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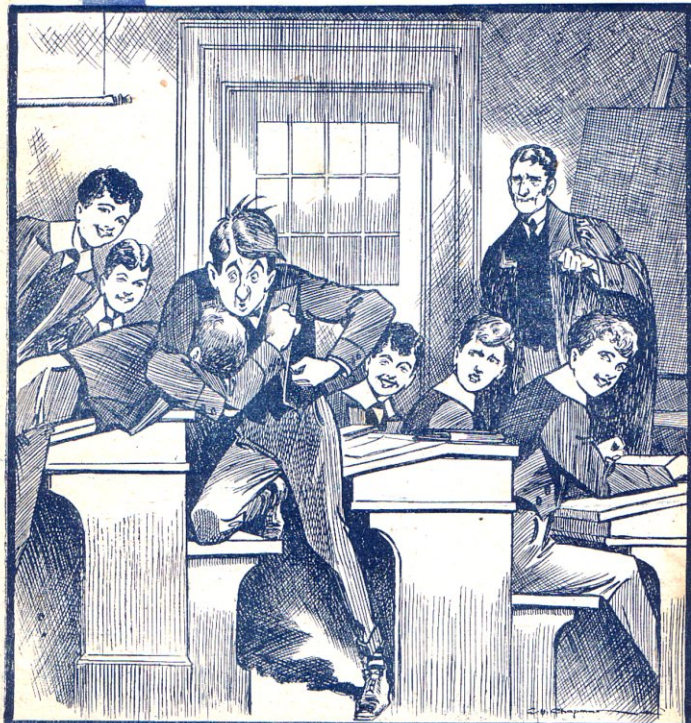
With which is incorporated
The Greysfriars Herald.

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No. 687. Vol. XVIII

April 9th, 1921.



ALONZO ASTONISHES THE NATIVES! (A Surprise for the Remove! See the Long Complete School Tale inside.)

The Editor's Chat



Address all your letters to:
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"
The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY

Next week we have a magnificent extra-long complete story of Harry Wharton & Co., of the Greyfriars Remove, entitled:

"SKINNER'S SECRET SOCIETY!"

By Frank Richards.

In this story we find that several of the better-known juniors in the Remove receive threatening letters, and the threats contained in the letters are carried out despite the precautions taken by the juniors concerned. It eventually transpires that Skinner has formed a secret society, the members of which obey the orders given them with great precision. But when Billy Bunter joins

"SKINNER'S SECRET SOCIETY"

—well, things begin to hum! You must not miss next week's grand story, my chums, so order your copy of the MAGNET LIBRARY right away.

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD" SUPPLEMENT.

The supplement, which will be found in the centre pages of the MAGNET LIBRARY every week, is gradually drawing more and more boys and girls every week.

Next week we shall have another splendid supplement, packed full of fun and fiction, and interesting to every boy and girl.

I shall be very pleased if all my boy and girl chums all over the world will tell their friends about this supplement, and do both Harry and myself a jolly good turn. The more readers we get the better we like it, you know!

THIS WEEK'S "POPULAR."

The issue of our companion paper—the "Popular"—which will be on sale on Friday morning next, contains a grand long complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, entitled "The Snob!" and is written by Mr. Frank Richards. This is a story detailing the adventures which befell the juniors of Greyfriars during the first few months of their arrival at the famous old school.

Then there is a splendid long complete school story of Jimmy Silver & Co., the hums of Rookwood, entitled "Jimmy Silver's Secret," by Owen Conquest. This secret of Jimmy's, let me tell you, causes a rift in the lute, and there's trouble amongst the Fiscal Four!

We also have a competition for money prizes, and last, but by no means least, we have "Billy Bunter's Weekly," the funniest schoolboy magazine ever published.

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Get this week's issue of the "Popular," my chums. You will not be disappointed if you do, for it contains a fine lot of reading matter, just the very thing for you this week-end. Give it a trial, and you'll want a copy every week.

Correspondence.

Correspondence with MAGNET readers, preferably in U.S.A., ages 18-23, by Pte. W. Provan, 2745787, H. Coy., 2nd Black Watch, British Army of the Rhine, Germany.

John Herbert, 40, Nutfield Road, East Dulwich, S.E. 22, wishes to hear from readers who can play the violin, ages 14-15.

C. H. McNulty, Elm Cottage, 5, Furnace Lane, Lzells, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-16, in Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa, interested in photography.

Miss K. Amano, c/o Hanai, 23, Oyamadori, Dairen, Manchuria, China, wishes to correspond with readers, and exchange picture-postcards.

J. French, jun., 860, Rochdale Road, Manchester, wants readers for the "Alert" magazine. "If you are still a resident in this world and can read English this is the paper for you."

A. G. Taylor, 47, Dulwich Road, Herne Hill, S.E., wants to correspond with readers anywhere, interested in stamps and postcards.

Frederick George Wharton, 138, St. Mary's Road, Moston, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers of the Companion Papers overseas, ages 15-17.

Miss Ethel Coeks, 20, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1, wishes to correspond with readers in the Colonies and at home.

H. R. Preston, 7, Grange Street, Morecambe, wishes to correspond with readers who are interested in stamp-collecting. All letters answered.

F. M. Cattormole, World-Wide Correspondence Club, High View, Agate Road, Clacton-on-Sea, now represents the Canadian Friendship Club in this country, and would like to hear from readers of the Companion Papers who are interested. New members can write to Mr. Cattormole, or direct to the Canadian Friendship Club, P.O. Box 60, Bathurst, N.B., Canada.

Harry Chapman, 276, Yale Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada, would like to hear from readers, about 14 years of age. All letters replied to.

Miss Queniam Spencer, 56, Oxberry Avenue, Fulham, S.W.6, would like to correspond with girl readers, 16-17.

Cycling.

F. J. Whiting, 22, Sandover Road, Cambervell, S.E. 5, is on the look-out for a companion on a cycling trip which he has in contemplation.

J. S. Kelly, 5, Buckier Street, St. Mary's Road, Moston, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers of the Companion Papers.

The League of Sport.

H. D. Stocks, 49, Crosslands Park, Barrow-in-Furness, wishes to state that last November he started a League of Sport, which will appeal to all interested in boxing, ju-jitsu, or any other sport. Correspondence is invited, and every month a review or report is sent out. Mr. Percy Longhurst is the Hon. President of the League.

Replies in Brief.

"Loyal Reader" (Edinburgh).—You want a cure for blushing, but I am afraid I do not know one. I have been told that blushing is caused by lack of confidence in one's self, or through being too sensitive. If that is right, I think it is a matter of will-power. I believe that if you put a bold front on everything, make up your mind to be cheerful when you meet your friends or on making new acquaintances, you will soon get out of the uncomfortable habit of blushing. I'm sorry, my chum, for your sake; but don't for a minute think that people think you are babyish because you blush. After all, many boys and girls attract many friends when they blush.

F. Ricketts (Manchester).—Wharton asks me to thank you for your letter. He is very busy getting out a special number of the "Greyfriars Herald," and cannot reply personally just yet. He says it takes all his time to edit the "Herald," without thinking of editing another paper.

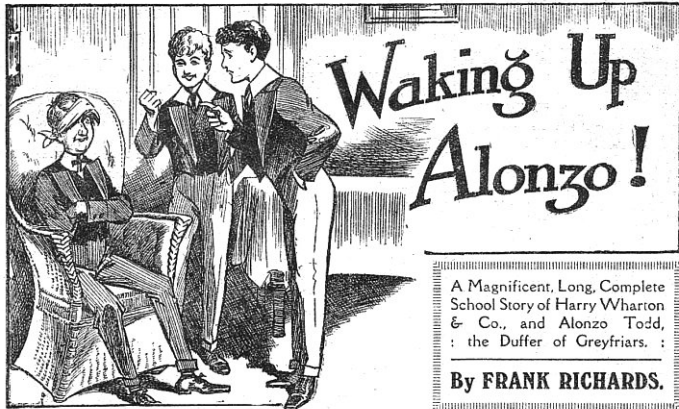
H. Weldon (New Zealand).—Glad you like the "Holiday Annual," my chum. I am busy on this year's "Annual" now, and I tell you it's just great! Stories, articles, pictures, and plates galore. You'll see when you can get it if you watch the MAGNET and the "Popular."

AMATEUR MAGAZINES.

Percival Firth, Church Street, Welwyn, Herts, would be glad to hear from readers and possible contributors for his amateur magazine, "The Britannia."

W. A. Clements, 4, Alfred Road, Spark-hill, Birmingham, has sent me a copy of his amateur magazine, "Nuts and Bolts," in which reference was made in the Chat page some time ago. It is quite a bright little paper. I think Master Clements would like to hear from any readers interested in this hobby.

Your Editor



Waking Up Alonzo!

A Magnificent, Long, Complete
School Story of Harry Wharton
& Co., and Alonzo Todd,
: the Duffer of Greyfriars. :

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Lonzy the Lamblike!

FLICK!
Billy Bunter, sitting opposite Alonzo Todd at the table in Study No. 7 on the Remove passage, had released suddenly the end of a long strip of stout elastic.

"Yoooop!"
Alonzo got it on the nose, and gave vent to a howl which penetrated even to the brain of deaf Tom Dutton.

Dutton looked up from his Greek prose, and Peter Todd from his Blackstone. Peter was going to be a successful solicitor some day, and he was taking time by the forelock by putting in some legal study while still a junior at Greyfriars.

Peter, of course, had finished his prep. Bunter had done all that he meant to do, except to copy the working of those two quadratic equations from the exercise sheets of either Dutton or Peter. Bunter had no talent for mathematics, and no conscience. Alonzo had no talent, but lots of conscience.

Wherefore, Alonzo, with corrugated brow and wild eyes, was still frantically busy with his x y z's, while Bunter had leisure to be an annoyance.

"Biff him, Lonzy!" said Tom Dutton. "Stay the porker!" snapped Peter Todd. "I'll rub the remains."

Alonzo rubbed his hurt nasal organ ruefully.

"I abominate violence," he said. "I consider it wrong. Besides which, it is usually unnecessary. I am convinced that Bunter will abstain from any repetition of his recent action, hurtful to me, and of no possible advantage to him, when I request him so to do."

Bunter grinned. There was a touch of the bully about Bunter, though it was usually kept under by the fact that very few fellows, even among the fags of the Second and Third Forms, would allow him to bully them.

"If you're convinced of that, you'd believe anything," said Peter, with a sniff. "Bunter's a Hun! Did the Huns

stop when the Belgians said that their little games weren't nice? Not much, they didn't! Well, Bunter's like that. Give it him in the neck, and he may see reason. Ask him to stop it, and he fancies himself he's a better man than you are, and goes on doing it, because he's sure you're afraid of him."

"Hit him, Lonzy!" repeated Tom Dutton. "It's the only way."

"He daren't!" jeered the Owl of the Remove, stretching the elastic, and looking at Alonzo's nose in a very sneering manner.

"That is untrue, Bunter," replied Alonzo. "Moreover, if I were really afraid of you, that would make your conduct only the more reprehensible."

"Yah!" retorted Bunter. "Reprehensible yourself!"

"Have you finished your prep, porpoise?" asked Peter.

"What's that to do with you, Toddy?"

"Getting a bit above yourself, aren't you?" Peter returned, reaching for the cricket-stump which he kept handy for Bunter's good.

"Nunno! I say, Toddy, don't! I—I've done it all except those beastly equations. I was going to ask you or Dutton to help me with them."

"Well, ask Dutton," replied Peter. "He may—I won't."

And Peter stuck his nose into that ponderous legal tome again.

Tom Dutton and Alonzo had both resumed work. The deaf junior had done his algebraic problems, Bunter knew. The sheet of exercise-paper upon which they were worked lay under his left arm, which was close to Bunter.

The Owl tried to draw it out. But Dutton, without appearing to be aware of the attempt, let the arm rest more heavily upon it.

Bunter gave a heavy sigh, and turned to Peter. Alonzo sighed also, and turned to Dutton.

"I say, Toddy, you might lend me your working," said Bunter pathetically.

"Eh?" growled Peter.

"Dutton, my dear fellow, if you have nearly finished, perhaps you would not

mind giving me a helping hand with these problems, which I find exceedingly perplexing," said Alonzo politely, but not pathetically.

If Tom Dutton had refused Alonzo might have felt surprised, but he would not have felt hurt.

Dutton had a right to decline to be bothered with another fellow's mathematical difficulties—Alonzo quite saw that.

But it might have been Peter Todd who was deaf, and Dutton who could hear better than most, for while Peter only growled "Eh?" at Bunter, the deaf junior's reply to Lonzy was:

"Right-ho, old chap!"

"He can hear that ass all serene!" grumbled Bunter.

"Eh?" growled Peter Todd again. Dutton shifted round the corner of the table to Alonzo's side. Bunter made a grab at the sheet he wanted.

But he did not get it. Dutton snatched up a ruler, and brought it down forcibly upon the Owl's fat knuckles.

"Yarooocooogh!" howled Bunter.

"That's mine, you thieving grampus!" said Dutton.

"I am afraid you have hurt Bunter, my dear Dutton," remarked Alonzo.

"Eh? Did anyone speak?" asked Peter.

"You've got your signs all wrong," said Dutton. "When you shift anything over to the other side of the equation you must change the sign, you know. That should be minus, and the x y should be plus—see?"

"Does it make much difference, my dear fellow?" asked Alonzo.

"All the difference," answered Dutton.

He could hear Alonzo better than he could most people, for the Duffer's voice had a certain rather plaintive highness of note that helped.

Also, Tom Dutton liked Alonzo better than he did most people. Though Tom was not at all bad at cricket and footer, his deafness did rather cut him off from the other fellows, and he passed a good deal of his leisure time reading in Study

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No. 7. Alonzo, who at heart abhorred exercise, spent nearly all his leisure time there.

Alonzo would have shaken his head solemnly if asked to read the fiction, mostly of a somewhat sensational type, which appealed to Dutton. The deaf junior would not have wasted twenty seconds on the improving literature which Alonzo pored over so assiduously. Dutton had no interest in the voluminous correspondence with missionary societies and the like in which Alonzo delighted, and the Duffer regarded the games of patience with which his study-mate varied his reading as mere waste of time.

But they did not argue with one another. They did not talk much. Yet out of those many hours spent together there had developed between them a strong bond of comradeship. When Alonzo had been away for a term of so owing to illness, Dutton had missed him horribly.

Now the deaf fellow helped Lonzy with no end of patience, which was needed, for the Duffer was very weak in anything but elementary mathematics, and William George Bunter sat opposite to them with a sneer on his fat countenance.

Bunter could not understand it at all. If that fellow Dutton wanted to be kind to anyone in Study No. 7, why couldn't he be kind to someone worthy of it—to William George Bunter, in short, instead of to Alonzo Theophilus Todd? It was sheer rot to go wasting all this time in trying to make the Duffer's addled brains comprehend all those xyz's, and the rest of the rotten stuff, when he would not even lead his working of the problems to a deserving individual to be copied out!

"Todd!" said Bunter, at length.
 "Shurrup!" growled Peter.
 "Only just a minute, old man. I know what a good chap you are—always ready to help anyone out of a hole."

