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DICK RUSSELL'S CHUM!



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

DICK RUSSELL'S CHUM!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Russell's Mishap!

"COMING down to cricket?"
Bob Cherry, bat in hand, sang out cheerily to Russell of the Remove.

The Famous Five were in flannels, bound for the playing-fields.

"Thanks!" said Russell. "I'll come and have a knock later. Duty calls at the moment. I've got to dash off a letter to my cousin in France."

The cricketers nodded, and passed on. Russell remained where he was for some moments, listening. He wished to assure himself that the coast was clear. He had intended that the letter to his cousin should be typewritten, and the only means to this end was Mr. Quelch's typewriter.

The Remove-master was away from Greyfriars for a week, and one of the junior masters was taking the Remove. But Mr. Quelch's study was empty, and the keys of his typewriter glistened temptingly in the sunlight which streamed in at the window.

Satisfied that he was not under observation, Dick Russell slipped into the study.

It would be no crime, he reflected, to make use of the machine. Other fellows had done it before this.

Russell closed the door after him and sat down at the machine. He inserted a sheet of paper and tapped out the heading of the letter.

"Good! We're getting on a treat!" he murmured.

Russell was not a swift operator, but he was accurate. This was a characteristic he possessed in other directions, too. There were many fellows in the Remove more brilliant and distinguished than he; there were many, on the other hand, whom he outshone. He played a good game of cricket; he was a boxer of no mean ability; he pulled well with the Form in general, and with Ogilvy in particular. Ogilvy was his best chum, and Russell had stood by him in more than one tight place.

Russell was a plodder rather than a brilliant performer in any direction. And he was plodding now. He had covered half a sheet with typing when the door of Mr. Quelch's study was unceremoniously pushed open, admitting Billy Bunter.

The fat junior stood blinking on the threshold.

"So this is the little game, is it?" he said. "You're looking after Quelch's tapper for him in his absence—what? When the cat's away the mice will play! He, he, he!"

Russell sprang to his feet. Bunter's gloating cackle annoyed him.

"You spying fat toad! If you're not on the other side of that door inside half a minute I'll wipe up the floor with you!"

"Oh, really, Russell! I consider it my duty to see that no one tampers with Quelch's machine while he's away.

Quelch's awfully fond of that tapper. He does his precious 'History of Greyfriars' on it, and if anything went wrong with the works there'd be the dickens to pay!"

"There'll be the dickens to pay now!" said Russell grimly.

And he leapt at Billy Bunter before the fat junior could beat a retreat.

The next moment the Owl of the Remove found himself being rolled, barrel-wise, along the passage. Russell's final push caused him to bump his head with great violence against the wall.

"Yow-ow-ow!" he roared.

"Now cut off!" said Russell. "If you poke your fat dial into Quelch's study again I'll smash you!"

And irritated by the interruption, and the fact that Bunter was likely to start telling tales, Dick Russell went back to continue his letter.

He began to feel rather uncomfortable. Bunter's sudden appearance in the study suggested to his mind that other people, more important than Bunter, might take it into their heads to look in. And if Mr. Prout, or Mr. Capper, or one of the Sixth-Formers should find him coolly making use of his Form-master's study and machine, there would be ructions.

He must back up and finish! He seemed to keep hearing footsteps in the passage; and the hard, metallic sound of the typewriter was sure to be heard outside. Everyone knew that Mr. Quelch was away, and people passing the study door would naturally wonder who was using the Remove-master's typewriter.

Russell was hammering out the last paragraph when two of the letters jammed.

"Just my luck!" he muttered; and he wrenched the typewriter round, all too swiftly in order to put the offending part into place.

The machine tilted over the edge of the table, and went to the floor with a crash and a clatter.

"My hat! That's done it!" groaned Russell.

It had.

Typewriters are curious and exasperating things. It is possible to drop one nine times without serious damage, but on the tenth occasion what was a perfectly good machine may be reduced to a heap of old iron. And this was precisely what happened now.

For a moment Russell stood rooted to the floor.

He realised only too well what he had done. The typewriter was terribly damaged, and when Russell came to make an examination of it his face fell considerably. He was not a skilled mechanic, and even if he had been he could scarcely have hoped to readjust successfully the battered machine.

"This is awful!" he muttered. "I'd have given anything for it not to have happened!"

He thought of what Mr. Quelch would say on his return. Certainly the Form-master would not be best pleased to find

his precious machine out of order. And typewriters were worth their weight in gold these days.

Supposing he had smashed this one beyond repair? The thought made Russell tremble. It would mean having to purchase a new one, and it would be impossible for him to do that out of his scanty resources.

"I must take the old crock over to Courtfield and see if I can get it repaired," murmured Russell. "P'raps it's not so badly busted as it looks. I shall be able to find out exactly what's wrong with it, anyway."

Russell fitted the battered machine into its case and stole guiltily out of the study.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Running the Gauntlet!

RUSSELL ran the gauntlet of a fire of questions as he smuggled Mr. Quelch's typewriter through the Close.

His replies were more emphatic than polite, and the various people with a thirst for information went empty away.

Russell was particularly anxious not to be seen by a master or a prefect. He had worked himself into a state of nerves over the smashed typewriter, and he imagined all sorts of terrible consequences if the affair came to the notice of the authorities.

Gosling gave a suspicious grunt as Russell passed through the old gateway with his burden.

"Which you've got somethin' there wot don't belong to yer!" said Gosling.

"Rats!" growled Russell.

And he passed on before Gosling had a chance to pursue the subject.

The typewriter was no light weight, and Russell was very hot and fed up before he had proceeded far. But he was free from the questioning mob, anyway. He told himself he must be thankful for small mercies.

The next person he encountered was P.-c. Tozer. That fat and pompous limb of the law was advancing along the dusty road with his face set in a severe frown. It is said that a good policeman is out to prevent crime rather than make it; but that was not Tozer's way. He was ever ready to add to his list of victims, and the fact that the Greyfriars fellows had not yielded him any harvest of late made him all the more aggressive.

"Ho!" he said, stopping short in the middle of the road. "Wot's in that there case?"

"Nothing that concerns you!" said Russell shortly.

"I ain't so sure o' that," said Mr. Tozer. "It looks to me sort o' suspicious like. An' I feel it my dooty to see wot it is."

Russell glared at the fat policeman. It seemed that his journey to Courtfield was to be beset with interruptions. It was absurd that everyone who saw him should jump to the conclusion that he was doing wrong. Russell was exasperated.

"And it over!" said P.-c. Tozer, with a threatening gesture. "And it over prompt, or—"

But Russell was in no mood to stand Tozer's interference. He swung the case round, and brought it into painful contact with that part of Tozer's anatomy which his waistcoat covered.

"Young warmint!" spluttered the policeman. "I—I'll—"

"Come on, then!" said Russell, dancing round him. "There's plenty more where that came from!"

But Tozer did not want more. He had eaten too good a dinner that day to wish to turn himself into a sparring partner. Gathering himself together, and vowing to render a personal report of the outrage to Dr. Locke, he stumped off down the road.

Russell, grinning rather wryly, resumed his journey.

By the time he reached Courtfield he was almost whacked. Carrying a heavy typewriter about the country is not a very freshening form of recreation, and Russell mentally consigned Mr. Quelch's machine to the bottom of the sea.

In Courtfield High Street he bumped into Skinner of the Remove. Skinner stared in some astonishment at his perspiring Form-fellow.

"Gone into the Pickford line?" he asked.

"Mind your own bizney!" snapped Russell, without stopping.

Skinner stared after him for a moment; then a sudden thought struck him, and he shouted:

"See any green in my eye? I know what the little game is!"

Russell stopped, and faced round upon the speaker. He was looking extremely dangerous.

"Well," he said, "what do you suppose I'm up to?"

"Putting it in plain, blunt language," said the cad of the Remove, "you're pinching Quelch's typewriter! Which pawnshop do you mean to take it to?"

Russell's eyes blazed. Skinner was only rotting; all the same, the insinuation was an ugly one.

Russell placed the typewriter on the ground. Then he leapt at Skinner, laying that startled youth flat with a clean drive between the eyes.

Skinner had not expected that sudden attack, and for some time he lay prone, seeing nothing but a succession of comets. By the time he had struggled to his feet Russell was out of sight.

Courtfield boasted one firm which did typewriter repairs, and into the firm's shop Russell staggered with his burden. The manager came forward and relieved him of the machine.

"Crooked?" he asked.

"Yes; smashed to smithereens almost," said Russell. "Goodness knows whether you can do anything with it or not! I hope so."

The manager removed the case, and examined the machine. He gave a low whistle.

"Don't say it's beyond repair!" urged Russell.

"No; I dare say we can do something with it."

"Good! And, look here, I want it back by Monday without fail!"

"That's a tall order."

Russell looked earnestly at the manager.

"Do your best," he said. "Otherwise I shall be in the dickens of a mess! You see, I busted the thing, and it's not my property!"

"I guessed as much. Well, I promise you shall have it by Monday. But you'll have to pay spot cash the moment the machine's finished. That's a business principle of ours from which we never swerve. Five pounds will be the minimum charge."



P.-c. Tozer wants to know! (See Chapter 2.)

"Oh, my hat!"

Russell was fairly nonplussed. He couldn't for the life of him see how he was going to raise such a sum in the space of a few days. Five pounds to Dick Russell was considerably more than a term's pocket-money. For once in his life he envied the wealthy Lord Mauleverer and the affluent Vernon-Smith.

But it was no use beating about the bush. He must get Mr. Quelch's machine repaired at all costs, and trust, like Micawber, that something would turn up. After all, much can happen in a few days.

"Do you agree to the terms?" asked the manager.

"Yes," said Russell.

He didn't add that miracles would have to happen if he were to raise five pounds by Monday. If he gave the manager the impression that he was not in a position to pay the repairs would not be carried out, and Mr. Quelch's wrath, on his return, would be comparable only to that of Jove of old.

Russell wended his way along the High Street with a feeling of satisfaction at having surmounted the first hurdle. But he was aware that there were others ahead—and jolly stiff ones, too!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Taking the Knock-out!

NOW, then, gentlemen! Now, then! Show yer pluck! Walk right up, an' take yer chance with the Silvertown Slogger! Five quid to the man who can knock 'im out, or beat 'im on points! Don't it tempt yer?"

Russell was proceeding across Courtfield Common when he heard the words. A boxing-booth had been set up on the common, and a stout man with a florid face was shouting the challenge.

At first Russell took very little notice. He had no interest in the Silvertown Slogger, whoever that gentleman might be. But when he heard the challenge repeated it dawned upon him that here was a chance of raising the wind.

"Knock 'im out, or beat 'im on points!" repeated the stout man. "It's

all the same. Whoever gets the better of the Slogger bags five quid. Wake up, some of yer! It's the chance of a lifetime!"

But those who glanced at the Slogger's burly form and brawny muscles were in no mood for coming to grips with him. The Slogger looked every inch a prize-fighter; and there would be short shrift for any novice who entered the field against him.

"Do I understand," bawled the stout man, "that nobody's a-goin' to take it on?"

Russell went forward quickly, his mind made up.

"I am," he said.

The stout man laughed uproariously.

"I asked for a man—not a bloomin' kid!" he said. "Haw, haw, haw! The Slogger could make mincemeat of you with his little finger, my son! Go back to yer mummy, an' tell 'er to wrap you up in flannel!"

Russell's blood boiled.

"I'm not the milk-and-water kid you seem to think I am," he said. "It's up to you to give me a chance, anyway. You've issued the challenge, and if I choose to accept it you've no right to stand in the way!"

"Hear, hear!" came from the crowd. They admired Russell for his spirit. He would probably be badly beaten, but he had the right stuff in him.

"All right," said the master of the ceremonies, with a grunt. "I gave yer fair warnin', 'cos I don't like to see a young 'un like you turned into a table-jelly. Are you ready, Slogger?"

That gentleman grinned.

"I ain't sure that this 'ere slaughtering of innocents ought to be encouraged," he said. "Still, the crowd seems to want it—so here goes!"

The showman and the Slogger passed into the booth, and Russell followed them.

He peeled off his coat, and stood up to the Slogger. The contrast was very pathetic, and almost comical. Russell looked much as David must have done when he faced Goliath.

"Time!"

Russell rallied to the call, and rushed in with a swinging right. The

blow took the Slogger on the chest, and he promptly repaid it—with interest. Russell, reeling back against the ropes, was forced to admit that the Slogger justified his nickname.

The Removite went warily after that. He concentrated on defence, making no attempt to attack for the rest of the round. The fact that he survived the first round against the hard-hitting Slogger won him the applause of the crowd.

The Slogger himself was surprised at the form Russell exhibited; but he was in no wise dismayed. He knew perfectly well that there could only be one issue to a contest of that nature. No school-boy had ever yet beaten the Slogger; no schoolboy was ever likely to.

"Time!"

Russell pursued the same defensive tactics in the second round. He was a scientific boxer pure and simple; and his clever side-stepping and brilliant foot-work enabled him to dodge most of the Slogger's sledgehammer blows.

But this state of affairs, though it gave Russell a certain amount of satisfaction, and the crowd still more, didn't suit the Slogger's book at all. He wasn't going to footle away a dozen rounds in this manner. He decided that it was high time he applied the finishing touch, and resolved that the third round should likewise be the last.

Accordingly, he dropped his aggressive tactics, and gave Russell an opening. Russell clinched with him; and then, with the swiftness of a lightning-flash, the Slogger jabbed his opponent fiercely in the ribs.

Russell fell back with a short, sharp gasp of pain, and as he did so the Slogger followed up his advantage.

As in a trance—for he was dazed and hurt—Russell saw the Slogger looming over him. And that smashing left of the Slogger was coming into action.

Biff!

Russell realised instinctively that it was a knock-out blow, and he was too weak to defend himself. His gloved fists pawed the air feebly; and then he went down in a heap. The Slogger was not given to exercising the quality of mercy. He had punished this presumptuous school kid relentlessly, and without any twinge of conscience. He was paid to do this sort of thing. It was his living.

Dick Russell tramped on to Greyfriars, some time later, with a heavy heart, a black eye, and a swollen face.

His personal injuries, although unpleasant, didn't worry him overmuch. It was the failure to win the five pounds that rankled. He was up against a very tough proposition.

Spot cash on Monday morning!

Russell realised, with a curious sinking of the heart, that Monday morning was bound to come, in the natural order of things.

But he was less certain about the arrival of the spot cash!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Donald Ogilvy's Resolve!

"WONDER where the silly ass has got to?" exclaimed Ogilvy of the Remove impatiently.

He was referring to Dick Russell, who shared his study.

Ogilvy had devoted the best part of the afternoon to an excursion in quest of tuck. And, being rather eloquent, he had come off very well, considering it was war-time. Coker of the Fifth had turned up trumps with a pot of strawberry-jam; Micky Desmond had parted company with a small brown loaf; and the house-keeper, won over by the nice things Ogilvy said to her, allowed him to march

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off in triumph with a huge slab of margarine. In addition, Ogilvy had managed to secure a good-sized cake and a tin of sardines; and he had intended to surprise Dick Russell by the magnificence of the spread.

But Russell, for some reason inexplicable to his chum, failed to put in an appearance.

Ogilvy seated himself in the armchair, and gave himself up to the "Boys' Friend." He had read the issue practically from beginning to end, and the afternoon had merged into evening before the door opened and Russell came wearily into the room.

"Dick!"

Ogilvy sprang to his feet. The abusive epithet he had been about to hurl at Russell died on his lips.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "You've been in the wars, and no mistake! How did it all happen? Did you run foul of the Highcliffe cads?"

