

THE PAPER FOR MANLY BOYS!

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The MAGNET

2^d

EVERY SATURDAY.

'NAP'
TO THE
RESCUE!

A dramatic illustration in shades of brown, black, and white. In the foreground, a vintage car is shown from a high angle, having rolled over onto its side. The car's wheels and body are visible, with some motion lines suggesting a recent crash. In the background, a man in a dark suit is leaning over the side of the car, his hand reaching towards another man who is lying on the ground. The man on the ground is also in a dark suit and appears to be in a state of distress or unconsciousness. The background is filled with vertical, brush-like strokes, creating a sense of movement and chaos. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century pulp magazine illustrations.

AMAZING NEW BOY AT GREYFRIARS!

Nap's groping hand closed over an arm and, with all his remaining strength, the plucky lad pulled! (Don't miss the intriguing story of Harry Wharton & Co. in this issue.)



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Always glad to hear from you, chums, so drop me a line to the following address: The Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THERE'S a big pile of letters on my desk to be answered in this week's chat, but, just before I tackle them, let's get into a good mood by laughing at this limerick which earns a leather pocket wallet for Miss M. Hayes, 5, Ward Street, St. Helens, Lancs.

"Hurrah!" chirruped Bunter with glee.
"My remittance has come, chaps, you see!"
"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped Bob Cherry,
"It's remarkable—very!"
And collapsed on old Mauly's settee.

Now we'll get down to work! The first query comes from "A Maghetite" who wants to know if there is

A MOUTH-ORGAN BAND

travelling about the country. Some little time ago there was such a band appearing in this country, but I believe it was a Continental band, and has now gone back to its own country. My reader also wants to know where a real good mouth-organ—not a toy—can be bought. Any good music dealer will be able to supply him. Of course they do not keep very expensive mouth-organs in stock, for there is not much demand for them, but they will always be pleased to order one for you. If my chum cannot get what he requires locally, he should write to one of the large London stores, and he will find no difficulty in getting his requirements met.

Another reader asks me the meaning of "Adsum," which, he says, he cannot find in his dictionary. Adsum is a Latin word, meaning: "I am present," and my reader will find it in Cassell's Concise English Dictionary, given in their list of foreign words and phrases in English use.

As you fellows know, I am always open to criticism, and I like my readers to tell me if there is anything they think will improve this paper of ours. Consequently, I was pleased to get a letter from a reader who signs himself

"A CANDID CRITIC."

He says that he thinks too much mention has been made of Billy Bunter and Coker, and he wants to hear more about the lesser lights of the Remove. Well, I can assure him that Frank Richards hasn't forgotten the other fellows, and you will find them figuring prominently in our future stories. So "A Candid Critic" and his friends can look forward to some really topping yarns. Don't forget, any of you, that I am always ready to receive and welcome suggestions such as this, and if you want to hear something about any particular character at Greyfriars, you have only to ask, and I will see what can be done!

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THE next few queries will have to be dealt with by "Mr. X.," so while I am waiting for his replies, here is a joke that ought to raise a smile.

It comes from Laurence Humphrys, School House, Willow Grove, Chislehurst, Kent, who gets a pocket-knife for it.

OVERDONE!

Critic: "You have made your hero too hot-headed, I'm afraid."

Budding Author: "How do you mean?"

Critic: "Well, he has a lantern jaw to begin with.

Again, his whole face lit up. Later, his cheeks flamed and he gave a burning glance. Then, blazing with wrath and boiling with rage, he administered a scorching rebuke!"



Leslie McIntyre, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is interested in the thought-reading tricks which "Mr. X." explained some little time ago. But Leslie saw a similar exhibition in which the thought-reader allowed someone else to point out objects, and the man on the stage had his back to the audience, and was also blindfold. Leslie wants to know how this was managed.

Well, it doesn't really matter whether the thought-reader's assistant speaks to the man on the stage or to someone in the audience—so long as the man on the stage can hear what is said. Suppose the thought-reader's assistant asks a boy in the audience to point to something, and the boy points to a handbag. The thought-reader's assistant can say to the boy: "Ask him what it is yourself!" and the man on the stage knows by those words—which are addressed to the boy—what the object is.

For a watch the assistant might say: "You ask him!" and these words convey the object. He can say all sorts of things, such as: "Wait a moment while I light my cigarette," and this could easily mean, "A railway ticket," or something similar.

Naturally, all thought-readers work out their own private code, otherwise their rivals would steal their ideas. And, by constant practice, the thought-reader and his companion can evolve such a code that it seems almost miraculous—like the famous Zanzigs, who puzzled the world until enterprising journalists, like "Mr. X." discovered how it was done!

SEND ALONG YOUR JOKE OR YOUR GREYFRIARS LIMERICK—OR BOTH—AND WIN OUR USEFUL PRIZES OF LEATHER POCKET WALLETS AND SHEFFIELD STEEL PENKNIVES. ALL EFFORTS TO BE SENT TO c/o "MAGNET," 5, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4 (COMP.).

Several readers have written to ask how

THE MYSTERIOUS WATER

trick is done. One form of it was explained in these pages a little while ago, but there is a more elaborate manner of doing it. For instance, John H. Brooks, of Highbury, London, says he saw a conjurer who poured ordinary water from a glass jug into various wine-glasses, and produced whisky, brandy, milk, lemonade, claret, burgundy, etc.

In this case the various glasses had, most probably, secreted in them a minute

quantity of aniline dye, mixed with glycerine to make it readily soluble, and the water was slightly warm. Aniline dyes can be obtained in all shades and colours, thus making it easy to "fake" any liquid. John says the conjurer tasted each liquid! Well, a professional conjurer can do what he likes, but I most certainly wouldn't ruin my stomach by sipping aniline dyes—and on no account must you fellows! Your stomachs wouldn't take kindly to it!

THAT'S enough of "Mr. X." for this week! He'll get through all your queries in time! Now I'll have a look at my diary.

The 10th and the 11th of March were notable dates in the Great War, for, on the former, in 1915, the Battle of Neuve Chapelle commenced, and on the latter, in 1917, Bagdad was captured. Previous to that, the Turks had held Bagdad since the year 1688.

On the 14th March, 1757, an unprecedented thing happened in the British Navy, for an Admiral was shot for neglect of duty. This was Admiral John Byng, who was accused of shirking an engagement with the enemy off Minorca. Needless to say, such things don't happen nowadays!

There's just space for

ONE MORE QUESTION

and then I'll tell you what we have in store for next week. This last question comes from Harry Harford, of Kenton, who wants to know exactly how many "declarations of war" were actually made during the Great War. There were nineteen all told, the first occurring on July 28th, 1914, when Austria declared war on Serbia, and the last was on September 1st, 1916, when Bulgaria declared war against Roumania.

Your old friend William Wibley is very much in the limelight next week in Frank Richards' fine, long complete Greyfriars yarn, which is entitled:

"GREASE-PAINT WIBLEY!"

You'll find this a real tip-top story, and you'll be sorry if you miss it. So, if you haven't already taken my oft-given advice, and ordered your copy in advance, you'd better do so without further delay!

Our serial—

"FOR THE GLORY OF FRANCE!"

gets better and better every week, does it not? Next week's instalment is a real "corker," and you'll enjoy every line of it.

Then comes No. 2 in our series of MAGNET "Talkies." You enjoyed the first "talkie" didn't you? Well, the second one is even better. To complete this bumper programme there will be our usual "footer" feature and another brilliant poem by the Greyfriars rhymester, this time dealing with Lord Mauleverer, the slacker of the Remove.

YOUR EDITOR.

'NAP'



OF THE REMOVE!



By
FRANK RICHARDS

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Coker on the Warpath!

"**BUNTER!**" Horace Coker glared ferociously as he bellowed the name.

"Bunter! Come here, you young scoundrel!"

But the only answer to Horace Coker's invitation was the echo of his voice.

Coker's rugged face assumed an almost diabolical expression. He tramped along the Remove passage at Greyfriars muttering all manner of threats on the devoted head of William George Bunter.

It was a half holiday at Greyfriars, and most of the fellows were out of doors watching George Wingate and his merry men fighting a titanic football struggle with the First Eleven from St. Jim's.

According to Coker, what was wanted in the Greyfriars eleven to ensure a certain victory for the school was the presence of Horace Coker of the Fifth. Wingate, however, had turned down the services of Horace Coker unceremoniously; in fact, he had intimated that the presence of Coker in the Greyfriars eleven would ensure victory for St. Jim's. Furthermore, he had said with refreshing candour that what Coker didn't know about football would fill all the volumes in the library of the British Museum, and then some.

Thereafter, Horace Coker had felt a very much-maligned and unappreciated person, and certainly in no state of mind to watch the Greyfriars team lose to Kildare and his men from St. Jim's through Wingate's folly in excluding the

finest player from the side—namely, Horace Coker of the Fifth. So with feelings too deep for words Coker had repaired to his study to read the "Holiday Annual."

It was then that William George Bunter had added to Coker's woes of the afternoon.

Bunter, who prided himself on knowing everything that went on at Greyfriars, had discovered that Coker had received a handsome plum cake that morning from his doting aunt Judy. And plum cakes, especially those of the variety that Aunt Judy sent to her nephew, was one of the Owl of the Remove's many weaknesses.

Coker had decided to keep that plum cake for tea.

A unique school story featuring Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, and a new boy whose identity will come as a surprise to you.

Billy Bunter had decided to sample Coker's cake long before tea.

He had watched Horace Coker leave the House after dinner, and had then rolled along to the Fifth Form passage on a visit of exploration.

Coker's study was empty.

In a very few moments Billy Bunter was sampling Coker's plum cake at a great rate.

"This is prime," muttered the fat junior. "Aunt Judy is an old frump in many ways, but she does know how to make a plum cake."

And the cake grew beautifully less.

But we are told of old that after the feast comes the reckoning, and in this

case the reckoning came in the shape of Horace Coker's hefty boot smiting the nether garments of William George Bunter just as that amiable individual was preparing to demolish the last piece of what had once been Horace Coker's plum cake.

"You young rotter!" roared Coker, with a face almost homicidal in its expression. "You—you—you—"

Words seemed to fail the burly Fifth-Former, but actions didn't. His right foot swept back for another hefty kick on the podgy person of Billy Bunter.

It swept back and it swept forward, and in that second Billy Bunter acted.

'Agility was not Bunter's forte, but his terror and the ferocious expression on the face of Horace Coker caused him to move as if he were governed by a spring.

Coker's foot missed Bunter by the fraction of an inch as the fat junior jumped aside, and such was the momentum of that hefty kick that it threw Coker off his balance, with the result that he landed on the study carpet with a bump that shook every bone in his body.

"Yarooooh!"

"Oh dear!"

Billy Bunter blinked down on the fallen Fifth-Former with a fat and terrified face.

"Groooough!" gasped Coker. "I'll burst you! Yoop! I'll skin you alive!"

It was not surprising, therefore, that William George Bunter decided to make himself scarce while the going was good. Quaking like a fat jelly he rolled round the study table and bolted for the door.

"Stop!" roared Coker. "Come here, you fat rotter! I'll skin you!"

But Bunter heard and heeded not. Obtuse as he was, the Owl of the Remove realised that the company of Horace Coker at that moment was decidedly dangerous.

Bunter scuttled down the Fifth Form passage like a startled rabbit, with Coker's powerful voice, raised on high, dinning in his ears.

"Stop!"

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Coker scrambled to his feet and rushed to the door of the study just in time to see Billy Bunter disappear round the end of the passage.

In a moment the Fifth-Former was racing in hot pursuit.

Puffing like a grampus Billy Bunter tore on, his fat little legs fairly twinkling. Where he was going he was not quite clear. One thing was uppermost in his fat mind and that was to put as much distance between himself and Horace Coker as was possible.

"Stop!"

Coker's booming voice, and Coker's heavy footsteps seemed to be getting nearer.

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter. "The awful beast!"

He paused for the fraction of a second at the junction of the Fifth Form passage and Masters' corridor, undecided as to which opened up the better possibility of escape from the raging Coker.

"Bunter!"

Coker's booming voice spurred Bunter into activity again, and the fat junior bolted along Masters' corridor. At the end of the corridor Bunter saw an open door, and with a desperate sprint he reached it and scuttled into the room.

Then Bunter pulled up with a jerk.