"Well, what is it? If it's the postal-order that's always coming and never comes—"

"Tun't that, Toddy. I say, old fellow, will you lend me your working of those two equation things?"

"Whaffor?"
 "I—I just want to see how to do them."

"Listen to Dutton, then. He's telling Lonzy, and I don't suppose he'll tumble to it that you're listening if you don't tell him."

"But, Toddy—"
 "Shurrup! I've no time to waste on porpoises!"

"But, Toddy, would that be quite honourable?" asked Bunter plaintively.

Peter looked up from his book in astonishment.

"Quite—er—what?" he said.

"Honourable, Toddy! I'm very particular about things of that kind, you know. I—I really don't think it would be quite the thing to take such an advantage."

"Oh, rats!"

Bunter scowled, and fingered the elastic again. Alonzo's nose really was a tempting mark, and he felt morose at Peter's attitude.

Click!

Again the elastic twanged, and this time Alonzo jumped to his feet with a hand to one eye.

Fine mark as Alonzo's nose made, Billy Bunter, never much of a marksman at best, had missed it, and hit him in the corner of the left eye.

And Alonzo was too much hurt to cry out.

"You fat cad!" cried Tom Dutton wrathfully.

He reached across the table to grab Bunter.

But the Owl eluded him.

"I—I—was quite an accident!" he bumbled. "Oh, really, you fellows, you know it was an accident! If he's blinded it's not my fault!"

Then he backed farther, trying to edge towards the door.

But Peter Todd slipped past him and put his back to the door. Peter's face was very grim indeed.

"We know very well that it was your fault, you worm!" he grated. "And if any harm comes of it you'll jolly well have to pay for it, I can tell you!"

Salt tears were streaming down the Duffer's long, thin face. He could not keep them back. But he was not really crying. It was merely that the injured eye watered so much, and the other seemed to run in sympathy with it.

"I do not think that the damage done is serious, cousin Peter," Alonzo said mildly. "It was really too bad of Bunter, after I had specially asked him to abstain from a childish and annoying trick. But I trust that this will be a lesson to him for the future."

Tom Dutton, examining the injured optic carefully, snapped:

"Stump him, Toddy!"

"I'm going to," replied Peter.

"Yow! Ow! Don't, Toddy! You've no right! Alonzo's forgiven me. He says so. And 'tain't for you to go behind that. You have forgiven me, haven't you, Lonzy? You know I never meant it; and, besides, being blind wouldn't matter so very much to a chap like you that ain't really interested in anything particular that matters. Dutton would read to you and—Wharrer you doin', Peter Todd, you beast? Yoooop!"

"I'm not going behind Lonzy; I'm getting behind you!" answered Peter.

The stump fell again.

"Yow! You've busted my backbone!" howled Bunter.

"Bust it again, Toddy!" snapped Dutton.

"Cousin Peter, I beg of you to desist!" said Alonzo. "I do not feel so much pain now, and—"

"Then it's time for Bunter to feel a bit more!" broke in Peter. "Hold him, Dutton! The fat oyster don't stand up to it like a man. He wriggles like a worm!"

"Cold in it? Yes, it will be bad if he gets a cold in it," said Dutton. "I'd better bind it up for him, I think. I've a clean handkerchief in my pocket."

"I didn't say anything about cold in it; but I dare say you're right," answered Peter. "Oh, you're going, are you, Bunter. Take that to help you on your way!"

Bunter had just got the door open. Peter's foot shot out to help Bunter on the way, and the Owl fled, yelling.

Peter turned, and the grimness of his face relaxed. Tom Dutton, with as much care and tenderness as any woman could have shown, was binding up Alonzo's eye with his own handkerchief.

The words that Peter had been going to speak to Alonzo remained unspoken.

It was no use, Peter thought. Alonzo was not a coward, but he was a born non-combatant. Nothing would ever make a fighting-man of him.

And Peter had discernment to see something rather fine in his peaceful cousin's willingness to forgive. It was a pity, though, that anything fine should be wasted on so unworthy an object as Billy Bunter!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Talking to Lonzy!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry at the door Study No. 7 some ten minutes later, when prep was over. "What's happened to you, Lonzy?"

"May we come in?" asked Harry Wharton from behind Bob.

"Don't be a silly ass!" snorted Peter, whose temper had not yet recovered its normal coolness. "Of course you can come in! You know you're always welcome here."

"My dear cousin Peter, you should not reply in that manner when Wharton speaks politely to you," Alonzo reproved him. "My—I should rather say—Uncle Benjamin would be shocked—nay, disgusted—"

"Oh, ease off on old Benjy!" said Peter irreverently. "He's not so giddy easily shocked as you fancy. But I bet he'd make Bunter smart if he'd seen what the fat cad did to you!"

"The Owl up to his gances again, then?" said Johnny Bull, who had entered behind Harry and Bob, Frank Nugent and Harree Singh following him. The Famous Five were all on the best of terms with Peter, and they liked both Tom Dutton and the meek and harmless Alonzo.

"That fat worm said you'd been bullying him again, Toddy," remarked Frank, grimacing. "I guessed that he'd misbehaved himself. But I hope he hasn't really damaged Lonzy's eye."

"And I trust that the application of the stamplfulness was—"

"Terrific!" finished Bob for Inky.

"I fear that Peter was a little too harsh and severe with Bunter," said Alonzo. "I must admit that I find Bunter very trying. I endeavour to bear with him, as one of the crosses to which I am subject, doubtless for my own ultimate good; but—"

"If you think that Providence meant that fat worm to go nearly cutting your eye out with an elastic band, all I've got to say is that Bunter won't escape punishment unless I hear direct from Pe—"

"Slay, cousin Peter, I implore you! What you were about to say was too highly irreverent to be permitted. Our Uncle Benjamin—"

"Bust Bunter!" said Peter crossly.

But he did not finish his speech. He had not meant to be irreverent, but it nettled him greatly to have his meek cousin accept Bunter as a trial designed for his own good. Peter was certain Bunter was nothing of the sort, merely an ill-conditioned, greedy, fat, chumpy, who needed plenty of stumping to keep him in the right path.

Now one of them agreed with Lonzy. Bob Cherry expressed the feeling of all when he said:

"Why don't you stand up to him, and knock the stuffing out of him, Lonzy? You could do it, you know. Bunter's a funk, and you're not that, however big a sissy you are."

"But Bunter did not intend to damage my eye, my dear Cherry. I have the best of reasons to believe that it was at my nose he aimed."

"Well, it wouldn't be like Bunter to hit his mark. But I'm hanged if that would comfort me!" said Johnny Bull.

"Lark! It wasn't a lark, Bull! I don't call that sort of thing a lark!" Tom Dutton said hotly.

"Oh, my hat! Explain to him, Toddy. I don't want a row with Dutton on my hands!" growled Johnny.

Peter Todd shrugged his shoulders.

"Better ask Lonzy to explain," he said. "Queer thing, but Dutton can always hear him better than he can me."



Wibley got in one of his hardest punches on Skinner's nose. The victim gave a yell and flopped back into the road again. "You've only got what you asked for!" snapped Wibley. "Do you think that I would have taken all this trouble to make a fool of Alonzo, who's three parts potty already? You told me it was Wharton you were out to do down!"

(See Chapter 5.)

"I will do so, cousin Peter. My dear Dutton, Bull did not say that it was a lark. He only said that Bunter seldom hit his mark."

"Oh!" replied Tom Dutton, quite appressed. "That's all right, Bull. I'm sorry I mistook you. Comes from the way you fellows have of yelling at me as if I were deaf, I think. I'm not, you know—only a trifle hard of hearing. But it wouldn't have been like any of you to back up that fat end in this."

Alonzo beamed with his one business optic upon the Famous Five. They all seemed sorry he should have been hurt, and Lonzy's was a very grateful soul.

Then something peculiar in Harry Wharton's expression struck him, and he returned Wharton's gaze with an earnest, troubled look.

"See here, Lonzy," said Wharton. "you're letting this sort of thing go too far."

"Hear, hear!" Bob said.
"Much too far!" agreed Johnny Bull.
"That's right, old ass!" chimed in Frank Nugent. "We quite understand that you think fighting's wrong, and all that. But you must stand up for yourself sometimes."

"The standupfulness, my esteemed and ludicrous Alonzo, is of the necessitifulness, and as the English poet Shakespeare says, the necessitifulness—"

"Is simply terrific!"
"Pardon me, my absurd and beloved Cherry, but that was not precisely what the bard remarked. Necessitifulness knows no law, were his words, if my memorifulness is correctful."

It was not, of course; but that was a small matter. To Alonzo, it was a bigger matter that all the Famous Five, whose opinions he valued, were of one mind.

Lonzy looked from one to the other,

and in his one visible eye, watery though it was, there was something like a gleam of resolution.

"You think, then, my dear fellows, that I am wrong to forgive Bunter?" he said.

"We do—we does!" answered Bob.
"I wouldn't say just that, either," Harry Wharton replied. "There's something jolly decent about the way you have of forgiving people, old chap. I'm not going to sneer at it—"

"But it's not people—it's Bunter!" growled Peter. "The fat rotter puts on Lonzy because he daren't try his games with anyone else, and I consider there's been too much of it. There is a limit, you know, and the Owl has gone a bit past it."

"I am sure none of you would sneer at me," said Lonzy, with a pathetic smile.
"And perhaps one or two of them felt just a trifle ashamed of themselves, for they knew that there was a touch of contempt in their liking for Alonzo, and at the moment they were doubtful whether the contempt was deserved."

They were not in the least doubtful, however, as to what Alonzo ought to do. Forgiveness was right; but, as they saw things, it was right to let a coward like Bunter ride roughshod over one for want of a little of the old Adam that counsels always. "Hit back when you're hit, and hit a bit harder than the fellow who hit you!"

"We ought not to do, anyway," said Harry quietly. "You're a better chap than any of us in a good many ways, Alonzo."

"My dear Wharton!" murmured Lonzy, who had an appetite for approval that was seldom gratified. It was one of the puzzles of the Duffer's puzzled life that; meaning so well as he always did,

he was continually meeting with disapproval.

"Though a worm!" grunted Peter. Alonzo shot at him a reproachful glance.

"He isn't a worm, really," objected Frank Nugent. "And you don't really think so, Toddy, old fella."
"I do think so, Toddy. But I know it's not so," answered Peter.

That sounded muddled; but everyone but Alonzo—and Tom Dutton, who did not hear—stood Tom.

"I don't want to preach," said Wharton.

"Well, then, don't, old top!" put in Bob Cherry. "I'm jolly sure no one wants you to, unless Lonzy does. He likes sermons."

"I should certainly like to hear what Wharton has to say, my dear Cherry," said Alonzo. "I have a high regard for Wharton."

"Preach away, then, Harry!" Bob said resignedly. "I dare say we can stand it, if we try hard."

"Look here, Lonzy, when a pal hurts you it's all right to say it doesn't matter and to forgive it at once, because, being a pal, he naturally wouldn't mean to hurt you—see?" went on Wharton.

"Yes, I see, Wharton. So far, I am quite in agreement with you."

"If it's a stranger, you don't want to hit him at once, for he might not have meant to hurt you; and if he didn't mean it and apologises decently, it's the right thing to look over it."

"And, sixthly!" gibed Bob.
For it seemed to him, as to the rest, that Wharton was labouring a point so very obvious as not to need it.

But Alonzo's face was full of rapt attention.

"Go on, my dear Wharton," he said.

"I assure you that I am weighing your words carefully."

Harry went on, though Bob's gaze had made him flush in resentment.

"But when it's a low-down cad, who does it out of a desire to hurt, and when you know that, the right thing to do is to hit him at once, and to hit him jolly hard!" he finished.

"Bravo! The end of that sermon was a heap better than the beginning!" cried the irrepressible Bob.

"Wharton's right," said Peter Todd. "I don't call that a sermon; I call it good sound sense, put better than any of us could have put it. Now you listen to me a moment, Lonzy!"

"I am always ready to listen to you, cousin Peter. I have a very great respect for your opinion," answered the Duffer.

"A fat lot of good that is, when you never follow my advice!" growled Peter. "It's like this. Cherry's a man of blood, so to speak. You might take him for a good-tempered chap, if you didn't know him; but he likes fighting, eh?"

"I should not dream of applying such an epithet to Cherry, cousin Peter, but I fear that you are correct when you say that Cherry has a predilection for combat."

"I never said that, and I don't want you to go twisting what I say into foreign languages!" growled Peter. "Plain English is good enough for me every time. But I see that you've got me; and that's the thing. Now, there's Bull—he's rather a surly brawler, isn't he?"

"I say, Todd, you're going a bit too far."

"It's all right, Bull. I'm trying to make Lonzy understand things. Me next. I don't like fighting as much as Cherry, but I'm as surly as Bull, and a resolute beast, anyway! Nugent's a bit resentful, too. Dutton's a bit like me and Bull. And Inky's a heathen! You don't catch him forgiving everybody like—a pound of the very best butter! See, Lonzy?"

It was plain that Alonzo did not see yet. The others were not sure that they saw. But they guessed that there was some significance in the fact that Peter had left the characterisation of Harry Wharton till last.

Peter paused. Alonzo stood in one-eyed puzzlement. The others—all but Tom Dutton, who was gazing upon Peter, as if trying to read his words from his lips—looked at Harry, and Harry flushed and grew restive.

"But Wharton isn't like any of us. You know that he's got a conscience, and wouldn't hesitate to do a good turn, even to his worst enemy. You—"

"Oh, dry up, Toddy!" cried Wharton. "If you're getting at me, I think it's too bad! And if you mean even half of it, you're wrong! I'm no different from the rest of you!"

"You mean all of it," replied Peter seriously. "But I'm talking to Lonzy—not to you. Isn't it right that Wharton's a bit different from the rest of us, Lonzy? More conscientious, and—and—"

Perhaps "higher-minded" was the epithet over which Peter boggled, knowing that Harry would hate it. As it was the cheeks of the captain of the Remove were flaming, and if anyone had laughed he would have been furious.

But no one laughed. All recognised that there was quite a lot of truth in what Peter Todd had said. Cursed with a temper, originally both fiery and sulky, Wharton had laboured manfully to master it, and had largely succeeded. They were all good fellows; but undoubtedly he was the most self-sacrificing and generous of them all. Harry Wharton.

ton was anything but meek and humble; yet he stood nearer to the meek and humble Duffer in spirit than anyone else there.

"I think you are right, cousin Peter," said Alonzo.

"All right, then, hang you! Take some notice of what Wharton says! And he says you ought to go for Bunter, or any of those other rotters who bank on your being too jolly timid to hit back!"

"Do you really consider that Bunter is a rotter, and that I ought to—er—go for him, Wharton?" asked Alonzo.

"I do. It was a cad's trick to hurt you like that, and Bunter would be all the better for a jolly good hiding!"

"There is Skimmer, too. He annoys me excessively at times," Alonzo murmured. "I suppose you would regard him in the same light?"

"I say, old top, don't bite off more than you can chew!" said Bob.

"Oh, he can lick Skimmer, if he tries," Johnny said.

"That is not the essential question," replied Alonzo. "As I see it, if it is my duty to retaliate, I ought not to take into account whether I am stronger or more pugacious than the fellow who assaults me."

Peter slapped him on the back.

"That's the style, Lonzy!" he said.

