

In this
Number: **HARRY WHARTON'S SCHEME.**

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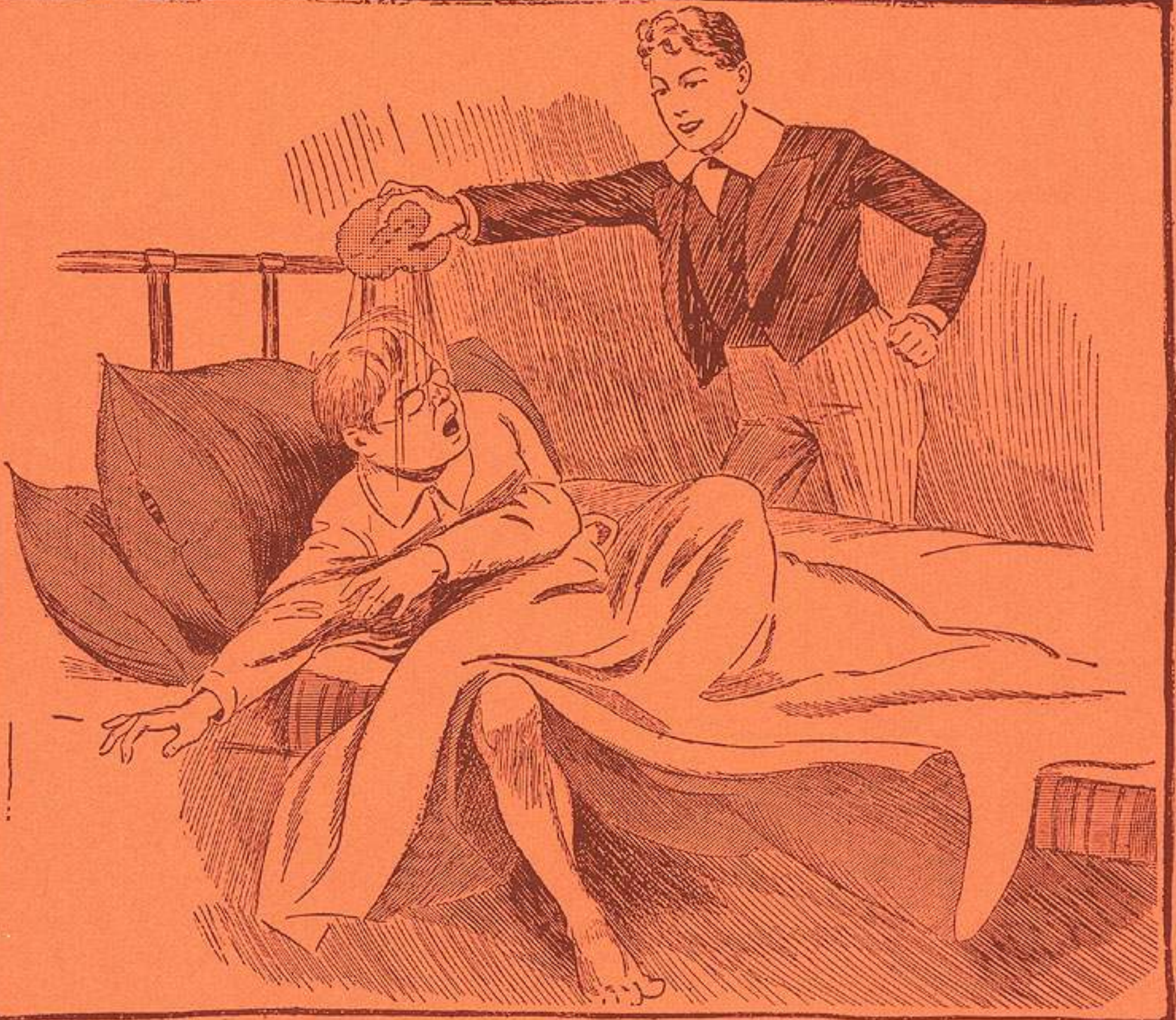
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By
FRANK
RICHARDS



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**HARRY
WHARTON'S
SCHEME.**

A Grand Complete School Tale of
Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Wharton Calls a Meeting.

"WHAT is it?"
"Looks like Wharton's hand."
"Well, read it out."
"Don't shove, then. Here goes!"

There was a crowd of juniors before the notice-board at Greyfriars. Morning lessons were just over, and the Remove had come pouring out of their class-room, and Skinner had drawn attention to the fact that there was a new notice on the board, and that it was in the handwriting of Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars.

Notices on the board did not usually attract much attention from the Remove. The Head's little papers, the First Eleven fixtures, the announcements of the Sixth Form Debating Society, were all passed over with casual glances. But any matter that affected their own Form was a very different matter indeed. The handwriting of Wharton was quite sufficient to draw a crowd of Removites to the spot.

It might be the list of players for the next junior football match, or an announcement by the sports club, or a warning that something was to be done by the Wharton Dramatic and Operatic Company? As a matter of fact, it was none of these in the present instance. When Skinner read the notice aloud it was discovered to be of a rather puzzling and non-committal nature:

"Members of the Greyfriars Remove are requested to attend a General Meeting of the Form in the Form-room at five o'clock precisely. A matter of great importance to the Remove, and to Greyfriars generally, will be discussed."
(Signed) HARRY WHARTON."

There was a buzz of somewhat excited comment.
"It's nothing to do with the footer, or he'd say so," remarked Russell.
"Nor with the Dramatic Society," observed Hazeldene.

"No, thank goodness," said Skinner, "there are going to be no more amateur dramatic performances. We ought to be thankful for small mercies."
"I wonder what it's all about, then?"
"Oh, some rot, I expect," said Bulstrode.
"Here comes Cherry—let's ask him. He chums up with Wharton in Study No. 1."
"Cherry! I say, Cherry!"
"Hallo, hallo, hallo," said Bob Cherry, stopping.
"What's the trouble?"
"What does this notice mean?"
"It means that you're to attend a meeting in the Form-room at five o'clock," said Bob Cherry, after glancing at the notice.
"Ass! We know that much!"
"Then what did you ask me for?" said Bob Cherry; and he strolled on.
"I say—Cherry—Cherry old chap—"
But "Cherry old chap" was gone.
"Seems to be a secret," said Skinner. "Look out for Wharton. He hasn't come out yet, and he ought to be made to explain."
"There he is!" said Hazeldene.
"Wharton! Hallo, Wharton! What does this notice mean?"
"It means that there's to be a Form meeting at five o'clock—"
"Rats! I mean, what is the meeting about?"
"It's about a matter of great importance to the Remove, and to Greyfriars generally."
"You—you duffer! We know that from the notice. But what is the matter?"
"There's nothing the matter that I know of," said Harry Wharton.
"I don't mean that. I mean—"
But Harry Wharton had joined Bob Cherry in the close.
Skinner began to look wrathful. He regarded himself

is a rather important member of the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars, and he wanted information.

"We'll get it out of Nugent or Inky," said Levison. "They chum up with Wharton, and they're bound to know."

"Good! Watch for 'em!"

Nugent and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh came out of the class-room a minute later. A group of Removites immediately surrounded them.

"I say, Nugent, what does that notice mean?"

"I haven't seen it," said Nugent.

"Come and look at it, then. I suppose it was posted up last thing before lessons. Now, what does it mean?"

Nugent and Hurree Singh looked over the notice.

"Seems to me pretty clear," said Nugent. "There's to be a Form meeting at five o'clock—"

"You ass—"

"The assfulness is on the part of the honourable Skinner," remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "The meaningfulness of the esteemed notice is quite clearful."

"I mean, what is the matter of great importance—"

"Better ask Wharton—"

"We've asked him."

"Didn't he tell you?"

"No!"

"Then the only thing I can see for it is for you to come to the meeting," said Frank Nugent.

"That also seems to me the only resourcefulness of the esteemed rotters," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"You—you—you—"

Nugent and Hurree Singh walked on.

The Removites looked at one another excitedly. They knew perfectly well that the chums of Study No. 1 must all be in the secret. Wharton seldom or never had any secrets from the rest of the Famous Four.

And the fact that so much mystery was made about it excited the Form's curiosity to the utmost.

It was evidently a matter of unusual import; but what was it? How could the curious seekers of information contain their curiosity until five o'clock, when it was only a quarter past twelve now? It was clearly impossible.

There was evidently nothing to be got out of the Famous Four before the time for the meeting came round. But Skinner was not long at a loss. A brilliant idea flashed into his brain.

"There's Billy Bunter!"

"Of course!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "He's bound to know, as he's in their study, and he can't keep a secret!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Here he is!"

A fat junior with a big pair of spectacles was coming down the passage, and he was immediately surrounded.

Bunter, as an inmate of Study No. 1, was almost certain to know something of the matter, which, of course, must have been discussed a great deal by the Famous Four in their own quarters. Bunter was evidently the individual to approach for information, especially as he was a well-known chatterbox, and could not possibly have kept a secret ten minutes to save his life.

"I say, you fellows, fancy Bulstrode saying I can't keep a secret," he exclaimed. "I should think he'd know me better than that."

"Of course," said Skinner, with an amiable smile, "we all know what a jolly sharp fellow you are, Bunter."

"Well, I flatter myself that I know my road about, you know," said Billy Bunter, with a complacent air that was almost too much for Skinner's gravity.

"I suppose you know what has been going on in Study No. 1?"

"What do you think?" said Bunter.

"Well, tell us about it, there's a good chap."

"I'm feeling too hungry to talk, I'm afraid," said Bunter; "I have been feeling rather hungry all the morning."

"Dinner will be ready soon, old chap. Tell us—"

"I'm afraid I shall have to go and have a snack at the tuckshop," said Bunter, with a shake of the head; "I have to keep up my strength."

"Well, we'll come with you."

"The worst of it is," said Bunter, blinking round at the Removites, "that a postal order I was expecting this morning hasn't arrived, and I'm stony."

"Then it's no good going to the tuckshop."

"Well, I don't see how I'm to keep up till dinner-time without a snack of some sort."

"What's this meeting about—"

"I'm jolly hungry now, and I shall be hungrier before dinner-time."

"Is it some new wheeze of Study No. 1?"

"Suppose you lent me a bob, Skinner, and I let you have it back out of the postal order when it comes?"

"Rats!"

"Will you lend me a bob, Bulstrode?"

"No fear!"

"I say, you fellows, I can't help thinking you rather selfish, you know, especially as I was going to tell you about that matter. I suppose I had better go and look for Wharton."

"Hold on!" said Skinner, catching the fat junior by the shoulder. "You just stay where you are!"

"But I want to ask Wharton to lend me—"

"Look here," said Bulstrode, "I'll stand you some jam-tarts, if you like to come along to Mrs. Mimble's."

"Thanks awfully, Bulstrode. I—"

"Come on, then, you young cormorant!"

"Certainly!"

Billy Bunter would have allowed anyone to call him a cormorant, or anything else, for the sake of a feed. He followed Bulstrode readily, and half the Remove accompanied them. It was not far to Mrs. Mimble's. The gardener's wife kept the school-shop within the precincts of Greyfriars. The good dame did not look pleased at the sight of Bunter.

"I say, Mrs. Mimble, I want some tarts—"

"Then you can't have them unless you pay for them, Master Bunter," said Mrs. Mimble, with asperity.

"I was expecting a postal order this morning—"

"Oh, don't talk to me like that, Master Bunter!"

"And Bulstrode is going to lend me a few shillings till it comes—"

"Bulstrode's going to do nothing of the sort," grinned the owner of that name. "He's going to stand three penny tarts; neither more nor less."

"Oh, I say, Bulstrode—"

"You'll take them, or leave them, you young cormorant!"

"Oh, I'll take them, of course; but I put it to you as a reasonable fellow, what are three penny tarts to a chap like me?"

"Not much," grinned Bulstrode, "but enough for the purpose. Now, what is that affair going on in Study No. 1?"

"Give me the tarts, Mrs. Mimble, please."

"Answer me, you young ass!"

"I'm afraid I can't talk till I've had something to eat, Bulstrode. I have a faint feeling coming over me."

"You'll have a fist coming over you if you don't buck up!" growled Bulstrode. "Let him have the tarts, Mrs. Mimble; I'm paying for them."

And Bulstrode laid threepence on the counter. The tarts were handed over, and they disappeared with record swiftness, Bunter disposing of each of them with a single movement of the jaws.

"My hat!" said Skinner. "It's like putting pennies in the slot!"

"They're nice," said Bunter. "Did you say you were going to stand some tarts, Skinner?"

"No, I didn't."

"I thought you said something to that effect."

"Something wrong with your thinking apparatus, then, I'm afraid," said Skinner. "I didn't say anything of the sort."

"I say, Russell—"

"Here, get to business!" said Bulstrode, taking the fat junior by the shoulder and giving him a shake. "Tell us about that wheeze in Study No. 1. What is the meeting to be called in the Form-room about this evening?"

"I'll tell you all I know, Bulstrode. But, I say, I'm jolly hungry."

"Go ahead!"

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Another Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT
TUESDAY.

"THE NEW BOY AT GREYFRIARS."

"They've been talking over something among themselves for a day or two," said Bunter. "I knew there was something on."

"And what is it?"

"Wharton turned me out of the study each time they were going to discuss it," said Bunter. "Wharton has a lot of ways I don't like. He said that he couldn't trust to my discretion."

"Curious!" said Skinner.

"Yes, wasn't it? But as it was my study as much as his, I thought I was entitled to listen at the keyhole, and see what they were talking about."

"Little beast—I mean, go on!"