In his blind haste he had sought refuge in Dr. Locke's study.

What the Head of Greyfriars would say or do when he discovered William George Bunter in his study the fat junior shuddered to think. Yet to beat a retreat from that sanctum meant falling into the hands of Horace Coker. Really, the situation was desperate.

Bunter stood shivering by the headmaster's desk.

"Bunter! Bunter! Come here, you fat villain!"

It was Coker's voice—faint but recognisable. Evidently the Fifth-Former had lost his quarry.

Bunter grinned.

It was hardly likely that the angry Fifth-Former would think of looking into Dr. Locke's study for William George Bunter. For the moment, at least, the fat junior was safe.

He blinked about him.

On the Head's desk was a formidable-looking volume of Sophocles, at the sight of which Bunter grimaced. Bunter knew that Dr. Locke had a very soft spot in his heart for that ancient gentleman, and was wont to spend his leisure hours studying obscure passages for the fun of the thing. The book being opened on the desk even Bunter could deduce the fact that Dr. Locke had been utilising that spring afternoon to a further study of Sophocles, which meant, possibly, that the Head's absence from the study was but temporary.

And while Bunter's podgy brain was arriving at this conclusion there came to his ears the soft tread of feet along the passage and the rustling of a gown.

"Oh crumbs!" Bunter's terror returned.

His fat brain invented all manner of excuses to account for his presence in the study, but he dismissed them all. He blinked about him. In one corner of the room was a tapestried screen.

Bunter reached it in a bound, and secreted himself behind it, his fat heart pounding against his ribs like a steam-hammer.

A moment later he heard the door of the study close, and the scrape of a chair, as Dr. Locke seated himself at his desk.

Bunter breathed hard and deep. He had been only just in time. For five minutes the fat junior crouched behind

the screen, wondering dismally how much longer he would have to wait before a chance of escape presented itself. Bitterly then did he repent him of having sampled Horace Coker's cake.

Ten minutes passed on leaden wings, and Bunter, who was finding his position intolerable, mustered up enough courage to peer round the corner of the screen.

Dr. Locke was seated at his desk, a rapt expression on his face, perusing Sophocles. The Head of Greyfriars was enjoying himself, and looked as if he were prepared to go on reading that ancient gentleman for the rest of the afternoon, a prospect that caused Bunter the greatest uneasiness; but he cheered up considerably when, a few minutes later, a respectful tap sounded on the panels of the study door.

Dr. Locke, deep in the intricacies of Sophocles, did not appear to hear the tap, for he went on reading, a far-away expression on his learned face; but as the knock was repeated a little louder, he looked up with a sigh and frowned.

"Come in!" he said somewhat impatiently, and the door opened to admit Trotter, the page.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Reward of Thrift

"WELL, Trotter?"

"Which there's a gentleman to see you, sir!"

Trotter tendered a piece of pasteboard, which the Head scrutinised through his pince-nez. It bore the inscription:

"Mr. Sharpe-Boddy,
Wide World Assurance Co., Ltd."

"Bless my soul!" murmured Dr. Locke faintly. "I wasn't aware that I knew a gentleman of that name."

"Wasn't you, sir?" said Trotter helpfully.

"H'm!" Dr. Locke was not conscious until then that he had voiced his thoughts aloud. "H'm! Kindly show the gentleman in, Trotter!"

"Yessir!"

Trotter disappeared, to return in a few moments with Mr. Sharpe-Boddy, a portly individual of middle age, with a genial face that was most disarming. Just before Trotter reached the Head's study Mr. Sharpe-Boddy touched him on the arm.

"What is the headmaster's name, my boy?"

"Dr. Locke—thanky, sir!" Trotter, the richer by half-a-crown, readily supplied the information.

Dr. Locke rose to meet his visitor, more perplexed than ever by the appearance of Mr. Sharpe-Boddy, for he knew that they had never met before. But that made no difference to Mr. Sharpe-Boddy; he was evidently one of those individuals who believe in doing all, or most, of the talking.

"Dr. Locke. Delighted to make your acquaintance—"

"My dear sir—"

"Not at all. Doubtless you have heard of me before. Big firm, sir, the Wide World. We paid out ten thousand pounds—ten thousand pounds, sir, in claims the day before yesterday, and—"

"But—" began the Head helplessly. "That didn't worry us, sir. Bless you, no, sir. The Wide World's policy is 'pay prompt,' and pay cheerfully. You're not insured? Well, sir, that's a pity."

Dr. Locke seemed on the verge of having a fit. This cheery visitor fairly took his breath away. Greyfriars, sheltered in the heart of Kent, seldom if ever came into contact with the huge world of insurance, so this garrulous representative of the Wide World was as much a rarity to Dr. Locke as one of Homer's original manuscripts.

The cheery expression was fixed on Mr. Sharpe-Boddy's plump features; his genial eyes dwelt captivately on Dr. Locke's bewildered countenance. Already Mr. Sharpe-Boddy was thinking that this kindly old gentleman would be an easy client to enrol on the list of the Wide World's subscribers.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the Head.

"Insurance, sir," continued Mr. Sharpe-Boddy, having paused only to drink in a deep gulp of air, "is necessary to any self-respecting person. To married men, if I may say so, it is of vital importance—"

"Quite so!" Dr. Locke managed to blurt out. "But—"

"In fact, sir, it is almost akin to criminal neglect for a married man to ignore the wonderful facilities offered to his dependants, through the medium of insurance. Now, sir, if I might say so without belittling our contemporaries, the Wide World leads the way. Yes, sir. Our benefits are magnificent."

"My dear sir—"

"If you are a married man, with children, make your future safe with the Wide World. Another thing, sir, you save an appreciable amount on income-tax—"

But this was more than Dr. Locke could stand. He rose to his feet.

"Really, sir," he said, distinctly and coldly, "you are wasting your time here! I must ask you to go—at once!"

Mr. Sharpe-Boddy came to earth, so to speak, with a jerk.

"No offence intended, sir," he hastened to apologise. "I came here to—"

"Let me end this interview at once!" said Dr. Locke sharply. "I am already insured, and I have no intention of adding to my obligations in that direction. I bid you good-afternoon!"

"One moment, sir!" gasped Mr. Sharpe-Boddy. "The real object of my visit was to ascertain the whereabouts of a Mr. Gosling, who is one of your masters, I believe."

Dr. Locke jumped.

Billy Bunter, behind the screen, chuckled softly. He was finding Mr. Sharpe-Boddy very entertaining.

"Did you say a Mr. Gosling?" asked Dr. Locke.

"I did, sir. Your Mr. Gosling insured with us forty years ago. Sensible man—"

Dr. Locke held up his hand.

"One moment, sir," he interrupted. "Mr. Gosling is not a master at this school—"

Mr. Sharpe-Boddy, getting his second wind, so to speak, got going again.

"You surprise me, sir," he said. "We had a communication from Mr. William Gosling, Greyfriars School, Kent, the day before yesterday. Head office appointed me to visit this thrifty individual and congratulate him—"

"But Mr. Gosling—" began the Head.

"Is a very fortunate man, sir," went on Mr. Sharpe-Boddy, unheeding. "Mark you, sir, the good counsel he listened to, and upon which he acted forty years ago, has brought its reward. In short, sir, Mr. William Gosling's life is insured without payment of any further premium, and, what is more, he will now be hundreds of pounds better off—"

"But Mr. Gosling is not a master here; he is——"

"The result of our generous endowment scheme, sir," gabbled Mr. Sharpe-Boddy. "Our premiums are very low and within the compass of any school-master, small as their incomes are."

Again Mr. Sharpe-Boddy had to pause to take breath, and this time Dr. Locke took full advantage of that fact.

"As I have been trying to tell you for the last few minutes, my dear sir, Mr. Gosling is not a master here. You will find him at the porter's lodge, sir. In other words, Mr. Gosling is the school porter. The porter's lodge is by the gates——"

Mr. Sharpe-Boddy looked taken aback.

"Oh! 'Hem! Ha!"

He allowed himself to be ushered out

"The real object of my visit," said Mr. Sharpe-Boddy, "is to ascertain the whereabouts of a Mr. Gosling, who is one of your masters, I believe." "What!" almost gasped Dr. Locke, while Bunter, behind the screen, chuckled softly.



of the study without further expostulation, a circumstance surprising in itself for a live wire representative of the "Wide World." When he was gone Dr. Locke wiped his brow. The ordeal of those few minutes had been quite a trying one.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured. "I really thought the man would never stop talking. I must congratulate Gosling on his foresight and his thrift and remind him that in future I do not wish ever to see a representative of any insurance company."

The Head's glance dwelt longingly on Sophocles; then he glanced at the clock on the mantel and sighed. In five minutes he was due to take tea with Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. It was quite a wrench to part company with Sophocles, but there was a consolation in the thought that Mr. Quelch, himself a lover of Sophocles, would doubtless be pleased to discuss the vagaries of that ancient gentleman during tea and afterwards.

The Head closed the book and carefully placed it on the shelves of his library, passing within a foot of the screen behind which Billy Bunter

crouched without noticing anything amiss.

A moment later Bunter heard the door open and Dr. Locke step off down the passage. The Owl of the Remove allowed a minute to pass before he left his hiding-place. Then he rolled to the door, looked out to see that the coast was clear, and made tracks for the Remove quarters as fast as his fat little legs would carry him.

That he had played the eavesdropper in Dr. Locke's study did not trouble the accommodating conscience of William George Bunter. What was uppermost in mind now was to broadcast the news that Gosling, the porter, was in funds; that he had insured with the Wide World Company forty years ago; and that, under their endowment scheme, Gosling was now the richer by hundreds of pounds!

And the chums of the Remove went on talking as if such an important personage as William George Bunter did not exist.

But Bunter was not to be denied. Once he was the possessor of news Bunter was never happy until he had unburdened himself. He proceeded to unburden himself now. Bit by bit the story of Gosling's windfall became common property. Most of the juniors were inclined to the view that Gosling was to be congratulated on his thrift; others, like Skinner & Co., who never could see any good in what anyone outside their own shady circle chose to do, hinted that it was like Gosling's cheek to stick out for tips in order that he could pay his premiums on an endowment policy.

"How did you come to hear all this, old fat man?" inquired Bob Cherry, giving Bunter's ear a playful tweak.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Rough on Coker!

QUITE a crowd of juniors had collected in the junior Common-room. The match with St. Jim's was over, Greyfriars being the victors by the narrow margin of one goal—the only goal of the match.

Harry Wharton & Co. were discussing with great enthusiasm Wingate's last-minute effort to win the game for Greyfriars.

"Old Wingate's worth any two other chaps in the team," declared Bob Cherry stoutly.

"Here, here!" agreed Johnny Bull.

"That winning shot of his was a scorcher," said Nugent. "It had the goalie beat all the way."

"Rather!" said Wharton. "It was a ripping shot!"

"The winfulness of the ludicrous match is due to the Wingate sahib," declared Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh in his weird English.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Ow! Leggo, you beast!" gasped Bunter. "The Head told me, you know."

"Eh?"

"Dr. Locke took me into his confidence," said Bunter gravely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"More likely you were listening at the keyhole," said Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton!" said Bunter indignantly. "I should scorn to be so base. As a matter of fact I was in the study when the insurance chap came."

This, of course, was true, but Bunter did not embellish that side of the story. It was left to Horace Coker to fill the gaps as it were.

There was a commotion in the doorway of the Common-room and Horace Coker burst in. His face was red and ferocious in its expression.

"Any of you fags seen Bunter?" he demanded curtly.

Coker had a short way with fags, and he placed the Removites in that category.

"Are you all gone deaf?" he roared, as no one answered his question.

The juniors, with the exception of
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Bunter, went on talking, oblivious of the presence of the great man of the Fifth. But Billy Bunter scuttled behind a group of Removites in a vain endeavour to hide his plump person.

Coker glared round the Common-room, breathing hard.

"I want Bunter!" he roared. "Any of you fags know where Bunter is?"

No answer.

"Wharton," said Coker magisterially, "have you seen Bunter?"

The captain of the Remove looked round idly at his interrogator.

"You talking to me?"

"You know I'm talking to you, you young ass!" snapped Coker. "Have you seen Bunter?"

Wharton seemed to consider.

"I fancy I saw him in the dining-hall."

