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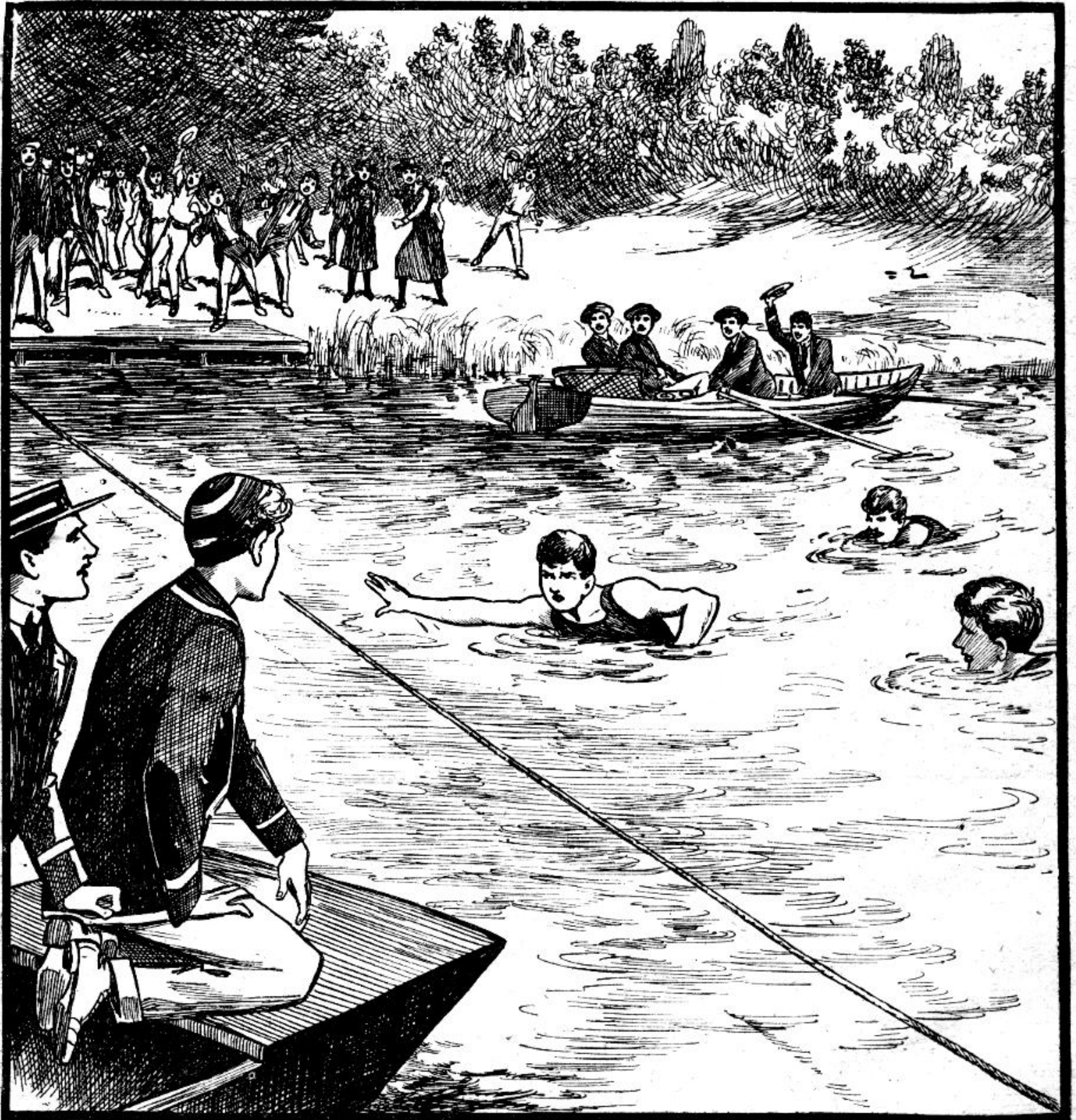
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THE GREYFRIARS SWIMMING SPORTS!



MARK LINLEY'S GREAT EFFORT FOR GREYFRIARS!

(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars.) 28-6-19



A Magnificent Long, Complete Story of HARRY WHARTON & CO.
AT GREYFRIARS.

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Coker Takes the Plunge!

"WHO says a dip?" asked Bob Cherry of the Remove.

And four voices—the voices of Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh—replied unanimously:

"A dip!"

The conditions were certainly ideal for a swim—either in the River Sark or in the sea.

The sun blazed down from the summer sky, and the heat was stifling. Even cricket seemed out of the question.

The Famous Five were standing on the steps of the School House. From that point of vantage they could see dozens of fellows, with towels over their shoulders, trooping out of the gates. It was that sort of afternoon when one either had to be on the water or in the water—preferably the latter.

Coker of the Fifth emerged into the bright sunshine, and blinked around.

The great Coker was looking very pompous and important.

"Look here, you fags——" he began, catching sight of the Famous Five.

"Can't!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Ask us to look at something more handsome, Coker—a prize cow, for instance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky young cubs!" snorted Coker. "I want you all to turn out this afternoon——"

"Eh?"

"In a boat——"

"What?"

"And keep pace with me while I do my big swim."

"Your—your what?" gasped Wharton. Coker condescended to explain.

"I'm taking up swimming seriously this season," he said. "I don't mean the usual kick-and-splash bizney that you fags indulge in; but real, long-distance swimming!"

"Oh!"

"And I've decided to tackle a big swim this afternoon," said Coker, in business-like tones. "Starting from Pegg Bay, I shall work right round the coast, and finish up at——"

"Blackpool?" suggested Nugent.

"No, ass—Folkestone. It's a tall order,

I know, but I think a first-rate swimmer might manage it."

"In that case, you'd better leave it alone," said Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker ignored that suggestion.

"I've asked Potter and Greene to accompany me in a boat, just for safety's sake," he explained; "but they—they're otherwise engaged this afternoon. So you kids will answer the purpose."

"My hat!"

"What awful cheek!"

The Famous Five glared at Horace Coker as if they would eat him.

It was just like Coker, they reflected, to expect them to sacrifice their half-holiday for his benefit.

Had Coker really been a fine swimmer, capable of carrying out the task he contemplated, Harry Wharton & Co. would have been only too willing to accompany him in a boat.

But Coker's abilities in the swimming line were almost nil. He could keep himself afloat for a few yards at a time; and on the strength of this brilliant feat he hoped to accomplish something good in the way of long-distance swimming.

The first impulse of the Famous Five was to boot the unspeakable Coker down the steps.

Bob Cherry, however, whispered something to the others, and Harry Wharton turned to Coker with a grin.

"We'll come along," he said.

"Good!" said Coker. "I knew you kids would rally round. If you behave properly you can have a snack in my study afterwards."

"Thanks awfully, Coker!"

"Don't mench! I've always been a very generous sort of chap, you know. Are you ready?"

"Ready—ay, ready!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Vernon-Smith of the Remove was standing in the gateway, chatting to Russell and Ogilvy, as Harry Wharton & Co. emerged.

The Bouncer stared.

"What's the little game?" he asked.

"Taking Coker for a constitutional?"

"Not exactly," said Nugent. "We're going to help him swim to Folkestone."

"My hat!"

The Famous Five passed on, chuckling.

They faithfully imitated Coker's long stride, and walked in single file behind him. In this way the procession proceeded to the little fishing-village of Pegg.

There was no activity to speak of on the sandy shore. An ancient fisherman dozed against an overturned boat; and Coker inserted his boot into the fellow's ribs.

"Wow!"

The fisherman shot up with a start.

"Stir yourself, my man!" said Coker loftily. "Have you got a boat that's in a seaworthy condition?"

"Yessir! This 'ere——"

"That mouldy eggshell! Why, it would collapse in a puff of wind! See if you can find something a bit more solid-looking!"

The fisherman shuffled away, returning in a few moments, grunting and straining, with a four-oared rowing-boat.

"Which this craft is the verry last word, sir!" he said.

"Good!" said Coker. "Tumble in, you kids! I shall join you in half a jiffy!"

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Singh clambered into the boat, grinning.

Johnny Bull pushed her off, and then sprang in himself.

"Poor old Coker!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He's at it again! We'll give him a jolly good run for his money, anyway!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A few moments later Coker, in all the glory of a dazzling pink costume, stepped into the sea.

Splash!

"Coker's started!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "Hip, hip, hip——"

"Hurrah!"

Coker had taken the water like an elephant.

He started off as if he had abandoned the Folkestone idea, and were ready to swim the Channel instead.

The Famous Five laughed as they watched the Fifth-Former's red face bobbing up and down amid the waves.

"Go it, Coker!"

"Strong and steady does it!"

Coker's eyes became glued on the boat.



Mr. Prout was strangely and oddly attired. He sported a suit of oilskins, and a pair of long sea-boots several sizes too big for him. "It's the harbour-master!" ejaculated Johnny Bull. "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 2.)

It seemed to have a sort of fascination for him.

Most long-distance swimmers ignored the boat, unless they were hungry, or in need of help.

Obviously, Coker was not hungry.

Was it possible that he was in need of help, even at that early stage of the swim?

It was not only possible, it was probable!

Coker was splashing and gesticulating wildly.

"Hi! Bring that boat across, you kids! I—I kik-kik-can't hold out any longer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But we're a good many miles from Folkestone!" said Harry Wharton, in surprise. "Not going to chuck up the sponge already, surely?"

"Bring that boat across, I tell you!"

"No room for you in here," said Nugent. "You'd upset the whole giddy box of tricks!"

Coker's strokes became feebler.

He was at the mercy of the waves now. Although he had only swum a few yards, he had reached the limit of his powers.

"Yow! I—I'm off-colour to-day!" he panted. "I—I've got cramp, or something. I'll make the attempt another time."

"Rats! You're making it this afternoon!" said Bob Cherry. "Catch!"

A length of rope came sailing through the air. Coker clutched at it wildly.

"Put your head and arms through the noose!" said Wharton.

Coker obeyed. And then the juniors,

instead of towing him to the shore, pulled vigorously on their oars and proceeded out to sea. The wretched Coker, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, followed them.

"Pile in!" grinned Bob Cherry.

The four oarsmen quickened their pace.

Hurree Singh, who was not rowing, sat in the stern and watched Coker shooting through the water in the wake of the boat.

"There is even yet a chance, my Cokerful chum, that you may strike the worthy and esteemed harbour of Folkestone!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gug-gug-gug! Lemme out of this!" gasped Coker.

"Not this evening!" said Bob Cherry. "Some other evening!"

Fully half an hour elapsed before the juniors began to make a detour for the shore.

By that time Coker was very wet and very wrathful. His tongue lolled from his mouth as he was whisked along. His skin was chafed by the rope, and he felt positively Hunnish.

After what seemed an age to Coker, the boat ran aground on the shifting sand.

Coker crawled out of the water, looking like a boiled fish.

He turned fiercely to the Famous Five.

"You—you—" he spluttered.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly. "What's happened to your togs, Coker?"

"Eh?"

"Where did you leave your togs, fat-head?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Here, of course!" said Coker. "Why—What silly ass—Oh, my only aunt! They've gone!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Slight Breeze!

"GONE!"
"My hat!"
"Some practical joker's done this!"

"What are you going to do about it, Coker?"

"Do!" roared Coker, clenching his big fists. "If I find the merchant who walked off with my togs I—I'll burst him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How can I get back to the school in a bathing costume, I should like to know?" hooted Coker.

"Better wait till it's dark," said Johnny Bull. "That's the only way."

"But it's hours and hours to dusk, fat-head!"

"Look here!" said Wharton. "If you stay here, Coker, we'll scout round and see if we can find something for you to wear."

Coker grunted, and the Famous Five moved off.

They felt sorry for the hapless Fifth-Former. He had deserved to be towed through the water against his will, but this was another matter. The loss of his togs was a serious thing.

"Wonder who's been playing the giddy cat?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"One of the Highcliffe bounders, you bet," said Nugent. "This savours of Ponsonby."

"Hallo!" said Wharton, stopping short suddenly. "What's all this?"

In the bottom of an old, disused boat lay a suit of clothes.

"A sports coat," said Bob Cherry, "and flannel bags! They look like old Prout's."

"They are Prout's!" said Nugent.

"But where's Prout himself?"

"Give it up!"

The juniors looked out to sea, but there was no sign of the master of the Fifth. Why he should have left his clothes in the bottom of a boat was a mystery.

"These will come in handy for Coker," said Bob Cherry. "They're not a very good fit, but he'll look a few shades more respectable than he does at present."

"Yes, rather!"

"Bring them along!" said Wharton.

Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh gathered up the clothes in their arms, and returned to the spot where Coker stood, fuming.

"What the thump—" began Coker, when he saw what the juniors were carrying.

"Not exactly a Bond Street fit, old chap," said Johnny Bull; "but you'll be able to get back to Greyfriars in 'em without being mobbed."

"But—but they're Prout's!" gasped Coker.

