

SIR JIMMY OF GREYFRIARS!

A Grand Long Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.



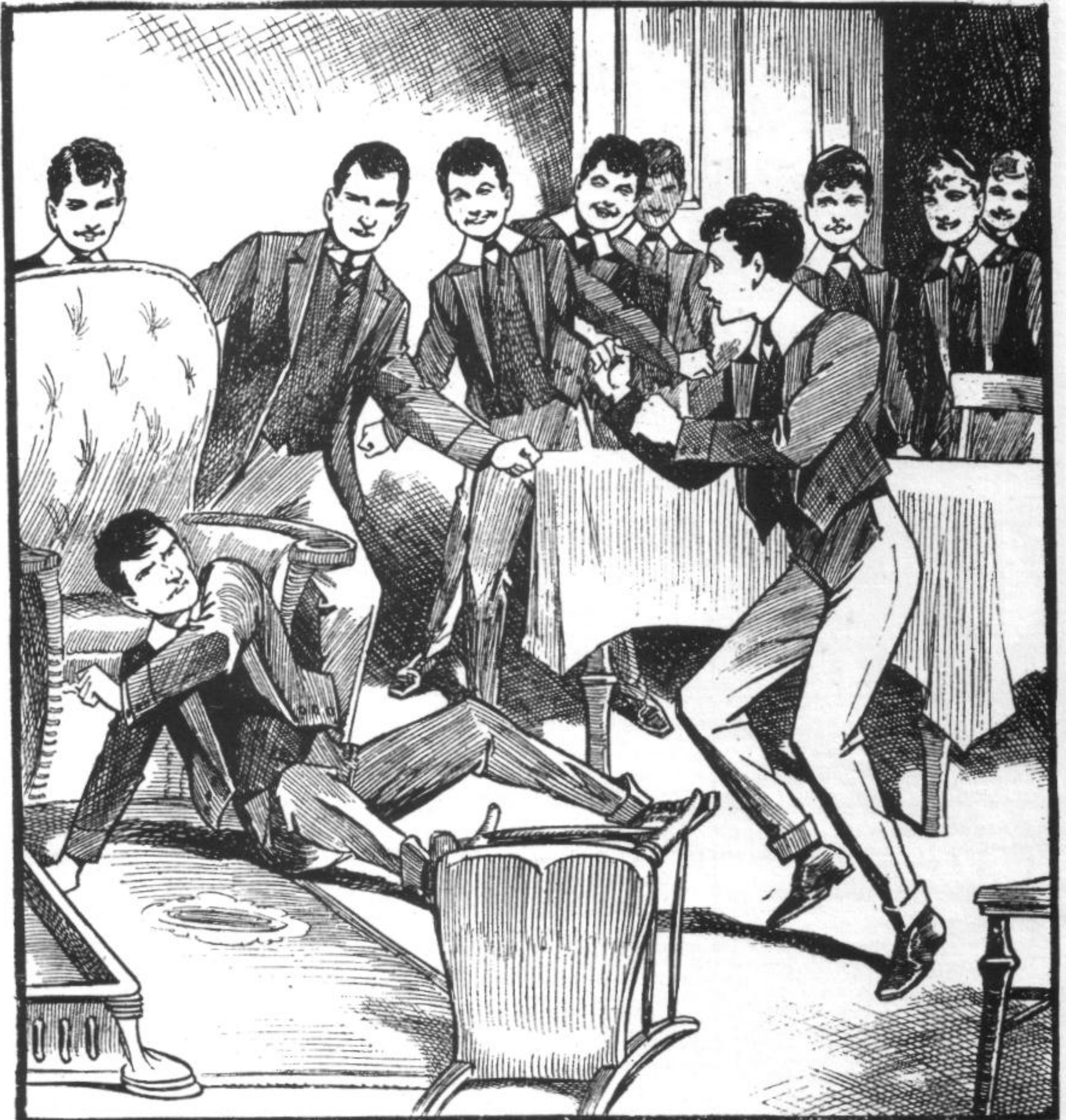
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No. 471. Vol. 11.

February 17th, 1917.



A SURPRISE FOR SKINNER!

(A Dramatic Scene in the Grand Long Complete Story in this issue.)

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Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.



SIR JIMMY OF GREYFRIARS!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of
Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Strange Story!

COME in, Mauly!" Harry Wharton & Co. were at tea in No. 1 Study when Lord Mauleverer lounged into the doorway.

There was an immediate chorus of welcome from the Famous Five.

"Trot in!" said Bob Cherry. "Just in the nick of time, Mauly! There's still half a kipper left."

"Thanks, I've had tea!" said his lordship hastily. "I've looked in to speak to you chaps, if you're not busy."

"Go ahead!" said Frank Nugent. "Sit down, old chap!"

Lord Mauleverer looked round for something to sit upon. There was nothing available but the coal-locker, and his lordship disposed himself upon it in a rather gingerly manner. His lordship's trousers were things of beauty and joys for ever, and the locker was a little dusty. He sat on the edge of it.

Mauleverer was looking unusually grave, and the chums of the Remove eyed him curiously. As a rule, his lordship never looked anything but good-natured and sleepy.

"Pile in!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "Thinking of taking up footer, and wanting some coaching? I'm your man!"

Mauleverer shuddered.

"No, thanks!"

"Lost your pocket-book again?" demanded Harry Wharton severely.

"Oh, no!"

"Well, is anything the matter?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"Yaas."

"Well, get it off your chest, and rely on your Uncle Robert!" said Bob Cherry. "What are you looking like a boiled owl for?"

"Begad! Am I lookin' like a boiled owl?"

"The boiled owlfulness is terrific, my esteemed Mauly!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"What's gone wrong?" asked Harry Wharton. "Tell us all about it, old son, and we'll see you through!"

"Thanks awfully!" said Lord Mauleverer gratefully. "I thought I could rely on you chaps, you know. I want you to back me up!"

"Go it!"

"I've got a relation."

"A what?"

"A relation," said Lord Mauleverer distressfully.

"Is that what's the matter?"

"Yaas."

"Well, people have had relations before, and lived to tell the tale," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "It's quite a common ailment. Don't worry!"

"But you haven't seen this relation!" said Lord Mauleverer dismally. "He's coming to Greyfriars."

"Oh, a minor?" asked Frank Nugent, with interest.

Nugent had a minor in the Second Form, so he knew what a worry minors were.

"No, I haven't a minor. 'Tain't so bad as that. It's a distant relation."

"A distant relation who won't keep his

distance?" grinned Bob Cherry. "Is he coming into the Remove?"

"Yaas."

"Is he anything like you?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, no!"

"Then there's nothing to worry about, that I can see."

There was a chuckle in No. 1 Study. But Lord Mauleverer only blinked distressfully at the Removites.

"'Tain't a laughing matter," he said reproachfully. "It mean an awful lot of trouble for me. Of course, I'm goin' to do as my guardian asks, and back the kid up, an' see him through, an' all that; and I want you chaps to help me. But I don't know how it will turn out. It will be a fearful fag for me, you know. And I'm not strong, you know," added his lordship pathetically. "I can't stand bein' worried. My Aunt Georgiana says I oughtn't to be worried."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what's the chap like?" asked Harry Wharton, trying to be grave. "Is there anything the matter with him?"

"Yaas."

"What's his name?"

"James Vivian."

"Well, I like that name, anyway. Is he a noble nobleman or a common or garden person like ourselves?"

"He's a baronet."

"Well, we haven't any baronets in the Remove," said Bob Cherry. "He will be popular, Mauly. Skinner and Snoop will kow-tow to him no end. Fisher T. Fish will be willing to lick his boots. He always wants to lick your boots, and you won't let him, you unobliging bounder!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lord Mauleverer grinned faintly. One of the worries of his lordship's existence was keeping Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior, at a distance. Fishy had a true republican awe and love of titles, and he would willingly have chummed with Lord Mauleverer. But the bare idea of that made his lordship shudder.

"But he isn't like most baronets," said Mauleverer. "He's a corker, from what old Brooke says. His name's James, but he's called Jimmy."

"Worse things than that have happened during the war," said Bob Cherry gravely.

"Oh, don't be funny, you know! I don't mind callin' him Jimmy, if that was all. But he's a corker."

"What kind of a corker?"

"You see, his father was a corker, too. He was a distant relation of ours, and he went to the bad. His people cut him off, and he took to swindlin' on races—"

"My hat!"

"An' speculatin' in stocks and shares, and gettin' mixed up with bogus companies an' that kind of thing, you know. He disappeared altogether from among the people who knew him. I never saw him. That was before I was born. But, from what I've heard, he was a terrific corker. Painted the town red, you know, an' all that. I believe he was in chokey sometimes."

"What a nice man!" murmured Nugent.

"Nobody knew he was married till

after he was dead," resumed his lordship. "He had his good points, I suppose, for he joined up when war broke out, though he was over military age. Nobody knew that till his name came along in the casualty lists. He was bowled over in the big push last July, poor beggar—serving as a private in the ranks."

"Good man!" said Wharton. "He can't have been such a bad sort."

"It seems that my guardian, old Brooke, got a letter from him, written as he lay dying," said Lord Mauleverer. "He told old Brooke that he had a son—a kid, you know, fourteen or fifteen. His wife was dead. He had deserted her years be-fore. I suppose they didn't pull together, or somethin'. But his conscience worried him a bit at the finish about the boy. He hadn't seen him for a long time, an' didn't know whether he was starving or not. He asked my guardian to find him, and see that he had somethin' to live on. Well, old Brooke's a good sort, and he decided to do it. He found the kid, after havin' him searched for for months—found him in a slum, selling winkles an' things for a living."

"Great Scott!"

"Old Brooke roped him in, an' took him home. He was a corker. He's kept him at home for a bit, tryin' to polish him up, I suppose. The poor kid's had hardly any education, speaks like a—a regular corker, and don't know the difference between other people's property and his own."

"That's rotten!" said Harry.

The chums of the Remove were quite serious now.

"He's a baronet, but he hasn't a penny in the world, and he was brought up in the slums—or, rather, he grew up there without being brought up," said Lord Mauleverer. "I don't know what the Government lets kids live like that for. Awful busy lookin' after their salaries, I suppose. An'—an' that's how it stands. He's Sir James Vivian, last of an old family, and Trotter, the page here, is a regular duke beside him!"

"Poor kid!" said Bob. "I should think anybody would be willing to give him a helping hand. I know I would."

"And old Brooke's sending him here," said Mauleverer. "His idea is that there's good stuff in the kid, and it only wants bringing to light. He says he's clever. He's had a tutor for him, and the kid learns things like lightning. Bein' a governor of Greyfriars, I suppose old Brooke has been able to talk the Head over, and Dr. Locke's agreed to it by way of an experiment. The kid's to come on trial, as it were—old Brooke's answerin' for it that he's got no real vices, only awful manners, due to the way he grew up. He thinks the Greyfriars Remove will shape him a bit, and I shall be able to play bear-leader, an' all that. Of course, I'm goin' to exert myself an' play up. Goodness knows, I'm sorry for the kid, an' his father died fightin', an' that wiped out all he's done before. But—but how will the fellows take it? All the fellows here ain't like you chaps, an' I'm afraid the poor little beast will get chivvied to death."

"How old is he?" asked Nugent.

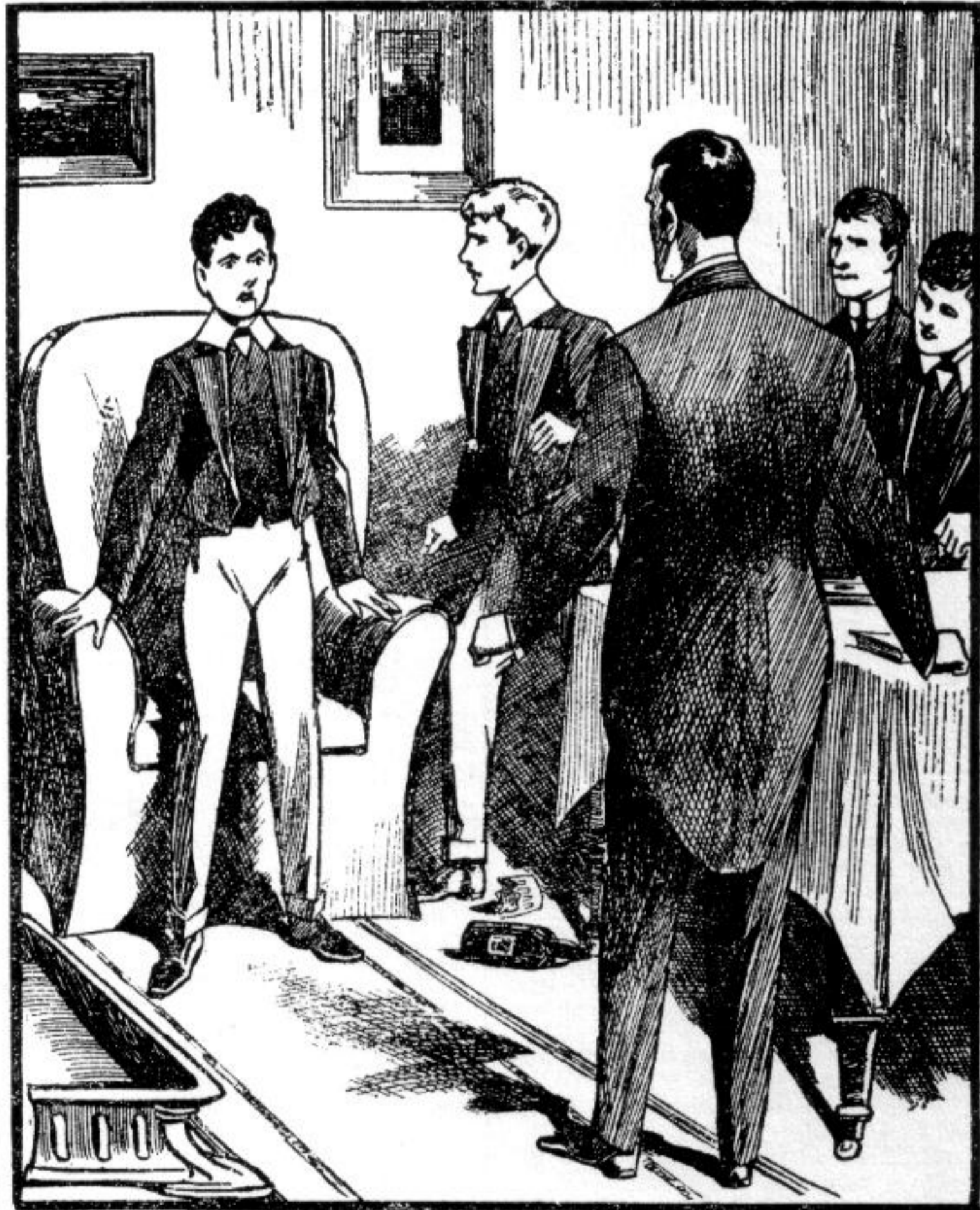
"Ris'n' fifteen, I understand."
 "Then they can't very well put him in a fag Form. But he won't be able to do the work of the Remove."
 "No; only a kid of his age couldn't be made a guy of by puttin' him in the Second. He's goin' to have his lessons with us, but in a special way. Old Quelch seems to have agreed to take it on. Philanthropy, I suppose."
 "Quelch's a good sort, in his way," said Wharton. "Some Form-masters would make a fuss about it. He's got a strong sense of duty."
 Lord Mauleverer nodded.
 "Yaas. Of course. I'm tellin' you chaps all this in confidence. The other fellows won't know anythin', exceptin' that Sir James has been neglected in his youth through bein' left an orphan. If you fellows will back me up, we may be able to see him through. It may turn out all right."
 "We'll back you up, never fear," said Bob Cherry.
 "The back-upfulness will be terrific," assured Hurree Singh. "And if his speechfulness lacks the elegance of the correctfulness, I shall be pleasefully delighted to give him personful instruction in the noble and esteemed British language."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Even his worried lordship joined in the yell that rang through No. 1 Study. The dusky nabob looked mildly surprised.
 "My remarkfulness is made in the milky kindness of the heart," he said.
 "Well, if Inky teaches him English, he will be a bigger corker than ever," grinned Bob Cherry. "The result will be terrific."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "My esteemed chums——"
 Lord Mauleverer detached himself from the coal-locker.
 "I'm awfully obliged to you chaps," he said. "Of course, this is a fearful worry for me, but I'm goin' to face it. If you find me sinkin' under the responsibility, you can back me up, you know. I know that chap will make me tired. But I'm goin' to face it."
 And his tired lordship meandered out of the study.
 "Well, that's a queer story," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "But it's up to us, you fellows. We're going to do the best we can for the kid. I don't see why he shouldn't be licked into shape in the Remove."
 "Hear, hear!" responded the Co. heartily. And Hurree Singh added that the hear-hearfulness was terrific.
 The schoolboy earl was at least assured of the manful support of No. 1 Study in his extraordinary task.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

One of BUNTER'S Titled Friends!