"In the dining-hall?" asked Coker. "What was he doing there?"

"He was eating when I saw him," said Wharton, winking at Bob Cherry.

"The young villain!" snorted Coker. "How long ago was that?"

"About three hours ago—"

"Eh?" ejaculated the Fifth-Former. "Quite three hours ago!" said the captain of the Remove gravely. "You chaps saw him, didn't you?" he added.

"We did!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a terrific roar of laughter from the Removites as they saw the peculiar expression on Horace Coker's rugged face. Coker's mighty brain moved slowly, very slowly, and it was just beginning to dawn on him that his noble leg had been pulled.

"You young ass!" he snorted. "That would be dinner-time!"

"Go hon!" laughed Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Again the Removites burst into a roar of laughter; Coker's face was irresistible.

"You cheeky fags!" he roared. "I've a jolly good mind to wipe up the floor with the lot of you."

"You're welcome to try!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

Coker paused. He was in a warlike mood, and Coker in such a mood never counted odds. Still, even Coker could see that he wouldn't stand a chance in an encounter with twenty or so Removites. Besides, he was keen to lay hands on Bunter.

That fat youth hovered like a big spider behind Harry Wharton & Co.

Coker's roving eye caught sight of him at last.

"You young villain, come out!" he bellowed. "I'll lam the skin off you!"

And the burly Fifth-Former made a rush towards his victim.

"Keep him off!" roared Bunter. "I never touched his cake, really I didn't. Besides, it was only a measly plum cake."

"You thieving villain!" roared Coker. "Come out!"

But Bunter refused to come out. He knew he was safe in the Common-room. Whatever his sins, the fat junior knew that Harry Wharton & Co. would not stand by idly in their own quarters and see a Fifth-Former lam a Removite—even if the Removite were such an insignificant personage as William George Bunter.

"Hands off, Coker!" said Wharton curtly, as Coker, with clenched fists, came almost within arm's reach.

"Out of the way, you fags!" roared Coker. "I want Bunter! The fat rotter pinched my cake and bolted!"

"Did you raid Coker's cake, Bunter?" asked Wharton.

"Certainly not," said the fat junior promptly. "I never knew his Aunt Judy sent him a plum cake. Besides,

it was only a four-pound one, and there wasn't any icing on it, anyway."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter's denials tickled the Removites, but they served only to make Coker more incensed than ever.

"The fat little villain!" he bellowed. "I've chased him all over the House, but the young scoundrel must have bolted up Masters' corridor! Lemmo get at him!"

"Now we know where Bunter got his information from," chuckled Bob Cherry. "Our fat man must have bolted into the Head's study."

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Bunter. "Keep him off!"

Coker did not stand on further ceremony. He charged at the group of juniors with whirling fists. Next moment it seemed to him that something in the nature of an earthquake was happening.

Dozens of hands laid hold of him and whirled him off the ground.

"Sling him out!"

"Yaroooh!" bellowed Coker, as an elbow jammed into his eye. "Put me down! I'll wallop the lot of you! Groooough!"

Almost invisible beneath a sea of arms and clutching hands Coker was bundled towards the door of the Common-room.

"I'll smash you! Groooough! I'll skin you!" roared Coker. "Put me down!"

"Put him down, you chaps!" said Wharton, with a grin. "One—two—three!"

Coker suddenly shot away from the grinning Removites like a bullet from a gun.

Bump!

He landed in a breathless heap on the cold, hard, unsympathetic linoleum.

"Groooough!"

"Good old Coker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The burly Fifth-Former sat up and panted.

"You young rotters!" he gasped at last. "I'll smash you!"

Jeers and groans greeted that threat. "I'll wipe up the floor with you!" bellowed Coker, scrambling to his feet.

"Yah! Go back to your Fifth Form nursery!" yelled Bunter, becoming valiant all of a sudden. "Or I'll pull your silly nose!"

That threat, coming as it did from the champion funk of the school, was like a red rag to Coker at that moment. Regardless of odds, he charged headlong at the crowd of Removites, his one purpose being to get within hitting distance of Billy Bunter.

There was a loud chorus of yells from the juniors grouped at the doorway as some of Coker's wild blows found billets. The Removites staggered under that whirlwind attack, and Coker broke through. In a moment pandemonium broke loose.

"Ow! My nose!"

"Groooough! My eye!"

"I'll smash the lot of you!" Coker's thunderous tones rose above the tumult.

"Collar him!"

"Slaughter him!"

"Sling the rotter out!"

Up and down the Common-room the juniors tramped in a wild endeavour to "collar" Horace Coker. Several of them suffered in the general melee, but at last the Fifth-Former was pinioned on the floor, with a dozen or more Removites piled on top of him.

The din could be heard all over the Remove quarters, and fellows looking in to see what the tumult was about joined in with zeal and ardour as soon as it was known that a Fifth-Former was running amuck.

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For the second time Horace Coker was borne aloft, struggling feebly, for he was well nigh breathless; for the second time, amidst the cheers of the Removites, he was whirled towards the door.

"Out with him!"

Looking very much the worse for wear, the Fifth-Former was dragged along the passage to the top of the stairs.

"Groooough!" panted Coker "I'll make you rotters suffer for this! Whoop!"

"Roll him down!"

"Give him beans!"

Bump!

Coker was dumped unceremoniously on the top of the stairs. Then half a dozen obliging feet set him rolling.

Bump. bump, bump!

To the accompaniment of wild cheers from the hilarious Removites, Coker traversed the stairs like a human catherine wheel.

It was unfortunate that William Gosling, the porter, should elect to come along at that moment, for Coker, bouncing off the bottom stair, crashed into him with considerable force.

Before Gosling knew what was happening, his feet were swept from under him, and he collapsed with a gasp like a punctured balloon, with Coker sprawled atop of him.

"Groooough! Ooooooh! Oh crikey!" spluttered Gosling dazedly.

"Whooop! Yooooop!" panted Coker breathlessly.

And at that moment a shrill voice rang out:

"Cave! Prouty!"

Like chaff before the wind the Removites melted away, leaving Coker and Gosling sitting at the bottom of the stairs, glaring at each other and drinking in great gulps of air.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Different Gosling!

"DISGRACEFUL!"

Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout uttered that ejaculation with great indignation.

The master of the Fifth had just entered the School House after having taken an airing before tea.

He stood just inside the door of the School House listening. To his ears came the sound of a disturbance from the direction of the Remove passage. Cheers, cat-calls, groans, and laughter all combined to make sufficient pandemonium to disturb the serenity of Mr. Prout.

"Abominable!" exclaimed Mr. Prout, who liked the sound of his own voice. "Disgusting!"

Into the master of the Fifth's plump face came a thunderous frown, which grew, like the noise from the Remove quarters.

"This is outrageous! Monstrous!" Mr. Prout fairly bristled with indignation. "The Remove Form is really getting out of hand! I fear Quelch is far too lenient with his charges!"

The master of the Fifth felt an inward glow of pride as he reflected that such disturbances never occurred in his Form, a circumstance which he often dilated upon in Masters' Common-room when the subject under discussion was the discipline of the school.

For some seconds Mr. Prout stood listening, his indignation rising as the tumult, far from abating, showed signs of swelling. In a glow of virtuous indignation, Mr. Prout told himself that

such a state of affairs would never come to pass in the Fifth Form, and even if such a thing should by any strange means come to pass, he, Mr. Prout, would quell it on the spot.

Yet, apparently, Mr. Quelch did not see fit to inquire into the disturbance. Really, it amounted to a gross dereliction of duty to allow such a riot to continue unchecked. Mr. Quelch must be informed of the shocking behaviour of his Form.

With that object in mind, Mr. Prout hurried as quickly as his dignity would allow him to Mr. Quelch's study. The pompous master of the Fifth was prepared to deliver his opinion of the slack way in which Mr. Quelch conducted his Form, without mincing his words. But, to his surprise, Mr. Quelch's study was empty. The tea-things were still on the table, but there was no sign of Mr. Quelch.

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Prout did not know that the Remove Form master and Dr. Locke were strolling in the ancient Cloisters discussing with great fervour the works of Sophocles.

For a moment or two the Fifth Form master was undecided how to act.

LEEDS LEADS THE WAY!

HERE'S A CLEVER GREYFRIARS LIMERICK.

which has been sent in by J. Atha, 23, Berlin Place, Hyde Park Road, Leeds, who is now the owner of one of our handsome leather pocket wallets.

A rorty young blade was the Bounder,
In the "morass" he once used to flounder.
'Til to Greyfriars came
A boy, Redwing, by name,
Who taught him the straight path was sounder!

There's a chance for all of you to win one of these useful prizes.

Etiquette demanded that he should not interfere in the affairs of a Form other than his own. Yet circumstances alter cases, and the circumstances in this case warranted interference on the part of someone in authority.

Mr. Prout decided to quell the uproar in the Remove on his own.

With magisterial dignity, he rolled his not inconsiderable avoirdupois towards the scene of the disturbance. A little less dignity and a little more speed would have revealed a to'ally different state of affairs from that which met Mr. Prout's vision as he reached the top of the Remove landing.

All was quiet in the passage; not a junior was in sight. Hardly a sound broke the stillness.

Then, from the bottom of the stairs, two voices, heated and upraised, wafted up to him.

One was the voice of William Gosling, who by this time had recovered his breath.

The other belonged to Horace Coker of the Fifth.

"You clumsy young idjit!" roared Gosling. "Why didn't you look where you was going?"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Prout as he recognised Coker's voice. Then his eyes almost started out of their sockets as he perceived Coker himself sitting on the floor at the bottom of the stairs, with Gosling not a yard

away from him, in a similar attitude. Really, it was too bad that a member of the Fifth Form should so far forget his dignity as to sprawl about like a common or garden fag.

"Coker!" said Mr. Prout sternly.

But Coker was too busy to heed his Form master just then. Breathing hard, he scrambled to his feet. Gosling did likewise, glaring at Coker as if he would like to strow a hungry churchyard with his bones.

"You clumsy young idjit!" repeated Gosling, caressing himself tenderly.

"Shut up, you old fool!" snapped Coker crossly. "I couldn't help it, could I?"

"Who are you calling names?" demanded Gosling truculently. "Adding insult to injury, I call that!"

"Oh, ring off, for goodness' sake!" said Coker.

"Which I won't ring off, not for you nor the likes of you!" retorted Gosling heatedly. "And don't think you can call me names, young Coker, or I'll box your ears!"

"Eh?" Coker could hardly believe his ears. "You'd what?"

"Box your ears!" snapped Gosling.

It was doubtful whether Gosling quite knew what he was saying; but a heavy fall for a man well past middle age is not calculated to improve a crotchety temper, and crotchety the porter always was. And, moreover, there was a certain justification for his anger; for not only had he been bowled over like a skittle, but he had been called an "old fool!"

Gosling, as a general rule, "knew his position." Many a time and oft he would have dearly liked to box the ears of cheeky juniors and fags; but that was a privilege denied a school porter. But during the last twenty minutes, unknown to himself, but a fact all the same, a great change had come over William Gosling, "keeper of the gate."

In Gosling's pocket reposed a cheque for a thousand pounds—the result of his insurance with the Wide World Company—and a sum like that represented to William Gosling what he had always dreamed about—*independence*.

Between the coming and the departure of Mr. Sharpe-Boddy this dream of independence had grown to rapid proportions.

To do Gosling credit it is doubtful whether, but for his unfortunate encounter with Horace Coker, that new-found state of independence would have made any material difference to the behaviour and manners towards the boys of Greyfriars; for despite his crusty exterior Gosling was human enough.

But to be knocked down and then insulted, brought all Gosling's newly-found independence to the surface.

He glared savagely at Coker, and Coker glared back.

The burly Fifth-Former had a "short way" with most people who disturbed his serenity, an unfortunate trait that often landed him in dire trouble. And, at the moment, Coker was in anything but an equable state of mind.

"Look here, Gosling, my man——"

"Don't you 'my man' me," interrupted Gosling. "I ain't standin' any more names from you, young feller."

Coker looked at him sharply. It occurred to the Fifth-Former that the porter had been imbibing his favourite liquid refreshment, not wisely, but too well. Despite what Coker chose to regard as Gosling's impertinence towards him, however, he did not want to see the old gentleman lose his job.

"Look here, you'd better go and lie down, old chap," he said.