"Between us, Wharton, we've put him in the right path at last!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Lonzy the Wartlike!

BUT none of them—not even Peter—thought that anything very great would come of Alonzo's being directed in the right path; and certainly none of them guessed what events were to spring from it.

The Duffer's injured eye kept him awake for several hours that night, and he lay ruminating over what Harry Wharton and Peter had said.

When Alonzo was firmly convinced that a course of action was correct, he was not easily to be kept from it. And it is quite possible that the pain his eye gave him helped him to revise his opinions as to the propriety of turning the other cheek every time. For, with all his meekness, Alonzo was human, and he felt that he would rather half-kill Bunter than offer him the other eye.

Going into breakfast that morning, Billy Bunter elbowed Alonzo rudely aside. He was astounded when he found himself caught by the collar, and turned to see the inflamed and watery eye of the Duffer glaring at him. It was not, of course, only one eye that glared; but the injured optic seemed to do more of it than the other.

"You will have to learn better manners, Bunter!" said Alonzo, with a kind of tremulous firmness.

Bunter dragged himself free. He was stronger than Lonzy.

"Yah!" he answered. "Think you can teach me?"

"I can at least try," said Alonzo.

"Fat lot of change you'll get out of that—I don't think!" snorted the Owl.

And Bob Cherry, Dick Russell, and Tom Brown, who heard, were all inclined to think that it would be very little change indeed that Alonzo—or anyone else—would be likely to get out of any such attempt.

But Alonzo meant it. He was not going to take Bunter's rudeness or Bunter's bullying lying down in future.

He went up to Study No. 7 a few minutes after breakfast, to fetch his prep work, which had to be shown to Mr.

Queleh at the beginning of morning classes.

Bunter sat at the table, and Bunter was scrawling away as if for dear life.

He looked up at Alonzo and scowled, then went on with his penwork. The natural politeness of the Duffer made him reluctant to interrupt a fellow who was obviously in a hurry. It was quite in Bunter's line to leave to the morning what should have been done overnight.

The Duffer was unsuspecting as well as polite, and it puzzled him that he could not find the papers he wanted. Peter Todd or Dutton would have tumbled at once to the truth; but Alonzo only reached it slowly, when no more than a minute or two remained before the bell for classes would ring.

"Have you my prep work there?" he asked, with more snap in his tones than usual.

But Bunter was an unobsequant animal. He failed to note Lonzy's tone, and he lied, as usual.

"No. You don't suppose I'd expose your algebra problems, do you, you silly ass?" he retorted, still scrawling away.

"Why, you can't do maths for nuts!" Even so guileless a fellow as Alonzo Todd could hardly help having his suspicions aroused by that answer. For Alonzo had said nothing about algebra, and he saw now that Bunter was busy on xyz's. Moreover, he knew that it could neither be Peter's papers nor Dutton's that he had. They never came up to the study to fetch them after breakfast, preferring to spend the ten minutes or so of interval in the quad.

Therefore it must be from his own papers that Bunter was copying. That was really a little too thick, all things considered.

"Hand me over those papers, Bunter!" said Alonzo, screwed up to the hilt, now.

"Rats!" replied the Owl.

He expected a mild protest, possibly coupled with one of Alonzo's little lectures on the sin of cribbing.

But the unexpected happened. Alonzo snatched from him not only his own prep work, but also the sheet which Bunter had been covering with algebraic signs and with numbers that conveyed as much meaning to the Owl as Sausserit might have done.

"Gimme that!" howled Bunter. "That's mine! You can have your own rotten working! I bet it's all wrong, anyway; but you ain't going to have mine!"

"I shall not give you it back, Bunter. You are perfectly well aware that you have no right to copy from another person's working. I am going to tear this up!"

"You won't dare! If you do— Oh, you sweep!"

For Alonzo had torn it up.

Bunter, taking off his glasses, and laying them on the table, went for him. Rage and fear drove Bunter nearly mad for the moment. There would be a row with Mr. Queleh, he knew; but even that was not so bad as the thought of having been thus treated by the mild and gentle Duffer.

"Keep your distance, Bunter!" said Lonzy, with all the sternness he could command.

But Bunter made in, and in self defence the Duffer was obliged to hit out.

It was hardly a straight from the shoulder punch, and it was hardly a severe one. But, as it took Bunter full upon the right eye, it had all the effect of the former, and as Bunter did not need very much to daunt him, it was equal to the latter.

Bunter staggered backward with a hand to the eye.



P.C. Tozer came to the door of the cottage in answer to Alonzo's timid knock. "I have come to give myself up for— for murder!" gasped the Duffer. "Eh! What? None of your jarks, young fellow," rumbled Tozer. "I'm an old 'and, I am, an' not to be took in so easy as all that!" (See Chapter 7.)

"You've blinded me!" he wailed. "Oh, you beast, Lonzy! I never thought you'd have done such a thing!"

"I am quite aware that you did not expect me to hit you, Bunter, and I really had no wish to do so. But if I had abstained you would have hit me, unless I am very greatly mistaken. As for your being blinded, I should be very sorry indeed if that should prove to be the case; but I should consider it entirely your own fault."

"Ow! I thought better than this of you, Lonzy—I did, really! I never imagined you'd turn against a chap like this! Why, it—it ain't decent! It ain't Christian! And what am I to say to Quelch?"

Then the bell rang for classes, and both hurried downstairs.

Bunter sat at his desk, a very picture of woe, nursing his eye. It was not going black. Lonzy had not hit hard enough to colour it; but it watered somewhat, and the Owl found it easy to persuade himself that it was very painful indeed. He only hoped that he would find it as easy to persuade Mr. Quelch of that.

But the Form-master, at his rostrum, was receiving the work done in prep the evening before, and he did not look Bunter's way.

The fellows in the row before Bunter were filling up, and the case of William George was growing truly desperate. He felt that Alonzo was a villain and a traitor. But it was of no use to tell Mr. Quelch that.

"Ahem! Oh, dear!" groaned the Owl aloud.

A score of heads were turned.

Mr. Quelch looked across now.

"Is anything the matter with you, Bunter?" he asked.

"Nothing very much, sir—at least, I daresay I can bear it. I only hope there

won't be any permanent injury to my eye, that's all."

"Where are your glasses, Bunter?"

"I think I must have left them behind in my study, sir."

"You had better go and fetch them. No, come here first."

Bunter rolled up to the rostrum, feeling his way by the desks as if unable to see, and starting across the open space between the front one and Mr. Quelch like a new, fat Columbus embarking upon an unknown sea. He would have looked pathetic to anyone who did not know him.

Mr. Quelch put a hand under his chin, and turned his face up so that the light from the window behind fell full upon it.

"Humph! I can see that you have been hit in the eye by something, but I do not think the damage is great. You had better go and fetch your glasses."

"Hadin't I as well bathe my eye while I'm gone, sir?" inquired the Owl plaintively.

"Yes. You might also devote some attention to your neck, which is at least equally in need of the application of water," replied Mr. Quelch drily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If I hear any more of that unbecomingly mirth I shall detain the whole Form!" snapped the master.

Bunter slunk out. He had not scored, but he had hopes of some issue out of his afflictions through his little dodge. He lingered as long as he dared, and when he came back the Form was at Latin prose, and Mr. Quelch forgot to ask him for his prep work.

Harold Skinner sat just behind Alonzo. The cad of the Remove Form was one of the harmless Duffer's chief tormentors. He knew nothing of Alonzo's resolve to resist the oppressor in future, and prob-

ably he would not have paid much heed to it had he known.

On a sudden Alonzo jumped from his seat with a howl. A sharp pain in the rear had caused both jump and howl.

But it had other effects. It had a very unpleasant effect for Harold Skinner. For Alonzo turned upon him, and smacked him with all his force first on the right cheek, and then on the left.

Skinner rose to protect himself, but the Duffer caught him round the neck with one long, thin arm, and with the bony fist at the end of the other arm did batter the nose of Skinner, which was almost as prominent as his own.

"Yooooop! Yarooooogh!" howled Skinner.

"Boy! Todd! Bless my soul! What are you doing?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "He could hardly have been more surprised had he seen a lamb go mad on a sudden, and try to bite."

The Duffer relaxed his grip of Skinner, and turned a flushed face, that had lost some of its superfluous meekness, to the master.

"I was hitting Skinner, sir!" he replied, pouting.

"Bravo, Lonzy!" cried Bob Cherry.

"Shut up, idiot!" hissed Harry Wharton.

Harry was wondering whether any good was coming of his advice to Alonzo. He had never meant to suggest that it would be well for the Duffer to commit assault and battery upon a persecutor under the stern gaze of the Form-master.

But he could not blame Alonzo, and he knew that Mr. Quelch would not be unjust.

"I saw that you were hitting Skinner, Todd. But why did you hit him?"

"I would rather not say, sir."

"Come here! You also, Skinner!"

Alonso, looking rather frightened now, and Skinner, scowling and more than rather frightened, moved out from their desks.

Then Skinner saw that the long pin he had used was still sticking in Alonso, and he stole a hand behind him to extract it.

"De-st, Skinner!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

Skinner had given himself away hopelessly. It was useless for him to protest innocently now. The Form-master would never believe that he was trying to shield anyone else. That was not Skinner's way.

"Turn round, Todd! Ah, I see!" Mr. Quelch himself extracted the pin, and found the point of it tinged with blood.

Skinner gasped. He had not meant to thrust it in so hard. Not that he minded how much the Duffer was hurt. Had not the Duffer hurt him? But that reddened point was such evidence as Mr. Quelch would act upon promptly.

"I am surprised that you should so far forget yourself in my presence, Todd," said the master.

"I am very sorry that I should have done so, sir, and I apologise," replied Alonso meekly.

A few of those who heard thought him a crawler. But not many. The decent fellows knew that Alonso really was sorry, but hoped that his grief was only due to his having punched Skinner before Mr. Quelch. Even the Duffer ought not to be such an ass as to be sorry for having punched his tormentor.

"I accept your apology, and I shall not punish you this time, for you acted under intense provocation," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go to your seat, Todd. Skinner, you are a low and brutal fellow! Hold out your hand!"

Skinner took three of the very best, danced and howled in agony, and retreated with tingling palm and raging mind.

"Who called out 'Bravo, Lonzey'?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"I did, sir," answered Bob.

"Why?" snapped the master.

"Surely you do not consider that Todd deserved commendation?"

"I did, sir," replied honest Bob. "I think it's about time he stood up for himself, and I was glad—I was glad to see him do it!"

"Oh! You will do no twenty lines, Cherry!"

Twenty lines! No one there had ever known Mr. Quelch to inflict so small an imposition before. It was merely nominal, and it showed that he agreed with Bob, on the whole.

Most of the Remore agreed with Bob, too. And Peter Todd was delighted.

But Harry Wharton was not quite so pleased as Peter. It was all very well for Alonso to assert himself; but the Form-master really was not the best place to do it in, and Harry wondered what further might come of his well-meant advice.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Plotting a Plot!

"I SHOULD'NT stand it if I were you, Skinner," said Billy Bunter.

Bunter had looked in at the study which Skinner shared with William Stott and Sidney James Snoop—not exactly to condole, but rather to see what Skinner meant to do about it.

He was in hopes that Skinner would invite Alonso to combat, with or without the gloves, and lick him soundly.

"I'm not going to stand it!" snarled

Skinner. "I'll get even with that long-faced idiot!"

"If I were you, Skinner—"

Then Snoop stopped.

Though he had been guilty of back-sliding more than once since Harry Wharton and the rest of them had helped him to prove that he was not the complete rotter he had always seemed, Snoop kept something of the more decent feeling that he had found then. And at worst he had never had Skinner's spitefulness.

"Well, what would you do if you were me, Snoop?" asked Skinner.

Snoop hesitated. Billy Bunter hastened to answer for him.

"I should give him a good licking, Skinner! You can, you know. I'll hold your coat—I'll be your second—there!"

And the Owl beamed upon Skinner as upon one he had honoured greatly.

Skinner paid no heed to the Owl.

"What would you do, Snoop?" he asked again.

"Let it drop," replied Snoop. "After all, you can't really blame the Duffer. And it's about time he did buck up. Why should the chap go on being led a dog's life by fellows he's never done any harm to?"

"Don't take any notice of him, Skinner! Give Lonzey a jolly good hiding! Look here, if you don't, I'm going to—" howled Bunter.

"Right-ho! Do it!" snapped Skinner.

"Oh, I say, you know, Skinner, you first! You're a better fighting-man than I am—I don't mind owning that!"

It might be true, though Bunter did say it. But Skinner strongly objected to getting hurt. He felt sure he could thrash the Duffer; but he did not feel at all sure that he would come unscathed out of the fray.

Moreover, he knew that the sympathy of the Form would be with his opponent, and that did not suit him.

"I'm not going to fight him," he said. "That's all rot. I know a better way. Where are you going, Snoop?"

"Out," replied Snoop. "This is no affair of mine."

"Going to No. 7 to sneak, I suppose?" sneered Skinner.

"I'm not. But I might be tempted to if I heard what your precious plan is, so I think I'll clear out."

And Snoop went.

"You're in this, Stott, aren't you?" inquired Skinner.

"Oh, I'm in it all serene," answered Stott. "I said a word to the Duffer as we came out of classes, and I'm banged if he hadn't the nerve to tell me to desist, or he would be compelled to take measures to make me! Did you ever hear such cheek?"

"Getting above himself," said Skinner. "But we'll soon take that out of him. I've a scheme that will scare him out of his life, or pretty near it, if we can only work it."

"I wish you'd lick him, Skinner!" burred the Owl, caressing his eye.

"Rats! That wouldn't do half what this will!"

"What's the dodge?" asked Stott, his heavy face taking on a look of keen interest not often seen upon it.

"Now, what would you say the Duffer would do if he thought he'd killed anybody?" returned Skinner.

"Why, he'd go clean off his napper! He'd run away and drown himself, or go into a nunnery, or something," answered Stott.

"Well, he's going to kill me," said Skinner coolly.

"Oh, I say, Skinner! Not really?" puffed the Owl.

"You fat idiot! Much change I should get out of that, shouldn't I? I don't mean to be hurt—not worth speaking of—but he's going to believe he's done me in. He won't drown himself—no such luck! But he'll most likely do a bunk, and the fellows will be turned out to search for him, and there will be no end of a row. He'll be looked upon as a violent character instead of a long-nosed pet lamb."

"Seems to me you'll be on the wrong side of the row, Skinner," remarked Stott.

"Not likely! I can work that all right—if I can only get Wib to help me."

"You won't. Wib doesn't like you, Skinner. Much better lick the Duffer!" urged Bunter.

"What do you want Wib for?" queried Stott.

"Well, it needn't be Wib, for the matter of that. But it's got to be someone who can make up to look like a girl in the dusk. And Wib's jolly keen on that sort of thing. I shouldn't tell him all about it, of course."

"I'll do it, Skinner, if you make it worth my while!" volunteered Bunter eagerly. "I could, I'm sure. I should make a first-rate girl—a nice, plump, good-looking one!"

"You? Anyone would take you for a fat impersonator out of a show, you prize idiot!" snapped Skinner. "I said 'dusk,' not black darkness! But you'd never pass for a girl even in the dark."

"Think I could do it, Skinner?" asked Stott.