"I—I've come over so faint, Skinner, that I'm afraid I can't go on unless I have something to eat—just a snack, you know. A steak-pie would do."

"Rats! Go on!"

"I—I feel that I ought to have something to eat first, in justice to my constitution," said the fat junior faintly.

The Removites glowered at Bunter. He had excited their curiosity to the highest pitch, and left off in the most interesting point.

"Don't shake me like that, Bulstrode!"

"Go on, then!"

"You confuse me when you shake me, and you will very likely make me forget all about the matter; and besides, you might make my glasses fall off, and if they get broken you will have to pay for them."

"Here, give the young wolf a dozen tarts!" said Russell, laying a shilling on the counter. "Now get on."

Bunter got on—with the tarts. At the ninth tart he complained of thirst. Hazeldene put down twopence for a bottle of lemonade. It proved that one bottle only whetted his thirst, and Trevor paid for a second one.

The second bottle of lemonade and the tarts were finished together. Bunter was looking a little more satisfied.

"Feel strong enough to speak now?" asked Skinner sarcastically.

"Well, yes, though I could still do with a steak-pie——"

"You'll get a hiding next!" said Bulstrode darkly.

"Now, what happened when you put your rotten, sneaking ear to the keyhole?"

"If you put it like that, Bulstrode——"

"Oh, go on!"

"Well, they were talking, but before I could hear anything they suddenly stopped. Then all of a sudden there was a squirt of water through the keyhole."

"What?"

"It was that beast Cherry. He guessed I was there, you know, and he squirted water through the keyhole, and it was very unpleasant. I jumped up."

"And then?"

"Oh, that's all. I had to bunk, you know. My ear was full of water, and some of it had run down my neck. I had to change my collar."

"And then?"

"Then? Oh, I forget what I did next, Bulstrode. Oh, I remember. I went down to the fives-court to have a game with young Quinn——"

"You utter ass!" roared Bulstrode. "I mean, what next about the jaw in Study No. 1? What more did you find out?"

"Find out? Oh, nothing."

"You—you didn't find out anything more?"

"I couldn't, you see. They wouldn't talk it before me in the study, and I was afraid to listen at the keyhole any more, in case Bob Cherry should be a beast again. It's so unpleasant to have cold water squirted into your ear——"

"Then," roared Bulstrode, "you don't know any more about the matter than we do?"

Bunter blinked in a thoughtful way.

"Well, no," he assented. "Come to think of it, I don't."

"And—and you've let us waste good grub on you all this time, to say nothing of fooling away a quarter of an hour——"

"I had to have a snack——"

"And all the time you've got nothing to tell us."

"I suppose you don't want me to make up a lot of lies and tell you, Bulstrode?" said Bunter, with an injured air.

"You—you——"

"Please don't shake me! You might make my glasses fall off, and if they got broken you would have to——"

Bulstrode burst into a laugh.

"Oh, cut, you young rotter! You're not worth licking!"

"Oh, I say, Bulstrode——"

"Cut!"

"But wait a moment. If you stood me a dozen more tarts, I would pay up like a shot when my postal-order comes, and then I could—— Ow—wow—wow!"

Bulstrode had planted his foot behind the fat form of the Owl of the Remove. Bunter left the tuckshop on the run, and the disappointed Removites followed him, the object of the Form meeting still a mystery to them.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter knows all about it.

THERE was a suppressed excitement visible in the Remove as lessons drew to a close that afternoon. The general meeting fixed for five o'clock was in every mind, and curiosity was growing intense as to what communication Wharton intended to make.

Not a word had escaped the chums of Study No. 1 on the subject. Whatever the idea was, they kept their own counsel. Billy Bunter was willing enough to give information, but for once he had no information to give. Bulstrode affected to scoff at the whole matter, but he intended to come to the meeting, all the same. It was safe to predict that not a single member of the Remove would be outside the Form-room when the clock struck five.

Classes were dismissed at half-past four. The Remove poured out, and most of them stood about in the hall and passage, talking, and waiting for five. Wharton, Nugent, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Singh came out together, and many curious glances were cast towards them. Bulstrode tapped Harry on the shoulder.

"What is all this rot about, Wharton?" he demanded, in a disagreeable tone. "What are you making a mystery of it for?"

Wharton shook the hand from his shoulder with an impatient movement.

"You will know at five o'clock," he said.

"Oh, I'm not going to attend any of your rotten meetings!"

"Stay away, then!"

"The stayawayfulness will be very gratifying to all others who come to the esteemed meeting," purred Hurree Singh. "The esteemed absence of the worthy Bulstrode is more joyful than his august presence."

"The exactness of the honourable Inky's statement is terrific!" grinned Bob Cherry.

And the Famous Four walked on. Billy Bunter tugged at Harry Wharton's sleeve the next minute. The young captain of the Remove looked down at him.

"I say, Wharton——"

"Don't bother, Billy. You'll know all about it at five o'clock."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of the meeting, Wharton! I've lost my book on ventriloquism—the great book by Professor Balmicrumpett, you know."

"Not much loss," said Nugent.

"That is a great mistake, Nugent. I have finished practising the ventriloquial drone, and wish to get on the exercises. I think it is best to stick closely to the Balmicrumpett method. And I shall want the book. If any of you fellows have shoved it out of sight for a joke——"

"We haven't. You're always losing things," said Bob Cherry. "Go and look for it, or go on practising the ventriloquial groan, or go and eat coke!"

"If you're rotting, you know——"

"Oh rats!"

The chums of the Remove passed on, leaving Billy Bunter blinking after them in a very dubious way. Suddenly he gave a start.

"My hat! I've got it!"

"You've got what?" asked Skinner.

"The little secret."

There was a general movement of interest. Billy Bunter was immediately surrounded by an eager group. As an inmate of Study No. 1, he ought to have known something about it, and it was not surprising that he should guess the secret.

"Well, what is it?" said Bulstrode.

"Oh, never mind. Perhaps, in justice to Wharton, I ought to keep the secret. I say, you fellows, I'm awfully hungry, and we sha'n't get tea in Study No. 1 till close on six. Will anybody cash a postal order for me?"

"Mrs. Mumble will," said Russell.

"Oh, no, it's no good asking her," said Bunter, with a shake of the head. "I'm not on the most amicable terms with Mrs. Mumble, either."

"How much is it?" asked Trevor, putting his hand in his pocket. "I could do it up to five or six bob."

"Well, say five bob," said Bunter. "That's a safe estimate. If it's ten, you can give me the rest when I hand you the postal order."

"Eh?"

"If it's more than five, you can give me the rest when I hand you the postal order."

Trevor let the money jingle back into his pocket.

"No fear!" he remarked. "You'll hand the postal order over first, Bunt, or you won't see any of my cash."

"Now, don't be unreasonable, Trevor. How can I hand the postal order over to you, when it hasn't come yet?" said Billy Bunter, in a tone of patient remonstrance.

"You—you young ass! Then you haven't a postal-order at all!" ejaculated Trevor.

"It's coming by the evening's post."

"How do you know?"

"Because it didn't come this morning. I was expecting it by the morning's post. If you let me have the cash now—"

Trevor grinned.

"Not much, my boy! I should want a hundred per cent. discount for cash."

"Oh, really, Trevor—"

"Come, you young rascal, what's the secret, if you know it?" exclaimed Bulstrode, laying his heavy hand upon the fat junior's shoulder.

"I don't think I can tell you, now, Bulstrode. I feel so faint."

"I'll make you feel fainter, if you don't own up!" said Bulstrode. "You can't work the same wheeze twice on us, Bunter! Now, just you explain yourself in two ticks, or I'll bump your head against the wall!"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—"

"Out with it!"

Bunter blinked round for help. But there was none. He was in the grasp of the bully of the Remove, and the faces round him were decidedly unsympathetic. The juniors were more than half persuaded that he was assuming a knowledge he did not possess, for the sake of extorting another feed. Bulstrode shook him roughly.

"Now, then, you young porpoise!"

"I wish you wouldn't shake me, Bulstrode. You might make my glasses fall off, and if they got broken you would have to pay for them!"

"Are you going to tell?"

"Y-e-es, if you stop shaking me. It confuses me, and makes me forget things. Yes; it dawned on me all of a sudden what the idea was, but I don't know if I ought to tell you fellows, under the circumstances."

"Biff his napper against the wall, Bulstrode!"

"Ow! Don't! I haven't the slightest objection to telling you all about it."

"Get on, then!"

"You see, my book on ventriloquism has disappeared."

"What on earth has that to do with it?"

"Why, it's pretty plain that somebody has shoved it out of sight."

"No wonder, considering the fearful rows you have been making lately with your rotten practice," growled Bulstrode.

"Oh, no, you are quite mistaken. That was the ventriloquial drone, and not a row at all."

"Oh, get on with the washing!"

"Well, if they've hidden my book, and said they hadn't, they must have been fibbing, which shows that they know where the book is, and so—"

"What has your rotten book to do with the matter at all?"

"I'm trying to explain. They've evidently taken the book to study ventriloquism on the famous Balmicrumpett system. That proves that they are going to give a ventriloquial entertainment in the Form-room at five o'clock. Naturally, they would keep it dark, in case I should get up a rival show, and put them in the shade."

"You young ass!"

"I don't think you ought to call me names, Bulstrode, when I've told you all about it," said Billy Bunter, in an injured tone. "Of course, they're going to give an entertainment of a ventriloquial kind."

"Of course they're not going to do anything of the sort."

"Oh, really, Bulstrode?"

"And is that all you've got to tell us?"

"Of course that's all. You see, I know all about it."

"Scat! Get out of my sight!"

"After I've told you the whole thing like this, Bulstrode, I think you might stand something at Mrs. Mumble's, considering how faint I feel."

Bulstrode made a movement with his foot, and the fat junior skipped away without pursuing the subject. Hazeldene and Russell went towards the class-room, from which Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, had gone.

"I'm going to get a front seat, anyway," Hazeldene remarked.

"What-ho!" said Skinner, following him. "Are you coming in, Bulstrode?"

"I suppose I may as well," granted the bully of the Remove.

It was getting near the time of the meeting. Wharton had permission to use the room from five to half-past, and there was no danger of interruption from masters or prefects, so long as the juniors did not make too much noise. The big hand of the clock over the bookcase had almost completed the circle when Harry Wharton came in.

Every eye was turned at once upon the captain of the Lower Fourth.

He had a book under one arm, and a sheaf of notes sticking from his pocket. His face was very serious, as became the occasion. Bob Cherry, Nugent, and Hurree Singh followed him, with faces composed to an unusual solemnity. Perhaps there was a lurking twinkle in Bob Cherry's eyes, but it was hardly noticeable.

Wharton walked straight up to the master's desk at the end of the room, and turned round to face the eager Remove. And then there was a hush of expectancy.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Form Meeting.

"GENTLEMEN of the Greyfriars Remove!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I have the honour of calling a general meeting of the Form, to discuss a matter of great importance to the Remove, and to Greyfriars generally!"

"We've had that on the notice," grumbled Bulstrode.

"Shut up!" said Levison.

"Rats to you, Levison! I'll shut up when I choose."

"Order, order!" shouted a dozen voices.

Bulstrode glared round him, but he relapsed into silence. Wharton paused for a moment. But, taking no notice of the interruption, he went on.

"I shall make a statement of my views on the matter, and then we shall invite discussion. As it will be impossible for the whole Form to talk without limit in the half-hour, during which the room is at our disposal, I propose to limit the remarks of every speaker to one minute."

"Hear, hear!"

"Including your own?" sneered Bulstrode.

"My own statement will not occupy many minutes. Gentlemen, I presume you have all heard of the new Daylight Saving Bill now before Parliament?"

"The—the what?"

"This Bill is promoted by a gentleman named Willett, and backed by influential members of the financial, banking, railway, and other circles."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"The object of the Bill is to save daylight. At present—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Order!"

"Shut up!"

"At present, the world rises at a late hour, commences its work late, and finishes late, regardless of the ancient, and extremely truthful proverb 'Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise!' The proposition is to get the world out of its bad habits, by putting forward the clocks!"

"Eh?"

"Suppose, for instance, all the clocks in the kingdom were put forward one hour. At eight o'clock in the morning by the clock it would really be seven o'clock. You get up at your usual hour—by the clock—and you are, in reality, one hour earlier. You leave off work at your usual hour—by the clock—and you, in reality, leave off one hour early. You have worked the same number of hours; but your day has been shifted back, so to speak. You have an hour extra of daylight at the end of it, instead of an hour of daylight in bed in the morning. You go to bed an hour earlier, though it would be at the usual hour by the clock. You have an extra hour of darkness for your sleep, and an extra hour of daylight for your waking time."

"Hear, hear!"

"Take a banker's time. He begins at ten in the morning—"

"Lucky beggar!"

"I think I'll be a banker when I grow up," murmured Billy Bunter.

"He begins at ten, and leaves off at four. Under the new system, he would begin at the same hour by the clock, but, in reality, it would be beginning at nine and leaving off at three. That gives him an hour more daylight. Take a bricklayer. He begins at half-past six, and works till six in the evening. Under the new system, he begins at half-past five, and knocks off at five in the afternoon. He gains an hour of daylight. You can work it out with any man, at any trade, and you'll see that it is clear. But take ourselves—a more important example!"

"Hear, hear!" roared the Remove with one voice.

"I mean an important example as far as we are concerned. We rise at half-past seven in the morning, and go to bed at half-past nine. That is to say, in the summer, we spend some hours of daylight in bed every morning, and stay up after dark. How much better it would be to be up soon after the sun, and in bed at sunset. It would save doing anything by artificial light. It would save the expense of artificial light. It would be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"Bravo!"