A BARONET!
 "What-ho!"
 "And coming this afternoon!"
 "This afternoon," said Billy Bunter impressively.
 It was a few days after Lord Mauleverer's visit to No. 1 Study. Billy Bunter of the Remove was retailing news to a group of juniors in the quadrangle. Skinner and Snoop and Stott and Fisher T. Fish had gathered round, all interested, especially Fisher T. Fish. Anything in the shape of a title was sure to interest Fishy.
 "Name?" asked Fishy.
 "Sir James Vivian," said Bunter.
 "Stunning!" said Fish. "That sounds like a regular high-roller."
 "How do you know anything about it?" asked Skinner.
 "I happened to hear Mr. Quelch tell-

ing Gosling to take the trap to the station. I was tying up my boot-lace——"
 "You were eavesdropping, you mean," said Skinner. "Is anybody coming with him?"
 "Yes, Mauly's guardian is bringing him down—old Sir Reginald Brooke, you know. He's been here before. An old johnny with white whiskers. Gosling's gone to fetch them from the station."
 "Relation of Mauly's, very likely," remarked Snoop.
 "Most likely, as Mauly's uncle is bringing him down. And I expect he's rich," said Bunter. "I suppose a baronet would be rich. All my titled relations are rich."



"Vivian!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Rise, if you are capable of ris'ng." To the amazement of the juniors, Vivian rose from the arm-chair. (See Chapter 13).

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I shall ask him to come into my study," said Bunter. "I've told Toddy and Dutton so. I'm certainly going to be civil to Sir James Vivian. In fact, the Vivians are related to the Bunters—distantly connected. There was a marriage between the families in the reign of Henry the Ninth——"
 "You mean Edward the Seventeenth, don't you?" asked Skinner humorously.
 "Oh, really, Skinner——"
 Skinner & Co. strolled away towards the gates. They were quite keen to see the schoolboy baronet when he arrived. A title was a title, and if the baronet was rich Skinner & Co. were prepared to make themselves very agreeable to him.

Billy Bunter blinked after them somewhat loweringly.
 The chatterbox of Greyfriars had not been able to resist retailing his news; but he realised that he had talked a little too much. Bunter had his own designs upon the baronet. Bunter's idea was that a baronet would naturally pick out a nice-mannered, handsome, aristocratic fellow to chum with—a fellow like Bunter, for instance. And Bunter intended to give him the opportunity.
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"
 Bob Cherry clapped the Owl of the Remove on the shoulder, and Bunter gave a howl.
 "Yow! You ass!"
 "What are you scowling about?" demanded Bob.

Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.
 "You can keep your distance, Bob Cherry!" he said disdainfully.
 Bob stared at him.
 "What!" he ejaculated.
 "I don't like your being so jolly familiar," said Bunter. "I don't mind it so much for myself, but my friend won't like it. Sir James will expect to be treated with respect."
 "Sir James!" stuttered Bob.
 "One of my titled friends," said Bunter carelessly. "He happens to be coming to Greyfriars, and, naturally, he intends to pal with me."
 "How the dickens do you know he's coming?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.
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"I know Mauly hasn't told you anything."

"Naturally, I know," said Bunter solemnly. "I've known him all his life."

"Known young Vivian all his life?" exclaimed Bob.

"Certainly! We were practically brought up together."

"Oh, my hat!"

"In fact, he's a distant relation of mine. The Vivians are descended on one side from Sir Fulke de Bunter—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of the Remove walked on, chortling. Knowing what they did of young Vivian, Bunter's claim to his acquaintance struck them as comical. Evidently the Owl of the Remove had no idea that the schoolboy baronet was a rescued street arab. Probably his claim to acquaintance would be dropped when he saw Sir James.

Billy Bunter snorted contemptuously and rolled into the School House. The fat junior had a fertile imagination, and the Removites had never been quite certain whether Bunter believed or not in his own amazing yarns. Without ever having seen the boy baronet, Bunter was already preening himself, as it were; and there was a new loftiness in his blink, a new strut in his walk, as if he were a fellow who numbered his acquaintances among the baronetage by the gross.

He rolled into No. 7 Study, where he found his study-mates, Tom Dutton and Peter Todd.

They were making a bundle of sandwiches, to take with them to Wapshot, where they were going to see a khaki football match. Billy Bunter blinked at them in an extremely disparaging manner.

"I've told you about my friend Mauly's coming, Toddy," he remarked.

"Eh? You were gassing about something," said Toddy. "Don't jaw now! Better shove in a bit more mustard, Dutton."

"Eh?" said Tom Dutton. Dutton was very deaf.

"A bit more mustard with the ham," shouted Peter.

"But there isn't any jam."

"Not jam, you fathead! Ham—ham—ham!" roared Peter.

"I wish you wouldn't mumble so," said Dutton peevishly. "As for lamb, I don't know what you're talking about. What lamb do you mean?"

Peter Todd did not explain what lamb he meant. He put in the mustard himself.

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, "I want to speak to you seriously. I'm going to ask my friend Sir James to share my study—"

"Without asking us—what?" said Peter.

"Well, I'm telling you. But five is rather a crowd in a study," said Bunter. "I don't want to be personal, Toddy, but Sir James will naturally be a bit particular, and I must say you're not exactly the kind of fellow he will care for as a study-mate."

Peter Todd's face was a study for a moment.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings," pursued Bunter. "But you see for yourself that Sir James will scarcely care to chum with a solicitor's son. You don't mind my speaking plainly, do you, Toddy?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Peter. "N—n—not at all! Go on!"

"I'm glad you see it sensibly," said Bunter, relieved. "You won't mind changing out of the study?"

"Chuch-cluch-changing out?"

"That's it. I dare say Rake would take you in, or Squiff, or Tom Brown. THE MACMILLAN LIBRARY.—No. 471.

if you asked them. I'm not a snob myself," explained Bunter. "Don't think I object to you personally. But I'm bound to consider my friend Sir James."

Peter Todd gasped. He could do nothing else for a moment or two.

"The same applies to Dutton," continued Bunter, taking Peter's silence for consent. "I can't have Sir James worried by a deaf bounder. It's lucky Lonzy's away just now. I say, Dutton, you can find some other study."

"I don't mind a bit of mud," said Dutton. "I expect it to be muddy in this weather. So long as we see a good match, it's all right."

"I want you to change out!" yelled Bunter.

Tom Dutton shook his head.

"I've got some change, but I'm not going to cash a postal-order for you, if that's what you mean. I know your postal-orders!"

"Oh, my hat! You explain to him, Toddy."

"I won't explain to him," said Peter Todd. "I'll explain to you, Bunter! See that door?"

"Eh?" Bunter blinked at the door.

"Yes. What about it?"

"Get the other side of it. And stay there," said Toddy. "I'm not changing out of this study—not quite. But you are!"

"Wha-a-a-at?"

"I'm sorry a solicitor's son isn't good enough for your noble acquaintances, if you've got any," grinned Peter. "A sneaking, snobbish, silly, fat cad isn't quite good enough for me, when I come to think of it! If the new kid's put in here, I'll stand him; but I won't stand you. Get out!"

"Look here! Yaroooh! Keep your boot away from me, you beast! Yow-ow-ow!"

Billy Bunter dodged round the table, yelling. Peter Todd followed him up, and he dribbled Bunter round the study as if he mistook him for a very fat football.

The yelling Owl fled through the doorway and vanished. Tom Dutton watched Peter's proceedings with astonishment.

"What are you kicking Bunter for?" he inquired, when Toddy had finished.

"Because he's a fat cad," growled Peter.

"Well, he's silly, but I shouldn't say he was mad," said Dutton, in surprise.

"What makes you think he's mad?"

"Oh, dear!" growled Peter. "Come on, fathead, or we shall be late."

"We don't want a plate."

"A—a what?"

"Lot of trouble carrying a plate, anyway," said Dutton. "You can if you like, of course."

Peter took his deaf chum by the arm, and led him out of the study.

"You haven't got the plate, Peter."

"Never mind the plate!" gasped Peter. "Let's get off."

And they got off.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Sir James Arrives!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! That must be the Johnny."

Gosling had driven in the trap, and Harry Wharton & Co. glanced curiously towards its occupants.

One was a white-whiskered old gentleman, whom they recognised as Sir Reginald Brooke, Mauly's uncle and guardian.

The other was a lad of between fourteen and fifteen.

It was upon him that the Removites' eyes rested. After what Lord Maul-everer had confided to them, they were

naturally interested in the new-comer. This was "Sir Jimmy."

He was rather a good-looking lad, and hardly seemed to bear out Mauleverer's description of him as a "corker."

He wore an overcoat and cap, and looked a well-dressed, ordinary fellow enough, like any other new boy that came to Greyfriars.

Sir Reginald and his companion alighted from the trap, and passed into the House, followed by a good many glances.

"So that's the merry baronet!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Looks all serene," said Nugent. "Mauly seems to have over-estimated his roughness a bit. But I suppose old Brooke has had him cleaned and dressed and so on."

"He wouldn't come here in his slum clothes," said Wharton, laughing. "Mauly's an ass; that kid looks all right!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, buzz off, Bunter!"

"I say, Wharton, old chap. I've been turned out of my study," said Billy Bunter.

"Glad to hear it!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I expect you to take the matter up, as captain of the Remove," said Bunter, greatly aggrieved. "That cheeky beast Toddy actually turned me out, and says he's going to keep me out!"

"I wonder he hasn't done it before. How he's stood you so long is a mystery to me!"

"The mysteryfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bunter."

"I say, you fellows, I'm not going to stand it, you know! I think you ought to lick Toddy, Wharton. You could do it, you know, and I'll hold your jacket."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see, it places me in an awfully difficult position," explained Bunter. "One of my titled friends has just arrived—"

"Bow-wow!"

"And I'm going to ask Sir James to share my study. How can I do it when that beast Toddy won't even let me in?"

"Is that a comendation?"

"No, you jilly ass! I want you to take the matter up as captain of the Form, Wharton, and see justice done."

"You want justice done?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, I—"

"Well, we'll do that. Collar him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh! I say, you fellows— Oh, my hat! Leggo!" roared Bunter, as the Famous Five collared him and sat him down. "I didn't mean that, you idiots! Yaroooh! Leggo! Yooop!"

Justice having been done, the Famous Five went on the football-ground, leaving Billy Bunter pumping in breath. Meanwhile, Sir Reginald Brooke had been shown into the Head's study, and Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, went in with him. Dr. Locke greeted the old gentleman very cordially, and his glance rested scrutinisingly upon his companion.

"This is the lad, Sir Reginald?"

"This is Sir James Vivian," said the old gentleman. "Come, James!"

James came forward awkwardly, his face flushing with discomfort. Dr. Locke shook hands with him gravely, apparently not noticing that Sir James' fingers were sticky with toffee.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," said the Head kindly.

"Thanky!" said Sir James.

"You will address Dr. Locke as 'Sir James,'" said Sir Reginald.

"Sir!" said the new junior.

Dr. Locke smiled indulgently.

"Vivian will soon become accustomed

to our ways," he said. "I am sure you will do your best here, Vivian."

"Wot!" said Sir James.

"Eh?"

"Is this 'ere Greyfriars?" asked Sir James, recovering confidence somewhat under the kind smile of the Head.

"Ahem! Yes, this is Greyfriars, my boy."

"My eye!"

"Dear me! Is anything the matter with your eye, Vivian?" asked the Head, with concern.

"No; there ain't notlink the matter."

"Ahem! I think James was using an ejaculation learned in his earlier days," said Sir Reginald.

"Oh!"

Sir James looked round the handsome study.

"Crikey!" he remarked. "This 'ere is all right."

"Bless my soul!"

"Bit of a change from Carker's Rents," said Sir James, with a grin.

"Is that the name of your previous abode, Vivian?"

"My wotter?"

"Ahem! Is that where you lived before you went to your present guardian?"

"That's it," said Sir James. "Back o' the Yowston Rowd, you know."

"I do not think I have heard of that thoroughfare," said the Head, somewhat puzzled.

"I think James means the Euston Road."

"Oh, I—I see!"

"This 'ere is a bit of orlright," said Sir James, taking out a somewhat grubby slab of toffee, and sucking it. "I 'spose a bloke will 'ave enough to eat 'ere—wot?"

"Bless my soul! Certainly!"

"And a bed hevery night?" said Sir James.

"Certainly."

"I like a bed of a night, now I'm gettin' used to it," said Sir James. "Better'n dossin' under a harch, though it wants gettin' used to. Cold stones comes 'ard on a cove's bones."

"Dear me!" The Head had a hopeless look for a moment, but he recovered. "Vivian, this is your new master, Mr. Quelch."

"That bloke with the whiskers?" asked Sir James.

Mr. Quelch coughed violently, and the Head gasped. The grave and severe master of the Remove had certainly never been referred to before as "a bloke with whiskers."

"James, you must not use such expressions," said Sir Reginald. "You must treat your Form-master with the greatest respect."

"No offence, sir," said Sir James. "I ain't got no manners, sir, but it ain't my fault. They wasn't strong on manners in Carker's Rents."

"Never mind—never mind at all," said Mr. Quelch kindly, quite touched by Sir James' simple explanation. "I am sure Vivian will soon fall into our ways, Dr. Locke."

"I—I am sure I hope so!" gasped the Head.

"Mr. Quelch is willing to undertake the responsibility, I understand?" said Sir Reginald.

"Perfectly," said Mr. Quelch. "Even if I had objections, I should consider it my duty to do everything in my power for the son of a soldier fallen in action."

"I was sure you would take that view, Mr. Quelch, and, for the lad's sake, I have ventured to impose upon your kindness, and Dr. Locke's."

"Not at all, Sir Reginald."

"Will you take Vivian now, Mr. Quelch?" said the Head.

"Certainly. Come with me, my boy!"

Vivian followed Mr. Quelch from the study, still sucking toffee. Dr. Locke looked at Sir Reginald, and Sir Reginald looked at Dr. Locke, when the boy-baronet was gone.

"Dear me!" said the Head.

"I was afraid the lad would impress you badly," said the old gentleman. "I hardly know how I could have ventured to ask you to take him here, Dr. Locke. It is, of course, an act of charity. James is not an ordinary new boy. If he can make his way at Greyfriars, it will be of immense benefit to him, and my nephew, Mauleverer, will help him in every way. The boy has a rough exterior, but I am quite sure he is sound at heart; and I have been able to judge him during the three months he has been in my charge. If you find him impossible here, of course, he can always be sent back to me."

Dr. Locke shook his head.

"At all events, we shall give the experiment a trial, and we shall do our best for the unfortunate lad," he said. "He will soon tone down, I dare say, and it would be unjust to blame him for faults he cannot help. You may rely upon it that he will have every chance."

And so Sir Jimmy of Greyfriars began his career at the old school, a career that was destined to be a very chequered one.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Maully Shoulders His Burden!

"MAULY!"

Lord Mauleverer detached himself from his sofa, and yawned.

"Your uncle's come," said Rake, looking into Study No. 12, "and you're wanted in Quelch's study."

"Yaas."

Lord Mauleverer made his way downstairs, still yawning. He met his uncle in the hall, about to take his departure. Sir Reginald had a train to catch.

"Only a minute to speak to you, Herbert," said the old gentleman. "James is now with Mr. Quelch. You will do your best for him?"

"Everythin' in my power, sir," said Lord Mauleverer earnestly. "I'm goin' to have him in my study, if Mr. Quelch agrees."

"That is right." The old gentleman lowered his voice a little. "You will try to correct his manners and his pronunciation a little, Herbert. You can be of far more service to him than his Form-master, if you choose."

"Rely on me, sir."

"I do, Herbert. I know you have a kind heart, and will not allow yourself to be influenced by any prejudices."

"Not a bit, sir," said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully. "My friends are goin' to back me up, too. Jimmy will have friends in the Remove from the start."

"That is good news."

Lord Mauleverer went out with his uncle to the trap, and saw him off. When the old gentleman drove away, the schoolboy earl took his way to Mr. Quelch's study, in a very thoughtful mood. Billy Bunter poked him in the ribs as he came in, and his lordship gave a yelp.

"He's here, Maully!"

"Ow!"

"I'm going to ask him to share my study," said Bunter, beaming.

"Rats!"

Lord Mauleverer went on to Mr. Quelch's study, tapped at the door, and entered. The new junior was there with Mr. Quelch.

"Come in, Mauleverer. This is your relative, Sir James Vivian. I understand that you have not met before," said the Remove master.

"Yaas, sir."

"Vivian, this is Lord Mauleverer, your relation."

"Blimey!" said Sir James.

Lord Mauleverer jumped.

"Wha-a-at did you say, Vivian?" he asked.

"Blow my buttons!" said Sir James, staring at the elegant junior. "You're my blooming relation, hey?"

"Yaas!" gasped Mauleverer.

"And you're a real lord, hey?"

"Oh, yaas."

"Well, my heye!"

Lord Mauleverer glanced at Sir James sticky and grubby paw; but he felt bound to shake hands with his relative. So he extended his own slim and elegant hand. Sir James gave it a sticky grasp.

Mr. Quelch coughed.

"I think you would like Vivian to share your study, Mauleverer?" he remarked.

"Yaas, sir."

"I am sure you will befriend him in every way."

"That is my intention, sir."

"I am glad to hear it, Mauleverer. I have examined Vivian, and I find that he has made remarkable progress, considering his limited opportunities," said Mr. Quelch. "I have no doubt that in a few weeks he will be able to share the ordinary work of the Lower Fourth. You will do your best, Mauleverer, to initiate him into the customs of Greyfriars?"