"No, I don't. I jolly well know you couldn't. It will have to be Wib, I guess, if only because I shall want him to make me up a bit for my part."

"What's your part?"

"A horrid ruffian with a black beard!"

"Well, you ought to be able to do the horrid ruffian all serene," answered Stott unflatteringly. "And I dare say Wib can supply the beard. But what's the girl for, and wouldn't a real girl do?"

"There's my sister Essie," said Bunter eagerly. "I could get her, I'm sure, if you made it worth my while, Skinner. Of course, she wouldn't expect anything; it wouldn't be the thing for her to take it; but I think it ought to be worth something to me."

"Oh, dry up, you fat fool! Look here, Stott, I'm not going to let Wib know that it's Alonso we're out for. I shall tell him it's Wharton, and some of that crowd."

"But he's pally with them," objected Stott.

"That's no odds. He's always keen to take a rise out of them, for all that. But he'd reckon it too cheap taking a rise out of the Duffer."

"You may be right. There's one thing that has struck me—how are you going to get Alonso where you want him?"

"You'll have to help in that. But it won't be hard. We can bring it off near enough to the gates for him to hear if he's standing there; and you can surely manage so that he should be standing there at the right moment. He's easily kidded. Tell him Gossey wants to subscribe to the funds of the Society for Supplying Catsup and Stick-wax to the Youthful Natives of Bunklediddo in Central Africa, and he'll come along like a shot to collect the oof."

"It don't sound very likely," said Bunter.

"Idiot!" snorted Skinner.

"Well, I could think of a heap better

(Continued on page 9.)

The Greyfriars HERALD



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The Staff



Why I lost the Eleckshun.

An Attack on the Turncoats and Trotters
By BILLY BUNTER.

When I first saw the result of the election for a cricket captain, I could scarcely believe my ears!

Instead of being at the top of the pole, I was at the bottom!

Even that outsider Drake, who can't play cricket for monkey-watts, got seven more votes than me.

I have had my cool shox at my time, but nothing comes up to this! I was so upset about it that I went off my feed for days.

Why did I lose?

I feel very bitter whenever I ask myself that question.

Fishy promised to vote for me, and he did. Almond Todd promised to vote for me, and he did. Wun Lung promised to vote for me, and he did. Skinner and Snop and Stott and Selmore major promised to vote for me, and they never!

Haxdome, Trevor, and Treble also promised me their support, and the rotters let me down at the last minute. Their promises were like jockstraps—made to be broken!

Turncoats and trotters—that's what they are! And if it wasn't beneath my dignity, I'd go round and hear-whip the lot of them!

I wrote blundered on getting the job of cricket captain, and so I should have done if those chaps had been true to their word. As it was, I secured three votes.

I thought at first that Wisgate had made a mistake, and mixed me up with Wharton. But he went through the voting papers again, and said, "It's kulta korreet. Wharton is top, Smith beekst, Drake neckst, and Bunter also top."

I have pleaded with Wharton to resign and to let me take his place, but there's nothing doing.

"Do you want the Remove to have a successful season?" I asked.

"Certainly! That's why I should never dream of handing over the reins of office to you!"

"Can't I be vice-captain?"

Wharton laughed.

"You've certainly got vice snuff for the job," he said; "but, unfortunately, Smithy has been appointed vice-captain."

"Won't you give me a place in the team?" I pleaded, on headed necks.

"No; but I'll let you conduct the Cricket Kollum in the 'Herald,' if you like."

So I've got to console myself with this soap, deer roolers. And I shall have to wait till neckst season before I can become captain of cricket. And when that happy day comes, I can assure you that things will hum!

Meanwhile, I will give you all a parcel of advice which you will do well to bare in mind. Put nob yore trust in trotters!

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

It is in a very happy frame of mind that I address my clubs this week, for I've just been re-elected cricket captain of the Remove.

There was a very grim fight for the captaincy, and I only managed to beat Smithy by a short neck, so to speak.

The voting resulted as follows:

H. Wharton	...	11 votes.
H. Vernon-Smith	...	12 votes.
Jack Drake	...	19 votes.
W. G. Bunter	...	3 votes.

There are forty-two fellows in the Remove, but two failed to vote. One mysteriously disappeared just before the election, and was afterwards found in the crypt; and the other remained neutral.

The result of the election came as a crushing blow to Billy Bunter. Billy had been so certain of finishing at the top of the poll, and becoming cricket captain, that he had actually drawn up a list of players for the first match of the season! When the result of the voting was made known, he nearly fell through the floor.

Poor old Bunter! He's going round telling everybody that there was unfair influence at work, and that he'd have won the election hands down—if he hadn't lost!

Smithy and Drake took their defeat like sportsmen. Both had a jolly good backing, and Smithy came within an ace of bagging the captaincy. He has been appointed vice-captain, and will boss the team in my absence.

I owe my success very largely to the untiring efforts of my right-hand man, Bob Cherry. Bob moved heaven and earth to get me returned at the head of the poll, and he was several fellows over to my side—fellows who would otherwise have voted for Smithy or Drake.

Well, the election excitement is over, and we are resuming the even tenor of our way. Week by week the "Greyfriars Herald" is winning many new friends, while Mr. Frank Richards' ripping school game in the "Magnt" are being voted better than ever!

Even so, there are still many boys and girls who have not yet joined our ranks. They are waiting for your recommendation; and I feel sure you will do all in your power to still further popularize the "Herald" and its parent paper.

An revoir till next week!

Harry Wharton.

Things we Want to Know.

By BOB CHERRY.

Who was the cheerful idiot who offered to water a log of doghairs that Billy Bunter won the election?

Who was the disgusting cad who kidnapped one of Wharton's supporters and hunked him into the crypt? Any person giving such information as may lead to the discovery and capture of the culprit will receive five bullseyes' reward!

What did Smithy say when he heard that he had been beaten by only one vote? Was it "Bollet"?

Why did one of the fellows decline to vote? Was it because he knew that if he voted for Wharton he'd be bumped by Smithy and Drake? Or that if he voted for Drake he'd be bumped by Wharton and Smithy? Or that if he voted for Smithy he'd be bumped by Wharton and Drake? Or that if he voted for Billy Bunter he'd be moshed by everybody?

Who was the amine creep who scrawled "VOTE FOR DRAKE" across the Head's blotting-pad? And who played a placard to Billy Bunter's back, bearing the words:

"You may vote for Wharton or Smithy or Drake, but to vote for ME is a bit mistake!"

How the three snitstet who voted for Bunter got recovered from the injuries they sustained at the hands of the mob?

Now that Billy Bunter has failed to win the captaincy, will he permit us to use his plump person for rolling the pitch?

Does Jack Drake realize at last that he must take a back seat, and that Wharton is the better man?

Will the Remove win the first match of the season, or am I a false prophet?

The Manger Library.—No. 637.

OUR MEDICAL CORNER!

Conducted by Dr. M. Newland.

(If you are halt, maimed, blind, lame, sick or lazy, write and tell Dr. Monty your troubles!)

Cecil Reginald Temple (Upper Fourth).—I have carefully studied your case, and you appear to be suffering from a severe attack of swelled head. The best treatment I can recommend is that you get a number of Remoro fellows to duck your napper in the fountain three times daily.

Gerald L. (Sixth Form).—Shooting, stabbing pains in the chest indicate that you are suffering from croaker's heart. Eschew the fatal fag, my dear Gerald, and suck an acid-drop whenever the craving for a smoke assails you.

W. G. B. (Remove Form).—Cheer up, porpoise! You won't die just yet. The "terrible pains" you mention in your letter are merely the result of over-feeding. Your name being Billy, it is not surprising that you should occasionally be Billy-us.

Horace C. (Fifth Form).—You appear to be suffering from acute insanity. I should advise you to make application for admittance to the nearest Home for the Feeble-Minded.

"Mauly" (Remove Form).—I know an excellent cure for "that tired feeling," but space does not permit of my explaining it here. I will come round and see you with a cricket-stump.

George Potter (Fifth Form).—You are undoubtedly suffering from barber's rash, caused by trying to shave yourself with a blunt penknife.

Dicky Nugent (Second Form).—If your big toe is swollen to twice its normal size, I should say you were suffering from toe-maine poisoning. Keep off fried herrings in future.

William Gosling.—The best way to cure your red nose, my dear fellow, is to sign the pledge.

Bobover Mince (Third Form).—If you will persevere in trundling a hoop round the Close in your spare time, you must expect to develop hooping cough.

Harold Skinner (Remove Form).—"Cornas are spreading all over my feet, and I tremble to think what I shall look like by harvest-time. Give me a cure, Monty, for goodness' sake!" Sorry, my dear fellow, but I'm not a blessed chiropodist.

William Greene (Fifth Form).—The best preparation for a motor-cycle spin with Coker is to purchase a pair of crutches, and about a dozen yards of surgical dressing.

Sidney Snoop (Remove Form).—The fact that you fumed a light the other day indicates that you are suffering from cold feet.

Alonso Todd (Remove Form).—I hardly know what to advise in the case of a fellow who swallows a dictionary. You will probably have to be dissected. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 687.

HOW TO TRAIN FOR A MARATHON!

By Tom Brown.

(I would again advise my readers not to take Brownay's articles seriously. If they do, I sha'n't be answerable for the consequences.—Ed.)

As the proud winner of many Marathon races, I have been commissioned by the Editor to write an article showing how it is done.

Training is, of course, an important factor towards success.

Many fellows believe in strict fasting for about a week before the race. This, to my mind, is all rot. I have known chaps to religiously abstain from grub, and then they wonder why they fall down in a dead faint before they have covered a hundred yards.

Instead of fasting, you want to lay a solid foundation. Eat whatever appeals to you, and eat it in enormous quantities. Experience has shown me that rabbit-pies and jam-tarts are the best possible things to train on.

Some people go so far as to say that you should give up smoking. This, too, is all wrong. If you are in the habit of enjoying a quiet whiff in your study, carry on! It will probably make you short-winded, but that won't be a stumbling-block to your success, so I will show later on.

If it is your custom to have a dozen bottles of ginger-pop a day, go right ahead! Ginger-pop certainly contains gas, but this isn't nearly so harmful as the "gas" of the faddists.

The very best way to train is to eat what you like, drink what you like, and abstain from violent exercise.

On the day of the race, you will make arrangements for a taxi-cab to be in waiting, out of sight of the school-gates. You will start off with the rest of the runners, and go slow, so that they all get in front of you. Then, having made sure that the coast is clear, you will hop into the taxi, and instruct the driver to take you over the course. He will put you down at the point you started from, and then you will start running towards the school-gates.

The onlookers will have no suspicion that you have not covered the course in a legitimate manner. They will think you have traversed every inch of it on foot, and you'll be cheered to the echo.

Run wearily and heavily, like a fellow who is utterly spent. This will add to the dramatic effect.

If you can manage to fall down once or twice, so much the better. The spectators will say: "Look at the poor fellow! He's absolutely whacked! Isn't it plocky of him to try and get to the tape!"

Of course, you will finish an easy first, and unless the taxi-driver is mean enough to give you away, you will come in for a great time.

Now you will understand why it is not necessary to give up eating and drinking and smoking. Now you will understand why I have managed to win so many Marathons in the past, and why I shall win so many in the future.

All aspiring champions should set to work on these lines. But they mustn't forget to give the taxi-driver a substantial "tip," or he may feel inclined to give the whole show away. And in that case, the sequel would be—er—rather unpleasant.

The Most Awkward Moment of My Life!

A Number of Greyfriars Fellows Describe Their Experiences.

BOB CHERRY.—I think the most awkward moment of my life was when I stood Bessie Banter a substantial feed at the village bun-shop, and the waitress presented the bill. It was for over two quid, and my total assets were one-and-fourpence.

HORACE COKER.—I can safely say that my most awkward moment was when I found myself going into the barrel of Mr. Prout's Winchester repeater.

BILLY BUNTER.—I've had a good many awkward moments, but I think the worst was when I sampled Quelch's brekker in his study. I heard him coming, and dodged behind the screen. And I wanted to sneeze ever so bad. It simply had to come out, and Quelch spotted me, of course. Then came another awkward moment.

CLAUDE HOSKINS.—My most awkward moment was when I got up to give a cornet-sole at a school concert, and not a note would come. Some fat-headed practical joker had stuffed the cornet with paper.

HAROLD SKINNER.—The most awkward—at any rate, the most painful—moment in my experience was when I put an upturned tin-tack on Quelch's seat, and in a moment of forgetfulness sat on it myself.

PETER HAZELDENE.—By far the most awkward moment of my life was when I walked in my sleep, and woke up to find myself dangling from the highest roof at Greyfriars. Groo! I feel giddy whenever I think of it.

HURREE SINGH.—My most ludicrous and awkward moment was when I went for a dipful bath last summer, and found that somebody had made off with my togful garments. I had to walk all the way back to school in an esteemed bath-towel.

WILLIAM GOSLING.—It was a very awkward minute for me when I went to lock the gates one night, and I saw somebody on the other side. "Yung rip!" I said sternly. "Comin' in at this hour of the night! Wish I'll report yer!" And then I found that the "yung rip" in question was the Head.

H. VERNON SMITH.—The most awkward moment, not to say horrible, was at the time I left Greyfriars, under sentence of expulsion, and Bob Cherry fell over the cliffs in attempting to bring me back to the school. I thought he had been killed, and I lived in a terrible state for several weeks until I saw his cheery self again in London.

MR. H. H. QUELCH.—I have been asked by Wharton to describe the most awkward moment I have experienced, and as a great favour I will answer this question. I had been working on my great work, "The History of Greyfriars," and had left off at the end of one long chapter to get more paper. On returning to my study I discovered the whole of the chapter, which had taken me so long to compose, missing. Though I searched for hours, I could not find the missing manuscript. The next morning, however, it came to light, in the inside pocket of my dressing-gown. In a moment of absentmindedness I must have put it there on leaving the room, and had forgotten all about it, until the balkiness the next time I put on the coat reminded me.

A Tour of the Three Schools!

Described by FRANK RICHARDS.

IT was on a sunny morning in April that I met my two friends and colleagues, Martin Clifford and Owen Conquest, at the Fleetway House, the home of the Companion Papers.

I had completed my latest "Magnet" story, and Martin Clifford had finished his "Gem": while Owen Conquest, in a rare burst of energy, had just turned out three Hookwood yarns for the "Boys' Friend."

"This is the first occasion for many moons," said the Editor, "that you gentlemen have been up to time with your stuff. I suppose the spring weather is responsible for this sudden spurt on your part. You'd better take a day off!"

"Thanks, mighty chief!" murmured Martin Clifford. "We'll go out into the country and enjoy ourselves. Will you come along, too?"

The Editor groaned.

"I'm chained to my desk!" he said. "I've got all your manuscripts to read and correct—"

"Correct!" boomed Owen Conquest. "Do you dare to insinuate that my stories ever require correction?"

"Every week," said the Editor wearily. "Sometimes I have to rewrite whole chapters!"

"Look here—"

"Pax!" I interposed. "We don't want to witness the sorry spectacle of an author and an editor trying the mop up the floor with each other. Come along, you two, and leave the chief in peace!"

And I linked arms with Martin Clifford and Owen Conquest, and marched them out of the Editor's mansion.