"You have all heard of Benjamin Franklin."
"Do you mean the carrier at Wayland?" asked Bulstrode.

"No, I do not mean the carrier at Wayland!" said Harry Wharton witheringly. "I mean the great American patriot and statesman. At one time of his life, as we read in his autobiography, he lived in London. It was a hundred and fifty years ago, but he remarked, then, on the lazy habits of the English people—how the shops in Fleet Street remained closed while the morning sun was shining brightly. Those bad habits, which were in full force in those days, and which Franklin remarked upon, have grown upon us. Is it not time that something was done? Is it not time to make a move?"

Bunter looked at the clock.

"Jolly near it," he said. "It's tea time in a quarter of an hour."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Muzzle him, somebody!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Order, order!"

"Is it not time for John Bull to wake up?" continued Harry Wharton, warming to his subject. "You remember the historic warning of the Prince of Wales—'John Bull must wake up!' He was quite right. John Bull must wake up earlier in the morning, and save the daylight. That is the idea."

"Jolly good wheeze," said Russell. "Only, of course, it won't work!"

"I don't see why it shouldn't work," said Harry Wharton. "My idea is that we should discuss it, and if we agree that it's a good wheeze, petition the Head to adopt the new system at Greyfriars."

"My only aunt!"

"That would give the Bill a leg-up in Parliament. The news that a great public school——"

"Hear, hear!"

"That a great public school had adopted the wheeze—I mean the measure. And I need not point out how it would bring kudos to the Remove. We should shine forth as the most up-to-date Form at Greyfriars, and even the Sixth would have to acknowledge that they were not quite up to us in some things."

"Bravo!"

"That is why we have been keeping the idea dark. If Temple, Dabney, and Co., of the Upper Fourth, got hold of it, they'd collar it like a shot."

"Of course they would!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Precious asses if they did," grunted Bulstrode.

"Order!"

"Now, gentlemen, if anyone wishes to ask for information, or to pass criticisms on the new idea, let him come forth, and I shall be pleased to enlighten or refute him, as the case may be," said Harry Wharton.

And he sat down.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Discussion Under the One Minute Rule.

BULSTRODE was on his feet in a moment. He was first up, and others who had something to say, receded again, to give Bulstrode "his head." The Remove bully had evidently made up his mind to play the part of "heckler," but he was likely to meet his match in Harry Wharton.

"I should like to ask the honourable speaker a few questions," said Bulstrode.

"The honourable speaker will be happy to satisfy the honourable questioner," said Bob Cherry; "but he must bear in mind the one-minute rule!"

"Oh, that's all rot, you know!"

"The honourable questioner is invited to make the most of his time!"

"I think the whole thing's piffle," said Bulstrode; "and as for the one-minute rule, that's sillier piffle than all the rest. I'm not going to be confined to one minute, I can jolly well assure you of that!"

But Cherry took out his big silver watch.

"The honourable questioner is reminded that thirty-five seconds are gone, and that he has only twenty-five left in which to make his honourable remarks."

"The honourableness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Look here, Cherry, don't talk that rot to me!"

"Fifteen seconds."

"I shall say what I please, how I please, and as long as I please!"

"Ten seconds."

"And I'll jolly well give you a dot on the nose if you jaw at me!"

"Five seconds."

"What I'm going to say is this. I think——"

"Time's up."

"I think that under the circumstances——"

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

"Time's up."

"I think that——"

"Time's up."

"Order!"

"Sit down!"

"I won't sit down! I insist upon saying——"

"Order—order!"

Bulstrode was howled down. Nobody particularly wanted to hear what he was going to say, and there were a good many eager questioners who were waiting to burst forth with questions, and who would have no chance save under the one-minute rule. Bulstrode glared round furiously, but he saw that the feeling of the meeting was unanimously against him, and he gave in, and sat down savagely.

"Next man in!" said Bob Cherry.

Levison rose to his feet quickly. Hazeldene and Russell rose at the same time, and sat down again. Levison had caught the Speaker's eye.

"Go ahead," said Bob Cherry.

"I want to know whether the change in the time of day would obtain in the winter as well as in the summer," said Levison. "If it did, we shouldn't save any daylight. We get up in the dark in the winter now. We should have to get up when it was darker under the new Daylight Saving Bill."

"I can answer that," said Wharton, rising. "The proposition is for the change to obtain during the six summer months—from April to September, inclusive. We go back to the old time in the winter."

"Is not that likely to lead to confusion?"

"Not if adopted by the whole country. We all time our watches and the clocks at home by some public clock. The latter would all be timed to the new time. When they were changed, we should change our watches. We might be out for a day or two, but that happens now—if we forget to wind our watches, for instance."

Hazeldene rose, Levison having had his minute.

"Do you propose to make this change at one jump—in April, and again in September?" he asked.

Wharton shook his head.

"That has also been suggested," he replied. "But the original suggestion of Mr. Willett is to make a gradual change, in three instalments of twenty minutes each."

"And the same back again in September?"

"Exactly."

"Rather a lot of changing, in my opinion." And Hazeldene sat down, and Russell got "upon his legs," to use a Parliamentary expression.

"Wouldn't this change knock the railway time-tables into a cocked hat?" he asked.

"No. The trains would still run to the times specified in the tables. It would actually be an hour earlier, that is all."

"What about trains connecting with foreign trains—say the train to Dover that catches the boat for Calais, and connects through that with the Paris train?"

"Probably France would adopt this system if we did."

"But if she didn't?"

"There would be some trouble—but the advantages of the new system for the whole country would outweigh the inconveniences to Continental travellers."

Billy Bunter was the next questioner up.

"Here, you sit down, Billy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, ain't I entitled to ask a question?"

"Let him ask a question!" shouted Bulstrode. "Fair play!"

"Oh, go ahead, ass!"

"I don't think Cherry ought to call me names!"

"Ten seconds gone."

"I put it to the meeting. Can I ask a question properly if Cherry keeps on interrupting me?" said Billy Bunter, blinking indignantly at Bob.

"Twenty seconds."

"Don't interrupt!" yelled Bulstrode. "Order—order!"

"I say, you fellows, it won't take me long to ask my question. The honourable speaker says that we shall get a lot of credit by adopting this wheeze and being the first to bring it forward at Greyfriars?"

"That is the case," said Harry Wharton.

"We shall knock the Upper Fourth into a cocked hat?"

"Certainly."

"It will be a regular triumph for the Remove?"

"I think so."

"Then the question I wish to ask is this. If we all back up the wheeze and bring it off, is the honourable speaker prepared to stand a Form feed to celebrate the occasion?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Remove. Billy Bunter blinked round at them.

"There's nothing to cackle at!" he exclaimed. "I'm quite serious! I think that such an occasion ought to be

celebrated, and can it be celebrated in a better way than by giving a feed? Is the honourable speaker prepared to answer my question?"

"The most important question of the whole lot!" grinned Hazeldene.

"Certainly," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Whether the scheme is adopted or not, and whether it is a success or not, Bunter will be allowed to stand a Form feed if he likes. That is the utmost I can say on the subject."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I say, Wharton——"

The door opened and Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, looked in.

"Your half-hour's nearly up," he said, looking across at Harry. "The room will be wanted. Don't be late."

And he closed the door again.

"You see that the one-minute rule was necessary," said Wharton. "I move that the questions be all considered asked, and that the motion be put whether this meeting is in favour of the Daylight Saving Bill."

"And I second the giddy motion," said Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Billy! Now, for the motion?"

The motion was adopted almost unanimously. Then the motion was put, whether the Remove were prepared to send a deputation to the Head, requesting that the Daylight Saving scheme should be adopted in Greyfriars, and the clocks altered accordingly. And that motion passed as enthusiastically as the other. The Remove were backing up their captain heartily. There was novelty in the idea, and the thought that they were getting a "pull" over the Upper Fourth was very pleasant.

"Good!" said Harry Wharton. "We can decide upon the members of the deputation afterwards. The thing's agreed on, that's the main point!"

"Carried unanimously!" said Bob Cherry.

"Rats!" said Bulstrode. "I'm against it!"

"Oh, you don't count!"

"I say, you fellows, Wharton didn't answer my question!"

"Time's up!" said Wharton, glancing at the clock, which indicated half-past five. "We'll fix up the deputation in the common-room after tea!"

"But I say, Wharton——"

But no one was listening to Billy Bunter. The meeting broke up, and the juniors poured out of the Form-room, excitedly discussing the great daylight scheme.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Deputation.

TEMPLE, Dabney & Co. were curious. The leaders of the Upper Fourth had seen the notice on the board in the hall, and they knew that something unusual was on in the Remove-room. They were curious, and a little uneasy. There had been many a rub between Upper and Lower Fourth, and the higher Form had not always come off best.

"It looks to me as if those young rascals were up to some new wheeze!" Temple remarked to Dabney, in the junior common-room.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"We'll see when they come in here," said Fry. "I suppose they'll be in before long? The place is beautifully quiet without them!"

Fry was right. After tea, the Remove came into the common-room—almost all the Form—and their muttering and whispering showed that there certainly was something on. The Fourth-Formers watched them curiously. The evenings were drawing in, and it was dark in the close now, and so there was a full muster of juniors in the common-room.

"Now, about the deputation," Harry Wharton remarked. "I think four members would be about sufficient."

"Look here, you kids, what's the little game?" exclaimed Temple.

Wharton glanced at him.

"You'll know later," he said. "At present, please don't interrupt!"

"Do you want to go out of this room on your neck, Wharton?"

"Certainly, if you can manage it."

"I'll jolly soon——"

"Hold on," said Fry. "What's the good of slogging now? Keep your wool on."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Four members will be about right," said Bob Cherry. "And I suggest that they be named by the captain of the Form."

"Of course!" sneered Bulstrode. "And Wharton will appoint himself and the three rotters of Study No. 1!"

"Put it to the vote, then!" said Bob Cherry.

"Faith, and it's saving time intirely if Wharton names the deputation!" said Micky Desmond. "And sure, it's a carpin' baste ye are, Bulstrode!"

"Suppose we say eight for the deputation, then?" said Wharton, without looking at Bulstrode. "As it is my idea, I certainly think I ought to be at the head of it. Then I select Nugent, Cherry, Hazeldene, Russell, Desmond, Morgan, and Hurree Singh."

"Good!"

"The rest of the Remove can follow and fill up the passage, and they can be ready to cheer at a given signal."

"Hear, hear!"

"Mind, not a word till we've seen the Head!"

"Not a word!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "Certainly not, Wharton! You can trust to our discretion—especially mine! I shall not say a word about the Daylight——"

"Shut up!"

"The Daylight——"

Bob Cherry clapped his hand over the fat junior's mouth, and Billy Bunter gasped and ceased to speak.

Temple, Dabney & Co. looked at one another in blank amazement.

"What on earth are they driving at?" muttered Temple.

"Something on," grunted Fry.

"Oh, rather!"

"What do they mean by this rotten deputation to the Head?"

"Blessed if I know!"

"And that young chump, too, with his chatter about daylight! What does he mean by daylight?"

"No good asking conundrums, Temple, old man!"

"I say, they're going out!" whispered Fry. "See if we can get that fat young porpoise Bunter to stay behind, and——"

"Good wheeze!"

"He'll jabber out anything if you once get hold of him!"

The Upper Fourth fellows watched Bunter. The Remove streamed out of the room. The deputation went first, and the whole Lower Fourth followed, eager to have a hand in the proceedings. Billy Bunter was one of the last, and Fry tapped him on the shoulder as he was leaving the common-room.

The fat junior looked round and blinked at him inquiringly.

"Bunter, old chap have you had your tea?"

The mere mention of a meal was always sufficient to interest Bunter. He stopped, and blinked at Fry. His fat face wore an injured look.

"Yes, I've had it," he said. "I suppose it was a tea; but the chaps in Study No. 1 are so taken up with their new scheme, that they haven't any time to think of grub. Wharton has been blowing all his tin on those rotten papers about that piffle, and hasn't any left for tommy. We had a measly tea—some sausages and ham, and a tin of sardines. Luckily, they were busy talking about the new wheeze, and I wolfed most of the grub."

"Then you're not hungry?"

"That's where you make a mistake," said Bunter. "I'm famished. I feel as if I could eat anything now, and I can't help thinking that my constitution will suffer if I don't have anything more before bedtime. Wharton never thinks of that. He doesn't care what he eats, and he doesn't understand that I have to consider my digestion. He doesn't mean to be selfish, but he doesn't fully grasp what my digestion means to me."

Temple, Dabney & Co. grinned.

"I was wondering whether you'd come and have a feed in the school shop, Billy," Temple remarked carelessly.

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter promptly.

"Come on, then, and we'll have a chat about your new idea."

"My new idea?"

"Yes," said Temple glibly. "You're a jolly clever fellow, Bunter, and I know jolly well that all the good wheezes in Study No. 1 come from you."

Bunter blushed modestly.

"Well, as a matter of fact, Temple, you're not far wrong," he admitted. "I don't like to point it out to Wharton, but it's true enough that he can't hold a candle to me when it comes to thinking of things. This new daylight scheme was really referred to in a paper I brought into the study, and Wharton happened to see it, and that's what put it into his head, I believe."

"Then it was really your idea?"

"Well, yes, speaking strictly, I think that I may say it was my idea," assented Bunter. "Of course, those chaps have collared it."

"Hard cheese!"

"Well, so it is, Temple, and I'm glad to find there's a chap like you who can understand me. But what about that feed?"