Russell shook his head. He sank down on the couch, utterly exhausted.

Ogilvy was concerned for his chum. He saw that Russell was fairly down and out. But, being a tactful fellow, he realised that he would do no good by asking a string of questions. Instead, he proceeded to pour out a cup of good, strong tea.

"This will buck you up a bit," he said.

Russell nodded gratefully.

"There's plenty of grub," said Ogilvy, "so pile in!"

Grooh! I couldn't eat anything now to save my life. My chivvy's had a bad sideslip."

"So I observe," said Ogilvy, unable to repress a grin. "You can tell me all about it later. Meanwhile, I've got news—topping news, my son! We're both down to play against St. Jim's on Saturday."

Russell brightened up a little. He was a keen cricketer, though he only played for the Remove Eleven occasionally, owing to the scarcity of vacancies. Russell was not quite up to the form of the Famous Five, or Mark Linley, or Vernon-Smith.

"It so happens," said Ogilvy, "that Bob Cherry and Mark Linley are going over to Wapshot on Saturday afternoon to see a soldier pal of theirs. They must see him then, because he's off to France that same night. That left two vacancies, and Wharton showed sound common-sense for once by putting in you and me."

"Good!" said Russell. "I can't say I feel much like cricket at the moment, though. You heard about Quelchy's 'bus, I s'pose?"

"Quelchy's whatter?"

"His typewriter. I was thumping out a letter to my cousin on it this afternoon, and the beastly thing came a cropper. Of course, I couldn't leave it like that till Quelchy came back. He'd have had several sorts of a fit. So I carted it over to Courtfield, and it's going to be repaired by Monday."

"Well, that will be all serene, won't it?"

Russell plunged his hands into his pockets. He looked the picture of dejection again.

"It'll be a matter of five quid!" he groaned. "How I'm going to raise all that tin inside a week is beyond me. At the present moment I've got one-and-two-pence-ha'penny. Not much towards repairs like that, is it?"

Ogilvy whistled.

"Won't the fellow who's doing the repairs give you a bit of rope?" he asked. "Not an inch. He wants spot cash on Monday. If he doesn't get it, he's likely to raise Cain; and Quelchy—well, you know what Quelchy would say!"

"Five quid," said Ogilvy thoughtfully. "It's certainly a hefty sum. Still, we'll see if we can't find a way out, somehow. I'm game to help you all I know."

"Thanks, old man!" said Russell quietly. "I knew I could rely on you for that."

"When you dropped the merry typewriter it didn't fall on your face by any chance?" asked Ogilvy.

"No. I took on a challenge to box a professional on Courtfield Common. There was a matter of five quid going begging for the fellow who licked him. He sent me to sleep in the third round."

"Rough luck!" said Ogilvy. "I should like to have seen it, though I bet you put up a good fight!"

"I hadn't a dog's chance! The fellow was a regular bruiser. He had me tied up in knots. My hat! I wish I could have won that fiver, all the same!"

"There's more ways than one of raising the wind," said Ogilvy hopefully.

"Then I hope I can hit on one of 'em, that's all," said Russell.

He rose painfully to his feet.

"I'm going to patch myself up a bit," he said. "I feel as if I've been under a steam-roller. So-long!"

Ogilvy sat down to his solitary tea in a very thoughtful frame of mind.

Although he had made light of the difficulty in which his chum was placed, he was aware that it was a very grave one. The raising of five pounds at any time was a tall order; the raising of it within a few days was well-nigh impossible.

But it had to be achieved, or disgrace and exposure would inevitably follow. And Russell was very sensitive on the subject of punishment.

"I must see him through, somehow!" muttered Ogilvy. "It's up to me! Dick's never gone back on me, and I'm not going back on him now!"

For quite a long time Ogilvy remained immersed in thought; and then, with the air of a fellow who has mapped out his course and means to pursue it doggedly, he put on his cap, went into the bicycle-shed for his machine, and was soon speeding along the road to Courtfield.

When Dick Russell, after an heroic effort to hide his honourable scars, returned to the study, Donald Ogilvy was missing.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter is Interested!

"HE, he, he! Somebody's been giving it to you hot, Russell!" chortled Billy Bunter, looking in at the study door.

"Clear out!" snapped Russell.

"Oh, really, Russell! I should have thought that a little sympathy would have been welcome."

"Well, it's not! Clear out, you fat toad!"

But the Owl showed no disposition to clear out. He came inside, and closed the door.

Russell was aching in every limb, and his battered face was very painful. He was still quite capable of thrashing Billy Bunter; but he did not feel any inclination to take the trouble. Moreover, Bunter was sure to squall if touched, and that would bring along a crowd to find out what was the matter.

Quite naturally, Russell felt very loth to expose himself to the gaze of curious eyes at that moment. He would have to face the Remove sooner or later; but he wanted to put off the ordeal as long as possible.

Ogilvy knew what was wrong. But Ogilvy was Dick Russell's dearest chum, who meant more to him than anyone else at Greyfriars. Russell, though on good

terms with nearly all his Form, had never been a fellow of many friends.

"You've been jolly well put through it, Russell!" said the Owl, depositing his fat carcass upon the horsehair couch. "Better stick to the armchair, old chap. I don't want it. This will do me all right!"

And Bunter smiled the smug, self-satisfied smile of the consciously virtuous and unselfish.

Dick Russell was not at all impressed by Bunter's unselfishness, however.

"Will you clear out?" he snapped.

"Really, I must say you're ungrateful, Russell could have settled Bunter's hash they wouldn't stay to be talked to like that! But I'm different. I can put up with rough talk from a fellow I like, especially when he's down on his luck!"

"You'll get something worse than rough talk if you don't clear out!"

"That's silly, Russell. Of course, we all know that you're a bit of a boxer; but it ain't so jolly certain that you could lick me, even at your best, and you're a long way off your best just now, you know."

That, at least, was true. Even now Russell could have settled Bunter's hash in less than half a minute. But he was a long way off the top of his form and strength, and he wanted no more exertion just then.

He took refuge in silence.

But silence was no shield against the assault of Bunter.

"Who's been licking you?" went on the Owl. "Was it Ogilvy? I shouldn't have thought he could have marked you like that. You're a better boxer than he is. But I've noticed that the best boxers don't always have the best of it when it comes to a real fight. That's more a question of pluck."

Russell snorted.

"You might answer a fellow," said Bunter peevishly. "Tain't polite to sit there and scowl. You can't blame me for what Ogilvy's done to you."

"It wasn't Ogilvy, you silly fat ass!" snapped Russell.

"Who was it, then?"

"That's no bizney of yours."

"Oh, really, Russell! I believe it was Ogilvy. I saw him go downstairs, and he was looking no end serious. I think it's a big mistake for two chaps in the same study to scrap. That's why I go easy with Toddy, though he often annoys me."

Russell relapsed into silence. After all, it did not matter much what Bunter thought, or what Bunter said. It did not really matter if the Remove generally supposed that he and Ogilvy had had a row. Better that, perhaps, than that they should know the truth.

Standing up against the Silvertown Slogger had been a forlorn hope on the part of Dick Russell. But he could not explain that without explaining his urgent need of the five pounds offered, and to him it seemed out of the question to tell anyone but Ogilvy the whole story.

"I think I begin to see it," said Bunter, his fat face puckered up in an expression of deep thought, and his little, round eyes blinking behind his big spectacles. "Ogilvy found you in Quelch's study, using his typer, just like I did, you know. And I suppose he told you you'd no right there. Ogilvy's rather a conscientious chap, though not so conscientious as I am. And then I suppose there was a row—eh?"

"You can suppose what you like, you silly fat ass!" snorted Russell wrathfully. "But if you don't clear out this moment—"

"I'm going!" puffed Bunter, getting up hastily as Russell half-rose from his chair. "Ingratitude is a thing I always despised, and I must say that you're really about the most ungrateful chap I

ever met, Russell! I felt sorry for you a few minutes ago, but I don't now. You deserved all you— Yooooop!"

Russell had caught him up just as he reached the door and dragged it open, and Russell's foot had expedited his departure.

The Owl rolled away down the passage, muttering, and Dick Russell returned to the armchair and his painful thoughts.

He knew that, from the point of view of the average junior, he was making a mountain out of molehill. Even if his indiscretion came to the knowledge of Mr. Quelch, the result would not be absolutely disastrous. It would mean punishment, of course; but it was not exactly the punishment Russell feared. It was more Mr. Quelch's stern disapproval of what would seem to him an impudent liberty.

Then the money. There were fellows in the Remove who could lend five pounds at a pinch, and who wished Russell well. Mauleverer would do it at a word, without explanation. Johnny Bull might be able to do it, and would if he could, and was asked, though not without hearing the story. Inky was well-to-do and generous. Wun Lung had the money, and might lend, though Wun Lung's whims were not easy to reckon upon.

But Russell hated the notion of asking any of them. He was proud and unduly sensitive. He could tell Donald Ogilvy; that was different. Those other fellows were mere friendly acquaintances—friends in a way, but not chums. Ogilvy was Dick Russell's one chum.

In five minutes, deeply immersed in his gloomy thoughts, Russell had completely forgotten Bunter.

Bunter had not forgotten Russell, however. The Owl was quite capable, obtuse though he was, of putting two and two together, and making something of them. The result was as likely to be five, or even six, as four. But he got a result of some kind in most cases, and he got one in this.

He puffed into Mr. Quelch's study, and was at once struck by the absence of the typewriter. Then he wandered back to the Remove passage, and chanced to overhear a word or two spoken in the study which Stott and Snoop shared with Tom-Redwing.

Redwing was absent on the cricket-ground; but Skinner was there, with Stott and Snoop, and the cads of the Remove were discussing Skinner's little adventure at Courtfield, of which a somewhat unveracious version had just been given by Skinner to his dear pals.

Having chanced to overhear a word or two, Bunter stayed at the keyhole to overhear a good deal more.

It was hardly likely that a story told by Skinner, and filtered through a mind like the mind of Billy Bunter, would emerge with any great resemblance to the truth.

The notion Bunter got was that Russell and Ogilvy were in a plot to steal and pawn Mr. Quelch's typewriter. He did not trouble to fit this in with his theory that Russell and Ogilvy had quarrelled and fought. He was too keen on the advantage he thought he saw for himself to bother about such trifles.

Skinner & Co. meant to keep the affair dark until Mr. Quelch came back and missed the machine. Both Russell and Ogilvy were in far better standing with the Form than those three, and a direct accusation made too soon might be dangerous to the accusers. Skinner thought it best to wait and see whether the typewriter was brought back. If it was, things might still be made awkward for Russell in a minor way; if it was not, there would be the chance of getting him into a nasty scrape.

Ogilvy might, or might not, be in-

involved. In any case, to involve Russell in trouble would be a direct slap at Ogilvy, for between those two there was an affection as strong as that between Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, and the troubles of one were to the other as his own troubles.

And Skinner & Co. had old scores to pay off against both Russell and Ogilvy. There was not a decent fellow in the Remove against whom they had not such old scores.

Bunter cared less about vengeance—though he could be spiteful at times—than about profit. And he thought he saw his chance of profit here.

The resolve of Skinner & Co. to keep silence for the present suited him admirably. It gave him a chance of making hay on his own account.

So he rolled off to Study No. 3, and looked in without tapping.

Russell still sat in the armchair. His face was buried in his hands now.

"I say, Russell—" began Bunter.

"Oh, get out, you fat worm!"

"That's all very well, but if you think I'm going to keep dark about Quelch's type—"

Russell got up in haste, and Bunter retreated in greater haste.

"Beast!" muttered the Owl, as he slammed the door in Russell's face. "Thieving beast! But it's no use trying to talk to him while he's so violent. I'll keep an eye on him, and on Ogilvy, too; and when I've found out a bit more I'll make Russell pay through the nose for treating me like this. Nasty low, violent, thieving beast!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The Hidden Talent!

DUSK was falling when Ogilvy rode through the sleepy, old-fashioned High Street of Courtfield.

He dismounted outside the local cinema, and made his machine secure against the kerb. An attendant in uniform was inviting passers-by to laugh and grow fat under the influence of Charlie Chaplin.

Ogilvy tapped the fellow on the arm. "Any chance of seeing the manager?" he asked.

"Yes. You'll find 'im up at the front, next to the gal at the pianer."

"Thanks!"

Ogilvy purchased a ticket, which gave him the right of entry, and passed into the little cinema. He walked boldly up to the front, pushed aside the heavy red curtains, and reached his goal.

The manager, not best pleased at the interruption, looked up sharply and aggressively.

"What the merry dickens do you want?" he snapped.

"A word in your ear," said Ogilvy.

"Well, I like your cheek!"

"Good!" said Ogilvy blandly. "I was hoping you would. The fact is, I want a job at this show."

"Sorry," said the manager. "We've got our full whack of chocolate and programme sellers."

"I—I mean an important and well-paid job."

"There's only one answering to that description. I fill it."

"I can play the piano, you know," hinted Ogilvy.

"So can a good many other people—and none better than Miss Baker here."

"Won't you let me give some sort of turn between the pictures?" suggested Ogilvy, in desperation.

"Great Scott, kid! I want to bring people here, not to frighten 'em away! Buzz off now; I'm busy!"

Ogilvy had sufficient sense to see that the interview was at an end. To get satisfaction from the manager of the

Courtfield Cinema was about as easy as getting blood from a stone.

The junior nodded, and withdrew. He was disheartened, but no less determined. He would find a job somewhere—a remunerative job—as a result of which he could raise the necessary funds to settle for the damaged typewriter.

He tried the local printer's next. He knew that, owing to many men having been called up, the firm was very short of labour, and working long hours in consequence.

Ogilvy saw the foreman printer, and offered to help relieve the pressure for a few evenings. The foreman, after some hesitation, agreed.

"You must make it worth my while, though," said Ogilvy. "Supposing I work here four hours every night this week, what will that mean to me?"

"Fifteen bob!" said the foreman.

Ogilvy groaned. Between fifteen shillings and five pounds there was a very wide margin.

"I'm afraid there's nothing doing," he said. "I'm out to raise a fiver."

"So you will, if you stick at this job long enough."

"But I want to earn the money by Monday."

The foreman whistled.

"I wish you luck!" he said. "But I don't quite see how you're going to do it."

Ogilvy didn't quite see how, either, after he had tramped the length and breadth of Courtfield. In many places where he applied he was treated with rudeness; in some he was advised to go back to his cradle; and the few who were willing to engage his services for a few evenings were not prepared to fork out anything like five pounds.

The hour was now very late—past locking-up time; but Ogilvy had forgotten all about that. He paced up and down the High Street with his bicycle, wondering what to do next.

Had there been a weak link in the chain of his friendship with Russell he would have left his schoolfellow to get out of the mess as best he could. But such was the nature of their attachment that Russell's cares and misfortunes were Ogilvy's cares and misfortunes, too. And unless that fiver were forthcoming, Mr. Quelch would be very much on the war-path.

Instinctively Ogilvy's thoughts turned to the Bounder and Lord Mauleverer, both of whom had plenty of funds. But there were several reasons why he could not bring himself to borrow from them, apart from the fact that Russell himself would bar it.

Ogilvy passed the Public Hall just as a boy, whose face looked ghastly in the subdued lamplight, was being assisted from the building by two men.

Other men, most of them saying things which were not very nice to hear, stood looking on. Ogilvy addressed one of them.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Everything!" growled the man, tugging at his heavy moustache. "We were relying on that kid for the success of the show!"

"Show! What show?"

"The Mikado," of course! Haven't you seen the posters? We're on view at this hall for two nights only—Friday and Saturday. That kid—Bobby Saunders—was to have taken one of the leading parts. During the rehearsal just now he had a bad breakdown. It's floored him for a week or two, anyhow; and we haven't a substitute!"