"What's the programme, Franky?" asked Martin Clifford.

"I was thinking we might run down to Greyfriars," I said.

"Make it St. Jim's, and I'm with you."

"Blow Greyfriars, and bless St. Jim's!" growled Owen Conquest. "We'll go to Hookwood."

"We've time to make a tour of all three," I said.

"Good!"

We went down by train from Charing Cross, arriving at Greyfriars in the middle of the morning.

The boys were at lessons, and an atmosphere of tranquillity hung over the old place.

"Pretty dull show, this," said Martin Clifford. "I wonder how you can get enough material for your yarns, Franky!"

"Wait till twelve o'clock, I said. "You won't find it dull then!"

We had a chat with Gosling, the porter, and refreshed ourselves at the tuckshop. And presently a perfect pandemonium broke loose. The noise which greeted our ears put the Tower of Babel completely in the shade.

Martin Clifford stopped his ears.

"What—what on earth is it?" he gasped.

"Merely the Remove Form coming out of lessons!" I said, with a chuckle.

There was a sudden rush of feet, and the tuckshop was invaded by an army of juniors.

Harry Wharton & Co. recognised us at once, and they greeted us cordially. Our hands were seized and shaken like pump-handles.

"I say, you fellows," came the piping voice of Billy Bunter. "I wonder what that heart Frank Richards has written about me in this week's 'Magnet'?"

"Shush, fathead!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Mr. Richards is here!"

"Oh, crumbs! I'm sorry I called you a beast, sir; but I can't get out of the habit of telling the truth!"

"Ho, ho, ha!"

"You write some awful things about me,

you know," Billy Bunter went on. "You make me out to be a greedy glutton and an eavesdropper—and I'm neither! Still, if you'll stand me a little snack, I'll say no more about it!"

Billy Bunter's "little snack" cost me nearly a pound. The fat junior sampled nearly everything in the tuckshop, and Martin Clifford and Owen Conquest watched his gastronomic feats in amazement.

"Well, I always regarded Fatty Wynn as a good trencherman," said Martin Clifford. "but Bunter has him beaten!"

"And I always thought that Tabby Muffin was the world's champion gourmandiser," said Owen Conquest. "I've changed my opinion now!"

"Are you gentlemen staying long?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I'm afraid we must be pushing on to St. Jim's," I said. "This is merely a flying visit."

Coker of the Fifth elbowed his way up to the counter.

"I shall be pleased to lend you my motor-bike, Mr. Richards," he said. "You've said some jolly rakish things about it in your stories. You've referred to it as a gridiron and an old creak. But I'm not the sort of fellow to bear malice. You can borrow my motor-bike with pleasure."

"That's very good of you, Coker," I said. "Can you ride a motor-bike, Martin?"

"After a fashion," said Martin Clifford.

"If you want to arrive at St. Jim's in one piece," said Owen Conquest, "you'd better leave the driving to me. You can get in the sidecar, Franky, and Martin can squat on the carrier, with his arm twisted round my neck."

A cheering crowd saw us take our departure a few moments later.

I felt anything but comfortable as I sat in the sidecar, for Owen Conquest rode at an utterly reckless pace.

The machine missed Gosling, the porter, by inches, and swerved drunkenly through the school gateway.

"Go easy, Owen!" I panted. "I think I'd rather have Coker at the helm than you!"

Owen Conquest chuckled as he bent over the handlebars.

"I mean to get to St. Jim's within an hour!" he exclaimed.

And he succeeded, though how we escaped injury was little short of a miracle.

We were given a rousing reception as we slowed up in the quadrangle at St. Jim's.

Tom Merry & Co. were the first to greet us. And Jack Blake & Co., of the Fourth, were not far behind.

"This is a very pleasant surprise!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "If I had known you were coming, Mr. Clifford, I should have put on the best of my fifteen wails!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As it is, I trust you will pardon my shabby appearance. I am now wearing my tenth best."

"Well, that's dazzling enough," said Martin Clifford. "Your best must be an amazing sight!"

"Will you come along to the tuckshop, gentlemen?" said Tom Merry.

"Well, we had a snack at Greyfriars," I said, "but we're not averse to another."

"Would somebody mind fetching Wynn and Trimble?" asked Martin Clifford. "I should like to stand them a feed."

"Are you a millionaire, Mr. Clifford?" inquired Monty Lowther.

"Not exactly. Why?"

"Because it'll cost you the best part of a fiver to feed those two porpoises."

"Never mind! I've labelled both of them so much in my stories that I feel I ought to stand them treat."

"You've labelled me, too, Mr. Clifford!" chimed in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "You make me speak in the most ridiculous manner, an' dress outrageously!"

"That's only my fun, D'Arcy. When occasion arises, I make my readers see that you're every inch a sportsman."

When we entered the tuckshop we found Aubrey Ratke lounging against the counter. He frowned at Martin Clifford.

"I've got a bone to pick with you!" he snarled. "You're always representin' me in your stories as a gay dog on a rank outsider!"

"Thereby presenting you in your true colours," said Martin Clifford.

"You're a beastly outsider yourself!" shouted Ratke. "Don't serve those persons, Mrs. Teggie! They've no right at St. Jim's at all! This fellow Clifford is a confounded cad—"

Before the end of the Shell could finish his tirade, he was seized in a grip of iron, and swung across Martin Clifford's knee.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Varococoh!"

Tom Merry & Co. chuckled gaily.

"Stick it, sir!"

"Give him beans!"

Aubrey Ratke had seldom been so humiliated in his life. And when the public spanking was over, he slunk out of the tuckshop like a whipped cur.

Shortly afterwards we were joined by Fatty Wynn and Bancy Trimble, whose appetites were almost—but not quite—as big as Billy Bunter's.

"Now for Hookwood!" said Owen Conquest, when the feed was over.

"And don't go at such a furious pace this time," I said. "My neck isn't insured!"

We were soon speeding away towards Hookwood, and Owen Conquest fairly rode the fur fly.

We did not spend much time at the famous Hampshire school. But we had a chat with Jimmy Silver & Co. and Mr. Bootles, and we had tea with Bulkeley of the Sixth.

Altogether, it was a most enjoyable day, and we shall go back to our typewriters with renewed vigour and enthusiasm.

Some people seem to think that school-story writing is a soft job, and that the authors don't need holidays. I can assure those cynical persons that we are not machines, and that an occasional day's outing is not only desirable, but necessary.

In July, if we can get sufficiently ahead with our work, we hope to take a week's holiday together. And then, to quote Bob Cherry, everything in the garden will be lovely!

Answers to Correspondents.

Dick Burrows (Brighton).—"I analyse an article on life-lying, which you will please read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest!"—Your article has already been inwardly digested by the office mastiff!

Dennis B. (Manchester).—"I feel that I should like to be your pal for good."—Well, there's nothing on earth to prevent you, old man!

"Disgusted" (Watford).—"Down with the 'Herald,' and 3 cheers for 'Billy Bunter's Weekly'! Let's may it rain!"—On the contrary, I hope it keeps fine for you!

"Taffy" (Llanegidno).—"Why are Billy Bunter's stories like the Welsh mountains?"—Because they're a bit steep, we presume!

Cyril H. (Northampton).—"I think Venen-Stein ought to be captain of the Remove."—Think what you like, old chap. It's a free country!

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TERRORS SHOCKE AT GREYFRIARS. By PETER TODD.

An Entirely New Series of Stories, featuring Terrors Shocke, the Amazing Detective, and his assistant, Shaker.

No. 2.—THE CASE OF THE STOLEN FUNDS!

PUNCTUALLY at midday, Terrors Shocke came down to breakfast in his dressing-gown and slippers, and with that expression of freshness and vitality that betokens the habitual early riser.

"Good-morning, Shaker!" he said cheerfully.

"Good-afternoon, Shocke!" I replied. "The morning has passed!"

"How did you deduce that amazing fact, Shaker?"

"By the fact that the last stroke of twelve has just sounded," I said.

"Marvellous, Shaker—marvellous! It only proves how, by coming into constant contact with a great detective a man's deductive powers may be developed. Have you been through my morning correspondence, Shaker?"

"I have, Shocke."

"Anything exciting?"

"There is the usual crop of lolls, and the usual number of appeals from begging-letter writers."

"And the usual threats on my life from people I have ruined at some time or another?"

"Exactly! There is also a form from the Income Tax Commissioners—"

"Burn it!" said Shocke promptly. "Is there anything else?"

I nodded.

"There is a letter from a boy named Frank Nugent," I said. "He belongs to the Remove Form at Greyfriars. He has written you privately, soliciting your aid on a most serious matter."

Shocke attacked his cold klyper, and motioned to me to proceed.

"It appears that Nugent is the treasurer of the Remove cricket club," I went on.

"He has had charge of the funds since his appointment, and now they have vanished! The box which contained the money—two pounds five shillings and sixpence—has been lifted. It is a clear case of larceny, Shocke."

I spoke dramatically, but Shocke did not turn a hair. Not a muscle of his face twitched; not an eyelash shivered.

"Nugent is naturally distracted," I continued. "The cricket season will soon be here—already an election for a new captain is taking place—and Nugent will be called upon to produce the funds for the purpose of buying club gear. It will be no use his explaining to his schoolfellows that the funds have been stolen. They would accuse him of carelessness and neglect of duty."

"Quite so!" said Shocke.

"Nugent is therefore anxious that the missing funds shall be restored without anyone being the wiser," I said. "He entreats you to take the matter up."

Shocke gave a couple of assent as he extracted a fishbone from his throat.

"You will clear up this matter?" I said eagerly.

"Within a couple of hours, Shaker!"

"You will see that the thief is brought to book?"

"Ah, I cannot promise that! But I will see that the missing funds are restored; and that, I take it, is the main thing. Come, Shaker!"

And my friend moved towards the door.

"But you cannot proceed to Greyfriars in a dressing-gown and carpet-slippers, Shocke!" I protested.

"No, I suppose not. It would be rather 'to for a dig,' as the carlinets say. I'll change into my Harris tweeds, while you go to Charing Cross and book the tickets."

"Ahem!"

"You are troubled with a cough, Shaker?"

"Nonsense! But if you would not mind contributing your half of the expenses—"

But Shocke had vanished into his bedroom.

I proceeded to Charing Cross, and purchased two third-class tickets to Friar-dale.

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and Shocke and I were soon installed in a first-class "smoker."

We reached our destination without being apprehended by an inquisitive ticket-collector, and went straight up to the school.

Frank Nugent greeted us in the Close.

"I'm awfully glad you've come, Mr. Shocke!" he exclaimed. "This affair of the cricket funds is driving me off my dolt! I'm afraid I haven't any clues to offer you—"

"I don't need them," said Shocke. "Unlike Scotland Yard, I do not rely upon clues in order to solve these little problems. The box in which the funds were kept is nailed to the wall in Study No. 1, is it not?"

Nugent nodded.

"You're quite free to go and make an examination of the study, Mr. Shocke. There's nobody there. Wharton and I are having tea in Hall."

"By the time you have finished your tea," said Shocke, "I shall have finished my task."

"But how—" I began, in amazement.

"Reserve your questions till afterwards, Shaker. Go and have a look at the cloisters and the playing-fields, or see if you can catch a cup of tea from Dr. Locke. I will rejoin you in a few moments."

So saying, my amazing friend strolled away.

"Will you come and have tea with me in Hall, Mr. Shaker?" asked Nugent. "It's only bread-and-margarine, but—"

"That is quite a luxury," I said. "I have been used to bread alone. And sometimes I don't even get that. I shall be delighted to accept your invitation!"

At the conclusion of the report we were joined by Shocke. The great detective beckoned to us to follow him.

"Any luck, Mr. Shocke?" asked Nugent eagerly.

Shocke said nothing until we entered Study No. 1. Then he pointed to the cashbox, for the safe custody of which Nugent was responsible.

"Have a look inside, my boy," he said, with a bland smile.

Nugent did so. Then he uttered a whoop of amazement and delight.

"Why, it's all here! Two pounds five and six! Mr. Shocke, you're a giddy marvel!"

"Enough of honeyed flattery!" said Shocke. "Come, Shaker! If we catch the six-thirty train, we shall get back to town just before they close. The fish-shop, I mean—not the pole!"

It was not until we were safely ensconced in the goods-van, disguised as sacks of coal, that Shocke furnished me with his usual explanation. To be more correct, it was a most unusual explanation.

"An absurdly simple case, Shaker," he said. "The funds have been duly restored—"

"But who was the thief, Shocke?"

"Stush! Not so loud, my dear fellow! The thief is in your immediate vicinity."

"Shocke!" I gasped. "Surely—"

"I rifled that cashbox myself, Shaker, whilst we were at Greyfriars last week, engaged upon the case of the missing bag. Funds were low at the time, and my rent was sadly in arrear. However, on finding that Nugent was cut up about the business, I made a point of returning the cash. Honour before all, Shaker. If there is one thing which I cannot tolerate, that thing is fraud. Never rob your neighbour; never squeeze yourself into the goods-van of a train in order to avoid payment of your fare—"

"But that is precisely what we are doing, Shocke!"

Shocke transfixed me with one of his rare smiles.

"Necesse compello Mephistopheles drives!" he said, lapsing into Italian. "In other words, Shaker, needs must when the devil drives. It is a great pity that I had to refund that money. Still, I shall doubtless receive six times that amount for my trouble."

AN EXTRACT FROM "THE FIRST FORM FIASCO!"

By Smirk and Dibb.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—The success of the "Herald" has inspired more than one Fern to launch forth a paper, and a periodical has lately blown in under the title of "The First Form Fiasco."

Some of the contributors have evidently old-fashioned "penny-a-line" notions—though we doubt whether the pennies will be forthcoming. Here is the "Fiasco's" great super-senal.—H. W.]

DICK DASH;

or, The Boy Who Defied His Master!

Jointly written for "The First Form Fiasco" by S. Smirk and D. Dibb, of the First Form.

Dick Dash was sitting on a seat with his feet on a desk, and his hands in his pockets, and a pipe in his mouth, and a frown on his brow.

The Form-master came in through the door, and sat down, and looked up and roared:

"Come out, Dash!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

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"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

A step was heard in the passage, and the door-knob turned, and the door opened, and the Head entered!

(To be continued next week.)

[Unluckily, the joint authors of this work of genius had fifteen copies of the paper jammed down each of their necks by their furious fellow-lags, and Messrs. Smirk and Dibb contumaciously refused to write the second instalment. Therefore, the story cannot be continued—not next week, and not ever!—H.W.]

"Waking Up Alonzo!"

(Continued from page 8.)

yarn than that one myself—it's too thin, even for Lonzy.

"Right-ho! You don't mind if Bunter takes the job on, do you, Stott?"

"I'd rather," replied Stott.

"Then he shall do it! Look here, porpoise, for the next day or two you must sulk with the Duffer. But when I give you the word, the silks disappear, and you sling him a penitent yarn. Start it down the quad, and keep it going till you get to the gates. When you're there you tip us a signal—hoot three times like a fog-horn, or make a noise like a cat shut in the boot-cupboard—and then the band will play."

"You haven't got Wib in it yet," Stott reminded the schemer.

"Oh, I'll get him in all right. Wib thinks he's fly, but you can kid him into anything if there's making-up and playing a giddy part in it. Might bet him five bob that he can't take Wharton in—that would be sure to do the trick."