"Oh, yes, come along! Rough, too, that you're not the head of the deputation, as it's your idea," said Temple sympathetically.

"Very rough," said Fry, with a shake of the head.

"Oh, rather!"

"You're quite right. I ought to be chairman of the deputation, and, come to think of it, I'll go after Wharton and—"

"Better have the feed first."

"Oh, yes, certainly! Come on!"

"And your idea—"

"There he is!"

There was a patter of feet, and Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent dashed up, and grasped the fat Remove by either arm. Billy Bunter wriggled.

"Let me go! I say, you fellows—"

"Let him alone!" exclaimed Temple, Dabney, & Co., in threatening chorus.

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Come along, Billy."

"I'm going to have a feed with Temple—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Same old wheeze!"

"You fellows don't give me enough to eat," said Billy Bunter. "I don't see why Temple shouldn't stand me a feed if he wants to."

"He can stand you as many feeds as he likes to-morrow," grinned Nugent. "But I imagine he won't want to then."

"All the more reason why I should have it now, then."

"Come on, Billy. Do you want to be carried?"

"I won't come! I—"

"Let him alone!" exclaimed Temple.

"While you pump him!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Not much, my pippin! They only want to get the wheeze out of you, you young ass!"

"Well, why shouldn't I tell them my new idea if I like?"

"Eh? Whose new idea?"

"Mine," said Bunter obstinately. "It was really my idea about the daylight—"

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"About the daylight—"

"Oh, come along!"

Bob Cherry and Nugent dragged the fat junior along the passage. Temple, Dabney & Co. rushed to the rescue. Temple seized Billy Bunter by the legs, and Dabney round the waist. Cherry and Nugent pulled, and the Upper Fourth fellows pulled, and Billy Bunter wriggled and yelled.

"Ow! You're suff-suff-suffocating me! Help! Ow!"

"Let go!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Rats! Let go yourself!"

"Remove! Rescue, Remove!"

It was a cry that was never unanswered at Greyfriars. A dozen of the Remove came scurrying back, and they took in the situation at a glance. To hurl themselves upon Temple, Dabney, & Co., and send the chiefs of the Upper Fourth sprawling across the common-room, was the work of a moment. Then the gasping and wriggling Bunter was carried off in triumph, and ensconced in safety in the midst of the Remove. Meanwhile, Harry Wharton had tapped at the Head's study door.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Good Reception.

DR. LOCKE, the Head of Greyfriars, was seated in his study with Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, and there was a pamphlet on the Head's writing-table, open before him. It was a pamphlet dealing with the Daylight Saving Bill.

"The idea seems to me to be an excellent one," said Dr. Locke. "If the whole world could be induced to rise an hour earlier, and go to bed an hour earlier, an hour's daylight would be saved. The benefit to the health would be great, to say nothing of the saving of the cost of artificial light."

Mr. Quelch looked doubtful.

"No one can deny the advantage of the idea, in a sense," he said; "but the inconvenience and confusion that might result—"

"From the alteration of the clocks, you mean?"

"Yes, with six alterations in the year."

"A modified form of the proposition is that there should be a single change in April and another in September," said the Head. "And a still more modified form is that the change should be made for good and all, and never altered again."

"That would certainly be more simple."

"But it would be attended by its own inconveniences."

We already rise in the dark in winter, and we should not want to rise an hour earlier."

"True."

"Yet the simplicity of that arrangement has much to recommend it. I wonder—"

The Head paused. Mr. Quelch looked at him curiously, but did not speak.

"I wonder if the plan could be tried on a modified scale?" the Head went on. "I am in favour of the change. Suppose it were tried at a public school? If that were successful, it would be a great support for the Daylight Bill."

"Doubtless; but—"

"I am thinking of trying it here, Mr. Quelch."

"Here—at Greyfriars?"

"Yes. Suppose the clocks are put forward an hour. Everything during this month goes on an hour earlier. I know that October is not a favourable month for the experiment, but if the experiment is to be tried, it is necessary to try it at once. It would do no harm, even if a failure."

"I do not know how the boys would be likely to receive it."

"Why should they object?"

"Well, they do not take kindly to the sound of the rising-bell now. If it rang an hour earlier—"

"But they would go to bed an hour earlier in compensation."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"I hardly think that would appeal to the boys. Bedtime is as unwelcome to them, as a rule, as rising-time. They would gladly make both later, not earlier."

The Head laughed.

"Perhaps you are right. But— Come in!"

A tap had come at the door.

The door opened, and the deputation of the Remove appeared.

Harry Wharton, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh walked in, followed by Desmond and Morgan. Then came Russell and Hazeldene, and then Bob Cherry and Nugent. Nugent, the last in, closed the door; but the Head had caught a glimpse of a passage packed with juniors. Dr. Locke put up his glasses and surveyed the deputation in astonishment.

"Is—is there anything wrong, Wharton?" he exclaimed.

"No, sir."

"Then—then what does this invasion mean?"

"If you please, sir, we are a deputation."

"Faith, and we are," said Desmond. "You see, sir—"

Morgan kicked him, and he broke off. Harry Wharton gave him a warning glance, and took up the explanation again.

"We are a deputation from the Remove, sir, and we wish to bring to your notice a certain matter which will, we think, bring great credit on Greyfriars, and increase the health, wealth, and wisdom of the whole college."

Mr. Quelch concealed a smile, and the doctor coughed.

"Have we your permission to explain, sir?" said Wharton.

"Oh, certainly! You may go on!"

"If we are interrupting you, sir, we should be pleased to retire, and return another time."

"Not at all, Wharton. Please go on. Any scheme for increasing the health, wealth, and wisdom of the whole college is surely worthy of attention."

Wharton coloured a little. He thought he detected a trace of irony in the Head's voice. But he went on steadily.

"I dare say you have heard of the new Daylight Saving wheeze—I mean Bill, sir."

The Head started.

"Yes, Wharton. Is that the matter you wish to speak upon?"

"Yes, sir. I have made some notes here, which I should like you to look over at your leisure, if you will be kind enough, pointing out the immense advantages that would accrue from the adoption of the daylight saving wheeze."

The Head could not help casting a glance of triumph at the Remove master. After the doubts expressed by Mr. Quelch, it was very gratifying to be thus unexpectedly confirmed in his views by a whole Form—not the most important Form in the school, perhaps, but the one which made itself most prominent at Greyfriars, beyond a doubt.

"Go on, Wharton," said Dr. Locke, very kindly. "I may tell you that I have already looked into this matter, and regard it with approval."

"Very good, sir. Then you will not need my notes. I did not know you had looked into it. The idea is such a ripping one, that I think Greyfriars ought to adopt it, to show a good example to the other and less important public schools, such as Eton, and Harrow, and Repton, and Charterhouse, and so forth."

The Head laughed.

"Ahem! But go on, Wharton."

"The Remove, sir, are willing to back up the new wheeze—I mean scheme—to the last shot in the locker."

ANSWERS

"THE NEW BOY AT GREYFRIARS."

Another Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT TUESDAY.

"Hear, hear!" said the deputation.

"They regard it as one of the greatest ideas of modern times. They are willing to set an example to the other Forms at Greyfriars."

"Hear, hear!"

"As the most go-ahead Form in the school," went on Wharton, warning to his subject, "it is only proper that the suggestion should come from us."

"Hear, hear!"

"And we should be glad, sir, if you would think it over, and decide whether Greyfriars ought to adopt the scheme or not. It would be a leg-up for the Bill in Parliament if we adopted the scheme here."

"The leg-upfulness would be terrific."

"Hear, hear!"

The doctor smiled.

"You have explained your views very sensibly, and in very well-chosen language, Wharton," he said. "I am sure Mr. Quelch agrees with me there."

"Perfectly!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I had already turned the matter over in my mind, and was, in fact, discussing it with Mr. Quelch when you came in. I am thinking of establishing the new time—tentatively, of course—at Greyfriars."

Wharton looked at his followers, and the deputation said "Hear, hear!" with one voice.

"I shall think it out further, and put up a notice on the board in the hall," said the Head. "I think that is all I can say at present."

"Thank you, sir!"

"And I am glad to see the Remove taking an interest in the subject, and exercising their minds upon such a really important matter."

"Hear, hear!"

Wharton made the sign to retire.

Nugent opened the door, and waved his hand to the Removites crammed in the passage as a sign that all had gone well.

It was the signal for a cheer. And the Remove did justice to the occasion with all the force of powerful lungs that had been well tried on the football field.

"Hurrah!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The hurrahs rang with a deafening volume of sound through the passage and the study, and made the Head start.

"Dear me!" he gasped. "What—what is that?"

"It's all right, sir," said Wharton hastily; "it's only the Remove cheering."

"One more!" shouted Nugent.

"Hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Dear me! Really——"

The deputation marched out, and Wharton closed the door. The crowd in the passage gave one more thunderous cheer, to show the Upper Fourth and Greyfriars generally that the Remove had scored a victory, and then crowded away. The Head was smiling, and Mr. Quelch was smiling too.

"You see, Mr. Quelch, there is a great deal of enthusiasm for the new scheme," Dr. Locke remarked.

"Yes, sir, at present, I must admit."

"You think that the enthusiasm will abate?"

"I think I may say I feel sure of it, sir."

"By what time?"

"By rising-time to-morrow morning," said the Remove master.

The Head laughed.

"Well, we shall see. I will draw up the notice now. After all, it is only an experiment."

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Reward of Ambition.

"HURRAH!"

The Remove gave one cheer more when they returned to the common-room. They were in a mood of exhilaration. The idea—the Remove's idea—had been adopted. The new daylight saving scheme was to be tried at Greyfriars. The Remove would come into prominent notice as the go-ahead Form—the Form that moved with the times. The Upper Fourth would have to hide their diminished heads. And that was enough for the Removites.

Temple, Dabney, & Co. were annoyed. Even now they did not know what the scheme was, or what the Remove were cheering about. There was very nearly a free fight in the junior room on the subject. Temple & Co. objected to the noise, which of course made the heroes of the Lower Fourth give another and another cheer.

"What is it all about, anyway?" grunted Fry.

"Keep your eye on the notice-board in the hall," said Harry Wharton.

"Are you putting up some more rotten notices, then?"

"No," grinned Bob Cherry, "the Head is putting up the next rotten notice."

"The Head!"

"Certainly! We have succeeded in enlightening the Head on some points, and, like a sensible Head, he takes the advice of the Remove."

"Oh, don't rot!"

"Fact, my son. The Head is accepting our advice, and you'll see it for yourself if you keep a peeper on the notice-board."

"Rats!" said Temple, Dabney, & Co.

But they kept an eye on the notice-board, all the same, and shortly before supper the word went round that there was a new paper up in the doctor's hand.

The juniors crowded to the spot to see it, the Remove and the Upper Fourth with equal eagerness.

"What do you say now, Dabby?" asked Bob Cherry, digging Dabney in the ribs.

"Let my beastly ribs alone," grunted Dabney.

"It's in the Head's writing!" observed Fry.

"Oh, let's read it!"

"Don't shove me, Temple!"

"Get out of the way, then. Remove kids mustn't get in the way."

"Remove kids will dot you chaps on the nose if you shove."

"Order there, you youngsters!" said Wingate, of the Sixth, coming towards the scene. "What is this I hear about a notice from the Head?"

"It's up on the board, Wingate."

"Then keep quiet, and I'll read it out to you."

And the captain of Greyfriars, not without considerable astonishment, read out the notice signed by Dr. Locke.

"It has been decided to try the experiment of the new daylight saving measure at Greyfriars. During the night the school clocks will be put forward one hour. Thus, when the clocks indicate half-past seven in the morning, the Greenwich time will be half-past six. School work will proceed by the clock, and boys will attend classes at the usual time—the time being regulated by the clock, and not by the sun. Any boys who do not clearly understand the new arrangement are invited to consult their Form masters on the subject, and the matter will be fully explained to them. Boys who have watches should set them right by the tower clock."

"My hat!" said Wingate.

"My only maiden-aunt Matilda!" grunted Temple. "I've heard about the daylight saving wheeze, but fancy Dr. Locke adopting it here!"

"He naturally took the advice of the Remove," remarked Nugent.

"What? Do you mean to say——"

"That's what we went in a deputation about," grinned Bob Cherry. "That's what we pointed out to him. As a sensible man, he came round at once to the Remove way of looking at it."

"Is that a fact, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"It's a fact that we first thought of adopting this idea at Greyfriars," he said. "We made up a deputation to the Head, and pointed the advantages of it out to him."

"And behold the result!" said Bob Cherry.

"The Remove leads the way," remarked Hazeldene, "and all Greyfriars follows. When the Remove says turn, we all turn."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, and it's right ye are!" said Desmond. "And where are the Upper Fourth now, poor things?"

"They can go and sing small."

"They can go and eat coke."

"The Remove takes the cake this time."

"This is where we gloat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple, Dabney, & Co. looked at each other in a rather sickly way. There was no doubt that the Remove had scored. Even the Sixth were impressed by the new scheme, as could be seen from the looks of Wingate and others who read the notice. The Remove were going up like a rocket. And they knew it, and gloated.

"Well, one thing's jolly certain," said Temple, in a low voice; "if this is a Remove wheeze, we're up against it from the start."

"What-ho!" said the Co., with one voice.

"It's a lot of rot, anyway."

"Awful rot."

"And it's not going to work."

"Of course it isn't."

"Anyway, we'll be jolly sure that it isn't a success in the Upper Fourth," grinned Dabney. "We won't understand."

"Good!"

