healths, and he will keep it up. He—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

Mr. Chesham had come out of the house. He observed the four juniors, came towards them, and stopped.

"Ah, I wished to speak to you!" he said. "I am afraid that you somewhat misunderstood me at our first acquaintance, my lads. You thought I was interfering with your liberty—"

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton.

Mr. Chesham coloured a little. He had not exactly expected that reply.

"Well, it was quite a mistake," he said. "My intention was to take care of your healths, which I am afraid have been somewhat neglected. Upon the whole, Wharton, you may continue your cricket practice—"

"Thank you, sir," said Harry, with a breath of relief.

"But only on condition that you take proper precautions. You must not run too fast, or strike the ball with too great violence, or the strain may have a serious effect upon your weak lungs."

"But my lungs are not weak, sir."

"I hope you do not intend to set your judgment up in opposition to mine, Wharton!" said the Form master sternly.

Harry Wharton was silent.

"It will be necessary for you also to—"

The Form master paused suddenly. He snatched out his watch, glanced at it, and hastily picked a pill from his waistcoat-pocket, and swallowed it. Then he went on speaking as if nothing unusual had happened.

The four Removites tried hard not to grin.

"It will be necessary for you also to be careful in your diet," said Mr. Chesham. "This can only be ensured by your taking your meals always in my sight."

"We always do, sir, except—"

"Except for the tea in the study."

"Yes, sir," said Wharton, with a sinking heart.

Tea in their own studies was an institution to which the juniors were very much attached.

"I am afraid that will have to be discontinued," said Mr. Chesham. "I will, however, consider that very carefully before making a change. Dear me, I believe you are wearing a belt, Cherry!"

"Yes, sir."

"Take it off immediately!"

"Eh?"

"Take it off immediately! You must not wear a belt! The effect of compression upon the interior organs is apt to set up irritation, which may lead to appendicitis!"

"But—"

"Take it off!"

"I've worn a belt ever since I was a kid, sir, but I don't remember ever having had appendicitis!" said Bob Cherry rebelliously.

"Give me that belt!"

Bob Cherry reluctantly handed it over. It was, perhaps, fortunate that he was wearing braces as well.

"All the belts in the possession of Remove boys must be brought to my study before afternoon classes," said Mr. Chesham. "Will you, Wharton, as head boy of the Form, see that my order is carried out?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"That is not the way to reply to me, Wharton. It hints, as it were, an unwillingness to obey my orders."

Wharton was silent.

"I am afraid you will not remain head boy if you take up an attitude of opposition to your Form master!" said Mr. Chesham severely. "You will make it a point, please, to see that all belts belonging to Remove boys are brought to me."

"Very well, sir."

"But how are we to play cricket without belts?" exclaimed Nugent.

"You must wear braces instead."

"But—"

"I must insist upon the disuse of belts, as dangerous to the health. Possibly you could fasten your trousers to your cricket-shirts, by means of safety-pins!"

"My hat!" murmured Nugent.

"Upon further subjects—such as morning baths and regu-

lations in your diet—I will speak to you later," said Mr. Chesham. "It is impossible to settle every point at once, and I am afraid there will be some foolish discontent in the Form. I look to you, as head boy, to see all my directions carried out, Wharton." And Mr. Chesham walked away.

The chums of the Remove looked at one another.

"What did I tell you?" said Harry, with a half laugh. "He means business, and he has started already. Hallo, Bulstrode! What's the trouble?"

The bully of the Remove was striding by with a face like thunder. He stopped, and scowled at the chums of Study No. 1.

"Trouble enough!" he growled. "If that ass Chesham stays here much longer, he will get slain!"

"Has he started on you?"

"Yes, he has. He says I am lethargic—"

"You are what?"

"Lethargic. I looked the word out in the dictionary, and it means slow and heavy. Because I am lethargic—which is all rot!—I'm to walk quickly round the Close three times every day between morning and afternoon school."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all very well for you rotters to cackle. I was just leaning back in class, that's all—why shouldn't a chap lean back if he wants to?—and that demon spoke to me as I was coming out, you know, and told me he had observed it. He said he would not accuse me of being lazy, and that he set it down to lethargy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not going to stand it!" growled Bulstrode. "Nice ass I shall look walking round the Close three times a day! I shall be chipped by every youngster in the place!"

"Why not declinefully refuse to perform the thrice walkfulness?" asked the nabob.

"That's all very well, but he's in earnest over it. I don't want to be detained for a half-holiday, or given five hundred lines."

"Well, the walk will do you good," said Bob Cherry. "As a matter of absolute fact, you know, you are rather lazy, Bulstrode."

The Remove bully growled, and strode on. The chums of the Remove could not help laughing.

"Chesham is coming it strong," said Harry Wharton. "The walk won't do Bulstrode any harm—especially as he's so lazy about cricket—but when the youngsters of the Third Form get to know about it, they'll lie in wait for him, and chip him. He's not popular, and they'll be glad of the chance."

"The chipfulness will be great."

"I say, you fellows—"

"I wonder what the next freak will be?"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Billy! What did you do with those jam-tarts?"

"Ate them!" said Billy Bunter, blinking at the chums. "Fancy the chap being ass enough to think that anybody would throw jam-tarts away! You could have knocked me down with a flat-iron when he told me to throw them away, you know; but it flashed into my brain that I could bolt them instead."

"And you bolted them?"

"Yes. I'm sincerely sorry there aren't any left for you, Nugent. I really intended you to have one, only—"

"That's all right, Billy. I know it would have broken your heart to part with one of them!" said Nugent, laughing.

"Well, not so bad as that," said Bunter. "They were jolly nice, though. I'll always say that for Mrs. Mumble—she's very touchy about such things as running an account, but she can make tarts. But I say, you fellows, it's getting near dinner-time."

"That's nothing to worry about, Billy. You generally look happy when it's getting near a meal-time."

"Yes; but that was before this awful Chesham came!" said Billy Bunter, who was looking the reverse of happy now. "You know how he cut down the meals. I don't know what to do about it. My constitution isn't very strong, you know; and I am afraid I shall be ill if I don't have enough to eat. I never get really enough at the best of times, and now—"

"Why not have a good tuck-in at Mrs. Mumble's shop before going in to dinner?" Nugent suggested.

"Thank you very much, Nugent! Come on!"

"Eh?"

"Come on!"

"Come on—where?"

"To Mrs. Mumble's. Weren't you suggesting treating me to a feed, in case there isn't enough for dinner?"

"No, I wasn't!" said Nugent emphatically. "I suggested

your feeding there, my boy; but I'm not filling up any cormorants this afternoon, thank you!"

"Don't be selfish, Nugent. I was thinking of having a feed at the tuck-shop, in case of accidents."

"But suppose it turned out to be a good dinner, after all, and you had just had a feed?" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, that's all right! I can always stand two feeds!" said Billy Bunter. "I've got a healthy appetite, you know."

"Yes; I've noticed that."

"I was thinking of having a feed, but I happen to be broke. I'm expecting a postal-order this evening, but I may be seriously ill by that time if I don't have my proper amount of sustenance. I was thinking that you fellows might like to stand me a feed now, and I'll refund when my postal-order comes."

"Can't be did, Billy. We know that postal-order."

"Well, you see, I'm hungry, and I know you wouldn't like me to be ill. As for the postal-order, I don't really like the flippant way you speak about it, Cherry; it's really almost as if you doubted my word. It's bound to come this evening. I really expected it yesterday, but there has been some delay. You wouldn't like to see me ill, and moping about the study, would you?" said Billy Bunter pathetically.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "If you start moping about the study we can easily turn you out, you know."

"Really, Cherry—"

Harry Wharton extracted a shilling from his waistcoat pocket. Billy Bunter's eyes glistened at the glimmer of the silver.

"Thank you very much, Wharton," he said, as Harry tossed it to him with a laugh. "Of course, this is only a loan."

"That's all right, Billy."

"I'm afraid I can't accept it, Wharton, unless it is regarded strictly as a loan," said Billy Bunter, slipping the shilling into his trouser's pocket.

"Whether it is regarded loanfully or giftfully the resultfulness will be exactly the sameful," murmured the nabob.

"I'll settle up for this directly my postal order comes, Wharton," said Billy Bunter. "I expect it to be for a considerable amount, and then I will settle up some other little accounts when the order comes. Did you say you wanted to lend me a shilling, Nugent?"

"No."

"Did you, Cherry?"

"No."

"H'm! Well, I can get a snack for this. Upon the whole, Wharton, as my postal order is certain to be for at least ten shillings, you may as well give me the other nine shillings now, and have the whole of it when it comes—"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'm afraid it can't be done, Billy. Go and blow that shilling, and don't leave any jam on your face this time. Come on, you chaps."

The chums of the Remove walked away. Billy Bunter looked after them with a far from satisfied expression upon his face.

"Wharton is rather selfish," he murmured. "They're all rather selfish, as a matter of fact. An open-handed, generous fellow like me is rather out of place in the Remove, I am afraid. I suppose I had better get what I can for this shilling."

And Billy Bunter made a direct line for the school shop.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bulstrode's Walk.

MR. CHESHAM was at the head of the Remove table at the mid-day dinner of the juniors. The Remove watched him with anxious eyes. He had signalled his first assumption of authority over the Remove by cutting down their meals. Whether he meant to continue in the same way was a burning question.

He soon showed that he did intend it.

The plates that were passed down the table to the hungry juniors contained thin slices of beef—so thin as to almost show the pattern of the plate through them. There were no potatoes on the table at all. Mr. Chesham had abolished potatoes as indigestible, forgetting that what might affect him in middle life might be quite harmless to the hungry boys who came in with huge appetites from the cricket field. There was bread, and it was of a wholesome variety, undoubtedly much superior as an article of diet to white bread, but hardly a satisfactory substitute for beef and potatoes.

The Removites glared at their plates, and ate sulkily. The plates were cleared in record time, and then there was a pause. It was perfectly certain that Mr. Chesham did not intend them to have a second helping. But the Removites were hungry.

"If you please, sir, may I have some more beef?" said Levison.

Mr. Chesham shook his head.

"I think not, Levison."

"I am hungry, sir."

"Merely a habit-hunger, the result of over-eating in the past," said Mr. Chesham, kindly. "It will soon pass off, Levison."

Levison grunted.

"I'm hungry," said Bulstrode sulkily.

"Have you walked round the Close three times since morning school, Bulstrode?"

"I've done it twice, sir."

"You will not forget the third time, before afternoon lessons," said Mr. Chesham gently but firmly.

And Bulstrode snorted as loudly as he dared.

"I—I should like some more beef, sir," faltered Billy Bunter.

"Yes, I think you probably would," assented the Form master. "Your case, Bunter, is the most striking I have ever come across of the deplorable effects of gluttony."

"Oh, sir!"

"Indeed, I think it extremely probable that your stupidity in class is largely due to your gluttony," said Mr. Chesham.

A giggle ran down the Remove table, and Billy Bunter turned red.

"Oh, really, sir! I never get enough to eat—"

"I shall speak to you again on this subject, Bunter. It is an important one. I cannot help thinking that you are suffering from a state of fatty degeneration. You may leave the table, boys."

The Removites went out with dark faces.

The Upper Fourth were grinning at them, and in the Close they chipped the Removites unmercifully on the subject of the new master and his new regulations.

"I hear you're going to be put to bed at seven o'clock, and tucked in by the matron," Temple, of the Upper Fourth, remarked to Harry Wharton. "Is it a fact? Dabney told me so."