"Hard cheese!" said Ogilvy.

"I should think it was! If ever you're offered the job of manager of a theatrical touring company when you

grow up, leave it alone! It's more trouble than it's worth. The responsibility's something awful!"

Ogilvy was about to pass on when an idea occurred to him. At first it seemed so daring that he could scarcely bring himself to put it into words.

But it was a chance, anyway. Ten to one it wouldn't come off; but he would leave no stone unturned, for Russell's sake.

"Excuse me," he said, marvelling at his own initiative, "but would you like me to take Bobby Saunders' place?"

"Eh?"

"I'm not a duffer," Ogilvy went on quickly. "I've played in 'The Mikado' before now, when I've been home for the holidays."

"H'm! Can you sing?"

"Like a bird!" said Ogilvy promptly.

He knew that there were many others in the Remove who could have filled the bill better than he. He was not a specially distinguished active member of the Remove Dramatic Society, and he couldn't hold a candle to born actors like Wibley. At the same time, he was very far from being a dud, and he considered that, with a little gumption, he might very well be able to undertake the part left vacant by the illness of Bobby Saunders.

To his delight the manager took him seriously.

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"Come along to my digs," he said, "and I'll see whether you're pulling my leg or not."

Late though the hour was, Ogilvy obeyed. He felt that he was at the end of his long trail at last. Two performances in "The Mikado" should see him through. Even a provincial touring company should be able to pay five pounds for a leading part.

Ogilvy was not a trained singer, but he had a very good voice, and was not self-conscious. The manager accompanied him at the piano, and was astonished at the ease and excellence with which he rendered a couple of songs.

"You'll do!" said the manager at length. "You'll have to attend a rehearsal every night before Friday, though, and swot up your part perfectly. There mustn't be any flaws!"

"There won't be!" said Ogilvy.

He was so delighted that he could have waltzed the plump manager round the room.

"You can rely on me! What time shall I turn up at the hall to-morrow night?"

"Seven o'clock."

"How much are you going to pay me for the two performances?"

"That depends on the sort of show you put up. I can guarantee you a fiver at least."

"Ripping!"

At the door the Removite paused.

"My name's Ogilvy," he said. "But you'd better call me something else on the programmes. Leave the name as Bobby Saunders, if you like. I'm at school, you see, and I don't want the beaks to know anything of this."

The manager understood. He gave Ogilvy a cheery handshake, and saw him out into the street.

Ogilvy felt, as he cycled back to Greyfriars beneath the stars, that the long and strenuous evening had not been in vain.

It was very hard to realise that he had really been given a part in "The Mikado." Ogilvy had been accustomed to thinking so little of his own powers that it came as a surprise—and a very agreeable surprise at that—to find that the manager of the touring company considered him a worthy substitute for Bobby Saunders.

Quite apart from the main object of helping Russell, Ogilvy was very glad of this adventure. It would entail a certain amount of risk, he knew. So much the better. He would not only be able to pay for Mr. Quelch's typewriter, but he would get a spice of joyful adventure out of it.

In his light-hearted enthusiasm he didn't stop to think of the pitfalls which might possibly beset his path.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Putting Himself in the Wrong?

MIDNIGHT chimed out from the old clock-tower when Donald Ogilvy, having replaced his bicycle in the shed, let himself in at the box-room window.

In the Remove dormitory all was peaceful save for the trumpeting snore of Billy Bunter.

Ogilvy groped his way to his bed, congratulating himself that his entry was unheard.

"That you, Don?"

It was Russell who spoke. Ogilvy drew a quick breath of relief.

"Yes."

"This is your first appearance in the dorm, isn't it?"

"What of that?"

"Well, where have you been, you silly duffer?"

"Taking the air on my bike," said Ogilvy, with a chuckle. "Don't alarm your little self. I've not been out on the razzle, if that's what you're thinking."

"Of course I'm not thinking you have!" said Russell impatiently. "I know you better than that. But—but you've been out of gates since tea-time. You haven't even done your prep!"

"That's all right!" said Ogilvy lightly. "I sha'n't have Quelch's gimlet eyes fixing me in the morning."

"Wharton and the others are a bit sore, too," said Russell. "You missed the cricket practice to-night."

"And I shall miss it a good many more nights, I expect!"

"My hat!" gasped Russell. "Have you forgotten that we're playing St. Jim's on Saturday?"

"No, I haven't forgotten; but business comes before pleasure. By Jove, I'm tired—absolutely dead-beat! Good-night, Dick!"

And Ogilvy, without vouchsafing any further information on the subject of his mysterious absence, turned in.

It seemed that he had hardly fallen asleep when something very cold and clammy descended upon his face, causing him to bounce up in bed with a yell.

"Yarooooooop!"

"Time to get up, you old slacker!" boomed Bob Cherry's stentorian voice.

"Grooh! I've only just gone to bed!"

"That's your look-out. You should

turn in at a respectable hour. What do you mean by going out on the tiles? It's a new wheeze for you, isn't it?"

Ogilvy rolled out of bed with a grunt. His face and hair were swamped by the application of Bob Cherry's sponge.

"Think yourself jolly lucky Wingate didn't wait up for you!" said Harry Wharton. "Russell answered your name at calling-over. It did all right last night, but it's not the sort of dodge that can be played with safety."

"You missed cricket practice, too," said Peter Todd. "Is that your way of offering up thanks to Wharton for putting you down to play against St. Jim's?"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Ogilvy. "Anyone might think I was a blessed criminal! My cricket won't suffer when it comes to the test. I promise you that."

During the day no further reference was made to Ogilvy's absence the previous evening. There was scarcely a Removeite who had not, at some time or another, arrived at the dormitory in the middle of the night; and people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. After all, it was only once in a way, and there was no great harm done.

But when, the next evening, Ogilvy was again absent, the affair went beyond a joke.

Harry Wharton & Co. became justly indignant. They had gone out of their way to give Ogilvy a chance in the eleven, and he was deliberately cutting practice. And it was necessary, in order for the Remove to beat St. Jim's on the latter's ground, that every player should touch his best form. One weak spot in the team would seriously jeopardise its chances.

Ogilvy knew that by deserting his schoolfellows night after night in such circumstances he was incurring suspicion and unpopularity. But he did not falter. He had set his heart on getting Russell out of his unfortunate scrape, and he meant to do it. The cricket simply had to slide. He could not be rehearsing in "The Mikado" and putting in cricket practice as the same time.

On the second night of his adventure he was marked absent at calling-over, and Wingate of the Sixth waited up for him.

It was extremely late when Ogilvy came in. He had struggled through the rehearsal with as few mistakes as possible, but he was a long way from being perfect in his part, and, with the aid of the friendly manager, he had gone through some of the songs again in that gentleman's lodgings.

He was pushing his bicycle through the Close when a sharp voice hailed him out of the shadows.

"That you, Ogilvy?"

The junior pulled up short, his heart beating fast. He saw the tall form of Wingate looming up before him.

"Where have you been, you young rascal?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars.

"Over to Courtfield, Wingate."

"What on earth do you want to go to Courtfield for at this time of night?" Ogilvy was silent.

"Look here," said Wingate. "You know as well as I do that you're breaking the rules, and that if I made a report to the Head you'd get it in the neck! Have you been getting mixed up with some shady set in the town?"

"No, Wingate—honour bright!"

The captain of Greyfriars was silent for a while.

"I'll overlook it this time," he said at length. "You've kept me up half the night, and you've laid yourself open to an ugly suspicion; but because I know you to be straight I'll say no more. But

I intend to keep my eye on you. You understand? I shall come down heavy next time. Be off to bed now!"

Ogilvy was only too glad to turn in. He was not used to late hours, and the strain of the rehearsal had rendered him physically and mentally weary.

Wingate had warned him that trouble was in store for him if he transgressed again; but he had no intention of throwing up the sponge. He was now well on the way to securing that fiver, and to back out now would not only let Dick Russell down, but also the manager of the touring company to whom he had promised his services.

On this occasion no one was awake when Ogilvy crept softly into the Remove dormitory, and within a few minutes his head was on the pillow, and he was dead to the world.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Ogilvy's Sacrifice!

"I WANT a word with you, Ogilvy!" Harry Wharton bore down upon Donald Ogilvy in the Close early next morning. The captain of the Remove wore the frown which his chums had so often—and with reason—noted as a storm-signal.

"What's the trouble?" asked Ogilvy. "You were out late again last night."

"Well?" Ogilvy's apparent unconcern nettled Wharton.

"D'you call that going the right way to keep fit for the St. Jim's match?" he demanded. "You haven't troubled to put in a single practice since your name was down to play!"

"Sorry!" said Ogilvy. "I've had something more important than cricket to think about."

"You mean you're not keen on turning out against St. Jim's?"

"Of course I am, fathead!"

"Well, you'll find yourself out of the team if you don't pull yourself together!" said Wharton. "That's a fair warning, and you won't get another!"

Ogilvy checked the heated retort which rose to his lips, and moved away. Dick Russell joined him.

"A lecture from Wharton?" he asked. Ogilvy nodded.

"Well, I must say you deserved it, old man. You've cut the cricket every night—"

"All in a good cause," said Ogilvy.

Russell linked his arm in that of his chum.

"Look here," he began, "take my advice, and give Courtfield a miss to-night."

"Can't be done!"

"Oh, rats! There's no need to go running a halter round your neck. There's enough trouble in the family now, what with Quelchy's typewriter and one thing and another. Yet you're adding to it by getting yourself into disgrace. That's what it will come to if you persist in this silly-ass game. Why don't you chuck it, like a good fellow?"

"I'll chuck it on Saturday night," said Ogilvy. "Not before."

Russell, realising that all further argument with his chum would be futile, let the matter drop; but he was considerably worried on Ogilvy's account. He had never known Donald Ogilvy to behave in such a peculiar and obstinate way before.

Headless of the various warnings he had received, Ogilvy cycled off to Courtfield that evening. He was on his way to attend his last rehearsal. The following evening the curtain would rise on the performance proper.

Skimming swiftly along the road,

Ogilvy hadn't the remotest idea he was being followed.

Yet such was the case. Bunter had been keeping an eye on Ogilvy, and had made up his mind to find out exactly what the Removeite's destination was and what he did when he got there.

Bunter had borrowed Johnny Bull's bicycle, Hurree Singh's lamps, and Frank Nugent's pump. His fat little legs were going like clockwork, and he never once let Ogilvy out of his sight.

Only one object could lure Ogilvy into Courtfield night after night, to Billy Bunter's way of thinking, and that object was grub!

In some way or other, the fat junior felt certain, Ogilvy was defying the Food Controller. He was probably hand-in-glove with a food-boarder.

Great, then, was Billy Bunter's disgust when Ogilvy dismounted outside the Public Hall.

"It isn't a feed at all!" grunted the Owl of the Remove. "What a beastly sell! After scorching all this way, too!"

Blissfully unconscious of the fact that he had been followed, Ogilvy passed into the building, where the final full-dress rehearsal was about to take place. He felt in particularly fine form, and rendered his songs with more sparkle than previously.

The performance was barely half way through when the manager suddenly appeared, dragging Billy Bunter along by the ear like a fat and ungainly rabbit.

"Is this thing your property?" he asked Ogilvy. "I found it pricking up its ears just outside."

"My hat! Bunter, you spying worm, what—"

"Ow! Make him leggo!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"You followed me from Greyfriars, you beastly Peeping Tom! What d'you mean by it?"

"I—I came along to protect you," said Bunter. "I thought you might be set upon by some of the Highcliffe cads, in which case you'd need a hard-hitting fellow like me to look after you."

Ogilvy looked grim.

"I'll jolly soon show you who's the hard-hitting fellow," he said. "Bring him behind the scenes for half a jiffy, sir!"

What happened to Billy Bunter after the manager yanked him behind the scenes he never clearly realised. He was dimly conscious of the fact that his clothing was removed by deft hands, and a hideous Oriental costume wrapped around him. In addition to which his fat face was plastered with a variety of grease-paints.

Billy Bunter's appearance at the end of this transformation was so comical that the members of the theatrical company were sobbing with laughter.

Nearly an hour later a weird and wonderful object, of many tints and colours, crawled in at the gates of Greyfriars. Mr. Prout, who was setting out for an evening constitutional, nearly fell down when he encountered the striking apparition.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the master of the Fifth. "Who—What—"

"It's me, sir!" hooted Billy Bunter, gesticulating wildly. "I've been insulted, sir! Some rotten scoundrels in the town played me this trick! It's up to you to punish 'em, sir! I went there from a sense of duty, to—keep Ogilvy from going to the dogs, and they all set on me!"

"Bunter! How came you in that ridiculous garb?"

"I've just told you, haven't I?" howled Bunter, totally forgetting the respect due to a master. "They painted my chivy, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 552.

CADET NOTES.

The appointment recently made of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as Colonel-in-Chief of the Cadet Corps in the United Kingdom helps to call attention to the good work quietly and gratuitously carried on by these organisations for the good of the country. These Cadet Corps include the Territorial Cadets, the Boys' Brigade, the Church Lads' Brigade, the Naval Cadets, the Jewish Lads' Brigade, and the Catholic Boys' Brigade, and there are several similar bodies not subject to Military Law drawn from various classes of working boys. They are carried on under officers holding commissions granted by the Lords Lieutenant by command of H.M. the King, through the Secretary of State for War.

Owing to the great inrush of lads to join the Cadet Movement, and the creation of a considerable number of new Corps in the last year or so, steps are now being taken to regulate the establishment and organisation of such bodies more thoroughly than they have been in the past. In London a joint Committee for the City and County has been formed, and in future no new Cadet Corps will be recognised without the authority of this Committee. Something of the sort was necessary, as a great deal of over-lapping was taking place in various directions.

The War Office gave notice that General Sir Malcolm Grover, K.C.B., has been appointed as the War Office Inspector of Recognised Cadet Units. General Grover is a distinguished officer, who is giving his services voluntarily in the effort to promote and extend the efficiency of the Cadet Units. Undoubtedly, a visit from him to inspect any local Corps will be productive of good results, and Cadets should be grateful to the General for his efforts on their behalf.

The rush of boys to join Cadet Corps continues, and full details and information are being sent to all who apply as rapidly as we can manage. A little delay occurs sometimes when the rush is exceptionally heavy, but every boy who writes for information about the nearest Corps to the Central Association Volunteer Regiments, Judges' Quadrangle, Law Courts, W.C. 2, will receive a reply in the course of a few days after the receipt of his letter.

and took away my togs! I demand revenge!"

"You appear to forget to whom you are speaking, Bunter!" said Mr. Prout testily. "Go and cleanse yourself, and effect a change of clothing! You cannot continue to walk about in that unseemly manner. It is an outrage!"

Purple with fury behind his grease-paint, Billy Bunter passed on. The Famous Five saw him, and shrieked.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Have they turned the Zoo loose?"

"What in thunder is it?" gasped Johnny Bull.

Billy Bunter promptly poured out his tale of woe. Acting in the best interests of his school, he said, he had followed Ogilvy into Courtfield, and had seen him having a gay time with a party of broken-down actors.

Bunter piled it on thick. He was in one of his best imaginative moods.

"Ogilvy's got in with a very bad set," he explained. "They were drinking, and playing cards for money, and carrying on no end! They were all tipsy when they saw me, and this is what they did to me!"

The Famous Five still laughed. It was impossible to look at Billy Bunter with-

out doing so. At the same time, they felt decidedly wrathful with Donald Ogilvy.