"Eh?"

"Sleep it off, you know!"

Gosling seemed to find something offensive in that well-meant advice.

"Which you hinsinate that I'm drunk, eh?" he demanded. "You impertinent young jackanapes!"

And to Coker's surprise and Mr. Prout's horror, Gosling drew back his horny hand and smote Coker's ear soundly.

"Bless my soul!"

The horror in Mr. Prout's tone could not have been more expressive if Gosling had struck the Head himself.

"Stop!" Mr. Prout fairly bounded down the stairs. "Gosling! How dare you?"

Coker, reeling back against the passage wall, clasping his ear, thought it time for the world to turn round and the stars to fall. He, Coker, had been struck by Gosling, the porter.

"Gosling!" panted Mr. Prout, breathing heavily. "How dare you? Are you mad?"

Gosling faced the excited master of the Fifth squarely.

"Which there's no call for you to hinsult me as well, Mr. Prout," he said stubbornly.

"Eh? What?"

"I ain't standin' it. First I'm assaulted; then I'm called an 'old fool.' Then I'm told that I'm intoxicated. It don't go for you to call me mad, neither."

"Bless my soul!" articulated Mr. Prout. "This is monstrous. Gosling, do you realise the enormity of your offence?"

"Which I realise heverything, Prout," said Gosling with dignity, "and I might remind you, Prout, that I'm not standin' any nonsense from you."

"Wh-a-at!"

Mr. Prout passed a dazed hand over his eyes. Really, the whole thing seemed a dream. Gosling, the porter, in his present role, was something entirely new to the master of the Fifth.

He crossed to Coker.

That hapless individual hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels. The events of the last twenty minutes all seemed one meaningless jumble. Coker blinked at Mr. Prout dazedly.

"My poor boy!" said Mr. Prout. "This assault shall not go unpunished."

"Groooooough!" mumbled Coker.

"Gosling," said Mr. Prout with asperity. "You will kindly follow me to Dr. Locke's study. I have not the slightest doubt that Dr. Locke will immediately discharge you for this abominable outrage. You must be out of your senses!"

"I ain't out of my senses, Prout," retorted Gosling. "Schoolmasters ain't the only people with feelings. Which I'll follow you to the 'Ead quickly enough."

Mr. Prout treated him to a look of lofty disdain.

"Pray refrain from speaking to me in that insolent manner," he said curtly. "You forget yourself."

"I'll speak 'ow I like," growled Gosling. "I have 'ad enough of your airs an' graces, Prout. One would think that you was the 'eadmaster of a dozen colleges instead of an ordinary master."

"What, what? Bless my soul!" ejaculated the scandalised master of the Fifth, and his face turned a deep crimson.

Gosling's words had touched him on the raw, for deep down in him somewhere, Mr. Prout was conscious that

perhaps he did take his job very seriously and occasionally put on airs that ill-befitted him.

With rustling gown he swept towards Dr. Locke's study. Gosling, a defiant look on his rugged face, followed him more leisurely. He realised then what new found independence meant to a man who had toiled as a school porter for years and years. Still, old habits want a lot of shaking off, even to a man with a thousand pounds in his pocket, and it was the old Gosling that stood before the kindly figure of the headmaster of Greyfriars—a rather shamefaced Gosling.

"Well, Mr. Prout—" said Dr. Locke encouragingly, as he noted the storm-clouds on the brow of the master of the Fifth.

And, without wasting further time, Mr. Prout plunged into the details as far as he knew them.

Dr. Locke listened without interruption. Occasionally his glance fell on Gosling. A metamorphosis was taking place in the character of the porter. His shamefaced expression had gone, and a look of sullen defiance had taken its place.

Gosling remembered all the grievances and wrongs, both real and imaginary, he had suffered since he came to Greyfriars. They grew to alarming proportions, doubtless by reason of the fact that he was not by any means entirely to blame for the present state of affairs, and that there burned in his pocket a cheque to the value of a thousand pounds.

When Mr. Prout had finished, Dr. Locke turned to Gosling.

The porter imagined that he read a condemnatory expression there, and all his bitterness surged to the surface.

"Now, Gosling, tell me your version of this regrettable affair."

The porter proceeded to do so, first haltingly and then defiantly. As in the case of Mr. Prout, Dr. Locke heard him out without interruption.

"It seems to me, Gosling," said the Head in a not unkindly tone, "that you were more or less a victim of circumstances."

"Oh!" said Gosling, noncommittally.

"For a man of your years to be knocked down heavily is naturally a great shock, and I should be very inhuman and unjust if I blamed you for losing your temper."

The porter shifted from one foot to the other uneasily.

"On the other hand," continued Dr. Locke, "it was very wrong of you to take the law into your own hands. Striking a member of this school is an unpardonable offence for a man in your position—"

"But Coker called me an old fool, as well!" exclaimed Gosling truculently.

"Master Coker," said the Head, with emphasis, "was doubtless in a temper, too, but he certainly had no right to speak to you in such terms. However, it is with your case that I am dealing at present. I will deal with Coker later."

"Oh?"

"You have heard Mr. Prout state that you were insolent to him, Gosling. Is that the case?"

"I answered back as good as he gave me," said Gosling doggedly. "As man to man."

Dr. Locke sighed.

"Until to-day, Gosling, I have never had occasion to reprimand you in your behaviour towards your superiors."

Gosling's hand unconsciously tightened over the cheque in his pocket.

"Until to-day your conduct has been next door to that of an exemplary

nature. But I cannot overlook your offences of this afternoon.

"Which I don't want you to," retorted Gosling, defiantly. "I'm a free man, I am, an' I don't want no favours from nobody."

"Very well, Gosling," said the Head very patiently. "I offer you the opportunity of apologising unconditionally both to Mr. Prout and Master Coker, or—"

"Which I ain't apolergising to nobody!"

"Then the alternative is that you leave the lodge and seek a situation elsewhere," said Dr. Locke coldly.

"That don't worrit me," said Gosling contemptuously. "Man an' boy I've worked 'ore, and I've worked 'ard. This ain't the only crib in the world, Locke!"

The Head stiffened in his chair. Mr. Prout looked too scandalised for words.

"Very well, Gosling," said Dr. Locke with icy coldness, and the kindness had gone from his face, leaving it hard and stern. "You have until eight o'clock to decide. In addition, should you decide to be sensible, I shall expect an apology myself for your disrespect to me. You may go!"

To a man with a thousand pound cheque in his pocket there should have been hundreds of scathing replies to the Head's quiet words, Gosling told himself. But Gosling could find no reply. He threw up his head defiantly and then, unable to meet the steady gaze of his old employer, allowed it to fall again, and shuffled sullenly out of the study.

He shuffled back to the lodge feeling that he had played a man's part. He even told himself that he would have done the same had he not been in possession of the thousand pound cheque. But as the lamplight flickered over the crisp piece of paper bearing the signatures of two of the Wide World directors, something deep down in Gosling's ancient heart told him that he had played the fool.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wanted—a Porter!

"GAMMON!"

"It's true, I tell you!"

"Piffle!"

Billy Bunter glared. His fat face was alive with excitement, but it failed to awaken any real interest in the faces of his hearers.

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned.

"I tell you Gosling is sacked!" hooted Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Harry Wharton & Co. failed to receive that alarming piece of news with any seriousness.

"It's a fact," said Bunter. "He boxed Coker's ears—"

"Oh, my giddy aunt!"

"Make it the Head's ears, old fat man!"

Billy Bunter snorted. Really, it was too bad that his word should be doubted when, for once, he was telling the truth.

"I've just heard it from Coker!" roared Bunter indignantly.

"Yes, I can fancy you getting within talking distance of Coker," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "He's out for your blood, my pippin."

"Sfact. I heard Coker telling Potter and Greene," declared Bunter warmly. "You know when we pitched Coker down the stairs, he bumped into old Gosling—"

"Well, we know he bumped into someone," said Wharton, with a chuckle, "but we didn't stay to see who it was because old Prouty was on the war-path."

"I tell you it was Gosling!" shrieked Bunter. "Fairly knocked him over,



"You dare to hinsinuate that I've been drinking, eh?" cried Gosling, drawing back his horny hand and smiting Coker's ear soundly. "You impertinent young jackanapes!"

you know. And old Gossy lost his temper and boxed Coker's ears. He, he, he!"

"Tell us another, you fat ass!" said Johnny Bull disdainfully.

"But it's true. And old Prout barged in and saw it all," said Bunter. "He ticked Gosling off, and Gossy told him he was a fat, swanking old fool—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pile it on, old fat man!"

"Oh, really, Cherry, I'm telling you the truth!"

"Then it's the first time in history!" chortled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glared at the hilarious Removites.

"You cackling asses!" he hooted. "I tell you it's true! Gossy cheeked Prouty, and the old buffer took him before the Head. If Gosling doesn't apologise by eight o'clock this evening he's going to get the sack."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Isn't he rich!" said Wharton admiringly. "I don't know how he can think of such whoppers!"

"Yah!" roared Bunter. "You blessed lot of doubting Thomases! You'll hear all about it before bed-time, then I shall expect an apology for doubting my word."

"Blessed is he who expects—" began Nugent.

"Yah!" With that final elegant rejoinder the Owl of the Remove rolled out of Study No. 1 in search of a more appreciative audience.

He left Harry Wharton & Co. roaring. But Bunter had been gone barely ten minutes when Vernon-Smith put his head round the door.

"Trot in, Smithy!" sang out Wharton. "Distinguished visitors always welcome." The Bounder grinned faintly.

"You fellows heard the news?"

"What news? Do you mean Bunter's funny story about Gossy?"

Vernon-Smith nodded, and his face became serious.

"It's true," he said.

"What!" The Famous Five echoed that ejaculation as one man.

"It's true," repeated the Bounder quietly. "Old Gossy was annoyed because Coker bowled him over and called him a clumsy old fool, or something, and actually boxed his ears—"

"Phew!" The Famous Five were all seriousness. For the school porter to box a fellow's ears, and the victim a senior at that, was unprecedented in the history of Greyfriars.

"My hat!" said Johnny Bull. "Gosling must be out of his senses!"

"That's not the worst," said Vernon-Smith quietly. "That old fool Prout happened to see it all, and Gossy went the whole hog and cheeked him."

"Phew!"

"I've just heard it from Blundell, of the Fifth," said Vernon-Smith. "The Fifth is talking about nothing else. Old Coker's taken it like a sportsman, but the Head's got to hear of it, and unless Gossy apologises all round, as it were, he's getting the bullet."

Harry Wharton & Co. looked grave.

"And won't Gosling apologise?" said Wharton at length.

The Bounder shook his head.

"No; the old chap seems changed altogether. I believe he was dashed rude to Dr. Locke—"

"Oh, good gad!"

For some minutes there was a silence in Study No. 1. The news wanted getting accustomed to.

"I say, it's rough luck on old Gossy," said Nugent at last. "If he won't do the sensible thing he'll be out of a job for the rest of his days. People don't employ chaps like Gosling. Why, he's as old as—"

Nugent broke off. The subject of Gosling's age always ended in conjecture. Some of the more facetious juniors reckoned that Gosling was as old as Methuselah; that he was the school porter at Greyfriars when the school was opened, centuries ago. Those surmises, of course, were grossly incorrect. Certain it was, however, that Gosling was well past middle age, and suffered from rheumatism, and was not likely to find another situation should he ever leave Greyfriars.

"So-long, you men," said Vernon-Smith, breaking in on the silence. "I thought I'd give you the news."

And the Bounder swung off down the passage.

"Poor old Gossy!" said Wharton dismally. "After all, bowling over a chap of his age is a bit steep; enough to make any chap lose his temper."

"And we were partly to blame," said Johnny Bull, in his slow, deliberate fashion.

"Eh?"

"Well, if we hadn't handled Coker and chucked him downstairs he wouldn't have bumped into Gosling."

"And if Coker hadn't come hunting for trouble, and Bunter hadn't raided his cake, and if Aunt Judy hadn't sent

Coker a cake—" began Bob Cherry, with a faint chuckle.

"Oh rats!"

Wharton rose to his feet.

"Let's go down to the lodge, you men," he said.

And the Co. followed their leader out of the study.

They found Gosling in his lodge, sitting before the fire, peering at a piece of paper that was obviously a cheque.