"My dear chap, surely you don't regard anything that Dabney says as a fact!" said Harry Wharton.

Dabney turned red.

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Oh, don't be annoyed with the little fellow, Dab!" said Temple. "He's feeling rather worried, you know. I hear that the order has gone forth that the Remove will have to wash their necks regularly now under the new regime, and, of course, it weighs upon their minds a great deal."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"I suppose it would," said Fry sympathetically. "My hat! They'll be ordered to wear clean collars next!"

"Oh, they'd go on strike rather than that," said Temple confidently.

"Yes, I suppose a worm will turn, in time."

"Certainly; and the endurance even of the Remove has its limits. A washed neck and a clean collar coming at the same time would make them absolutely ill. Somebody really ought to warn Mr. Chesham to start these things gradually."

The chums of the Remove swung away with heightened colour, followed by the chuckles of Temple, Dabney, and Co.

"It isn't only the faddishness of the Chesham ass," growled Bob Cherry, "but to be cackled at by those duffers in the Upper Fourth—"

"The fadfulness is great," said the Nabob of Bhanipur ruefully; "but the cacklefulness is terrific."

"Something's got to be done," said Nugent.

"I've got to see about those belts," said Harry Wharton grimly. "There will be a row if they're not in the dummy's study before afternoon school."

"Look here, why not have a revolt?" exclaimed Bob Cherry excitedly. "We tried it before, and made him climb down."

Wharton shook his head.

"It won't do, Bob. It was the rows in the Remove that brought poor old Quelch back before he was recovered from his illness. Now he's broken down again. It's rough on him, you know. We shall have to put up with Chesham without any open row this time, for his sake. He can't help the man being a howling ass!"

"I suppose not, but—"

"We said we'd do our best. Well, I think a revolt of the Form would be doing about our worst. If we brought the Head into it we don't know where or how it would end. We shall have to grin and bear it."

"Human nature can't stand too heavy a strain," said Bob Cherry sagely. "We shall have to get our backs up at the finish, you know. He will keep on if we don't stop him."

"That is true, I suppose. But we can rag him in our

own way, without trying such a serious step again as a revolt," said Wharton. "Of course, we're not going to put up with it patiently."

"Rather not!" said Nugent emphatically.

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"I'd better go and get those belts now—"

"Suppose you don't do it?"

"Well, as head boy I'm bound to do as he tells me, I suppose," said Wharton, wrinkling his brow. "It's all rot, of course, but orders have to be obeyed."

"Well, we'll come and help you," said Nugent.

The chums of the Remove were soon busy collecting up the cricket and other belts belonging to fellows in the Form. There was growling on all sides, but the juniors realised that Harry was helpless in the matter, and the grumbling was directed against the faddist Form master. Bulstrode, of course, ventured upon a sneer on the occasion. Bulstrode had never forgiven Harry Wharton for taking his place as head of the Remove.

"Jolly good sort of a Form captain, you are," he remarked. "Why don't you stand up for the Form against that confounded ass?"

"Bosh!" said Harry.

"If I were Form captain I'd jolly soon show him that he couldn't have things all his own way with the Remove."

"You can take the lead if you like," said Wharton. "If you have any plan for putting the Chesham-ass in his place carry it out, and we'll back you up."

"I'm not Form captain—"

"No, you're a windbag!" said Harry Wharton contemptuously. "You talk big because you won't be put to the test. Hand me over that belt."

"Take it, and be hanged!"

A heap of belts of various colours and sizes was deposited in the Form master's study. Harry piled them on the table, and left them there. Bob Cherry suggested taking the Form master at his word, and using safety-pins in the place of braces, but the inevitable chipping from the Upper Fourth deterred the Removites from the perpetration of that little joke. It was near school time when the chums of the Remove finished their task, and came out into the Close. The sound of loud laughter attracted their attention at once.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's on?"

"It's Bulstrode!"

The honourable and esteemed Bulstrode is taking his worthy constitutional," said the Nabob of Bhanipur, grinning.

The chums of the Remove could not help laughing as they looked on. Bulstrode was stalking savagely round the Close, and the news of his enforced pedestrianism had evidently spread, for little fags out of the Third and Second Forms had gathered to watch and to follow him. Bulstrode had always been a bully, and he was extremely unpopular with small boys at Greyfriars, and they were not slow to seize the opportunity of ridiculing the bully of the Remove.

A dozen diminutive fags had formed up and were marching round the Close after Bulstrode, grinning like monkeys. The Removite had not been conscious at first of their impertinence, till the loud laughter of the spectators drew his attention to it. Then he glared round, and made a rush at the fags, and they scattered and escaped. When he strode on again they followed, at a safe distance, imitating his angry stride, while everyone in the Close shouted with laughter.

Two or three times Bulstrode rushed at his tormentors, and they scattered, but every time they formed up again and followed him, and the bully of the Remove was crimson with rage and humiliation when his walk round was over. Mr. Chesham met him at the door, and smiled blandly.

"Dear me, you have quite a colour, Bulstrode!" he said. "You see, your exercise is doing you a great amount of good already!"

Bulstrode did not reply. His feelings were too deep for words.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Catching It!

THE Remove came in to afternoon school in an expectant mood, and not a very good-humoured one. At a word from Harry Wharton, their recognised leader, they would have stayed out in the Close, and not come in to lessons at all. But Harry had good reasons, as we have seen, for not allowing a revolt to take place under his lead. After all, the matter was one between the Form and the Form master. It was not in the game to take steps which would lead the Head to interfere on either side. The Remove could fight its own battles.

Mr. Chesham was at his desk, and he blinked pleasantly at the Remove with his dreamy eyes. The boys took their places, and afternoon lessons commenced. In spite of Mr. Chesham's fads, he was a man of considerable scholastic

attainments, and quite fitted for his task. He was not so strict as Mr. Quelch, either, in the matter of getting through work. As the lessons proceeded, Billy Bunter's expression was seen to grow more and more mutinous.

Bunter was not the boy to stand up for a principle, but anything like hunger touched him in his tenderest spot. He was hungry now—the "snack" at the tuck-shop before dinner, and the few thin slices of beef had not made much difference to him. And hunger made Bunter desperate. The worm will turn, and so did Bunter.

"Bunter!"

Mr. Chesham rapped out the name, and every eye turned towards Billy.

The fat junior was leaning forward on his desk, with an expression upon his face which Bob Cherry afterwards described as resembling that of a dying codfish.

"Yes, sir," said Bunter faintly.

"Sit up, immediately!"

"I—I can't, sir."

"What?"

"I can't, sir."

"Are you ill?"

"Well, not exactly ill, sir, but very faint."

"Faint! You feel faint?"

"Yes, sir. From want of food, sir."

Mr. Chesham's brow darkened.

"Is this intended for impertinence, Bunter?"

"Oh, no, sir. I should be sincerely sorry to be impertinent, sir, while you are present. I am very hungry, sir."

"I have explained to you that this is merely an illusion, Bunter. It is what is known as habit-hunger, and is an effect of the imagination."

"I know I feel jolly empty, sir."

"You are not really empty, Bunter. Sit up!"

"I haven't the strength, sir."

"Do you want me to cane you?"

"I'd rather be canded than starved to death, any day, sir," said Bunter recklessly. "I feel that I am going to die."

"Nonsense!"

"You can call it nonsense, sir, but when I am a cold corpse—"

"Sit up immediately!"

"I haven't the strength to move a limb, sir."

"We will see," said Mr. Chesham grimly, and he picked up a cane from his desk and came towards Bunter. "Now sit up, Bunter."

Billy looked at the cane and looked at the gleam in Mr. Chesham's eye, and found strength to sit up with surprising alacrity.

"Hold out your hand, Bunter."

"My—my hand, sir?"

"Yes. I am going to cane you for your impertinence."

"I—I—really, sir, I'm sincerely sorry. I didn't mean to be impertinent. I was only overcome by weakness due to want of sufficient nourishment—"

"Hold out your hand!" thundered Mr. Chesham.

Bunter reluctantly held out a chubby hand, and Mr. Chesham brought the cane down with a smart tap. Bunter roared.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Stop that ridiculous noise, Bunter."

"Ow! It hurts!"

"It was a very slight cut. I shall give you something more severe than that if you are impertinent again," said Mr. Chesham. "You will sit upright."

"Y-e-e-es, sir."

Bunter found strength enough to sit upright when he discovered that the master was not to be trifled with. But he had given a cue which another member of the Remove followed. It was Levison, the new boy in the Form, who was in a sulky and discontented mood, and ready for mischief.

"Levison, you will construe," said Mr. Chesham, in the Latin lesson. "You will go on from 'insula portum efficit objectu laterum—'"

"Quibus," said Levison sullenly.

"Construe!"

"I don't feel equal to it, sir."

"Eh?"

"I'm not up to construing, sir, after having missed my dinner."

Mr. Chesham did not argue with Levison. He picked up the cane which had enabled Billy Bunter to recover his lost strength so suddenly.

"Come out here, Levison."

Levison went out before the class.

"You have disobeyed me," said Mr. Chesham. "Hold out your hand."

Levison set his lips hard.

"Hold out your hand, Levison."

The hand came slowly out. The cane swished down, and

Levison jerked his hand away. Mr. Chesham gave a gasp of anguish as it smote upon his own calf. The Remove burst into an irresistible chuckle. Levison grinned too, but the grin was only momentary. The angry Form master seized him by the collar, swung him round, and brought the cane into play actively.

Levison roared and wriggled, but the blows descended until he had had eight or nine, and then the master released him.

"Now go back to your place, Levison, and let that be a lesson to you."

And Levison went scowling back.

It was an unexpected sight of the iron hand, and the Remove was certainly more respectful and attentive after that lesson to Levison.

The afternoon was not a pleasant one. The Form were discontented, and in some cases the hunger was very real. All were glad when the hands of the clock indicated half-past four, and the class was dismissed.

"One moment," said Mr. Chesham, as the boys rose to their feet. "I have a few words to say to you. The curtailment of your breakfasts will probably, at first, make you feel the habit-hunger, of which Bunter complains. To obviate this, and to increase your allowance of healthy sustenance, I shall arrange for some refreshment in the classroom midway between breakfast and dinner to-morrow."

The faces of the Removites brightened up considerably. They were dismissed, and they poured out into the Close, discussing the happenings of the afternoon.

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter hurried after Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, and caught them up. The Falstaff of the Remove was looking anxious and distressed.

"What's the matter, Billy?"

"I'm famished. I suppose we're going to have tea in the study, the same as usual, to-day?"

"Yes; I suppose so. Chesham hasn't forbidden it yet."

"Don't you think we had better have an extra good feed this time, in case he forbids it?" suggested Billy.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, it's not a bad wheeze."

"It is a wheezy good idea," said Hurree Singh. "Let us have the whipful roundness, and have a jolly feedful feast in the esteemed study."

"That's what I was thinking," said Bunter. "I am famished. I suppose that chap is mad, and won't come to his senses till some of us are dying. I felt like dying this afternoon."

"I thought the cane revived you wonderfully," remarked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, don't be funny, Cherry. This is too serious a matter for jokes. A faddist like that ought to be suffocated at birth, you know. I wouldn't mind cold baths or walks round the Close, but to cut short a fellow's grub—"

"Unspeakable!"

"The unspeakableness is terrific."

"It's not a bad idea about the feed," said Nugent thoughtfully. "I feel too jolly empty myself to go in for cricket till after tea. Get tea as quickly as you can, Billy, and mind there's plenty of it."