So this was the little game, was it? Ogilvy was cutting the cricket, and forsaking the interests of his Form, in order to hold high revel with a disreputable crowd of strolling players?

"That does it!" said Harry Wharton. "I'm not playing an outsider like that in the Remove team! Not for a pension!"

"Better wait and see what Ogilvy has to say about it first," said Frank Nugent. "You know what a champion liar Bunter is!"

"He won't be able to deny it!" growled Bunter. "I hope the Head gets to hear of it, and he's chucked out of Greyfriars on his neck, that's all!"

And the fat junior rolled away to the bath-room.

Donald Ogilvy failed to put in an appearance until after midnight. As he entered the Remove dormitory Wharton's voice hailed him grimly.

"That you, Ogilvy?"

"Yes."

"I've been waiting for you to turn up!"

"Very kind of you!" said Ogilvy. "Pity to spoil your beauty sleep, though!"

He kicked off his boots, and started to undress.

"Have you been fooling your time away at Courtfield?" demanded Wharton.

"I don't quite understand you."

"Bunter says that you've got mixed up with some theatrical crowd."

"Well?"

"Bunter's right, then?"

"For once, yes."

"That's enough!" said Wharton. "I've no use for fellows who do that kind of thing in the cricket team. Your name's coming off the list right away, and I'll put in Desmond to play in your place. You've been asking for this for a long time!"

Ogilvy bowed his head to the inevitable. "All serene!" he said. "You needn't make a song about it! I told you I had something more important to think about than cricket. Good-night!"

And Ogilvy turned in. But it was not until the first grey gleam of dawn came it at the high windows that he slept.

Wharton's words had hit him hard. Being left out of the cricket team was a disgrace, and very nearly a tragedy. It was the ambition of nearly every Removeite to play against St. Jim's; and it was a chance which Ogilvy, not being in the front rank of Remove cricketers, might never get again.

Yet, for Russell's sake, the sacrifice was necessary. There could be no re-tracing now. Ogilvy had taken the plunge, and he must set his teeth and see the thing through. He would miss one of the best games of the season; he would have the mortification of seeing his place in the team filled by another; but, to atone for these discomforts, he would have the satisfaction of pulling Russell out of the rut.

It was said of old that a friend is worth all hazards we can run.

Donald Ogilvy thought so, too.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Off to the Fray!

"OGILVY!"

Wingate's voice rang out sharply as the Remove junior came down the stairs on the morning of the St. Jim's match.

"I want to speak to you," said the captain of Greyfriars, barring Ogilvy's path.

"Go ahead, Wingate," said Ogilvy

cheerfully, though he guessed what was coming.

"In spite of the warning I gave you," said Wingate, "you were out late again last night."

Ogilvy bit his lip, but said nothing. What was there to say? He had taken part overnight in the first public performance of "The Mikado," and had come through with flying colours. Several of the Greyfriars fellows had been present at the performance, but they little guessed the real identity of the youth who appeared on the programme as Bobby Saunders.

Resisting the congratulations of the manager and the rest of the company, Ogilvy had hurried back, aided by the friendly darkness, to Greyfriars. He had hoped no one had seen him; but Wingate's next words disillusioned him.

"I understand from Walker," said Wingate sternly, "that it was past-midnight when you returned. Is that so?"

"Yes, Wingate."

"Well, you're a confounded young ass! I told you what would happen if you persisted in this sort of thing. What's the use of rules being made if you break 'em night after night? When a fellow has a night out once in a way it's a case I can easily deal with. But this isn't merely breaking rules; it's deliberate defiance of orders as well. I regard it as serious, and I'm going to take you before the Head. Report in my study after breakfast!"

Ogilvy passed on down the stairs feeling very blue.

It had been bad enough to be deprived of his place in the cricket eleven, without having to answer for his misdeeds to Dr. Locke. He hoped, as he tramped wearily round the Close—for he was stale and tired—that Wingate would think better of it, and decide to punish him off his own bat.

But the captain of Greyfriars could be very firm on occasion. He had given Ogilvy his chance, and the junior had not chosen to take it. Very well; he must pay the piper.

Ogilvy scarcely touched his breakfast. He felt his position all the more acutely because the members of the Remove



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Eleven were in high feather, laughing and chatting in anticipation of a great game. Mr. Quelch not being at the head of the table, the conversation went on unchecked.

The meal over, Ogilvy was duly taken before the Head. In a few terse sentences Wingate gave his report.

Dr. Locke took off his glasses and rubbed them. He looked very annoyed.

"You have broken bounds several nights in succession, Ogilvy?" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir."

"And you ignored Wingate's caution?"

"I—I had to, sir."

"I fail to understand you. I can only trust that you did not break bounds, as so many foolish lads have done, with the object of frequenting any places of doubtful repute?"

"I've been perfectly straight, sir!" said Ogilvy warmly.

"I believe you," said the Head. "I do not remember ever to have found you out in a lie. At the same time, disregard of the school rules is an offence which I cannot overlook. Hold out your hand!"

Ogilvy obeyed. He received six stinging cuts, and then an equal dose on the other hand. Dr. Locke could still put a considerable amount of ginger into his strokes, and Ogilvy had all his work cut out to keep from betraying how much he was hurt.

"I hope you will not transgress again in this way," said Dr. Locke, laying the cane aside. "I shall ask Mr. Quelch, when he returns on Monday, to keep you under close observation. You may go now."

Ogilvy was only too glad to escape from the Head's presence. Fortunately, Dr. Locke had asked him no awkward questions, which might have prevented his being able to take any further part in "The Mikado."

One more performance, and Ogilvy's task would be complete. And he would run little risk of detection on the final occasion, because Wingate was going away for the week-end, and Gwynne would be on duty in his place. Gwynne was a very sound and capable fellow, but it was possible to pull the wool over his eyes more easily than in the case of Wingate.

Ogilvy chuckled, in spite of his smarting hands, and told himself that before many hours had passed all would be well with his world.

When he came out into the Close, the Remove Eleven, looking very fit and confident, were starting off for St. Jim's. Dick Russell was with them.

Russell was the only player who gave any sign of being off colour. He was still considerably worried about the damaged typewriter. So far, he had not raised a single penny of the five pounds necessary to pay for the repairs, and he little guessed to what lengths Ogilvy was going in order to square matters at the finish.

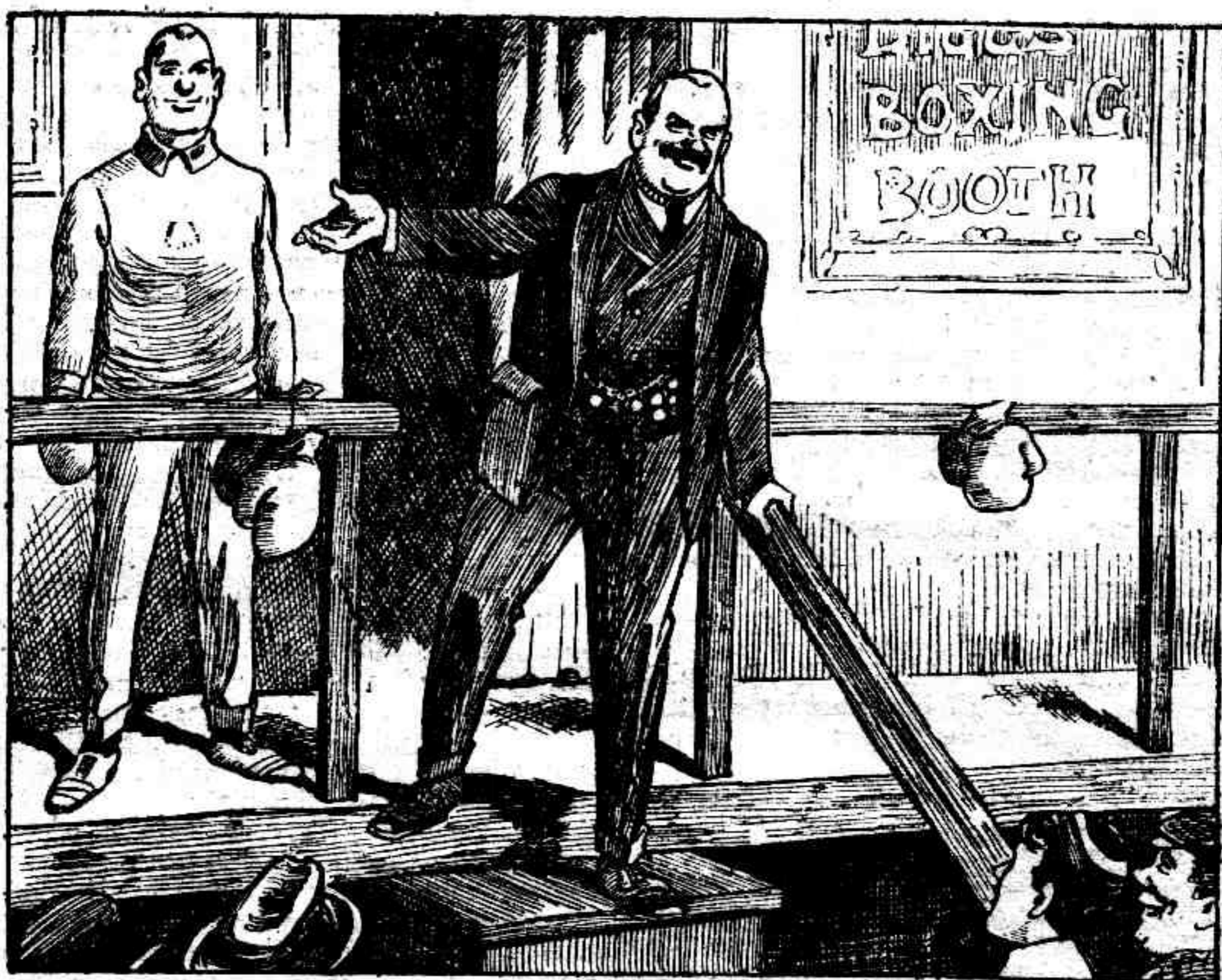
"Buck up, man!" exclaimed Ogilvy, slapping his chum on the back. "You look as if you're going to a funeral, instead of to half-slaughter St. Jim's!"

Russell grinned faintly. "I can't help worrying about that blessed typewriter," he said; "it haunts me! It'll be in front of my eyes when I'm batting—"

"In which case you'll get a duck, and serve you jolly well right!" said Ogilvy. "Look here, old chap, you've got to forget that a man dwells on the earth whose name is Quelch, and that at the present moment he has a machine in dock for repairs."

"But Quelch comes back on Monday—"

"And when he does he'll find his



"Who will face the Slogger?" (See Chapter 3.)

tapper in perfect condition—even better than when he left it. You can take it from me. An Ogilvy never lies. If you go over to St. Jim's with a face like that you'll let the side down."

"I wish you were coming," said Russell wistfully. "You were a first-class idiot to chuck away your place in the team like that!"

"Never mind me! You've got to put up a performance good enough for both of us. You'd better buzz off now. Wharton's yelling for you. Hope you have a topping game. And promise you won't worry any more about that merry typewriter."

"I promise," said Russell. "So-long!"

And he dashed off after his fellow-players.

As he stood and watched a curious mist rose before Ogilvy's eyes.

It was hard luck—bitterly hard luck! He hated being left behind.

But Ogilvy fought down his despondency, and consoled himself with the reflection that he had done the right thing by his chum, and that within a few hours Mr. Quelch's machine would be restored intact, and Dick Russell would be out of the wood.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Friars versus Saints!

"HERE we are again!"
Monty Lowther of St. Jim's made that observation as he sprang forward to open the carriage door for the Greyfriars cricketers.

"Welcome, little strangers!" said Monty. "We mean to wipe up the ground with you this day!"

"You'll have all your work cut out, old son," said Peter Todd, dropping a couple of cricket-bags on to the platform. "Hallo! There's the one-and-only Arthur Augustus, complete with monocle. How goes it, Gussy?"

"Vewy pleased to have the gweat pleasuah an' pwivilege of lickin' you fellahs once again!" said Arthur Augustus.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Merry and bright, and on the very best

of terms, the rival elevens tramped up to St. Jim's. The Greyfriars match was always a great festival for the Saints, and, as Monty Lowther explained, everybody who was anybody had turned out to watch the match.

Light refreshment was served to the visiting eleven, and then Tom Merry spun the coin.

"Heads!" called Harry Wharton.

It was not so.

"Think we'll have first whack," said Tom Merry. "It's a perfect wicket," he added, with relish.

The Remove took the field in high feather. They didn't mind their opponents going in first at all.

"We'll dismiss the beggars by lunch-time, and devote the afternoon to piling up runs," said Frank Nugent.

But this nice little arrangement somehow failed. St. Jim's showed not the slightest inclination to be dismissed by lunch-time. They rather gave the impression that they would stay at the wickets until the sun went down.

Tom Merry and Talbot opened the innings, and both were in sparkling form. Hurree Singh's bowling gave them a certain amount of trouble at first; but, having mastered it, they piled up the runs at a most alarming rate.

The Friars were very nippy in the field, and they kept the score down as much as possible; but 50 went up on the board at the end of half an hour's play.

Hurree Singh, realising that it was not his day, said to Harry Wharton:

"Will you despatchfully send down some of the legful breaks? They are slogfully hitting my esteemed bowling all over the ground. I will take the restful pause."

Wharton nodded, and went on to bowl.

The change was for the better. No wickets fell, but the rate of scoring slowed down perceptibly. When Wharton had found his length he was dangerous, and both Tom Merry and Talbot were too wise to take risks.

By slow degrees the score rose from 50 to 60, from 60 to 70, and from 70 to 80. The fieldsmen were as keen and alert as ever.

All save one!

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In the long-field Dick Russell shifted about aimlessly.

He was feeling restless and worried. In spite of his promise to Ogilvy that he would not let himself be harassed by thoughts of the broken typewriter, his mind constantly returned to the subject. He realised, with a sort of feverish dread, that Mr. Quelch was due to return on Monday morning. And it was now Saturday afternoon!

Supposing he should not be able to raise the money in time? Supposing the manager of the firm, in the rush of other work, let the typewriter hang fire? Supposing—terrible thought!—Mr. Quelch changed his plans, and came back to Greyfriars sooner than he was expected?

A sudden shout roused Russell from his gloomy reverie.

"Look out, there!"

"Hold it, man!"

The ball came whizzing in Russell's direction. With all his faculties alert he could have held it. But he was not ready, and he fumbled the ball badly. It popped out of his hesitating hands, and rolled to the boundary.

"Oh, crumbs!"

Russell realised the enormity of his offence. Tom Merry had given him a comparatively easy catch, and he had muffed it. And now the captain of the home side, congratulating himself on his lucky escape, might remain at the wickets for another two hours, for he was in great form.

Russell's face reddened as he gathered up the ball and threw it in. His fellow-players darted swift looks of reproach at him, and no wonder. By muffing the catch he had let his side down badly.

Russell realised that Ogilvy's parting words had contained much sound common-sense. He ought to have driven the affair of the typewriter from his mind. It was not possible to concentrate on two things at once. All his mental and physical activity were required for the task of disposing of Tom Merry & Co.

Russell bit his lip, and grimly resolved that he would not be caught napping again.

That first-wicket partnership of Talbot and Merry was a fine one. A hundred and twenty runs were on the board before they were separated, Talbot being caught at the wicket.

The fieldsmen congregated in a group when Talbot wended his way to the pavilion.

"Russell, you prize idiot," growled Johnny Bull, "you've given Tom Merry the chance to knock up another 50! What on earth were you thinking about?"

"I—I was rather worried."

"You'll be a jolly sight more worried if these bounders stay in all day because you happened to muff a catch!"