"Exactly!"

"But—but where's Prout?"

"Ask me another! He's not in my waistcoat-pocket," said Johnny. "Better get into these togs, and be thankful."

Coker, who was already dried by the sun, gingerly thrust his long legs into Mr. Prout's trousers.

There was a shirt and a fancy waistcoat among Mr. Prout's apparel, and these followed, to be finally crowned by the sports coat.

By the time Coker had finished he looked a picture.

The Famous Five yelled as they took stock of him.

"Coker, the complete sport!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at the bags!" sobbed Nugent.

"Talk about the kite balloon section!" Coker surveyed himself ruefully.

"Dud-do I look too awful?" he muttered.

"Quite outside the pale!" said Wharton. "Still, there's just a chance no one will see you. We'll walk back to the school with you, if you like, and hide you from view."

"Thanks!" said Coker gratefully.

The procession started back to Greyfriars.

It had not proceeded very far when four young ladies hovered into view. They were Marjorie Hazeldene, Clara Trevlyn, Phyllis Howell, and Flap Derwent, of Cliff House.

The Famous Five raised their caps. Coker made a desperate effort to sneak past, and in doing so only exposed himself to full view of the girls.

"My word!" exclaimed Clara Trevlyn, in astonishment. "Who is this rummy old scarecrow? Where did you dig it up?"

"Why," murmured Phyllis Howell, "it—it's Coker!"

Coker flushed crimson.

"I—I—I—" he stuttered.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Coker's been unfortunate," he explained. "Somebody's bagged his clothes while he was bathing, and he's had to put on an odd suit."

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The Cliff House girls found it impossible to conceal their merriment as they gazed at the baggy and inelegant Coker.

"Oh, dear!"

"Isn't he priceless?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With burning cheeks, Coker strode on down the road. He was making a mental calculation as to how long it would take to reach Greyfriars.

The Famous Five caught him up in a few minutes, and for the rest of the journey they shielded him from the public eye as much as possible.

When the party came into the Close, a queer-looking figure—much funnier even than Coker—approached them.

"What on earth—" began Wharton.

"It's Prout!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Great jumping crackers!"

Mr. Prout was strangely and oddly attired. He sported a suit of oilskins, and a pair of long sea-boots several sizes too big for him.

"It's the harbour-master!" ejaculated Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout bore down upon the party, and frowned. As his eye dwelt upon Coker, the frown became darker.

"Coker!"

Mr. Prout's tone resembled the rumble of thunder.

"Ye-e-es, sir?"

"So you, Coker—a boy of my own Form—a boy whom I have hitherto regarded as sane and trustworthy—have had the impudence—the amazing effrontery, sir—to appropriate my clothing!"

"You—your kik-kik-clothing, sir?" stammered Coker.

"Yes!" hooted Mr. Prout. "You have put me to grievous personal inconvenience, Coker, and you will answer for this to your Housemaster!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Early this afternoon," rumbled Mr. Prout, "I was bathing at Pegg. I left my clothes on the foreshore, and when I came out of the water they had disappeared. It became necessary for me to borrow this suit of oilskins from a fisherman—otherwise, Coker, I should have been unable to come back to Greyfriars until nightfall! To think that a boy of your age, Coker, should play a trick worthy of an infant in one of the lower Forms!"

"My hat! I—I assure you, sir—I wasn't—I didn't—"

"Silence, boy! It is perfectly obvious what happened. For the purpose of playing a practical joke on your Form-master, you changed our clothes."

"What!" gasped Coker.

"You swapped them, as I believe you call it," said Mr. Prout angrily. "I found your own clothes, Coker, where mine had been left. Unfortunately, I could not get into them, although I made painful efforts to do so. I split the trousers—"

"You—you busted my bags?" exclaimed Coker.

"And I tore your waistcoat practically in half. It refused to fit me. Unfortunately, you had the better of the bargain, Coker. You knew that you could get into my clothes without difficulty; but I could not possibly get into yours. But for the kindness of one of the fishermen I should have been left stranded on the seashore."

"Look here, sir, I—"

"Silence! Come with me at once to Dr. Locke!"

But there was no need for this measure, for the Head himself, having heard the commotion from within his study, rustled upon the scene.

Dr. Locke stopped short in astonishment as he caught sight of Mr. Prout.

"Really, my dear Prout! What

strange whim has induced you to assume the habiliments of a navigator?"

Mr. Prout flushed angrily.

"It is no whim of mine, sir! I have been subjected to an unpardonable outrage, Dr. Locke!"

"Bless my soul!"

"That—that insolent scoundrel"—Mr. Prout levelled a quivering forefinger at Coker—"has had the audacity to change clothes with me—to rob me of my vestments whilst I was bathing!"

"Dear me! Is that so, Coker?"

"Nunno, sir! Not at all, sir!"

"What! You dare to deny it!" roared Mr. Prout.

The Head interposed.

"Pray be silent, Mr. Prout. I will deal with this matter. What have you to say, Coker?"

"I went for a swim this afternoon, sir, and left my togs on the shore," said Coker. "When I came out the togs had disappeared, and these kids offered to lend me something to wear. Then they brought me these. I knew they were Mr. Prout's, of course, but as Mr. Prout was nowhere in sight, I put them on."

"Is that so, Wharton?"

"Coker's quite right, sir," said the captain of the Remove. "We found Mr. Prout's suit in the bottom of a boat—"

"What!" howled Mr. Prout.

"In the bottom of a boat," repeated Wharton calmly. "As Coker's own togs had vanished, we advised him to put these on."

"I can only conclude, Mr. Prout," said the Head, "that some practical joker has been at work. I accept Coker's version of the affair. In my opinion—"

The Head broke off. His eye had alighted upon Skinner of the Remove, who was passing through the Close with Stott and Bolsover major.

An object of revolver-looking shape was in Skinner's hand. He had been exhibiting it to his schoolfellows, but he thrust it swiftly out of sight when he saw the Head's eye on him.

Dr. Locke's brow grew stern.

"Skinner!"

The cad of the Remove, affecting great surprise, trotted up.

"What did you have in your hand just now, Skinner?"

"Eh? Oh, it—it was nothing, sir," said Skinner. "Nothing at all, sir!"

"You are lying to me, Skinner! You were carrying something which, from this distance, looked remarkably like a revolver. As I strongly deprecate the use of firearms at this school, Skinner, you will please deliver up the article at once!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"At once, Skinner!"

Skinner saw that there was no help for it. If he defied the Head, Dr. Locke would have him searched. So he sullenly thrust his hand into his pocket and produced—not a revolver, but a pipe!

"Ah!" said the Head. "Might I ask how that pipe came into your possession, Skinner?"

Mr. Prout, a ridiculous figure in his badly-fitting oilskins, shuffled forward.

"It is mine!" he cried dramatically.

"Skinner must have rifled it from my pocket!"

"This is where the storm bursts!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather!"

The Head turned accusingly to Skinner.

"I have reason to believe, Skinner," he said, "that you have been tampering with Mr. Prout's and with Coker's garments this afternoon on the seashore!" Skinner's jaw dropped.

"Am I correct, Skinner?"

The cad of the Remove glanced round wildly. He saw no sympathy in the faces of the Famous Five.

"I—I—it was only a little joke, sir!" he blurted out at length.

"Indeed! Then I will endeavour to teach you that such jokes are not in good taste. You have caused unwarrantable confusion and inconvenience. Come with me!"

Skinner reluctantly obeyed.

He followed the Head quakingly into his study, and from that celebrated apartment there came, in a few moments, the sound of a steady swishing, mingled with wild yells of anguish.

The practical joker was paying the piper!

As for Mr. Prout, he mumbled out an apology to Coker, and the clothes were straightened out again—although Coker's were found to be very much the worse for wear and tear.

However, it was all Skinner's fault; and as Skinner was getting his just deserts, Coker felt that there was no need to worry.

And the Famous Five, well content with the afternoon's adventure, went along to Study No. 1 to tea.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Chosen Four!

"NOTICE!"

AFTER consultation with the Headmasters of St. Jim's, Highcliffe, and Rookwood, I have decided personally to present a Silver Cup to the school which succeeds in winning the greatest number of events in the forthcoming Swimming Sports.

"This Cup will be presented to the captain of the successful junior team; and it is understood that a similar Cup will be awarded to the seniors by Dr. Holmes, of St. Jim's.

"There will be numerous events, and all boys in all Forms will be allowed to compete, with one exception. The exception is the Relay Race between the four schools. For this only the best four senior swimmers and the best four junior swimmers will be chosen.

"It is hoped that Greyfriars will continue to give a glowing account of itself in the world of sport.

(Signed) H. H. LOCKE.

Headmaster."

That was the notice which greeted the eyes of seniors and juniors alike next morning.

The announcement came as a surprise to some. Others had expected something of the sort.

This would not be the first time that Greyfriars, St. Jim's, Highcliffe, and Rookwood would meet together in competition. They had done so before—on playing-field and river—and the tussles had been very keen and thrilling.

There was quite a crowd round the notice-board.

Wingate of the Sixth was one of the first to read the announcement, and he strode away with great satisfaction, remarking to Gwynne that it was high time the seniors had a look-in as well.

Then Coker came along, and a grin of pleasure spread over his rugged face.

"That's good!" he murmured. "Wingate will give me a place in the senior team, of course."

"Has he suddenly gone potty, then?" asked Greene, in surprise.

"Eh?"

"Or is the senior team going to be made up of non-swimmers?" asked Potter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker clenched his fists.

"Enough of your cheek, George Potter!" he said sternly. "I can swim without the aid of water-wings, and that's more than you can do!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" boomed Bob Cherry's dulcet tones. "Stand aside, there, and make way for the nobility and gentry!"

And the Famous Five pushed their way up to the board.

Their faces lit up as they read the Head's notice.

"Best bit of news for whole terms!" said Wharton. "I must say it's jolly sporting of the Head to present a Cup. The only question is—"

"What?" asked the others in unison.

"Whether we can make room for the blessed Cup on the mantelpiece in Study No. 1?"

"My hat!" said Nugent. "You're rather jumping to conclusions, aren't you?"

"Not at all. Aren't we going to bag that Cup?" asked Wharton warmly.

"Of course! But—"

"Well, dry up, then!"

"I say, you fellows—"

The high-pitched voice of William George Bunter broke in upon the juniors' conversation.

Billy Bunter was looking very shiny, and sleek, and important. He had just had a wash—a very unusual experience for him. But it had not been self-administered. Bolsover major had been paying off an old score by ducking Bunter in a pail of water, and bringing a scrubbing-brush into play.

"I say, you fellows, I think we shall win, hands down, don't you?" said Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five through his big glasses.

"You seem pretty sure about it, porpoise," growled Johnny Bull. "What makes you say so?"

"Because I shall be in the team."

"What?"

"I shall carry off all the individual events," said Bunter calmly, "and I shall be the mainstay of Greyfriars in the Relay Race."

"Oh, my hat!"

"When it comes to swimming," Bunter went on, "you want a fellow who can show decent form—"

"Well, you can certainly do that!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I take it you're counting me in, Wharton?"

"Rats!"

"You're not?"

"Not on my life!"

Billy Bunter's eyes glittered wrathfully.

"It's this personal jealousy again," he said. "You're jealous of me at footer, and cricket, and Form-work; but I thought you'd draw the line when it came to swimming!"

"Br-r-r!"

"Ain't my name going down?" hooted Bunter.

"No—travel!"

Billy Bunter wagged an admonishing forefinger at Harry Wharton.

"You'll change your tune before very long," he said darkly. "You'll go down on your hands and knees and implore me to swim for you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Owl of the Remove flourished a fat fist in the faces of the Famous Five, and turned away.

"This question of the team," said Wharton, as the juniors stepped along to Study No. 1, "is a jolly knotty one. Of course, anybody can go in for the events, barring the Relay Race; but it's the Relay Race that matters! Now, I've got to choose a team of four, and it's not so easy as it sounds."

After a moment's reflection, the others were forced to admit that Wharton was right.

The Remove was rich in good swimmers.

There were the Famous Five, every

member of which was a good performer in the water. And, quite outside this select circle, there were Vernon-Smith, Mark Linley, Peter Todd, and Squiff—all good men and true.

To choose a team of four from such a galaxy of talent required the judgment of Solomon.

It was Johnny Bull who suggested a way out.

"You'll have to hold a trial swim, Harry," he said. "Put a dozen of the best swimmers over the distance, and select the first four."

"Good!" said Wharton.

When morning lessons were over, all roads led to the River Sark.

There was great excitement on the part of the juniors as to who would comprise the winning four.

The course was sixty yards, and, besides the Famous Five, the entrants included Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd, Mark Linley, Squiff, Dick Penfold, Monty Newland, and Bulstrode.

Wingate had stepped along to see fair play; and on his word of command the swimmers plunged in to their task.

Sixty yards was not a great distance—two lengths of an ordinary swimming-bath—but the swimmers knew that it would be fatal to dawdle.