He scowled as he saw the Famous Five framed in the doorway.

"Git out!" he snapped. "I'm sick of you young varmint! I'm finished with you!"

"We haven't come here to rag you, Gossy," said Wharton. "We've just heard the news, and we've come to say we're sorry."

Gosling looked up suspiciously as the captain of the Remove made that remark. But he saw sincerity enough in the faces of the juniors he was sometimes pleased to call "young varmint." He gulped something in his throat, and then, to the juniors' astonishment, grinned.

"Tain't so bad as it might be," he said. "It's true I boxed Master Coker's ears, but he deserved it. It's true, too, that I told old Prout what I thought of him, and I wasn't sorry, neither. But look here, Master Wharton! Jest run your eyes over this 'ere."

He proffered the cheque for Wharton to read.

The captain of the Remove looked at it and jumped. The cheque was made payable to William Gosling, Esq., and the sum mentioned was one thousand pounds. The Co. whistled their astonishment, and Gosling, seeing their expressions, grinned.

"Not so bad, is it?" he grunted. "Enough to keep an old man like me in comfort for the rest of me days."

Wharton handed back the cheque. The Co. remembered then Bunter's story of the insurance representative, and simultaneously there sprang to mind a possible reason for Gosling's attitude.

The cheque for a thousand pounds had temporarily turned his head. There was nothing unique in the circumstance. Better men than Gosling had become temporarily unbalanced with the accession of money. Still, the situation was serious.

Forgetful of the disparity in their ages, the captain of the Remove good-naturedly began to give Gosling a few well-chosen words of advice; for, despite his shortcomings, and they were legion, Wharton had a soft spot in his heart for Gosling, as he had for anything connected with Greyfriars. And Gosling seemed to Wharton as much part of Greyfriars as the ancient Cloisters themselves.

"Dr. Locke will overlook all this if you apologise," concluded the captain of the Remove.

"The goodness of the esteemed and ludicrous doctor is terrific," added Hurree Singh.

But Gosling shook his head.

"Which I ain't goin' to apologise to no man," he said stubbornly. "I've done nuthin' else but apologise for years and years. I've kicked. See!"

"I see a stubborn old ass who'll be sorry for this when he's had time to think over it," said Bob Cherry.

"Not on your life, Master Cherry."

"Don't be an ass, old chap," said Johnny Bull.

But the porter paid no heed to the pleadings of the Famous Five. He had made up his mind, and, seeing that nothing was to be gained by prolonging

the interview, Wharton & Co. retraced their steps to the School House.

The "Gosling Affair," as it already had come to be known, was the talk of the school, and with few exceptions sympathy went out to old Gosling. In fact, some of the Fifth, listening to Coker's version of the story, went so far as to say that Coker was an ass to go looking for trouble in the Remove; that he was a clumsy idiot to barge into Gosling; and that Gosling should have boxed both his ears. To all of which Coker listened, with scarlet face and feelings that left him speechless.

There was quite a stir when, a few minutes to seven o'clock, the door of the School House opened. Everybody expected to see the ample figure of William Gosling filling the doorway, with a chastened and contrite expression on his rugged face, as befitted one with an apology to make.

But it wasn't Gosling; it was one of the maids.

In fact, seven o'clock—and then seven-thirty—chimed out without any sign of Gosling putting in an appearance, and the juniors, who showed more active interest in the case than the high and mighty men of the Sixth, knew then that Gosling had virtually sacked himself.

Preparation suffered as a consequence that night; everybody was far too busy discussing Gosling and his affairs to pay much heed to P. Virgilius Maro, a circumstance not likely to appease the wrath of Mr. Quelch when he took his Form the next morning.

Even Dr. Locke half expected Gosling to appear and proffer the desired apologies; for the kind old Head could make allowances, and he hated the idea of losing a servant who for so long had served him well and faithfully. But duty was duty. Making all allowances and taking into account all extenuating circumstances, Dr. Locke could not possibly overlook such conduct.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed out the hour, but there was no sign of Gosling; and at half-past eight Dr. Locke shut the book he had been reading and sighed. He knew that Gosling would not put in an appearance now; the matter, so far as he—Dr. Locke—was concerned, was closed.

Greyfriars would need a new porter.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Gosling's Sacrifice!

TING-A-LING!

Gosling grunted, as the gate bell disturbed the silence of the night, but took no further heed.

Another change had come over the old porter. He seemed years older, and there was a greyness about his wrinkled cheeks that gave indication of a shock recently received.

Ting-a-ling!

The bell pealed out with increasing violence, but Gosling seemed oblivious of it. A wistful expression was on his face, a far-away look in his suspiciously moist, grey eyes.

Gosling's world seemed to be tumbling about his ears. A few hours ago he had been full of his new-found independence; he was the possessor of a thousand pounds and what he chose to regard as his freedom. But the advent of the postman with the evening mail had wrought a drastic change in the old school porter.

Heedless of the bell, Gosling read—for about the tenth time—a letter that lay on the table.

It was from his only sister, and ran:

"My Dear William,—The specialists have seen me again to-day, and they

tell me that I have, at most, only a few weeks to live. But I cannot give up the struggle without a fight for 'Nap's' sake. He means everything to me; and I had such wonderful ideas of giving him a first-class education at a school like Greyfriars. He's a good boy, and a clever boy; and the vicar says there's a wonderful future in front of him. But now—"

Gosling's eyes blurred; he could read no more. The tears splashed unchecked down his wrinkled face, transforming it with a wonderful softness that no one at Greyfriars had ever seen.

Gosling was deeply moved.

He was desperately fond of his only sister and her son, and had, out of his meagre savings, contributed more than his mite to ameliorate their sufferings. But this letter, containing as it did the specialists' report, came as an awful shock to him.

One line in that letter stood out in the forefront of Gosling's mind, "I had such wonderful ideas of giving him a first-class education at a school like Greyfriars."

"Poor old Nap!" muttered Gosling. "He's a good kid! The only nipper I've got in the world!"

Again the gate bell rang shrilly, but Gosling heeded it not. A peculiar light had settled in his eyes, a purposeful determination cloaked his mouth.

"Why shouldn't 'e come 'ere?" he asked himself. "Young Nap's as good as any young gent 'ere. I've got the money. It would do Kate good to hear of it—might even pull her round. Why shouldn't he?"

The wild idea that had taken root in Gosling's brain amazed him, but held him. Here he was with a thousand pounds. What did he really want with a thousand pounds at his time of life? Why shouldn't he give his young nephew a chance to improve himself? Why shouldn't the money be spent on improving Nap's education?

The more Gosling thought of it the more determined he grew that Nap should be given the chance of a good education.

He folded the letter up and placed it in his pocket, brushed a tear from his eye, and stood up.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!

The double peal of the gate bell brought him back to earth, so to speak, with a jerk.

He shuffled across the floor of the lodge and went down to the gates.

An angry face peered in.

It belonged to Montague Newland of the Remove.

The Jewish junior had been given a late pass that evening, and he had hurried back to school well within the time limit; but hanging about outside the gates, ringing the bell for ten minutes, or thereabouts, had not improved his temper.

Newland, who had heard of the "affair" between Gosling and Coker, put Gosling's dilatoriness in coming to open the gates down to "check," and he was prepared to give the porter his opinion of such conduct in no half-hearted fashion.

But his anger died when he saw the misery in Gosling's face.

"Hallo, old bean! Anything wrong?"

Gosling grunted and unlocked the gates. But Newland could see that something had upset him.

"Has the Head been slating you, Gossy?" he asked. "Don't take it to heart too much. His bark is worse than his bite. And you were a sensible old chap to apologise, you know."

Gosling started.

(Continued on page 12.)

INSIDE INFORMATION!



By
The "OLD
REF."

Send your "footer" queries to "Old Ref," c/o The Editor, "Magnet," and then look for your replies in this regular weekly feature.

ALTHOUGH these articles have now been appearing every week for quite a long time, I have deliberately refrained from dwelling at any length on the offside rules and regulations. This has been due to the fact that I have had so many out-of-the-way problems and questions sent to me by readers.

It has been brought home to me recently, through the medium of my post-bag, that there is still a desire for light and learning concerning offside. I have had many letters on the subject, of which this one from a reader at Eccles is typical: "Will you please explain to me fully the offside rule, which I still find difficulty in understanding? Often when I have been watching football matches the referee has blown for offside when I didn't think the player was offside, but I have had to take his decision for granted."

It is clear that there are many followers of football in the same boat as my correspondent. They certainly don't all agree with the decisions of referees concerning offside. So here I will try to clear up the knotty points concerning this problem, and will also try to keep the discussion interesting by explaining how the rule operates rather than using the official language of the rules.

One of the first things to remember is that it is not an offence for a player to be in an offside position.

If a player in an offside position stands still, for instance, and allows the play to go on with others taking part, he should not be given offside.

On the other hand, it is not necessary for a player in an offside position to play the ball, or even make an attempt to do so. He may be given offside for interfering with the play.

SUPPOSE, by way of example, a winger sent a shot towards the goalkeeper. His centre-forward, standing in an offside position, was in such a place that the goalkeeper's view of the ball was not as clear as it otherwise would have been. That centre-forward is interfering with the play, and should be given offside though he stands perfectly still, making no sort of attempt to play the ball.

The question of whether a player in an offside position is interfering with the play or not is one solely for the referee to decide, and I must say that different referees take a different view of this "interference" clause.

Then another very important point to remember about this offside rule is

that it is the position in which the players are when the ball is last played which matters: not the position in which they receive the ball.

Let me say in regard to this that even now, though the offside rule is much easier to interpret correctly than it used to be, referees blunder over this matter of the positions of the players when the ball is last played. I don't blame them for this. They have their eyes on the ball and on the man who is playing it. They can't watch the position of the players behind them, for instance, and thus decisions are often given which are wrong, because a man behind both backs when he receives the ball was in front of one of them when it was last played in his direction.

Just in the same way, a player who is offside when the ball is last played cannot be put onside by the movements of other players. I ought to explain this point because it is very important. A wing man has the ball and he swings it across to the middle of the field to his centre-forward, who is in an offside position. While the ball is in flight a full-back darts towards his own goal, and when the centre-forward receives the ball the full-back is in front of him. The centre-forward is still offside, however, because he was offside when the ball was last played.

* * *

I SAW a Cup match lost—a very important one—this season because the referee temporarily forgot this important point. From about twenty yards out a player sent in a shot when one of his colleagues was standing in an offside position, but not interfering with the play. From the shot the ball struck the upright and came back to the player who was originally in the offside position, and he shot it into the net. The goal was allowed, but it should not have been, because the player who scored was in an offside position when the ball was last played, and the fact that the defenders ran back when the ball struck the post didn't put the actual scorer of the goal onside.

You must all understand quite clearly, concerning this offside question, that no player can be offside if he is behind the ball when it is last played.

A backward pass cannot find a player in an offside position unless he runs back to receive the ball. Incidentally, that is a point which my young players of the game should bear in mind: to keep behind the player with the ball if they are in danger of being placed offside by the defenders running up. And, of course, you remember that a player cannot be offside in his own half of the field. If he is standing just in his opponents' half and is offside, then he would still be given offside if he dodged back to interfere with the game, because he was offside when the ball was last played.

* * *

ONE other very important point should be mentioned, too, as it is a point over which spectators often get at loggerheads with referees. The rule says that a player must have two opponents *between* him and his opponents' goal-line if his position is to be considered a good one when a forward pass is made.

That word "between" is important. It means that if two players—an attacker and a defender are on a dead-level, then the attacker is offside if there is no other defender putting him onside.

Frequently I have seen a centre-forward receive the ball when he has been on a dead-level, looking across the field, with both the full-backs. He has been rightly given offside, but the watchers have been annoyed.

I hope I have now made this rather complicated offside business clear to all my readers, but if there is any point you still don't understand—well, the postman still gets paid for bringing my letters. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,152.

'NAP' OF THE REMOVE!

(Continued from page 10.)

Newland's words brought home to him his own position, which he had lost sight of in the fresh worry that had reached him with the letter from his sister that evening.

"Which I hain't apolergised, Master Newland," said the porter half defiantly.

"Oh!" said Newland, colouring.

And he was about to move on, when Gosling touched him on the arm.

"Look here, Master Newland," he said, "I can trust you, I know."