"Oh, let him alone!" said Wharton good-naturedly. "These little blunders will happen in the best-regulated families. Keep your eyes skinned next time, Russell, that's all!"

The next man took his stand at the wicket, grinning cheerily. It was Redfern of the New House, and what Redfern didn't know about cricket wasn't worth knowing.

Redfern's methods were vigorous and sparkling. He had a habit of leaping out of his crease at the bowling. It was this habit of his which caused him to be stumped at last, but not before he had hit up a brilliant 40. The crowd—and particularly the New House section—cheered Reddy to the echo.

The next few batsmen came in for a bad time. Hurree Singh resumed operations with the ball, and his hand had recovered its cunning. Figgins, Jack Blake, and the great Gussy came and saw,

but failed to conquer. They retired in turn to the pavilion, leaving scattered stumps behind them. Hurree Singh was working destruction.

Then came Monty Lowther, sunny and smiling, to assist Tom Merry.

The captain of the Shell was playing a mighty innings. He was in his very best form, and had never made another mistake after the chance Russell had missed.

When the luncheon interval came the score stood at the excellent figure of 210 for five wickets. Tom Merry was 98 not out.

Eleven panting and perspiring Friars sat down to lunch. Such was their spirit of sportsmanship that they could afford to be merry and bright, even at this crisis. On so perfect a wicket they themselves would have scored heavily.

During lunch there was a heavy summer shower. The rain lashed down upon the hard turf, and Hurree Singh rubbed his hands with great satisfaction.

"The tailful end," he said, "will not give a great deal of esteemed anxiety."

He was right. The pitch caked under the sun, and was for a time really tricky. The first ball after the resumption spread-eagled Tom Merry's stumps. He had missed his century by two runs, and was naturally disappointed, but he received a tremendous ovation from the crowd.

The rest of the St. Jim's players gave very little trouble. Their wickets fell like ninepins before Hurree Singh's deadly bowling, and the innings closed for 239.

"A tall order!" said Harry Wharton.

"A dashed tall order!" agreed Vernon-Smith. "Anybody here know how to perform miracles?"

"We're at the mercy of time, too!" said Johnny Bull. "Before we can get half the runs we want it'll be time to draw stumps."

"Rats! You're about as cheerful as an undertaker, Johnny!" said Peter Todd. "If you're going in to scratch holes in the turf with your bat, of course we sha'n't get 'em. Big hits and broken tiles are the correct capers. You mark my words. Pity Bob and Mark Linley aren't here; but I think we shall pull through all serene."

Peter Todd's optimism certainly seemed to be built on a foundation of sand, for the wicket was by no means so good as before lunch, and they had Fatty Wynn to reckon with.

All the same, win or lose, the Friars were unanimous in their resolution that they would at least give the Saints a jolly good run for their money.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Slip Redeemed!

"WELL hit, sir!"

"Jolly well hit!"

Harry Wharton, after leaving Fatty Wynn's first ball severely alone, flogged the second on to the roof of the pavilion.

Wharton was playing with that grim earnestness which was characteristic of him when his side was in a tight corner. He had taken the Bounder in to bat with him, thereby displaying sound judgment, for Vernon-Smith was just the man to assist in laying a solid foundation of runs.

The pitch was still rather tricky, and the batsmen had to take risks. By stonewalling they might possibly have made a draw of it; but such a thought did not even occur to the minds of the Greyfriars fellows. They didn't hold to the theory that half a loaf is better than no bread. Either they would lick St. Jim's or they would cheerfully go under.

Fatty Wynn had looked forward to a crop of wickets, but he was disappointed.

Vernon-Smith played him with coolness, scoring most of his runs by deftly guiding the ball through the slips.

Harry Wharton, on the other hand, seemed to be modelling his cricket on the lines of Jessop. He hit out grandly, giving no quarter. The fieldsmen, who had stood close in at the commencement of the innings, were now dispersed to all parts of the field.

"Faith, an' it's a stunnin' exhibition they're givin'!" chortled Micky Desmond, from the pavilion. "Go it, ye cripples! Oh, hard luck, Wharton darlint!"

Harry Wharton had stepped back to a hot delivery of Fatty Wynn's, and had played the ball on to his wicket. He had hit up a faultless 50.

"Quite a good start!" murmured Peter Todd, putting on his pads. "Squiff, old man, do you think I'm good for a century?"

"More likely to come a cropper at the first ball, I should say!" growled Squiff. "Still, there's just a chance that your face will frighten the bowlers!"

"I can't stop to slay you now," said Peter, "but I'll make a mental note of that deadly insult. Here goes!"

And Peter went in to take Harry Wharton's place.

"Hit hard and often!" said the captain of the Remove, as Peter Todd passed him. "It's the only way."

Peter nodded. The next moment he was surveying his bat with grim satisfaction. In endeavouring to smite the ball to the limits of the horizon he had broken the handle at the splice.

"Trying to pose as Samson—what?" said Monty Lowther, from mid-on. "Don't do it. It puts me in a horrible state of blue funk. Supposing you were to slog one like that at me?"

"I might do worse!" said Peter Todd, taking the new bat which was brought out to him. "Mind your eye!"

But it was not until twenty minutes had elapsed that Peter Todd put his threat into effect. He hit the ball hard in Monty Lowther's direction. The only drawback to the arrangement was that Monty caught it.

Peter glared at Monty Lowther for a moment, then burst into a laugh.

"You duffer!" he exclaimed. "That wasn't on the programme."

"I had to grab hold of the blessed thing in self-defence," said Lowther. "Better luck next time, old son!"

The Friars were in good spirits. Harry Wharton, Peter Todd, and the Bounder had scored 105 between them, and Smithy was still going strong.

Figgins of the New House went on to bowl. It had been Figgy's ill fortune to get a duck, and he wanted to justify his existence. He succeeded in doing so at the expense of Johnny Bull, whose leg-stump was uprooted at the first time of asking.

"When Johnny goes marching home again!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "This is great! Keep it up, Figgy!"

Flushed with his early success, and bowling a fine length, Figgins disposed of Hurree Singh, Squiff, and Micky Desmond before any of them had time to settle down.

But, although six wickets were down, there was still hope for the Friars, for the Bounder was firm as a rock, and was giving a masterly exhibition.

Frank Nugent joined him, and they took the score to 150 before they were separated, Fatty Wynn holding a hot return from Nugent.

Hard on the heels of Frank—for time was flying fast—came Dick Penfold. Penfold was a useful man at a pinch, and he hit out lustily.

At this stage misfortune overtook the

Bounder. He attempted to run where no run was. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sent the ball in as clean as a whistle, and the Bounder was run out when still several yards from the crease.

"Bravo, Smithy!" exclaimed Peter Todd, as the Bounder trotted up the pavilion steps. "Seventy-five, old bean! Jolly good going!"

"We want 50 odd to win now, and we've got half an hour," said Harry Wharton. "Do your best, Rebel!"

"Rather!" replied Delarey, hurrying on to the pitch.

A period of hurricane hitting ensued. Penfold did the lion's share of it, and Delarey backed him up loyally. The second hundred was passed amid loud cheering from the Friars in the pavilion, and shortly afterwards Fatty Wynn wrecked Dick Penfold's wicket.

The last man came down the pavilion steps, conscious of the fact that two hundred pair of eyes were focused upon him. He was conscious, too, that he had made a bad blunder earlier in the game, and that it was up to him to make amends for that blunder.

"Play up, Russell!"

"Keep your mind on the game," urged Harry Wharton. "Never mind other things just now!"

Russell nodded, and went in to join Delarey.

A matter of 35 runs were required to give the Friars the victory.

It was a big task. Even Peter Todd, bubbling over with optimism though he was, had to admit that. One slip on the part of Russell or Delarey and they would be given no chance to rectify the mistake.

The Saints were putting all their energies into the game now. The fielding was very smart. The bowling was first-rate.

Russell survived the remainder of Fatty Wynn's over; and then Delarey began to make merry at Redfern's expense. He hit a couple of fours and a two, showing marked determination and sound judgment. There was great rejoicing in the pavilion.

"I believe the beggars will stick it out," said Peter Todd. "Depends on Russell!"

"After muffing that catch, it's up to him to see things through," said Wharton.

Dick Russell was no longer thinking of Mr. Quelch's typewriter. Had he done so the Greyfriars innings would have come to an abrupt full stop. Instead, Russell applied himself heart and soul to the game, and, getting the measure of Fatty Wynn, he slogged him fairly on to the roof of the pavilion.

"Hellup! It's a giddy air-raid!" panted Squiff, as the ball came clattering down from the tiles above. "My hat! This is great!"

Fatty Wynn looked grim, and resumed his attack. His next delivery was of the lightning variety. The ball struck a spot a few yards in front of Russell, rose, and hit him hard on the shoulder.

Fatty Wynn ambled up to the batsman. "I'm beastly sorry," he said. "I didn't intend anything like that to happen."

"Of course you didn't!" said Russell cheerfully. "That's all right!"

"Hurt you much, old man?" asked Delarey anxiously.

"I can carry on."

"Good!"

The crowd—Friars and Saints alike—cheered Russell. They knew that an accident of that sort was painful.

"His shoulder must be giving him beans," said Johnny Bull, "but he means to stick it out."

And that was exactly what Dick Russell meant to do.

The minutes were precious now, and there was some hard hitting to be done if the game was to be pulled out of the fire. Russell kept his end up doggedly, and Delarey drove finely.

"Ten to win!" murmured Harry Wharton at length.

"And about five minutes to go!" said Nugent. "It's touch-and-go, old man."

Crack!

Heedless of his damaged shoulder, Dick Russell leaped out of his crease, and drove the ball hard into the long-field. By the time it was recovered the batsmen had crossed three times.

Then followed a period of breathless suspense. Delarey played three balls without scoring. With the last ball of the over, however, he made no mistake. It was a half-volley, and the pavilion roof rattled once again.

"Six!" chortled Squiff, in an ecstasy. "Level! They'll do it yet! They'll work the oracle!"

It was up to Russell now. He was facing Fatty Wynn; and the Falstaff of St. Jim's meant business. Russell waited. When the ball came he could have yelled with delight. It was almost a full-pitch to leg.

Russell slammed it hard.

"Come on!" cried Delarey.

He was already half-way down the pitch. The run was an easy one, however.

What followed was not very clear either to Russell or Delarey.

They were swept off their feet, there was a deafening, prolonged roar, and their comrades carried them in shoulder-high.

The Friars had won on the stroke of time by one wicket.

The Saints were nowise downhearted. They knew that time would bring them their revenge. Meanwhile, they stood their visitors as good a spread as was possible under war-time conditions, and gave them a cheery send-off to the station.

The train bore back to Friardale ten light hearts and ten flushed and happy faces.

But there was one fellow in the carriage whose heart had grown suddenly heavy and his face haggard.

It was Dick Russell.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Saved at the Pinch!

IN the joy of battle—in the tense excitement of the concluding stages of the match with St. Jim's—the affair of Mr. Quelch's typewriter had completely faded from Dick Russell's mind. Through worrying about it earlier in the game he had made a bad blunder, and very nearly lost his side the match; and after muffing the catch he had forced himself to concentrate on the game.

Now that the match was played and won—now that the excitement and applause were over—the reaction set in.

Russell sat gloomily in a corner of the carriage and contemplated the immediate future. It didn't seem very hopeful.

He couldn't see daylight anywhere. It was Saturday evening, and Mr. Quelch was to return on Monday morning! And the typewriter, so far as Russell knew, was still at Courtfield waiting for him to call for it.

But what was the use of calling for it when he had no money.

Russell felt as if he were on the edge of a volcano, which might at any moment erupt and send him sky-high.

Nearly a week had elapsed since he had sat down to type that letter to his cousin—the letter which had never been

sent. And day by day the episode of the smashed typewriter had become magnified in Russell's mind. He imagined the wrath of Mr. Quelch to be very serious and terrible. The Remove-master, though a very kind-hearted man in the main, could, on occasion, be heavy-handed; and Russell shivered at the thought of what Mr. Quelch might say, and do, on Monday.

And it was all a question of money! Five pounds would clear him of the trouble. Five pounds would restore the typewriter in good condition, and remove the great weight from Russell's mind. But it was too late now to think of raising such a sum.

In the opposite corner of the carriage Vernon-Smith was holding a lively conversation with Peter Todd on the subject of a picnic which was shortly to take place—weather and funds permitting.

"Oh, funds will be all right!" the Bounder was saying. "The pater's just turned up trumps with ten of the best."

"Ten bob?" asked Peter Todd innocently.

"Quids, you ass!"

Russell was half-tempted to make a direct appeal to the Bounder. Here was a fellow with ten quid, and he was going to spend it on riotous living; whereas to Russell the money was a grim necessity.

But he held himself in check. To borrow from the Bounder would only be putting off the evil day. He would have to pay it back, and how was it possible to do that out of his scanty resources?

When the train jolted to a halt at Friardale, Dick Russell was almost in despair. The others, radiantly happy as a result of their victory, couldn't understand it. They tried to coax Russell out of his melancholy, but in vain.

"Which there's a gent 'ere to see you, Master Russell," said Gosling, as the cricketers trooped through the old gateway.

Russell turned pale. His nerves were on edge, and an unknown visitor was anything but welcome.

"Where is he?" asked the junior.

Gosling jerked his thumb in the direction of the school building.

"Waitin' for you under the archway," he said.

Russell nodded, and, detaching himself from the rest of the party, approached a serious-looking man in a tweed suit. The man carried a case.

"Master Russell?" he asked.

"Ye-e-es. What is it?"

"I've brought the typewriter from Courtfield."

"Oh! Is it repaired?"

"It's in perfect order."

"Good!" said Russell. "Hand it over!"

"My instructions are not to part with this machine until it is paid for," said the man in the tweed suit, looking grim. "The bill is five pounds, please!"

Russell groaned.

"If you could let it stay over till Monday—"

"I'm afraid I can't. The arrangement was spot cash. That, as the manager told you, is a rule of our firm."

"But I—I haven't the tin!"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"In that case, I must see your head-master. I've no wish to make a scene, but I must satisfy myself as to your bona fides."

There was a pause. The man looked ready to carry out his intention there and then.

"Come along to my study," said Russell, in a burst of desperation. "We—we'll talk it out there!"

"I'm afraid if you haven't the money, Master Russell, it's no use—"

But Dick Russell was already leading

the way to the study. The man followed him in, and put the typewriter down on the floor.

Russell threw himself on the couch in despair. He had wanted to gain time—to stave off the inevitable.

"There's a note for you here," said the man from Courtfield.

And he handed it over.

Russell ripped open the envelope. It was addressed to himself in printed capitals.

Then his face fairly blazed with delight. He could scarcely credit his amazing good fortune.

For the envelope contained five currency notes for one pound each!

The typewriter man smiled.

"There's an easy solution to your problem," he said.

"My hat, yes! Just fancy! Five merry quidlets! Goodness knows where they've sprung from! Still, here they are! Take 'em, and be thankful!"

"Thank you!" said the man. "You will find the machine in perfect working order. Good-evening!"

And he passed out of the study.

For some moments Russell sat like a fellow in a dream. It seemed that the age of miracles had returned—that the skies had suddenly opened and sent the five notes fluttering down.

Russell was not a particularly shrewd reasoner, or he would have been able to put two and two together. As it was, he sat for quite a long time in a state of stupefaction.

"Hallo!" said Ogilvy, coming in. "You look very chirpy. Had a good game?"

"Top-hole! Not only that, Don, but I'm clear—clear of that wretched nightmare of the typewriter! It's here—repaired, delivered, and paid for! Isn't it great?"