In longer races a good start was not so necessary; it was always possible to pick up the distance later on. But now every second counted.

The first swimmer to forge ahead of his fellows was Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, whose swift side-stroke took him through the water at a tremendous pace.

Behind Inky, swimming strongly and in line, came Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Mark Linley.

The others were not exactly out of the running, but they had a good deal of lee-way to make up.

A rope was suspended across the river at the spot where the race would finish; and on the banks practically the whole of the Remove had assembled.

And now a chorus of shouts arose.

"Come on, Inky!"

"Let's have you!"

"Pick it up, Wharton!"

There was a sensational finish.

Harry Wharton, one of the finest swimmers in the Remove, made a great burst, and reached the rope at the same instant as his dusky chum.

The dead-heat was greeted with a roar from the crowd.

The struggle for third place was not so exciting. Bob Cherry had plenty to spare, and he romped home in brilliant style.

"One more place!" sang out Bolsover major. "Put your beef into it, Smithy!"

For the fourth and last place there were four likely candidates.

Vernon-Smith, Mark Linley, Frank Nugent, and Peter Todd swept through the water in dashing style, their arms and legs going like clockwork.

As the rope loomed nearer the swimmers redoubled their efforts. Each was keen on representing Greyfriars in the Relay Race, when the sports came off.

Mark Linley crept a little ahead, then Frank Nugent; and then Vernon-Smith overhauled them both, and reached the rope the fraction of a second before them.

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"Jolly well finished, old scout!"

Harry Wharton rubbed himself down.

"That settles the team, anyway," he said. "Inky, Bob, Smithy, and myself. And if we can't knock the stuffing out of the other schools I'll eat my hat!"

"And I'll eat Coker's pink costume by way of dessert!" said Bob Cherry emphatically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In the Teeth of the Storm!

"IT'S a gorgeous afternoon!" said Harry Wharton. It really was.

Meadows and fields basked in the summer sunshine.

It was an afternoon suggestive of pleasant picnics in shady woods, or of swiftly-gliding canoes on the cool river.

The Remove had a cricket fixture with the Upper Fourth; but, at Wharton's suggestion, the Famous Five were taking no part in the match. It needed no great exertion to lick Temple & Co.; and there were heaps of fellows in the Remove who were spoiling for a game.

"What's the merry programme?" asked Bob Cherry.

"There's tea at Cliff House at five," said Wharton thoughtfully.

"Yes—but we've got hours to kill, fathead!"

"I propose that we restfully recline in an esteemed grassy meadow!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"Oh, come off, Inky!" growled Johnny Bull. "We're not going to slack in our old age! What price a boat-trip?"

"Just the thing!" said Nugent. "Now that these silly coast restrictions—the one-mile radius, and all that—are removed, we can wander out to sea for miles!"

So the Famous Five went along to Pegg, hired a stout rowing-boat, and put out to sea.

The water was dead calm. There was scarcely a ripple anywhere, and not a breath of wind.

The juniors took it in turn to row; and within an hour they had left the shore a long way behind.

Dimly in the distance they discerned the frowning crag known as the Shoulder; and the fishermen's cottages at Pegg looked like mere specks.

Bob Cherry rested at length upon his oars.

"My hat! This is about the farthest we've ever ventured!" he said. "Are you heading for Boulogne, Harry?"

"Rats! We'll turn about now, if you like!"

"Of course, there's no danger," said Nugent. "In weather like this you could cross the Channel in a cockleshell. Everything's so jolly peaceful!"

Scarcely were the words out of Nugent's mouth, however, when a strange and startling thing happened.

The sky grew suddenly dark.

Although the afternoon was not far advanced, a pall of blackness began to settle down over the sea; and from the distance came the low boom of thunder.

"Full speed ahead!" said Wharton sharply. "We're booked for a storm!"

Boom, boom!

The thunder rolled ominously; and from time to time a vivid flash of lightning lit up the uncanny blackness of the scene.

The storm gathered in fury.

Heavy masses of cloud formed overhead. The sea, which had been placid as a lake, began to swell and heave.

"Row like niggers!" muttered Bob Cherry. "We're going to have a sea such as no boat will live in!"

The juniors bent to their task, and the boat leapt through the angry water as if possessed of demons.

The sea, calm and peaceful a short time since, was like a seething cauldron.

Huge waves flung themselves in the path of the boat, threatening to envelop it.

"Keep it up!" panted Wharton. "We shall just about get clear in time!"

The perspiration streaming from their

faces, the Famous Five worked as they had never worked before.

Suddenly Frank Nugent paused.

"Did you hear that?" he asked.

The juniors strained their ears to listen.

At first they could hear nothing but the dirge of the approaching storm.

After a time, however, another sound came to their ears—a sound which was unmistakable.

Somewhere over the dark waters hovered an aeroplane!

"Can you see it?" panted Wharton.

"Yes!" said Johnny Bull. "The fellow's in difficulties! He's coming down—away over there!"

And Johnny indicated the spot with his finger.

Whether the storm had affected the machine—whether the engine had given out—the juniors could not tell.

But the pilot was descending—that was certain.

Was he going to his death?

Would the waves fling him to destruction in their tempestuous play?

The same thought passed through the mind of each of the juniors.

"Can we help him?" asked Nugent anxiously.

"Afraid not," said Wharton. "It's as much as we can do to help ourselves. If we go back into that heavy sea we shall capsize, for a cert! It would be madness to attempt it!"

And the others felt that Wharton was right.

The Famous Five were fearless of any danger. They would cheerfully have gone back into a sea ten times more boisterous if there were the least chance of saving a helpless man.

But they saw that there was no chance whatever.

Their boat was filling now, and Hurree Singh was busily engaged in baling her out with his eap.

But the shore was no great distance off now; and Harry Wharton felt confident that, unless very cruel luck overtook them, the party would emerge unscathed from their adventure.

Jagged streaks of lightning flashed across the lowering sky.

The heavy thunder continued, and the sea was like a tornado.

But the juniors were nearly home!

A few more minutes of hard and tireless endeavour, and their craft was caught up on the crest of a giant wave and thrown bodily on to the beach.

The juniors lay still, utterly spent.

Some time had elapsed before they were able to struggle to their feet.

"Jove! That was hot, while it lasted!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I'm soaked to the skin!"

"Same here!"

"We were only just in time!" said Wharton gravely. "I believe poor old Inky was on the point of collapse."

Hurree Singh nodded.

"I could not have balefully got rid of the esteemed water much longer!" he confessed.

"Wonder what's become of that airman fellow?" said Johnny Bull, gouging the sea-water from his eyes.

"Let's come along and make inquiries," said Wharton.

The juniors battled their way along the shore.

An ancient fisherman sat smoking outside his hut. Harry Wharton spoke to him.

"When we were out in a boat some time back," he said, "we saw a 'plane come down. It was about a couple of miles out at sea. Do you know what's happened to the pilot?"

"Rescued!" said the fisherman shortly.

"What?"

"E was took off the wreckage of 'is machine soon arter it 'appened."

"My hat!"

The Famous Five went on their way greatly relieved.

They were glad indeed to learn that the airman had escaped a watery grave.

"I suppose the lifeboat went out for him," said Bob Cherry.

"Something of the sort," said Wharton. "Anyway, he's safe and sound, and that's all that matters. Come on!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Hero!

BILLY BUNTER rolled into the junior Common-room that evening wearing a fat smile.

He was looking more pompous and important than usual. Indeed, Peter Todd suggested that if a pin were stuck in him he would probably burst.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off, porpoise!"

The Famous Five were relating the events of the afternoon to some of their schoolfellows. They had no wish for Billy Bunter's society.

"Oh, really, you know!" said Bunter, blinking round at the juniors. "That's not the way to talk to a fellow who's just covered himself with honour and glory!"

"Eh?"

"What?"

The juniors stared blankly at Bunter.

"What are you babbling about, barrel?" asked Wharton sharply.

"You're talking about that aviator who made a forced landing in the sea, ain't you?"

"Yes!"

"Well, he was rescued."

"We know that, fathead!"

"But you don't know who rescued him—"

"What?"

"It was me!" said Bunter dramatically, puffing out his chest with pride. "But for my prompt and gallant action that fellow would have been food for fishes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to cackle at," said Bunter. "Picture the poor fellow out in that dark and stormy sea, waiting—"

"He'd have to wait a jolly long time if he were waiting for you!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked in pained surprise.

"You fellows don't seem to believe me—" he began.

"Quite right; we don't!" said Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent! You wait till I get all my medals and things from the Life-Saving Society!"

"Seeing's believing!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Look here!" said Bunter wrathfully. "You're a suspicious set of beasts! I always make a point of sticking to the truth—"

"Oh!"

"And yet you won't take my word! It's a rotten shame!"

"Oh, tell us the thrilling story!" said Bob Cherry. "I can see you won't be happy until you've got it off your chest."

Billy Bunter paused.

"It was like this," he said. "I happened to be taking a brisk stroll along the shore this afternoon—"

"The new obesity cure!" murmured Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, Skinner, you rotter! I happened to be taking a shore along the beach—I—I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shurrup, you cackling asses! I was strolling along, when all of a sudden the



An ancient fisherman sat smoking outside his hut. Harry Wharton spoke to him. "Do you know what's happened to the pilot of that wrecked aeroplane?" he asked. "Rescued!" said the fisherman shortly. (See Chapter 4.)

sky seemed to be split in two, and there was an awful storm. The thunder flashed; the lightning rolled and rattled, and—

"Oh, help!"

"And the roaring billows lifted their heads—"

"Did you notice if they had washed their necks?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"When all of a sudden," said Bunter, "I heard the throbbing of—"

"A Ford car?" suggested Squiff.

"No, you ass! An aeroplane! It was in mid-air, locked in the fury of the storm, when suddenly the boiler broke—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You mean the tyre went flat!" chuckled Bolsover major.

"Rats! The boiler broke, and the 'plane came crashing down to destruction!"

"Oh!"

"Ow 'orrible, 'Orace!" groaned Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter spun round upon the juniors.

"Was I going to stand idly by," he said, "and see a fellow-creature perish miserably in that awful chasm of—"

"Your imagination?" suggested Nugent.

"Dry up! Was I going to sit by with folded arms while he was sucked under, never to rise again?"

"Is that a conundrum?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What did you do next, Bunt?" asked Bolsover major.

"I looked round for the lifeboat," said Bunter. "It was not there! I looked round for a skiff, or a craft of some kind, in which I could rush to the rescue of the drowning man! But there was nothing. So I plunged in in my clothes—"

"They seem pretty dry," said Peter Todd.

"Ahem! I—I've changed 'em since, you know. I plunged in, and by means of some wonderful strokes—"

"How many runs did you make?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Look here, Cherry, if you don't dry up you sha'n't hear the finish of the yarn!"

"Oh, all right!" said Bob meekly.

"I'll be as good as gold!"

"Striking out strongly," said Bunter, "I made my way to the drowning man. Picture me, you fellows, ploughing my way through a sea in which not even a Dreadnought could live!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Picture me, flinging aside all selfish thoughts, speeding to the rescue of that unfortunate airman! Time and again I told myself that it couldn't be done. Time and again I came within an ace of throwing up the sponge. Then, telling myself that a Bunter never retreats, I forged ahead, and reached the unhappy fellow—"

"The sight of your face must have just about finished him!" said Squiff.

Bunter ignored that remark.

"The airman was clinging to the wreckage of his machine," he said. "His

face was ghastly. 'Can you swim?' I said. He shook his head. 'In that case I must tow you to the shore, old man,' I said. 'Grab hold of my neck!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He grabbed hold," continued Bunter; "and, under circumstances of great difficulty and danger, I succeeded in bringing him in to safety."

"Buck up, and get to the part where you woke up!" said Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Skinner, you're only jealous!" said Bunter indignantly. "You wait till I receive all the medals and cups and things from the Life-Saving Society!"

"Rats!"

"After this plucky rescue on my part, Wharton," said Bunter, "I don't see how you can leave me out of the swimming team."

"If you think I am going to include you in the team on the strength of a fairy tale like that," said Wharton, "you're very much offside. Why, you fat duffer, I've never heard such piffle in my life—not even from you!"

"Oh, really, you know!"

"Bump him!" said Johnny Bull, in disgust.

Many hands were laid upon the Owl of the Remove, and he descended to the floor with a crash which shook every bone in his body.

"Yaroooooooh!"

"Give him another!" said Bob Cherry.

Bump!

"Yow-ow-ow! Beasts! Rotters! Lemme alone!"

"One more for luck, and for the prestige of Study No. 7!" sang out Peter Todd.

Once again Billy Bunter descended upon the boards with a crash and a yell.

He looked a very complete wreck as he staggered to his feet—anything but a conquering hero.

"Now, cut off!" said Wharton. "And if you spin any more cock-and-bull yarns of that sort we'll scalp you!"

"Ow! It's true. You've got no right to doubt my word. You'll be sorry for it before long, too, you beasts!"