"Thank you, Gossy!" said Newland, wondering what was in the offing, so to speak. He looked again at Gosling's tearstained face, and his own softened. That the porter was in some trouble of some sort was plainly evident.

"Will you come into the lodge for a few moments, Master Newland?" said Gosling. "Which I'll take it as a favour if you would."

"Lead on!" said Newland, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

And he followed the porter into the lodge wondering.

Gosling beckoned him to a seat, sat down himself, and for a few moments stared long into the dark, handsome face of the Jewish junior.

"I know I can trust you," said the porter slowly.

"Thank you, a second time, old bean!" said Newland. "Now, what's the giddy secret?"

For answer Gosling gave him the letter to read.

Newland's face grew troubled as he perused that heart-stirring epistle, and his voice was soft when he looked up and spoke.

"Hard lines, Gossy," he said sympathetically. "Poor old chap!"

Gosling's face worked strangely. Truth to tell, he had a deep liking for the quiet Jewish junior, who always had a good word and a kindly smile for him.

"That's very kind of you, Master Newland," he said slowly. "But I want your help—not in a financial way," he hastened to add.

Newland nodded gravely.

"You promise me you won't say a word about what I'm agoin' to tell you, Master Newland?"

"You can trust me, Gossy—as you said yourself."

It was Gosling's turn to nod. He seemed to take a few moments to make up his mind, and then he leaned forward in his chair.

"Look 'ere, sir, I've got a thousand pounds," he said quietly.

Newland inclined his head. Knowing nothing of Gosling's insurance policy, he almost began to wonder if the old porter was romancing. A thousand pounds—

Gosling hastened to enlighten him.

"So, you see, it seems providential, in a way, that the money should come to me jest now. There's my poor sister worriting her life out about young Nap. He's a good boy, is young Nap. You'd like him, Master Newland."

"I'm sure I should," said the Jewish junior.

"Well"—Gosling scratched his head—"I want to send the boy to a good school."

"That's jolly sporting of you," said Newland warmly.

"But I want 'im near me, you follow?" asked Gosling anxiously. "He's the only nipper in our family, and I think the world of him."

Newland nodded sympathetically.

"How much would it cost to educate

a clever boy like Nap at a—say, a school like this 'ere?"

"Very nearly all your thousand, old chap," said Newland.

Gosling slapped him hand on his thigh.

"Well, I'm prepared to do it, for Kate's sake and Nap's sake. See? But wot I'm troubled about is 'ow I can get him 'ere as a—a scholar, like one of you young gents!"

It was out at last, and Newland started violently. Not for one moment had he divined the big idea that had come to William Gosling.

Newland was silent for a few moments. Gosling watched him intently.

"I kin see that you don't take kindly to the idea, Master Newland," said the porter. "Perraps my nephew ain't good enough for Greyfriars—eh?"

Newland coloured.

"I wasn't thinking that for a moment," he said earnestly. "I was thinking of the difficulties. And—and, after all, it does present a problem, doesn't it?"

"You mean, me being the porter 'ere?" asked Gosling.

"Well, yes," said Monty frankly. "The authorities wouldn't allow it, in the first place. In the second place, your nephew would find it very difficult with some of the fellows."

"If—if they got to know who 'e was?" put in the porter. "Agreed. But his name ain't Gosling, you know. His name's Fanfair—William (after me) Napoleon Fanfair. You see," he added eagerly, "none of the young gents would know who 'e was. You wouldn't let on, would you, sir?"

Newland smiled. He was faintly amused at the whole idea, although his own good nature fully appreciated the good nature of Gosling that prompted such a sacrifice. Still, the project was an impossible one. And he gently began to point out the obvious drawbacks.

Gosling's face fell as he listened. He had set his heart on seeing his nephew established at Greyfriars, and each point that Newland outlined against such a project coming to pass hurt him deeply.

Newland himself felt strangely moved by the old chap's generosity, and the more he looked at Gosling's weather-beaten face, and the nervous twitching of his horny old fingers, the more he was tempted to put his wits into the scale to help the old porter.

The greatest snag lay in the direction of the authorities. Newland knew, and he convinced Gosling in the finish, that Dr. Locke and the governors would not entertain the idea for a moment. A school porter with a nephew as a scholar at the same school was impossible, unheard of.

"I've set me 'cart on it, Master Newland," said Gosling, at length. "Couldn't his vicar do the job for me? Couldn't the vicar put Nap forward as his pupil, and get him into the school?"

"Perhaps he could," said Newland slowly. "But it would mean that you're making the vicar a party to a scheme that savours of deception."

"But it would be all right if I paid the fees."

"It would still be a deception," said Newland. "A harmless one, maybe; but I can't see a respectable vicar doing that."

"Well, then, couldn't my sister put him forward as her own son, which 'e is?" said Gosling. "With the vicar's testimonial as to Nap's behaviour an' things, surely Greyfriars would take 'im. Why, he'd be a credit to any school!"

"I believe you," said Newland. "It's quite possible that your sister could do

the trick, without the relationship becoming known. It still savours of deception; and yet, hang it, if it would help you sister, the end would justify the means!"

Gosling brightened up.

"I believe it could be done that way, Master Newland," he said.

"There's a waiting list, you know," reminded the Jewish junior.

"Oh!" muttered Gosling.

"But perhaps I could help there," said Newland, with a grin. "My pater is very well in with the governors. A word from me and he'd help like a shot. Mind you, I shouldn't tell the pater the circumstances. I should simply tell him that I want to oblige an old friend. The governor wouldn't ask questions, and—"

He broke off as Gosling seized his hand and wrung it warmly.

"You're very good, sir," said Gosling brokenly. "You'll make an old man 'appy if you can do the trick, and I'll be grateful for the rest of me days."

"Let's think things out," said Newland, who, now that he had pledged himself to the plot, entered into it whole-heartedly, if a little thoughtlessly. "I had better tell you how to go about it. I don't suppose your sister knows what to do, does she?"

Gosling shook his head.

"She ain't ever 'ad occasion to write for a prospectus an' things," he said, rather vaguely. "Perraps you'll jest write down a specimen letter for her, Master Newland."

And for the next twenty minutes Monty Newland gave himself up to the task in hand. If all went well—and there was a big "if"—William Napoleon Fanfair was destined to enter Greyfriars as a scholar.

"Which I can't thank you enough for what you've done, sir," said Gosling, as Newland rose to go.

"Don't thank me," said Newland, with a grin. "You're a jolly good sort to give up all that money for your nephew. What little I can do is negligible by comparison. But—"

A look of alarm suddenly entered his face.

"But what, Master Newland?"

Newland seized the old man by the arm.

"You've forgotten something," he said. "You've forgotten that you're out of a job. You'll want the money for yourself. You'll—"

Gosling's face blanched. He trembled visibly.

"What a fool I am!" he said miserably. "I'd forgotten that." He shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "I'm out of a job—I'm out of a job! I've—I've sacked myself!"

Newland felt him trembling—saw a tear begin to course its way down a rugged cheek, and then the Jewish junior's face became set.

"Look here, Gossy, there's only one way out."

Gosling looked at him like a drowning man, on the point of going under for the last time, seeing a rescuer speeding towards him.

"Tell me!" he said hoarsely. "I'll do anything. I'll do anything, if it'll mean making Kate 'appy and an education for young Nap—anything!"

"Go to Dr. Locke at once and apologise," said Newland. "He's a rare good sort; he'll give you another chance."

Gosling shook his head.

"He won't," he moaned—"he won't! I was in the wrong. What's more, I was hinsolent to him. I called 'im 'Locke'!"

"He'll forgive you, if you're man enough to apologise," said Newland,



The moment Gosling turned his back, Lord Mauleverer slipped the letter into the school porter's jacket pocket!

strangely worked up. "Ask him to give you another chance."

"But the time's up," said Gosling miserably. "He gave me until eight o'clock. It's turned nine now. What a fool I've been!"

Newland dragged him fiercely by the arm.

"Gossy, it's the only way. You must do it—you must, for your sister's sake—for Nap's sake. Do you hear?"

Gosling remained silent for a few moments, his face working; then he spoke.

"I'll do it," he said gruffly. "In any case, I was in the wrong. The money must have turned my head, I suppose. I'll do it, Master Newland."

And he walked out of the lodge with a determination that gave Newland hope. It was exactly five minutes past nine when Dr. Locke's maid informed her master that William Gosling wished to see him.

Gosling entered, very chastened in spirit, and tendered his apology.

What passed between them is not known; but rumour went the round that Coker of the Fifth had been summoned to the Head's study—that Mr. Prout had also been seen wending his ponderous way there, also. And that, later, William Gosling emerged looking very white and subdued.

Only one junior knew for certain that night that William Gosling had been reinstated, and that junior was Montague Newland. But on the morrow all Greyfriars knew that Gosling had not been sacked, for he was seen at his lodge as of yore, and no clue was written on his face of the sensational idea that had been born in his brain of sending his nephew Napoleon to Greyfriars.

That was a secret between Montague Newland and Gosling—a secret that was to furnish some amazing results in the

course of the next few weeks—so amazing, in fact, as to make it the sensation of the term and an unparalleled slice of history in the life of Greyfriars.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

'Nap' of the Remove!

WILLIAM NAPOLEON FAUFAIR!

"Eh?"

"William Napoleon Faufair," repeated Harry Wharton, with a grin.

"Sounds like a blowing of trumpets," said Bob Cherry. "What is it exactly, old bean?"

"The name of the new boy duo today," explained the captain of the Remove. "The Quelch bird has just told me. Asked me to keep a fatherly eye on Napoleon. Usual stuff—new to public school life, may need a friendly hand—"

"Or a friendly foot," said Bob, with a grin. "Leave him to us."

The Famous Five chuckled.

It was a few weeks after the "Gosling affair." In fact, that sensation had now died a natural death, and Harry Wharton & Co. had been debating the best method of spending the half-holiday, when Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, had sent for Wharton. As "head boy" of the Form, it fell to his lot to keep a fatherly eye on new boys, a task rendered either agreeable or disagreeable according to the character of the new boy.

"Are we expected to meet the new kid?" asked Johnny Bull, with a yawn.

Wharton shook his head.

"No, not this time, old scout. Newland has gone down to the station to do the honours."

"Newland?"

"Yes. Appears he knows the new kid, or his family, or something," said Wharton. "Anyway, Newland's saved us a job."

"Good!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What about a tramp into Pegg? We'll stay for tea and have a ramble back over the cliffs."

"Any old thing," said Wharton. "There's no footer match on."

"Come on, then," said Bob energetically; and he grabbed his cap.

His chums followed him out of the study and almost ran into Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Can't stop!" sang out Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry!" said Bunter, rolling after the Famous Five. "I say, it's important, you know."

"What's important?" asked Wharton curiously.

"It's about the new boy," said Bunter.

"You see, I think it's up to someone to meet him and—show him round, you know. Welcome the stranger within the gates, and all that."

The Co. grinned.

"I'm a thoughtful fellow," smirked Bunter. "I remember what it was like when I first came to school. Now my idea is to go and meet the new boy and—"

"Get him to cash one of your postal orders for you," chuckled Bob. "Look out that he isn't a soft ass."

"Oh, really, Cherry," said Bunter, with a blink. "My idea is to stand the kid a feed at the lunshop."

"Not get him to stand you one?"

"Certainly not," said Bunter. "I hope I'm not that sort of fellow, Cherry. But the trouble is I'm temporarily short of tin—"

"Go hon!"

"I was expecting a handsome remittance from one of my titled relations."

(Continued on page 16.)



(Continued from page 13.)

went on Bunter earnestly. "But it hasn't arrived. Awkward, isn't it?"

"Very!" said Bob gravely.

"You see, I'd set my heart on meeting the new fellow," said Bunter. "In the circumstances I was wondering whether you would oblige me with a little loan. A pound would do—"

Bob winked at his chums.

"You're sure a pound will be enough, old fat man?"

"Well, you can make it two," said Bunter greedily. "Dash it all, I can afford to be generous to the new kid. I'll settle up as soon as my postal-order arrives!"

"Two pounds?"

"You're a good sort, Bob Cherry," said Bunter gratefully. "I— Whoop! Yooooop! Wharrer you doing?"

For the cheery Bob had grabbed him by the collar and playfully rapped his bullet head against the wall.