And Russell, in his delight, sprang to his feet, and began to waltz Ogilvy round the study.

When they had finished, Ogilvy flung himself into the armchair and pumped in breath.

"Aren't you going to congratulate me, old man?" said Russell.

"Why, of course!" panted Ogilvy. "It's topping news! I told you everything would pan out all serene if you didn't worry."

"What beats me," said Russell, wrinkling his brows, "is where the money came from. It's jolly mysterious!"

Ogilvy's face reddened a little, and he shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

"I shouldn't distress myself on that score," he said. "The cash has turned up, and there you are. Yours not to reason why."

"All the same, I should like to find out who's been playing the Good Samaritan."

"I guess I'll make some tea!" said Ogilvy, rising hurriedly to his feet.

"Whoever the fellow was, he's got me out of the toughest corner I've ever been in!" said Russell. "Why, Don," he added suddenly, darting a keen glance at Ogilvy's flushed face, "I—I believe it was you!"

Ogilvy bustled about with the crockery. "Jam or marmalade?" he asked.

Dick Russell strode forward and gripped his chum by the arm.

"My hat!" he exclaimed, in great excitement. "Was it you?"

The question was point-blank. Ogilvy saw that further evasion would be useless.

"When silly asses get themselves into a scrape, it's up to somebody to fish 'em out!" he murmured.

"And you—you forked out that fiver?"

"Yes; but it's nothing to make a song about."

Russell gave a low whistle.

"What a blind fool I am!" he exclaimed. "I might have known all along it was you! It's just like you, Don. But—but Heaven knows how or when I can pay you back! You see, I—"

"Don't try," said Ogilvy. "That's all right. I know you'd do the same for me—in fact, you've stood by me like a brick before this in a tight place. One good turn deserves another!"

"But—but how did you manage to raise the wind?"

"Turned myself into a strolling player for a few days."

"What?"

"I took on one of the leading parts in 'The Mikado.' It was great fun!"

"And that's why you broke bounds night after night?"

Ogilvy nodded.

"My hat! And it cost you your place in the team, too! Oh, Don, you oughtn't to have done it. I'm not worth a sacrifice of that sort!"

"Rats! Cut it short, and pitch into your tea, fathead!"

Dick Russell said no more; but his shining eyes bespoke his deep gratitude to the chum who had stood by him so loyally through that trying time. And, despite Ogilvy's protests, Russell made it his business to acquaint the rest of the fellows with the true facts of the case.

Harry Wharton & Co. were naturally astonished when they heard; and Ogilvy's popularity, which had waned a good deal of late, became greater than it had ever been.

And whilst the Removites were apologising to Ogilvy for having thought him a waster, and congratulating him on the fine stand he had made for Dick Russell, the Head was glancing over a report in the local paper about the brilliant success of "The Mikado." The report was glowing in its praise of the performance, and particularly so in regard to a youth named Bobby Saunders, who had played one of the leading parts with great skill and distinction.

But only the favoured few ever learned the real identity of Bobby Saunders! And, naturally, the Head was not one of the favoured few.

(DON'T MISS "SMITHY'S SCHEME!"—next Monday's grand complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)

Extracts from "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" and "TOM MERRY'S WEEKLY."

NUGENT'S AUNT JANE!

By S. Q. I. FIELD ("Squiff").

BILLY BUNTER was hungry. He rolled disconsolately along the Remove passage at Greyfriars seeking whom he might devour—or rob. At the open door of Study No. 1 he paused, and his grub-hunting expression intensified as he blinked inside.

Study No. 1 was empty. A bright, cheery fire burned in the grate, and a steaming kettle sang merrily on the hob. The whole atmosphere of the room was cosy and inviting.

Billy Bunter accepted the unspoken invitation, and entered.

On the white tablecloth, already set for tea, lay an unopened letter. Strange to say, Bunter ignored it. Curiosity—especially about other people's business—was a strong characteristic of Bunter's; but greed was a stronger.

Bunter wasted no time in admiring the pictures on the walls or pondering over the knotty question of how and where the owners of Study No. 1 had obtained the cake, butter, and sardines that graced their clean white tablecloth in this strenuous war-time. But he nevertheless gave them—the foodstuffs, not the pictures—his undivided attention.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 552.

"Prime!" murmured Billy Bunter. "This cake's good—jolly good! So are these sardines! My hat! Fancy those greedy beasts having this all to themselves! Good job I—"

Billy Bunter paused, with his fourth piece of cake in one grubby fist and his sixth sardine between the finger and thumb of another. From along the passage came the sound of approaching footsteps and cheery voices.

Billy Bunter hesitated a brief second, then he swallowed the sardine, grabbed another piece of cake, and dived under the table.

A moment later the study door went back with a bang, and four ruddy-faced members of the Famous Five trooped noisily in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here we are again!" said Bob Cherry. "Tea ready? Oh, good! Footer gives you no end of an appetite! I feel as if I could— My hat! I say, you chaps, is that really all the cake there is?"

"And the sardines?" growled Johnny Bull. "Why, there'll only be one each! Where's that ass Nugent?"

"Yes, by Jove, where is he?" said Harry Wharton, eyeing the table in surprise. "There was a whole cake and a large tin of sardines for tea. We left Nugent to get the tea ready

—not to scoff half of it! Blessed if I can understand it! And where is the silly ass, anyway? Hallo! Here's the careless dummy now! Look here, Nugent, where the merry dickens have you been to? And what about the cake?"

"And the sardines?" grumbled Bob Cherry. Nugent plucked the tea-caddy he was carrying on the table, and eyed his study-mates in astonishment.

"Cake? Sardines? What the dickens are you talking about? Sorry to keep you fellows waiting, but I've just been out borrowing some tea. We've run short," he explained. "Hallo! That letter for me?"

"Yes. It's addressed to you, so I suppose it must be. But never mind the letter!" snapped Wharton. "What's happened to the cake and the sar—"

"Blow the cake, and blow the— My hat!" Nugent whistled as he began to read the letter he had torn open. "I say, you chaps, my aunt has written to say she's passing through Courtfield to-morrow, and will give me a call!"

"Blow the letter, and blow your aunt!" yelled Bob Cherry, in exasperation. "We

want our tea, you ass! What's it matter if your aunt is coming to-morrow? Our tea—"

"But it does matter!" cut in Nugent wrathfully. "Aren't we playing St. Jim's to-morrow? And how the dickens can I play if I've got to meet my aunt and walk her round the school, fatheads?"

"Hang it! I never thought of that!" said Harry Wharton, looking serious. "Can't you put her off? Tell her there's an important match on, and ask her to come some other day. If she's a good sort—"

"That's the trouble," said Nugent, with a shake of the head. "She may be a good sort, and she may not. As a matter of fact, she's a very distant sort of aunt, and I've never met her. But I've heard about her from my people, and I believe she's rather eccentric. Anyway, it wouldn't do. I'm afraid I shall have to give the match a miss and do the honours. I suppose you chaps won't mind if I ask her to tea in the study to-morrow?"

"Certainly not, old man!" said Harry Wharton. "We're in funds, that's one good thing, so we'll be able to give her a decent spread and make her welcome. And now that's settled we'll have tea, though you've left little enough for anyone, Nugent, you ass! That cake—"

"And those sardines—" added Bob Cherry. "Blessed if you haven't got cake and sardines on the brain!" cried Nugent. "There's a whole cake and a big tin of sardines here, and— Oh, crumbs!"

For the first time Nugent spotted the nearly demolished cake and the few sardines Bunter had left. Then he gave a roar.

"Why, you idiots, you've been scoffing half the stuff while I've been out! Pity you couldn't wait until I got back! Then you have the cheek—"

"Cheek be jiggered!" yelled Johnny Bull. "We've only just come in! if you haven't scoffed the grub, who has? The cheeky ass who brought the letter in must have done it!"

"More likely that fat thief Bunter!" said Wharton grimly. "We'll bump him next time we see him, on suspicion. Anyway, it can't be helped now. Let's pile into what there is. I'm famished!"

Grumbling, the Famous Five drew up to the table. Under the table Bunter chuckled softly. Wharton's unflattering allusion to himself amused him highly. But next moment he gave a half-stifled yelp as one of Bob Cherry's big boots thudded against his well-padded ribs. The kick was quite an accident on Bob's part, of course. He did not know Bunter was there.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry, looking down in surprise.

Then he gave a jump as he spotted a leg covered with glaring check squares protruding from under the tablecloth. There was only one fellow in Greyfriars who wore such atrocious trousers. And that fellow was Billy Bunter.

Bob Cherry grinned. But instead of voicing his discovery aloud, he began to impart the knowledge of Bunter's presence in dumb show.

"What the dickens—" began Wharton, eyeing Cherry's pantomimic gestures in amazement. Then he grinned and understood, as Cherry's lips framed the word:

"Bunter."

"Pass the cake, Nugent, old chap!" said Bob Cherry, with a wink. "Hallo! Sorry, old man! I kicked you, didn't I? Do you know, it's a funny thing, but after I've been player footer I often find myself kicking out, even when I'm sitting down. There I go again! Was that you I kicked then, Wharton?"

"Nunno! But now you mention it, I often find myself doing the same thing. I'm certain I kicked someone then. I hope it wasn't you, Inky, old pal?"

Hurree Jam Singh protested volubly in his flowery English that the extraordinary bootfulness of the esteemed Wharton had not intruded itself upon him. Then, strange to say, he also became a victim to the queer complaint of Cherry, and began to kick out.

In fact, as tea proceeded the whole party seemed to be suffering from the extraordinary malady.

And very soon from beneath the table came a continuous succession of yelps, gasps, and grunts, as the unfortunate Owl of the Remove got first one boot and then another.

At last an extra hefty lunge from Cherry's boot lifted Bunter clear on to Wharton's legs, almost sending him backwards off his chair.

"Yaroooooh! You beasts!" wailed Bunter, realising at last that the game was up. "Oh, Cherry, you beast! You did that on purpose!"

"Well, I'm blessed if it isn't Bunter!" gasped Harry Wharton, in pretended surprise. "Now, who'd have thought Bunter was under there?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five roared at Billy Bunter as he stood rubbing his aching ribs. But he didn't stand for long. Cherry suddenly jumped up.

"Oh, dear!" he gasped. "I can feel another attack of the after-footer kicks coming on!"

"So can I!" came in a chorus.

"Then let's give Bunter the benefit of them," grinned Cherry. "On the ball!"

"Wow-ow! Yow!" yelled Bunter, as five pairs of boots began to play on his trousers. "Ow-wow! Stop it! I didn't touch your rotten cake or your measly sardines! Yooop! Oh, you beasts!"

"Open the door, someone!" yelled Bob. "Now, all together, and out he goes!"

"Wow-ow! Oh, crumbs!" yelled Bunter, as he felt himself lifted in the air.

Bump, bump!

Bunter yelled again as he rolled over and over in the passage. Then the door banged.

Bunter picked himself up, and shook a fat fist furiously at the closed door. Then he started to roll moodily along the passage, when Trotter, the page, came towards him with a telegram in his hand.

"That for me?" demanded Bunter snappily. "Here, give it to me!"

Trotter obediently handed it to Bunter, and the fat junior shoved it into his pocket.

"All right!" he snapped.

Trotter departed, and Bunter rolled towards Study No. 7. He grunted with satisfaction on finding Peter Todd and Dutton, his two study-mates, out. Then, having shut the door, he took the telegram from his pocket. It was addressed to Nugent, but that didn't worry Bunter. He tore it open and read it. For a moment he stared in disappointment at the news it contained. Then suddenly his face brightened, and he chuckled as he crushed the telegram into his pocket.

"The beasts!" he murmured. "Kick me out, would they! Well, we'll see if they kick me out to-morrow. My hat! What a gorgeous wheeze! He, he, he!"

II.

"I T'S sickening! No football, no nothing! And now it's clearing up!"

Thus Harry Wharton as he stood in the window of Study No. 1 and gazed moodily down into the rain-soaked quad.

"Well, I'm blessed if he ain't grousing again!" said Frank Nugent. "He's been grumbling all the morning because it rained in torrents all night; and now he's not satisfied because it's clearing up!"

"Ass!" ejaculated Wharton irritably. "Isn't it enough to make an angel weep? It rains until the footer field's like a quagmire, and then, when football's out of the question and we've had to cancel the St. Jim's match, the blessed rain stops! Why the dickens couldn't it stop before it started? What are you idiots laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing," grinned Nugent. "Never mind, Harry, old scout. Perhaps it's a good thing the match is off, for you'd have had a record licking without a doubt. With our team so weakened—"

"Record licking! What the thump do you mean? Why weakened?"

"Why, have you forgotten that I've to meet my aunt this afternoon? Stands for reason," went on Nugent modestly, "without me you'd—"

"Fathead! Blow your aunt, and— My hat!"

Wharton's face cleared, and he grinned. Across the glistening quad a fat figure, carrying a huge carpet-bag, was hurrying.

Nugent, Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh joined Wharton at the window just in time to see the figure vanish through the gates.

"Bunter?" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Now, where's the porpoise off to? Looks like a giddy burglar doing a moonlight flit with the swag. I wonder what he has got in that bag? I hope it's not the Head's plate!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"More likely Mauly's fur-lined overcoat, to take to his dear old 'uncle' in Courtfield!" grinned Johnny Bull. "You never know who Bunter— Come in, fathead!"

In response to Bull's polite invitation the door opened, and Peter Todd strolled in and handed Nugent a dirty, crumpled telegram.

"Found this crumpled up on the floor in our study," said Toddy briefly. "It's addressed to you, and if you want to know how it came to be in our study you'd better ask my prize porpoise. Must have fallen out of his pocket."

And with that Toddy grinned and vanished. "Well, I'm blessed!" gasped Nugent,

wrinkling his forehead. "It's a wire from my aunt, saying she finds she can't come to-day, after all. But the blessed thing was received at Friardale post office at 4.30 p.m. yesterday. What on earth would that fat thief Bunter want to keep it for—if he has had it? Blessed if I can understand it! Anyway, it's a jolly good job it's turned up just in time to stop me going to the sta—"

Nugent gave a startled jump as the door flew back with a crash and another visitor entered. This time it was Wibley, and he seemed particularly excited about something.

"Look here," he began wrathfully, "have any of you chaps been acting the giddy goat with the Dramatic Society's property-box?"

"Certainly not!" said Harry Wharton. In surprise. "Why, what the dickens—"

"Why, like an ass, I left the key in the box, and some cheeky bounder's been rummaging amongst the things and strewn them all over the place!" went on Wibley hotly. "And, what's worse, there's an old woman's outfit missing. Do you chaps know anything about it?"

"Of course not, dummy!" cried Harry Wharton. "More likely Bunter or Skinner. By Jove, it'll be Bunter! We saw him with a big bag in his hand. Shouldn't be surprised if— Half a minute, you ass!"

But Wibley had gone to look for Bunter. "The silly ass!" growled Wharton. "Why on earth couldn't he have let me finish! My only aunt, that's a rummy thing—jolly rummy!"

"What is?"

"Why, first of all someone—must have been Bunter—gets hold of Nugent's telegram saying his aunt isn't coming, and keeps it back. Secondly, someone—presumably Bunter again—pinches an old woman's clobber from the Dramatic Society's property-box. And, thirdly, we see Bunter himself hurrying out of the gates with a big bag. Now, don't you chaps see any sort of link between these three incidents?"