And Billy Bunter, after shaking a fat fist at the grinning Removites, rolled out of the Common-room.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The False and the True!

"**B**LESS my soul!" Mr. Quelch uttered the exclamation in tones of great surprise during morning lessons next day.

The Remove were translating Greek passages, and whilst they were so engaged Mr. Quelch was glancing leisurely at the local paper.

The "Friardale Gazette" was not a very interesting publication, as a rule, but something in this particular issue seemed to hold Mr. Quelch spellbound.

"Bless my soul!" he said again. The headlines seemed to dance before the eyes of the astonished Form-master:

**"AIRMAN'S ADVENTURE AT SEA!
THRILLING RESCUE BY GREY-FRIARS JUNIOR!"**

That was staggering enough, but when the paper went on to reveal the identity of the Greyfriars junior Mr. Quelch felt as if the room were going round.

This is what he read:

"Lieutenant Kenneth Browne, of the Royal Air Force, had an exciting experience yesterday afternoon.

"He was returning from France by air when his engine gave out, and he was obliged to descend when still a couple of miles off the Kent coast.

"A terrible storm was raging at the time. Lieutenant Browne's aeroplane began to sink immediately she struck the water, and the young airman found himself in a position of extreme peril.

"From this position he was eventually extricated by the bravery and promptitude of W. G. Bunter, a Greyfriars junior.

"Bunter, although only fifteen, made a wonderful fight against wind and wave, and succeeded in swimming out to Lieutenant Browne. He endeavoured to assist the unfortunate airman, but the sea was so rough that both rescuer and rescued would have lost their lives had not the lifeboat been launched at this juncture.

"The gallant action of Bunter will, we feel sure, meet with suitable recognition, and we have little doubt that he will receive the usual awards given for a rescue of this kind.

"We understand that Bunter, who is a member of the Remove Form, enjoys a great popularity at Greyfriars. Such popularity will certainly be enhanced by his latest deed of bravery."

"Dear me!" gasped Mr. Quelch. He was thunderstruck.

He glanced towards the fat, oily Bunter—with whom he had already had considerable trouble that morning—and wondered if this could possibly be the gallant hero referred to.

Bunter a life-saver! Bunter a hero in a thousand!

It certainly took some swallowing. After a long pause Mr. Quelch spoke.

"Bunter!" The Owl of the Remove rose in his place.

"Yessir?" "I have just read an extraordinary report in the local paper, Bunter, to the effect that you, in circumstances of great personal peril, saved the life of an airman."

For a moment Billy Bunter started. The fat junior seemed almost as surprised as Mr. Quelch. But he pulled himself together, and blinked at the Form-master.

"Yessir?" "Do I understand that this report is correct, Bunter?"

"Every word of it, sir!" said Bunter promptly.

"You swam out to the rescue of an airman who had descended into the sea?"

"I did, sir."

"And you saved his life at the risk of your own?"

"Yessir. That's me, sir!" There was a buzz from the Remove—a buzz which slowly swelled into a roar.

"Gammon!" "Spoofer!" "Don't tell whoppers!"

"Silence, boys!" said Mr. Quelch sharply. "On this occasion we must credit Bunter with speaking the truth. This paper contains full details of his

great gallantry. He has acted in a manner befitting a hero!"

"Oh!" "My hat!"

"It is here, in black and white," said Mr. Quelch. "Bunter has evidently been hiding his light under a bushel. He possesses virtues the existence of which we did not even suspect. He has certainly behaved very pluckily on this occasion."

"Great Scott!" Billy Bunter, his chest fairly heaving with pride, turned a triumphant face to his schoolfellows.

"I told you so, you chaps," he said. "It was me who rescued that fellow. You'll have to include me in the swimming team now, Wharton!"

"Nonsense!" said the captain of the Remove irritably.

Mr. Quelch looked up quickly. "Do I understand, Wharton, that you are omitting Bunter from the swimming team?"

"That's so, sir."

"On what grounds?" "He can't swim, sir."

"What?" "This is a fairy tale, sir. It may be in the paper, but I still believe it's a fairy tale."

"You are ridiculous, Wharton!" snapped Mr. Quelch. "Do you suppose that the editor of the 'Friardale Gazette'—a very upright and honourable man—would concoct a story of this sort?"

"He's been given a false report, sir!" "Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You are an ungenerous lad, Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch. "You should be proud and pleased to give Bunter a place in the swimming team after his wonderful exhibition!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Billy Bunter. "I knew you'd speak up for me, sir!"

At that moment the door of the Form-room was thrown open, and the Head entered, accompanied by a young, cheery-looking man in the uniform of the Royal Air Force.

"Ah, Mr. Quelch!" said the Head. "Lieutenant Browne has called here for the purpose of congratulating Bunter, of your Form. Under circumstances of great courage and fortitude, Bunter saved his life yesterday."

Mr. Quelch smiled. "I have just been speaking to Bunter on the subject," he said. "Stand forward, Bunter, and allow Mr. Browne to speak to you!"

Billy Bunter's complexion turned a sickly yellow. He showed no desire to come to close quarters with the airman. For reasons of his own, he preferred to take a back seat.

"Come forward, Bunter!" said the Head kindly. "Do not allow feelings of modesty to restrain you!"

"Ow! I—I—" Bolsover major, who was sitting next to Bunter, gave him a sudden shove.

The fat junior tottered out in front of the class.

Lieutenant Browne regarded him curiously. "I'm afraid a little mistake has arisen!" he said.

The Head started. "Dear me! Do you suggest—"

"This is not the boy who saved my life!" said the airman.

"Bless my soul!" Billy Bunter caught the lieutenant by the arm.

"Don't you recognise me?" he exclaimed wildly. "Don't you recollect the fellow who dragged you from those fearful flames—I—I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I've never seen you before in my life!" said Lieutenant Browne.

Read

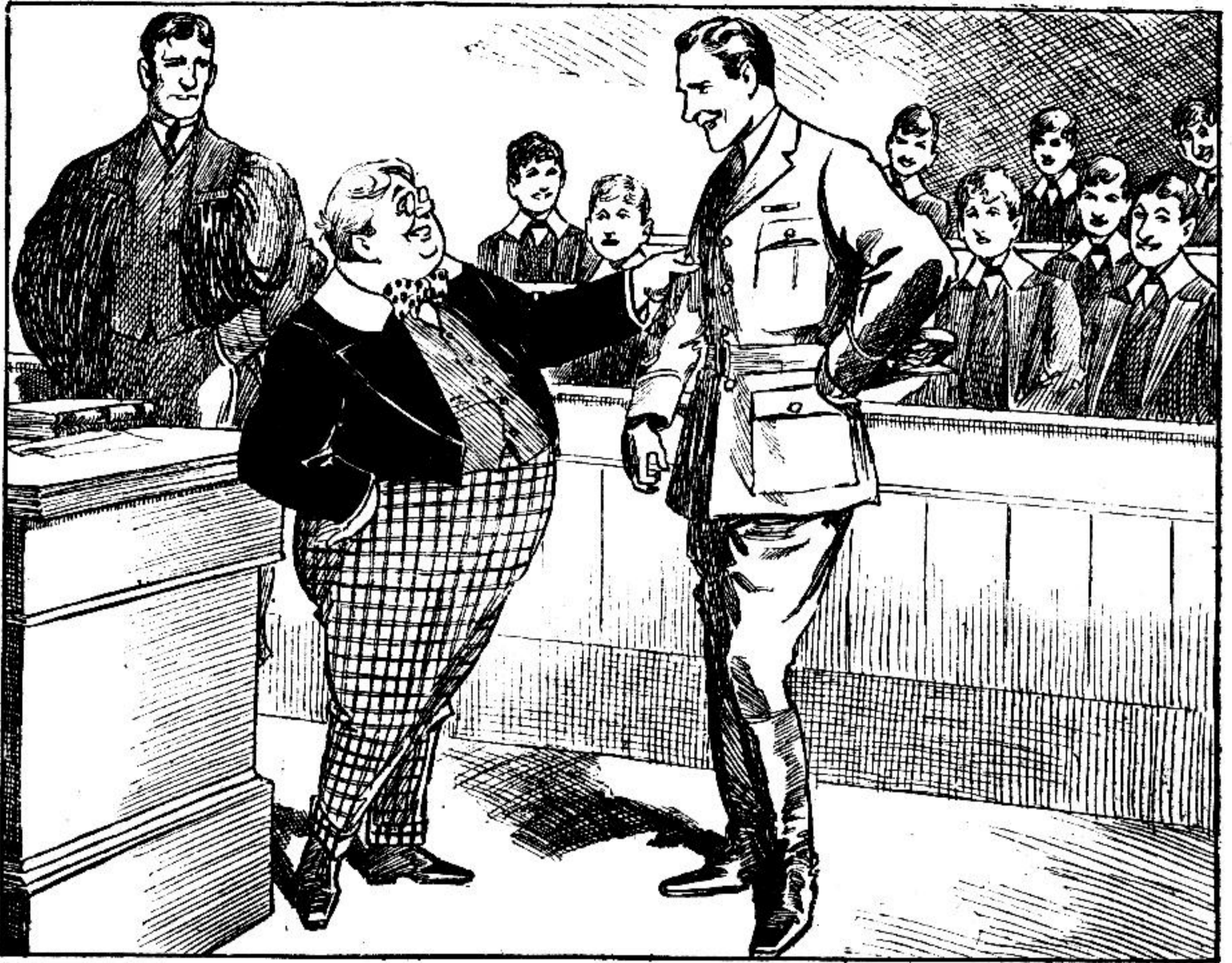
"THE GOODNESS OF GUSSY!"

A Wonderful Complete Story of TOM MERRY & CO. at St. Jim's, By MARTIN CLIFFORD, in

"THE GEM."

Out This Wednesday.





Billy Bunter caught the lieutenant by the arm. "Don't you recognise me?" he exclaimed. "Don't you recollect the fellow who dragged you from those fearful flames?" "Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 6.)

"Oh crumbs! Pip-pip-please, sir," said Bunter, turning to the Head, "his memory's suffered, sir! The awful shock he passed through yesterday—the horrors of the burning building—"

"What!" gasped the Head.

"I—I mean, the awful shipwreck," said Bunter, "has turned his brain. He no longer recognises his brave rescuer. Look at his blank, bulging eyes, sir! It's clearly a case of lost memory!"

"Why, you young duffer," exclaimed the lieutenant, "my memory's perfectly sound! There, sir"—the speaker pointed dramatically to a junior in the back row—"there is the boy who saved my life yesterday!"

There was a breathless murmur from the Removites.

All eyes followed the direction of the airman's finger.

It pointed straight at Vernon-Smith of the Remove!

"Oh, my hat!" muttered the Bounder.

"Vernon-Smith," exclaimed the Head, "stand forward at once!"

The Bounder stepped to the fore.

"That is the boy!" said Lieutenant Browne, in tones of certainty. "I should know him anywhere. I don't know whether his name's Smith, Jones, or Robinson; but he certainly saved my life! Thank you very much, my lad! This is the first opportunity I have had of thanking you personally."

And the hand of the young lieutenant met that of the Bounder in a tight grip. The Remove looked on in amazement.

"Smithy!"

"Smithy's the hero!"

The Head turned to the Removite.

"Is it correct, Smith, that you saved this officer's life?"

"Yes, sir!" said the Bounder quietly.

"Then how is it that Bunter has been credited with the action?"

Vernon-Smith grinned.

"I told the reporter fellow that my name was W. G. Bunter," he explained.

"Oh!"

Light dawned upon the Head—and upon everybody.

It was perfectly obvious now that Billy Bunter had been taking credit for the action of another.

The Head compressed his lips.

"I will leave you to deal with Bunter, Mr. Quelch!" he said.

And he left the Form-room with the young lieutenant.

When they had gone, Mr. Quelch picked up a cane. It was a stout cane, and very pliant.

Billy Bunter looked on in alarm.

"That—that's not for me, sir, is it?"

"Your surmise, Bunter, is correct!" said Mr. Quelch drily. "You will hold out your hand!"

"Ow! I—I— It was only a joke, sir!" stammered Billy Bunter wildly.

"Hold out your hand!"

"Oh dear! Ain't you got a sense of humour, sir?"

Mr. Quelch snorted.

The next moment he wrenched Billy

Bunter's fat hand forward, and the cane came into play.

Swish, swish, swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Now the other!" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"Oh crumbs! Smithy, you rotter, why did you want to own up?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Thrice again the cane rose and fell; and when, a few moments later, Billy Bunter rolled back to his place, he seemed to be trying to fold himself up like a pen-knife.

He was reflecting that the reward of heroes is not always very pleasant, especially when the heroes themselves have been foolish enough to stake a false claim!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Gathering of the Clans!

"LETTER for you, Wharton!"

Squiff of the Remove brought the note along to Study No. 1, where the Famous Five were discussing the prospects of Greyfriars in the Swimming Sports.