"Hand over the tin, and I'll jolly soon get the tea," said Bunter.

The chums of the Remove pooled a little heap of silver. As it happened, they were in funds. Billy Bunter hurried off to the tuck-shop, with the money jingling in his pocket and satisfaction beaming in his face.

"I wonder what the refreshment during the morning is going to be?" Nugent remarked thoughtfully. "That looks like a glimmer of common-sense on the part of the Chesham-ass!"

Harry laughed.

"Some humbug, I expect—nothing fit to eat. Cold water and lentils, perhaps."

"Ugh!"

"I feel ready for a good feed," said Bob Cherry. "I'm beginning to understand now how chaps become cannibals. I hope Billy Bunter won't be long with that grub."

"May as well get along to the study and help," suggested Nugent. "The fire will have to be lighted and the kettle boiled."

"Right-ho! Come along!"

The Removites went up to No. 1 study. Hazeldene was in the passage, looking very blue. Harry nodded to him pleasantly.

"Coming in to tea, Hazeldene?" he asked.

"Rather!" said Hazeldene, with alacrity. "I'm stoney, or I should have got something at the tuck-shop. This new regime is rotten."

"Rotten isn't the word for it. We're going to have a bit of a feed now, though. I dare say the horror will abolish supper next."

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Study Feed.

IT was a warm summer's day, and there was no fire in the study; but Bob Cherry soon had one going with sticks and old exercise-books. Nugent filled the kettle, and Hazeldene laid the cloth. Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh looked into the cupboard, and brought out cups and saucers and plates and knives.

"Better get out what grub there is," said Harry. "We shall want it all, you know, as well as what Bunter brings in."

"But there isn't any esteemed grub, my worthy chum."

"Oh, yes. There's the cold rabbit-pie."

"I think I saw the honourable Bunter eating that this morning, my worthy friend."

"H'm! The potato pudding, then."

"The honourable dish is here, but the esteemed potato pudding has performed the vanishing trickfulness."

"Bunter again, I suppose. The jam-roll—"

"It has performed the disappearfulness."

"The cake—"

"The cake is also of the departed."

"The young cormorant!" exclaimed Harry Wharton wrathfully. "Hasn't he left anything? By Jove! He's cleared out the whole show!"

"Yes; the esteemed cupboard presents the aspect of that of the honourable Mother Hubbard," said the nabob. "As your esteemed poet Tennyson says, 'When she got there, the cupboard was bare, for the dog had been there on his own.'"

"Ha, ha, ha! It wasn't Tennyson!"

"No? Perhaps it was the esteemed Alfred Austin? When I reflect upon it, it is more in the honourable style of that great poet. But the factfulness is evident that there is no trace of grubfulness in the esteemed cupboard."

"Kettle's boiling!" said Nugent. "How long is that young cormorant going to be?"

"Warm the teapot ready."

"I've done that."

"Perhaps he is stopping to boltfully devour some of the expected provender," the nabob suggested.

"I shouldn't wonder! He's bound to have what he calls a snack— Oh, here he is! What have you been so long about, Bunter, you villain?"

"I'm sincerely sorry, Wharton—"

"And how did you get that gravy on your face?" demanded Bob Cherry.

Bunter hastily wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Well, I thought I'd better sample some new veal and ham pies Mrs. Mumble had. It was no good getting them if they weren't any good, you know; and so I had a couple—"

"Thank goodness you haven't bolted the whole shoot!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We were asses to trust you with the tin without watching you."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Where's the bacon—if you haven't eaten it raw?"

"It's here, and I'm sorry you should think—"

"I've greased the pan," said Bob Cherry. "Shove it in!"

"Oh, let me do it," said Billy Bunter. "You fellows can't cook. You have to cut the rind off first. Gimme a knife! Now, then!"

There was soon a savoury smell of frying bacon in the study—very grateful to the nostrils of six hungry juniors. Micky Desmond of the Remove came along the passage and sniffed, and stopped at the door of No. 1 Study.

"Faith, and is it a feed ye're having?" he asked. "Sure, and it's not myself that will refuse to have a snack wid ye!"

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TUESDAY.

"Come in!" said Harry, laughing. "There's heaps—luckily. I wish we could have in the whole Remove; but we're pretty crowded now. Lend a hand!"

"With all the pleasure in me loife!"

And Micky Desmond started sugaring the cups. Bunter, with a glowing face, was busy frying the bacon. It was a warm afternoon, and the fire in the study made it warmer, but the juniors hardly noticed it. Never had they anticipated a study feed with so much pleasure.

"Nearly done, Billy?"

"Close on," said Bunter, beaming. "Get the plates on to the table, will you, Nugent? They're warm enough."

"Right you are!"

"It won't take me long to fry the eggs. The bacon can stay in the dish before the fire. I've only got a couple of dozen eggs, as the funds wouldn't run to any more, but—"

"We'll make a couple of dozen do," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Buck up!"

"I'm bucking up! I say, you fellows, this is really jolly! And I must say it's lucky for you chaps you've got me in the study."

The bacon was soon finished, and the eggs were cooked. The tea-table looked inviting. Nugent poured out the tea, and the fragrance of the cheering beverage was added to that of the bacon. Bob Cherry served out bacon, and Billy Bunter added fried eggs.

"My hat!" said Hazeldene. "This is ripping!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"Yes; this is about as good a feed as any we've had," said Bunter. "We had a jolly good one that time—it was just after the exam. when you swindled Wharton, Vaseline—"

Hazeldene turned scarlet.

Bob Cherry gave Bunter a kick under the table. Billy was always referring to tabooed subjects in the most outrageously tactless manner, and the kick was deserved. But it came at a rather unfortunate moment. Billy Bunter was serving fried eggs direct from the frying-pan, and the kick made him jump. There was a surge of gravy and eggs from the pan, and there was a fiendish yell from Micky Desmond as the hot and steaming mess went over his legs.

"Arrah! Tare an' 'ounds!"

Micky Desmond sprang up, kicking his chair backwards.

Billy Bunter blinked at Bob Cherry indignantly through his big spectacles.

"What did you kick me for, Cherry?" he exclaimed.

"Now there's two or three eggs and a lot of gravy wasted."

"What about my trousers?" yelled Micky Desmond.

"Well, they're spoiled, I suppose. But I'm thinking about the eggs and gravy—"

"Faith, and I'll ram ye're head in the grate, ye blithering spalpeen—"

"I'm sincerely sorry, Desmond; especially as the eggs and gravy are wasted, but it's Cherry's fault—not mine. He gave me a kick all of a sudden, without any reason whatever, and I wasn't expecting anything of the sort—"

"Sure, if I wasn't a guest in the study, I'd wipe up the flure wid ye," said Micky Desmond, rubbing his trousers down with his handkerchief.

"It's Cherry's fault—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bob Cherry.

"Really, Cherry—"

"Let's have tea. All of you served? Good! Go ahead!"

"What-ho!"

"Stop!"

It was a sudden voice at the door of the study.

The juniors looked up with a general gasp of dismay. Mr. Chesham stood in the doorway!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Confiscation.

MR. CHESHAM stood looking at the feasting juniors with a severe brow. The frown upon his face grew darker as he looked.

He stepped into the study.

"I expected something of this sort," he said. "I fully expected my salutary regulations as to moderation in eating and drinking to be followed by some horrible outburst of greed and gorging in the studies."

Harry Wharton turned scarlet.

He was always temperate in eating and drinking, and no one had ever accused him of being over-fond of either. Billy Bunter was the only person in the study to whom the Form master's words could apply with anything like justice.

"I don't think you have a right to say that, sir!" Harry broke out hotly. "We have always been accustomed to having tea in our studies, and no master at Greyfriars has found fault with it."

"You must not speak like that, Wharton."

"We had a much smaller dinner than we are accustomed to, sir, and we are hungry. We are allowed to have what

we like for tea. Mrs. Mimble is not permitted to sell anything in her shop that is not good for us."

"You must not argue with me, Wharton. If I allowed this reckless feeding in the Remove studies, I might as well drop all the new regulations I have made as to your diet. In one half-hour of reckless eating you would undo all the good done by previous temperance."

The juniors were silent. They felt what was coming next, and there was angry rebellion in every heart.

Mr. Chesham advanced into the study, and looked with an eye of extreme disfavour on the well-spread tea-table.

"Horrible!" he exclaimed. "Fried bacon on a hot afternoon! It is enough to ruin your digestion for ever!"

"We like it, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"Possibly! But that does not guarantee that it is good for you, Cherry. What are—er—these compounds?"

"They are veal and ham pies, sir," said Billy Bunter. "Jolly good ones, too, sir! Mrs. Mimble makes them herself."

"A small portion of one of them would make any of you a sufficient dinner," said Mr. Chesham severely.

"Oh, no, sir; I've eaten a couple of them already, and I'm still hungry," said Billy Bunter innocently.

"Goodness gracious, boy! You have eaten two of those pies?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And you feel no ill effects?"

"Certainly not, sir; they're ripping!"

"You must not touch a morsel more of any kind of food to-day, Bunter!"

"Eh?"

"Not a morsel of any kind," said Mr. Chesham. "I will remember at supper to leave your plate empty. A little lukewarm water is all you can have for the rest of the day and evening. Do you know that you have risked a serious illness by this ill-timed greediness?"

"I know I'm jolly hungry—"

"The more you eat, the more you will feel this habit-hunger in the intervals of gorging," said Mr. Chesham. "It is fortunate for you that I am here to save you before your physique is totally wrecked. I must give you a system of exercises to bring down your fat—"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"As for this horrible repast, you must not touch it."

The juniors looked furious. They did not trouble to conceal the fact. They were getting reckless.

"We are hungry, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"None of you will touch a morsel of this," said Mr. Chesham firmly. "You can take your tea in the hall at the proper time for tea, and remember that in future this promiscuous feeding in the studies is prohibited."

"But—"

"You must not argue with your master," said Mr. Chesham. "I should like you, however, to remember that I am acting for your own good, and in your best interests. I will take these wretched comestibles away with me."

"Shall I carry some of them for you, sir?" asked Billy Bunter eagerly.

"No, Bunter, you need not do so. I can carry them all in the table-cloth. You will not need this table-cloth again, as you will not be having any more meals in this room."

And Mr. Chesham proceeded to gather up the four corners of the table-cloth.

"You're upsetting the tea, sir!" exclaimed Nugent.

"That is of no consequence."

"And the gravy, sir!"

"It does not matter; it is of no value."

"You have no right to take our food away!" exclaimed Harry Wharton passionately. "No other master would ever treat us like this!"

"You will take a hundred lines for impertinence, Wharton."

"I don't care! I say it is a shame!"

Mr. Chesham's face flushed with anger; but it assumed its usually mild and benevolent expression in a few moments.

"I am sorry you should look upon it in that light, my boy," he said gently. "In the long run I am certain that you will come to see that I am acting in your best interests."

He gathered up the cloth. There was a crash of crockery and cutlery, and a splashing of spilt tea and gravy. The feelings of the juniors may be better imagined than described as they heard the cups and saucers smashing. Crockery was always at a premium in the junior studies. But, as Mr. Chesham would have remarked, the crockery was of no use to them, as they were to have no more meals in that room.

Mr. Chesham tied the four corners of the table-cloth together. The gravy was congealing, but the tea was dripping through the cloth. The Form master jerked it off the table, and carried it gingerly to the door, and disappeared.

The juniors watched him till he had gone, then they looked at one another.