"Oh, crumbs! Ha, ha, ha! I see what you mean," laughed Cherry. "You mean that—"

"I'm jolly well certain!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "The fat idiot means to dress up as an old woman, meet us at the station, and palm himself off as Nugent's Aunt Jane. The rotter heard me say last night that we were in funds, and would give your aunt a decent spread. You know how the silly ass fancies himself as an impersonator!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I believe you're right!" gasped Nugent. "What a sell for him, though, when I don't turn up to meet him!"

"That's where you're wrong," said the captain of the Remove emphatically, "for we shall all turn up to meet him—or rather her. If we buck up we'll just meet that three-thirty train. We really must make dear Aunt Jane Bunter welcome—in fact, it's up to us to make her feel quite at home. Of course, we may be wrong—Bunter may have some other little game on. Anyway, if it comes to nothing, the walk will do us no harm. Are you on?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Rather!" chorused the other four.

Ten minutes later the Famous Five were hurrying towards Friardale. As it happened, the 3.30 train was just steaming out of the station as they rushed on to the platform.

"No luck!" muttered Harry Wharton, scanning the passengers closely. "I'm wrong, after all—no I'm not! My only Sunday tile! Ha, ha, ha! Look there!"

Waddling towards them from the far end of the platform came an exceedingly fat old lady. She wore a bright blue skirt, a pink blouse, and a black bonnet, above which a huge yellow feather bobbed saucily. The enormous green gamp she carried gave an additional lustre to an already striking colour scheme. As she spotted the juniors she waved the gamp aloft wildly, to the imminent danger of the passers-by.

"Oh, help! Hold me up!" gasped Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, dear, what price your Aunt Jane, Franky?"

"Shush, you ass!" hissed Wharton warningly. "Don't laugh and give the game away! Here she comes! Ahem!"

It was Bunter right enough, and Bunter as an impersonator had indeed excelled himself. His portly frame lent itself to the part exceedingly well. And but for the huge glasses glimmering behind the thick veil, and the sight of at least six inches of check trousers showing beneath the skirt, the get-up would have been perfect!

At any rate, from the self-confident manner in which he rolled up to the juniors, Bunter

had no doubts as to the completeness of his disguise. And before Nugent knew where he was, to the great delight of the rest, Aunt Jane Bunter had wrapped her fat arms around him and kissed him vigorously on both cheeks.

"Here, stop that, I say!" Nugent pulled himself away and glared like a Hun at his Aunt Jane. But apparently Aunt Jane didn't mind a bit.

"My dear child," she smirked in a shrill feminine voice—Bunter can imitate voices jolly well—"how really good of you to come and meet me! And are these your dear little schoolfellows?"

The "dear little schoolfellows" glared most rudely at the visitor. But Bunter, blissfully unconscious that his identity had been discovered, rambled on cheerfully.

"They're rather an ugly-looking lot," she proceeded. "But no doubt they're good little boys. Do introduce me, Franky dear! Now, who is this boy with the pug nose?" she asked, pointing her gamp at Cherry. "And the squint-eyed boy over there?" she continued, indicating Wharton. "And—"

Franky's cheeks still burned red where the humorous Bunter had kissed them, but his furious expression changed to a grin as his "Aunt Jane" continued to point out his chums' shortcomings in looks. Perhaps it was as well for Bunter that there were plenty of people hard by, or the Famous Five might have ended the wheeze there and then by wiping the platform up with the humorous Bunter.

With admirable self-restraint Wharton, Singh, Cherry, and Bull shook hands solemnly in turn with Nugent's aunt. Then, introductions being over, Aunt Jane led the way out of the station, the huge feather in her bonnet waving grotesquely as she waddled along.

Bunter never knew how many times he narrowly escaped being scalped during that walk to Greyfriars. He gabbled incessantly all the way, calling them his "little dears" and "Franky's little playmates." But the juniors gritted their teeth each time, and registered mental vows to settle up with Bunter for his humorous touches later on. It was only this consoling thought and the fear of spoiling a gorgeous wheeze that saved Bunter from utter annihilation.

III.

"MY hat!" gasped Skinner. "Who the dickens is that? Ha, ha, ha! My only sainted Sam! What a guy!"

Skinner, Stott, and a few other fellows, who stood chatting by the gates, stared in amazement as the strange procession, composed of the Famous Five escorting Aunt Jane, arrived at Greyfriars.

"My hat!" repeated Skinner. "Who on earth is the old girl? Ha, ha, ha! Isn't she a scream? But surely she can't be a relative of one of those fellows!"

"Looks like it!" chortled Stott. "P'r'aps she's Cherry's aunt or Wharton's giddy grandmother. Why not ask 'em, Skinner, old top?"

It was like Stott to ask another fellow to do what he daren't do himself. Skinner, however, wasn't afraid.

"I say, Wharton," he shouted, "who's the old washerwoman?"

Wharton did not deign to reply. Nor did the other members of the Co. But Bunter stopped short. He had a good many scores to settle with Skinner, and such a chance to do it without danger to himself was too good to miss. The Famous Five grinned expectantly as Aunt Jane waddled over to Skinner.

"What's that you said?" she cried shrilly. "You rude little boy! Did you call me an old washerwoman?"

"Y—yes," answered Skinner, standing his ground somewhat nervously. "Why, aren't you an old washer—Yow! Wow! Stop the old girl, someone! Yarrrough!"

Biff, biff, biff!

Skinner yelled as Aunt Jane thumped him again and again with her huge gamp.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five. "Go it, Aunt Jane!"

But Skinner had had enough. Stott had already bolted; and Skinner, still yelling, followed him across the Close. Bunter returned, flushed and triumphant, to the laughing juniors. Then he led the way up the steps into the School House.

Considering that Aunt Jane was supposed to be a stranger to Greyfriars, it was cer-

tainly extraordinary how well she knew her way about. Without hesitation she turned into the Remove passage, and, followed by the Famous Five, made a bee-line for Study No. 1.

With a beaming smile of anticipation on her face, she pushed open the door. A cheery fire burned in the grate, and the room looked cosy enough. But of the expected gorgeous spread there were no signs. And Aunt Jane gave a most unladylike grunt of disgust as she noted this. But she cheered up a moment later.

"Make yourself at home, madam!" said Wharton politely. "I presume you will partake of a little tea with us? If you wouldn't mind waiting—"

"My hat! Rath— Ahem! I mean, certainly! I am most fatigued after my long journey. And I've a delicate constitution that requires to be kept up with plenty of nourishing food!" explained Aunt Jane, with an expansive smile.

Harry Wharton winked at Bob Cherry, and began to lay the table. He fancied he had heard that explanation once or twice before. But he didn't remark upon the fact. And a couple of minutes later Cherry announced that tea was ready.

"Come along, aunty dear!" said Nugent, shoving a chair to the table. "Tea's ready. So sorry we've had to keep you waiting! I'm sure you must be fearfully hun— Why, what's the matter?"

Something was evidently the matter, for Aunt Jane was glowering in speechless disgust at the tea-table. Instead of the expected gorgeous spread, the table held nothing more inviting than six cups, saucers, and plates, a little margarine, a pot of tea, and a loaf of war-bread.

"Why, is this all there is?" snorted the visitor angrily. "Why, you mean beasts— Ahem, I mean— That is to say, just so!"

"I beg your pardon, madam?" said Wharton politely.

The visitor smiled a sickly smile, but didn't reply. Then, having apparently decided to make the best of things, Aunt Jane drew up to the table. A moment later, however, she jumped up with a fiendish yell as Cherry, who was pouring out the tea, sent a stream of the hot liquid spurting into the visitor's lap.

"Sorry, ma'am! How careless of me!" murmured Bob apologetically. "Never mind, it's bound to dry in time!"

Bunter did not appear to accept the apology with a very good grace. His eyes fairly glittered with anger and disappointment as he began to munch the bread-and-scraps disgustedly. And at last Wharton took out a cake and a pot of jam.

After that Aunt Jane cheered up a bit, and got busy. But for all that it was not a very merry party—from Bunter's point of view, at least. The hosts chatted cheerfully enough; but the honoured guest was morose and grumpy. To think that he had taken such risks and gone to so much trouble for such a miserable spread! Bunter felt he had been disgracefully swindled.

But everything comes to an end at last, and so did that tea-party. It ended when Bunter found there was nothing more to eat forthcoming. Then he rose sulkily to his feet.

"Ahem! I must be going now, Franky!" he murmured, picking up his gamp. "So I'd better say good-bye, dear, or I shall miss my train."

"Good gracious! Yes, you will, aunty," said Nugent, looking hurriedly at his watch. "Why, it's a quarter to five! Come, you chaps, we shall have to hurry if we are going to see Aunt Jane to the station!"

Bunter looked alarmed as the Famous Five jumped up and began to get ready. The schemer had meant to say good-bye, slip out, and change his clothes, and then adjourn to Hall for another tea. He hadn't bargained for this contingency.

"Here, I say, you chaps!" he cried hurriedly, edging towards the door. "Hold on! There's no need—"

"Don't mention it, madam!" chuckled Cherry slipping unobtrusively between "Aunt Jane" and the door. "Why, we wouldn't dream of letting a visitor walk all the way to the station alone! Nunno! We shall be delighted to escort you, madam! Sha'n't we, you chaps?"

But Aunt Jane Bunter did not seem at all delighted with the prospect, though it was really touching to see the eagerness of the Famous Five to accompany her. Protesting volubly, the fat fraud was hustled out of the

room, and, before she knew where she was, Aunt Jane found herself at the gates. There she made a desperate stand.

"Really, you know, I'd much rather go by myself—really I would! No need for you to come—not a bit! Look here, let's say good-bye now—"

She broke off, and gasped in alarm as Nugent, ignoring her outstretched hand, linked arms, and began to lead the way gently, but firmly, along the Friardale road.

"No, auntie, we insist on escorting you! I feel certain you'd miss that train if we didn't," he murmured kindly.

Bunter also felt sure of that. But he didn't say so. And, realising there was no help for it, he rolled along arm-in-arm with Nugent. Wharton walked on the other side, and Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Inky brought up the rear.

It was not until the station was reached, and Bunter saw the waiting train, that he really began to feel seriously afraid. But he hardly had time to feel anything, for Wharton suddenly took his other arm, and he was hustled almost at a run across the platform towards the nearest carriage.

"Here, wait a minute!" he gasped, as a last desperate idea struck him. "What about my ticket? You boys wait here a moment while I run to the booking-office!"

Wharton grinned. He saw through Bunter's dodge at once.

"Bob's getting your ticket, Miss Nugent," he said.

Bob Cherry rushed up, and shoved a ticket into the astonished Bunter's hand. He stared at it speechlessly. It was a single to Courtfield Junction. As he glared suspiciously at the juniors' grinning faces he understood, and gave a howl.

"You beasts!" he yelled angrily. "You knew all the time who I was!"

Then he made a sudden dash for liberty. And it was perhaps not surprising that the onlookers gasped in amazement at what followed. Like one man the Famous Five fell upon the seeming respectable old lady, and bundled her, kicking and struggling, into the nearest empty carriage.

"Good-bye!" yelled Bob hysterically, banging the carriage door as the guard blew his whistle. "Good-bye, Bunty!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The next moment not only the Famous Five, but the onlookers as well, roared with laughter. Like a Jack-in-the-box, the head and shoulders of Bunter appeared at the window just as the train began to move. But it was Billy Bunter himself this time! Gone were the huge bonnet and veil! Gone was the wig also! And with his close-cropped hair and fat, boyish face appearing above the bodice, Bunter was a ludicrous sight as he leaned out of the window, yelling and gesticulating wildly. Then the train disappeared round the bend.

The Famous Five were half-way back to Greyfriars before they could stop laughing sufficiently to speak.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Bob Cherry, at length, wiping his eyes. "Bunter will be the death of me with his wheezes! My hat! Wonder what time he'll be back at Greyfriars?"

"Dunno!" gasped Harry Wharton weakly. "But I do know this. There's no train back from Courtfield for three hours. I don't fancy Aunt Jane Bunter will pay us another visit! What do you chaps think?"

There was quite a crowd waiting in the lighted hall when Bunter came limping in, footsore and weary.

"Here he is! Ha, ha, ha! What price Aunt Jane, Bunty?" came the laughing chorus.

"What about my props, you thieving rotter?" shouted Wibley, shaking Bunter angrily. "Where's the old woman's clobber you pinched—eh? What have you done with it?"

"Yow! Stop it! You'll break my glasses!" wailed Bunter. "Yow! I haven't got your clobber! Ponsoy and Gadsby and Vavasour ragged me. Then they rolled me in the ditch! Oh, dear, I've had an awful time!"

For a moment Wibley stared in speechless indignation at Bunter. He seemed about to fall upon him and slay him, when Wharton stepped in. Wharton considered that the Owl certainly had had quite enough for one day.

And Bunter was allowed to go up to the bath-room in peace. But for a long time after that Billy Bunter gave Wibley a very wide berth.

THE END.

CHOKING OFF SKIMMY.

By TOM MERRY.

I.

"YOU are here, my dear fellows, I perceive!"

This remark was uttered by a youth whose features were—and are—chiefly represented by a pair of large spectacles and a bony forehead.

He poked those features round the door of Study No. 10, where the three of us were donning flannels.

"Buzz off, Skimmy, there's a good chap!"

"We spoke with no animosity, but with great unanimity."

"There is taking place," proceeded Skimpole mildly, "a mighty revolution—"

"A whatter?" I yelled.

"A revolution of thought, my dear fellows. It is taking place—in fact, has already taken place—in my own mind. And it revolves round the question of knowledge."

"You fellows nearly ready?" yawned Monty Lowther. "We've scarcely time to put in an hour's practice, you know, before lessons."

"This beastly boot!" panted Manners, red in the face. "The thing won't come on!"

"Knowledge," observed Skimmy, with even more earnestness than usual, "has a certain resemblance to the German Army. The more it is pursued the farther away it gets. One must realize that knowledge was intended merely to stimulate the loftier part of the mind before one can get benefit from it."

He blinked round to allow this to sink in. Then he proceeded: "I have just had dinner. Should I partake of another one—"

"I'd write to the Food Controller!" finished Lowther darkly. "Don't you know no mid-day dinner must exceed one-and-two?"

"Ahem! I was speaking metaphorically. Food is exactly the same as knowledge. At one sitting we should take in exactly as much knowledge as we feel we really require. We should properly digest that portion, when it will stimulate the mind to act for itself."

"Shurrup!" growled Manners. "Will that help to get this boot on?"

"A boot is of secondary importance to the improvement of the mind, Manners. Knowledge upon knowledge is the same as meal upon meal. The latter hinders the digestion from working properly; the former hinders the mind from working in a balanced manner. I—alas!—have ever indulged a blind passion for devouring knowledge, similar to the glutton's for devouring food. I have been treading a wrong path." Skimmy shook his head sadly.

"I have just surveyed myself in the glass—"

"Seven years' bad luck!" groaned Lowther.

"You mistake me, Lowther, if you judge my remark to imply that I dropped the mirror or otherwise caused it to break. It is perfectly intact. In it I examined my features, and they caused me to reflect. My over-prominent brow, my imperfect eyesight, and my undeveloped body can scarcely be the results of natural causes, and are probably signs of corresponding defects of the mind. The body was given us to exercise as much as the brain was. When the need for bodily exercise has arisen I have blinded myself to it, and, as I said, piled knowledge upon knowledge, deriving from it no benefit. But it is never too late to mend, my dear fellows. I have made a mistake, but I will endeavour to rectify it. For why, if our minds are not benefited by their exercise, were bodies given us?"

Manners flung the troublesome boot down upon the floor.

"I'll tell you why!" he roared, more with ferocity than philosophy. "Bodies were made to be bumped when a silly ass drives a fellow crazy with his silly jaw! Collar him!"