"If we don't understand everything, we're entitled to ask



"I'll take my licking now, please," said Dabney. "That's for a start." And he hit out.

explanations. We'll make 'em explain till they're black in the face."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll wear Capper out on the subject, anyway. If a chap can't worry his own Form master, whose Form master can he worry?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Those Upper Fourth rotters are cackling about something," Bob Cherry remarked. "I suppose it's only side. They can't get up a move to equal this."

"I say, you fellows—"

"The Remove take the cake this time, and there's no getting out of it."

"I say, you fellows, don't you think something ought to be put on the board just to show the chaps whose idea this really was in the first place?"

"Oh, that's all right, Billy. Everybody knows it was Wharton—"

"Eh? Everybody knows what?"

"Knows it was Wharton who first thought of the daylight saving wheeze."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"So it's not necessary to shove it up on the board."

"But, I say, you fellows, joking apart, I think my name ought to be put on the board," said Billy Bunter. "It isn't fair to pass me over like this."

"The honourable ass is rotting jokefully," remarked the Nabob of Bhaupur.

"I'm not rotting. I think my name ought to be put up somewhere, so that all Greyfriars will know that it was my idea."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I was under the impression that it was my idea, Billy," he said.

"You fellows often bone my wheezes, and you know it. We shall have some of you start as ventriloquists soon."

"I don't think so. We have had enough of the ventriloquial groan in Study No. 1."

"I think my name ought to be put on the board."

"Well, put it there, then."

"If you don't mind, Wharton, I think I will."

"Oh, I don't mind!" said Wharton, laughing. "All Greyfriars knows that you are the champion ass, but if you want to advertise the fact, I've no objection."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

The Famous Four strolled away. Billy Bunter thought it over, and finally obtained a sheet of paper and a pencil, and scribbled out a notice to please himself. Then he went up to the school notice-board. A group of Fifth Form fellows were standing before it, reading it and discussing it with all the importance and dignity of seniors.

"Rot, I call it!" said Blundell of the Fifth. "We shall have to get up an hour earlier in the morning."

"All very well in April," remarked Bowes, "but not in October. What?"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, where did that slug come from?" exclaimed Blundell, looking down at Bunter.

Billy blinked at him through his spectacles.

"Can you lend me a pin, Blundell, please?"

"Yes," said the Fifth-Former; "here you are."

"Ow-wow-wow!"

"What's the matter?"

"Ow! You've stuck it into my—ow-wow—leg—ow!"

"Well, you didn't say where you wanted it," said Blundell blandly. And the Fifth Form fellows howled with laughter.

"I want to pin up this notice," said Bunter, rubbing his fat leg ruefully. "I really think you did that on purpose. Gimme the pin!"

"Blessed if I know what the school is coming to," said Blundell, "when these juniors are allowed to stick up their notices on the board. I found a Fifth-Form notice the other day with some Remove bosh pinned over it."

"Clout his ear and tear up his notice," suggested Bowes.

"Oh, let him stick it up!"

Bunter pinned up his notice. The Fifth-Formers read it curiously. There was a roar of laughter as they perused the following effort:

"NOTICE, TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

"The Great Daylight Skeeme was, is, and it is hereby stated to be the solo and original idea of the undersigned.

"WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blundell. "That is the special Remove brand of orthography."

"So it was your idea, was it?" said Bowes. "It was your sole and original idea?"

"Yes, certainly," said Bunter. "Other fellows have claimed it, but it was my sole idea."

"Well, I dare say it was; you don't look as if you had ever had another," agreed Bowes. "So it is to you, you little fat worm, that we owe the great advantage of having to get up at half-past six in the morning instead of half-past seven?"

"Yes, certainly, and—"

"We owe it all to Bunter, you chaps," said Bowes, looking round. "I think we ought to show the fat little beast that we are grateful."

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

"Right-ho!" exclaimed Blundell heartily. "Bump him!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Not too hard, in case he bursts. Bump him!"

Bunter would have fled, but it was too late. The grasp of the Fifth-Formers was upon him. He was bumped up and down the passage till every ounce of breath was knocked out of him, and he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels. Then the Fifth-Form fellows walked away laughing, and left him gasping on the mat.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Early Rising.

CLANG, clang, clang!

It was the chapel bell, which gave the signal for rising to Greyfriars. It was the morning—and a cold, murky October morning.

Harry Wharton sat up in his bed in the Remove dormitory, and peered round in the gloom.

Clang, clang, clang!

The bell was ringing sharply, viciously. Harry could tell by the sound of it how savage Gosling was feeling at having to get up an hour earlier than usual to ring it. Harry had the courage of his convictions, and he leaped out of bed at the third clang.

It was cold and gloomy. The Remove slumbered on, but in the savage clanging of the bell they awoke one by one.

"Ger-r-r-r!" said Bob Cherry, sitting up and shivering. "It can't be half-past seven yet. Gosling has been at the cup that cheers again."

"It's half-past six," said Harry, laughing.

"Oh, I forgot! I say, Wharton, that—that idea doesn't seem half so ripping this morning as it did last night, old fellow."

"I admit it doesn't. But buck up, old chap, and set a good example to the Form."

Bob Cherry was not proof against that appeal. He jumped out of bed and began to dress. Nugent and Hurree Janset Ram Singh followed suit, and then, more slowly, Desmond and Hazeldene and Russell and Morgan. The rest of the Remove grumbled audibly as they rose. Bunter refused to move at all.

Bob Cherry gave him a thump with a bolster, and the fat junior growled.

"Lemme alone! 'Tain't rising-bell yet."

"Rising-bell has stopped, you young ass."

"THE NEW BOY AT GREYFRIARS."

"It's only half-past six by my watch."

"It's half-past six by old time, and half-past seven by new time."

"I'm going to get up by old time, then."

"That you're not," said Bob Cherry cheerfully, and he jerked the clothes off Bunter's bed. "Up you get, or you'll get this wet sponge down the back of your neck."

Bunter shuddered, and slowly put one leg out of bed.

"I say, you fellows, it's jolly cold," he murmured.

"That's because it's not hot," explained Bob Cherry. "If it were hot it wouldn't be cold, and on the other hand, being cold, it's not hot. You can't have both at the same time."

"Oh, don't be funny, Cherry, on a horrible cold morning. I think that idea of saving daylight is all rot."

"Your own idea!" grinned Hazeldene.

"Well, I don't approve of it in October. Suppose we get up a new deputation to the Head to tell him we've altered our minds. You fellows can go, while I have another snooze."

"If you get on that bed again, Bunt, you'll get this basin of water over you, and you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Get into your togs—if they're still big enough after the supper you put away last night. You've forgotten that, if we get up an hour early, we have breakfast an hour early, too. Bear that in mind, and be comforted."

"Well, there is something in that," said Bunter. "I'm jolly hungry. I suppose you haven't any toffee or milk chocolate about you, have you?"

"No, I haven't; but I've got a football-boot here, if you don't hurry up."

Bunter hurried up. The Remove were rather downcast. It was not pleasant to have to wash and dress in the gloomy twilight of the morning. It occurred to several of them that the experiment was being made at the wrong time of the year. Still, it was the Remove's idea. They had got it adopted; they had forced it upon the whole of Greyfriars. It would not be playing the game to begin to find fault with it themselves. And so the grumblers were soon silenced, and only Bunter and Bulstrode allowed themselves to look discontented when they left the dormitory. It was necessary above all things to keep up appearances before the Upper Fourth.

The Remove went down the gloomy passage and the gloomier stairs. They were the first down of the boys. A sleepy housemaid looked at them with a far from amiable expression. The alteration of the hours had, of course, to take effect below stairs, as well as above. And it had met with an opposition in the kitchen which was all the fiercer for being suppressed.

Mr. Capper, the master of the Upper Fourth, came out of his room rubbing his eyes. Mr. Capper had been consulted by the Head about the daylight saving scheme, and he had approved. But he, like the Removites, began to think that it would have been wiser to postpone the experiment till the spring of the next year.

It was a quarter to seven—a quarter to eight by the new time—and there was no sign of the Upper Fourth. Mr. Capper went along to the dormitory, and opened the door. Every bed was tenanted, and every tenant was asleep, or appeared to be asleep.

"Boys!" called out Mr. Capper. "Boys!"

Temple sat up in bed.

"Yes, sir—what is it, sir? Is that Mr. Capper?"

"Yes, Temple, it is I. It is time to—"

"What is it, sir?" asked Dabney, in great alarm. "Is the house on fire, sir?"

"Certainly not, Dabney. It is time—"

"Is it burglars, sir?" exclaimed Fry.

"Burglars? No. I—"

"Then why are you calling us in the middle of the night, sir?"

"It is not the middle of the night," said Mr. Capper.

"It is a quarter to eight—I mean, a quarter to seven, and the rising-bell has long since gone."

"It's a quarter to seven by my watch, sir."

"Yes, but the time has been altered, Dabney. It is a quarter to eight by the new time."

"What new time, sir?"

"Have you not read the notice put up on the board by Dr. Locke?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will save an hour of daylight by—"

"Can the doctor make the day longer, sir?" asked Dabney.

"Of course he cannot, Dabney. What a ridiculous question!"

"Oh, I know he is awfully clever, sir! The notice said

we were to ask our Form master about any point we didn't understand. If we are to lose an hour's sleep—"

"You gain an hour of daylight; or, rather, you would do so at an earlier month in the year," said Mr. Capper. "I think it is quite clear."

"Looks to me cloudy and dark, sir," said Fry, glancing at the window.

"I mean, the matter I have been explaining is quite clear."

"Oh, certainly, sir!" said Dabney. "We get up an hour earlier, but we commence lessons at the usual time, and so we gain an hour."

"No, you are not quite right in that, Dabney. You commence lessons at the usual time by the clock, but it is actually an hour earlier."

"We commence lessons an hour earlier than usual, sir."

"Exactly!"

"Then we lose an hour."

"No, for you leave off an hour earlier."

"Leave off an hour earlier than we commence!" ejaculated Dabney.

There was a suppressed giggle among the Upper Fourth fellows, and Mr. Capper passed his hand over his brow. If he had many like Dabney to explain the matter to, the new daylight saving scheme was very likely to turn his hair grey.

"No, Dabney. Don't be stupid!"

"I don't mean to be stupid, sir, but you certainly said—"

"I meant that you leave off lessons an hour earlier than usual."

"I see, now, sir; you put it so clearly. Then, when the clock in the class-room indicates 11.30 we shall leave off, instead of 12.30 as usual?"

"No, for the clock in the class-room will be put to the new time. You will leave off at half-past twelve by the class-room clock. That will be half-past eleven, Greenwich time," explained Mr. Capper patiently.

"Then we had better put our watches back an hour, sir."

"No, certainly not. You will put your watches forward an hour."

"Then will they be at Greenwich time or class-room time, sir?" asked Temple. "And will there be any difference between class-room time and clock-tower time, sir? Of course, we shall do whatever you tell us, as you are our Form master, sir, but the Head said in his notice that we were to put on our watches by the clock in the tower."

"Yes, certainly, that is what you must do. The clock in the tower and the clock in the class-room will be put forward an hour simultaneously."

"Oh, I see, sir!" said Dabney. "Then we are not to go by the clock in the tower."

"Yes, certainly you are."

"But if the clock in the tower and the clock in the class-room are both put forward an hour, that will be two hours, and—"

"Then we shall have to put on our watches two hours to agree with them," said Temple.

"And if we go in to lessons by the tower clock, and come out by the class-room clock, we shall lose two hours—"

"Wrong," said Fry. "We shall gain two hours."

"Look here, Fry—"

"Look here, Dabney—"

"I—I will explain the matter more fully later," said Mr. Capper, who felt his head beginning to turn round. "At present, please get up and dress yourselves as quickly as possible and come downstairs. You are very late."

"Are we late by the class-room clock, sir?"

"Ye-e-es, I suppose so."

"And what about the clock in the tower?" said Dabney.

"Aren't we to get up by the time of the clock in the tower, sir?"

"Ye-e-es, certainly you are, Dabney."

"It will be jolly cold these cold mornings, going down to the tower to see the time before we get up," said Dabney.

The Upper Fourth chuckled. But Mr. Capper did not stop to explain away this last difficulty raised by Dabney. He fled, with the perspiration breaking out on his brow. And the Upper Fourth, satisfied with the start they had made, chuckled as they dressed themselves and went downstairs.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Little Confusion.

THE Greyfriars fellows breakfasted at eight. It was eight by the school clocks when the Remove assembled in the dining-room. Harry Wharton had seen to it that the Remove watches were all put on to the new time, but the other Forms were conspicuous by their absence.

Even the Sixth had not all turned up.

The Sixth, with the gravity that belonged to such reverend seigneurs, had resolved to obey the new mandate without question, although they disapproved of it. The lordly Sixth

could not possibly mix themselves up in any discontent. They had to set the school the example of unquestioning obedience to authority. The Fifth were more troublesome. But they, also, belonged to the Upper School, and any disaffection would have identified them with the juniors, which, of course, would have been a terrible humiliation to the Fifth. So they grinned and bore it, and the Shell followed the lead of the Fifth. The real opposition came from the Fourth Form. The mere fact that the Remove had favoured the scheme was sufficient to set the Fourth against it. And against it they were, tooth and nail.

Not a single member of the Upper Fourth was in the dining-room when breakfast was put on the tables. And the Sixth and the Fifth, with the best intentions in the world, did not all turn up. Some overslept themselves, some forgot all about the new arrangement, some had forgotten to put their watches on, some had forgotten whether they had put them on or not. They were at sixes and sevens, and general confusion was the result.