"Are we going to stand this?" said Bob Cherry, in a low, concentrated voice.

"What can we do?"

"We must do something to stop him. He ought to be sent back to Colney Hatch, where he belongs. We shall have to rag him back to his senses."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"I think this is about the finish," he said. "We're entitled to have tea in our studies by the oldest custom at Greyfriars. The Head wouldn't uphold him in such a thing as this, I am certain."

"Sure, we can't complain to the Head."

"I know we can't, but we are justified in taking any steps we can to bring him to reason. But at present the chief thing is to get a feed," said Wharton; "I'm hungry. I hadn't eaten a mouthful when that howling lunatic came in."

"I'm famished, too," said Bob Cherry. "And that bacon was nice, too; it was simply ripping! The eggs were a dream!"

"I say, you fellows, wasn't it lucky I had a snack at the tuck-shop? It was awfully thoughtful of me, wasn't it?"

"That's what we're going to do now," said Harry. "I've got some tin, and the tuck-shop is open. Come along!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Right-ho! I suppose even Chesham can't stop that, and it will show him that we don't care twopence for him and his rotten regulations!"

The chums of the Remove left the study. There was a trail of bacon and tea along the corridor, showing the way Mr. Chesham had gone with the confiscated feed. Several fellows were at their doors, and there was indignation in every face.

"I say, Wharton, study feeds are stopped!" exclaimed Skinner.

"Yes; we've just had ours collared!"

"Are we going to stand it?" demanded Russell.

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"Not if we can help it. But I don't see what is to be done at present. I know it's rotten, but it looks to me as if we've got to grin and bear it."

The chums went on. They descended the stairs, leaving the Removites in a buzz of wrathful discussion, and made their way to the tuck-shop. This little establishment, kept within the precincts of Greyfriars by Mrs. Mimble, the wife of the Head's gardener, supplied most of the wants of the juniors. The chums of the Remove entered, and stopped in dismay.

Mr. Chesham was standing at the counter, speaking to Mrs. Mimble, who had a very curious expression on her face.

"You fully understand, Mrs. Mimble?"

"Ye-o-s, I think so, sir."

"No boy in the Remove is to be supplied with anything eatable at this shop without showing you a permit, written and signed by myself."

"Very well, sir."

The chums of the Remove silently withdrew. Outside the tuck-shop Bob Cherry began sparring at an imaginary face under the elm-trees.

"I didn't expect that," Harry Wharton remarked.

"It's checkmate," said Nugent.

"The checkmate is terrific, my worthy chums."

And the chums of the Remove walked disconsolately away.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

No Pass

BILLY BUNTER tapped at the door of Wingate's study. There was a grim expression upon the face of the Owl of the Remove. Billy Bunter was hungry, and he was getting desperate.

"Come in!" called out the captain of Greyfriars. Bunter entered the study. Wingate looked at him across a well-spread tea-table. "What do you want?"

Bunter cast a hungry eye upon the viands.

"I didn't know you were having tea, Wingate; but now, as I'm here, I shouldn't mind having a snack with you."

"Wouldn't you?" said Wingate, laughing. "Well, I should! If you have only come here to be cheeky, you had better clear out!"

"I want you to give me a pass, Wingate."

"What for?"

"To go down to the village."

"H'm!" said the captain of Greyfriars, looking dubiously at Billy Bunter. "I don't know about giving passes to juniors after locking-up!"

"You gave Wharton one the other day."

"Wharton is a sensible chap, and he had business to attend to. There was a lot of trouble the other day, through

Levison getting a pass from Carberry. But what do you want to go down to the village for? That's the point."

"It's important business."

"What kind of business?"

"I'm expecting a postal-order," explained Billy Bunter. "I've been expecting it for some days now, but there has been some delay in the post. I want to go down to the post-office and inquire about it. I couldn't get back before locking-up, and so—"

"I've heard about that postal-order," said Wingate, laughing. "I believe it's something like a standing joke in the Remove, isn't it?"

"Well, it's time I had it."

"Yes; but speak out. What do you really want to go down to Friardale for? Is it to go to the tuck-shop?"

"Why should I want to go to the village to the tuck-shop when there's one here at Greyfriars?" said Billy Bunter evasively.

"H'm! I heard from Carr that it was closed to the Remove by order of the new Form master."

Bunter turned red. He had not expected the captain of Greyfriars to be aware of that fact.

"Well, yes, I believe something of the sort has happened," he assented. "Will you let me have that pass, Wingate? It's really awfully important about my postal-order."

Wingate shook his head.

"I'm afraid it can't be done, Bunter. I know perfectly well that you want to go to the tuck-shop, you see, and I can't allow you to disregard your Form master in this way."

"Well, suppose I do want to get some grub?" said Bunter, almost tearfully. "Do you know how that beast is treating us?"

"You must not speak of a master like that," said the captain sternly.

"Well, but he is a beast, you know," said Billy Bunter; "he's starving us to death! I've never known before what it was to be so hungry; I'm famished! He's stopped us having tea in the study, and closed the school shop to us!"

"Haven't you had tea in hall?"

"Yes; but you know what a measly tea the school tea always is! You never turn up at school tea yourself, you know, Wingate—or hardly ever. Besides, that beast—I mean Mr. Chesham—is at the table, and he allowances us. Fancy cutting down the grub of a hungry chap to three thin slices of bread-and-butter, and barring eggs, or bloaters, or anything that we used to bring in!"

"Hard cheese, and no mistake!"

"If you'd let me have that pass, Wingate—"

"Can't be done."

"I think you are very hard-hearted. I—"

"You are a young ass, Bunter! The discipline of the college has to be maintained. If any other boy asked me to back him up against a Form master, I should lick him. I let you off because you are a young ass. Get out!"

"But—"

"By the way, I don't want that cake," said Wingate. "Will you take it away with you and get rid of it somewhere?"

"Certainly, Wingate," said Billy Bunter, with alacrity.

He seized the cake before the captain of the school could change his mind, and bolted. Wingate laughed as he closed the door of the study. The captain of Greyfriars sympathised with the Lower Fourth under the reign of the faddist, and he knew what would become of the cake.

Bunter darted into the nearest unoccupied study, to be out of sight in case the terrible Remove master should come along, and started on the cake. It was a pound cake, but it might have been an ounce cake, to judge by the speed with which the fat junior demolished it. Until the last crumb had vanished, it did not occur to Billy Bunter that he might have spared a little for his chums.

"H'm," he murmured; "that was very nice—but I quite forgot the chaps! Still, there wouldn't have been enough to go round, and they're not as hungry as I am. It was only a snack, after all, though I certainly feel a little better!"

Bunter wiped the traces of the cake from his mouth and went down the passage. Mr. Chesham was coming upstairs, and he stopped to speak to Bunter. He glanced kindly at the Owl.

"Are you feeling better now, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy, unconsciously caressing the lowest button of his waistcoat, "I am feeling a little better."

"The feeling of hunger has passed off?"

"A little bit, sir."

"I told you it would be so. You see, it was merely habit-hunger, due to the over-eating you had previously indulged in. As time passes on, you will feel it less and less."

The Form master walked on, and Bunter winked at the ceiling.

"I shall certainly feel it less and less if I get some more cakes," he murmured. "I wonder how many sorts of a silly ass that fellow is?"



"Stop!" The juniors looked up with a general gasp of dismay. Mr. Chesham stood in the doorway!

The chums of the Remove were chatting at the foot of the stairs. Their faces were glum as Bunter joined them.

"Well, did you get your pass?" asked Harry Wharton.

"No. Wingate seemed to guess that I should go to the tuck-shop if he gave me a pass to Friardale."

Wharton laughed.

"He did not need to be a Sherlock Holmes to guess that," he remarked. "But you're looking a little less down in the mouth than you were, Billy. Have you found a bone anywhere?"

"Really, Wharton—"

"He's cadged something from Wingate," said Bob Cherry.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Bunter indignantly. "Wingate had a cake he didn't want, and he asked me to get rid of it, and I took it away. I don't know why he didn't want it, as it was all right. Of course, I ate it."

"Of course you did!" said Nugent. "I didn't think you would get that pass. If we want to get to the village shop, we shall have to break bounds."

"We can do that," said Bob Cherry.

"We should be justified in doing it, too," said Harry Wharton, with a gleam in his eyes. "Chesham had no right to confiscate our tea."

"The wrongfulness of his honourable proceeding was terrific," said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "The fadfulness of our esteemed Form master is only equalled by the fatfulness of his head and the stupidfulness of his worthy ideas."

"I don't know what's to be done," said Bunter. "I am afraid it will mean serious results to my constitution if I go to bed hungry."

"It means an expedition to-night, after lights out, that's all," said Harry Wharton. "I don't see anything else that can be done."

"It is a wheezy good idea, my worthy chum."

"The goodness of the idea is terrific," grinned Bob Cherry, imitating the nabob's beautiful English. "The honourable wheeziness of the idea is only equalled by the terrificity of the esteemed jape."

And the nocturnal expedition was unanimously agreed on.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Nightcaps.

"CHECK!" said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

It was close upon half-past nine, the bedtime of the Remove, and the chums were in the junior common-room. Hurree Singh and Nugent were playing chess, and Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were sitting near them, discussing in a low voice the details of the scheme for breaking bounds that night.

"Check, is it?" said Nugent, who was a beginner at the great game, and still under the instructions of the nabob. "H'm! I suppose I had better interpose my knight."

"That would leave me to take your queen bishopfully," purred the nabob.

"By Jove, so it would! Can I push up a pawn?"

"I should take it pawnfully."

"Then I had better shove in the bishop."

"I should then knightfully check the honourable king, as you would no longer be threatening my rook bishopfully."

"What the dickens can I do, then?"

"Move the worthy king, my esteemed chum, and that will prolongfully lengthen the game one move."

"Good. I shall be able to stick this out some time yet, I think."

"Mate!" beamed the nabob, as he moved.

"My hat!"

"You are mate rookfully, my worthy chum."

"I think I shall retract that move."

"It would make no difference, as there is only one other square you could move to, and then I should mate you queenfully."

"Well, you're teaching me this game," said Nugent. "I notice that you always win, somehow. Hallo, it's half-past nine!"

The nabob looked up at the clock.

"True. It is time for the worthy Carberry to come and remind us of the bedful hour. It do not see any signs of the honourable Carberry yet."

"Here's Chesham."

The Remove master entered the room. Immediately every eye was fixed upon him.

"Bedtime, my boys," he said genially.

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton. "We generally wait for the prefect whose turn it is to see lights out in our dormitory, sir."

"I have relieved the prefect of his duties," said Mr. Chesham. "In future I shall see lights out in the Remove dormitory."

The Removites looked sulky. Chesham was more pleasant than Carberry, the bully of the Sixth, as a matter of fact. But the juniors regarded this as a new interference—a new break in the good old customs of Greyfriars.

"Come, it is time," said Mr. Chesham mildly.

The juniors rose. They formed up to follow Mr. Chesham.

"What is it the ass is carrying?" murmured Bob Cherry, glancing towards a bundle the Form master carried in his hand by a string. "Is it something for us?"

"Blessed if I know!"

The Remove marched into their dormitory. Mr. Chesham unfastened the string of his parcel, the juniors watching him with great curiosity. The Form master gave them a beaming smile.

"I have something for you here, my boys," he said—"something which should have been provided for you long ago, were it not that these little matters are often overlooked. I dare say it has occurred to you that when there is a draught in the dormitory, you are in danger of catching cold. This danger can be averted by wearing a nightcap."