"Good!" said Harry. "It's got the Rylcombe postmark. That means Tom Merry."

"Trot out the joyful tidings!" said Bob Cherry.

"Let's hear what our Merryful chum has to expoundfully utter!" said Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton smiled, and read the letter aloud to his chums.

It ran as follows:

"My dear Wharton,—Our merry old Head has given us permission—the junior section of us, at any rate—to come over to Greyfriars the evening before the sports.

"This is giving you rather short notice, and I expect you will be at your wits' end where to accommodate us. If the worst comes to the worst, we can camp out on the roof!

"Here's to a jolly good time on the Day!

"Yours ever,

"TOM MERRY."

"P.S.—Perhaps, if space is limited, we could dig in the garden. (No pun intended).—MONTY LOWTHER."

"P.P.S.—What price the woodshed, you fellows?—JACK BLAKE."

"P.P.P.S.—I regard Lowther as a foolish ass, and Blake as an asinine fool. It would be most disastrous to a fellow's clobber to sleep in the woodshed. Any chance of bagging the Sixth Form studies, dear boys?—ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY."

The Famous Five chuckled.

"It's a bit of a poser!" said Nugent. "I expect about a dozen of 'em will be coming over. There are two vacant beds in the Remove dormitory."

"And a few can be squeezed into the sanny," said Wharton.

"Oh, we'll fix 'em up somehow," said Bob Cherry, "even if Gussy has to sleep in the Head's study!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They mean to be fit on the day of the sports," said Wharton. "That's why they're coming overnight. We shall have to fight like Trojans for that giddy 'cup, after all. I thought, at first, that we stood a topping chance. But the Saints are hot stuff, and those Highcliffe fellows have been simply living in the water for the last week!"

"Then there's Rookwood," said Johnny Bull. "Jimmy Silver & Co. are a curious crowd. They're not up to our weight as a rule, but they've got a little habit of springing surprises."

"I think we ought to winfully romp home," observed Hurree Singh. "Vernon-Smith will be a great feather in our esteemed cap, and a bird in the hand is the best policy, as your English proverb has it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

When the St. Jim's juniors arrived, the Famous Five went down to the station to meet them.

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther—the Terrible Three—were there, of course, and so were Jack Blake & Co., of the Fourth, to say nothing of Reginald Talbot.

As if this were not enough talent to go on with, there were Figgins and Kerr and Wynn, the formidable New House trio, and Dick Redfern.

These twelve fellows from the rival school were likely to give a good account of themselves.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" sang out Bob Cherry, in a cheery greeting. "Come to the slaughter—what?"

"Rats!"

"I regard your statement as bein' uttably widic, Chewwy!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "There will certainly be a slaughter, but I wegwet to have to inform you that you will be the victims!"

And now it was the turn of the Greyfriars juniors to say, with one accord:

"Rats!"

"Has the accommodation question

been settled?" asked Tom Merry, as the juniors walked up to the school together.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Mr. Quelch has fixed everything up," he said. "You and Talbot are coming into the Remove dormitory—"

"Good!"

"Blake, Herries, and Digby are digging in with Temple & Co.—"

"Oh, help!" groaned Jack Blake.

"Figgins, Kerr, Wynn, and Redfern will be under the eye of the great Coker—"

"My only aunt!" gasped Figgins.

"And Manners and Lowther can share a ward in the sanny."

"I'm so glad they took into consideration my frail and flower-like constitution," murmured Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jammed his celebrated monocle into his eye, and turned to Harry Wharton.

"Where do I come in, pway?"

"You don't!" grinned Bob Cherry. "You stay out, and scout round for a likely-looking haystack!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Chewwy, I—I twust I have not been ovahlooked in this important mattah of accommodation. I do not mind woughin' it in one of the mastah's bed-wooms—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Although I should pwefer somethin' weally nice!"

"Well, you've got it," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You're going to occupy the couch in Mauly's study. It's an awfully swell study, and a jolly comfy couch."

"Yes, rather!" chimed in Bob Cherry. "You'll sleep like a top until Gosling brings in your shaving-water in the morning!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites were very good to their guests.

Offers of entertainment came from every side. Vernon-Smith insisted on taking two or three of the St. Jim's fellows along to his study, where an ample repast had been prepared; and Peter Todd held a similar spread in Study No. 7. In Study No. 1 Harry Wharton & Co. acted as hosts to the Terrible Three.

There was a good deal of chattering going on in the dormitories that evening; but the prefects who saw lights out let it proceed unchecked. Was not this the eve of one of the greatest days in the history of Greyfriars?

Most of the St. Jim's fellows made themselves swiftly at home.

Up in the sanny Manners and Monty Lowther were going strong with cake and coffee, which Mrs. Kebble had brought in. In the Fourth Form dormitory, Blake and Herries and Digby had made themselves thoroughly comfortable.

Tom Merry and Talbot were, of course, among old friends; and they enjoyed themselves immensely.

As for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, he laid his aristocratic head upon the downy couch of Lord Mauleverer, and felt at peace with the world.

Sleeping in Mauly's study was a privilege which fell to the lot of few.

"This is gweat!" murmured Arthur Augustus drowsily. "Bettah than a State bed-woom, bai Jove!"

There was only one place in which all was not well. That place was the Fifth Form dormitory.

Horace Coker had viewed the arrival of Figgins, Kerr, Wynn, and Redfern with frowning suspicion.

Coker disliked juniors. They did not seem to understand his high position and his superior wisdom. They played silly japes, too, and kicked over the traces.

When Figgins & Co. came in, Coker sat on the edge of his bed and delivered a brief sermon.

"Now, look here, you kids," he said. "I want you to behave yourselves in this dormitory. You ought to think it a great honour to be allowed to sleep here."

With one accord Figgins & Co. made a sweeping bow.

"Salaams to thee, Comrade Croaker!" murmured Redfern.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up!" said Coker, turning crimson. "I don't want any of your cheek. Tumble into bed, and look sharp!"

"Am serene, Smoker!" said Figgins meekly.

Coker glared.

"You—you—" he stuttered.

"Oh, give it a rest, Coker!" said Blundell irritably. "These kids haven't done anything to you."

"I don't trust 'em," said Coker. "They don't understand discipline."

"Cheese it, Joker!" said Redfern.

The St. Jim's juniors undressed, and turned in.

Fatty Wynn, as he got into bed, dragged a large packet of toffee in after him. Fatty was never happy unless he had something to chew.

Whilst the hum of voices was audible in the dormitory Fatty's chewing went unnoticed. But when the hum had died away, and stillness brooded over the dormitory, the champing of Fatty's jaws had a most disquieting effect.

"Shut that row!" growled Coker at length.

Plop, plop!

Wild horses wouldn't have prevented Fatty Wynn from sampling that toffee.

"Do you hear?" roared Coker. "Dry up!"

Fatty Wynn's jaws put in overtime.

"Look here," roared Coker, "if you don't take that sweet factory out of your mouth, young Wynn, I'll come over and lam you with a slipper!"

Fatty Wynn continued to make a noise like a suction-pump.

Coker could stand it no longer.

He sprang out of bed, seized a slipper, and strode towards Fatty Wynn's bed.

In the rays of the moonlight three keen pairs of eyes watched him. They belonged to Figgins, Kerr, and Redfern.

"If you advance another step, Choker," said Figgins sharply, "we'll scalp you!"

Throwing caution to the winds, Coker strode on.

Immediately three sturdy figures slipped out of bed. The next moment Coker felt himself caught up as if by a huge wave and whirled to the floor, where he alighted with a bang and a crash which shook the dormitory.

"Yarooooooh!"

"Better hop back into bed," said Kerr. "You're safer there, you know!"

"You—you cheeky young cubs! I'll jolly well—"

"Do you want another bumping?"

Coker realised that he was no match for three vigorous and determined juniors.

There was nothing for it but to get back to bed, and to postpone slumber until such a time as Fatty Wynn chose to finish his toffee.

As a matter of fact, the Falstaff of St. Jim's finished it earlier than was expected. The effort of chewing exhausted him at last; and he sank into a pleasant doze, during which he dreamt that St. Jim's won every single event in the Swimming Sports.

And then he woke up!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Blow for Greyfriars!

SPORTS Day dawned—one of summer's best.

At an early hour Frank Courtenay & Co. had come over by brake from Highcliffe.

Then the Highcliffe seniors, led by good-natured Langley, had put in an appearance, to be followed after a short interval by the seniors of St. Jim's.

Very fit and ruddy the latter looked in their neat summer flannels. Kildare, their captain, was a fellow who shone in every branch of sport; and his valiant henchmen—Rushden and Darrel and Baker—looked ready for anything.

And then, amid all the bustle and animation in the Close, the Rookwood fellows—senior and junior—turned up.

Jimmy Silver & Co. shook hands warmly with the Famous Five.

"We've come a long, long way," said Jimmy Silver, "and we don't mean to go empty away. We've left a space for the Silver Cup in our portmanteau."

"Dry up, you merry pot-hunter!" said Bob Cherry. "You're not going to get any change out of us!"

"The Silver Cup will reposefully rest on our esteemed mantelpiece!" purred Hurree Singh.

"We shall see!"

"I say!" The voice of Fatty Wynn made itself heard amid the uproar. "What about a feed at the tuckshop, you fellows? They are holding the senior sports first, and we sha'n't be called upon for hours and hours!"

"That's a jolly good suggestion, you fellows!" said Billy Bunter, rolling up. "I vote we all go along to the tuckshop, and I'll stand treat!"

"What!"

There was a yell from the juniors. The idea of Billy Bunter standing treat was decidedly novel.

"You can all help yourselves!" said Billy Bunter, waving a liberal hand. "Greyfriars fellows, Highcliffe louts, St. Jim's bounders—anybody and everybody! It's my treat!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jammed his monocle into his eye, and surveyed the fat junior with a new interest.

"Weally, Buntah! You have almost wobbled me of bweath, bai Jove!"

"Rats! Roll up, you fellows, and order what you want!"

"Look here, you fat duffer," said Harry Wharton. "Who's going to foot the bill?"

"Eh?"

"Who's going to pay for all the grub?"

"Oh, really, Wharton! Didn't I say I was standing treat? I've entered for a big competition in the 'Weekly Welsher,' and as soon as my prize—a hundred quid in hard cash—turns up, I'll make things good!"

"Meanwhile," said Johnny Bull, "we can pay for ourselves—what?"

"And Bunter into the bargain!" grinned Nugent. "It's not good enough, Billy."

"Look here, Nugent—"

"Br-r-r!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy beamed upon the merry crowd.

"If it's a question of tweatin'," he said, "I should like to have the extweme pleasuah an' privilege of footin' the bill. I had a fat wemittance befoah comin' away from St. Jim's, so pway pwoceed to ordah what you like, deah boys!"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" said Fatty Wynn approvingly. "What should we do without our Gussy?"

A general move was made to the tuckshop, and Mrs. Mible had the busiest half-hour of her life, dispensing drinks

and tarts to the jostling, good-natured crowd.

After which an adjournment was made to the banks of the river.

There was a record crowd.

The Greyfriars masters, in holiday garb, had turned out to act as judges and timekeepers. Dr. Holmes had come over from St. Jim's, driven in Lord Eastwood's car; and the girls of Cliff House had turned out in full force.

The senior events proved interesting, but rather one-sided.

Highcliffe, apart from the hefty Langley, had few star swimmers. Rookwood, with the exception of Bulkeley, their skipper, were strangely lacking in talent.

The whole thing, therefore, resolved itself into a contest between the giants of Greyfriars and the stalwarts of St. Jim's.

The first race—a clear course of fifty yards—went to Kildare of St. Jim's. Gwynne of Greyfriars was a good second.

The second race, over a longer distance, also went to St. Jim's. Rushden bagged the honours this time.

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The third event—swimming in clothes—also yielded a point for the Saints, and the faces of the Greyfriars fellows fell.

"Looks as if St. Jim's are going to have a walk-over," remarked Peter Todd. "They're putting up a wonderful show!"

"Poor old Wingate looks as if he's swallowed his tooth-stoppings!" said Bob Cherry. "Still, if the seniors do badly, it's up to us to prove that Greyfriars has still got a kick left."

"Yes, rather!"

The Friars bucked up. They won the next two events; and then Highcliffe scored a stray point.

Then came the biggest race of all—the relay—to the winners of which six points were rewarded.

The Relay Race would probably settle the issue. Wingate realised this, and he chatted earnestly with his colleagues as they lined up on the diving-raft.

Bang!

The pistol went, and four swimmers—one from each school—took the plunge.

Each competitor had to swim to a rope thirty yards down the river, then turn

back and finish at the diving-raft. When the first man got home, the second started; and so on.

Greyfriars established a fine lead; and Faulkner, their last man, had a clear six yards' start.

But the St. Jim's fellows were wise in their old age, as Monty Lowther expressed it.

Kildare had reserved himself until last, and his superior turn of speed caused him to gain rapidly on Faulkner.