Mr. Capper looked into the dining-room, and saw that the Upper Fourth table was bare of everything but breakfast. He looked worried. He was responsible for his Form, and where they were he had no idea. He went along the passage, and then stepped out into the close. Over by the cloisters a crowd of juniors were punting a football about, and Mr. Capper thought he recognised his Form.

He crossed the close. He waved his hand and called, but the Upper Fourth did not seem to see or hear. He came close to them, and at last they could no longer pretend to be ignorant of his presence.

"Boys! Are you aware that it is considerably past breakfast-time?" said the Upper Fourth master severely.

"Oh, no, sir," said Dabney. "It's only a quarter past seven, sir."

"It is a quarter past eight by the school clocks," said the Form master; "and I have already warned you that you are to go by the school clocks."

"Then are we a quarter of an hour late, sir, or three-quarters of an hour early?" asked Fry innocently.

"You are a quarter of an hour late, Fry."

"We are sorry, sir. I say, Dabney, we're a quarter of an hour late."

"Sorry, sir," said Dabney. "I think I'll put my watch on. Could you tell me the time, sir?"

"Yes, it is a quarter past eight."

"By the class-room time, sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Capper, with a tired feeling.

The Upper Fourth made a great show of putting their watches right. It was close on half-past by the time they followed the Form master in. The Remove had nearly finished breakfast, and most of the Fifth and Sixth had turned up. They began breakfast as fast as they came in, regardless of order. Most of them looked annoyed. Blundell and his friends of the Fifth cast several meaning glances over to the Remove table, where Billy Bunter was finishing his breakfast. When they went out they looked for Bunter again, and the fat junior was surprised to have his hat flattened over his eyes by an unknown hand. When he blinked round in search of the assailant, the latter was gone. Bunter had claimed the honour of originating the great daylight-saving scheme at Greyfriars, and it seemed likely that he would have to pay for that honour.

Morning school presented fresh difficulties. Harry Wharton had some difficulty in marshalling the Remove to the Form-room at the accustomed hour. Bulstrode and a few of his friends were recalcitrant, but Wharton brought them all up to time. He was backed by the Form, and the malcontents had to give in. The Remove scheme was to be seen through, if only as one up against the Fourth.

But when the Remove arrived in the class-room they found that they had it to themselves. Mr. Quelch, usually the soul of punctuality, was not there, nor had he come in by the time the boys had taken their seats. The unaccustomed freedom was not likely to be unimproved by a wild and reckless set of fellows like the Greyfriars Remove.

Levison and Bulstrode and some others started playing leap-frog, and Billy Bunter brought out a hidden packet of toffee and commenced to devour it openly in the light of day. Skinner started practice on a mouth-organ and Stott on a tin whistle at the same time. Harry Wharton looked worried. His daring idea was in danger again, for the young captain of the Remove guessed the cause of the delay in Mr. Quelch's appearance. Bob Cherry guessed it, too, and he chuckled.

"Quelch has forgotten to put his watch on," he said.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"I suppose that's it," he assented. "I wonder where he is? There will be a row here if he doesn't turn up soon."

"The rowfulness is already the accomplished fact," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I say, Skinner, shut up that row."

Buzz, buzz, buzz, went Skinner defiantly on the mouth-organ. Nugent laid an appealing hand on Stott's shoulder. Stott was tin-whistling for all he was worth.

"Stott, old chap, chuck it!" urged Nugent. "If you want to play the tin whistle, why don't you play a tune of some sort?"

Stott removed the whistle from his lips, and favoured Nugent with a freezing glare.

"I was playing a tune!" he said.

"By Jove, were you? Well, it didn't sound like one, you know," said Nugent apologetically.

"I was playing the National Anthem," said Stott.

"With variations, I suppose?" said Bob Cherry.

Stott did not deign to answer. He put the whistle to his lips again, and blew away, but, unlike Macpherson Clonglocketty Angus MacClan, of Gilbertian fame, he did not "elicit something resembling a tune." The noise Stott made with that whistle resembled nothing in the earth or under the earth. The only thing imaginable to equal it for discordance was Skinner's mouth-organ, and perhaps that went one better. Wharton stopped his ears.

"Tuck in your tuppenny!" shouted Bulstrode, who was playing leap-frog in front of the desks. "Look out, Levison!"

"Oh, come on!"

Bulstrode came on. He leaped over junior after junior, and came to Levison, who was last in the line and nearest the door. As he leaped over Levison's bent back the door opened and Mr. Quelch came hurriedly in.

The Form master started back as Bulstrode landed at his feet—and very nearly on his feet. Bulstrode gasped, and Mr. Quelch gasped.

The leap-froggers bolted for their places; the mouth-organ and the tin whistle disappeared as if by magic. Bunter bolted the toffee he had in his mouth, but it was too large a piece to be bolted with comfort, and the fat junior began to cough and choke.

Mr. Quelch dropped his hand upon Bulstrode's shoulder. For a moment it looked as if he would box his ears right and left, but he restrained his anger.

"Go to your place, Bulstrode," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Bulstrode went to his place, and Mr. Quelch walked up the class-room to his desk. The Form were quiet enough now, with the exception of Bunter, who was coughing and choking and spluttering at a great rate, with a crimson face and a perspiring brow.

Mr. Quelch turned round at his desk and surveyed the Remove severely. The clock over the bookcase indicated a quarter past nine.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Quelch, "that, through having omitted to put my watch right by the school clocks, I am late for class. I am still more sorry that the Remove did not know how to behave itself during my absence."

"Rats!" murmured Levison, but he took care that the incensed Form master did not hear him.

"Bulstrode will take a hundred lines," said Mr. Quelch. "I have a great mind to detain the whole Form for a half-holiday, and shall certainly do so if there is any recurrence of this unruliness. Bunter, stop that noise immediately!"

"I—I—I can't, sir!"

"Have you a cough?"

"Oe-cher—ar-r-r-r—oo—ch—ooch!"

"What is the matter with you, Bunter?"

"Gr-r-r-r-rooch! It's all right now, sir."

"What was the matter?"

"I—I had swallowed something, sir."

"You must learn not to swallow things in the class-room. You will take fifty lines."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Silence! We will now commence," said Mr. Quelch severely, "and I hope that by additional application to study the Form will endeavour to make up for the time lost."

"Then you must be jolly sanguine!" murmured Skinner.

And, indeed, Mr. Quelch's hope seemed to be very ill-founded.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Allens do not Understand.

"COULD you tell me the time, sir?" Dabney asked the question innocently when morning lessons were over, and the Upper Fourth came out of their class-room. Mr. Capper looked at his watch.

"It is half-past twelve, Dabney," he said. "You know the time classes are dismissed."

"Yes, sir. That is class-room time, isn't it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Thank you, sir."

The Upper Fourth went out. Mr. Capper went down the passage with a thoughtful look on his face. The Fourth Form had turned up to lessons at all sorts of odd times, and, under the circumstances, he had not liked to punish them. They pleaded that they were so unaccustomed to the new rules. As he walked on, thinking that if matters did not straighten out soon he would be qualified for a lunatic asylum, Temple stopped him respectfully. The captain of the Upper Fourth was looking at his watch.

"Could you tell me the time, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly, Temple," said Mr. Capper wearily. "It is two minutes past the half-past."

"Thank you, sir."

A minute later Fry asked the same question. Mr. Capper did not look at his watch.

"You can go out into the close and consult the clock in the tower," he said. "You must not keep on bothering me."

"I haven't asked you before, sir," said Fry, in an injured tone.

"Well, no. I beg your pardon, Fry. But I cannot be bothered with questions as to the time. I am really tired of the subject."

Fry grinned as he rejoined his chums. The object of the Upper Fourth was to make everybody tired of the subject. They waited near the Remove room till Mr. Quelch came out, and then Temple marched up to him, watch in hand.

"Excuse me, sir," he said; "could you tell me the time?"

"Yes," said the Remove master, unsuspectingly. "It is twenty-five minutes to one."

"By what time, sir?"

"The new time."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Quelch walked on, but his way was barred a minute later by Fry. Fry had his watch in his hand.

"Could you tell me the time, sir?"

"It is twenty-four minutes to one."

"Thank you, sir."

And Fry retreated. Mr. Quelch went to his study, and at the door found Dabney waiting for him. Dabney was looking at his watch.

"Could you tell me the time, sir?" he asked.

"Twenty-three minutes to one," said Mr. Quelch wearily.

"Thank you, sir."

The three young scamps of the Fourth chuckled over the joke among themselves.

"We'll make them tired of the subject yet," grinned Fry.

"Quelchy looked worried, and so did Capper. I say, I wonder if we could try it on the Head?"

"Why not?" grinned Temple.

"Try that on the head instead!" broke in the voice of Bob Cherry, and Fry staggered as a heavy hand clumped on his head. "Is that all right?"

"You young villain! I'll—"

"Serve you right," said Harry Wharton, who was with Bob. "You're trying to spoil a good wheeze, and what you want is a licking."

"We'll have one, then, please," said Dabney. "That's for a start."

And he hit out. In a moment the juniors were fighting, and as the Upper Fourth were three to two, Wharton and Cherry were soon on the floor. The Upper Fourth trio left them there, and walked away laughing.

Bob Cherry sat up and blinked at Harry in a comical way.

"Exhilarating, isn't it?" he remarked. "Have you seen my nose lying about anywhere? It feels as if it had been knocked off."

Harry Wharton laughed as he picked himself up.

"Same with my left ear and right eye," he remarked. "Never mind, we shall score next time. And this only shows how wild they are at the Remove getting ahead of them."

"Right-ho! Hallo, Bunter—hallo, hallo, hallo! Why didn't you come to the aid of your lawful lords and masters when they were being biffed by Upper Fourth rotters?"

Billy Bunter blinked through his big glasses.

"I really didn't see what was going on, Cherry; and I'm too busy to think of such trifles, anyway. I think I've got the last picture."

"The last what?"

"The last picture in the first number of the 'Gem' football competition. Look here, you see it's a picture of a leg, a letter D, and a ham."

"It's not a leg; it's only a knee."

"I guessed Leggett."

"Ass!"

"Well, I think now that's probably not correct. Have you ever heard of a famous footballer named Legdandham?"

"Ha, ha! No."

"It sounds like a name, doesn't it?"

"Not to my mind."

"You see, it fits the picture beautifully. Leg-D-and-ham, see?"

"Yes, I see—a howling ass!"

"Well, what do you think it is?"

Bob Cherry looked at the picture.

"It's a knee, and a D, and a ham," he said. "What price Needham?"

"Well, it might be Needham," said Billy Bunter, thoughtfully, scratching his head. "I might send that in on an extra set. I rather thing Legdandham is the real thing, though."

"Oh, shove in Legdandham, and be happy!"

"Yes, I think I shall make it Legdandham, and if it doesn't get the prize, I shall write to the editor, and remonstrate. I say, you fellows, if I were to write to the editor, and remonstrate, do you think he would refund the postage?"

"Bound to," said Bob Cherry, gravely; and he walked away, leaving Billy Bunter turning it over in his mind.

Harry Wharton's face was thoughtful as they strolled across the close. He could see that there would be trouble with the Fourth Form over the new time, and confusion in other ways. But he was as far as ever from thinking of admitting that the idea was not a really good one.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's a giddy alien!" said Bob Cherry.

A round, good-tempered German face was looking out of the cloisters. The old, shadowy cloisters divided Greyfriars from the neighbouring academy of Herr Rosenblum, where a number of foreign youths received instruction in the intervals of rowing with the Greyfriars fellows. Harry Wharton's expression brightened considerably.

"It's Hoffmann," he said; "and there's Meunier too! Suppose we try this new time wheeze on them, and see if we can get them to take it up in Rosenblum's academy? That would give it a jolly good leg-up!"

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

"We'll see how they take it, anyway."

The Greyfriars chums walked over to the cloisters, Harry Wharton waving his hand in sign of peace. Hoffmann and Meunier greeted him with a grin. For once the German and the Frenchman were not quarrelling.

"Ach! Goot-morgen!" said Fritz Hoffmann.

"How did you carry yourself, mon ami?" said Meunier.

"Ripping!" said Harry Wharton. "And we've got a new idea that we'd like to tell you chaps about. We're trying it here with great success!"

"Marvellous success!" said Bob Cherry gravely.

"This is how it is. Have you heard of the new Daylight Saving scheme?"

Hoffmann shook his head.

"I tinks tat I have not heard apout it after," he said.

"Have you heard apout any new daylight saving scheme, Meunier?"

"I zink zat I have not. I zink zat Vharton vat ze English call pull ze leg."

"Not at all. I am not pulling your leg. It's a ripping good idea, and we're trying it in Greyfriars. You see, you put the clock forward an hour—"

"Vat clock?"

"Oh, any clock! Your watch for instance."

"My vatch is not a clock."

"Oh, dear! You put the time forward an hour—"

"I tinks tat tat is impossible. Te time is calculated py te sun, and I tinks tat you cannot put te sun forward, ain't it?"

"Get a chisel, Harry," suggested Bob Cherry. "You can't get anything into a German's head without a hammer and chisel, you know."

"Ach! I tinks tat I punches your head, ain't it, Sherry?"

"Oh, rats! Try it on Meunier, Harry!"

"You see, Meunier, this is the idea. The clocks are made to indicate the time an hour ahead of the real time—"

"I zink zat zat is ferry curious. Vat for ze clocks indicate ze time like zat?"

"So that the morning begins earlier. You see—"

"I zink zat ze clocks make no difference to ze morning."