The Remove gasped.

The Form master opened the bundle. It contained a number of nightcaps, evidently packed just as they had come from the London establishment that supplied them.

"There," said Mr. Chesham, "I have obtained these nightcaps at my own expense, but I do not grudge it, as it is in the cause of health. I regard you all as being in my charge, and myself as answerable for your physical well-being. Come and select your caps, my boys."

The Remove did not stir.

Mr. Chesham laid the nightcaps on a bed, and glanced round. He was very mild and gentle, but there was a gleam of determination in his eyes.

"Come and select your caps, my boys."

"We have never worn nightcaps before, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"That is unfortunate, but it is not too late to begin."

"We don't like being coddled."

"It is not coddling to take proper care of the health."

"We would rather not—"

"The rathernotfulness is terrific."

"I am afraid I must depend upon my own judgment, Wharton, in preference to yours," said Mr. Chesham, with quiet sarcasm. "As head boy of the Form, come and take your cap first."

Harry Wharton hesitated.

Never was he more strongly tempted to lead a revolt of the Form; and the savage looks of the Removites showed how willingly they would have backed him up, even to the extent of flinging the Form master out of the dormitory.

But across Harry's mind flashed the remembrance of the pale, worn face of Mr. Quelch, and his appeal ere he had left Greyfriars. He had known that the lot of the Remove under the rule of the faddist would not be a pleasant one, and he had appealed to them to keep order.

That appeal weighed much more with Harry Wharton than a command would have done. A command would have counted for nothing at this moment.

The eyes of the whole Form were upon him. He advanced slowly to the bed, and picked up a nightcap, the first that came to hand.

"Put it on, Wharton," said Mr. Chesham.

Wharton put on the nightcap. The contrast between its snowy whiteness and the crimson of his face was startling. There was a murmur in the room. But the leader of the Form, having taken the initiative, the rest followed him, and no one cared to take the burden of defiance upon his shoulders. One by one the Remove came up and took the nightcaps, and donned them.

Mr. Chesham nodded a pleased approval.

"You will find this a very pleasant innovation when you become accustomed to it," he observed. "It is necessary for the health to sleep with the window open, and therefore the use of a nightcap naturally follows."

"I have always slept with my window open at the top, sir," said Harry Wharton, "but I have never caught cold from it."

"Then you have been fortunate," said Mr. Chesham. "Because the danger has not materialised in your case, that is no reason why it should not be guarded against."

"But—"

"You will go to bed now, boys. I shall be back in ten minutes to turn out the light."

And Mr. Chesham quitted the dormitory.

Bob Cherry hurled his nightcap upon the floor, and executed a war-dance upon it.

"The ass!" said Harry Wharton.

"The shrieking fathead!" said Bob Cherry.

"The howling duffer!"

"The dangerous lunatic!"

"The screaming idiot!"

"And that's the sort of animal we've got to put up with for a Form master," said Hazeldene. "He wants suffocating."

"Or boiling!"

"And we've got to stand it—that's the worst of it," said Bulstrode. "That's because we've got such a jolly good captain for the Remove, you know."

Harry Wharton took no notice of the taunt. He had his own reasons for his conduct, and they satisfied him. Bulstrode's opinion was less than nothing to him.

"Are we going to wear these rotten, boshy, fatheaded things?" demanded Skinner.

"Botter, while the Chesham ass is looking," said Russell. "We can chuck them off as soon as the lights are out."

"H'm, that's all right!"

The Remove went to bed. Mr. Chesham looked into the dormitory, and smiled a smile of satisfaction as he glanced along the row of nightcapped heads.

"Good-night, boys!"

"Good-night, sir!"

The light was extinguished, and the door closed behind the Form master. There was a general sitting up in bed and hurling forth of the obnoxious nightcaps. In two seconds or thereabouts not a single cap remained on a single head.

"That's botter," said Bob Cherry. "Fancy going to bed in a nightcap like a giddy old grandmother! Rats!"

"My only hat!" exclaimed Nugent, as the handle of the door was heard to turn. "He's coming back!"

"Great Scott!"

It was a fact! The Remove had been a little too hasty! The dormitory door reopened, and Mr. Chesham re-entered with a lamp in his hand.

"I forgot to tell you, my boys, about your baths in the morning. Dear me, whatever has become of your nightcaps?"

He stared at the bare heads of the juniors in amazement.

There was a painful silence for some moments. Mr. Chesham glanced round, and saw the nightcaps whitening the floor of the dormitory, and understood.

"Boys!"

There was an angrier note in the new master's voice than the Remove had ever heard in it before. No one replied.

"Boys! I can only regard this as a deliberate impertinence and act of disobedience! Get out of bed and take up your caps at once."

The Removites did not stir.

"Do you hear me? Each of you will take a hundred lines of Virgil for this outrageous action, and unless the caps are immediately taken up, I will make it five hundred lines each!"

There was no arguing with that. The Removites slowly and sullenly got out of bed, and with red, savage faces donned the hated nightcaps again.

Mr. Chesham held up the lamp and watched them back to bed.

"That is better," he said. "I am surprised and pained by this occurrence. It is not only a foolish action on your part, but it shows a want of respect that is very painful to me. I returned to speak to you upon the subject of your morning baths, but under the circumstances, I will come to you before rising-bell to-morrow morning, and refer to the subject then. I am very much pained by this act of disobedience."

And the Remove master quitted the dormitory. A very perceptible hiss followed him, but this he affected not to notice. The door closed, and the Remove were in darkness—and nightcaps—once more.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.
A Baffled Expedition.

EVERY TUESDAY, The "Magnet" ONE HALFPENNY. LIBRARY.

"THE rotter!"

A dozen voices uttered that expressive remark as the door closed. The Removites sat up in bed. None of them were in a mood for sleep now.

"I'm not going to wear this rotten thing, all the same!" said Bob Cherry, hurling his nightcap into the darkness. "Not if I have a thousand lines for chucking it away!"

"Same here!" said Nugent, flinging away his cap.

There was a howl from Billy Bunter's bed.

"Ow! Who chucked that at me?"

"Ha, ha! It was an accident, Billy."

"That's all very well, Nugent—"

There was a light sound of falling nightcaps in various parts of the dormitory. Only a very few of the more timid boys retained their undesired headgear.

"I wonder if the rotter will come back?" remarked Skinner.

"I think not," said Harry Wharton. "He came back by chance last time. If he came back on purpose, it would be like spying. With all his faults, he's not that sort."

"No, that's true."

"We're not going to wear his beastly nightcaps! That's settled, if he gives us the whole Æneid to write out from start to finish," said Harry determinedly. "We can't have a revolt of the Form, but we can be passive resisters. We're not going to wear his nightcaps, or take any of his beastly medicines, or go without our grub to please him."

"Hear, hear!"

"There's some new rot about baths to-morrow morning," said Bob Cherry. "I'm getting fed up with faddism."

"I think we all are. About these nightcaps. We'll make them up into a bundle to-morrow morning, and get Buttons to take it to the village and send it to Chesham by parcels post."

"Ha, ha! And we'll write 'Declined with thanks' on the parcel."

"That's a good idea! It will be a hint that we don't want any of his bosh."

"I say, you fellows—"

"As for the new regulation about morning baths, I don't know what it is, but, whatever it is, we're up against it."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Bunter still talking! Aren't you tired yet, Billy?"

"I say, you fellows, have you forgotten about the grub? It's a long way to the village, you know, and I'm fearfully hungry."

"I haven't forgotten," said Harry. "Bob and I are going—"

"I think I had better come with you, Wharton, and then I can have a snack at the tuckshop before we start back—"

"I think you hadn't, Billy. You're too fat and too slow. Bob and I will manage it; but we can't get out yet. We shall have to wait till the coast is clear."

"But I say I'm famished!"

"Well, famish quietly," said Bob Cherry.

"Don't be heartless, Cherry. You would be sorry to wake up in the morning and find that I had expired during the night. I think I had better come with you—"

"Bosh! Look here, we can't get out for half an hour at least, so you may as well go to sleep."

"I can't go to sleep when I'm famished."

"Take a bite out of Hoffmann, then. He's fat enough."

"I tink tat Punter is fat enough to live like te Polar bear in te winter," said Hoffmann. "He live on his own fat, Punter. You can do te same."

"It is a wheezy good idea," said Hurree Singh. "The esteemed Bunter can live fatfully on his own corporosity."

"I say, you fellows—"

"I'm going to sleep," said Bob Cherry. "Wake me up, somebody, when it's time to bunk."

"I'll wake you up," said Bunter. "I'm not likely to sleep with the pangs of famine gnawing at my heart-strings."

"Ha, ha! The pangs of famine don't gnaw at your heart-strings, ass! It's a different place altogether."

"Well, I know I feel jolly bad."

The dormitory gradually sank into silence and slumber. Billy Bunter, who was almost as fond of sleep as of eating, was soon in the arms of Morpheus, in spite of the gnawing pangs he suffered from. Most of the other Removites followed his example. Harry Wharton kept awake, however, and when ten o'clock chimed out from the school tower, he stepped out of bed and shook Bob Cherry by the shoulder.

"Gr-r-r-r!" said Bob lucidly.

"It's time, Bob!"

"Is it?" said Bob Cherry, sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes. "I was just dreaming a beautiful dream about pork-chops. Right-ho! I'll get up."

The two juniors were soon dressed. They put on rubber

shoes, and took their boots in their hands. A sleepy voice came from Nugent's bed.

"That you, Wharton?"

"Yes. We're going!"

"Good luck!"

Harry Wharton opened the door. The passage was dark and silent, and there was no sound from below. The juniors stole towards the staircase, and looked down. The lower part of the house was still lighted, but no one could be seen.

"Would it be safe to risk it?" muttered Bob Cherry doubtfully.

"Wharton shook his head.

"No. Someone might come out of one of the studies and spot us. Besides, there's getting in again. If we left the window unfastened, it might be fastened again before we got back. I think we had better try a back window."

"Come on, then!"

"The lower box-room is the place!"

"Just the place; and the ivy will be all right to climb down. We haven't a rope now."

The chums stole away towards the lower box-room. They had been out at that window before, as a matter of fact, and though it would have been easier to leave the house by the ground floor, the use of the box-room window only meant taking a little more trouble and a little risk; and the risk was nothing to them.

But as they came in sight of the box-room door, Bob Cherry halted with a muttered exclamation of dismay. There was a light under the door, which was ajar.

"Some beast is there!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Look!"

Harry Wharton stopped.

"Who the dickens can it be in the box-room at this time of night?" he muttered.

"Let's see."

They stepped on silently. The door was only slightly ajar, but it was sufficient for the chums to look into the box-room.

"Chesham!"

"My hat! So it is!"

It was the master of the Remove. He was kneeling beside an open box, which Harry remembered now to have seen the local carrier deliver that evening. Perhaps the Form master had only just found time to attend to it. He was unpacking some articles from the box, but exactly what they were the juniors could not make out.

"Some more rot!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Just like the Chesham beast to choose this moment to be here, when we want to get out of the window!"

"Confound him!" muttered Harry.

"We can't get through now."

"Hardly. We shall have to try another window—the one at the end of the passage."

"Somebody might come upstairs and see it open."

"Can't be helped. We shall have to risk it."

"Oh, I'm game! Come on!"

The Remove chums stole quietly away. There was a step in the gloomy passage, and a candle glimmered before them.

"Stop!"

Before the juniors could dart away the voice rang sharply, and they knew that they were seen, and that it was useless to fly. They stopped.