And, as considerations of the truth never hampered Harold Skinner, it seemed likely that William Wibley might be roped into the scheme.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Alonzo's "Crime!"

"LONZY, old fellow!"

Bunter's voice was quite appealing. The Owl was not really a good actor; but chance had come to his aid in playing the part assigned to him by Skinner.

Two days had passed since Alonzo's assault upon Skinner under the eyes of their Form-master, and during that time Alonzo had kept up his end in quite a surprising manner.

He had clouted the head of Tubb of the Third, when that enterprising young gentleman had tried to pull his nose, very much to the astonishment of Tubb, who had pulled the Duffer's nose before, and had got off with a reproof. But now Alonzo had behaved very much as Peter would have done had any fag dared to take liberties with his nasal organ, which was as like his cousin's as two peas in a pod. Not that any fag had ever been rash enough to take such a liberty with Peter.

Tubb felt that he had been had. One does not expect a lamb to bite.

But Tubb was not so astounded as Sir Jimmy Vivian, who had often done things to Alonzo out of sheer thoughtlessness. But was made to do some profitable thinking when he found himself on the lineum with the Duffer sitting on his chest. Sir Jimmy could not understand how he had come there, and it is likely that Alonzo could not have explained how he had got him there. Certainly it was not by jiu-jitsu methods, or by any known principle of wrestling.

Being there, Sir Jimmy, who was a decent youngster at heart, admitted himself in the wrong, apologised handsomely, and was fairly purred over by the Duffer, who regarded him as a brand plucked from the burning.

Then there was the matter of Bolsover major. That did not come to actual grips, which was just as well, for the burly Bolsover could have handled three like Alonzo. But the Duffer squared up to him when roughly thrust aside; and Bolsover, who had curious spasms of decency, laughed his great horse-laugh,

and said that he wasn't going to fight for fear of getting hurt, but would beg the Duffer's pardon if the Duffer wanted him to. Whereupon Alonzo said:

"Oh, pray don't mention it, my dear Bolsover!"

And Bolsover thumped him on the back hard enough to make him cough, and replied:

"You're a good little ass after all, Lonzy!"

On this particular morning Alonzo had received a remittance from his Uncle Benjamin, and Bunter knew of it. Thus had chance come to the aid of William George. But the possession of that remittance made of Alonzo quite a different person in Bunter's eyes.

The Owl wanted to make it up with him now. He was prepared to throw over Skinner, and Skinner's plot, if only Alonzo showed proper open-handedness. But he not unless—certainly not unless!

"Lonzy, old fellow!" he repeated plaintively.

The time was between tea and prep, and dusk was creeping over the quad. In Study No. 7 a glowing fire burned, and Alonzo sat in the armchair by it. Bunter stood at the other end of the hearthrug, a gross, unwieldy figure in the twilight.

"I really have no desire to converse with you, Bunter," said the Duffer primly.

"Oh, but that ain't like you, Lonzy, old fellow! Look here, your eye's all right again now, ain't it? Mine hurts still, but I don't bear you any grudge for that. I'm of a forgiving nature—that's me. I thought you were the same; but I'm afraid I've made a mistake about that."

In spite of all his past experience of the Owl's wiles, Lonzy was touched.

"I harbour no resentment against you, Bunter," he said. "But this is the first hint you have given that you feel any sorrow for the wanton infliction of great pain upon me."

"Well, I'm a proud chap, you know, Lonzy. It don't come easy to one of my naturally haughty spirit to apologise."

"Pride of that sort, Bunter, is a vice, not a virtue. No gentleman ever feels that his pride is lowered by an apology."

Bunter turned his head for a moment to stick his tongue out derisively. Then he went on wheedling:

"You're right, Lonzy, I'm sure. You always are about things of that sort. But I shan't believe that you've forgiven me while you call me 'Bunter' in that cold, unfriendly way."

"My dear Bunter, I assure you I have no intention of being either unfriendly or unforgiving. It has always been my earnest desire that peace and harmony should reign in this study."

And the guileless Alonzo reproached himself even while he spoke for unworthy thoughts. He could not help remembering that Bunter had wolfed far more than his fair share of the spread that a part of Uncle Benjy's remittance had provided for Study No. 7 that tea-time, though at the moment not even on speaking terms with Uncle Benjy's favourite nephew.

But doubtless, reconciliation had been in Bunter's mind at the time. He had only been waiting to speak when no one else was present.

"That's better!" said the Owl. "I say, old fellow, come out for a stroll in the quad, will you? Then I shall feel really sure that we're pals again."

Alonzo did not want to stroll in the quad with Bunter. He did not want to be pals with Bunter. But he told

himself that it was all wrong to feel like that, and he went.

Through the dusk the windows of the tuck-shop showed lighted. It was not a brilliant illumination; but to William George Bunter it was like the harbour lights of home to the returning mariner. He had not expected to find Mrs. Mumble still open to do business; she usually shut up as soon as the flow of custom due to tea-time had ceased.

Bunter had had a vague notion of trying the Duffer with the old, old story—the story of the delayed postal-order that was one of the hoary jests of Greyfriars. But he thought better of that now. He fancied that, even Alonzo, soft as he was, might not prove soft enough for that. And, after all, what was the difference between cash and grub? Cash was grub to Billy Bunter. Until he was loaded right up to the Pimssell line he recognised only one way of spending.

So he tried to steer Lonzy towards the tuckshop.

And he got him there, for Alonzo, who had done himself very well at tea, failed to guess that even Bunter could be wanting to eat again so soon after the meal.

But the Owl only got Alonzo as far as the tuckshop, not inside.

Alonzo was firm. Alonzo was adamant. He would not hear of eating more, and he added the insult of preaching to the injury of refusal. He actually exhorted Bunter against the sin of greed.

"Beast!" murmured Bunter, under his breath. "This does it! Won't stand me a few bobs' worth of grub, won't you? Right-ho! I'll let Skinner have his way, and see how you'll like that!"

And Bunter felt quite a glow of virtue at the decision not to betray Skinner after all.

"What did you remark, Bunter?" said Alonzo.

"Nothing—at least, nothing much! I say, let's go as far as the gates."

Alonzo went, linking his arm in Bunter's to mitigate the Owl's disappointment in the matter of the tuckshop. If he had only guessed that the pressure of his lean arm made Bunter feel more bitter than ever against him he might have left go and returned to the study fire. For he did not really want to cherish Bunter. He was only doing it from a sense of duty.

Not a word was spoken by either of them on the way to the gates, and Lonzy wondered, though quite unsuspectingly, why Bunter should have wanted that promenade. No one else was about. It was a nippy evening, and by now almost dark.

They reached the gates, not yet locked, though locking-up time was close at hand.

Then Bunter whistled.

Anyone but Alonzo Todd must surely have smelt a rat. But when, almost as if in reply to that whistle, there came out of the gloom the sound of a shrill voice raised in seeming terror, the Duffer suspected nothing.

"Help! Unhand me, you ruffian! Oh, help, help! He's killing me!"

The words came clearly to the ears of Lonzy and Bunter. William Whibley's articulation was excellent, though—since he believed that it was Harry Wharton against whom the plot was directed—possibly his choice of words was less so.

"We must go to her help, Lonzy!" exclaimed the bold Bunter. "It's a girl in the grip of some ruffian! We're bound to go, you know!"

Alonzo was surprised. Here was a new Bunter, indeed! He seemed to feel no fear at all. The Duffer himself was conscious of considerable fear. He was tempted to call upon Gosling. He had

a modest doubt whether the best he could do would avail against a determined ruffian, probably at least six feet high and as strong as a horse.

But Gosling was no hero, at best, and Bunter, apparently transformed on a sudden into a hero, had started forward. Alonzo could not stay behind. He summoned up all his pluck, and made after the Owl.

Bunter stumbled, or seemed to stumble. His fat hands groped for something that he knew should be there, according to plan.

Alonzo caught him up. Then the Owl thrust into his companion's hand a stout hedge-stake.

"Catch hold, Lonzy!" he puffed. "I nearly fell over it. You take it. My fists are enough for me!"

Then, through the gloom Alonzo had a glimpse of a girl, or what looked like a girl, struggling in the brutal grip of a bearded villain. How should Alonzo the guileless suspect that the girl was Wibley and the bearded villain Skinner?

Alonzo made in, and smote. Bunter had chosen that hedge-stake as the weapon. Skinner might have preferred something less hefty. But Skinner had been sure that the Duffer could not hit hard enough really to hurt him, anyway; and he had meant to dodge the full force of the blow.

But the Duffer hit harder than Skinner had thought he could, and the black sheep failed to dodge.

He went down heavily, and through the gloom the startled Alonzo saw his face all streaming with blood, or what looked like blood. Wibley knew all the old melodramatic tricks for ghastly scenes, and there was plenty of red ink at Greifriars.

"You've killed him!" sounded another voice, the voice of Stott.

"—I did not mean to strike so hard!" wailed the Duffer. "No, that is not true, and I will not stoop to untruth! I struck as hard as I could because I knew that a woman was in danger!"

The Duffer was down on his knees in the muddy road now, peering into the bearded face.

Skinner lay still, and Wibley, Bunter, and Stott all felt alarmed. The schoolboy actor also felt indignant. He realised that he had been taken in.

"You silly ass!" he snorted. "It wasn't a woman; it was me!"

"Then who is this?" asked the Duffer wildly.

"Skinner, and you've jolly well done him in!" howled Bunter.

Stott snatched the false beard from Skinner's face, and Alonzo peered at it again. Even through the red ink that pretended to be blood—and that was blood to Lonzy—he could discern the familiar features of the end of the Remove.

Alonzo gave a howl of utter dismay, and bolted.

"If that ass is really damaged it's a pretty fine state of affairs!" growled Wibley.

Skinner sat up, putting a hand to his head.

"Oh, I'm not dead, Wib, if that's what you mean!" he chortled. "But I never thought the Duffer could whack anyone like that. It half-stunned me for the moment."

"It's made you bleed like a pig," said Bunter elegantly.

"Eh? chump! That's not blood. I put the old gall thing Wib gave me under the peak of my cap, to be ready. But I didn't have to break it. The old Duffer did that for me. Lucky my head isn't an eggshell!"

"You're sure you're not damaged?"

asked Wibley, with more anxiety than Skinner would have expected of him.

The black sheep got to his feet, grinning.

"You see I can stand, anyway," he said.

"Sit down again, then!" roared Wibley.

And Skinner flopped back into the road, the victim of the hardest punch Wibley had ever dealt anyone.

"W-w-w— Why, you rotter—you sweep!" gasped Skinner.

"You've only got what you asked for!" snorted Wibley. "You told me it was Wharton you were out to do down. Do you imagine I'd have taken all this trouble to make a fool of poor old Alonzo, who's three-parts potty already? If you ask me, it's a rotten, cruel thing; and I'm not going to be responsible for anything that comes of it! I wash my hands of it!"

And, somewhat hampered by his skirt, Wibley strode off, leaving the three conspirators very uneasy in their minds.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Looking for Lonzy!

"I SAY, suppose Lonzy does go and drown himself, or something dreadful like that?" burbled Bunter. "He thinks he's killed you, Skinner. There's no limit to what he may go and do, and he's such an ass!"

"Oh, he won't do anything rash!" answered Skinner.

But he did not speak with much conviction.

"The silly chump didn't go back to the school," said Stott. "He went off the other way. Well, I'm glad I really hadn't anything to do with this bizny, for it's plain to me that you chaps are in the soup!"

"That won't wash!" retorted Skinner. "You were as much in it as I was. You knew all about it from the first. And Bunter's deeper in it than either of us, because it was he who got Lonzy here and put the hedge-stake in the wild mania's hand! What did you get a thing like that for, Bunter? It hurt, I can tell you."

"Serve you right!" howled Bunter. "It would have served you right if it had jolly well killed you! Trying to sink out of it like this and put it on to me!"

"Settle it between you!" said Stott. "I'm not really in it. Why, I didn't know a thing about the hedge-stake or the red-ink gadget."

"You're not going to crawl out like that, Stott, and Wibley's not going to be allowed to sink out, you bet!" snapped Skinner. "Look here, are we going to hunt for that mad ass?"

"Can't! Gates will be shut in half a jiffy!" said Stott.

"Then we'd better make up our minds to say nothing about it to anybody!"

And they made up their minds to that bold and honourable course of action, though in their hearts they were all aware that the safest thing to do for Alonzo's sake was to hunt him up at once—or, if he could not be found, report the matter.

"They all felt more uneasy about what Wibley might do than about what might happen to Alonzo. The Duffer would creep back, they told one another; but it would be awkward for them if Wibley let out anything before he returned.

But the decisive factor in their immediate action was the certainty that if they did not hurry in they would find the gates closed.

Gosling was just about to look up as they entered.

"Wibley come in?" asked Stott. "Which 'e 'as. And which it's just as well for three more of you young lings as you come in this minute, 'cause another ten seconds would 'ave seed you shut out, an' then your names would be look!"

And Gosling looked rather disappointed that he was not able to report them as it was.

"I say, you fellows, I think I'll do my prep in your study," said Bunter, who feared questions in Study No. 7.

"You won't!" snapped Skinner. "That would be just the way to make Toddy suspicious. You cut off to your own kennel, and he for all you are dashed well worth!"

So Bunter slunk in and took his seat at the table and pulled his books towards him without a word.

"Seen Lonzy, Owl?" inquired Peter Todd.

"No; I'm not your silly cousin's keeper!" answered Bunter.

"You just reply civilly when I speak to you, or you'll get stumped again!" snapped Peter.

Half a dozen times during the next ten minutes he looked at the door, and his ears were always cocked for the sound of footsteps in the passage. But the door remained closed, and no footsteps came.

Then Tom Dutton looked up.

"Where's Lonzy?" he asked.

"I don't know; and the Porpoise says he doesn't!" growled Peter.

"Gone out for what purpose?" queried Dutton, with hand to ear.

"I don't know!" shouted Peter.

"Well, Bunter ought to. They went out together," said the deaf junior.

"Who says so?" demanded Bunter, changing colour.

"That's just the question. Where did you go?" said Tom.

"Didn't go anywhere!" roared Bunter. "I haven't seen Lonzy to-day, at least, not since classes."

"I believe you're lying, you fat oyster!"

"Really, Toddy, I think that's too bad! Why should I lie?"

"Pie! The pie was first chop," Dutton said. "Don't go telling me that made him ill!"

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Peter. "See here, Bunter! If anything's happened to Alonzo, I shall hold you guilty. He had cash; Dutton says you went out with him; he hasn't been seen since. Hang it all, chaps have been convicted on not much stronger evidence than that!"

The Owl trembled, and came very near confessing. But, much to his relief, both Peter and Dutton dried up then. After all, only a quarter of an hour or so of prep had gone, and they had no notion that anything worse than staying out of gates too long and getting reported when he came in could well happen to the Duffer.

In another study one fellow was more definitely uneasy than either of them. Wibley found it impossible to get on with his prep. He fidgeted and made false starts, and now and then he gave vent to something between a sigh and a groan. Wibley had a conscience, though he sometimes stifled its activity when some chance of playing a part came his way.