We promptly collared the uninteresting subject of that mental revolution.

Bump!

"Ow! My dear— Yaroooh!"

Skimmy was rolled into the passage, and the door slammed upon him.

After that we returned to help Manners with the obstinate boot.

The door reopened.

"My dear fellows!"

Skimmy's tone was one of mild reproach, but not of anger.

"Back again?" we roared.

"The discussion," said Skimmy, in surprise, "was not concluded. I had approached my point, but not yet made it clear. What I came to ask I had not asked."

"Ring off, you imbecile! What is it you want?"

"For the improvement of the mind bodily

exercise must be taken as well as mental. In short, I must apply myself to sports. I intend to begin at once to play the game of football."

"In the middle of summer?" I howled.

Skimmy looked at me vaguely.

"Football is your winter game? Then am I right in taking your summer game to be—er—marbles?"

"M-m-marbles?"

"It is not? There is a summer game, I remember," said Skimmy reflectively, "generally known as tiddle-ums-tiptails. That would scarcely be the recognised game here, however, owing to the unreliability of the weather, which renders the grass too often moist."

"The summer game at St. Jim's," I said quietly and deliberately, "is cricket. It is a game played in the open air with bats and a ball, and—and played by a number of cricketers. Got that?"

Skimmy smiled upon me pleasantly.

"I perfectly remember seeing the game in progress, now that you mention it, my dear Merry. Each player, I judge from observation, stands in every other player's way; and every player instructs in a very loud voice every other player in how to stop the ball—everyone allowing it to roll past him. I have watched and heard you from the open window, my dear fellows."

I couldn't help regarding Skimmy suspiciously. These apparently simple chaps are sarcastic at times.

"You want a trial, Skimmy?" I said a little gruffly. "Well, there's a committee meeting in this study this evening—"

"Ah! Committee meetings! I have heard those in progress as I have passed the study. All the members make several remarks in unison, and by mutual understanding every remark must contain the word 'cricket.'"

This wasn't very tactful of Skimmy, and he found his ears gripped and pulled.

"Ow! My dear fellows! I thought—"

"You shouldn't think!"

Skimpole shook his head sadly, and rubbed his ears ruefully.

"No. I am afraid few prosper in this incomprehensible world by saying what they genuinely think."

"Less of your philosophical rot!" I growled. "Will you come down to the nets with us now and see how you shape?"

"Certainly!"

"Got any pads?"

"Certainly—er—that is, I have several blotting-pads. If those are what you refer to?"

"Blotting-pads!" I roared. "It's a wonder you didn't suggest hair-pads! Got any gloves?"

"Only—only a pair of kid gloves," said Skimpole doubtfully. "But I am afraid they are very much worn at the tips."

"You're hopeless!" I groaned.

We got him rigged out at last, and yanked him along to the nets.

"Shall I play goal to begin with?" he suggested.

"Goal? At cricket?"

"But the nets—"

"Look here!" I said. "You stand there in front of that wicket. When Manners trundles the ball along knock it somewhere—anywhere to begin with. If it hits the wicket you're out!"

Skimmy seemed to get a glimmering of things. We put pads upon his sparrow legs. He looked at the wicket, then at the sky, blinked over his goggles at Manners, and was ready.

Manners sent down the ball, but it wasn't quite straight. Skimmy regarded it curiously as it passed the wicket. Then, thinking that something had better be done, he swiped at the stumps and uprooted them.

II.

"YOU know, this is a measly state of things!" I said dismally that evening. "I like a chap to take an interest in a healthy game, but—"

but, Skimmy, you know, he—I think he's more at home with Professor Balmcrumpet!"

"You mean," said Monty shortly, "he wants choking off."

I laughed.

"I don't want to hurt his feelings. He's a well-meaning old ass. But—but we must devise ways and means, as others before us have done."

The ways and means will now transpire.

The meeting resulted in Skimmy's being chosen for the next Form match—with the Third. It might mean a match thrown away. But what of that? Ain't we wasting everything now just to teach the Huns to think sensibly? Not that Skimmy's a Hun—

But to cut the cackle. He marched on to the field with us. I won't relate the extraordinary blunders he made in the field. But when our turn to bat came round he was sent in last man.

Wally D'Arcy, preparing to howl against him, looked very determined and businesslike, but scarcely orthodox. For, instead of one ball he carried half a dozen!

"Ready, Skimmy?" he roared.

Skimmy blinked dubiously down the pitch at the numerous missiles.

"I am quite prepared, D'Arcy minor."

"Here goes, then!"

And Wally began. Scarcely had the first ball left his hand when another followed it. Then another, and another, and another!

The way Skimmy hopped about that wicket was great. He seemed to be performing an exaggerated war-dance.

But the last ball D'Arcy minor sent down very slowly. Skimmy blinked at it, and swiped.

It didn't go very far, but an enthusiastic howl arose from all of us:

"Run, man! Run, Skimmy—run!"

Skimmy ran desperately. When he reached the other wicket he was met with another howl:

"Run, man! Back again! Run for it!"

Back ran Skimmy.

He kept it up for quite a time. Every time he reached an end he was greeted with the yelling chorus:

"Run! Run! Run!"

He collapsed at last, puffing and panting.

"Ow! Oooh! I—I am exhausted! Oh, dear! Phew!"

Still into his ear was dinned the word: "Run!"

Up he staggered, did about half the pitch, and collapsed entirely.

"Oh, Skimmy!" I groaned. "Another run, and the match would have been saved—perhaps! Time for tea in Hall now. Come on!"

We yanked him to his feet, and helped him towards the School House.

"After tea," I remarked, "we're going to put in an odd half-hour at tennis. You're down to play, Skimpole!"

"My—my dear Merry! I feel scarcely capable—"

"You need lots of bodily exercise yet," I advised, "to atone for the—the abnormal development of your brain."

"Quite so!" panted Skimpole eagerly. "I—I feel that I really require it."

Four is the usual number of players in a game of tennis. In this particular game there were a dozen of us on each side of the net.

Each player was armed with a racquet—some had two! As in the cricket match, several balls were in use.

The game began. The bewildered Skimmy saw all the balls in the air at once, and saw them all make for him—not only the bits of rubber, but the racquets!

Biff! Thud! Whack!

A lively rat-tat commenced upon Skimmy's head, and kept up quite admirably.

Skimmy ducked and roared.

"Yaroooh! My dear fellows—yoop!—I am being hurt! You are apparently unaware—yow!—that your racquets are descending upon my head! Oh, dear!"

Some of the fellows on the other side of the barrier reached over to get in their whack.

* * * * *

The next day I looked in at Skimmy's study on my way down to practice. One glance assured me I was faced with the Skimpole of old, buried among his volumes.

"Coming to put in a little more practice at the nets, Skimmy?"

Skimpole rubbed his chin, then caressed his bony forehead, then rubbed his chin again.

"Knowledge," he observed, with his customary blink, "is like—not the German Army—but the oncoming tide. It advances some distance, recedes a little, and then advances farther than ever. I have receded a little recently, my dear Merry, but I am now triumphantly advancing with more gigantic strides than ever!"

And therewith Skimmy lost himself again in the pages of Balmcrumpet!

THE END.

THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

No. 88.—Miss ROSALIE LOCKE.

NO doubt there are many readers to whom even the name of Miss Rosalie Locke will be unfamiliar.

But there are others who will remember her vividly, for she was a prominent figure in one of the best stories which ever appeared in the MAGNET—"Wingate's Chum." There was another story concerning her—"The Prisoner of the Priory." Since then we have heard little about her; but this is natural enough. The Head's family do not come much into the stories because they do not come very much into the lives of the fellows who play the chief parts in these stories. It is only once in a way that kindly Mrs. Locke or the child Molly cross their paths; and Molly's elder sister, Miss Rosalie, is not now at Greyfriars.

It was she who was Wingate's chum, though at the time no one was aware that the charming circus girl, on whom George Wingate was said to be spoony, was the daughter whom Dr. and Mrs. Locke had thought lost to them for ever.

The path through life of the Head of Greyfriars has been no smooth or easy one. Better times have come for him now, though Sir Hilton Popper is still something of a thorn in his side. But the crusty old baronet is a small trouble compared with the load of debt that weighed down Dr. Locke in past years, the worry of his scapegrace nephew, who made good after all, and the cloud of sadness which the loss of Rosalie cast upon the Head and his wife alike.

Years before Dr. Locke had incurred the enmity of a scoundrel named Felix Lasalle. By this man Rosalie was kidnapped when she was still so young that her parents soon became to her no more than a dim memory at most. Lasalle posed as her father, but he did not behave like a father to her. He was travelling with a circus, and Rosie was brought up to the life of the sawdust ring. Wingate met her down in Devonshire, and stood between her and the brutality of Lasalle. He and the girl became great friends. But there was no question of love-making between them.

Then the circus came to Friardale, and Dr. Locke met Lasalle in the lane, and the villain told him that his daughter had died long ago. It is possible that until then the good old Head had never realised that both he and his wife had still cherished hopes that one day she might be recovered. They did not talk about it; the subject was too painful for that. But each remembered and hoped. Lasalle's lie brought them a new sadness.

But, through Wingate, it was proved a lie, and the girl was restored to her parents.

There was trouble for Wingate before that happened. Loder and Carne and Ionides plotted to get him into hot water with the Head. Loder, pretending pure zeal for the good name of Greyfriars, reported to Dr. Locke that the skipper of the school "had formed a disgraceful connection with some low riff-raff at a circus, and was following a woman performer." Furthermore, that Loder himself had caught Wingate in "a violent quarrel with two ruffians, associates of the



woman—a drunken quarrel concerning the woman." There was just that tincture of truth in this which makes a lie so dangerous. Nine-tenths of the story was false; but it was true that there had been a row between Wingate and two circus ruffians, who had been set upon him by Lasalle; and it was true that the girl was at the bottom of the row.

Dr. Locke sent for Wingate, and told him that he must promise never to see the circus woman again. But for his clean record, the Head said, he would have been expelled for his folly and wrong-doing. One cannot blame the Head. On the face of it, even without Loder's lies, backed up by Carne, the affair was a disgraceful scandal. Yet in reality there was nothing in it which touched Wingate's honour; rather was it to his great credit. There was real chivalry in his deal-

cannot always quite understand him; but then, he cannot always quite understand himself. His nature is a mixed and tortuous one, and the defects of his early training—or, rather, want of training—have left their marks upon him. He will still do things that fellows like Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent would think "not quite the cheese." No one at Greyfriars has a higher standard of conduct than Tom Redwing; and the great story which appears next Monday tells how his notions and Smithy's clash. Later, you will learn what comes of that clashing.

ABOUT THE "MAGNET."

Now that that fine serial, "The Brown Torrent," has finished, I am giving the "Extracts from the 'Greyfriars Herald' and 'Tom Merry's Weekly' another turn in the back pages. I think this will suit the tastes of most of my readers; but I should be glad to have their views on the subject. What would you like—these short stories, or another adventure serial, or a school serial? I cannot promise to carry out the wishes of any one correspondent, but if I can get a sufficient vote for any one of the suggested features to indicate that it would be generally popular, it would serve as some guidance to me for the immediate future.

ABOUT THE "GEM."

Do you all read our companion paper? If not, why not? There used to be a famous brand of pickles

ings with the girl. He cared for her, indeed, but as a chum, not as a sweetheart; and he had only sought to protect and comfort her.

He would not promise. Whatever happened, he could not desert the girl who needed him so sorely. He had tried to make the Head understand that Rosie was not the scheming adventuress of Loder's lying yarn, but a young and innocent girl; but he could not prevail. He was sentenced to expulsion for his supposed wrong-doing and his undoubted contumacy.

Then Harry Wharton took a hand. Harry knew something of the story; he knew Rosalie; and he was certain that if Dr. Locke could only see her he would realise the true state of affairs. So he went to her; and Mademoiselle Rosina from the circus, taking her courage in both hands, appeared before the Head of Greyfriars—and was discovered to be his long-lost daughter!

Lasalle, who had had the audacity to attempt to claim her, even after she was under her father's roof, was chucked out by the Greyfriars fellows, and retreated. But he had not played his last card. Some little time later he reappeared in the neighbourhood, and was recognised by Wharton. Harry scented trouble; and the trouble came, surely enough.

Again Miss Rosalie was abducted, Signor Benson, the proprietor of the circus, aiding Lasalle in the crime. They hid her in the old Priory.

Search was made for her, of course. There is no need to dwell upon the agony of her father and mother, the anxiety of her chum, George Wingate, the commotion into which the whole school was thrown by this new turn of events.

Wingate tramped far and wide, seeking vainly for a clue, coming home dog-tired to rest for a little while, and then to go out again. Alonzo Todd conceived the absurd idea that Miss Rosie was in a box in Monsieur Charpentier's study. Lasalle was arrested, but still Miss Rosie could not be found, for the rascal would tell nothing.

In the event, it was the Famous Five, out for a picnic with Marjorie Hazeidene and Clara Trevlyn, who found the Head's daughter. They had also done their best in the search; but the search had now been given up, and they had turned to the ordinary way of life. Thus they owed it to chance that it was they who came upon Miss Rosie in her prison in the Priory, though she and the Head and Mrs. Locke were none the less grateful to them because the discovery was accidental. They had done their best, anyway.

Those two stories are all we have from which to form our estimate of Miss Rosalie Locke. But they are enough to show her as a girl of real charm and strong character. The years of circus life had not coarsened or hardened her; the imprisonment in the Priory, though it was a terrible experience, failed to break her spirit, and in a few days she was as bright and happy as ever.

and another of sauce, put up by the same firm, and very largely advertised. They may still be on sale for anything I know; but, though I remember the advertisements well in the days of my boyhood, it is a long time since I saw one of them anywhere. "Nabob Pickles" and "Nabob Sauce" they were, and the advertisements had a doggerel verse which ran somewhat as follows:

"If you like the pickles, prithee try the sauce;
If one the palate tickles, the other will, of course."

It did not really follow, though I suppose most people who care about pickles also like sauce. But I think it might be applied to our two papers. If you like the MAGNET, you would be sure to like the "Gem." In fact, I can't understand how any of you who are keen on one of them can do without the other!

NOTICES. Clubs, Etc.

G. Parish, 10, Sunny Avenue, Common End, South Elmsall, Yorks, wants members for "Boys' Own" Correspondence Club.

A. Priestly, 38, Iretton Street, Princeville, Bradford, wants the "Surrey Advertiser," November 18th. Will some reader oblige? 1/- offered.

3rd NEW BRIGHTON CADETS want RECRUITS—age 14-16½. Apply Harrison Drive, Grove Pavilion, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 8.

YOUR EDITOR.

7-9-18

The Editor's Chat.

For Next Monday:

"SMITHY'S SCHEME!"

By Frank Richards.

I referred last week to a new series of stories in which Tom Redwing plays a prominent part. The fine yarn which will appear next week is the first of these.

Most of you are keen on Redwing, I know. The stories in which he figures are generally of a graver cast than the majority; but this is nothing against them. It is good, once in a way, to read a yarn which tells of Coker making some new kind of ass of himself, or to see Billy Bunter on the track of grub, or to share in imagination in some jape upon the Fourth. But we should get tired of such themes as these if we never had a change from them, I am sure.

To my mind, the Redwing stories are some of the finest and most dramatic that Mr. Richards has ever written. Redwing himself is a very sympathetic figure, with his pluck and his modesty and his sterling honesty. But I need not say much about him, as a character sketch of him appeared in the Greyfriars Gallery only a few weeks ago.

More might be said about Vernon-Smith, who is the other principal figure in the series. But you all know the Bounder. Perhaps you