Eager cries went up from the crowd on the bank.

"Go it, Greyfriars!"

"Spurt, Kildare! Put it on, old man!"

By the time Faulkner touched the rope, and prepared to make the return journey, Kildare was up with him.

Faulkner was very game. He covered the final thirty yards with rare dash.

But the St. Jim's fellow was the better swimmer, and he won a well-judged race by barely a yard.

"Huwwah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Bwavo, Kildare! We've won, deah boys!"

There were a few more events, and each school had its share of the honours.

But St. Jim's had scored heavily in the earlier stages; and they had carried off the Senior Cup.

Wingate was the first to congratulate Kildare.

"This is a nasty pill for us," he said. "We didn't know you were such hot stuff. You deserved to win."

"Hear, hear!" said Langley, shaking himself like a drenched terrier.

And Bulkeley, of Rookwood, thumped Kildare on the back and congratulated him upon his able leadership.

"Here endeth the first half!" said Bob Cherry. "But if these St. Jim's fellows think they're going to caper off with a couple of cups, they'll find they've woke up the wrong passengers!"

"Weally, Chewwy!" protested Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "You speak as if we were gweedy."

"Oh, no!" said Bob. "You merely like a lot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But you're not going to get it—not this evening, at any rate. Hallo! Time we were on the move!"

"Entrants for the first junior event, line up!" shouted Mr. Quelch.

And a dozen sturdy, athletic youngsters ranged themselves in line on the diving-raft.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Lancashire Pluck!

GO it, Greyfriars!"

"Rats! St. Jim's for ever!"

"What price Highcliffe?"

"Rally round, Rookwood!"

Bang!

The first junior race was in progress. It was a scramble. That was the only word for it.

Energy and dash seemed to be the keynote of the competitors, who were all mixed up in a glorious melee.

The first swimmer to sort himself out from the rest was Hurree Singh.

Inky had closed his eyes, and was lashing out with that swift side-stroke of his—blind and deaf to everything but the prospect of victory.

But Inky's lead was short-lived.

There were others who swam just as powerfully—just as keenly.

Tom Merry came on with a swift, sweeping breast-stroke; and Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar, with visions of a silver cup adorning their study at Highcliffe, were speeding along side by side.

It was anybody's race.

First one junior, then another, took the lead; and not until very near the finish did a certain competitor shoot ahead of all the rest and reach the rope first.

That competitor was Jimmy Silver, of Rookwood.

"Bravo!"

"Well played, Silver!"

"That's first blood to us," said Tommy Dodd, helping his schoolfellow out of the water. "I rather think our long journey to Greyfriars won't be in vain."

It was Highcliffe's turn next. Frank Courtenay won a magnificent race by inches from Harry Wharton.

The third event fell to the Friars. Bob Cherry outpaced everybody, and won by a comfortable margin.

"Once upon a time," murmured Monty Lowther, "there used to be a school called St. Jim's. It could hold its own with any other school, college, or kindergarten in the country. But now, alack!"

And Monty started singing the well-known refrain:

"Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago?"

"Oh, don't worry," said Tom Merry, laughing. "We shall come into our own all right. These odd events don't matter a great deal. It's the Relay Race that counts."

But Harry Wharton & Co. were thinking of the Relay Race, as well. They were staking everything on it, as a matter of fact.

Harry Wharton had instructed his men not to tire themselves in the earlier events. It was essential that he, Bob Cherry, Inky, and Vernon-Smith should be at the top of their form when the big race came along.

Then came a tragedy. It seemed to sound a death-knell to the hopes of the Greyfriars supporters.

There was a picking-up-plates contest. Plates were scattered in the bed of the river, and the competitors dived for them. Unfortunately, Bob Cherry dived and didn't come up again!

A hush fell upon the spectators.

Dr. Locke came forward in great agitation.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured. "I hope nothing terrible has happened. Cherry is a long time under the water. Is it possible—?"

In a flash Harry Wharton dived to his chum's aid.

When he bobbed up to the surface he supported the unconscious form of Bob Cherry.

There was a groan from the Greyfriars fellows.

"Bob's crooked!"

And so it proved.

Bob Cherry, in spite of Wharton's warning, had been overdoing it. In his effort to win one of the previous races, he had strained himself considerably; and the under-water contest had discovered his weak spot.

Bob soon came round when he was brought to the bank; but it was obvious that he could take no further part in the sports.

"Rough luck, kid!" said Wingate. "Afraid you'll have to find another man to take Cherry's place in the Relay Race, Wharton."

Harry bit his lip.

The absence of Bob Cherry seemed to make that Silver Cup vanish into thin air, so far as the Friars were concerned.

Mark Linley was chosen to fill the vacant place.

Although not quite up to the weight of his chum, there was no doubt that the

Lancashire lad would fill it well. Mark Linley loved an uphill fight.

When the Relay Race started, Greyfriars were several places behind the other schools.

Unless they won this race they would be hopelessly out of the running.

The first four swimmers—one from each school—lined up, and the pistol cracked.

The Highcliffe man took the lead.

Frank Courtenay & Co. were doing exceptionally well. Whatever the shortcomings of their seniors, there was nothing the matter with Frank Courtenay, the Caterpillar, Flip Derwent, and the other Highcliffe juniors. They had formed a plan of campaign beforehand—a deep, dark plan for bagging the Cup; and it looked very much as if they would succeed.

The Highcliffe lead held good for three parts of the race; and when their last man—the Caterpillar—dived off the raft, he had ten yards start of everybody else.

Splash!

The Friars third man was home; and Mark Linley—the last hope of his side—struck the water. He fairly flew in the wake of the agile Caterpillar.

But there was no shouting—no hoarse-voiced encouragement from the Greyfriars spectators.

It seemed to them that the race was as good as over.

How could anybody hope to catch the Caterpillar, who was cleaving the water like a knife? It was impossible!

But the word impossible had no place in Mark Linley's dictionary.

Mark went ahead with a turn of speed which could only be described as remarkable.

Fast though the Caterpillar was, Mark Linley was faster.

Yard by yard, stroke by stroke, the Lancashire lad gained on his man.

The others were out of it. It was Greyfriars versus Highcliffe—with the odds heavily on Highcliffe.

Harry Wharton's eyes sparkled as he watched Mark Linley speeding through the water.

Was there hope for Greyfriars yet?

Mark Linley seemed to think so.

With swift, desperate strokes he drew close to the Caterpillar, drew level with him—shot ahead!

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bolsover major, who was not usually given to emotion. "Linley's a first-class, gilt-edged brick!"

"And so say all of us!" chortled Peter Todd. "He's won—won hands down!"

The Caterpillar, astonished at being overhauled, made desperate efforts to retrieve his position, but he could not make up the lost ground.

Mark Linley's arm shot out, and he grasped the rope before the Highcliffe junior could get on terms again.

The spectators were silent no longer. They cheered Mark Linley to the echo.

Everybody joined in the cheer.

Mark Linley had won the finest race of the day. The Cliff House girls felt that they could have hugged him.

Greyfriars was in a better position now. As Peter Todd remarked, the sun was beginning to shine at last.

But by the time the last race of all came round—a long-distance swim of half a mile—the Friars had fallen behind again. So much so that their only hope of winning the Cup was to secure both first and second places.

"A jolly tall order!" said Wharton gloomily.

And the rest of the Removites agreed.

If the first man home proved to be a Friar, and the second man home was also a Friar, then the famous old school

would have scored an achievement which would live for ever in the annals of school and sport.

But the odds were heavy, and the general impression was that it couldn't be done.

"Boys for the half-mile!" called Mr. Quelch.

They lined up on the raft, nearly a score of them. Representatives from each of the four schools were in that last rally.

This was to be a contest between strong swimmers—a test of endurance and staying power.

Any duffer could walk half a mile, most duffers could run half a mile. But to swim half a mile was another matter. The course was thirty times the length of the average swimming-bath.

And the competitors were not all as fresh as daisies, either. Harry Wharton, Hurree Singh, Vernon-Smith, and Mark Linley were there; but a tired, jaded look had come over their faces. The afternoon's programme had been heavy and strenuous. Physical endurance was near to breaking-point.

But the representatives of the other schools were in little better case.

Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar had been working like Trojans; Tom Merry & Co. were spent; and although the light of battle still shone in the eyes of the Rookwooders, they were weary.

Crack!

"Now we're off!" exclaimed Wingate, who was as excited as anybody. "Buck up, Greyfriars!"

And Wingate's cry found an answering echo from two hundred throats.

The events which had gone before had been sternly contested; but this was the real tug-of-war!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Fought For and Won!

THE swimmers took the plunge, and the wisest of them made no attempt to rush matters.

It was the long, steady stroke which would count in a race of this description. To rush things at the outset would be to court early disaster.

The crowd on the bank moved forward in a solid mass, watching with all eyes the progress of their champions.

For the first hundred yards the swimmers kept in clusters. Then two of them went ahead—went ahead with a strong, swinging stroke, and with determination written on their faces.

The Greyfriars fellows groaned. For the two swimmers who had taken the lead were Redfern and Talbot, both of St. Jim's!

Both were dangerous men. Both had proved their sterling worth many a time and oft, and they would take some catching.

When half the course had been completed, it seemed that Greyfriars were nowhere.

Only two of their swimmers—Wharton and Vernon-Smith—were still in the running. The others, worn out by previous exertion, had dropped back.

Thirty yards from home there were only six fellows in the swim.

Redfern and Talbot still led, the latter setting the pace for the former. Then came Wharton, and behind the captain of the Remove came Jimmy Silver, Frank Courtenay, and Vernon-Smith, swimming strongly and in line.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, on the bank, could not contain his delight.

"Keep it up, deah boys!" he shouted. "Good old Talbot! Good old Weddy! That's perfectly wippin', bai Jove!"

St. Jim's were sure winners now, unless a miracle or a misfortune happened.

And shortly afterwards a misfortune did happen.

Redfern was smitten with cramp. He shot out his legs with increased force, hoping to stave off the attack.

But he was helpless. The cramp conquered him, and it was as much as he could do to struggle to the bank.

"Rough luck, Reddy!"

Everybody was sorry that this should have come to pass—even the Greyfriars fellows who benefited by Reddy's retirement from the race.

But the hopes of St. Jim's were by no means dashed, for Talbot still led by a good margin.

Yet even Talbot, hard as nails though he was, was "whacked." He knew it. He felt his stroke losing force. He could scarcely make any headway.

And behind him, coming along with magnificent dash, were Harry Wharton, Vernon-Smith, and Jimmy Silver.

Talbot could feel, rather than see, that the others were gaining upon him. He knew that he must make a last desperate burst, or be doomed.

He tried to rally his failing energies, tried to force himself over the intervening distance.

But his bolt was shot.

Nearer and nearer came his three pursuers, closer and ever closer, till their laboured breathing sounded close beside him, and he knew that victory had slipped from his grasp.

The Greyfriars fellows were all agog with excitement now. Two names were on their lips.

"Wharton!"

"Smithy!"

"Stick it out!"

"Only a few more yards!"

Wharton and Vernon-Smith came on gamely, but Jimmy Silver stuck to them like a limpet.

The Rookwood junior refused to be shaken off. When the Greyfriars fellows spurted he spurted, too.

It really looked as if the race would result in a dead-heat between all three.

Harry Wharton telegraphed a message to Vernon-Smith with his eyes.

"Now or never, Smithy!"

And then the two juniors made one last attempt to shake off the persistent attentions of Jimmy Silver.

And they succeeded!

The Rookwood junior threw out his arm and grabbed the rope; but the two Friars had reached it together a second previously.

The cheering which followed was deafening. It reverberated along the river bank.

Greyfriars had won the Cup!

It had been narrowly won—it had not been won without a dour and desperate struggle—but that only served to make its winning the more meritorious.

Harry Wharton collapsed when he came out of the water.

He had covered the last part of the course by sheer will-power. The flesh was beaten, but the spirit had conquered.

Wharton soon came round. His chums saw to that. And then a general move was made in the direction of Greyfriars.

The Swimming Sports were over, and the best man had won.

Later on that evening the Head's Silver Cup glittered and sparkled on the mantelpiece in Study No. 1.

Fellows of all Forms flocked in to look at it, and to congratulate the winners.

Even Coker of the Fifth waxed enthusiastic.

"Of course, if Wingate had been sensible, and included me in the senior team," said Coker, "there would be two cups at Greyfriars instead of one. As

it is, I was left out, and the Senior Cup went to another school. However, perhaps Wingate will know better next time."

"Poor old Coker!" said Bob Cherry. "When will he realise that he's neither use nor ornament?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors from the rival schools stayed to tea—not in Study No. 1, of course.

That famous apartment, although it had contained a good many crowds in its time, was not equal to accommodating the junior element of four schools.

Tea was held in the Rag—and a very jolly spread it was.

The Cliff House girls were present, and they insisted on dispensing the good things.