"Oh, yaas, sir."

"You will go with Lord Mauleverer now, Vivian."

"Wot!" said Vivian.

"You must say: 'Yes, sir,' in addressing me, Vivian."

"Yessir," said Sir James obediently.

He followed Lord Mauleverer from the study. Mr. Quelch shook his head and looked very grave when the peculiar baronet was gone. The Form-master was prepared to take pains with that extraordinary pupil, and to do his utmost for him; but he could not help regarding the experiment as a very doubtful one. How Sir James would turn out as a Greyfriars boy only the future could tell.

Skinner & Co. were in the passage, waiting for the baronet. Billy Bunter was eyeing them morosely. Bunter regarded it as sheer cheek on the part of Skinner & Co. to enter into competition for his baronet. Bunter already regarded Sir James as his own property. And a vision was before his eyes of an endless series of mystical postal-orders being cashed in advance.

"Hallo, that your cousin, Maully?" said Skinner affably.

"No."

"Oh, I understood—"

"He's a relation of mine," said Lord Mauleverer calmly. "Come on, Vivian!"

"Well, you might introduce a chap," said Snoop.

"Yaas. Vivian. Skinner—Snoop—Skinner, Snoop—Vivian!" yawned his lordship.

"How do you do, Sir James?" said Skinner genially.

"Spiffin'," said Sir James.

Skinner started.

"Ow's yourself?" said Sir James affably.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I say, any grub about?" asked Sir James, addressing Mauleverer. "I'm 'ungry!"

"Come up to my study, dear boy," said Mauleverer hastily.

"Wot!"

Lord Mauleverer piloted his relation up the stairs, leaving Skinner & Co. staring blankly after them.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Skinner. "What sort of a merchant is that? Where did he pick up that accent?"

"Where on earth does he come from?" gasped Snoop.

"Never heard a baronet talk like that before," grinned Stott. "Something jolly fishy about that fellow, if you ask me."

Harry Wharton & Co. came in, fresh and ruddy from the football-field.

Skinner went towards them. "Have you seen Mauly's relation?" he demanded.

"Yes, we have seen him."

"What is he?"

"A human being, I believe," said Wharton.

"Oh, don't be funny! Have you heard him speak?"

"Not yet."

"You'll get a surprise when you do. He talks like—like I'm blessed if I know what! I say, there's something fishy about it. He can't be a real baronet, to talk like that."

"It's fishy!" said Snoop.

"Bow-wow!" said Bob Cherry. And the Famous Five went on, leaving Skinner & Co. discussing the matter somewhat excitedly.

Sir James was a greater object of interest than ever, now that he had been heard to talk.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Tea With His Lordship!

LORD MAULEVERER piloted his relation into No. 12 Study, which he shared with Piet Delarey, the South African junior. Delarey was there, getting tea, and he backed round as they came in.

Sir James looked round the study with a curious stare. Mauleverer's study was remarkably well furnished for a junior room, and Sir James was evidently pleased to find himself in such quarters.

"This 'ere your room?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"It's spiffin', ain't it?"

"Yaas, Delarey, old chap, this is a relation of mine," said Lord Mauleverer. "I hope you won't mind his comin' into this study."

"Not at all," said Delarey, looking curiously at the new junior.

"Vivian, this is Delarey, my study-mate."

"Ow fer do?" said Vivian.

Delarey, astonished as he was, nodded cordially to the new junior.

"You're welcome here!" he said. "I suppose this is Sir James Vivian, whom Skinner has been talking about, Mauleverer?"

"Yaas, I suppose so, though I don't know how Skinner knew anythin' about it."

"I hear that Bunter knows him."

"Bunter does!" ejaculated his lordship, in surprise.

"So he says, at any rate."

"Oh, I think Bunter's mistaken!" said Mauleverer. "Sit down here, will you, Vivian? P'raps you'd like a wash before tea, though."

"No fear!" said Vivian.

"Ain't you a little bit sticky?"

"Bless yer heart, that's ain't nothing!" said Sir James. "You should 'ave seen me when I was in Carker's Rents!"

"I never had that pleasure, of course," said Lord Mauleverer. "I shouldn't talk too much about Carker's Rents, Vivian, if I were you."

"Why not?" asked Sir James.

"Better not, I think."

"Oright! I say, I'm 'ungry!"

"Tea's ready!" said the astonished Delarey.

"P'raps I ought to explain that my-relation has been a bit neglected. Delarey, owin' to bein' an orphan, an' all that," said Mauleverer.

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"Oh!" said Delarey.

"But you'll get used to it, I hope."

"I'll try," said Delarey, smiling. "I'm sure I shall pull all right with Vivian."

"I ain't a bad bloke to get on with," said Vivian. "You'll find me all right. I ain't 'ad much eddication."

"No?" said Delarey.

He really did not need telling that.

"You see, I was left on me own, an' I 'ad to live 'ow I could," explained Sir James. "I used to sell winkles an' shrimps in the streets."

"By Jove, did you?"

"'Ad to, you see. I never knowed then that I was a baronet," chuckled Sir James. "But I'm a baronet right enough—ole Brooke says so. Me a baronet—wot!"

And Sir James went off into an explosive roar of merriment. The little out-cast of Carker's Rents was evidently greatly tickled at finding himself a baronet.

"And this 'ere lord is a relation of mine, ain't you, lord?" said Sir James.

"Begad, yaas!" gasped his lordship.

"Don't call me lord, for mercy's sake, Vivian! Call me Mauleverer."

"Well, that there's rather a blooming mouthful, ain't it?" said Sir James.

"You are a lord, ain't yer?"

"Yaas."

"Well, then, ain't you called a lord if you're a lord?"

"Oh, dear! Call me Mauleverer, or Mauly, if you like, and don't ask such a dashed lot of questions, dear boy!"

"Oright! You call me Jimmy," said Sir James. "I can't get used to Vivian, some'ow. I was always called Jimmy at Carker's Rents. What's this cove's name, did you say?"

"Delarey."

"Furriner?" asked Sir James. "Not a bloomin' German, I 'ope?"

Delarey laughed.

"No; a South African," he said.

"There are no Germans here. Sit down and have your tea, Vivian!"

"Wot!"

Sir James sat down to tea. Lord Mauleverer looked at him somewhat apprehensively. He suppressed a groan as Sir James took his ham in his fingers.

"Would you mind usin' a knife an' fork, Vivian?" he asked mildly.

Sir James looked worried.

"Ole Brooke always made me use a knife an' fork, when he was lookin'," he said. "I thought I needn't 'ere."

"I wish you would."

"Oh, oright! I'm an obligin' sort of bloke."

Sir James took his knife and fork, with evident distaste. He used the knife to convey chunks of ham to his mouth, but his lordship let it pass. That was an improvement on the fingers, at all events.

There was a tap at the door, and Fisher T. Fish looked in. There were no welcoming looks for Fisher T. Fish; but he did not mind that; he was not thin-skinned. He gave the whole study an affable nod, and insinuated himself in.

"I guess I've heard that your relation's come, Mauly," he remarked.

"Yaas."

"I thought I'd give him a look-in."

"Vivian, dear boy, this is Fish, of our form!" said Lord Mauleverer wearily.

"Happy to meet you, Sir James!" said Fish genially.

"Same 'ere!" said Sir James.

Fisher T. Fish blinked at him. He had not expected to see a baronet eating ham with a knife or hear him dropping his H's.

"I must say everybody's jolly perlite 'ere," said Sir James. "I think I shall get on 'ere, if all the blokes are the same."

"Gee-whizz!" said Fisher T. Fish, in astonishment.

"I'm a baronet, you know," said Sir James.

"Yep!"

"Me, you know!" Sir James chuckled. "Me a baronet! But it's right enough—the old bloke says so. Ha, ha, ha! ain't got tuppence in the world, wot the old cove gives me, but I'm a real baronet."

Fisher T. Fish's geniality froze at once. A title was a title, and naturally meant more to a republican than to anybody else; but a baronet without tuppence in the world was not the kind of baronet Fisher T. Fish greatly admired.

"Your cousin's a queer fish, Mauly," he remarked.

"Yaas."

"Where on earth was he brought up?" said the astonished Yankee junior.

"Find out, dear boy!"

"Carker's Rents," said Sir James, once. "Not that I was brought up—grew up on me own. That's me!"

"Oh, gum!"

"Never 'ad a square meal in me life till ole Brooke came down one day an' found me," said Sir James. "Old Brooke tells me I'm a baronet. Ha, ha! Me a baronet, you know! You should 'ave seen Boozy Smith's face when I told him I told all the coves in our alley, and they nearly mobbed me."

"Oh, my hat!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"But it's right enough. I'm a baronet and this 'ere lord is a relation of mine," declared Sir James.

"Waal, if this don't beat the ball-deck!" said Fisher T. Fish. And he left the study, having completely changed his mind about chumming up with this particular baronet.

"Who's that bloke?" asked Sir James, poised his knife with a cargo of ham on it.

"One of the Remove—a Yankee," said Lord Mauleverer. "Would you mind eatin' with your fork, Vivian, instead of your knife?"

"Wot for?"

"It—it's a custom here," murmured Mauleverer.

"Wot rot!" said Sir James indignantly. "Let a cove do wot he likes. I ain't passing no remarks about you!"

"Oh, begad!"

"I'll 'ave some of that there jam," said Sir James. "I never got no jam at Carker's Rents."

"Help yourself, kid," said Delarey.

"Wot-ho!"

Sir James helped himself by dipping his teaspoon into the jam, and conveyed it directly to his mouth. Lord Mauleverer and Delarey did not have any jam for tea. His lordship sat in a state of siles misery; but Delarey's manner did not lose its geniality. Sir James disposed of a great deal of jam, and cake, and other things. He was in a decidedly sticky state when he had finished, and did not look as if he would have been nice to touch.

Billy Bunter blinked into the study when tea was just over.

"Vivian here?" he asked cheerfully.

"Hallo, Vivian!"

"Allo!" responded Sir James.

"Glad to meet you, dear boy," said Bunter, holding out a fat hand, which was rather grubby, but almost spotless in comparison with Vivian's.

"Same 'ere, old sport," said Sir James.

"My eye! You ain't 'arf fat!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Ow do you carry it all about?" asked the baronet, staring at Bunter.

"Look here——" began Bunter hoarsely.

"No offence, you know," said Sir James. "But you are a whopper, an' a mistake! Don't you never burst your weskit buttons off?"

Bunter blinked at him speechlessly.

Such a mode of address from a baronet took his breath away.

"Well, my hat!" said Bunter. "Would you mind gettin' out, Bunter?" mumbled Lord Mauleverer. "Oh, let the cove stay, if he likes," said Sir James. "Wot's the 'arm? 'Ave some of this 'ere cake, old sport! It's prime!"

"My word!" said Bunter. "Is this a lark?"

"Oh, yes, a rippin' lark," groaned Lord Mauleverer. "P'raps you'd like to take Vivian round the school for a bit, Bunter, an' show him the sights?"

"Quite at Sir James' service," said Bunter promptly.

"Like to have a look round, Vivian?"

"Wot! I'm on!"

Sir James jumped up, and left the study with Bunter. Lord Mauleverer gave a deep groan when he was gone.

"I couldn't have stood him much longer," he gasped.

"He's rather a queer fish," said Delarcy. "What is he? Some poor relation your people have taken up?"

"Yaas."

"Well, he is a corker. And you're going to see him through?"

"Yaas."

"You'll have all your work cut out."

"Don't I know it?" groaned his lordship. "But I'm goin' to do it. But—

but it isn't fair to plant him on you, Delarcy!"

"Oh, rot! I'll help you see him through," said the South African junior.

"Better keep him here. He would be chivvied to death in any other study, I think. He'll tone down in time, too."

Lord Mauleverer sighed. He hoped his terrible relation would tone down in time. But during that process of toning down his lordship was not likely to be happy.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Sir James Meets H.s Form-fellows!

"HERE he is!" said Skinner.

"I guess that's the galoot."

Quite a crowd of Remove fellows met Sir James Vivian as he came out into the quadrangle with Bunter.

A description of the baronet had already spread, and the juniors were very curious to see him. Skinner had described his accent. Fishy had described how he ate. Sir James stared at the juniors good-temperedly, apparently surprised to find himself the object of so much interest.

"So that's the giddy baronet?" said Bolsover major. "Come here, young shaver!"

"'Ere I am," said Sir James.

"So you're a baronet?"

"Wot!"

"Are all baronets as sticky as you are?" asked Bolsover major humorously.

"When did you wash last?"

"That ain't your business, cocky!" retorted Sir James. "Don't you start chippin' a cove!"

"Chipping a what?" roared Bolsover.

"A cove—that's me!"

"What is a cove?" grinned Vernon-Smith.

"Don't you know what a cove is?" said Sir James contemptuously. "A bloke, if you understand that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where did he learn his English?" grinned Hazelden.

"I ain't never learned much, leastways, not till old Brooke fetched me out of the alley where I lived," said Sir James.

"The school board inspector don't come to Carker's Rents, not bloom-in' likely! Too 'ot a shop for 'im!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"'Cause why, they'd out him," explained Sir James cheerfully.

"Is this dashed slum denizen really going to be in the Remove?" exclaimed Bolsover major, in blank astonishment.

"What did they say he was a baronet for?"

"I'm a baronet right enough," said Sir James. "And I've got a lord for a relation. That bloke I had tea with."

"Well, he takes the cake," remarked the Bounder. "I wonder whether all Mauly's relations are like this?"

"I'm as good as you are, any day!" said Sir James.

"A great deal better, I dare say," said Vernon-Smith, laughing.

"You let my friend alone," said Bunter. Billy Bunter was as astounded as anyone else by the baronet's fine flow of language; but he was sticking to him. He did not know yet that no cash whatever went with the baronetcy.

"That's Bunter's titled friend," grinned Skinner. "Bunter says he was brought up with him. Did you live in Carker's Rents, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Which that cove wasn't brought up with me," said Sir James. "Never seed him afore I come 'ere, s'elp me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't you go for to cackle at a bloke," said the baronet indignantly. "You with the face. I'm talking to him!"

Bolsover major frowned. He did not feel flattered at being alluded to as "You with the face!"

"None of your cheek, you slummy little beast!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Slummy beast yerself!" retorted Sir James.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you want me to kick you round the quadrangle?" roared Bolsover.

"I'll jolly well give you a dab on the kisser if you try it on!" said the baronet, in warlike tones.

"Well, that kid's a corker, and no mistake!" said Vernon-Smith. "Let him alone, Bolsover."

"Mind your own business, Smithy. Do you think I'm going to be cheeked by that slummy whelp?" exclaimed the bully of the Remove. "The little beast wants a wash. I'll give him a wash in the fountain!"

"Let him alone."

"Rats!"

"'Ere, 'ands off!" yelled Sir James, as the bully of the Remove collared him.

"Don't gimme any of your old buck! Leggo!"

A strong hand fell on Bolsover major's shoulder, and he swung back. He glared round savagely at Harry Wharton.

"Let the kid alone!" said Wharton curtly.

"He's cheeked me!" roared Bolsover.

"Oh, rats!"

"Get aside, or I'll jolly well—"

"Bolsover!" Mr. Quelch stepped out of the School House, and the angry bully of the Remove dropped his hands.

"Bolsover, it appears that you are already persecuting the new junior."

"I—I—" stammered Bolsover.

"I thank you for interfering, Wharton. Bolsover, you will take two hundred lines. I shall keep an eye on you, Bolsover."

Bolsover major mumbled.

"My boys," said Mr. Quelch, "you have doubtless observed that Vivian is— is a little out of the common in some respects."

"We have, sir," smiled Skinner.

"Just a little, sir," grinned Snoop.

"A slight trifle, sir," said Stott.

The Remove master frowned.

"Vivian has been unfortunate in his early career," he said. "Owing to certain circumstances, he was abandoned to

his own resources, and has only lately been found and reclaimed by a kind-hearted relation. When I tell you, my boys, that Vivian's father died in action, fighting for his country, I am sure I need not ask you to show this lad every consideration."

"I—I didn't know that, sir," said Bolsover major, rather shamefacedly. "I—I wasn't going to hurt him."

"The lad has had many disadvantages, and he has lost his father," said Mr. Quelch. "I am sure that he can count upon meeting with kindness here."

"Certainly, sir!" said Vernon-Smith.

Mr. Quelch went into the House, and Billy Bunter walked on with his prize, unmolested by the bully of the Remove.

Billy Bunter had undertaken to show the baronet round Greyfriars; but it was straight to the tuckshop that his steps led him. Perhaps Bunter considered that establishment the most impressive of the sights of Greyfriars. Some of the Removites followed them in, for the entertainment of listening to Sir James' remarkable accent.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Hard Lines on Bunter!

"WOT'S this 'ere?" asked Sir James.

"This is the school shop," said Bunter affably. "I've brought you here to try Mrs. Mible's tarts. They're ripping!"

"I've 'ad tea," said Sir James.

"Try another tart," urged Bunter.

"Well, I don't mind if I do."

"It's my treat," explained Bunter.

"Orlight!"

Sir James did not look as if he could become much stickier; but he succeeded in getting so. Mrs. Mible blinked at him in surprise as he consumed his tarts.