"Vat does dis mean after, mein poys?"

It was Herr Rosenblum, the German master. He held up the candle, and surveyed the two juniors, with a rather grim smile.

It was hardly necessary to ask them what it meant. The fact that they were out of their dormitory, and carrying their boots in their hands, was plain enough evidence that they had intended to break bounds.

Harry and Bob looked at the German master, and he looked at them.

"You were going out, mein poys?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry quietly.

"Wharton, I did not tink tat of you!" said Herr Rosenblum. "I did not tink tat you vas te kind of poy to break pounds mit yourself at night."

"I hope you don't think we were going to break bounds for any harmful purpose, sir!" said Bob Cherry quickly.

"We're not the kind of fellows to go out to a public-house, if that's what you think."

"I know tat has been done by Sixth-Form poys."

"Perhaps; but we bar it in the Remove, sir."

The German master smiled slightly.

"Den vy you go out mit yourselves, mein poys?"

"We were going to the village shop, sir," said Harry Wharton, feeling that concealment was useless, or worse than useless under the circumstances. "We were going to get some grub for a dormitory feed, sir."

"Tat vas ferry wrong, Wharton."

"THE TRIUMPH OF THE REMOVE."

Another School Tale By
FRANK RICHARDS.

11
NEXT
TUESDAY.

"We don't get enough to eat under our new master, sir."
 "H'm! But it is ferry wrong to preak pounds mit yourselves before," said the German master, with a shake of the head. "I not report you dis time to your Form master; but you promise me tat if I let you go now you not preak out again to-night."

Wharton was silent.
 "You promise me," repeated the Herr emphatically, "tat you not preak out again to-night, and tat no vun else in te Remove preak out, and I let you go. Odervise I take you now to your Form master."

There was no help for it; and it was really getting off very cheaply.

"We promise, sir," said Wharton.

"Ferry well, you may go."

"Good-night, sir!"

"Goot-night! And I advise you to be patient mit yourselves, mein poys."

The Removites returned to their dormitory. They were in a despondent mood. It was impossible to break their word to the German, and so the expedition was off for that night at least.

"Hallo!" said Nugent, as they entered. "You're back soon. You haven't been to Friardale."

"We were caught," said Harry.

"Phew! Two hundred lines and a week's gating?"

"No; it was Rosenblum, and he let us off."

"Good egg!" said Nugent, much relieved. "He's a decent old Dutchy!"

"We've promised to keep in to-night."

"Then Hurree Jampot and I had better go."

"We've promised for the whole Form."

"Oh scissors! Then it's off?"

"Quite off."

Harry commenced to undress. The sound of voices had awakened Billy Bunter, and he sat up in bed eagerly. Having been asleep all the time, he did not know that it was not yet a quarter-past ten, and Harry Wharton's voice was sufficient to make him feel sure that the two juniors had returned laden with provisions.

"I say, you fellows, is it all right?" asked Bunter, rubbing his eyes. "I believe I dropped off to sleep, after all, Wharton. Have you got the stuff?"

"No."

"What?"

"We were spotted, and had to give it up for to-night."

"You—you gave it up? You haven't got the grub?"

"Sorry, Billy, but that's how it stands."

"Oh dear! What's to be done? Why couldn't you let me go instead? Blessed if I don't go, anyway. You'll see that I sha'n't get caught."

"You can't go."

"Why not?" demanded Billy Bunter, who already had one leg out of bed.

"For one thing, because you're such an ass, and you are bound to get into mischief—"

"I say, Wharton, that's my business, you know!"

"And for another thing, because I've promised that nobody in the Remove shall go out to-night—"

"You shouldn't have done it, then. I'm going—"

"You're not!"

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Get back into bed, Billy, and don't be an ass! If I hadn't promised, Herr Rosenblum would have reported it all to Chesham, and we should have been looked after too sharp for you to have a chance of getting out. Don't be an ass!"

"That's all very well; but I'm jolly hungry!"

"Go if you like, Billy," came a voice from Bulstrode's bed.

"I suppose the truth is that Wharton has funk'd it, and doesn't want you to show him up. Go if you like!"

"Hold your tongue!" said Harry sharply. "I tell you no fellow in this Form is going out to-night!"

"I'd go if I liked."

"Go, then! I'll jolly soon stop you."

"Not worth the trouble," yawned Bulstrode, turning over in bed. "I'm going to sleep."

"I say, Wharton—"

"Oh, shut up, Billy, and go to sleep!"

And Billy Bunter finally did so.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Morning Baths.

THE clang of the rising-bell awoke the Remove to a new day. Harry Wharton was the first to awake, and he sat up in bed just as the door opened and the master of the Remove entered the room.

"Good-morning, Wharton," said the Form master genially.

"I hope you feel all the better this morning for having worn a night-cap."

"Not at all, sir."

Mr. Chesham frowned. He glanced round the room, saw the nightcaps strewed all over the floor, and understood that they had not been worn. But he made no remark. The juniors already had a hundred lines each over those night-caps, and perhaps the Remove master thought they had had enough.

"The rising-bell is going, my lads," he said, as the Removites blinked at him from their pillows. "It is time to get up. There is a great benefit in early rising, and I have been thinking of having your hour of rising altered, and made half an hour earlier."

"Have you, you utter ass?" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Did you speak, Cherry?"

"Only to myself, sir."

"You must not get into the habit of muttering to yourself, Cherry," said Mr. Chesham kindly. "It is caused by a species of rickets, and may become serious. If you notice anything of the kind growing on you, pray do not hesitate to consult me about it, and I will give you some of an un-failing remedy I have the good fortune to possess."

"Thank you, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"Now, there is the question of the morning bath," said Mr. Chesham. "What kind of baths are you accustomed to taking here, Wharton?"

"We haven't baths in the dormitory, sir," said Harry Wharton. "Those of us who are clean take sponge baths every morning, and those who are not—don't!"

"The exactfulness of our worthy chum's statement," said Hurree Jampot Ram Singh, "is terrific."

"H'm!" said Mr. Chesham! "Well, I will consider the question of having hip-baths supplied for the use of the Remove. Meanwhile, you must be content with your wash basins and sponges as hitherto. It is, of course, necessary for the whole body to be washed in the morning."

"That's always been left to us, sir," said Bulstrode. Bulstrode bathed once a week, and thought that that was quite enough, if not too much.

"Then it will no longer be left to you, Bulstrode," said Mr. Chesham, looking at him. "I am master of this Form. You will bathe every morning. There is no reason why one part of the body should be washed clean, and another part left dirty. The real question is the temperature of the bath."

"We always have cold water, sir," said Nugent.

"I believe in boys being hardy," said Mr. Chesham; "but there is no doubt that cold water has a bad effect upon a weak chest—such as Wharton's, for example."

Harry turned crimson.

"My chest is all right, sir!" he exclaimed.

"I think I know better than you do about that, Wharton. You must take a bath in tepid water every morning. I have instructed the housekeeper to send up cans of hot water for the purpose."

The countenances of the Remove cleared somewhat. Many of them naturally preferred hot water to cold for washing purposes in the morning.

"But, as a matter of fact," said Mr. Chesham, "the temperature of the bath must be suited to the requirements of each individual lad. Wharton will take a bath in tepid water. You hear me, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bunter, on the contrary, requires cold water—in fact, I am sorry it is not possible to obtain some ice to put in the water for Bunter."

Billy Bunter shuddered.

"If you please, sir, I think it's unhealthy to bathe every morning," he said.

Mr. Chesham laughed.

"I think you will find it very good for your health, Bunter. It will help to cure you of your sluggishness and laziness, and

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the desire you have to keep on eating at intervals throughout the day."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Let me feel your pulse, Bulstrode."

"My—my pulse, sir?"

"Certainly! I wish to determine the temperature of your bath."

"I don't bathe every morning, sir."

"Then it is time you began. Give me your wrist."

"If you please, sir—"

"Give me your wrist. I have no time to waste. I have to settle this question for the whole Remove this morning, and if too much time is taken up, you will not have time for breakfast before going into lessons."

The Remove looked daggers at the Form master. Mr. Chesham did not notice it. He was feeling Bulstrode's pulse. He nodded his head.

"Ah, yes. You require a cold bath, Bulstrode."

"I'd rather have a hot one, sir, if I've got to have one at all," said the bully of the Remove sulkily.

"Quite possibly; but I am giving you what is good for you, not what you would like," said Mr. Chesham. "You will take a cold bath. You next, Cherry."

Every individual member of the Remove was examined in turn by the Form master, and before that was over the cans of hot water were at the door, brought up to the dormitory by the grumbling Gosling.

"I am going to test the temperature in every case with a thermometer," said Mr. Chesham. "I am devoting a great deal of time to this matter, and as I am afraid you do not fully realise the importance of it, I shall remain and see that my instructions are carried out."

There was a murmur of discontent in the dormitory.

The juniors had been willing to allow the Form master to make his arrangements, thinking that he would then withdraw, and that they could follow their usual habits. But the lesson of the nightcaps had not been lost upon the faddist Form master.

There was rebellious discontent in every face. Bulstrode growled audibly, as he threw off his pyjamas. He had intended to have his usual wash—which Bob Cherry described as a cat-lick—and then dress himself. But under the eye of Mr. Chesham there was no choice, but to carry out instructions.

Harry Wharton was looking angry, too. He liked a cold bath in the morning, being of a healthy and hardy frame that was invigorated by it. Billy Bunter, on the other hand, shuddered at the prospect of touching cold water, and he was always extremely economical with it.

"Bunter!"

"Yes, sir!"

"You will be late. Move a little more quickly, please!"

"Certainly, sir; but—"

"Come, you are dawdling!"

"I'm sincerely sorry, sir; but I—I'm afraid it will cause serious injury to my constitution if I wash all over in cold water, sir."

"Nonsense, Bunter."

"I'm already in a weak and feverish state, sir, owing to insufficient food."

"You will do as I tell you, Bunter."

"But if you please, sir—"

"Take fifty lines, Bunter. If you do not immediately obey me, I shall cane you."

Bunter groaned, and poured out the cold water from his jug into the basin. He plunged the sponge into it, squeezed it out as dry as he could, and proceeded to sponge his fat arms in a very gingerly way.

"That is not the way, Bunter," said Mr. Chesham. "I see that I shall have to give you some instruction. Give me the sponge."

"If you please, sir—"

"Give me the sponge!"

Bunter handed it over. Mr. Chesham pushed back his cuff, and then plunged the sponge into the water and soaked it.

"Now, then, Bunter, that is the way—"

"Ow-wug-g-g-g-gh!"

Bunter gasped and gurgled as the cold water ran all over his bare fat limbs. But the Form master was merciless. He slopped Bunter with cold water from head to foot, till Billy was gasping and whimpering and shuddering in every limb.

"Do you feel invigorated, Bunter?"

"No, I don't!" roared Bunter!

"Boy, that is not the way to reply to me."

"I don't care!" yelled the unfortunate Billy. "I won't be frozen all over with beastly cold water, and starved to death! I won't!"

"Silence! You will soon feel a warm glow as the consequence of this cold bath. Finish it yourself. Bulstrode, you are very slow!"

"I don't want to bathe!"

"Take a hundred lines. Now, make haste!"

Bulstrode looked like a demon, but he made haste. It seemed to be a misfortune of Mr. Chesham that he provided nearly

every boy in the Form with a temperature that disagreed with him most. But a mere detail like that was not likely to worry a faddist who was fairly on the warpath.