There were two places of honour at the head of the table. Harry Wharton occupied one, and Vernon-Smith the other.

It was curious to reflect that once upon a time these two had been at daggers drawn. No one would have suspected it now, to see them laughing and chatting together.

They could not be called bosom pals, exactly; but a better understanding had sprung up between them, and in fighting side by side for their school the bond had been strengthened.

"Well," drawled the Caterpillar, "it's been a toppin' time, begad! We're takin' no silver cups back to Highcliffe. We came here with nothin', an' with nothin' we return. But we'll have another dash at winnin' the merry Cup next year, an' we'll try to show these beggars that Highcliffe isn't a back number. There's life in the old dog yet!"

After this exhausting speech, the Caterpillar called for water; and Bob Cherry passed him the currant wine.

"I agree with De Courey," said Tom Merry, rising to his feet, "that it's been a topping time. We had rough luck in losing Reddy when the race was practically ours; but I'm not going to whine. Bad luck's bound to crop up in all branches of sport. I should like to congratulate you, Wharton, on behalf of the St. Jim's fellows, for turning a losing game into a winning one."

"Yaas, wathah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, springing to his feet. "It would be incowwect to say that we were takin' nothin' back to St. Jim's. We are takin' with us pleasant wrecollections of a weally wippin' Sports Day!"

"Hear, hear!"

There were other speeches—short but expressive.

Jimmy Silver made one; Frank Courtenay made one; and the Caterpillar, under the influence of the currant wine, made another.

But it was Phyllis Howell, of Cliff House, who made the happiest little speech of all.

Phyllis had been heart and soul with Greyfriars, and she rejoiced to know that her heroes had come through with flying colours.

And when she called for three cheers for the Famous Five—the head and front of the Greyfriars sportsmen—the old rafters rang again and again; and the faces of Harry Wharton & Co. were radiant.

The revelry and rejoicing were nearing their climax when a fat face, adorned by a pair of spectacles, looked into the Rag.

"I say, you fellows—"

Johnny Bull caught up the remains of a loaf.

"Travel!" he said curtly.

"Oh, really, Bull!" said Billy Bunter. "After leaving me out of the swimming team, the least you fellows can do is to offer me a snack!"

"All serene!" said Bob Cherry. "The

only question is, where will you have it?"

"Here, of course!" said Bunter, promptly.

Bob Cherry snatched a jam-puff, and hurled it with unerring aim at the fat figure in the doorway.

The missile caught Billy Bunter full in the face; and Johnny Bull's loaf, following on, completed the onslaught.

Billy Bunter sat down with a bump and a roar.

"Yaroooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Heroes not allowed!" said Harry Wharton. "You'd better buzz off and see if you can rescue any more air-men, Bunter!"

"Yah! Beasts!"

Billy Bunter shook his fist at the merry throng, and rolled disconsolately away. He was finding life anything but a picnic just then.

The feast, like all good things, came to an end at last.

And then, under the early summer stars, they parted—Friars and Saints, Highcliffians and Rookwooders—rivals in many a hard-fought fight, but comrades and chums as well, united in the bonds of true sportsmanship.

They went their several ways; but for a long time afterwards they would entertain, one and all, the happiest recollections of the Greyfriars Swimming Sports.

THE END.

(Don't miss "BESSIE versus BILLY!"—next Monday's grand complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)

NOTICES.

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Miss M. Duffin, care of J. N. Beattley, Leake Street, Hull, York—6d. each offered for "School and Sport," "Rivals and Chums," "Boy Without a Name"; 3d. each for "Bob Cherry's Barring Out," and "Bob Cherry in Search of His Father"; 2d. each for any number before 1917. Write first.

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 594.



Goggs, Grammarian

By Richard Randolph

SYNOPSIS.

Johnny Goggs comes to Rylcombe Grammar School from Frankingham with his chums Trickett, Blount, and Waters.

Goggs is a ju-jitsu expert, a clever impersonator, and the organiser of many brilliant japes. He leads an expedition of Grammarians to St. Jim's, and accomplishes one of the most daring night raids ever perpetrated.

On their return the juniors hold a court of inquiry against Larking, Snipe, and Carpenter, on the charge of treachery against their Form.

(Now read on.)

Paying the Price?

"TAR and feather them," suggested Wootton major.

"No tar—no feathers!" said Bags.

"Treachle's as good as tar, and it's only ripping up a pillow or two," said Wootton minor eagerly. "We can take their pillows."

"You dashed well try it!" roared Larking.

"Thanks! I rather think we will," said Gordon Gay coolly. "Who will fetch the needed luxuries?"

Tricks and Wagtail darted off for the pillows. Carboy and Nicky O'Donnell had tins of treacle, and went to fetch them.

"That's something," said Monk. "But it's not enough. They ought to be made to smart. Goggles and I smarted, I can tell you!"

"We can attend to that while those chaps are gone," Gay said. "Is Adams' desk open, Jack?"

Jack Wootton tried the desk, and brought out a bundle of cane.

"We're not going to stand that!" flashed Larking. "We'll show fight!"

"Rather!" chimed in Carpenter. "And it will be a fight with odds of ten to one in your favour—jolly creditable to fellows who pride themselves on their fair play, as you bounders do!"

Snipe said nothing, but looked greener than ever. He was very sensitive to physical pain, but he hated fighting; and to him the question was—which alternative would be the less painful? not which would gall his pride least. On the whole, he thought that the caning, accepted without a struggle, might suit him best.

"There won't be any fight!" said Gordon Gay grimly. "Seize them, you fellows!"

Gay was right. There was no fight.

Carpenter got in a right on Carboy, and a left on Harry Wootton. Larking not only punched hard, but also lashed out with his feet. Larking had gone to the dogs completely of late, as far as any notion of the decent thing was concerned, it seemed.

Snipe made no resistance at all. It was no use to fight first, and be flogged afterwards, he considered.

It was not a fight, simply because no one hit back. Those who were hurt could afford to wait to get even.

Inside twenty seconds all three were down on forms, each with two or three fellows sitting upon him.

The trial might have been conducted more or less jestingly; but there was real indignation in the Fourth against the treachery of those three.

"Larking first!" said Gordon Gay.

There was a fresh struggle when Larking was forced face downwards across a desk. But it was a very brief one; there were too many willing hands to deal with him to

give him any chance of struggling successfully.

"Who's executioner?" asked Monk.

"I'm on!" said Carboy.

"Twelve!" Gordon Gay said. "That ought to be enough."

"If it isn't enough to make him squirm, I'm willing to take a dozen of the very best myself!" rapped out Carboy.

Larking did squirm. It was all that those who were holding him could do to keep him down.

But he did not cry out. He had to bite his lip to prevent himself, but he did prevent it.

When he was allowed to get up his face was distorted with rage to an extent that made him look positively murderous.

He strode towards the door.

"Here, that won't do!" cried Gordon Gay.

"We haven't finished with you yet!"

"I really think he has had enough, Gay," said Goggs, in a low tone.

"That be hanged for a tale! I'm not going to let the sweep off because he glares! The Fourth is just about fed up with Larking!"

"Hear, hear!" roared a score of voices.

Larking had no chance of getting out, for there were too many between him and the door. He sat down, and covered his face with his hands.

Goggs felt sorry for him. But it is doubtful whether anyone else in the room—with the possible exception of Carpenter—did.

And Carpenter had himself to think about. He did not struggle. As fully as Larking he realised the humiliation of being laid down and caned thus, but he did not see how struggling would lessen it.

No one seemed really keen on operating upon Carpenter. No one felt that he was really as bad as Larking or Snipe. But Harry Wootton did not refuse the job when it was offered to him.

Carpenter did not get it as badly as Larking had. But he had to set his teeth hard to stand what he got without crying out.

He stood aside when they had finished with him, a look of sulky resignation on his face. Perhaps he felt that his punishment was fully justified.

"Look here, I can't stand twelve strokes—I can't, really!" burred Snipe, as he was dragged to the form. "Let me off, you fellows! It wasn't really me—it was all Larking's fault!"

"You cur!" snarled Larking.

"Who's the operator?" asked Gay.

A dozen voices spoke up eagerly. Jack Wootton and Frank Monk were particularly keen.

But it was the still, small voice of Goggs to which Gay harkened.

"I should quite appreciate this little treat, Joyful," said Goggs.

"Do you think you can make him feel enough?" inquired Gay.

"Do you think I can make you feel enough, Snipe?" asked Goggs blandly.

"Here, don't! Don't!" wailed Snipe. "I'd rather take it from anyone but Goggs! Let Mont Blanc do it!"

"Oui, oui! Let me do eet!" cried the little French junior eagerly. "Moi, I vat you call warm him up good?"

"You can't whack half hard enough for this rotter, kid!"

"Do it yourself, Gay! Let Monk! Anybody but that glass-eyed beast!" Snipe wailed.

"As you don't fancy it, it's just what you will get!" said Gordon Gay. "Lay on, Goggles!"

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Treachle and Feathers!

HERE was nothing cruel in the nature of Johnny Goggs, but he was grimly determined to give Snipe worse than the muscular Carboy had given Larking. And a quarter of that would be enough to make Snipe yell.

Larking was a bad egg. But Snipe was a rotter through and through, without a redeeming feature, as far as Goggs could see—and he saw farther than most into character.

And Snipe was a coward. Larking had at least courage.

Slowly and gravely, while Snipe writhed and spluttered, Goggs took off his jacket and rolled up his shirt-sleeves.

Swish!

"Yow-ow! I can't stand it!" howled Snipe.

"You are not required to stand. In fact, it would not be at all satisfactory to me to have you in an erect position," replied Goggs. "Will you fellows kindly hold him still, and—if I may suggest it, with all possible delicacy—see that er—his nether garments are not allowed to grow slack."

Swish, swish, swish!

"Ow-yow-yow-ow!" howled the victim, tears streaming down his pimply face.

"Four!" counted Gordon Gay.

"Oh, I can't stand any more! I can't, I can't!" blubbered Snipe.

"I think you can. I really think you underestimate your own capacity for endurance," said Goggs quietly. "In any case, you have to stand more, so—"

Swish, swish, swish!

"Yaroooooh! I'll be even with you for this! You'd better look out for yourself, you ugly boulder!" hooted Snipe.

"Seven!" said Gordon Gay.

No one felt any pity for Snipe. Even Carpenter was grinning, and Larking had taken his face out of his hands and was watching, with a sneer of contempt playing about his mouth.

The fellows who had gone to fetch feathers and treacle had returned before this. They had shut the door on coming in, of course. But, though the windows had also been shut, Snipe's outcries were so loud that it seemed impossible that they should not be heard outside before long.

Swish, swish, swish, swish, swish!

"That does it!" said Goggs.

The fellow holding Snipe let him go. He jumped up in maniacal fury, and fairly threw himself at Goggs.

Carboy and Monk grabbed him and wrenched him back. But they were not quite in time. Snipe had got his teeth in Goggs' arm, and bit like a mad dog.

Blood spurted. The cruel marks of the teeth showed black under it.

Goggs went pale. But when Carboy's fist was lifted he said coolly:

"Don't, my dear fellow! Perhaps I overdid it."

He meant that, for he knew what force he had put into those twelve strokes. But it was not repentance for that force he felt. It was rather that with a creature of Snipe's type it was hopeless to expect anything but sheer savagery when once he was roused to fury.

Snipe was incapable of more now. He trembled in every limb, and tears and perspiration chased each other down his unpleasant face.

"You make me sick, Snipe—fairly sick!" exclaimed Carpenter.

"Where's the treacle?" demanded Monk.

"We'll deal with this foul cad first!" It was quite easy to hold Snipe now. A child could have done it. The passage of his mad fit of rage had left him weak and shivering.

He hardly moved even when the treacle was daubed liberally over his countenance, some of it finding its way down his neck, both at back and front.

Bags ripped open a pillow.

"Here you are, Snipe!" he cried, thrusting a handful of the feathers upon the sticky face.

The Woottons and Lane and Mont Blanc hastened to add contributions. But Goggs stood aloof.

"Feeling queer, Goggles?" asked Gay anxiously.

"I think I shall probably have hydrophobia," replied Goggs.

"Give the rotter a dose of feathers!"

"I would not touch him again at this moment for a good deal," Goggs answered, rolling down his shirt-sleeve over the bitten arm.

"Let's put him out!" said Frank Monk.

(Continued on page 16.)

The Editor's Chat.

The Companion Papers are:

THE MAGNET. THE GEM. THE BOYS' FRIEND. CHUCKLES. THE PENNY POPULAR.
Every Monday. Every Wed. Every Monday. Every Friday. Every Friday.

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS.

For Next Monday:

"BESSIE VERSUS BILLY!"

By Frank Richards.