Billy Bunter intended to consume tarts also; but Mrs. Mible knew her Bunter. She gave Bunter a very expressive look as he gave his order.

"I'll settle on Saturday, Mrs. Mible," said the Owl of the Remove, with great dignity.

"Then you can come for the tarts on Saturday, Master Bunter."

"I say, Vivian"—Bunter nudged his titled friend—"I'm stony!"

"Sorry to 'ear it."

"I'm expecting a postal-order this evening," said Bunter, blinking at him.

"I suppose you wouldn't mind cashing it for me, Vivian?"

"Not at all."

"It's for five bob," hinted Bunter.

"Right you are!"

"I suppose it wouldn't make any difference to you if you handed me the five bob now?" suggested Bunter. "I shall give you the postal-order immediately it comes."

"Hallo! Springing your postal-order on a new kid?" exclaimed Ogilvy, coming into the tuckshop. "Don't you lend him anything, young 'un!"

"Shut up, Ogilvy!" roared Bunter.

"Rats!" said Ogilvy. "If you lend Bunter anything, kid, you won't get it before you've qualified for your old-age pension."

Sir James grinned.

"Don't listen to that chap, Vivian."

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said Bunter persuasively. "If you could make it five bob—"

"I'll wait till the postal-order comes," said Sir James. The baronet, with all his weird manners and customs, was no fool.

Bunter frowned over his spectacles. "I was going to stand treat," he urged.

"I'll stand treat," said Sir James. "Eh yourself!"

Bunter brightened up again. Sir James laid a five-shilling piece on the counter, and Bunter proceeded to help himself. The purchases had mounted up to exactly five shillings when Mrs. Mumble cut off the supply.

"Better make a feed of it, as we're here, Vivian," Bunter remarked.

"Nothin' doin'," said Sir James.

"Now, look here—"

"'Bout time we got along, I think."

Billy Bunter reluctantly quitted the cackshop. The dusk was falling in the lobe, and Bunter led his friend back to the School House, and up to the Remove passage. There were a good many juniors in the passage, and they all smiled at the sight of the baronet. Sir James' fame had spread far and wide by this time.

"This is my study," said Bunter, taking the baronet into No. 7. "I want you to share this study with me."

"I'm booked," said Sir James. "I'm goin' to ang out with my relation, the lord."

"That's all right; I'll speak to Mauly," said Bunter. "I've got some rather rotten study-mates, but you trust me to look after you. One of them's a skinny beast, named Toddy. Hallo, Toddy, old chap; I didn't know you'd come home!" added Bunter, as Peter Todd came into the study in time to hear his flattering remark.

"I suppose you didn't, or you wouldn't have spoken like that," agreed Peter. "What are you doing in this study, Bunter?"

"It's my study, you beast, ain't it?"

"Not at present. Outside!"

"Look here, Toddy, you rotter, I've brought my friend here," Sir James—

"Oh, you're Sir James, are you?" said Peter Todd, eyeing the baronet curiously.

"Wotter! I'm a baronet," said Sir James confidentially. "Praps you wouldn't think it, but I am, and no error."

"My ha!"

"I got relations who are blooming lords," said Sir James loftily. "Lord Mauleverer is one of them, too."

"Great pip!"

"Well, wacher stavin' at?" inquired Sir James.

Peter tried to recover himself.

"Sorry!" he said. "You surprised me a bit at first. Well, Sir James, if you're Sir James, let me give you a tip. Don't lend Bunter any money."

"Look here, Toddy, you beast—"

"Bunter wants to have a whack in your money wealth," explained Peter. "That's a tip. Bunter means business."

"You rotter, Toddy—"

Sir James checked.

"But I ain't got no wealth," he explained. "I ain't got no money. Never had any, except what I got for sellin' wickets an' papers. Old Brooke give me ten bob afore I come here, that's all."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Peter.

Bunter's face was a study.

"I ain't a rich bloke," said Sir James. "My relation the lord is, if you like. I ain't got nothing."

"You spookin' rotter!" growled Bunter. "I don't believe you're a baronet at all. He took me in, Toddy. I'm not going to have him in this study."

after all. I don't see how I could associate with such a person!"

"My eye!" said Sir James.

"Well, you're a queer fish," said Peter Todd. "Blessed if I can make you out!"

"Same to you, old boko!" said Sir James.

Peter Todd coughed. Peter had a prominent nose, and Sir James evidently had not been trained to abstain from personal remarks.

Sir James left the study, grinning. He was not in the least perturbed at having lost William George Bunter's valuable friendship so suddenly.

Peter Todd pointed to the door.

"Good-bye, Bunter!" he said, very distinctly.

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Have you seen my cricket-stump?" asked Peter, looking about the study.

"Wh-wh-what do you want a cricket-stump for, Toddy?"

"To lay round a fat rascal!"

"I—I know you're only j-j-joking, Toddy—"

"Yes, you'll see what a joker I am, when I find that stump!" agreed Peter.

"Look here, I'm not going out!" roared Bunter indignantly. "I'm not going to have that measly bounder here after all, and—and I don't mind you being a solicitor's son; I don't really, Toddy."

"Thanks!" said Peter. "Ah, here's the stump! Now, where will you have it?"

"Toddy, old man— Yow-ow! You beast! Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter squirmed out of the study with the stump lunging behind him. He halted in the passage, gasping.

"Toddy, you rotter—"

"Want me to come out?" asked Peter.

"Look here, Toddy—"

"All right; I'll come!"

Peter Todd came out with a rush, stump in hand. Billy Bunter did not wait—he fled.

"Come back when you want some more!" Peter called after him. "I'm going to keep the stump handy for you, Bunter."

Billy Bunter did not come back. Probably he did not want any more. He rolled into No. 13 Study, where the Famous Five had gathered to tea with Mark Linley.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Seat!"

"The seatfulness is terrific," grinned Hurree Singh.

"I've been turned out of my study!" roared Bunter.

"Toddy turned you out of No. 7?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yes, the rotter!"

"Good! I'll turn you out of this!" said Bob.

"Yaroooh!"

The door closed after Billy Bunter. The Owl of the Remove did not return to No. 13 for more sympathy. Sympathy was evidently off.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Skinner Is Too Humorous!

SIR JIMMY took his place in the Remove Form-room the following morning.

He looked very cheerful as he came in with Lord Mauleverer.

Greyfriars evidently agreed with him.

He had confided to Mauleverer that he felt freer at Greyfriars than at Brooke Lodge, where a particular old bloke was always talking to a cove if he put his knife to his mouth.

He sat next to his lordship in class, occupying most of the time by staring about him. He did not share in all the

work of the Remove, having special tasks set him by the painstaking Form-master. Sir Jimmy was clever; there was no doubt about that. He had had hardly any education before Mauleverer's uncle reclaimed him, but a few months had made a wonderful difference. In some matters he was quite advanced; in others, however, he lagged behind the dullest members of the Remove, as was only to be expected. Even Billy Bunter could tell him things he did not know about Latin conjugations.

The Remove, for the most part, regarded him humorously. Skinner & Co. looked down upon him with lofty scorn, but that did not seem to trouble Sir James in the least. When Skinner, in the Form-room, turned up his nose on catching Sir James' eye, Sir James put his fingers to his nose and extended them—an action that caused an irrepressible giggle to break from the juniors who saw it. Gestures of that kind were not the "thing" at Greyfriars, even among the youngest fags, but Sir James could not leave Carker's Rents behind him all at once.

Unfortunately, Mr. Quelch's eyes rested upon Sir James as he sat in that attitude, his thumb to his nose, and his fingers stretched out.

Mr. Quelch stood petrified for a moment.

"Vivian!" he ejaculated.

Sir James looked round at him.

"Hallo!" he said.

"Bless my soul! You must not say 'Hallo' to your Form-master!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, scandalised.

"All right, cocky!"

"What!"

The Removites wondered whether the skies would fall. It was really time they did when the Remove-master was addressed as "Cocky!" in his Form-room.

"Vivian," gasped Mr. Quelch, "you—you—you— Bless my soul! Kindly say 'Yes, sir' when you address me!"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"And do not repeat that ridiculous gesture, Vivian!"

"Wotter?"

"Ahem! You placed your fingers to your nose, Vivian! You must not do anything of the kind!"

"Only wanted to show the cove wot I thought of 'im, sir!" said Sir James.

"Eh?"

"Wot does he mean by a-turmin' up his bloomin' nose at me?" demanded the baronet. "That's wot I want to know!"

"Skinner, I have warned you once!" said Mr. Quelch.

"I haven't done anything, sir!" said Skinner sulkily. "I may have looked contemptuous!"

"You had no right to do anything of the kind, Skinner!"

"It's rather hard on us, sir, to have such an out-and-out young hooligan put into the Remove!" said Skinner.

"Do you question your headmaster's decision, Skinner?"

"Nummo, sir!"

"Then you will kindly make no observations on the subject! You will take a hundred lines for impertinence, Skinner!"

Skinner sat sullenly during the remainder of morning lessons, and he gave the schoolboy baronet several dark glances. If Sir James had turned out a baronet of a more normal variety, Skinner would have toadied to him without limit; but the discovery that Sir James was fresh from the slums, and had no money but an allowance from his relation, upon whom he was wholly dependent, had completely changed Skinner's views. Having no purpose to

serve by making himself agreeable to Vivian, Skinner had no reason for restraining his snobbish tendencies, and so he adopted an attitude of lofty scorn. And, indeed, better-natured fellows than Skinner could not help wondering what that amazing new boy had been let into Greyfriars for.

Even Fisher T. Fish had no desire to pal with him, titled as he was. He was not the kind of baronet Fishy wanted to show off as a titled friend. As for Bunter, Bunter announced that he had "done with him," and expressed considerable indignation at such a fellow being allowed into the Remove.

Harry Wharton & Co., mindful of their promise to back up Lord Mauleverer in his trying task, joined Mauly and Sir James when the Remove came out of the Form-room. Mauleverer was heroically sticking to his charge. He looked rather pathetically at the Co.

"Coming down to footer, Mauly?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Begad, not just now!"

"What about Vivian? Do you play footer, kid?"

"We 'ad a footer once in our alley," said Sir James. "We used to play it up and down the alley—not what you'd call football, I expect."

"Well, I suppose there'd be a bit of difference," admitted Bob. "Come and help us punt a ball about before dinner, anyway."

"Wot to!"

Lord Mauleverer heaved a sigh of relief as the Famous Five took his relation off his hands. He was prepared to do his duty, but it was a heavy trial.

Sir James trotted along cheerfully with the Famous Five.

The Co. found that his knowledge of footer was extremely limited; but he could kick, and he was quick and active, and Bob announced that they would make a footballer of him in the long run.

Sir James came back to the School House before dinner with the Co., looking very ruddy and cheerful.

"I like this 'ere!" he said to Wharton. "This is a jolly sight better'n Carker's Rents!"

"I suppose it is," said Harry, smiling.

"I dessay you ain't never seed a place like Carker's Rents?"

"No; I think not."

"Well, I ain't pinn'd to see the place agin," said Sir James. "It's a good 'ole to get out of. I'd like to let Boozey Smith see my noo clothes, though. And the Sparrer, too—I'd like to see the Sparrer agin."

"You kept a sparrow in a cage?" asked Nugent.

Sir James chuckled.

"No; the Sparrer was my pal," he explained.

"Oh! A chap named Sparrow?"

"Well, we called 'im the Sparrer. I don't know as he 'ad any name. He was a good pal, too," said Sir James. "I don't 'spose I shall find a pal like that 'ere. Fellers 'ere are a bit too classy for me."

"You'll get used to us in time!" said Harry, laughing.

"Course, I'm a baronet," said Sir James, apparently anxious for that to be fully understood. "I'm a real baronet, and that there lord is my relation. I dessay I shall get classy in time like beaky."

"Like—like whom?"

"Beaky. That bloke!" said Sir James, nodding towards Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh!"

"Something here that concerns you, Vivian!" called out Snoop, who was grinning before the notice-board in the hall.

"Eh—what's that?"

Sir James crossed over to the board. A notice was pinned upon it, written in a hand that could not be recognised. But it was easy for the Co. to guess that it came from Skinner. It ran:

"LOST.

"A large number of aspirates, dropped about the School House. Anybody returning same to Study No. 12 will be suitably rewarded."

Harry Wharton frowned. Sir James blinked at the notice, and looked inquiringly at the captain of the Remove.

"I 'spose that's gettin' at me?" he remarked.

"Don't mind it," said Harry. "Only a silly joke."

"Aspirates is H's, ain't they?"

"Ahem! Yes."

"Ole Brooke used to tell me about it. I don't notice it meself, but I dessay it's so. But I ain't goin' to be made fun of! Who wrote that there?" demanded Sir James, turning to Sidney James Snoop.

"Find out!" said Snoop contemptuously.

"I'm goin' to!" said Sir James. And he seized Snoop by the collar and crashed his head against the notice-board. "Now tell me!"

"Yah! Oh! Yah!" roared Snoop, in anguish. "Leggo, you horrid little beast! Oh, my head! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Who wrote that there?" roared Sir James.

"Leggo! It was Skinner! Let go my collar!" yelled Snoop.

"Where's Skinner?"

"In his study," gasped Snoop, wriggling in the grasp of the new junior, which was unexpectedly muscular. Snoop was not a fighting-man.

"Then I'll jolly well talk to Skinner!"

Sir James released Snoop, who stood, crimson with fury, setting his disarranged collar straight. Sir James marched off upstairs, and Harry Wharton & Co. followed him. The baronet's expression showed that there was going to be trouble, and the Co. intended to see fair play.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Sir Jimmy on the Warpath!

HAROLD SKINNER stared as Sir James kicked open the door of his study, and marched in, with knitted brows and gleaming eyes.

"Hallo!" said Skinner pleasantly. "Didn't they ever knock at a door in Carker's Rents, young Sikes?"

Sir James held out the humorous notice, which he had jerked off the board.

"You wrote that there?" he said.

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"Makin' fun of a bloke!" said Sir James. "Turnin' up your nose at me, too! Who are you?"

"My hat! What manner!" sighed Skinner.

"I'm a baronet," pursued Sir James.

"Who are you, you skinny binage, you? Put up your dukes!"

"Why-a at?"

"Put 'em up!" said Sir Jimmy, flourishing his knuckly fists. "I've come 'ere to give you gip. See?"

"Get out of my study, you hooligan!"

"I ain't goin' without giving you a lambasting," said Sir James. "You ain't to be let poke fun at a cove!"

"It's up to you, Skinner," grinned Bob Cherry. "You shouldn't be so jolly humorous, you know. It's always getting you into trouble."

"I'm not going to fight that grubby little beast!" said Skinner, in alarm. He was bigger than Sir James, but the baronet was looking too warlike for Skinner's taste.

"Looks to me as if you are," grinned Johnny Bull. "Go it, and don't be such a blessed funk, Skinner!"

"Are you coming on?" demanded Sir James.

"Get out, you young rotter!"

"Well, 'ere goes for your kisser!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir James rushed to the attack, and Skinner backed away, putting up his hands in defence. There was a crowd at once at the study doorway.

"This way!" roared Bolsover major. "Bill Sikes on the war-path!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Bill Sikes!"

"Buck up, Skinner!"

Skinner had to buck up, for the baronet was coming for him like a whirlwind. Sir James knew very little about the scientific part of boxing—his idea of fighting was to keep on hitting hard, without troubling about defence. But that method was quite good enough for a combat with Skinner. Skinner's only object was to keep from getting hurt, and he hardly thought of hitting out. In boxing, as in everything else, the best kind of defence is attack, and Skinner's cowardly tactics did not avail him much.

There was loud laughter from the Remove as the lanky Skinner was driven round the study before Sir James' attack.

Skinner was knocked right and left, and finished by going down in a heap, with Sir James prancing round him and brandishing his fists.

"Up with you, Skinner!" roared Bolsover. "You can lick him!"

"Yow-ow!"

"Go it, Skinner!"

"Groogh!"

"Hallo, halla, halla! There's the bell for tiffin!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Come on, young fire-eater! Dinner!"

"Not if that bloke wants any more!" said Sir James.

"Skinner doesn't want any more," grinned Bob, taking Sir James by the shoulder. "Do you, Skinner?"

"Yow-wow!" said Skinner.

"Well, I ain't goin' to 'it a bloke who's down," said Sir James. "But, you mind, you long-faced scarecrow! I ain't standin' any more of your old buck!"

And Sir James left the study with the grinning Co.

Skinner sat up dazedly, and mopped his nose with his handkerchief. Snoop helped him up, with a grinning face.

"Why the dickens didn't you lick him?" demanded Snoop.

"Yow! The horrid little beast came for me like a wild-cat," groaned Skinner.

"I'll pay him out for this!"

"Have him in the gym after lessons and lick him," suggested Snoop.

Skinner snorted.

"I'm not going to touch the common little brute! But I'll make him sorry for putting his dirty hands on me, somehow!"

And Skinner hurried away to bathe his face before presenting himself in the dining-room. It was really hard on Skinner, who had planned quite a series of most humorous jokes at Sir James' expense. But if he was going to have a fight on his hands like this every time it was evidently not good enough. Skinner's series of humorous efforts was destined never to come off.