The juniors usually had a run out of doors before breakfast, but Mr. Chesham's new kindness left them no time for that now. Breakfast had already commenced in the dining-room, when the Remove came in. Grins and whispers from the Upper Fourth greeted them.

"They look rotten, don't they?" murmured Temple.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"I hear that they've been washed to-day for the first time," remarked Fry. "Gosling had to take up cans of hot water and a curry-comb for the purpose."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, there," said the prefect at the head of the Upper fourth table.

The Remove went to their places with crimson countenances and dark brows.

They were hungry that morning—hungrier than most of them remembered ever to have been before. But breakfast was sparing. Bacon had been abolished before; eggs had followed it now. There was wholemeal bread and butter and lettuce. The Remove ate as much bread and butter as the watchful Form master permitted, and champed the lettuce, as Bob Cherry afterwards remarked, "like a lot of giddy rabbits."

Billy Bunter's face was woeful. As a matter of fact, the fat boy of the Remove was feeling all the better for a cold bath, but he would not admit it. But he was undoubtedly hungry. Mr. Chesham might explain that it was only habit-hunger, but it was very real to the unfortunate Owl. He was hungry; and so were most of the others when they went in to the class-room for morning lessons.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Tabloids.

THE Remove was in a worse humour than ever that morning. Harry Wharton's patience was beginning to wear out, as well as that of the others. For Mr. Quelch's sake, and for other reasons, Wharton wished to keep the peace if possible. But it was looking now as if the faddist Form master was determined to make it impossible.

Bunter gave very little attention to his lessons. He was not studious at the best of times, and now he was hungry. When Bunter was hungry, his hunger loomed big in his imagination, and banished all lesser concerns.

"Construe, Bunter!" said Mr. Chesham sharply, bringing Billy with a start out of a beautiful daydream, in which roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and new potatoes figured largely. "You are not paying attention to the lesson, I think."

"I'm sincerely sorry, sir, but—"

"You must not allow your mind to wander in the class-room—"

"I was thinking, sir—"

"Indeed! And what were you thinking of, Bunter, to the exclusion of the matter we now have in hand?" said Mr. Chesham, with sarcasm.

The sarcasm was quite lost on Billy Bunter.

"I was thinking of the refreshment we are to have this morning, sir," he said. "I hope you haven't forgotten what you said upon that subject, sir."

The Form master smiled.

"Certainly not, Bunter! The refreshment will be served out at eleven o'clock, when you take your recess. At the same time the skipping-ropes will be served out."

The Remove simply jumped.

"You may be aware," went on the Form master blandly, "that skipping is an excellent exercise, and is adopted even by members of famous football teams to keep them in condition. You will skip in the quadrangle for ten minutes, from 11 to 11.10. I shall watch you at the exercise. I had a consignment of skipping-ropes sent down yesterday for the purpose."

The Removes glared. At eleven o'clock the Upper Fourth had a recess, and they would be in the Close to see the Remove at their new exercise.

"So that's what the beast was unpacking last night in the box-room!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Did you speak, Cherry?"

"No, sir—only to myself, sir."

"I am afraid that is growing upon you, Cherry. Come to my study after morning lessons, and I will give you some medicine for it."

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"We shall now proceed," said Mr. Chesham.

The lesson proceeded in a desultory way. Fortunately Mr. Chesham was not a strict master. The boys felt too

slack to do good work. They were all hungry, and they watched the hand of the clock creeping round slowly. They were curious to know what kind of refreshment was to be served out. Whatever it was, they could eat it; but there were no signs of it in the class-room.

The big hand of the clock was upright at last, and the Form master laid down his book. He picked up a little box, which the class had not previously noticed, from his desk.

"You will file past here, my boys," he said, "and I will serve out the refreshment as you pass. You will find the skipping-ropes in the hall. Each of you will take one as you go out."

The wondering Remove came out from the forms. Mr. Chesham had opened the little box, and a number of small tabloids wrapped in tissue could be seen. Each was about the size of a halfpenny.

Harry Wharton received the first, and he stared.

"W-w-what is this, sir?"

"They are Dr. Hoomboog's Famous Tabloids," smiled the Form master. "They contain the essence of wholemeal wheat and prime beef. They have to be eaten slowly. They will taste somewhat bitter, but that is a trifle. Each contains as much nourishment as a loaf of wholemeal bread and a rump-steak."

Harry walked on. The Remove solemnly filed past the Form master, each member receiving one of the precious tabloids.

It was not till they were in the hall outside that they gave expression to their feelings in words.

"The utter idiot!" said Bob Cherry. "We might have guessed that he would go in for tabloids—an old horse in a teacup, you know."

"Blowed if I'm going to eat this stuff!" said Hazeldene. "You never know what these things are made of. They might be made in Chicago, for all we know!"

"Chuck them away!" said Nugent.

"I think I'll eat mine," said Bunter. "Anything's better than nothing; and some of this patent muck is useful sometimes, I believe."

He put the tabloid in his mouth, and his features were twisted up immediately into a remarkable expression.

"What does it taste like, Billy?"

"Ow! I'm poisoned!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's—it's horrible! It tastes like—like bitter alocs, and like—like glue smells when it boils over the fire—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Wow! I'm poisoned!"

Bunter dashed off to wash out his mouth. The tabloids went out of the open door into the Close in a shower.

Mr. Chesham came out of the class-room. He had stopped behind to dissolve a tabloid in his mouth, and to take a pill at exactly three minutes past eleven.

"Finished the tabloids, my boys?" he asked cheerfully.

"They're all gone, sir," said Nugent.

"Do you feel better?"

"Bettair zan if ve had eaten zem," murmured Adolphe Meunier.

"Did you speak, Meunier?"

"Non, monsieur; I zink viz myself."

"Come to my study with Cherry after morning school. This is a species of rickets, and if attended to in time can be wholly eradicated from the system. Now we will go out and take exercise, boys. Take your skipping-ropes!"

The Remove, with furious faces, picked up the skipping-ropes, and followed Mr. Chesham out into the sunny Close.

"My only Panama hat!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Fancy skipping like a giddy girls' school, with those Upper Fourth cads looking on."

The Remove groaned in spirit.

The Upper Fourth were nearly all in the Close, and they looked on with great interest as the Remove came out with skipping-ropes looped over their arms.

"Form in line!" said Mr. Chesham.

The Remove formed up.

"Now you may begin skipping," said the Form master, standing in front of the furious row of juniors like a drill-sergeant. "Begin!"

The Remove began.

With crimson faces they skipped, while from the Upper Fourth fellows burst a roar of irresistible laughter.

Skip, skip, skip!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good!" said Mr. Chesham, with a beaming smile.

"You will find this sane and healthy exercise much more beneficial than the usual horse-play you indulge in, in the Close. Very good!"

The Upper Fourth were shrieking—as much at the expressions on the Removites' faces, as at the absurd spectacle of over thirty grown lads skipping in a row. It was only for five minutes, but it seemed to the unhappy Remove that that five minutes would never end.

"Very good!" said Mr. Chesham. "We will now return to our studies, invigorated and refreshed by this change of occupation. We will make it a point to keep up this skipping exercise, and in future you shall do it under my supervision three times a day."

"Shall we?" murmured Bob Cherry, as the Remove went grimly in. "I rather think not. What do you say, Harry?"

Harry Wharton's face was determined in its expression.

"Not much!" he said. "That's the last time the ass is going to make a guy of me."

"What are we going to do?"

"We're going to stop him," said Harry Wharton.

"How?"

"That will want thinking out. But one thing's certain; we're going to stop him."

And from the Remove came a deep murmur of approval. They were ready for anything with Harry Wharton at their head. They had had enough of it, and one and all were determined that, by hook or by crook, a stop should be put to the reign of the faddist.

THE END.

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"The Gentleman Ranker."

"You're young Dashwood," said the recruiting sergeant, "son of Sir Harry Dashwood."

"I'm not going to deny the fact!" said our hero, frowning a little. "At the same time, it does not matter much to you who I am, for I am not going to enlist in my right name."

The soldier accepted the rebuke, buttoned his glove, and, squaring his shoulders, marched off with our hero, to go through the usual formality of examination and approval, and final enrolment; and the three other sergeants, who had drawn a blank, looked after the pair as they went.

"Noakes has got a prize this morning," said the Queen's Bay. "I reckon he's rather sick that he didn't get him for the 8th. That youngster will be a good rider and a good soldier."

And the other two nodded approval.

Next morning the postman delivered a letter at Vivian Towers, and Dick Vivian, recognising the superscription, tore it open in great haste.

"My dear Dick," it said, "I have enlisted in the 25th Hussars, the pater's old corps, and my address will be Cavalry Lines, Aldershot. I have taken the plunge, and I am going to see it through. I don't know a bit what's in the future for either of us, but something seems to tell me that the pater would not be altogether displeased at what I have done. Anyway, I'm a soldier at last, although, between ourselves, Dick, I am not of age, and had to tell a cram to get through—that's neither here nor there. Give my love to the people, and anyone that cares a hang about me, and write to me just as often as you like. For the next three months I shall not have much time, as I am simply a cavalry recruit—or a josser, as they call it down here, but when I blossom out into a full trooper that will be another matter, and I hope you will come down and see me. Now, old fellow, always think of me as your affectionate chum.

"TOM HOWARD.
"25th Hussars.

"P.S.—You might drop Hogan a line. I'm too busy to write more just now. But tell him I don't wish my uncle or my cousin to know what has become of me."

This last sentence was underlined, and Dick Vivian nodded his head sagely as he read it.

"Poor old chap," said the boy. "What a different life from the commission he looked forward to so eagerly. And I suppose I shall go up to Sandhurst, and Jack, who was always head and shoulders above me, will have to salute me, and all the rest of it. However, I am not for the cavalry, so we shall not meet, in all probability; but, if we do, by Jove, sha'n't he have a good time, to make him

forget main guards and barrack-rooms, and fatigue parties, and all that sort of thing!"

And, now, for the next six months, Sir John Dashwood, otherwise Trooper Thomas Howard, 3842, passed through one of the most difficult periods of his existence—the recruit stage of a cavalry soldier. At 5.15 of a morning, in company with the nineteen or twenty other recruits that had joined for the "25th," he was in the saddle for riding-school, was duly inspected by the riding-master at 5.30, and from then until 7 o'clock the aforesaid riding-master proceeded to make their young lives a misery to them.

At seven o'clock the breakfast-call went—not much of a breakfast at that—after which, the 25th being under canvas, tents were cleaned, the lines made presentable, and there was great grooming of horses until "quarter" went for drill. Then the drill-sergeant took them in hand, and, clad in fatigue-caps, serge slacks, and big highlows, they were marched hither and thither about the parade-ground.

Jack, being already a good horseman, and having, as we have seen, learned his infantry drill very thoroughly, was soon signalled out for quick advancement, thereby causing a little jealousy among his fellow-recruits; and, keeping himself very much to himself, he began to be known as the "gentleman ranker," and was treated accordingly.

The other recruits were, as the sergeant-major confided to the adjutant, "A very rotten lot, sir!" and they lost no opportunity of thwarting their smarter comrade.

Perhaps one of the most unpromising of the little batch that enlisted for the 25th was Bill Sloggett. Bill Sloggett had commenced life as a "cook-boy," or, to be more precise, one of those young ruffians who used to loiter up and down the top end of City Road, hooking an extra horse on to the overloaded tram, and who, being smitten with the glories of the Military Tournament, and, having quarrelled with his "donah," in the natural course of events found himself in Trafalgar Square, and a little later in the cavalry lines at Aldershot, where Bill Sloggett had a bad time.