Bump!

"That's the first pound," said Bob, with a chuckle. "Always ready to oblige you old fat man. Would you like any more pounds?"

"Groooooough! Yoooooop! You awful beast!" gasped Bunter, rubbing his head.

Apparently Bunter didn't want any more pounds of the variety Bob had seen fit to give him. He backed away from the Famous Five, giaring.

"Beasts! Rotters!"

"Come on, you men!" said Bob. "Bunter doesn't want any more pounds."

And the Famous Five trooped out of the School House and into the sunshine, and were soon stepping it out for the village of Pegg.

Billy Bunter rolled down to the gates dismally. He was in his usual state of impecuniosity that half-holiday. The thought of meeting the new boy in the hope of wheedling a feed out of him had occurred to Bunter, but it meant a walk to the station and back, and Bunter hated exertion in any shape or form. Still, it was the only means left open to him, and with a grunt the Owl of the Remove rolled out of gates and took the road to the station.

William Gosling watched the fat Removite until he was out of sight.

"That fat guzzler's gone to meet Nap," he muttered. "But 'e won't get no change out of Nap. Besides, Master Newland'll soon sheer 'im off."

And Gosling went on sweeping the drive in a very cheerful state of mind. The thing he had often dreamed about was coming to pass—Napoleon Fanfair had been accepted for Greyfriars.

It was almost incredible, but there it was. Gosling's sister had jumped at the opportunity her brother had offered young Napoleon. She had made formal application to the authorities, the good-natured vicar had adted his recommendation without knowing for a moment he was recommending as a fit pupil for Greyfriars the nephew of its porter, and,

true to his promise, Montague Newland had enlisted Mr. Newland's aid.

It all seemed too good to be true to William Gosling, and he felt like pinching himself to see if he were dreaming.

But it was true enough. In Gosling's pocket reposed a letter from his sister Kate, informing him that Napoleon had been accepted, that he had passed the entrance exam. with flying colours, and would reach Greyfriars that very afternoon.

Gosling was humming merrily to himself as he swept the drive. True, he would have to tread very warily. No one must be given reason to suspect that there was any bond of relationship between William Napoleon Fanfair and William Gosling, and their meetings would have to be arranged with great discretion.

Only one fellow at Greyfriars knew the secret, and that was Montague Newland; and Gosling knew the secret was safe with the Jewish junior.

Napoleon had been given his instructions. He was not to make any public demonstration when he marched in at the gates and saw his old uncle there. He could nod and smile a greeting as any ordinary new boy, and that was all.

To many, such a situation as was now to spring up between an affectionate uncle and his equally affectionate nephew, would have been impossible. But to Gosling, in his delight and joy, it presented no difficulties whatsoever.

And he was happy in the knowledge, too, that Newland would keep an eye on young Nap's affairs in the Remove, for it was into the Lower Fourth that Nap was destined to go.

Fellows passing in and out of the gates that afternoon heard Gosling humming, noted the cheery expression on his usually sour features, and marvelled.

And at last the moment for which Gosling had laboured and waited arrived—William Napoleon Fanfair was coming in sight.

An eager look came into Gosling's face as he gazed up the road. Yes, it was his nephew right enough, and Newland was with him. But—

Gosling stared until his eyes almost started out of their sockets.

He had provided sufficient money to fit Napoleon out in the regulation school outfit. Nothing had been omitted from the youngster's school wardrobe.

Everything, then, that Napoleon stood up in would be brand new. Yet Gosling, gazing along the road, saw that something had happened. Both Newland and Napoleon were looking decidedly the worse for wear.

The two of them reached the gates at last, and as they entered Lord Mauleverer sauntered along. He eyed the two juniors in amazement.

"Good gad!" exclaimed his lordship. Newland grinned ruefully.

He introduced Napoleon.

"Nap, this is Mauleverer. He's a giddy lord, you know, but apart from that we've got nothing against him."

The new boy gripped Lord Mauleverer's hand warmly.

Nap was a good-looking, sturdy youngster, about fifteen years old, with a determined chin and unruly curly hair.

That he had been in the wars was very evident. His collar was hanging adrift from its moorings, so to speak, his clothes were dusty and torn in places, and his eye was rapidly assuming a dark shadow that told of a painful contact with someone's fist.

Newland was in similar state.

Gosling, hovering near, looked stupefied.

"We bumped into the Highcliffe cads

just a couple of hundred yards down the lane," said Newland, dabbing at his nose. "There were five of the rotters."

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

"Still, we gave them something to take back with them," said Napoleon, with a wide grin.

"What-ho!" said Newland. "I say, Mauly, young Nap here is a terror with his fists. You should see what he did to Ponsonby's nose—spoiled the shape of it for a few weeks, I know."

And Gosling, who had overheard every word, as Newland intended he should, felt comforted and proud.

He leaned on his broom and watched him with affectionate eyes, gratified to see Lord Mauleverer talking with his nephew.

Mauleverer took a liking to the new boy on the spot. And Nap, on his part, knew that he had made another friend in his noble lordship.

"I think Pon and his merry men are sorry now that they tried to rag us," said Newland. "It was a great fight, but, thanks to Nap, Greyfriars won."

"Bravo!" grinned Mauly. "See you later, you men. I've got to crawl down to the village. Awful fag, you know!"

And his elegant lordship sauntered out of gates, leaving Newland and the new boy alone with Gosling.

The porter treated his nephew to a rare smile. He wanted to pick him up and hug him, but he remembered in time the part he had to play, and also that, in any case, Nap was well past the age when affectionate relatives did such things.

Newland looked on as pleased as Gosling and his nephew, but a frown came over his face as he heard footsteps approaching, and also recognised the voice of Harold Skinner.

"This is Gosling, the porter, Nap," said Newland aloud.

"Oh!" said Nap.

"This is the new boy Fanfair, Gosling."

"Which I'm pleased to see you, sir," said Gosling, with owl-like gravity. "And I 'opes you'll be 'appy 'ere. Nap—I mean, Master Fanfair."

"I'm sure I shall, uncle—ahem!—Ow!"

Nap broke off with an exclamation as Newland trod on his foot. Skinner & Co. were within earshot.

"Sorry, old scout!" said Newland, with a grin. "Look here, Nap, we'd better get in and get tidied up before a Beak spots us!"

"Good idea!" said Nap, and followed Newland across the quad after an affectionate glance at his uncle.

But the luck was out. For just as the two juniors were mounting the steps of the School House Dr. Locke himself met them.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, as he beheld their disreputable appearance. "Newland—Fanfair—"

"Yes, sir!" said the new boy meekly, wishing that the earth would open and swallow him.

"Bless my soul!" reiterated Dr. Locke. "Boys, you have been fighting?"

"Ye-es, sir!"

"Fighting before you have been in the school half an hour, Fanfair! This is hardly the conduct I expect from a Greyfriars boy."

"If you please, sir," began Newland; but the Head beckoned him to be silent.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Fanfair. "But I was hardly to blame."

"Nonsense!" snapped Dr. Locke. "It takes two to make a quarrel. Really, I am shocked and surprised that a new

boy, of all people, should arrive at the school in such a disgusting condition."

It was on the tip of Fanfair's tongue to explain, for he felt, with reason, that he had been misjudged, but Dr. Locke gave him no chance.

"Go into the House at once and make yourself respectable, my boy," he said sternly. "And Newland, kindly keep your temper in check. Fighting with a new boy, indeed! Disgraceful!"

"But—" began Newland, realising that the Head had jumped to a hasty conclusion.

"Not a word!" said Dr. Locke. "You will conduct Fanfair to the bath-room, and let there be no more fighting. Fanfair, when you have tidied yourself you will interview your Form master, Mr. Quelch."

And before either of the juniors could recover from their astonishment the Head had rustled on his way.

"Bad luck, Nap!" said Newland, with a grin. "The old Beak, he's a good chap really, thought that we had been scrapping each other."

Napoleon Fanfair grinned, too. He was sorry to think he had created such an unfavourable first impression; but there it was.

He accompanied Newland to the bath-room and tidied himself. His box hadn't yet arrived by the carrier's cart, so he couldn't change into another suit. Still, one of Newland's jackets and collars fitted him passably well.

Five minutes later Fanfair presented himself at Mr. Quelch's study, and was asked the usual questions and given the same good wishes that the master of the Remove habitually handed out to new boys in his Form.

"You will share Study No. 1 with Wharton and Nugent temporarily," concluded Mr. Quelch, with a gracious smile. "You may go!"

And Napoleon Fanfair took his departure.

Out in the passago he came across Harold Skinner & Co.

"Hold on, new kid!" drawled Skinner, detaching himself from the passage wall. "Does your mother know you're out?"

"You leave my mother out of it," said Napoleon quietly.

And he knew from the moment he looked into Skinner's pasty face that here was a potential enemy.

Nap made to walk on, but Skinner shoved his foot out, and before he knew what was happening the new boy had tripped over it, and gone crashing to the floor.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Bad Beginning!

"H A, ha, ha!" Skinner & Co. laughed uproariously as the new boy pitched headlong, but the laughter rang a little false when Fanfair rose to his feet. His eyes were blazing, and his fists were clenched.

At that moment Harold Skinner was near to getting the thrashing of his life, but the new boy controlled his anger as he remembered Gosling's advice on the subject of "rags" and how to take them.

"You rotter!" said Fanfair. "I've a jolly good mind to give you a thrashing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Skinner. "Is the little boy annoyed? Did'ums! There!"

And the cad of the Remove reached out and patted the new boy on the head, after the manner of a parent gently admonishing a child. The next

moment Skinner found his wrist gripped as in a vice as Fanfair caught hold of it and wrenched it away.

"Hands off," said Nap quietly. Skinner was amazed at the strength of the new boy, and not a little afraid. He fingered the wrist that Fanfair had gripped with a wry expression on his face.

Fanfair gave him one grim look and swung on his heel.

"The cheeky cad!" said Skinner savagely. "I've a jolly good mind—"

He broke off and rushed off after the new boy.

Fanfair suddenly felt himself swung round face to face with Skinner.

"Here, what's your name?" demanded Skinner.

"Fanfair," said the new boy quietly. "And please take your hand off my shoulder!"

"Where do you live, you cheeky new kid?" said Skinner unpleasantly.

"That's my business!"

"Oh, is it?" jeered Skinner. "Well, then, my pippin, let me tell you that those airs and graces won't do you any good here!"

"Oh rats!" Skinner's eyes blazed.

"Did you say 'rats' to me?"

Fanfair nodded.

"And many of 'em!" he added.

"Rag the rotter!" said Snoop.

"Rag the cheeky ass!" echoed Stott.

And the three juniors advanced on Fanfair, doubtless expecting that he would make a bolt for it. But Napoleon Fanfair did not make a bolt for it. He stood his ground firmly.

"Keep your paws off me," he said grimly, "or I shall hit out!"

But the cads of the Remove did not

heed the warning. They were three to one—surely strong enough to subdue a cheeky new kid. Skinner & Co., however, got the surprise of their lives a few seconds later, for Fanfair's right crashed on to Skinner's prominent nose, sending that amiable youth staggering against the wall.

"Yoooooop!"

"Collar the rotter!" said Snoop valiantly. "Yaroooh!"

Fanfair's left connected with Snoop's eye, and Snoop saw all the stars in the firmament as he crashed back against Skinner.

Stott hesitated. He had witnessed those two hefty blows, and he had no fancy to sample one. Still, he could not back down in the circumstances, and, mustering into play what courage he possessed, he rushed viciously at the new boy.

Fanfair laughed, and nimbly stopped aside. Again his right shot out, and Stott collapsed in a heap on the passage floor, yelling and claspng his chin.

"Wow! Ow!"

Fanfair surveyed the three juniors with a grim smile.

"You woke up the wrong passenger that time," he said. "Still, I warned you!"

"Yarooooh!" groaned Skinner. "You cad!"

"Wow-ow!" moaned Snoop.

"Groooooogh!" gasped Stott. "You hooligan!"

There was the rustle of a gown in the passage, and Dr. Locke swept majestically into sight. He started as he saw the sprawling figures of Skinner

(Continued on next page.)

The "Magnet" Rhymester is still going strong; Mr. Quelch is his latest "victim" to rank amongst our popular feature—GREYFRIARS CELEBRITIES.