There was much grinning at the Remove dinner-table when Sir James took his place there. Lord Mauleverer sat beside him, and endeavoured, as far as possible, to keep his relation's weird manners and customs in check. But the baronet was of an independent turn of mind, and he liked to have his own way, and enjoy his freedom now that he was not under his guardian's eye. He seemed to have an invincible prejudice against

a fork as an instrument for conveying food to the mouth. Knife and fingers were evidently more convenient to him.

The merriment of the juniors drew Mr. Quelch's attention to Sir James' extraordinary proceedings.

"Vivian!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Yessir!"

"Kindly do not touch your food with your fingers."

"Oh, my eye!"

"And do not eat with your knife, Vivian."

"Ow's a bloke to eat, then?" demanded Vivian.

"With your fork, sir! And do not answer me!"

"Oh, alright!"

Sir James looked troubled for a moment or two, but he settled the matter by taking his fork in his right hand, and jabbing it into a chunk of beef, which he lifted to his mouth and proceeded to bite. There was an irrepressible explosion of merriment up and down the table.

"Vivian!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, erikey! Wot is it now?"

"Do not be disgusting!"

"Wotter?"

"You must not say 'wotter,' Vivian. It is not an English word—indeed, it is not a word at all. Take your fork in your left hand, and your knife in your right, and cut your meat into pieces of convenient size."

"Blessed lot of trouble for nothing!" growled Sir James.

"Science!"

"You're as bad as the old bloke at home, sir!"

"Will you be silent, Vivian?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Hanything you like, sir."

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Quelch, feeling more doubtful than ever as to the judiciousness of Sir Reginald Brooke's experiment in sending Sir James to Greyfriars. Sir James was almost too much for him.

Having finished his dinner, Sir James pushed his plate away, leaned back in his chair, and grunted with content. Mr. Quelch's girdled eyes fixed on him.

"Vivian!"

"Oh, Jerusalem! You beginnin' agin!" said Sir James.

"You must not push your plate away after eating, Vivian."

"But I've come with it!"

"Never mind that! You will do as you are told. Do not lean back in your chair in that disgraceful manner."

"Why not?"

"Sit upright at once, sir!" rapped out Mr. Quelch.

"Oh, erikey!"

"And do not grunt like a pig when you have finished a meal. It is disgusting!"

"Which I been told nex to call blokes James," said Sir James. "Now you're a callin' me names."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Vivian, you must not argue with your Form-master. You are trying my patience very severely. I do not wish to punish you, but you must learn to be respectful."

"No offence, sir," said Sir James cheerfully. "I didn't go for to get your rag cut, old gent."

Mr. Quelch almost collapsed. There was a howl of merriment along the table, which the Remove-master's frowns could not suppress. Mr. Quelch said no more during the meal; but when it was over he took Sir James into his study, and talked to him for a good quarter of an hour.

Sir James was grinning when he came out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Licked?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No blooming fear! The old gent's Ter Mauser Library. No. 471."

been a-jawing me," said Sir James. "He says I've come 'ere to learn to be a gentleman! Me a gentleman! Ha, ha!"

"You've got a long way to go!" sneered Snoop.

Sir James turned on him at once.

"Wotter you gotter say?" he demanded. "Better gentleman than you, skinny face, any day in the week, an' chance it!"

Snoop curled his lip disdainfully, and turned up his nose. It was already turned up to a considerable extent by Nature, but Sidney James succeeded in turning it up a little further.

"Look at 'im!" said Sir James resentfully. "Makin' a blooming chivvy at me! I s'pose I ain't good enough for 'im, and me a baronet, too!"

"You're hardly good enough for anything but a reformatory, I should think!" sneered Snoop.

"Shut up, Snoop!" said Wharton.

"I suppose I can tell that howling cad my opinion of him?" said Snoop. "It's a disgrace that he's let into Greyfriars! I'm jolly well going to write to my people about it!"

"You can tell 'em about it; an' just tell 'em I pulled your nose, too!" said Sir James, suiting the action to the word.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let go!" gurgled Snoop, as Sir James' strong finger and thumb closed like a vice upon his nose. "Let go by dose! Grunugggh!"

Snoop tore his nose away, and jumped at Sir James with clenched fists. Sir James met him half-way, hitting out with great drives, and after about a minute of it Snoop beat a hasty retreat down the passage.

"Why didn't you lick him?" sneered Skinner, meeting him at the corner.

Sidney James Snoop did not reply; he only gasped and rubbed his nose. Sir James walked away cheerily, with his hands in his pockets, in a state of great satisfaction with himself and things generally.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Shadow of the Past!

"Oh, begad!"

Lord Mauleverer uttered an exclamation of dismay as he came into his study.

Sir Jimmy was there.

The cheerful baronet was sprawling in the armchair, with his feet on the table. There was a cigarette between his lips, and he was puffing out smoke, and the room was in a haze with it.

He nodded and grinned to Mauleverer through the smoke.

"Come on, cocky! What's the matter with yer?"

"Oh, begad!" said Mauleverer feebly.

Delarey followed him into the study, and he stared at the youth from Carker's Rents.

"You smoky little beast!" said Delarey. "What are you up to?"

"Avin' a fag," said Sir James.

"Wot's the 'orn?"

"Smoking isn't allowed here."

"Wot rot!"

"You'll get licked if you're found out!"

"Well, I ain't goin' to be found out, then," said Sir James comfortably. "Don't you jore at a bloke!"

"My dear chap," gasped Lord Mauleverer, "you mustn't do it, you know—you mustn't really. It's bad for your health!"

"My 'ealth's all right," said Sir James. "Why, I've smoked ever since I could walk, whenever I could git a fag. Ain't you never smoked?"

"Begad, no!"

"You're a spoony!" said Sir James. "Ole Brooke was down on it, too. S'elp me, I 'ardly smelt a smoke or tasted a drop to drink all the while I was at Brooke Lodge, you believe me!"

"Drink!" said Mauleverer faintly.

"My word!" said Delarey. "Has the poor little ass learned to drink?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Skinner grinned into the study. "I wish you joy of your merry relation, Mauly! You'll see him come home rolling some day!"

"Get out, you rotter!" said Delarey roughly.

And he made an angry movement towards Skinner, who promptly passed on, still chuckling, to retail what he had heard to other fellows.

The two juniors regarded Sir James very dubiously.

"Are you serious, Vivian?" Lord Mauleverer gasped at last. "Do you really mean that you take strong drink?"

Sir James grinned through the smoke, apparently enjoying the concern and horror in the face of his unfortunate noble relative.

"Course I 'ave!" he said contemptuously. "Boozy Smith used to give me a taste of gin sometimes, when he was flush. He wasn't a bad sort!"

"The awful villain!" gasped Mauleverer.

"But you don't like it?" said Delarey.

"Well, it keeps the cold out," said Sir James cautiously. "When there's a bloomin' wind, and you ain't got enough rags to cover yer bones, you want something to keep the cold out, don't you?"

"Oh, begad!"

"Don't you be alarmed," grinned Sir James. "Ole Brooke was reglar 'orried when I told 'im, and he made me promise never to touch it no more. I'm a bloke what can keep a promise!"

"Thank goodness for that!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Don't talk about it among the fellows, Vivian! And—and don't smoke!"

"I like smokin'."

"But you mustn't do it, really!"

"Why can't a bloke do as he likes?" said Sir James. "I can tell yer I did as I liked in Carker's Rents!"

"You're not in Carker's Rents now," said Delarey quietly. "You mustn't do anything of the kind here, Vivian. It's against the rules; and to do such a thing secretly against the rules is caddish. Now, be a good chap and chuck it!"

Sir James hesitated a few moments, and then he threw the cigarette into the fire.

"Oid right," he said.

"You might be turned out of the school if it were known, kid," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh, by gum!" said Sir James. "Mighty pertickler 'ere, I must say! And s'pose I was to 'ave a drop o' gin?"

Lord Mauleverer shuddered.

"If such a thing were found out, you'd be sent away from Greyfriars by the next train," he said. "The Head wouldn't allow you to stay in the school a minute after he knew!"

"Oh, erikey! Werry pertickler old gent!"

"But you wouldn't do it, Vivian?"

"Ain't I said I promised ole Brooke?" said Sir James. "Think I'm a cove to break me blinkin' promise?"

"No, no; I'm sure not!" gasped Mauleverer.

"Got any more cigarettes?" asked Delarey.

"Jest a few."

"Put them into the fire, then, like a good kid!"

Sir James hesitated a few minutes, evidently thinking it out. Then he took out the smokes, and consigned them

to the fire. He could see that the South African junior meant kindly by him, and Sir James was anxious, in his own way, to make himself worthy of Greyfriars.

Sir James was stared at when he came into the Common-room later. A fellow of under fifteen, who smoked and had drunk spirits, was a rarity at Greyfriars, naturally, and Skinner had spread the story.

Skinner & Co., as a matter of fact, were given to smoking in secret, but they drew the line at that. The most reckless of the black sheep of Greyfriars shied at strong liquor. Poor Vivian's training had been different. He

"I've lammed yer once, and I can lam yer agin, if I 'ave too much of yer mouth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The finefulness of the esteemed flow of language is terrific!" grinned Hurree Singh.

"Quite a treat!" chuckled Skinner. "I wonder what our people would say if they saw that young blackguard here?"

"Blackguard yourself!" retorted Sir James. "Look 'ere, Mr. Skinner, I don't want any more of your lip! Savvy that?"

"Don't talk to me!" said Skinner con-

"Orlight!" said Sir James.

Skinner staggered back, panting.

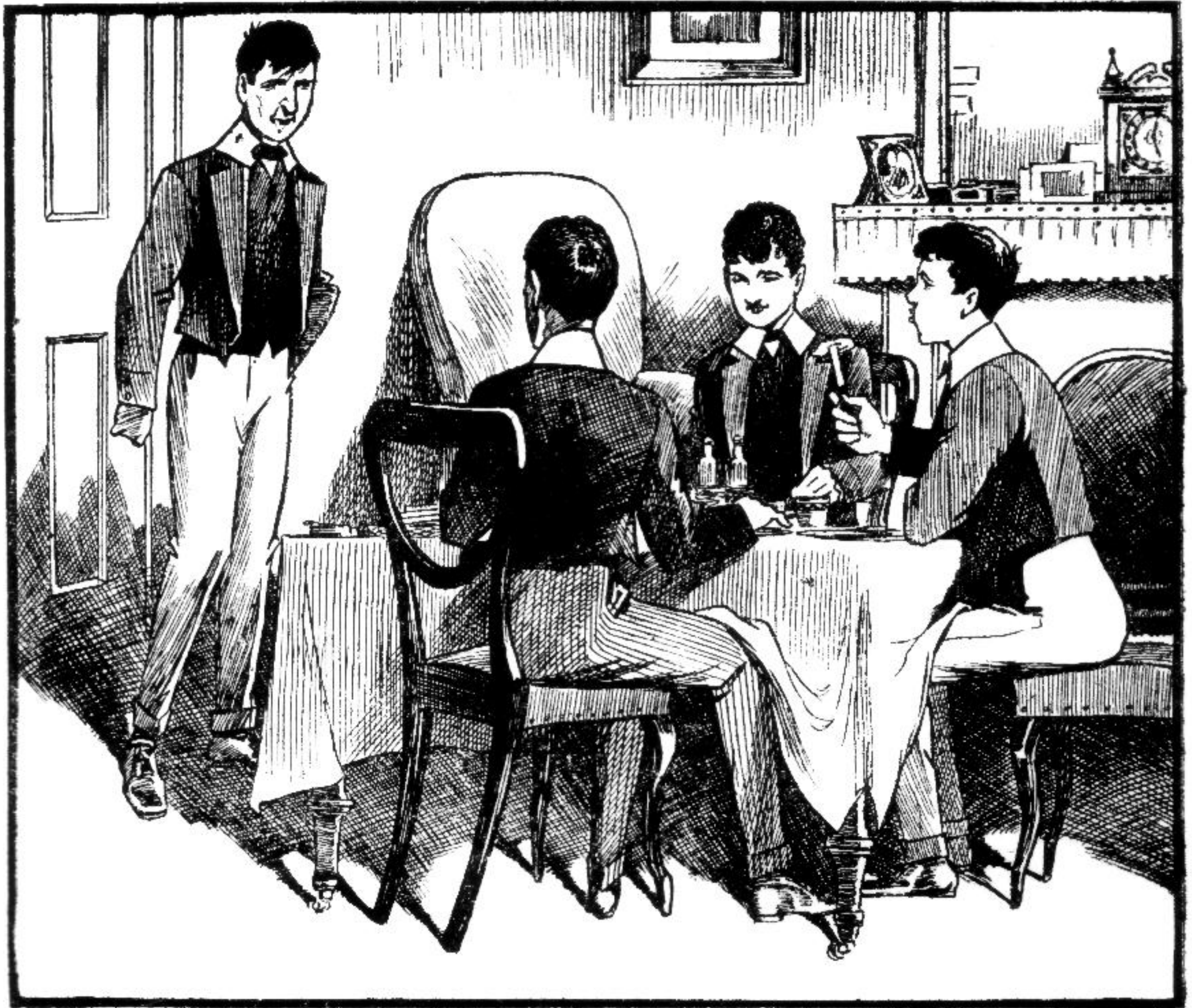
"The young ruffian attacked me, sir

"I have little doubt that you were persecuting him, Skinner," said the Remove-master frowning. "You are a very ill-natured boy, Skinner."

"I only said what I thought, sir," said Skinner. "I suppose we're not expected to approve of a kid of his age drinking spirits—"

"Shut up, you cad!" whispered Wharton fiercely.

"What?" Mr. Quelch's voice was like thunder. "What have you dared to say, Skinner?"



There was a tap at the door, and Fisher T. Fish looked in. There were no welcoming looks for Fish, but he did not mind. (See Chapter 5.)

had seen the drunkenness on all sides of him in his wretched early days, and had not even known it for a vice. That men should drink had seemed as natural to the little waif of the slums as that they should breathe.

"So you're a merry boozier—what?" said Bolsover major, as he came in.

"Don't you be cheeky, funny face!" said Sir James loftily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Smokes, too?" grinned Skinner. "You should have seen him in Maudy's study, puffing away like a bargee!"

"Well, you smoke, and you've been taught better, Skinner," said Harry Wharton. "You can shut up, any-
way!"

"Yes, you shut up," said Sir James,

temptuously. "You're not fit for a decent chap to talk to!"

Sir James pushed back his cuffs, and spat on his hands—a proceeding that made the juniors stare.

"Come on!" he said.

"Give him a dot in the eye!" said Squiff encouragingly. "You've asked for it, Skinner. Why can't you let the poor kid alone?"

Sir James was on the war-path again. Skinner backed away towards the door, but not in time. Sir James collared him, seeking to get his head into chancery, and there was a scuffle, the Removites looking on grinning.

"What is this?" Mr. Quelch stepped into the Common-room. "Cease this at once! Separate! Do you hear?"

There was a dead silence in the room. But Skinner was quite cool. He intended to let the Form-master know what he had found out. Fisticuffs were not in Skinner's line; but there were other ways of paying off a score, and Skinner was an adept at them.

"I only know what he said himself, sir," he replied. "I heard him bragging of it. Naturally, I expressed my contempt."

Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes upon the schoolboy baronet.

"Vivian, is it possible that this is correct? Is it possible, boy, that you have been in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquor?"

Sir James looked sulky.

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"Course I 'ave!" he answered.

"Goodness gracious!"

"There ain't a kid in Carker's Rents wot ain't, when he got the chance," said Sir James. "The old women gives it to the kids to keep 'em quiet when they 'owl!"

Mr. Quelch shuddered.

"Vivian, please say no more! I cannot blame you, considering everything. But understand, boy, that if anything of the kind should happen here, you will be sent away from the school instantly!"

"I ain't going to do it, sir. I promised ole Brooke that I wouldn't."

"You must keep that promise, Vivian! Bless my soul!"

Mr. Quelch rustled away, greatly perturbed. He was more than ever doubtful of the success of Sir Reginald Brooke's experiment with the waiif from the slums; more than ever doubtful whether the unfortunate lad should have been admitted to Greyfriars at all. He could not justly be blamed, as it were, yet it was horrifying to think of, and he seemed to bring a breath, as it were, of the hideous life of the slums into the quiet and scholarly atmosphere of Greyfriars.

"Well, that takes the cake!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Poor little beast! But—but we ought to stand by him, you fellows."

"And we're going to," said Harry Wharton quietly. "It's not his fault—it's the fault of those in authority who allow such things to go on. We're going to take him up and help Mauly look after him."

Wibley of the Remove looked into the Common-room.

"Rehearsal, you chaps!" he called out.

"Right-ho, Wib!"

Harry Wharton crossed over to Vivian, who was standing by the fire, staring into it with a moody face. He glanced up sulkily as the captain of the Remove tapped him on the shoulder.

"Watcher want?" he snapped. "Don't tetch me! I ain't fit to be tetched!"

"Rats!" said Wharton smiling. "Have you ever gone in for amateur theatricals, kid?"

"Wot's that?"

"H'm! Play-acting, you know. We do a lot of it here, and we've got some on this evening. Like to join in?"

Sir James brightened up.

"Like a bird!" he said cheerfully.

"You ain't a bad sort—not like that bloke Skinner!"

"I hope not!" said Harry. "Don't mind Skinner; he can't help being mean. Come along, old son!"