"They make a difference in this way. Suppose the clocks are all advanced an hour. You get up at half-past six, instead of half-past seven—"

"Ve gets up at seven in ze academy."

"Well, seven then. You get up at six, instead of seven—"

"Zat is a mistake. I do not remember viz myself getting up at six instead of seven. Whoever told you zat vas pulling ze leg for you."

"My dear chap, I mean that when the clocks are advanced an hour, you will get up at six instead of seven—"

"I zink zat I do nozzing of ze sort. I zink zat I not like to get up so early."

"But you'll go to bed an hour earlier in compensation."

"I zink zat I not like to go to bed early."

"You gain an hour of daylight."

"I zink not. It is not daylight at six in ze morning."

"Well, the idea is really supposed to be tried in the spring, you know; but this is an experiment now."

"Zen I zink zat ze experiment should be left to ze spring." "It's for the sake of showing it's a ripping idea, you know. You save an hour's daylight by getting up an hour earlier!"

"I zink zat you save nozzing of daylight by getting up in ze dark."

"I tinks tat Meunier have hit te right nail on te top."

"But you see—"

"I tinks tat ve lose an hour—"

"You save an hour—"

"I tinks tat te idea of saving daylight by getting up in te dark is a rotten idea!"

"I zink zat is correct."

"Oh, it's no good explaining to you confounded asses!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Go and eat coke!"

And the chums of the Remove stalked away, and the two aliens cackled together.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Late Hours.

THERE were worried looks among the masters at Greyfriars when afternoon lessons commenced. The Head, who took the Sixth, found only half the Form there. Mr. Skipton, the master of the Fifth, discovered only three boys in the Fifth Form-room. He sat down with a tired look and sent the three to look for the others. Mr. Capper came into the Upper Fourth-room, and found it quite empty, and set out wearily in quest of the truants. The Remove was the only Form that turned up to time, and Bulstrode was late.

"Could you tell me the time, sir?" asked Fry, meeting his worried Form master in the passage.

"It is half-past two," said Mr. Capper. "You ought to be in the Form-room. Where are the others?"

"In the close, sir, I think. I just asked Gosling the time, and he said it was half-past one, sir."

"It is half-past one by the old time, Fry."

"Oh, I see, sir!"

"Go and fetch the others in, and tell them that if this occurs again I shall give them an imposition each."

"Certainly, sir."

The Upper Fourth dribbled into their Form-room by ones and twos and threes. Each had a watch that indicated a different time from all the rest, and they made a great ceremony of putting them right by the classroom clock. Then lessons commenced, and Mr. Capper had a respite from the time-trouble. But when the clock indicated 4.30—3.30 Greenwich time—the juniors were by no means sorry to be dismissed. They were out an hour earlier than usual, and certainly it was very pleasant to be free so early in the afternoon. But, as Dabney remarked, it wasn't a full compensation for having to get up in the dark in the morning, and, anyway, they were going to "bust up" the Remove wheeze.

Shortly after the Sixth were dismissed, the Head came into the hall with his coat and hat on. Mr. Quelch looked out of his study. Gosling was bringing the dogcart round.

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "You are going to Friardale?"

The doctor nodded.

"Yes, Quelch. You remember I have to see Major Newcome about the new boy—the Chinese boy who is to be sent to Greyfriars."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Yes, sir; but the appointment was for five, did you not tell me?"

"Certainly."

"Then you will be an hour early if you start now, sir."

The Head looked surprised, and glanced at his watch.

"Not at all, Quelch. It is now twenty minutes to five, and the drive takes a good quarter of an hour to the major's place."

"You have forgotten that our time is an hour ahead of Friardale time."

Dr. Locke gave a start.

"Bless my soul, so I had! I—I had quite forgotten it! It is in reality only twenty minutes to four!"

"Exactly."

The Head coloured a little. A couple of fellows of the Upper Fourth were standing near, and there were lurking smiles upon their faces. Gosling presented himself to view, touching his cap.

"Which the dogcart is ready, sir?"

"Er—there is a slight error in the time," said the Head. "I shall not want the dogcart now, Gosling. I require it at half-past four—"

"Arf-past four now, sir," said Gosling; "nearer twenty minutes to five, too, if I ain't mistook, sir!"

"I—I mean I want it at half-past four by the old time,"

not by the new time," said the Head. "I—I want it at half-past five by the present time—the clock-tower time."

"Oh!" said Gosling.

"I am sorry you have had the trouble of putting in the horse for nothing, Gosling!"

"Which it's all in the day's work, sir," said Gosling.

And he disappeared. But he grumbled to himself audibly. Gosling did not like work, and to do work for nothing was a sin in his eyes. He led the horse away savagely. The Head retired to take off his coat.

"More trouble in the family," said Fry. "I say, Dabby, old man, I've got an idea!"

"What is it?" asked Temple, joining them.

"Suppose we get up a deputation?"

"A—a what?"

"A deputation," said Fry coolly. "The Remove got up a deputation asking the Head to start this rotten new time wheeze; suppose we get up a deputation of the Upper Fourth, asking him to stop it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see why we shouldn't."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"We'll think it over," grinned Temple. "Whether he took any notice of it or not, it would be one up against the Remove, anyway."

Meanwhile, the Remove were at practice on the football field. The early cessation of lessons enabled them to get in a great deal more practice before dark; and the evenings were drawing in now as October advanced. Harry Wharton felt himself justified in his new idea, and the Remove cordially agreed with him. An hour's extra daylight for footer was an advantage they could understand.

But when bedtime came round, the juniors began to doubt again. They were all in the common-room at half-past nine by the clock—half-past eight Greenwich time. They had been up an hour earlier than usual that morning, but they were not correspondingly sleepy. When Carberry, the prefect, looked in at the door, there were glum looks among the juniors.

"Bedtime, you young rotters!" said Carberry, in his amiable way.

"Rats!" said Temple warmly. "It's only half-past eight by my watch."

"It's a quarter to nine by mine," said Fry.

"And twenty minutes to by mine!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"I don't care. Get off to bed!"

"But it isn't bedtime."

"It's bedtime by the new, rotten time!" said Carberry.

"You can go to sleep by the old, rotten time if you like, but you've got to go to bed by the new, rotten time. Lot of rot, I call it. But off you go!"

"Come on, kids!" said Harry Wharton quietly.

"Blessed if I'm going!" said Temple. "Tain't your business to see us off, Carberry. It's Wingate's turn to look after the Upper Fourth."

Carberry grinned. There was no love lost between him and Wingate, and he was glad of a chance to see the captain of Greyfriars caught napping.

"You can do as you like," he said. "It's no business of mine. But I've got to see the Remove up, and they'd better be sharp, too!"

"Wait a few minutes, Carberry," said Billy Bunter. "I'm trying to work out this puzzle-picture. Upon second thoughts, I don't think it's Legdandham. Have you ever heard of a famous footballer named Limbdandham?"

"You young ass! Get off to bed!"

"But, I say, Carberry—"

Bob Cherry took the fat junior gently by the ear and led him out of the common-room. Bunter wriggled, but it was useless to argue with Bob Cherry's finger and thumb, so off he went. The rest of the Remove followed, and Carberry saw them all to the dormitory. There was dissatisfaction in a good many faces.

They had had their extra hour of daylight on the playing-fields; but boys are not the most reasonable of animals. They were very naturally more inclined to make much of the trouble of the present moment than to think of the past advantages.

And the prospect of getting up at half-past six on the following morning was not enticing. The fact that the school clocks would be indicating the half-hour after seven was a very slight consolation. As Bulstrode said, it was just as cold and dark, whatever the clocks indicated.

But there was no arguing with Carberry, or resisting their fate. They tumbled into bed, and the prefect turned the light out and quitted the dormitory.

Carberry stopped at the door of the common-room as he went down. The Upper Fourth were still up. Wingate had evidently forgotten to regulate his watch by the school clocks, or else the feeling that it was not yet nine had made him oblivious to the fact that the school clocks were registering half-past.

Temple looked up, and caught Carberry's eye. The prefect grinned, and walked away. He was not averse to trouble coming for Wingate.

The Upper Fourth resumed their various amusements. As ten o'clock—nine, Greenwich—approached, some of them began to get sleepy. But they stuck to their guns, and kept up an excellent appearance of enjoying their staying up. The clock was indicating a quarter-past ten when Mr. Capper looked into the room.

He had been passing, and was surprised to see a light and hear voices there. He stared in astonishment at the sight of the Fourth Form still out of bed.

"What—what does this mean?" he ejaculated. "Temple, Dabney, why are you not in bed?"

"It's not time yet, sir," said Temple, consulting his watch. "I'm only a quarter past nine."

"Could you tell me the time sir?" said Dabney, taking out his watch.

"It is a quarter-past ten by the new time," said the worried Mr. Capper. "Why are you boys not in bed? Who is the prefect who should have seen you off?"

"Wingate, sir."

"Go and fetch Wingate here, Fry!"

"Certainly, sir."

Fry departed, and returned in a few minutes with the captain of Greyfriars. Wingate was looking very confused and annoyed. Fry's visit had interrupted a little supper he was giving to some of the Sixth in his study.

"Wingate, I am afraid you have neglected your duty," said Mr. Capper.

"I am sorry, sir. It's owing to this confounded—I beg your pardon! It's owing to this change in the time, sir. I have a clock in my study. I have altered my watch, but I omitted to alter the clock, and it still indicates the old time."

"It is very unfortunate. The boys have remained up three-quarters of an hour after their proper bedtime."

"The little rascals ought to be licked, sir. They must have known well enough."

"I dare say they thought they were not called upon to remind you, Wingate. You had better see them up now."

"Certainly, sir."

The captain of Greyfriars hustled the juniors off to bed. The Upper Fourth went up gleefully. They had gained three-quarters of an hour, at all events. As luck would have it, they met Dr. Locke in the second corridor. The Head paused.

"Good-night, sir!" said Temple.

"Dear me! Are you not going to be unusually early?" asked the Head.

"Wingate says we're three-quarters of an hour late, sir," said Temple, in an injured tone, as though he suspected Wingate of a practical joke at the expense of the Upper Fourth.

"The new time, sir," said Wingate.

"Ah, yes, bless my soul, I forgot that!" said the Head.

"Then you are late, my boys."

"I am sorry, sir. It is my fault," said Wingate. "It takes some time to get accustomed to the new regulations, sir."

"Ahem! Yes, I suppose so."

The Head walked on, looking very thoughtful. This was not the first untoward happening since the institution of the new rules. The Upper Fourth went to bed, feeling that they had scored. They did not all go to sleep. Temple, Dabney, & Co. remained awake for some time, discussing Fry's idea of a deputation to the Head.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER

The End of the Scheme.

THE Remove were first down in the morning. They had to get up to time, because it was well known to all the Form that anyone failing would have a fight on his hands with Harry Wharton, the best boxer in the Remove. That was a sufficient incentive to the Removites to remain firm; but it could not be denied that the Remove were getting tired of the scheme, and dissatisfied with the success they had been so proud of.

The Upper Fourth, or most of them, were down soon after the Remove. Temple, Dabney, & Co. had a scheme to carry out, and they did not mean to lose time over it. The whole of the Upper Fourth had joined heartily in the scheme. It was a habit of the doctor to spend some time in his study before breakfast, as they knew, and so Temple was certain of finding him there. The Upper Fourth gathered in the hall, watched curiously enough by the Remove.

"What on earth have those asses got on?" muttered Bob Cherry. "There's something in the wind, my sons."

"What's the little game, Dabby?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Oh, we're a deputation!" said Dabney loftily.

"Come on!" said Temple. "Don't stand there talking to those Remove kids!"

"Oh, rather!"

The Upper Fourth marched off. Some of the Removites followed them curiously. Temple tapped at the door of Dr. Locke's study, and was bidden to enter. He entered with all the coolness he could muster, and a half dozen chosen followers accompanied him. The Head may have been getting used to deputations by this time. At all events, he only adjusted his glasses, and asked Temple what was wanted.

"If you please, sir," said Temple, "we're a deputation."

"A deputation of the Upper Fourth, sir," said Fry.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Shut up, you fellows! We want to draw to your notice, sir, the fact that the new scheme, instead of saving daylight, only saves darkness—"

"Temple!"

"If you'll allow me to explain, sir—"

"You may go on."

"Well, sir, it's dark when we get up in the morning at half-past six. We don't save much daylight there. It might be all very well in April. Of course, sir, we know that you know best. We're willing and eager to do anything you tell us; but as you allowed a deputation from the Remove to explain their views, we thought—"

"Quite right, Temple. I am willing to hear both sides."

"That is all, sir. We, as the Upper Fourth Form at Greyfriars, think the experiment should be tried in the spring, and not in the autumn. I hope you don't think we mean to fail in respect, sir. We know our duty to our headmaster. But it's the Remove wheeze—I mean, scheme, that we're up against. We think—"

"That is enough, Temple."

"If you wouldn't mind considering the matter, sir—"

"I promise you to do so. I may add that the obvious inconveniences of trying the experiment in the autumn of the year had already caused me to think very seriously of making another change."

"Thank you, sir!"

And the Upper Fourth retired, well satisfied with themselves.

"Hurrah!"

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

It was after morning school. The juniors had just come pouring out, and the Upper Fourth had made a rush for the notice-board. Their hope was not unfounded. There was a new notice on the board, in the Head's writing. Temple read it aloud to his eager Form followers:

"Notice! In reference to the adoption at Greyfriars of the new daylight-saving experiment, it has been decided to postpone the same until the spring of next year, when it can be tried under more favourable auspices. The previous notice on the subject is therefore rescinded. The school clocks will be altered back to Greenwich time for the remainder of the present term at least."