They cut his hair very short, to begin with, which was not unnecessary—for reasons which we need not particularise—and Bill Sloggett in a badly-fitting serge, with pipe-clayed gloves a size too large for his great paws, and boots that did not fit him a bit anywhere, was a sight for the gods and the drill-sergeant.

There were times when poor Bill cried softly to himself in the quiet seclusion of his bell-tent, which held twelve other men; and he was so clumsy and so thick-headed, and so slow to grasp the details of his new profession, that he regarded the clean-limbed, intelligent Trooper Howard with particular aversion.

"If I'd that bloke at the corner of Castle Street, I reckon I'd put him frew it!" said Trooper Sloggett to his particular chum. "There ain't a thing 'e don't think 'e can do; and, bust me, if the sergeant don't think 'e can do it, too! 'E 'listed same day as me, and blow me if 'e ain't pulled the stick!"

"Pulling the stick," by the way, is a slang term in the cavalry for the cleanest man of the guard, who is thereby chosen orderly for the day.

"'Ere 'e comes! Now, you watch 'im, and I reckon 'e's got to watch it, too!"

The orderly came down the lines of picketed horses to reach his own mount—a handsome bay mare—over whose grooming he took especial pride, and whose glossy flanks shone in the hot Aldershot sun.

Trooper Sloggett took a bucket that stood by, and with

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calm deliberation emptied its contents over the mare's quarters; whereat she kicked and squealed as Trooper Sloggett put down the bucket, and stood back a pace, with his elbows squared, and his hands on his hips.

A few strides brought the orderly to the spot, all unconscious of what had happened, until his eye fell upon the mischief, and blazing fire, he turned to find the perpetrator. Bill Sloggett, the sleeves of his greyback turned up over his elbows, and his braces hanging down in graceful festoons, grinned offensively.

"Did you do that, you scoundrel?" said the orderly, pointing to the mare's stained flanks.

"Who're yer calling a scoundrel, mate?" said Sloggett. "One 'ud think your father commanded this regiment from the way you talk."

Jack Dashwood made one stride towards him, then checked himself. Discipline was discipline, and it was no part of the orderly's duty to come to blows in the cavalry lines.

"Look here, Sloggett," he said, his voice ringing very clear and well-bred, and unknowingly commanding a certain respect from the gutter-bred lad who faced him, "you have been going out of your way lately to make yourself unpleasant, and this thing has got to stop. I cannot help it if you are a fool, and I am not, you know!" And Jack's voice rang more offensively well-bred than ever. "Would you like to be behind the dry canteen to-night, when I come off duty? If so, I will give you a licking that will do you good!"

"I'm your man!" said Bill Sloggett, with an ugly look in his eye.

"Very well, that's a bargain!" said the orderly. "And, since I cannot ride my mare, just sling the saddle on to this chestnut, and give me a hand."

He spoke so authoritatively, and yet so quietly, that Bill Sloggett obeyed without a word, not knowing why he did so, and in a few minutes our hero mounted and rode away down the lines, his seat faultless, and his lithe, muscular figure causing the squadron sergeant-major to nod with keen approval, and to make a mental note for the youngster's future advancement.

They changed guard at half-past five, and Jack smiled as he sought his tent and carefully placed his carbine in the rack.

As a matter of fact, he had forgotten all about Bill Sloggett—for he had had a letter that morning, which had given him great pleasure. Dick Vivian was now at Sandhurst, and he had written to say that he was coming over to see his old friend.

There was just a flush of momentary shame on the face of the trooper of Hussars as he thought how different was his status from that of his old school-chum; but it passed in a moment, and his heart beat in wild delight at the thought of grasping Dick's hand once more. His own hand had grown much broader and clumsier by reason of the hard work which is the daily lot of a cavalryman; but his face had still reserved the clear-cut, strong profile, in spite of an "Aldershot chin," and the fierce sun that had burnt it to a dull red.

He sat down on a box outside the tent, and burnished his spurs until they shone like silver.

All the other men in his mess were old soldiers, and Tom Howard was very popular among them. They recognised him to be a gentleman; but his identity was unknown, and he found it very awkward at times to be in the society of men among whom there still lingered many a tradition of a certain Colonel Dashwood, who, in days of old, had led the regiment to glory on several occasions.

"Ah, lad!" said the corporal of Jack's troop. "It's a good old saying, 'Once a 25th, always a 25th!' If you'd joined us twenty years ago, as I did, you'd have known one of the smartest soldiers that ever sat astride a horse. I dare say you see his portrait in the officer's mess. A fine chap he

was, too! You remember good old Colonel Dashwood, sergeant?"

The sergeant, who came up to the tent at the moment, drawing off his gloves, laughed.

"Ay, I should think I do!" he said. "He'd have taken notice of you, boy. You are just the sort of chap that always took his fancy. But, there; you never knew him, and you never will now—for the poor old chap's dead!"

Trooper Howard burnished his spurs very hard, and bent his face over them. These men, never thinking how their talk touched his heart, were good friends to him, and many a time had he longed to tell them who he really was. But, as notoriety was one of the last things to appeal to a sturdy lad like Jack Dashwood, he kept a stiff upper lip, and said nothing.

All at once the recollection of Bill Sloggett crossed his memory, and, putting his burnisher away, he stepped out into the evening sunlight.

"I have got a little job on hand, corporal," he said. "You know that tow-headed recruit of our troop—Bill Sloggett?"

"Yes, I know him; I've got him 'cells' three times," said the corporal, lighting his pipe.

"Well, I'm going to give him such a hiding as he's never had in his life! You might just step round to the back of the dry canteen—only don't interfere; but his chums are rather a rough lot, and I fancy where he comes from belt-buckles and boot-toes were very much in fashion!"

"Phew!" whistled the corporal. "Hanged if I don't have a bet on it with the canteen-sergeant! But you'll have to watch it; Sloggett's very handy with his fists. Can you do anything in that line, boy?"

"You shall see if you come round," said Jack, smiling. And the corporal, keeping a wary eye for the presence of any officer, followed our hero to the rear of the dry-canteen.

Bill Sloggett was waiting for him, with half a dozen others, lying prone upon the sand, and, as our hero approached, he rose slowly to his feet, and, stripping off his serge, revealed a pair of sloping shoulders and remarkably brawny arms, which he proceeded to still further reveal by rolling up his sleeves above his gigantic muscles.

Jack's jaw was very square, and he was smiling.

"Now look here, Sloggett," he said, "I don't want to hurt you, but I think a thrashing would do you a lot of good. You've been pulling my leg too long, and it's got to stop. So, if you're ready, come on, and I will show you if I am a gentleman-ranker, as you call me, that, at any rate, I can teach you a thing or two!"

"Well, aren't you going to take your jacket off?" said Bill Sloggett, glaring defiantly on our hero.

"I don't think there's any necessity," said Jack. "I know exactly what you'll do, and I'm going to do this."

"This," as Mr. Sloggett put up his long arms, was a clever feint and a smart blow on the side of his temple, which did precisely what its deliverer intended it should do, namely: stung Mr. Sloggett very much, and got his blood up.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" said Bill, rushing in and getting a particularly nasty left-arm jab that sent him reeling back a couple of paces.

After that he played more warily; but, no matter what feints and dodges he tried, the slim figure in the smart blue serge got in blow after blow on chest and chin with a deftness and science that won warm admiration even from Bill Sloggett's pals.

But there was one shaft still remaining in the bully's quiver, and that he proceeded to discharge. It was a curious combination of counter and feint, followed by a knock-out blow which he had learned from that amiable champion, the "Hoxton Socker," once so well-known in minor pugilistic circles.

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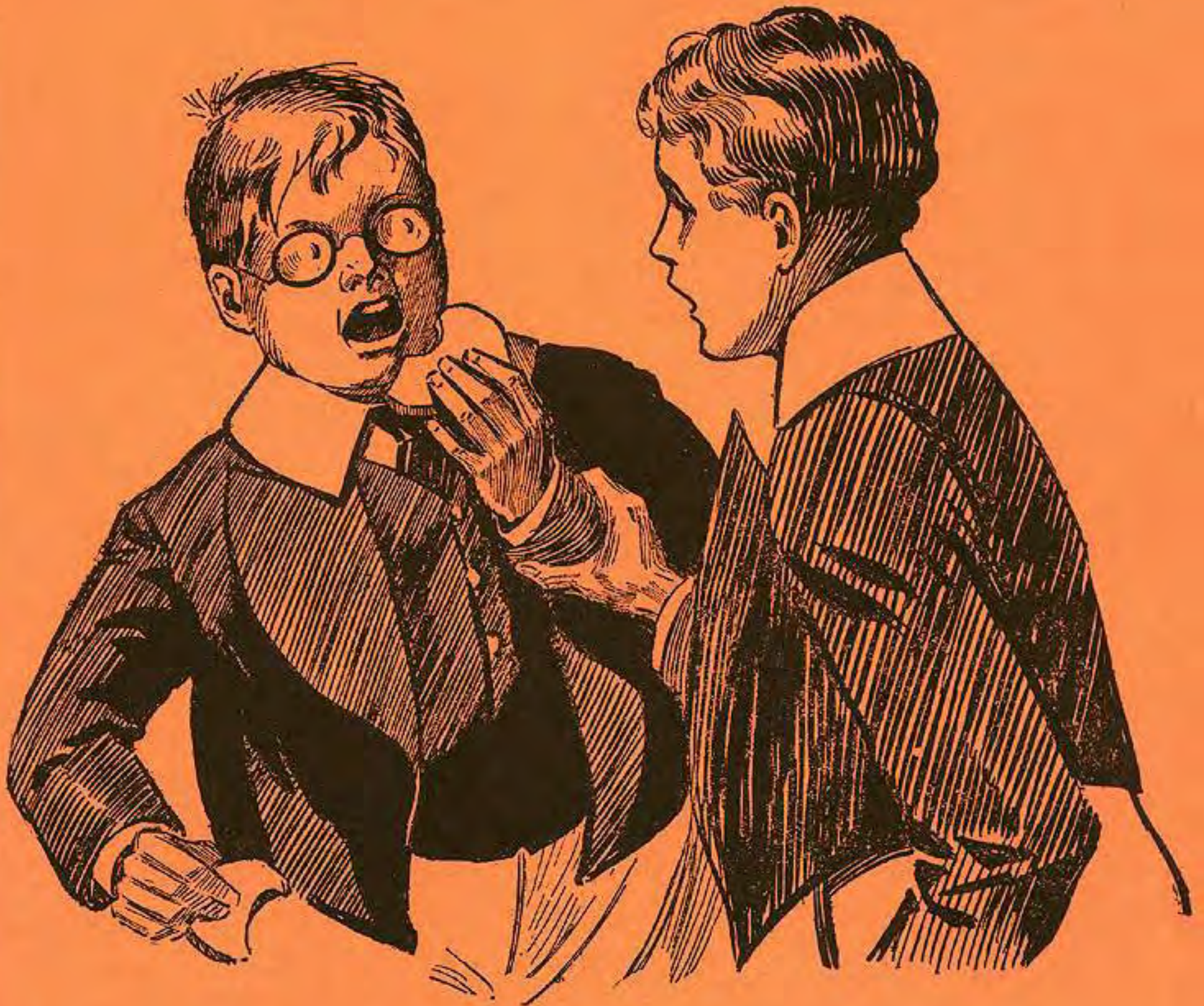
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