"What are you grunting about, Wib?" asked Dick Rake at length.

"Nothing—at least, nothing much. There's something I don't feel quite comfortable about. I'm going to speak to Wharton."

"Good notion, whatever!" said David Morgan. "Wharton will put you in the

right path, my son, and no charge for doing it, look you."

"Sure, what's the matter wid telling us?" inquired Micky Desmond.

But Wibley did not want to tell them. And he did not go straight to Wharton. He looked in first upon Skinner and Stott.

"Have you done anything about the Duffer?" he asked them bluntly.

"What liars you two are!" said Snoop. "You told me—"

"Just what we're going to tell Wib," Skinner interrupted him, with a wink at Wibley. "No, wo haven's, old top. We put it off, as you couldn't help us to-day."

But Wibley paid no heed to the winks. "Don't rot!" he snapped. "You claps are as hard as nails, but I'm dashed if I can stand the notion of that poor, soft ass bolting off thinking that he'd done you in, Skinner! There's no telling what mad thing he might do in his fear."

"So that's it, is it?" said Snoop. "I know by the faces of these two that there was something up, and I knew that they'd been plotting to put Alonzo through it. But that's 'oo thick for anything. If you don't tell some of the other fellows and do something to find him, I'll go to Wharton myself, Wibley." "Don't you worry, Snoop! I suppose I know the right thing to do as well as you do—what?"

The fact that Snoop should be indignant impressed Wibley; but he did not like Snoop, and he resented his butting in.

"Better have a look in at Study No. 7 first, hadn't you?" sneered Skinner. "The chances are you'll find the lost lamb in the fold again."

So Wibley looked in at Study No. 7. But at a glance he saw that Alonzo was not there, and he beckoned Peter out.

Peter was quick to grasp the salient points of a story. He did not ask questions about details of no importance. Within a minute and a half he and Wibley were at the door of Study No. 1.

Then Wibley, looking and feeling a good deal ashamed of himself, told his story at somewhat greater length.

"Well, I don't think it was just a friendly sort of thing for you to plot with Skinner against us," said Harry Wharton. "But that's not worth arguing about, though you might have known he'd do you down. The thing to settle at once is what we're going to do."

"I'm going out to look for Lonzy," Peter said at once.

"So are we, of course. What I mean is are we going on our own, or do we ask leave to go?"

"May not get it if we ask," Frank Nugent said.

"That's so. And I'm not willing to wait, anyway," answered Peter.

"You don't really think—"

"I don't know what to think, Wharton. But I know what to do—that's something."

"Bob and Johnny and Inky will come, of course," said Harry. "Cut and tell them, Frank."

"And Rake and Desmond and Morgan," Wibley said. "I'll go for them."

"And that will be enough, except for Dutton," Peter Todd said. "He must go. He thinks a heap of Lonzy—don't know why, I'm sure."

But Peter's troubled face seemed to show that he also thought a good deal of Lonzy. And Wharton found himself realising that he did, too.

"I don't know that I'm not partly to blame for this, Toddy," he said. "I put him up to the notion of bucking up more."

"Should say 'we,' not 'I,'" an-

swered Peter. "I helped you. But I'm not worrying about that. I don't fancy that it needed any thought of what you or I said to him to send Lonzy to the help of a girl in distress. I don't say he's a hero, but he wouldn't shirk then—poor old Duffer!"

Stealthy footsteps were heard in the passage, and the two left the study to join the expeditionary force.

All whose names had been suggested were there, with one more. Wibley had fetched Tom Dutton, and Bunter had insisted upon coming also.

They would rather have been without the Owl, but it was not safe to refuse his company. He was in such a state of terror at finding how seriously Peter and Wharton had taken the business that he might have gone straight to Mr. Quelch.

may be able to smuggle him in without anyone's tumbling to it that we've been out during prep, or that he's tried to bolt. We'll settle with Skinner if we can work it that way. But if Quelch and the Head have to settle with him it's the sack for Skinner, and Bunter and Stott as well, and it might go jolly near the sack for Wib, which wo certainly don't want, as though he's been in this bizney."

"Not sure I don't deserve it," muttered Wibley.

They made towards Friarisle, and met no one who mattered on the way.

Here and there a light shone from the windows of the cottages in the village, but there was no one in the street, and they could not well go from door to door inquiring for the lost lamb.



Through the gloom Alonzo caught sight of a girl in the grip of a ruffian. With the stout stick above his head he dashed in and smote. It fell on the bearded villain's head with a resounding thump and he went down to the ground.

(See Chapter 5.)

So, twelve strong—or eleven strong and one weak; for Bunter was hardly an addition of strength they stole downstairs, and made their way out by a door near the kitchen, and slipped across the quad in the darkness.

Bunter had to be helped over the wall, and tumbled on the top of Desmond on the further side. Bunter appeared to think it lucky that Desmond was there to break his fall, but Micky's views were not just like Bunter's.

"Begorra, of all the fat, clumsy asses, you're the worst, Bunter!" he snorted. "But, faith, there's one thing I'm after being thankful for, an' that is that you're sure to hang for what you've done this night!"

"Oh, I say, Desmond, you don't think that—"

"Shut up, porpoise!" snapped Peter. Then Peter addressed the crowd.

"Don't go making a silly row and getting caught, you chaps?" he said earnestly. "If we can find Lonzy we

"We'd better split up, I think," said Wharton. "Someone ought to go to the station and ask; then we must take different ways."

He and Peter went to the station, though without much hope, for there had been no train either way since Alonzo's flight.

Nothing had been seen of him at the station. They hunted through the premises, including the goods shed, thinking he might have hidden himself till a train was due.

But they did not find him, and a few minutes later Peter Todd, Tom Dutton, Inky, and Johnny Bull took one road, Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Bunter another, and Wibley, Rake, Desmond, and Morgan a third, with an understanding that they should all be back at Friarisle within an hour.

They did not guess that they were leaving Lonzy behind them.

It had not occurred to them to inquire of P.-c. Tozer. They had the lowest possible opinion of the activity and intelligence of that arm of the law, and, well as they knew what weird things Alonzo was capable of doing, they never imagined that he would do what he had done.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

No Criminal, but a Hero!

WHEN Alonzo bolted there was no definite plan of action in his mind.

He had no doubt that he had killed Skinner, and his brain, not the best balanced of brains at any time, was in a positive whirl.

He had not meant to do it. That, at least, was clear to him. He had not guessed that it was Skinner; the blow had been aimed at some unknown ruffian.

But it must have been struck with fearful force—with murderous force! Alonzo found himself feeling his puny biceps, and marvelling that there should have been such strength in them.

He had no notion of the essential difference of degree in guilt between such a blow as he had struck, and that of one who meant to kill, even when death was the result. No jury would have called what he had done worse than manslaughter, at the utmost; but to poor Longy it was murder.

If the conspirators could have known the terrible trouble that seethed in his simple, muddled mind as he fled, even Skinner, with all his cynicism, and Stott, with all his callousness, would have pitied him, while Bunter, whose feelings could be worked upon sometimes, would have blubbered outright.

He had killed Skinner! He could not go back to Greyfriars, that was certain. But where could he go?

Even Uncle Benjamin must repudiate him after a deed like this. And what was the use of thinking that he could flee from its consequences? Wherever he went he would be hunted down, brought

back to stand his trial, and then hanged, or, anyway, sent to prison for life!

Lonzy stopped, panting for breath, his heart beating wildly.

Then, into his agonised mind came a thought that somehow steadied it at once—a resolution that many fellows held far more courageous than he might not have had the pluck to make.

For Alonzo, not so short of physical courage as many thought him, had a bigger store of moral courage than most fellows.

He would go and give himself up! There should be no attempt to shirk the consequences of what he had done. No one should be put to needless trouble on his account.

So when P.-c. Tozer came to answer the door of his cottage, with its label of "police station" outside alone marking it out from the other cottages near, his goggling optics saw a wild-eyed, haggard, pale-faced youth whom he did not recognise for a moment.

"I—I have come to give myself up for—murder!" gasped Alonzo.

"Eh? What?" rumbled P.-c. Tozer. "Ere, none of your larks, young fellow! I'm an old 'and, I am, an' not to be took in so easy as all that."

"I regret exceedingly to state that I am telling the literal truth," faltered the Duffer, clutching at the doorway for support.

"Well, I must say as you looks as though it might be so, Master Todd," replied Tozer, puffing out his chest at the thought of a case as important as this must be if Alonzo was indeed speaking truly, yet not without pity for the boy.

"It is so! I have killed Skinner!" "That's a bad! That's very bad!" said Tozer. "Still, it might 'ave been worse. You might 'ave killed a reedly nice young gent, which Master Skinner never was'n, though far from me be it to speak evil of the dead. Len'wards, beyond what should be said in common fairness to all parties."

But Alonzo was beyond drawing consolation from the theory that his victim would be missed less than others might have been.

"'Ow did it 'appen?" asked Tozer.

"They were playing a trick on me, I didn't know it was Skinner; he had a false beard on. Bunter, that is, someone gave me a heavy stake, and I hit him on the head with it. He dropped, his face all covered with blood, and he never stirred again."

There were better brains in the Kent Constabulary than that of P.-c. Tozer; but Tozer was not a complete fool, and there were points about Alonzo's story that made him wonder whether any killing had really been done. He was aware of Skinner's artfulness, and if there had been a trick upon this boy it was more than likely that it had been carried farther than he suspected.

"Ho!" said the constable. "That's bad, that is, an' yet I wou'd be the one to say as it might not be v'uss. You come right in, Master Todd, an' we'll ear a bit more about it."

"You will have to lock me up, of course, Mr. Tozer," said Alonzo tremulously. "I shall not resist, even if you want to put the handcuffs on me. I am not going to give any trouble."

"An' a very right an' proper frame of mind, Master Todd—very creditable to you, I'm sure. But as for lockin' of you up, the bit of a place as I've got for such doin's sin't what I should call fit for a young gent. Leave alone as you'd perish with cold in it on a night like this. You've passed me your word not to give trouble, an' I take it as between man an' man, as you might say."

"You're very good, Mr. Tozer!" Alonzo answered faintly.

And Tozer really was very good. He took the Duffer into a rather close little sitting-room, with a big family Bible on the little table by the window, and a glass case of wax fruit on the larger table in the middle, put a match to the fire, and then went out into the kitchen to speak to his wife.

Tozer came in again, and asked Alonzo just where the crime had been committed. He was told, and he put on his tunic, buckled his belt round his ample corporation, and faded out of the front door without Alonzo's knowing that he had gone.

The Duffer sat by the table, with his head on his arms, and his burning brow right up against the cold glass of the case containing the wax flowers, half in a stupor, when—whether a minute later or an hour, he could not have told—someone stole in, and a plump, kindly hand was laid on his shoulder.

"You just drink this, Master Todd. 'Twill do you good!" said Mrs. Tozer, indicating a big cup of steaming tea.

Alonzo drank, and found that it did him good. But then he buried his face in his hands and murmured:

"You wouldn't be so good to me if you knew what I'd done, Mrs. Tozer!"

"Oh, wouldn't I, then? As if I didn't know you never meant for to do it! Why, Master Todd, there's no more harm in you than in a now-born baby!"

That was comfort, too. Alonzo began to realise that he would be judged partly by his intentions, which had certainly not been to kill Skinner.

But when Mrs. Tozer stole out again his head went back on his arms, and big tears dropped on the tablecloth.

Anyone but P.-c. Tozer would have been back within half an hour with glad tidings for the Duffer. But Tozer, when he could find no body, did not quite know what to do. If it was a hoax he had no desire to report it, not because he wanted to spare Skinner, but because he remembered various other occasions when he had been hoaxed by Greyfriars juniors, and had had very unflattering

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SPORT TOPICS.

A Page of Interest to All Sportsmen - - - - - By "SPECTATOR."

FOOTBALL.

The anticipated northern section of the Third Division has been agreed upon at last by the Football Association. Thus the great winter game will hold an additional interest as from season 1921-22. Many a good northern club, which up to the present time have only figured in the minor leagues, will now be well to the fore. That this new venture will prove a success, goes without saying. But, with the forming of this section, the southern section will have to suffer to some extent. From next season onwards, their membership will consist of twenty clubs only. Two clubs will therefore be compelled to drop out, and those two will, I expect, be those finishing this season in the twenty-first and twenty-second place respectively. There seems no hope for Gillingham, for the Kentish club are certainly in a sorry plight. Let it be said, they play good football, but always find the opposition a trifle beyond their weight. Brentford and Southend United are fighting hard to avoid the twenty-second place. One must fall, and that one I think will be the "Bees." Southend are good enough to escape, I am sure.

At present there is a word to say in favour of Gillingham, Brentford, or Southend. The club finishing at the top of the Third Division this season, is to be promoted into the Second Division and Grimsby Town will certainly be elected to the Northern Section at the same time. This will leave the necessary twenty clubs for the southern section of the Third Division; but then, again, Aberdeen, one of the oldest Association clubs in Wales, has been applying for a place in this section. If the Welshmen come in, and it would be a great surprise if they failed to secure election, good-bye to Gillingham! There is also the possibility of the bottom club of the Second Division being relegated to the southern section, then another club must go—Brentford or Southend. Yet another club desiring election to this southern section is Charlton Athletic.

Well, it all seems to be a horrible muddle, but the Football Association will settle it all. Next season will certainly find some drastic changes made in the southern section of the Third Division. The old Southern Leaguers have no say in the matter, as they are under the control of the Football League, and sooner or later some of the clubs will realise that they made a bad bargain when placing themselves in the hands of the League. Gillingham will be one of the very first to find this out. The Football League are undoubtedly out to make the two sections of the Third Division as strong as they possibly can, and the weaklings will have to drop out for the stronger. This is all that can be said about the matter for the time being.

Although Burnley failed in their bid for the double—the League Championship and the English Cup—there seems every prospect that Glasgow Rangers will succeed in bagging both the Scottish League Championship and the Scottish Cup. Up to, and including March 5th, the record in the League was as follows:

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals	Pts.
					for agst.
32	29	2.	1	80	19
					60

This is indeed splendid, and can still be improved upon during their remaining ten games. The one and only match that they had lost was to their nearest neighbours for League honours, Celtic. The latter club, holding second position in the table with 54 points, have also done remarkably well, but they received a very nasty set-back when they were put out of the Cup competition in the Fourth Round by Heart of Midlothian.

CRICKET.

When the Selection Committee meet to decide upon the team which will represent England in the Test Matches this coming cricket season, there is little doubt that St. Barnes of Staffordshire will be brought in as a first choice as regards the bowling strength. They should also consider J. C. White of Somerset for this department, for he always proves himself to be a very capable man with the ball, and a trial would certainly not do much harm when seeking for the best available talent.

I therefore suggest that the following players might be included with advantage with the present M.C.C. representatives to come before the committee for consideration for the honours:

1. D. J. Knight (Surrey).
2. Sandham (Surrey).
3. P. Mead (Hants).
4. Holmes (Yorkshire).
5. G. Gunn (Notts).
6. R. Spooner (Leics).
7. Dipper (Gloucester).
8. V. C. W. Jupp (Sussex).
9. Hubble (Kent).
10. J. C. White (Somerset).
11. S. Barnes (Staffs).
12. G. T. S. Stevens (Middlesex).
13. M. Falcon (Norfolk).