And Sir James trotted along with the chums of the Remove to the Rag, where the Remove Dramatic Society were to rehearse "Hamlet."

And Wibley was persuaded to allot the baronet a part as an extra courtier, and Sir James passed his evening very cheerfully till prep, though, after he had made one remark, Wibley decided that he had better not have a speaking part.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Skinner's Scheme!

SIR JIMMY ceased to attract special attention in a few days. Remarkable as he was, the Remove got used to him. Most of the fellows, indeed, as they learned more of the unfortunate lad's history, made it a point to be decent to him. Even Bolsover major, who was inclined to be very much down on him at first, relented, and did not trouble him.

But Skinner remained implacable, and Snoop shared his feelings. Skinner could not forget that he had been licked by the rank outsider, and that he had shown decided funk in the process. And the way the other fellows condemned his underhand persecution of the new boy only embittered Skinner all the more.

Skinner persuaded himself that such a hoodigan ought never to have been admitted to Greyfriars—or, at all events, that he ought to have taken Skinner's unobtrusive persecution in a bumble spirit. And Sir James' spirit was far from malleable. He was ready to pull Skinner's nose at a word, as he had already pulled Snoop's. And neither of the snobs of the Remove could forgive him—or wanted to forgive him, for that matter.

But Skinner found it necessary to be cautious. Harry Wharton & Co. were quite ready to deal with him if required—and they did as soon as it was required. A caricature appeared on the Common-room wall of Sir James in a rolling condition, with a bottle in his hand, and the Famous Five immediately collared Skinner, and bumped him three times, hard, and made him put his caricature on the fire.

After that Skinner was very cautious,

though he was feeling more bitter than ever.

And a scheme was already working in Skinner's fertile brain—he was seldom at a loss for one when he had a purpose to serve.

Sir James had not smoked since the scene in Lord Mauleverer's study, but that he had given up the practice Skinner did not believe for a moment. He proceeded to put the matter to the test. He discussed it with Snoop, and that cheerful youth met Sir James with a genial smile one day after lessons.

"Busy?" he asked, very civilly. The baronet looked at him suspiciously.

"No," he said curtly.

Snoop lowered his voice.

"Like a fag?"

"A wot?"

"Smoke, you know." Snoop showed a packet of cigarettes in his hand. "Keep it dark, of course!"

Sir James hesitated.

"Mauly don't like it," he said.

"Well, you needn't smoke in Mauly's study," said Snoop, laughing. "Go into the library—nobody ever goes there."

Sir James grinned.

"Well, why shouldn't a bloke, if he likes?" he said.

"Why not?" echoed Snoop. "You needn't say I gave it you, of course."

"Course not!" agreed Sir James.

He took a cigarette from the packet, and went into the library. Snoop scuttled away, grinning, and joined Skinner.

"All serene!" he remarked. "He's gone into the library with it, and old Quelch always goes there at six. He'll catch him!"

And the precious pair walked away chuckling.

A few minutes later Mr. Quelch opened the library door, and started. A smell very unusual in that learned apartment—greeted his nose, the smell of tobacco.

Mr. Quelch stepped into the room, his face very grim.

Sir James was seated in one of the library chairs, with his boots on another, blowing out smoke. The Remove master stood petrified for a moment.

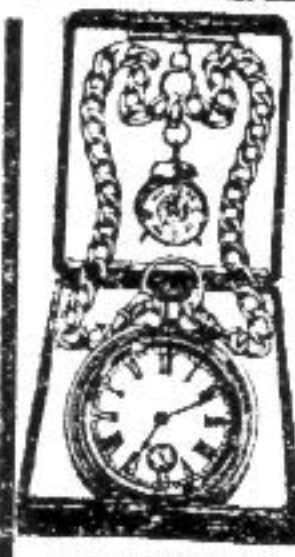
"Vivian!" he ejaculated at last.

Sir James jumped up, his face crimson. He made an attempt to hide the cigarette in his sleeve, and uttered a howl as the hot end burned his wrist.

"Yow!"

"Vivian, you are smoking—here!"

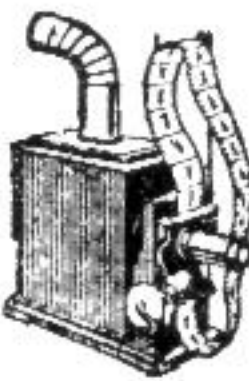
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There was no denying it. The unfortunate baronet was caught in the act.

"I am sorry to see this, Vivian," said Mr. Quelch gravely. "I am ready to make every allowance for ignorance on your part, but you know you have done wrong. You will fetch the cane from my study, Vivian!"

"Yessir!" stammered Sir Jimmy.

He left the library, and returned with the cane.

Swish, swish!

"You can take the cane back, Vivian," said Mr. Quelch, not unkindly.

"Yessir!"

Sir James took the cane back to the Form-master's study. His face was very thoughtful. He came out of the study again, rubbing his hands. Harry Wharton met him in the passage, and stopped.

"Licked?" he asked.

Sir James nodded.

"One on each 'and—reg'lar twisters!" he said. "I been caught smoking."

"You young rascal!" said Wharton.

"Well, I knowed I oughtn't to go for to do it," said Sir Jimmy honestly. "I ain't blaming the old gent fur laying inter me. But it's 'ard to git outer old 'abits. I never thought he'd catch me in the library."

"You young ass! Quelch generally goes there about this time," said the captain of the Remove.

"I been thinkin' about that 'ere," said Sir James, with a nod. "Bloke wot gives me the smoke said it was a safe place, as nobody never went there, and then in comes the old gent."

"Then it was a rotten trick!" said Wharton angrily. "He meant you to be caught."

"I knows that now," said Sir James quietly. "I'll keep my eye open arter this, you bet your sweet life!"

Skinner and Snoop were chuckling together in the quadrangle when Sir James came out, still rubbing his hands. The baronet glanced at them, but he walked away in a different direction.

"Caught the little beast fair and square!" said Skinner, with complete satisfaction. "That's a beginning, Snoopsey."

"What next?" said Snoop, grinning.

Skinner looked round cautiously.

"That's got him into Quekhy's black books," he said. "Quekhy knows now what a vicious little beast it is."

"Ha, ha!"

"Next time it'll be a bit more serious. You know what he was," said Skinner, his lip curling. "He used to drink with the hooligans in his slum, and if he got a chance he'd begin again, like a bird—I'm sure of that."

"Not much doubt about it," agreed Snoop. "But he won't get a chance here."

"Who knows?" Skinner grinned. "Gosling keeps a bottle of gin in his lodge—and a young rascal like that might get at it."

"My hat!"

Snoop looked startled.

"And that would be the finish for him here," said Skinner between his teeth. "He ought to be turned out of the school. You know that!"

"Yes, rather! But—but——"

"Well, if he breaks out—and I'm certain he will if he gets the chance—he will be kicked out, and serve him right! It's a disgrace to Greyfriars to have him here."

"But—but it's risky," muttered Snoop. "I—I'd rather not have a hand in anything of that kind."

"You needn't! I'm going to do it. Keep it dark, that's all. It's my duty to rid Greyfriars of a disgrace like that," added Skinner loftily.

And for some time after that Skinner was thinking very deeply on the subject of the best way to carry out that painful duty.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Sir James' Little Joke!

"MY heye!" Sir Jimmy uttered that exclamation as he came into his study on Saturday afternoon.

The baronet was feeling rather lonely that afternoon. Lord Mauleverer had gone to tea at the vicarage, and taken Delarey with him. With all his desire to befriend his unfortunate relation, Mauleverer could not venture to take Sir James to Mr. Lambe's with him. The astonishment of the good vicar would have been too painful.

Harry Wharton & Co. were playing football, having a match on with the

Shell. Sir James, who had come on very well at footer, had watched the match for some time. After tea, there was to be another rehearsal in the Rag, with Sir James in the cast. Wibley, the stage-manager, was extremely pleased with his new recruit. The new junior had shown a marked aptitude for acting, and Wib declared that he would have found him a better part if he could have been trusted to open his mouth on the stage. But it had to be admitted that Sir James' extraordinary flow of language and his amazing accent would be quite out of place in a Shakespearian performance.

Sir Jimmy came into the study, intending to read before the fire till the footer match was over, and then join the Famous Five at tea, Harry Wharton having made it a special point to ask him, as Mauleverer was out. As he came into the study he caught sight of a bottle on the table. And he ejaculated "My heye!" in suppressed tones.

It was a gin bottle. Poor Jimmy had seen such bottles often enough, though not of late.

He stared at it, and a black frown came over his face. He had not forgotten the incident of the cigarette in the library.

"My heye!" he murmured again.

He removed the cork from the bottle, and sniffed. An expression of distaste came over his face. His new surroundings had had more effect upon the boy than he realised himself, and the sight and smell of the liquor only inspired him with disgust.

"I wonder," murmured Sir James. "I wonder what they lets 'em make such stuff for? It don't do nobody no good, that's a cert. I s'pose there's profits made out of it. Werry kind of the young gent to put it 'ere for me—werry kind, indeed!"

There was a cautious step in the passage, and Sir Jimmy chuckled silently as he heard it.

The footfall was very faint, and it stopped outside the study door.

Sir James took a tumbler from the cupboard, and poured the liquor into it, with a gurgling sound.

"Prime!"

He heard a quick gasp outside the study. Then the faint footfalls receded.

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Harold Skinner hurried down the passage and joined Snoop at the corner.

Snoop gave him a startled look.

"Well?" he muttered.

"Come and listen!" whispered Skinner. "He's at it! I knew he would be when I put it there. He was only waiting for a chance."

"I—I say—it's rotten——"

"Oughtn't the horrible little beast to be turned out of Greyfriars?" demanded Skinner.

"Well, yes—but——"

"Well, he'll get turned out for this, and that's what we want. He was bound to break out sooner or later, as he's that sort."

"Yes, that's so."

"Come and listen!" repeated Skinner.

The two young rascals tiptoed down the passage to the door of No. 12. From the study came a voice raised in stut-tering song:

"Come where the booze is cheaper! Come where the pots hold more!"

"That's the kind of song he was brought up on," chuckled Skinner.

"Mind! He'll hear you!"

"Pooh! He's squiffy by this time!"

There was a gurgling sound, and the clink of a glass against a bottle. Then a crash.

"He's dropped the glass!"

Snoop looked quite scared.

"Let's get away," he muttered. "I—I don't like this! He—he may get violent, too!"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Skinner coolly. "He may start smashing up the study! Nice for Mauly!"

"Come away!" muttered Snoop.

Crash!

It was the sound of a chair being hurled to the floor. Snoop started at a run down the passage, and Skinner followed him. Another crash sounded in the study.

"Fairly broken out!" grinned Skinner.

"It's horrible," said Snoop, with a shudder. "I—I wish you hadn't done it, Skinney. It's too low down."

"Rot! He ought to be shown up."

Skinner sauntered cheerily out into the quadrangle whistling. Snoop followed him, looking rather white. They glanced up at the windows of Mauleverer's study from the quad. The echo of another crash came to their ears.

"Let's go down to footer," said Skinner.

The precious pair watched the football match to its conclusion. Harry Wharton & Co. came off the field, having drawn with the Shell. Skinner & Co. followed them back to the house. They could guess the state the wretched Sir Jimmy was in by this time, and they wanted the discovery made.

The footballers changed in the dormitory, and came down to the Remove passage to tea.

"Call young Vivian, Bob," said Harry Wharton, as he jammed the kettle on the fire.

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry.

He went along cheerily to No. 12, knocked at the door, and threw it open.

"Come on, Vivian! Tea!" he called in.

Then he gave a jump.

There was a strong smell—a bitter, unpleasant smell—in the study. On the floor lay a shattered glass, and beside it an overturned bottle. Sir James was lying back in the armchair with half-closed eyes.

Bob Cherry stood rooted to the floor. Every trace of colour had fled from his ruddy face. His eyes almost started from his head with horror.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 471.

"Vivian!" muttered Bob, at last.

Skinner came along the passage.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

Bob stepped out of the study, and closed the door before the cad of the Remove could look in.

"Don't go in," he muttered.

"Why not?"

Bob's eyes blazed.

"Because I'll smash you if you do!" he broke out. "Mind, I mean it! You're not to go into that study!"

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't want to go in," he sneered. "What a smell of spirits! Has that young slum bouncer been drinking?"

Bob did not reply; but he hurried down the passage to Study No. 1. Preparations for tea were going on there; but they ceased as Bob came in. The Co. stared at his white face in blank amazement.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Nugent.

"My esteemed Bob——"

"Something's happened," said Bob huskily. "Something beastly! Come along to Vivian's study, you fellows. Come quick!"

"But what——"

"Come at once!"

The chums of the Remove, in wonder and alarm, followed Bob Cherry. The door of Study No. 12 was already open. Bolsover major had opened it. Skinner had already collected a crowd of Removites on the spot.

A dozen fellows were staring in at Sir James, in disgust and horror. Harry Wharton & Co. pushed their way in.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Wharton. "Vivian!"

Sir James blinked at him.

"Give us another drop, cocky!"

"What?"

"Where's that blooming bottle?"

"What's the matter here, dear boys?"

Lord Mauleverer came along the passage with Delarey. What's happened? Study on fire?"

"Only your cheery relation," giggled Skinner.

"Anythin' wrong with Vivian?"

"Only aerowed, that's all!"

"Wha-a-at!"

Lord Mauleverer shoved his way into the study. His jaw dropped at the sight of the boy.

"Hallo, cocky!" stuttered Sir James. "Gimme that bottle? Where's that blinkin' bottle, hey?"

"Oh, begad!"

"I'm going to fetch Mr. Quelch," said Skinner. "He ought to see this."

"Stop!" exclaimed Wharton.

"I tell you I'm going. It's my duty," said Skinner loftily. "We can't have this kind of thing going on at Greyfriars!"

And Skinner fairly ran down the passage.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Skinner;

"O H, begad! What's goin' to be done?"

Lord Mauleverer fairly groaned.

"Poor little beast!" said Squiff. "How did he get the stuff here? What an awful training he must have had! Poor little beast!"

"The awfulness is terrific," groaned Hurree Singh. "The esteemed and disgusting person will be expelled."

The juniors stood looking at the hapless youth in horror and dismay. There was no concealing what had happened. Even if they had felt justified in concealing it and that was doubtful—it was impossible. The virtuous Skinner had gone for the Form-master. Indeed,

thinking it over, Wharton could not see what else was to be done. It was a matter that only Mr. Quelch and the Head could deal with.

"Here comes Quelch!" whispered Hazeldene.

The juniors crowded back to give the Form-master room. Mr. Quelch fairly swept up the passage. His face was like thunder.

"What is this?" he gasped. "What does Skinner tell me? That unfortunate boy——"

"Tain't his fault, sir!" groaned Lord Mauleverer. "Some frightful beast must have given him the stuff!"

Mr. Quelch gazed at Vivian petrified. "A Greyfriars boy under the influence of liquor!" The Form-master seemed scarcely able to credit his senses.

"I thought it my duty to fetch you, sir," said Skinner.

"You acted quite rightly, Skinner. Vivian!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "Rise, if you are capable of rising!"

To the amazement of the juniors, Vivian rose from the armchair. The dull, sleepy look vanished as if by magic from his face, and his bright eyes twinkled.

Like a mask dropping from his face, every sign of intoxication was gone.

"Yessir!" he said cheerfully.

"Vivian!"

"'Ere I am, sir!"

Bob Cherry gave a yell.

"Spoofed!"

"Spoofed!" repeated Harry Wharton dazedly. "The rascal was taking us in!"

"Spoofed!" stuttered Skinner. "My hat!" Skinner's face was a study at that moment.

Mr. Quelch almost staggered.

"Vivian! You—you seem to be quite in possession of your senses now! Have you—have you been drinking?"

"No, sir."

"You have not?"

"Certainly not, sir," said Sir James cheerily. "I promised ole Brooke that I wouldn't never do it, and I ain't a bloke to break my word. 'Sides, I 'ate the stuff!"

"I am very glad to hear that you hate the stuff, as you express it, Vivian," said the Remove-master sternly. "But why have you been playing a part in this manner, deceiving and alarming your Form-fellows? And where did this bottle of liquor come from?"

"Better ask the bloke wot put it 'ere, sir," said Sir James calmly. "He's 'ere at this minute, and so's his pal."

"I do not understand you, Vivian."

"I been playing a little game, sir," said Sir James, with undiminished coolness. "T'other day a cove give me a smoke, an' told me the libery was a safe place to smoke in. You copped me there, sir."

"I—I what? Oh, I caught you," said Mr. Quelch. "I remember perfectly! But what has that to do——"

"I knowed the blokes was up to their game agin when I found that there bottle on my table," grinned Sir James, apparently enjoying the staring surprise of the juniors. "I 'eard 'im come creepin' along, to listen what I was up to. So I jest poured it out for 'em to 'ear, an' made believe I was guzzlin' it. Savvy?"

"Bless my soul!"

"Then they both come along," chortled Sir James, "and I 'eard 'em muttering. They thought I was too far gone to notice anythink. So I clucked the glass on the floor, and the bottle arter it, and then a chair or so. Ha, ha, ha!" Sir James went off into a roar. "They was took in! Then I put on ole Boozy Smith's look, like I seen 'im many a time at Carker's Rents, an' waited to be found."