"Hurrah!" roared Temple.

And the Upper Fourth took up the cheer.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The Remove were crowding up to learn the news. They looked at one another dubiously when they read the Head's notice. The triumph of the Upper Fourth was exasperating; but it was something not to have to get up at half-past six in the morning. The scheme might be all right in April. In October it was more trouble than it was worth, and the Remove were glad to be rid of it.

"Well, it can't be helped," said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "Perhaps it isn't a good time of the year for the experiment. We'll see about it next year."

"Rate!" said Temple, Dabney, & Co. with one voice.

"The game's up. This is where the Remove sing small."

"This is where we wipe up the floor with a set of silly asses if they don't shut up!" said Bob Cherry warmly.

And the next minute the argument was being conducted more forcibly, and Wingate had to sally out with a cricket-stump to disperse the combatants. And for the present, at all events, no more was to be heard at Greyfriars of the great daylight saving scheme.

THE END.

(Another splendid long, complete tale of the Boys of Greyfriars next Tuesday. Please order your copy of "The Magnet" Library in advance. Price 3d.)

GRAND TALE OF ARMY LIFE.



READ THIS FIRST.

On the death of his father (Colonel Sir Harry Dashwood), Jack Dashwood finds to his astonishment that he has been practically disinherited in favour of his Uncle Dominic and Cousin Leonard. He consequently enlists in the 25th Hussars, under the name of Tom Howard, and soon becomes a corporal. Unfortunately for Jack, however, his Cousin Leonard is attached to the 25th as second lieutenant, and, with the aid of a bullying trooper named Sligo, succeeds in getting Jack deprived of his stripes. By the death of his father (Dominic), Lieutenant Dashwood is at first prevented from accompanying the 25th to India; but he subsequently joins the troopship at Port Said, having travelled there overland. While at Port Said he bribes a Greek gambler named Constantinidi to kidnap Trooper Howard, whom he sends ashore on a false errand. Our hero is attacked and stunned, and wakes to find himself a prisoner. However, with the help of a party of officers from the troopship Ganges, Jack makes his escape and continues his journey to India, and eventually rejoins the 25th Hussars. Jack is soon reinstated favourite and becomes once more full corporal. In this capacity, and in a friendly spirit, he talks to trooper Bill Sloggett—a man inclined to go on the loose. Sloggett confides in the corporal, and says, "When I listed for a soldier, I listed to fight, and if something doesn't turn up soon, I shall have a fair beano on my own." (Now go on with the story.)

War Clouds.

Corporal and trooper were passing the door of a native dram-shop, and Sloggett paused. It was a quiet spot, the white-walled hovel, shaded by a spreading tree, and there was no one in sight.

"Come on, 'Oward," said Bill Sloggett; "just one. You and me ain't 'ad a drink together since we joined."

The unreasoning young hooligan, on whom the irksomeness of Indian service in peace-time was setting so heavily, grasped his corporal's arm, with a sudden desire to drag him into the dram-shop. And before Tom Howard could open his mouth the shadow of a horseman fell across the path, and Leonard Dashwood, magnificently mounted, came at a quick pace round the corner.

Tom immediately realised the awkwardness of the situation, and, throwing off Sloggett's grasp, saluted.

Leonard Dashwood checked his chestnut, and looked at the two with a very obvious sneer. It was the first time they had met face to face since Leonard sent him ashore at Port Said, and a thousand emotions struggled in Dashwood's breast. He never felt that he had hated his cousin so much as he did at that moment, and mingled

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"THE NEW BOY AT GREYFRIARS."

Another Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT
TUESDAY.

with the hatred was the coward's dread of how much Jack might know of his treachery.

The two cousins, so differently situated, looked at each other, and Jack's steady gaze lashed Leonard's soul to fury. He was conscious of an uncontrollable desire to humble his cousin before the gutter-bred lad in whose company he found him; and, fixing his glass into his eye, he dropped his hunting-crop as if by accident.

"My whip, corporal!" he said, in a tone of exasperating authority.

But Jack never moved.

"Did you hear what I said, fellow? Hand me my whip!" And Leonard put on a stare of insolent surprise that cut Jack like a knife. "Your behaviour doesn't seem to have mended much since I left the regiment," said the lieutenant, somehow beginning to feel that he had made a mistake, and a little anxious as to how the matter would end. "We will see what Colonel Greville has to say to this. Sloggett, give me my whip!"

"Strike me pink if I do!" said Bill Sloggett; and he looked up defiantly at his late officer.

"Hold your tongue, Sloggett!" said Jack sharply. And he lifted the hunting-crop from the dust into which it had fallen.

Leonard Dashwood opened his eyes wide with astonishment as Jack stooped, and the next moment he opened them wider still.

"Here is your whip, Leonard Dashwood!" said the corporal; and, making one stride towards his cousin, he dealt him a stinging blow across the cheek. "Report that to Colonel Greville at the same time that you report what you are pleased to call my insolence!"

And he tossed the hunting-crop on to the pommel of Leonard's saddle.

Leonard Dashwood was not wanting in physical pluck, and, gripping the whip, he dug his spurs in and leapt his mare upon his cousin. Sloggett sprang forward with a hoarse cry of surprise. But Jack had leapt nimbly on one side, and the next moment he had plucked Leonard from his saddle and thrown him heavily upon his back, his white sun-helmet rolling a couple of yards away.

Leonard was on his feet in an instant, only to be felled again by a tremendous blow under the chin. Bill Sloggett was going to enjoy himself that afternoon as he had not done since he landed on India's coral strand.

"Drop that whip!" thundered Jack. "You've been asking for this all your life, and you're going to have it now!"

And he did have it, full measure and brimming over. Sloggett's only regret was that it did not last long enough.

Before Jack's superior science, carried away, as he was, by a very excusable burst of passion, Leonard made a poor show, and three times he measured his length heavily in the road. As he rose for the third time, dazed and light-headed, Jack recovered himself. The physical side of his anger was spent, and he dropped his fists to his sides.

"You're at liberty to break me for this, if you like," he said. "I'm not afraid to face the music. Give Mr. Dashwood his helmet, Sloggett, and leave us alone. I have something to say to him."

Bill Sloggett did as he was told, lingering a little way off, in the vain hope that hostilities might be resumed.

"You unmitigated hound!" said Jack, as Leonard grasped his horse's reins and stood glaring at him in the sultry hush of the Indian afternoon. "It's not your fault that I'm not floating in the basin at Port Said, with a knife thrust in my heart! Great Scott, I knew my uncle Dominic was a bad man, but I never expected to find his whelp such an out and out scoundrel."

And a look of infinite loathing came into the lad's face.

"Don't think that I have done with you!" said Leonard, flushing a dull red, and trembling violently with a thousand different emotions. "You are more than a match for me in

physical strength, but the revenge I shall take for this day's work will be none the less sure, if I have to wait twenty years. You shall come to me yet and beg, and I will refuse and have you thrown out."

"Really, Leonard Dashwood, I think you must be a fool as well as a knave!" laughed Jack. "You are talking like a penny dreadful, and not very cleverly at that. Get on your horse, man, and hide your diminished head. Or perhaps that is not a very correct description of it just now, as it happens to be swelling like a turnip. I suppose you will tell your fellows that you were thrown—oh? You were always a glib liar."

"I shall tell Colonel Greville a very different tale," said Dashwood, his face working with pain, as he dabbed his cut lip with a handkerchief.

"As you like," said Jack, "but my advice is, don't. The colonel is aware of my identity already, and he has his suspicions concerning other matters. Respect the honourable name you bear, if you respect nothing else." And the corporal turned on his heel and made his way towards the cavalry barracks.

Bill Sloggett fell into step with him at the corner of the street, and they walked on together some distance in silence.

"Oward," said Bill Sloggett suddenly, "you were on to me about the drink. If you teach me 'ow to get that left arm jab on, I'll chuck it altogether—solemn oath, I will!"

The corporal came out of his reverie, and his brow cleared up.

"Very well, Sloggett; but remember, if you break your word I shall never trust you again."

"You can trust me with your eyes shut, 'Oward!" cried Bill emphatically. "I'm no pal for you, 'cos I know you're a toff; but I know what I know, an' you'll see what yer will see. I'm goin' for the Army middle-weight championship, I am, and perhaps some day I'll—"

Bill stopped as the sound of galloping hoofs came up behind them, and they turned.

Both had expected to see Leonard Dashwood, but instead Dick Vivian pulled up alongside, very flushed and decidedly excited.

"I say, Jack, here's fun!" cried Dick, checking himself at the corporal's warning gesture. "Oh, hang it all, it's done now!" And Dick tossed a very liberal largesse to Bill Sloggett. "There's no end of a shindy broken out on the North-West frontier—a regular war, my boy. We're ordered to pack up and march; and your lot is going, too. And who do you think is taking command? Why, old Smithers, who gave the prizes away at our old school."

"By Jove, it's almost too good to be true!" cried Jack, while Bill Sloggett spun the coin into the air and gave a mighty whoop.

"True enough, old man; we're off for Simla. And your fellows have got the news, too. Listen to the beggars cheering! Don't suppose we shall meet until we're up there. So good-bye, old boy, and good luck!"

The two friends gripped hands, and, bestowing a meaning wink on Sloggett, Dick wheeled his pony round and cantered away to the infantry lines.

"So his name's Jack, is it?" thought Bill Sloggett, as they swung off for the lines of the 25th. "Well, he's a good 'un right through, and I'll watch it. Roll on, blessed war! Hope it'll last long enough for me to get a cut at the joint."

And Trooper Bill Sloggett made an imaginary sweep with his riding-whip, and yearned for blood and bullets.

(Another long instalment of this splendid story next week.)

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THE EDITOR.





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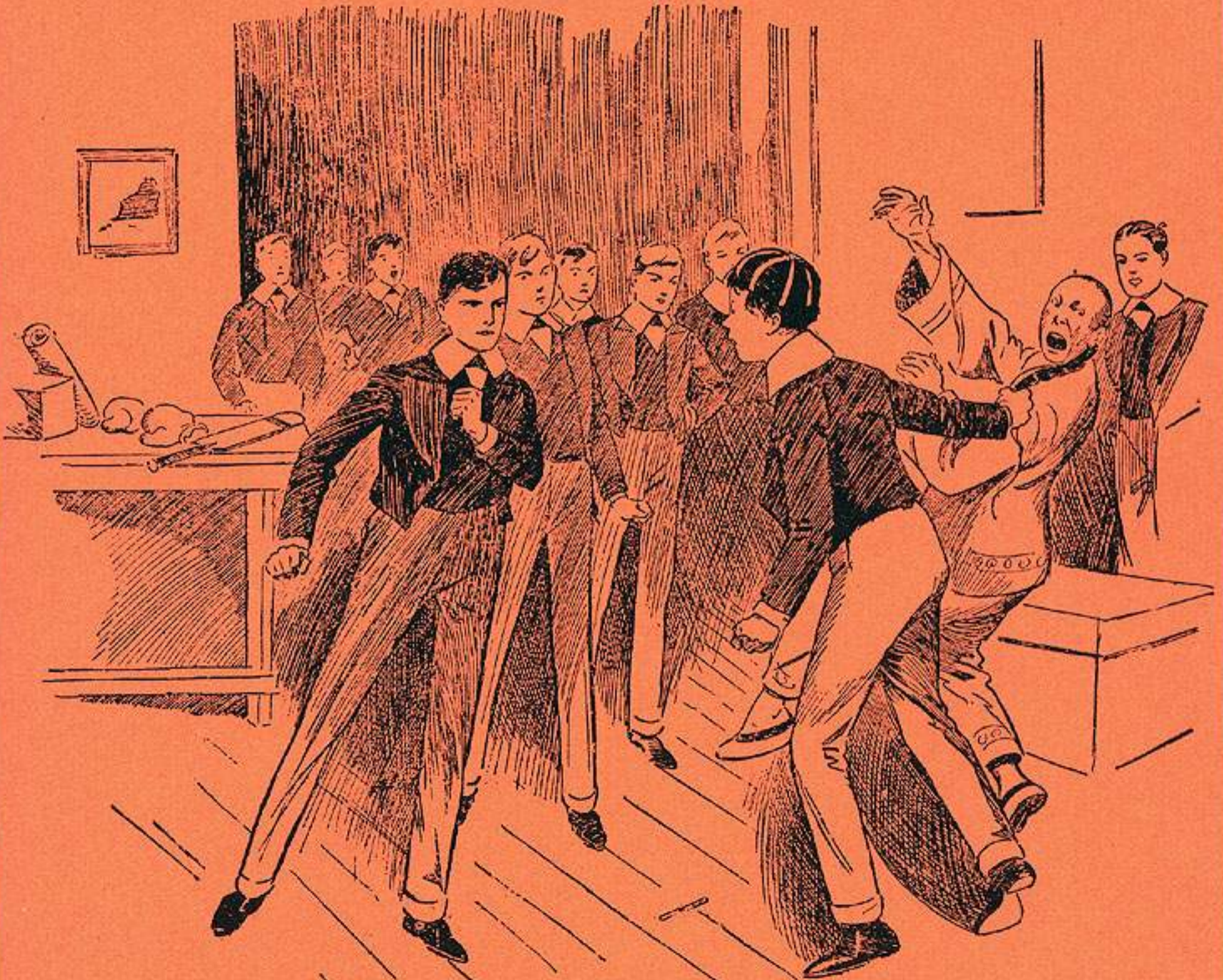
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