The first six of my suggested players are excellent bats, and are always to be relied upon to do their very best.

Dipper and Jupp can bat and bowl. Hubble is a wicket-keeper who makes a good score on nearly every visit he makes to the wicket. And the remainder—bowlers well to the fore in the averages at the close of a cricket season in this country.

A word about batting and bowling averages in the Test Matches may not come amiss. Five Australians came out with figures better than our best man—Jack Hobbs. It seems incredible, but nevertheless quite true. Hobbs scored 505 runs in nine innings—average 56.11; J. W. H. T. Douglas second with 544 runs in ten innings, one being not out—average 58.22. The bowling averages I will not put down; suffice to say that our best would be something like 15. Parking, bowling in all five matches, took sixty-six wickets; whilst P. G. H. Fender, the Surrey amateur, playing in only three matches, took twelve wickets.

It is only a few weeks now to the opening of our cricket season, and preparations for the game are being rapidly made by professional and amateur clubs. King Cricket will soon be the order of the day. I have already been asked as to the club I think will gain this season's championship. A little too previous to make a definite decision—the best of clubs can fail most horribly! This has been proved on many an occasion. I hinted Tottenham Hotspurs to win the English Cup at football; I will therefore make another bold hint and mention Middlesex to again emerge from the competition as victors in the 1920—championship. Middlesex are a splendid side, and in spite of the fact that they will not have P. F. Warner to lead them again, they are sure to give the rest of the counties a hard fight for the honours.

BOXING.

Except for a few minor bouts, boxing has eased up considerably during the last few months. The Dempsey-Carpenter fight is as far off as it was when the Frenchman defeated our champion, Joe Beckett, last year, and there seems very little hope of it taking place in the near future. Meanwhile Jack Dempsey is seriously considering whether a trip to England would benefit him in any way. Such a trip, if he made it, I am sure would be a success, and then probably some arrangement could be made whilst he is here for the big fight which so many boxing enthusiasts have set their hearts upon witnessing.

Jimmy Wilde, the world's fly-weight champion, it is rumoured, may retire from the Ring after he has met Jim Higgins, the bantam-weight champion of Great Britain. Wilde now finds training too arduous, and probably because it has become irksome to him after so many years of it.

Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that he will not give the game up altogether yet awhile. Jimmy gets along quite well with the public, and together with Billy Wells, must be placed first and foremost as a boxer whose fights they have taken the greatest interest in.

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THE "SARAH JANE" MYSTERY.

A Splendid Complete Story of Herlock Sholmes, Detective.

By PETER TODD.

AS I emerged from the coal-cellar, I bumped my cranium against the angular frame of Herlock Sholmes.

"Ah, experimenting again, I perceive, my dear Jotson," said the great detective, "Have you yet succeeded in tracking the elixir of life to its lair?"

"I gazed at my old friend in amazement. By what means he had deduced that I had been using the cellar for my scientific experiments, I could not imagine. Never had a word fallen from my lips about the important research work I had been conducting.

Herlock Sholmes, by his marvellous 'psychical power,' detected the question which was framing itself in my mind.

"So you are astonished to find me so cognizant of your affairs, my dear Jotson?" he said. "When, however, a reputable medical practitioner descends into the solitude of the coal-hole night after night, carrying a lantern, notebooks, bottles of chemicals, Bunsen-burners, dead guinea-pigs, rabbit corpses, and the skeletons of sundry haddock, I am forced to the conclusion he is engaged upon some scientific experiment. The fact that your face has failed to turn the milk sour for the last few days tells me that you have achieved a measure of success." "Wonderful, my dear Sholmes!" I exclaimed. "The success I have achieved is beyond my wildest dreams. By grafting the wish-bone of a rabbit on to the apex of the left collar-bone, and taking three drams daily of a potion dispensed with equal portions of bromide, hyppo, and oil of haddock, a tremendous increase in vitality can be effected. A grafted monkey gland is not in it!"

"And you have tried this interesting experiment on yourself, my dear Jotson?" asked Sholmes curiously. "I have," I replied excitedly, "and I feel that I could push a bus over!"

Herlock Sholmes was silent and pre-occupied as he led the way up from the basement to our apartments. Once in his study with his ornate cocaine cask at his elbow, however, he evinced the greatest interest in my scientific discovery.

"You really feel that your youth and strength has been renewed, my dear Jotson?"

"In the most remarkable manner, Sholmes," I replied. "I feel that I could lift one of Mrs. Spudson's plum-cakes with my one hand—that I could knock Joe Beckett through the roof of the Albert Hall!"

"Ah," cried Sholmes, "then I am going to crave your valued assistance in a case I have on hand! In your college days you were the champion boxer at the Sawbones Academy. Now you have renewed your youth and strength, you could put up a good scrap with anyone of your own weight?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied, wondering what request my amazing friend was about to make of me.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Sholmes. "To-day, while you were out signing the death certificates for some of your patients, a deputation, consisting of

members of the Metropolitan Hospital Boards, called on me. Those gentlemen wish me to investigate the cause of the inconvenient overcrowding of the hospital in the East End at present with fly-bitten pugilists suffering from fractured jaws. They know the irremediable cause—a little pug, known as Tornado Tishbite, who has rapidly come to the fore. He has put it across each of these unfortunates with what he playfully calls his 'Sarah Jane'—a swinging right upper-cut to the point. But the amazing circumstance is that this little fellow of about half your own weight, my dear Jotson, can so put over knock-outs with the padded mitt as to suggest that a sledge-hammer has been used. At present no more boxers can be found to enter the ring with this miniature human hurricane, whom I am



He regarded me sorrowfully for a moment—then his fist swung slowly back.

very anxious to see in action. Now I propose that you should fill the gap made by the 'Tornado' Sarah Jane.

"The Tornado has a private ring at his training quarters in the Mile End Road, where he entertains his friends. Anyone going there may have the privilege of a round or two with him. Remember, he is only half your weight, and that you will only indulge in love-pats. Never let it be said that Jotson deserted his old friend in the hour of his need."

After that pathetic appeal, I reluctantly agreed to Sholmes' proposal. In high glee, my amazing friend set off to arrange the friendly bout with Tornado Tishbite, the proprietor of Sarah Jane.

Two evenings later Herlock Sholmes hooked his stick in my ear and led me to the Tornado's training quarters, which were situated conveniently near the Mile End Accident Hospital. To my surprise, quite a large gathering of well-dressed gentlemen with prominent white shirt fronts and red nasal organs, were seated round a roped-in arena, over which arc-lights were suspended. On my appearing there was some whispering among the audience, and a round of cheering broke out.

With a dressing-gown thrown over my vest and shorts, I entered the ring. Cheers greeted me, and these were renewed when a diminutive man, wearing white bandages on his hands, leapt lightly through the ropes. It was the 'Tishbite of Sarah Jane fame!'

Another quail of apprehension possessed me. I did not like the look of those business-like bandages, neither did I like the attitude of my second, Herlock Sholmes. He was standing by in my corner with revivers, in the shape of a bucket and a hose-pipe. A referee entered the ring and introduced me and the 'Tishbite. Sholmes then watched Tishbite draw on his gloves, while the Tornado's second viewed the same operation in my corner.

"Time!" Bearing well in mind that it was but to be a friendly bout, with love-pats the order of the night, I stepped nobly forward to the centre of the ring. As first I proceeded cautiously, and although I landed some straight lefts and crooked rights, he seemed to bear me no ill-will. He took my face affectionately between his gloved hands and regarded it more in sorrow than in anger for a moment or two. Then his right hand swung slowly back. I followed it with fascinated eye. Next moment an earthquake hit me under the chin, and I described a graceful somersault backwards through the air. As I groped my way through a million dazzling stars and comets to blissful oblivion, a roar of voices burst forth into a delighted exclamation: "Sarah Jane!"

No sooner was I reclining on my back than Herlock Sholmes leaped through the ropes, hose-pipe in hand. He turned the nozzle in the direction of my face and made a signal for the water to be switched on. But, even as the water spouted out in a stream, to the astonishment of all Sholmes switched the hose full on to the 'Tishbite's boxing-gloves. Immediately the water splashing from the gloves became discoloured with some greivish substance. Sholmes dropped the hose-pipe, which played morrily over the select audience, and snapped a pair of handcuffs over the 'Tishbite's wrists.

"Tornado Tishbite," he said, "I shall give you in charge for intent to do grievous bodily harm to my unfortunate colleague!"

A moment later Inspector Pickney, disguised as a gentleman, stepped into the ring and arrested the cowed pugilist.

All this I learnt whilst reclining in the Mile End Accident Hospital with my jaw in splints. Herlock Sholmes narrated the story with great gusto.

"All along I suspected Tishbite had something up his sleeve—or, rather, in his glove!" he said. "Formerly one of his seconds was a conjurer by profession, and after the Tornado's gloves had been examined before a bout, this man contrived to introduce some plaster of Paris into the mitts. Then, on the pretext of having a drink, the boxer would pour a little water into his gloves, thus causing the plaster of Paris to set into a solid lump. An old trick of the third-class ring, my dear Jotson, but a stream of water from my hose-pipe speedily revealed the presence of the substance in the gloves. But to you, Jotty, belongs the main credit for bringing the unscrupulous 'Tishbite' to book. You performed your part admirably!"

With a loud groan I turned my battered physiognomy to the wall.

THE END.

"WAKING UP ALONZO!"

(Continued from page 12.)

things said to him by the Head and Mr. Quelch.

He wandered round with a bullseye lantern, looking for clues, and wasted thirty or forty minutes thus before the bright idea of questioning Gosling occurred to him.

But it is only due to him to say that when he had learned from Gosling that Skinner was not dead—"was luck!" said Gosling—he really did put his best foot foremost on the return journey.

Just as he reached the outskirts of the village he became aware of a smell of burning, and heard the cry "Fire!"

Then he ran, and the gait of his him was like unto the gait of an elephant.

He saw that the fire was close to his own cottage, and had a wild notion that Lonzy, gone stark mad, had set fire to it.

No, it was his next-door neighbour's—Mrs. Bell, an elderly widow, who lived alone, except for three cats and a dog.

As Tozer came panting up he heard a shriek of agonised entreaty.

"Molly! Oh dear! Molly's shut in the kitchen! Go get her out, someone, I do pray!"

Then Tozer saw a lean, light-haired figure rush into the burning cottage.

The flames had not yet attained any considerable hold yet, but there was quite a lot of smoke, and enough fire to frighten off all but Alonzo.

Others there might have gone but that they knew Molly to be the widow's favourite cat. But Alonzo did not know that. He thought he was going to the rescue of a child. And perhaps he might have gone had he known, for there was in his mind a wild thought that it would be far better to die in the flames than to be hanged or imprisoned for life.

"Come back!" roared somebody. "Tain't nothin' but a cat!"

But Alonzo did not hear that. And it was more than a cat.

The expeditionary force on its return was just in time to see Lonzy stumble out of the burning cottage, sooty and a little singed, but not really burned, with a cradle in his arms, and in that cradle Molly—Mrs. Bell's black-and-white cat and her six black-and-white kittens.

"I—I couldn't see any little girl!" gasped the Duffer.

"There ain't no little girl!" puffed Tozer.

"That's Molly!" shrieked the widow. "Oh, you brave, noble young gentleman!"

"I hope I've got all the kittens," said Alonzo. "I had to chase them a bit. But the old cat was very sensible."

Then he thrust the cradle into the arms of Mrs. Bell, and dropped fainting at her feet.

It was Peter who picked him up, and Peter's and Harry Wharton's were the first faces he saw when he opened his eyes in what a few words made seem to him a world made new.

"Skinner's not really hurt, you silly clump!" said Peter. "It was all a rotten trick!"

"Not hurt? Then—then—"

"Don't go off again, Louzy, old chap!" pleaded Wibley. "The people want to give you a cheer. You're a blessed hero, you know. You really are. And—and I say, Lonzy, old chap, I'm no end sorry I had anything to do with taking you in! I wouldn't have if I'd known it was you."

"I accept your apologies, my dear Wibley, and I am sure that in what you did you were actuated by no malevolent motive, though I regret exceedingly to say that I cannot believe that Skinner was equally innocent."

"Come along, Lonzy!" said Bob Cherry, taking the hero by the arm. "You mustn't talk too much; you'll tire yourself, you know. And you've got to brace up for an interview with the Head. You can't get out of that."

"But, my dear Cherry, as Skinner is not dead—not seriously hurt, you say—"

"Not half as much hurt as he deserves to be!" growled Johnny Bull. "Why didn't you hit him harder, Duffer?"

"Surely it will not be necessary that the Head should be told anything about it?" asked Alonzo tremulously. "I am afraid he will be annoyed with me."

"But you're a giddy hero, old top! You'll be in the local papers this week. They'll very likely come to you for a portrait," said Frank Nugent.

Alonzo beamed. "I think I should like to see my name in the papers," he said simply. "It is almost a pity that it wasn't a little girl, instead of a cat and kittens, isn't it? But perhaps she would have kicked when I picked her up, and I might have dropped her."

"You are wandering from the subject, which is the interview with the Head that we've all got to face," Wharton reminded them.

"But it is absolutely necessary, my dear Wharton? Are you sure that the Head reads the local papers? Or perhaps it could be kept out; though I really should like to see my name in print; and if they want a photo they are quite welcome to one."

"I'm jolly sure that, one way or

another, the Head is bound to hear about this," replied Wharton.

"The real question is whether he's got to hear about what Skinner and this fat worm did," Peter Todd said.

"I didn't! It wasn't me, Toddy—really it wasn't! It was all Skinner's fault. I don't mind the Head knowing about Skinner. Really, I think that cad ought to be sacked!"

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Was there ever such a chap for standing by a pal as Bunty?"

"How are we to keep it dark?" inquired Wharton doubtfully. "I don't want Skinner—or anybody—sacked, of course. But I'm not going to tell lies about it."

"I should not mind the Head being allowed to suppose that I had broken bounds to go to the village, and that you fellows had come to look for me," suggested Alonzo. "I could not, of course, tell him a direct lie, because that would be against my conscience. But—"

"That's the ticket!" cried Peter. "You've only got to look your own silly self, and it will go all right. If you don't mention Skinner, no one else is going to. But the Head will drop on to you for wandering off that way, unless he takes the correct view that you're more than half potty, and not respectable."

"That's no sort of way to talk to a pukka hero, Toddy," said Frank Nugent reprovingly.

"A chap may be a hero, and a silly ass, too," answered Peter. "I'm not denying that Lonzy's a hero, but I'd jolly well like to see the fellow who would deny that he's a silly ass."

And so it was settled; and as it chanced the Head was not brought into it at all that night. He happened to have gone out to dinner; and it was Mr. Quelch who saw them, having already discovered their absence. Mr. Quelch, who looked upon Alonzo as little better than half-witted, anyway, had mercy upon him, and did not ask many questions. He congratulated him upon the courage he had shown, gave him two hundred lines for being in a position to show it, and then dealt with the rest—not too severely.

And, later, the rest dealt with Skinner and Bunter and Stott—not too severely, either, as they saw it. But the guilty three saw it otherwise.

THE END.

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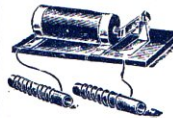


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