"You spoofing young rotter!" mut-

tered Bob Cherry. "You gave me the shock of my life."

"I'm fed up with sich games," said Sir James. "Them blokes wants to git me into trouble and turned out the school, an' I did this to show 'em up!"

Mr. Quelch's brow was very grim. "I understand perfectly, Vivian," he said. "I cannot say that I condemn you, if you were actually the victim of so detestable a scheme. I can scarcely believe that there is a boy at Greyfriars so base as to play such a trick upon this poor lad! Whoever placed that vile liquor in the room expected, and hoped, that this boy would drink it. Give me his name, Vivian!"

"There was two of 'em," said Sir James.

"Are they here?"

"Yessir!"

They were still there, for Harry Wharton & Co. had stood firmly in the way as Skinner and Snoop attempted to sink off. The Co. did not need telling who the two were. Skinner and Snoop had to remain and face the music, with pale faces and knocking knees.

"Point them out to me," said Mr. Quelch.

Sir James hesitated.

"I did this 'ere to show 'em up, and make 'em stop their blooming tricks," he said. "I ain't giving them away, though!"

"What!"

"Heverybody 'ere knows who they are," said Sir James. "That's enough for me."

"It is not enough for me," said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Wharton, are you aware of the identity of the two boys in question?"

"I think so, sir," said Harry. "And I can answer for it, sir, that the Remove will let them know what it thinks of them."

"The matter cannot be left to the Remove," said Mr. Quelch, frowning. "Vivian, I demand the names of the two boys in question!"

Sir Jimmy's lips set obstinately.

"Ole Brooke says to me, says he, never sneak or tell tales, says he, and you'll get on at Greyfriars. And I promised that I wouldn't," he said. "I don't care if you lick me, sir!"

Mr. Quelch looked at him fixedly for some moments.

"Very well, Vivian," he said at last. "I am glad to see that you understand the weight of a promise, and it shall be far from me to order you to break it. I shall investigate this matter strictly."

Mr. Quelch left the study.

As his footsteps died away down the passage, the Removites closed round Skinner and Snoop.

"You unspeakable cads!" said Harry Wharton. "It was you!"

"I—I—" stammered Skinner.

"It was them blokes, of course," said Sir James. "They 'oped I was goin' to be kicked out of the school. I reckon they'd be kicked out if I was to tell about them."

"Good man!" said Bob Cherry. "Never sneak! But these cads are going through it!"

"A Form ragging will meet the case," said Johnny Bull.

"Hold on!" Lord Mauleverer chipped in. "Hold my jacket, Wharton! This isn't goin' to be a raggin', it's goin' to be a fight—two blessed fights! Skinner first. Come on, Skinner!"

Lord Mauleverer was called the slacker of the Remove, and he was popularly supposed to be almost too lazy to live. But during the following ten minutes he did not look much like a slacker. His lordship's noble blood was boiling, and he sailed into Skinner in a way that made the Removites roar applause. The

wretched schemer had to go through it. When he threw himself on the floor, and refused to rise, Bob Cherry dragged him up by the ears; and after that had happened twice, Skinner fought it out. It was a terrific fight. And when it was all over, Skinner lay on the floor a complete wreck. Then Sidney James Snoop, who had watched the scene with bulging eyes, was called upon to take his turn. He took it. By the time his lordship had finished, Snoop was as great a wreck as Skinner.

"Now kick them out, begad!" gasped his lordship.

Skinner and Snoop were kicked out. Bob Cherry patted Mauleverer on the back.

"Good old House of Lords!" chuckled Bob. "If anybody calls you a slacker again, Mauly, I'll call him a Prussian."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Begad! I'm quite tired," gasped his lordship, sinking on the sofa. "Did I give them a good lickin'?"

"Ha, ha! Terrific!"

Skinner and Snoop's punishment had indeed been terrific. They turned up on the following morning with swollen noses and blackened eyes, and Mr. Quelch, for some reason, did not inquire into the cause. Perhaps he guessed that the two delinquents had been found out and adequately punished. Skinner and Snoop felt that the punishment had been more than adequate; and it was a lesson they did not forget. The unfortunate schemers realised that they had met more than their match in Sir Jimmy of Greyfriars!

THE END.

(Don't miss "THE GREAT FAT-CURE!"—next Monday's grand story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)

The Editor's Chat.

For Next Monday :

"THE GREAT FAT-CURE!"

To be appreciated at last—to be taken at what he fondly imagines to be his true worth—what a treat for Billy Bunter! How does it happen, and who is the discriminating person? That you will read next week. To be allowed as much grub as he can eat, with the tuckshop bill footed by the school authorities—was there ever so golden a dream? Why, it is better even than holding the high post of Gorging Exhibit in a circus—the most fascinating job the Owl has found hitherto. But the golden dream is rudely dispelled, and Bunter comes down to flat earth with a dreadful jolt. Alas, poor Bunter!

THE "MAGNET" IN ITS NEW DRESS.

Only experiment could show us exactly how our paper would look after the changes consequent upon the reduction in size was made. But I must say that I, for one, regard the experiment as an emphatic success. The long, complete story has not suffered by a line in length, though it goes into fewer pages, owing to the three-column setting and the cutting down of the illustrations. That these may be missed, I know, but, after all, to the majority of readers the reading-matter counts for most. The three-column setting gives a very neat and attractive page. There may not be quite the same space for other matter, but the difference is small, and it should not be

forgotten that the notice-form and rules have been cut out, though for some time to come we must give a little space when possible to working off the many notices already in hand. Write and tell me what you think of the changes; but do please remember that the change in size was not a thing of choice, but of necessity. To reproach me with it is simply waste of time. And nowadays we ought not to waste anything, you know.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The Greyfriars Gallery has undoubtedly caught on. Not a single letter of complaint about it has reached me, while there have been hundreds expressing the highest approval. I have no doubt that the running of extracts from the "Greyfriars Herald" for a few weeks will also be popular. Many readers have asked for this as a permanent feature. I don't know about that. There are also many who appreciate a good adventure story, and others who like a school serial, and we do not want to leave anyone out in the cold.

A HINT.

I know that lots of you are doing all you can to get new readers. Don't forget when you enlist one to tell him that he should give an order for the paper. The whole system of returns, as news-agents call the unsold copies which they send back, has been revised during the last year, and the agents are only ordering what they feel pretty sure of selling, while, to avoid waste, we do not allow so big a margin in printing as we did. Thus there is the risk that anyone who fails to order may get left.

THE "PENNY POPULAR."

The reception given to the New Year's Number of the "P.P.," in which the Greyfriars stories from the early issues of this paper began, was in every way gratifying. Some of you, I am sure—lots of you, indeed—must have worked hard for us, and I thank you heartily. But don't relax your efforts now. More yet remains to be done, for there must be many readers of this paper who still do not get the "P.P.," and they really cannot afford to miss it. There is not one of them to whom the Greyfriars series will not be of intense interest. But I fear there are some of them who don't read my "Chat" every week. So just tell your chums. There is no advertisement like the good word of the person who is convinced of the merit of what he recommends, you know!

FOOTBALL NOTICES.

Matches Wanted By :

LONG EATON CORY UNITED (17-18)—12-mile r.—W. Grimwade, 2, Dale Avenue, Long Eaton.

MOSTON VILLA (13½)—4-mile r.—L. Scragg, 39, Moston Lane, Brockley, Manchester.

AYLESBURY JUNIORS (16-17)—F. Pearson, Post Office, Dinton, Aylesbury.

PALATINE JUNIORS (15)—4-mile r.—A. C. Haiat, 10, Palatine Rd., Withington, Manchester.

Your Editor

THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

No. 7.--PETER TODD.



Peter Todd

THE reader who tries to explain to himself or to anyone else—why he is so keen on the Greyfriars stories has probably long before this recognised that one big reason is the variety of characters which figure upon our mimic stage. Not only are there many characters, but they are so wonderfully well differentiated from one another.

Six have been dealt with already in this series—Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, George Wingate, Percy Bolsover, Mark Linley, and Johnny Bull. Just think of those six, and try to realise how markedly each differs from another, though all but one are genuinely good fellows! How clearly each stands out in one's mental vision, as if one had known them all in the flesh!

And remember those still to come—Vernon-Smith, Frank Nugent, Indy, Bunter, Skianer, Fish, Squiff, and many more! As different from one another as the people one meets, and all alive!

Peter Todd is quite apart from any one of them. He is very much like his cousin Alonzo, as far as looks go; but there the likeness ends, except that both are honest as the day.

But Lonzy's is the honesty of pure simplicity. He could not be a rogue if he would. Peter's is a shrewd honesty. There is something of the grown-up man about Toddy, as his friends call him. He has an old head on young shoulders. It is not for nothing that he studies law books which seem as dry as dust to his fellow juniors.

With all that, Peter is as ready for a jape as anyone, and more audacious in his japing than most. Do you remember when he borrowed a suit of armour from the school museum, and went around in it to be quite safe from the vengeance of Loder, whose study he had decorated with paint in a manner far more lavish than artistic? When he

came to Greyfriars, though not as an ordinary visitor. He had been on his way to visit an aunt, and had written to Alonzo to come up to the station to see him as he passed through. This particular aunt was just exactly poor harmless Lonzy's sort, which is to say, that she did not suit Peter at all.

So Peter persuaded his cousin to go on to the aunt's habitation while he masqueraded in borrowed plumes in the Remove. And great indeed was the wonder when Alonzo—as it was believed suddenly woke up, bucked up, and did things—things that astounded even the boldest spirits of the Form!

A little later Peter had his chance to come back to Greyfriars on a proper footing. He caught at it, of course. He came full of ambition. Not for him a modest back seat! Toddy knew his own value too well for that.

Before his coming Billy Bunter had for some time had No. 7 Study to himself. Bunter was greatly aggrieved when he heard that the two Todds and Tom Dutton were henceforth to share with him that apartment.

But it has been a good thing for Bunter. Many as are the scrapes his greed and unscrupulousness have led him into, they would have been many more if it had not been for Peter; and in some of the worst of them Peter has helped him generously. The chances are that if W. G. B. really has a friendly feeling for anyone at Greyfriars—one cannot be sure—he has such a feeling for Peter Todd, and that in spite of the cricket stump which is Toddy's principal instrument in trying to keep the Owl in the straight path.

There was a time when Peter planned to make No. 7 top study. If there had been four Peter Todds in it he might have managed it. But Tom Dutton, handicapped by his deafness; Lonzy, the harmless; and Bunter, the iniqui-

made a villainous mixture for Wingate, under the mistaken idea that the skipper needed a warning against the evils of "blagging"? When he played all sorts of tricks on Uncle Benjamin?

But he had a most kindly purpose in that; and, for that matter, Toddy is always to be counted upon when kindness is wanted. Uncle Benjy suffered because he had not been able to decide which nephew he would take with him for a holiday. Peter knew that Alonzo badly needed that holiday, and went in for making himself obnoxious to Uncle Benjy so that it should be quite certain Alonzo got it!

It was as a visitor that Toddy first

tous—what a scratch trio to look to for support!

It did not come off, though Toddy did fight and lick Bob Cherry, and saved Bob from drowning later. But Toddy has not given up his ambitions. He feels within him the capacity for leadership, and we may yet hear of his having a shot at replacing Harry Wharton—not from dislike, not entirely out of jealousy, but just because anyone so masterful as Toddy finds it hard to play second fiddle to another fellow all the time.

Peter's law studies have more than once proved useful. They were useful to Penfold's father, and to Mrs. Chirpey, when, in the absence of her soldier husband, the brokers were put in at her cottage. Toddy may not yet know all the law there is to know, but he is well grounded in such matters as the law of distraint, the limitations as to dealings with minors, and so on.

One very bad break Peter made. He became a Pagan! He joined himself with such as Skinner & Co. in Sunday football and similar folly. But it did not last long. Let us look back upon it as a bad dream!

There are many things about Toddy which one might dwell upon here, if it were not for the question of space. There was the pony race at Friardale, when the Four Freaks—as Study No. 7 had come to be called—scored a distinct success, in spite of the machinations of the Highcliffe nuts. Tom Dutton first, Peter second, Alonzo third! It did not matter that Bunter was last!

There was the journey to Switzerland to the aid of Lonzy and good old Uncle Benjy, stranded there by the war. Peter's one-time bitter enemy, the Bounder, was his comrade in that enterprise, and the two touched the skirts of the great conflict, and saw something of its heroism and its horrors.

Toddy was one of the moonlight footballers, of course, and also one of the black footballers, and likewise one of the supposed girls' team who beat Dick Rake & Co. Must have taken some making up as a girl, our man Toddy! And Peter raised a Remove team of his own, in opposition to the official team, to play for the Coker Cup, and he worked so hard to get his men in form that they beat the Shell, and put up a good fight against Wharton's side.

But that was in the days before he got his place in the Remove eleven, to which he is a tower of strength in the half-back line now. A capital cricketer, too, and a budding author, with quite a pretty sarcastic wit of his own.

And an amateur detective of the detective type, with more than a touch of the cross-examining barrister—just the fellow to see through the Prussianisms of Bunter and Skinner.

Cool, resourceful, plucky, generous—he should go far, this Peter Todd!

EXTRACTS FROM
THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

THE MISSING MINISTER!

An Adventure of Herlock Sholmes.

By PETER TODD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

IT is not generally known that at a certain period of the war Government circles were thrown into a state of consternation and dismay by the disappearance of the great Minister whose firm hand upon the helm had so long guided the ship of State safely through seas of Parliamentary eloquence. His name (deleted by Censor) is known wherever the art of rhetoric is prized, and even his opponents admit that he had no equal either at waiting or at seeing. That the whole Empire was not thrown into dismay and confusion at this crisis was entirely due to my amazing friend, Herlock Sholmes.

Dismay, almost paralysis, had fallen upon this great Minister's colleagues. The fount of eloquence had dried up. The stirring speeches with which he had met the cannon salvos of the Huns had ceased. The enemy guns still thundered, but no flow of epoch-making oratory was there to answer them.

Fortunately, Herlock Sholmes was available.

A telegram from the Red Tape Office apprised him of the news. In three seconds he had thrown aside his pipes, buttoned his dressing-gown, thrust a flask of cocaine into his pocket, and was descending the stairs four at a time. I dashed after him, and a taxi bore us at breakneck speed to the Red Tape Office.

All was dismay when we arrived there.

The news had been kept secret, as may be guessed. The Empire, hitherto held together by the eloquence of this great Minister, would have fallen asunder had it known that his stirring voice was stilled. A secretary, in a state of great agitation, met us in the private cabinet of the missing Minister.

"Kindly give us a few details," said Sholmes. "You may speak quite freely before my friend Dr. Jotson."

The secretary passed his hand over his perspiring brow.

"The Minister has disappeared?" Sholmes asked.

"Utterly!"

"When was he last seen?"

"Yesterday afternoon. He was seen leaving his private residence, with a bag of golf-clubs under his arm."

"Golf-clubs?" repeated Sholmes.

"Exactly! Since then he has not been seen or heard of!" the secretary gasped. "It must be foul play! He has vanished. If the news becomes public, I tremble for the results. Three hundred and fifty speeches are due to be made this week, and not one of them can be uttered unless he is found!"

"In what direction was he proceeding when he was last seen?"

"Towards the railway-station."

Herlock Sholmes knitted his brows. "Foul play?" he murmured. "Perhaps. But it is possible that he may have become intoxicated with the superabundance of his own verbosity, and in that state may have wandered away."

"It is possible. But what is to be

done? We are in your hands, Mr. Sholmes."

Sholmes smiled. "You are in safe hands," he said.

"The secret must be kept. No one outside the Red Tape Office must suspect that the great man has vanished. Rely upon me. I ask but one hour. If he is not found, he must be replaced."

"Replaced!" gasped the secretary.

"Yes—until he is found. But there is no time for words. Leave it to me!"

Leaving the dismayed secretary in a state of astonishment, Sholmes rushed back to the taxi. I followed him, in amazement.

"Shaker Street!" he rapped out to the chauffeur.

"We are going home, Sholmes?" I asked.

"No."

"Where, then?"

"To Madame Trousseau's."

I sat amazed. The taxi stopped at Madame Trousseau's, and Herlock Sholmes alighted and rushed into the building. In ten minutes he returned, with a bundle as large as himself, which he placed carefully in the cab.

"Sholmes!" I gasped.

"No time for words now, Jotson! Back to the Red Tape Office, chauffeur, as fast as you can!"

The taxi whirled through the streets. At the Red Tape Office Sholmes alighted with the large bundle, leaving me in the cab, too astonished to move.

He returned in a few minutes, his face full of satisfaction.

"Home!" he said.



A wax figure was installed to act as the great Minister's substitute.

When we arrived in Shaker Street I expected an explanation, but none was forthcoming. Sholmes was busy. I asked no questions, but I watched him with increasing astonishment.

His first action was to rush to the telephone. Then he paced to and fro in the room, his dressing-gown whisking behind him, his brows corrugated with thought. He muttered to himself as if composing a speech, and I caught detached fragments of sentences, such as "Wait and see!" and "Everything is proceeding upon the most satisfactory basis, and all depends upon the rigid enforcement of economy by everyone but myself and my colleagues." And so on.