Billy Bunter's plump sister, Bessie, plays a prominent part in next Monday's grand long, amusing story of school life. The Cliff House girl comes to Greyfriars at a time when the Remove are engaged in a cricket-match with a combined team of juniors from St. Jim's, Highcliffe, Rookwood, and Courtfield County Council School. Bessie Bunter is indirectly the cause of a good deal of anxiety to her fat brother; and the joint antics of

"BESSIE VERSUS BILLY!"

so amusingly recorded by Frank Richards, will prove a source of unbounded delight to all who love a rollicking story of school life.

A NOVEL SUGGESTION..

I have received the following interesting letter from the youthful and hard-working President of the South London MAGNET League, which is one of the most powerful and flourishing organisations of its kind in the country:

"Dear Editor,—After several years' close connection with the Companion Papers, I am strongly of the opinion that a special publication should be launched, with the object of bringing your readers more closely in touch with each other, and catering for their requirements.

"This paper—the editorship of which I am quite prepared to undertake—would contain a Special Correspondence Exchange, for which there is no space in the Companion Papers at present. A fascinating Competition would also appear in each issue; likewise brief reports of the progress of all the MAGNET and 'Gem' Leagues in the British Isles.

"Would it be at all possible for you to persuade Mr. Frank Richards to contribute a complete story to each issue? If he saw his way to do this, there would be no doubt as to the popularity of the journal in question.

"The publication of such a journal would surely meet with a rousing reception from your readers. Think what it would mean! All their personal wants could be supplied through the medium of the paper. They could enter our Correspondence Exchange, and thus form friendships all over the world. They could take part in regular and profitable competitions; and they would have the pleasure of reading splendid complete stories by famous Frank Richards, quite apart from his long yarns in the MAGNET Library.

"Would you be kind enough to bring this suggestion for a new paper to the notice of all your readers, and let me know their views thereon?

"The paper—which might be bigger and better than the old 'Greyfriars Herald'—would be published fortnightly, at a nominal charge.

"A great deal of work would be involved, of course; but I have at my disposal a keen and enthusiastic staff of readers.

"Say but the word, and we will start on this great new venture right away!

Sincerely yours,

H. D. S.

President of South London MAGNET League."

Well, Mr. President, you have hit upon a very sound scheme, and one which has my warmest commendation.

It has been impossible, owing to the limited space at our disposal, to introduce a real, live Correspondence Exchange or a Competition into the Companion Papers. Your little journal would therefore supply a universal want.

I have no doubt that Mr. Frank Richards would readily consent to become a contributor to your paper; but I will not approach him on this subject until I know my readers' views.

Will all readers of the Companion Papers

who are interested in this scheme kindly communicate with me, when I will pass their letters and suggestions on to the president, whose splendid work in the past is a sufficient guarantee that he will make a very capable and competent editor.

"PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS."

By the Editor of the Companion Papers.

These recollections, in the form of a serial, will actually commence in this Wednesday's issue of our companion paper, the "Gem" Library.

It is hardly "the thing" to praise the work of one's own pen; so I will leave it to my chums to judge whether or no the serial in question is an attractive one.

Read the first instalment in this week's "Gem," and then write and tell me frankly what you think of it!

H. A. H. (YOUR EDITOR.)

NOTICES.

Correspondence, etc., Wanted.

Miss Dora Dutton, 24, Trafalgar Square, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere, 17-19.

Ralph J. Broadbent, Junior, 33, Newsham Drive, Newsham Park, Liverpool—with readers, 11-14, in foreign countries and Colonies. Would also like to hear from stamp collectors anywhere.

A. S. Feltham, 2, Mervena Villas, Lower Farnham Road, Aldershot—with readers in the United States on the subject of the cinema.

Miss Ada Dutton, 24, Trafalgar Square, North End, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere.

Miss Mary Matthews, 58, Green Street, North End, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere.

Jack E. Dobson, P.O. Box 166, East London, South Africa—with readers, about nineteen, anywhere.

Leonard Jacobson, P.O. Box 30, High Street, Oudtshoorn, C. P., South Africa—with readers anywhere.

Miss May Mackay, 20, Uitenhage Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere interested in postcards, stamps, 18 upwards.

P. Colban, 16, Silliwood Street, Brighton—with Colonial and foreign readers for exchange of stamps.

Wm. John Thomas, 17, Upper St. Albans, near Treherbert, South Wales, wants members for correspondence club; magazine; stamped addressed envelope for particulars.

H. Makin, 12, Whitby Street, the Brook, Liverpool—with American readers.

N. Kemsley, 20, Uitenhage Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere.

C. Ross, 107, Darlows Buildings, Parliament Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere, 17-19.

William H. Harris, 2, Cross Row, Dinnington Colliery, Dudley S.O., Northumberland—with readers anywhere.

Miss C. Wilson, Fernley, 6, St. Mary's Road, Bournemouth—with girl readers interested in the cinema with view to exchange of portraits of film artists.

Raymond Simpson, 13A, Queen Street, Edinburgh—with Colonial readers, to exchange stamps.

James McBain, 2, Lorne Square, Leith, Scotland—with a reader, 15-16, interested in foreign stamps.

H. Swindells, 10, Vernon Street, Buxton Road, Macclesfield, is willing to put readers in touch with correspondents interested in stamps, amateur theatricals, printing, clubs, etc.

Miss Nina Duthie, 69, Upper Pier Street, South End, Port Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere.

The door was opened, and the treacle and feathered Snipe was thrust unresistingly into the corridor.

"Now then, Larking!" said Gay sharply.

Larking looked at him, and there was a dangerous gleam in his eyes.

"You think I am going to put up with that?" he asked furiously.

"I don't think; I know you are! You've got to!"

"Oh, have I? We'll see about—"

But even as he spoke Larkin was seized from behind and dragged to the floor. He had no chance; they were quite determined he should go through with it.

He gnashed his teeth and vented wild words while treacle was bestowed upon him with profuse generosity. But a handful of feathers thrust into his mouth stopped his pretty talk. After that he could only splutter.

"Shove it down his neck! No use half-doing it!" said Morgan.

"Worst of it is that we get neatly as sticky as he does," remarked Bags.

"What's the odds?" said Lane. "It's in a good cause. It will be some time before these rotters play any more of their foul tricks on us, I fancy."

Goggs, still standing aloof, doubted that. He felt tolerably sure that both Larking and Snipe would be out for revenge at once.

"That's about enough," said Gay. "There's still Carpenter to take his little dose. Kick that specimen out!"

Larkin was hustled towards the door, wriggling and kicking.

No one was really very keen on putting Carpenter through it. Doing that seemed very like an anti-climax; for all felt that Carpenter was less black than the other two.

But he would have had his share but for what happened at that moment.

The door was pulled open, and Carboy shoved Larking out, with a hefty foot behind him.

"Good gracious! What on earth are you doing?" roared the voice of Mr. Adams.

Carboy recoiled in alarm. Wootton minor made a wild effort to get the door closed. But Monk dragged him back. To try that sort of thing now would only be adding fuel to the fire of the Form-master's wrath.

And Mr. Adams was wrathier than any of them had ever seen him before.

It was little wonder that he should be so.

Carboy had propelled Larking right into him, and the smart fancy waistcoat which Mr. Adams wore was ruined for good and all.

Larking bolted now, and no one tried to stop him. He was finished with, anyway; and those who had executed rough justice upon him had to face the reckoning for what they had done.

Mr. Adams stood in the doorway, and glared at the assembled members of his Form. Except for Larking, Snipe, and Carker, practically all the Fourth were there.

For quite a minute the master remained incapable of further speech.

Then a torrent of words broke forth.

"You absurd, disgusting boys! Have you all gone stark, staring, raving mad? On no other hypothesis can I account for such conduct as this! But you shall pay for it—you shall pay dearly! Look at my waistcoat! Look at— If you dare to grin, Wootton minor, I will—"

"I wasn't grinning, sir! I felt sorry," replied Harry Wootton, in quite an injured voice.

"Sorry? The time for that has hardly come yet! But you shall all feel sorry before

I have finished with you! I promise you that!"

They were already feeling sorry—not for Snipe, not for Larking, not even for Mr. Adams. It was for themselves that they felt sorry.

This was a real row—a first-class row. They were all in it, and some of those who had not shared the raiding venture, and had known little or nothing until to-day of what Goggs really was, felt that it was hardly fair. But no one really regretted what had been done to Snipe and Larking.

Those who knew Goggs cherished a hope that even now he might find a way out.

But Goggs himself had no such hope. He recognised that the situation was for once quite beyond him. He might divert the attention of Mr. Adams for a few minutes, but a single glance at the ruined waistcoat would be enough to remind the master of what he had suffered—and of what his Form were to be made to suffer!

Gay's eyes chanced to meet Carpenter's, and on the impulse of the moment the Gramarian leader spoke.

"Carpenter wasn't in this, sir," he said.

"I was as much in it as anybody!" snapped Carpenter.

Mr. Adams looked wonderingly at them both. Then he understood; and the flicker of a smile showed upon his face.

"I see!" he said. "Carpenter was one of the victims. That being so, I shall not include him in the penalties the rest of you have incurred, though it can hardly be denied that he was as much in it as anybody."

"I don't want to be left out of the punishment," said Carpenter doggedly.

"It is for me to say what shall be done as to that," replied Mr. Adams.

But it turned out that it was not for him to say.

For at the moment he spoke an unexpected and unwonted visitor walked into the Form-room.

It was Dr. Monk, who seldom showed himself in the junior domains.

Wrath sat upon his brow, and his eyes gleamed with anger.

"More misconduct!" he thundered. "A very serious matter has just come to my ears. Coming hither to investigate it, I find such a condition of affairs as I could scarcely have believed possible. You surely cannot have been assaulting your Form-master?"

"It is not quite so bad as that, Dr. Monk," said Mr. Adams, a trifle nervously. "The plight in which you see me is the result of an accident. A junior who had been—er—smothered in this stuff"—he waved a hand towards the feathers which strewed the floor and the empty treacle-tins—"collided violently with me, that was all."

"And enough, too!" roared the Head. "I met another boy, in a most shocking and deplorable state. But as regards this matter, I prefer to leave you to deal with it, Mr. Adams. What I have to deal with is of even greater gravity. Goggs—Monk—you were before me this morning for being out at improper hours last night."

"Yes, sir," murmured Goggs and Monk together.

"You led me to suppose that you were alone in your escapade!"

"We did not say so, sir," replied Goggs respectfully.

"That is true. And I should not expect that you would say so. I have no love of tale-bearers, and, though the conventions of schoolboy honour may be carried too far, I do not quarrel with those conventions. But it

has come to my ears that quite a number of juniors broke bounds last night, and were out for some hours. I believe that they all belong to this Form, and most of the Form seem to be present. The boys who were concerned will step to the right; those who were not will move to the left."

There was no hesitation. Quite a small crowd moved over to the right almost as one man. Gay and Monk, Goggs and Blount and Trickett and Walters, the brothers Wootton, Lane, Carboy, Blanc, Morgan, Donaldson, and O'Donnell all passed over.

Carpenter stood for a second between the sheep and the goats, and then crossed over to the right.

"Ah! I must take time for consideration as to the punishment to be meted out to you," said the Head, frowning sternly. "Gay, you will bring me a list of the names of those who were concerned a full list, mind you! No one is to escape because he happens not to be here at the moment."

And with that the Head swished out, his gown rustling.

It was Mr. Adams' turn again now. But the Form-master did not seem inclined to pick up the broken thread of his wrath.

"Gay," he said, "what was being done here just before I came was utterly and altogether wrong. If I make an excuse for it, I do most sincerely trust that none of you will be so foolish as to regard it as a precedent, or fancy that I have any sympathy with such behaviour."

"We shan't be likely to do that, sir," replied Gordon Gay.

"Am I to take it that this abominable process"—Mr. Adams touched his waistcoat to indicate that he meant the treacle and feathering—"was not mere bullying, but—I hardly know how to indicate what I mean in such a manner as—"

"It was not bullying, sir, really," Gay said boldly. "You might call it punishment voted by the whole Form. Isn't that so, you fellows?"

A murmur of assent came from both the sheep and the goats.

"You will take two hundred lines each!" said the master. "The penalty is a light one; but you will have added to it the Head's penalties, which will probably be otherwise. I will not go into the events of last night, though what the Head says has thrown a new light upon them for me. Don't let anything of this sort occur again!"

Mr. Adams went, amid a murmur of thanks.

"I really think that it is our duty to present Adams with a new waistcoat," said Goggs.

"Adams doesn't want a new waistcoat—he's got lots of them," Frank Monk remarked. "And the question is not so much what Adams wants, as what Snipe is going to get. For he gave us away to the Head—that's a dead sure thing!"

"Why don't you chuck them?" asked Wootton minor. "You've done a good few shady things yourself, Carpenter, but you aren't the same sort of sweep that those two are."

Carpenter shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't think I shall chuck them," he said. "I'm used to them, and I can't stand you chaps at any price. But I don't mind owning that I'm sorry that I had anything to do with screwing up that dashed window!"

(There will be another splendid long instalment of this grand school story in next Monday's issue of the MAGNET. Order your copy in advance.)



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