A little later a man arrived, with a large black bag. In stupefied silence I watched him unpack it, and watched Sholmes as he started work. To my intense amazement, he was making phonograph records.

I retired from the room, wondering—in fact, amazed.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

THE next day I watched the newspapers anxiously to ascertain whether there had been any leakage of the dread secret.

But there was no hint of it. The Minister's disappearance remained a secret with the Red Tape Office, Sholmes, and myself. The habits of secrecy long practised by the officials stood them in good stead now. After making for so long deep mysteries of unimportant trifles, they were well fitted to keep this great and tremendous secret.

But my amazement increased at the report of a speech by the very Minister who, I knew, was missing and untraced. I rubbed my eyes.

But there it was: "Report of the Great Speech of Mr. — to a Deputation from the Shylock Shipping Company."

I felt that I was dreaming. Sholmes was watching me across the breakfast-table, with a quiet smile. I held up the paper.

"Sholmes," I gasped, "what does this mean?"

"It means what it says, Jotson."

"But—but he has disappeared?"

"Exactly!"

"He has not returned?"

"No."

"Yet here is his speech!"

"As you see, my dear Jotson."

"I am amazed, Sholmes!"

"Naturally."

He vouchsafed no further explanation. On the following day there were the reports of nineteen further epoch-making speeches delivered by the great Minister. The next day there were seventeen more. The Minister was missing, yet he was seen daily by deputations, and his epoch-making speeches peeled off as usual from his august lips. What was the explanation of this?

Whatever was the explanation, the public remained in a state of tranquillity. To every salvo of the German guns the usual stirring speech replied; for every shell fired by the enemy a winged word was hurled back by the great Minister. All was going well. Outside the Red Tape Office not the slightest suspicion existed that the great Minister had been spirited away.

Meanwhile Sholmes was busy in the search. But that search for the missing Minister came to a sudden end by the

time a fortnight had elapsed. A message arrived from the Red Tape Department, and Sholmes smiled as he read it.

"The Minister is found, Jotson," he remarked carelessly.

"You have found him, Sholmes?"

"At least, I divined his place of retirement, and set the secretary on the track," smiled Sholmes. "Pass the cocaine, Jotson. I think I deserve an extra swig after this."

I passed the cocaine.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

HERLOCK SHOLMES took a deep draught of his favourite beverage, and smiled. He could see that I was upon tenterhooks.

"I will not tantalise you, Jotson," he said good-humouredly. "The matter is very simply explained."

"To me all is dark, Sholmes. You have found the missing Minister, yet you have not stirred from Shaker Street! Where was he found?"

"In Scotland."

"Sholmes! And how?"

"You forget the clue, Jotson. Do you not remember that when the Minister disappeared he was seen going towards the railway-station with a bag of golf-clubs? At this period of the year in peace-time he is accustomed to playing golf. The conclusion, to a trained mind, was obvious. He had forgotten that we were at war, and had started off as usual for golf. My course of action was simple. I caused inquiries to be made at every golf links in Great Britain. Upon a Scottish links the great Minister was discovered, deeply engrossed in his game, and quite oblivious of the thunder of the German guns, fortunately out of hearing. Reminded of the fact that the war was not yet over, he returned to town immediately—an example of the patriotic self-sacrifice, Jotson, which we have learned to expect from our statesmen."

I nodded. The explanation was simple. I wondered, indeed, that it had not occurred to my own mind.

"That much, Sholmes, I can understand. But during the fortnight of the great Minister's absence, how is it that he has received deputations, made speeches—"

Sholmes smiled.

"That was due to me. You remember our visit to Madame Trouseau's. In that celebrated waxwork establishment there was a life-size figure of the great Minister; you are aware of the perfection to which modern waxworks have been carried, Jotson. This wax figure was installed in the great Minister's cabinet to act as his substitute."

"But the speeches, Sholmes?"

"You saw me making records, Jotson? Really, after your study of my methods you should have guessed! In the cabinet, behind the waxwork Minister, a phonograph was installed, which, when set in motion, reeled off the expected speeches. The speeches were composed by myself on the lines laid down by that great orator, and passed muster excellently, as you have yourself seen in the newspaper reports."

"My dear Sholmes—"

"A simple device," smiled Sholmes, "which kept the public tranquil and saved the whole Empire from the keenest anxiety. It has earned me the undying gratitude of the great Minister. For, as you have observed, everything went on very well during the great man's absence; and on future occasions, when

the interests of the State conflict with those of golf, the same device may be used. The Minister has purchased the waxwork figure and the phonograph, and they are permanently installed in the Red Tape Office, to be used as occasion demands. And in the future, Jotson, strange as it may seem, not even I shall be able to guess whether we are being governed by the great Minister or by his waxwork representative!"

THE END.

THE KAISER AND THE HUNS.

By PETER TODD.

(With apologies to the Walrus and the Carpenter.)

The sun shone over Belgium fair,
'Twas like a busy hive,
And peace and plenty prospered there,
And all things seemed to thrive,
And this was odd, because, you know,
The Kaiser was alive!

The Kaiser and his Ministers,
Were walking close at hand.
They wept like anything to see
Such comfort in the land.
"If this could but be burned and spoiled,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If we should come," the Kaiser said,
"And ravage Belgium here,
Do you suppose the Britishers
Would dare to interfere?"
"We doubt it!" said his Ministers,
And drank their lager beer.

"Oh, Belgians, come and talk with us,"
The Kaiser did beseech,
"We only want a passage through—
Your neighbour's land to reach.
When that is done, we will not stick
Upon you like a leech."

"So open all your fortress gates,
And let us goose-step by,
We will not rob, or burn, or spoil—
Upon our honour high!"
His Ministers said nothing, but
They winked the other eye.

"But if you do not toe the line,
Quite brown will you be done!"
The Belgians they said nothing, but
Each man went to his gun,
Which clearly showed they did not trust
The honour of a Hun.

Then came the Huns in war array,
With guns of largest bore,
And thick and fast they came at last—
And more, and more, and more—
With German bands, and murderous
hands
Deep stained with guilt and gore.

"I weep for them!" the Kaiser said,
"I deeply sympathise!"
With sobs and tears, he snuffled out
Lies of the largest size,
Hoping that Yanks at least would put
Some faith in Prussian lies.

The mighty War-Lord's mighty plan
Was nicely cut and dried;
But Tommy Atkins filled the breach,
And stemmed the Hunnish tide,
And, later on, the Kaiser looked
For somewhere safe to hide.

(Continued on page 20.)

WONDERFUL NEW HAIR

SECURED BY

2 LADY MUNITION WORKERS!

Special Interview & Valuable Hints on Beautiful Hair Cultivation at Home.

Invitation to every reader to write for an absolutely Free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit.

WHILE Mmunition Workers are especially liable to hair troubles owing to the conditions under which their work is done, thousands of workers in other industries and professions are similarly afflicted, and would do well to give most serious consideration to the matter. Nothing so detracts from one's personal appearance as scanty, ill-coloured, unhealthy hair. It makes a man or woman look years older than he or she really is.

Almost without exception, women munition workers, and other women workers, complain of the way in which their hair is affected. The hair degenerates badly—gets "brittly," begins to "fall out," loses its "tone," is lowered in "vitality," and all this causes many heart-burnings.

Two very typical cases have just come to hand—those of Miss Robins and Miss Lowe, of 6, Nightingale Place, Woolwich, two friends who both experienced hair trouble, but who have found in "Harlene" all their hair requires. These ladies, when interviewed a few days ago, expressed themselves most emphatically as to the wonderful virtues of "Harlene."

A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE IN HAIR CULTIVATION.

"We are delighted beyond measure," said they, "for we have now been using 'Harlene' for some time. For nearly six months we have been on munition work, and are as keen as ever on doing our 'bit'—just as all the other girls are—but from the start we noticed that our hair became affected. Our machines spray oil and lubricants into the hair, and as you lean over it cannot help but cover you, and then the atmosphere and many other things are against good hair.

"Now both of us are justly proud of our hair, for we have always had long, abundant, and full tresses, so therefore it became a matter of earnest thought to us. 'What to do?' we asked ourselves, and this has been more than answered by 'Harlene.' Our hair now was never in better condition—healthy, glossy, and not a trace of weakness.

"We never tire of recommending 'Harlene,' and are positive that it is the finest preparation for the hair which women can use.

SPLENDID FREE GIFT FOR EVERY READER.

There is no longer the least excuse for anyone to remain a sufferer from hair trouble of any kind, for to every reader to-day is given an opportunity to prove the hair-beautifying qualities of "Harlene Hair-Drill" free of cost. The Inventor-

Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," Mr. Edwards, will be only too pleased to send you a Free Trial Outfit, comprising Four Gifts, on receipt of your application on the Free Coupon below.

The Free "Hair-Drill" Outfit contains:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual.



Both of these young ladies—Miss A. Robins and Miss K. Lowe—are munitioners, who tell of their interesting experience in cultivating beautiful hair in the special interview reported to-day.

ALARMING INCREASE OF HAIR TROUBLES.

There is certainly a great increase lately in all kinds of hair troubles.

Thin, Weak, Discoloured, Brittle, Greasy, Splitting or Falling Hair rob a man or woman of even the semblance of youth. Accept, then, the special War Bonus and Four-fold Free Gift.

After a Free Trial you will be always able to obtain future supplies from your local chemist

at 1/-, 2/6, or 4/6 per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2/9, with full directions as to use.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/6 per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 2d. each, or 1/- per box of seven shampoos.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE GIFT FORM.

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20-22-24-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS



THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

(Continued from page 18.)

"Some loaves of bread," the Prussians said,

"Are what we chiefly need;
This time we've put our foot in it—
Led by our Hunnish greed.
Mein Gott! That wretched British Fleet
Will never let us feed!"

"The time has come," the Kaiser said,
"To talk of many things,
We've missed the mark this time. Each
day
Our ruin nearer brings.
I sigh for peace. I really am
The peacefulest of kings"

"But wait a bit," said the Allies,
"Before we have our chat.
It really looks as if your scheme
Has fallen rather flat;
And now we've started on the job.
We'll make an end of that!"

"We've really gone a bit too far,"
Then said the Highest Hun.
"Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none,
And this was scarcely odd, because
The Huns were on the run!

WAR ECONOMY RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR 1920.

By our Special Correspondent.

Two meals a day only—both meatless.
Sugar in Sunday's tea only.
Public-houses open only once a week.
Back-doors to be fastened up by the police.
Travel by aeroplane only. (Shanks' mare allowed, however.)
Conscription for all males from 14 to 60. For females from 14 to 42. (Same thing!)

Black bread only to be eaten. ("Day & Martin" is not a necessary ingredient of black bread.)

Anyone the food inspectors find eating two portions of any course will be heavily fined by the magistrate, whose fin(e)ding will not be subject to appeal!

Income tax twenty-one shillings in the pound!

All fat people to be taxed double. (i.e. —income tax forty-two shillings in the pound, and other taxes in proportion.)

Hair to be cropped short. (Those without hair to use blacklead.)

No one to be allowed to buy new clothes. (Stealing them is also prohibited.)

Theatres open for morning performance only. Time 5.30 a.m.

People who intend leaving this country to pay £50 on application for passport. All applications will be refused, unless it is shown that the country will benefit by the absence of applicant.

No holidays to be kept—or even taken!
Women who go out to business to provide men to do the housework.

Everyone must keep a diary of his or her doings from day to day, open for inspection. (And no Prussianising allowed!)

GRUB OUTLOOK AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Sir,—As the weeks go by, and the war still goes on, the fact is made very clear that Grub is not getting cheaper.

"Pray do not misunderstand me, dear Mr. Editor, I am not raising any complaint about the supplies of what you may call comon or garden Grub. The Greyfriars bill of fair—thanks to our grand old Navy—is no skantier than it allways has been. But when we consider the question from the point of view of the tuckshop, in relation to one's pocket-

monney, we are faced with the awful problem: How much higher are prices going to sore?

"I am not, as my friends are swear, a big eater, but I regard it as a public duty to demand that atenshun be drawn to the state of affairs, as they have now reached a krissis

"At the prices now currant, it is impossible for a fellow with a healthy apeteite to keep up his normal wait without facing bankruptcy. I have heard it suggested, dear sir, that substichutes might be found for some of our popularest fancies. Such an idear is revolting as well as riddiculous. I have an uncle who is a farmer, and he is fatening pigs on rough stuff during the War, but, Mr. Editer, I am not a pig, and I do not want to be fatened. I only want to manetane that physical devvelopement which has allways been my prid. And so I ask, what can tak the place of the drippingy doughnut, the ellegant eclair, and the comfortng creme bun, to say nothing of such nesary artickles as the satisfying saverloy, the modist muffin, and the— (Enough of this, you give us dyspepsia!—Ed.)

"Sir, I see by the 'Pastrycooks' Gazzete' that there is also a shortage of labor. But, so far as Greyfriars is concerned, I have an idear that is thorowly patriotick. It is this. If any of my friends will buy the raw materials (in bulk), I will undertake to make and cook as much Grub as is rekwired, and will garantee to sample every artickle before handing it over, to make shore it is alright.

"Trusting you will see fit to publish this patriotio offer,

"I am, etc.,

"WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER."

(Editorial Note.—We have seen fit to publish Mr. Bunter's letter. We have also seen fit to call upon the gentleman in question and inform him what we think of it. Mr. Bunter is now convalescent, after suffering from two closed eyes and a thick ear. His appetite is again normal, and therefore we warn our friends and readers to beware!

Football Notices.

Matches Wanted By :

BROMPTON F.C. (14½)—5 mile r., open dates March and April only. R. G. Bonner, 32, Ringmer Avenue, Fulham, S.W.
LONDON COY. R.L.B. (14-15) 3-mile r. from Battersea. S. J. Mayes, 102, Grandison Rd., Clapham Common, S.W.
MYSTON A.F.C. (15-16) 6 miles r. D. T. Jeffrys, 27, Wern Rd., Landore, Swansea.
WEST KENTIS (14) 2-mile r. C. H. Young, 32, Westwood Rd., Earlsdon, Coventry.
VICTORIA UNITED (15-17) 6 miles r. J. Albery, 173, Cannon St. Rd., Commercial St., E.
LANSDOWNE BOYS' CLUB (15½)—4 mile r. E. Barty, Lansdowne Place, Weston St., Old Kent Rd., S.E.
BELMONT JUNIORS (15)—neighbourhood of Clubmoor and Breckside. H. Wilson, 27, Apollo St., Liverpool.
EVERTON JUNIORS (LONGSIGHT) (15) 4 mile r. F. Tipping, 17, Royds St., Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester.
SUMMERSTOWN ATHLETIC (15)—3 mile r. H. S. Barwell, 713, Garratt Lane, Lower Tooting, S.W.
WESTLIF UNITED (16) 5 mile r. J.

Forge, 31, Chelmsford Avenue, Southend.

REDDISH JUNIORS (13½) 4 mile r. F. Thompson, 114, Reddish Lane, Gorton, Manchester.

HOVE WEDNESDAY (16½)—4 mile r. A. Heath, 92, Clarendon Rd., Hove.

KETTERING ST. ANDREW'S (15) 10-mile r. G. Kilsby, 8, Eden St., Kettering.

WATERHOUSE UNITED (16) 20-mile r. S. Miller, 5, Crompton Terr., Writtle Rd., Chelmsford.

BYKER BROTHERHOOD SECOND (15-16). R. Murray, 42, Norfolk Rd., Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CASTLE STARS (16) 10 mile r. William Morris, Station Rd., Lougher, Glam.

ST. JOHN-AT-HACKNEY JUNIOR (14). J. H. Robertson, 41, Graham Mansions, Sylvester Rd., Hackney, N.E.

1ST LLANDAFF TROOP ROY SCOUTS (12-14) Cardiff or Newport district. T. Edwards, 4, Bridge St., Llandaff, Cardiff.

QUEEN'S ROAD OLD BOYS (12-14) 3 mile r. G. W. Judd, 89, Belgrave Rd., Walthamstow.

PARK JUNIORS (14) 5 mile r. of Woodland Scrubs. H. Bland, 26, Green-side Rd., Shephards Bush, W.

ROMNEY UNITED (16) 10 mile r. Arthur Leaper, 27, Grange Rd., South Harrow.

SELWYN (16) 4 miles r. A. Stacey, 27, Osbourne Rd., Victoria Park, N.E.

ERIE UNITED (16) 5 miles r. A. Popels, 39, Erie St., Mill Hill, E.

Other Footer Notices.

Good dressing-room wanted in the neighbourhood of Queen's Drive, Walton, for boys' club.—Frank Percy, 55, Dyson St., Walton, Liverpool.

W. Pritchard (15) wants to join a footer club in S.W. district. 140, Ingrave St., York Rd., Battersea, S.W.

A new team being formed in Leigh needs players (12-16). A. Tiscornia, 9, Leigh Rd., Leigh, Lancs.

J. Jesson, 48, Byron Rd., Walthamstow (14, any place forward), wants to join club in his district.

H. Sugarman, 15, Walton Buildings, Shoreditch, E.—to join a team within 2 miles.

H. Dean, 15, Warwick Rd., Romford Rd., Forest Gate, E. (16), wants to join team in his district.

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