A SLOW, majestic, solemn tread, A gown that's primly rustling.

Whose is that figure just ahead, That moves, quite free from bustling? Who owns that gimlet eye, whose ray So oft foretells disaster? 'Tis Henry Samuel Quelch, M.A., Of the Remove—Form master.

A hulk that's hard as granite flint Forms Quelch's grim exterior;

But oftentimes you catch a hint Of quite a kind interior. The fellow's prim, precise, and just, His methods are not harmful; He wields the cane, and yet we must Improve, through his example.

He's popular with all his boys, And very loyal towards them; Golf and classics are his joys When scanty time affords them. For Henry Quelch is typing out A "History of Greyfriars." 'Twill never end, without a doubt, And yet he never tires.

In class, Mark Linley is his joy, A clever knowledge-hunter; Wharton is his bright head-boy, And his dismay is Bunter. That fat one is his trial in life, The bane of his existence; And Mauly sleeps through storm and strife, Till roused with firm insistence.

But though his Form is none too grand, At all times they'll support him, And form a loyal, helpful band. As harsh experience taught him. When through Misfortune—fickle jade!— Quelch left Greyfriars portals, He found his feet through Mauly's aid, Most affluent of mortals.

Through Quelch's hands have passed a crowd Of boys, and he's improved them. So hear us shout that we are proud That his example's moved them. We'll raise our glasses, and we'll say: "Here's health and great prosperity To Henry Samuel Quelch, M.A."— In spite of his severity.

& Co. and the new boy standing over them.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Fanfair! Is it possible that you have been fighting again?"

It was possible, as the damaged countenance of Skinner & Co. plainly showed.

"This is disgraceful!" snapped the Head. "I will not tolerate this hooliganism, Fanfair!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the new boy quietly, although a trifle bitterly.

He could not add that he hadn't sought the fight, for that would have been tantamount to sneaking; but he reflected that Skinner & Co. might have had the decency to own up that they had provoked him into fighting. Fanfair, however, did not quite know the calibre of Skinner & Co. yet.

The Head's glance passed grimly from one junior to the other. Skinner & Co. looked as hurt as was humanly possible.

"Who started this regrettable affair?" asked Dr. Locke.

There was a silence, except for a low moan from Skinner.

"Who struck the first blow?"

"I did, sir!" said Napoleon, with a sinking at the heart.

"Very well, Fanfair!" said Dr. Locke sternly. "You will follow me to my study. I am disappointed in you. Much as I dislike caning a boy on his first day at school, I feel that I cannot overlook this disgraceful affair. Such hooliganism, sir, is not tolerated at Greyfriars."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Fanfair, turning a deep crimson.

"Doubtless you are," said Dr. Locke icily. "But your sorrow is a trifle late. Follow me!"

And he strode on to his study. Fanfair, after giving Skinner & Co. one bitter look, followed.

From a convenient point of vantage Skinner & Co. heard the swishing of the cane, and rather anticipated hearing the new boy cry out. But not a sound escaped Fanfair's lips. He took his punishment with stoical fortitude, unjust as that punishment really was.

When he emerged from the Head's study his face was white, and his hands were clenched.

Skinner & Co. gave him sneering glances; but Fanfair knew better than to be provoked into another scrap within hearing of the Head's study. He walked on, unheeding.

"Serve the cad right!" said Skinner.

"Hope he got it hot!" added Snoop charitably.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Stott uncomfortably. "We started the scrap. We ought to have owned up. Rotten trick to land him with all the blame!"

And, leaving Snoop and Skinner staring in surprise, Stott walked on after Fanfair. He caught up with the new boy just as he was about to enter Study No. 1.

"I say, Fanfair!"

The new boy turned, and his brow darkened as he saw Stott.

"I say, Fanfair," said Stott awkwardly. "I'm sorry you got a licking. I—I was a cad not to have spoken up and—"

His words trailed off unintelligibly, and he crimsoned.

Nap's face softened, and the scowl gave place to a friendly smile.

"Oh, that's all right! I can stand a licking, you know."

And Stott strolled off feeling a little easier in his mind.

Napoleon knocked at the door of

Study No. 1, and, receiving no answer, opened it and strode in.

Study No. 1 was deserted, for Wharton & Co. had not yet returned from their walk.

"Looks snug enough!" muttered Fanfair. "I wonder if I shall like the chaps who dig here?"

"I expect you will, old bean," said Newland, coming up at that moment and overhearing the remark. "They're two of the best chaps in the Form—Wharton, he's the Remove captain, and Nugent."

Napoleon smiled, glad that Newland had found him.

"I've just been getting tea ready," said Newland. "Ready for it?"

"You're very good, Newland," said Fanfair, with a grateful glance at the Jewish junior. "I've a lot to thank you for. Being here, for instance. I say, isn't it wonderful? And isn't Uncle William a real brick?"

"He's all that," said Newland. "But be careful, old scout. If it ever gets out that he's your uncle, it'll mean the bullet from Greyfriars. You can't be too careful."

Napoleon nodded.

In Study No. 9, which Newland shared with Trevor and Treluce and Penfold, the day-boarder, Fanfair sat down to a "high" tea. They had the study to themselves, and over tea Nap told Newland of his encounter with Skinner & Co.

"The rotters!" growled Newland. "I wish I had been there. Still, it was decent of Stott to apologise to you. He's not quite such a cad as Skinner & Snoop. But you want to steer clear of those fellows."

"Thanks, I will," said Fanfair, with a chuckle. "They look a weedy crowd, I must say."

After tea Newland took his new chum over the school, and showed him the "sights," and Nap's heart was very light as he gazed at the ancient pile and listened to the interesting tit-bits of information with which Newland regaled him.

"I can hardly believe it's true," said Nap at length. "Do you know, Newland, I've always longed to belong to a fine school like Greyfriars, but I never dreamed, not in my wildest moment, that it would ever come to pass."

Newland clapped him on the back.

"Well, it has. Here you are, Nap, an established member of Greyfriars, and Greyfriars will be proud of you."

The two strolled back to the Remove quarters, and encountered Billy Bunter en route.

The Owl of the Remove scowled as he met them. He had had his walk to the station for nothing, for Newland had quietly but firmly taken the fat junior by the collar and propelled him forcibly from the station before Nap's train had come in. There had been a lot to say to Nap which certainly could never have been said in the presence of William George Bunter. Bunter, however, did not know the circumstances. He felt he had been robbed of a certain feed—for Bunter considered all new boys fair game.

"What's he scowling at us for?" asked Nap, as Bunter rolled past, and Newland explained.

"His name's Bunter," he added, "and he's the biggest and fattest sponger in the Form. Mind you don't cash any imaginary postal-orders for him."

"Thanks for the tip," said Nap, with a grin. "I don't fancy that fat freak will take me in."

But, like lots of other new boys, Napoleon didn't know the extent of

William George Bunter's cunning when there was question of a feed at stake.

For an hour or more Bunter hovered round Newland and the new boy like a fat shadow, hoping that Newland would leave him alone, but the hope proved a vain one. And at last Bunter had recourse to trickery.

He gave a little cough, a usual preliminary to his extraordinary powers of ventriloquism.

"Newland!"

The Jewish junior wheeled sharply as Mr. Quelch's sharp voice fell on his ears, but he saw no sign of the Remove master.

"Yes, sir?"

"Kindly tell Wingate that I want to speak to him!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Newland, and, with a word to Napoleon, he hurried off.

Billy Bunter chuckled. He knew that both Wingate, the captain of the school, and Mr. Quelch were gone out, for he had seen them depart from the School House about an hour ago. Newland, in the circumstances, would be a long time looking for Wingate; time enough, at any rate, for Bunter to wheedle a feed out of the new boy.

He bore down on him, an expansive grin on his podgy face.

"Hallo, Fanfair!" he said cordially. "My name's Bunter, you know."

"How do you do?" said Nap gravely.

"Will you have a snack with me at the tuckshop, old fellow?" said Bunter. "I was a new boy myself once, you know."

It was on the tip of Napoleon's tongue to refuse, for he remembered Newland's warning; but Bunter's next words deceived him.

"My treat, you know, old chap," said Bunter generously.

"You're very good," said Nap.

"Not at all, old fellow," smirked Bunter. "This way, Fanfair."

He piloted the new boy to Dame Mumble's tuckshop, and seated himself at the counter.

"Pile in, old fellow. My treat, you know!"

And, without further ado, Billy Bunter started a concentrated attack on some fresh rabbit-pies. Napoleon helped himself to a couple of tarts and a ginger-pop, and then he fell to watching Bunter's gargantuan performance. Tarts followed the rabbit-pies, and eclairs followed the tarts, and Nap wondered where on earth Bunter put it all.

But even Bunter's jaws grew tired at last, and his fat face was sticky and shiny and happy when eventually he rolled from the stool.

He blinked cheerily at Nap's astonished face, and then turned to Mrs. Mumble.

"How much is that, Mrs. Mumble?"

"Twelve shillings and ninepence, Master Bunter."

Still with a cheery grin on his podgy face, Bunter plunged a grubby hand into his pocket, as if in search of his wallet. Then a look of astonishment crept over his face.

"Oh dear!" His dismay seemed quite genuine. "I've lost my-my-my wallet!"

Nap's face expressed sympathy.

"Perhaps you've put it in another pocket."

But Bunter made a thorough search of all his pockets and no wallet came to light, for the very simple reason that Bunter had not possessed a wallet in the first place.

"Oh, I say!" he muttered. "I must have lost it, you know. Do you mind paying the bill for me, old fellow? I'll

settle up with you when the evening post comes in. I'm expecting a remittance from one of my titled relations, you know."

And before he remembered in time Newland's warning, Napoleon was paying the bill the artful Owl of the Remove had contracted. What was more, when Nap pocketed his change and turned to look for Bunter, that fat youth was nowhere to be seen.

Then, and only then, did Napoleon Fanfair realise that he had been done, and he mentally registered a promise to call Bunter to task the next time he saw him. But Newland got there first, so to speak, for the Jewish junior, having searched high and low for Wingate, had repaired to Mr. Quelch's study to tell him that the school captain was nowhere to be found.

Mr. Quelch was out; in fact Newland learned from Linley, who had just come in, that he had passed Mr. Quelch and Wingate on the road an hour or more ago, walking in the direction away from Greyfriars, which, when Newland had time to think it out, proved that Mr. Quelch could not have requested him to find Wingate.

It had been Mr. Quelch's voice, however, and the explanation was easy. There was only one fellow in the school capable of mimicking the form master's voice so ably, and that was William George Bunter.

Newland had proceeded to look for the Owl of the Remove. Judging by the howls of woe that echoed up the Remove passage as Napoleon Fanfair entered it, Newland had found William George Bunter.

Nap came up smiling.

"Give him one for me, Newland," he said. "The fat barrel took me in; left me to settle the bill at the tuckshop and bolted."

And Newland obligingly gave Bunter one for Napoleon, although whether Bunter appreciated it is extremely doubtful. If he did he had an extraordinary way of showing it, for he yelled:

"Yooooop! Whooooop!"

Then, feeling a little comforted, Newland and Fanfair strolled on towards Study No. 1.

Harry Wharton & Co. were "at home," for in answer to Nap's tap on the door a cheery voice sang out:

"Come in, fathead!"

And Napoleon, with a grin at Monty Newland, entered the study.

"Sorry!"

It was Nugent who spoke, and he blushed as the stranger came into the study followed by Newland.

"Sorry, old scout! I didn't know it was a new boy."

"That's all right," said Nap.

Newland effected the introductions, and Wharton and Nugent didn't even grimace when they were informed that Mr. Quelch had placed the new boy in their study. Study No. 1 was cosy enough for two fellows, but three was rather a squeeze. Still, both the captain of the Remove and Frank Nugent liked the look of the new boy, and felt that things might have been worse.

In the space of a very short time Napoleon Fanfair was quite at home. Could William Gosling have seen him then he would have realised, if indeed he wanted any further proof, that Napoleon was the happiest fellow in the world. He felt among friends with Wharton & Co. True, he had been im-

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Discovery I

"H. my hat!"
The Owl of the Remove fairly quivered with excitement.

It was two days after Nap's arrival at Greyfriars, and Bunter was rolling down to the gates to await the postman's arrival, when a gust of wind swept a sheet of paper across his face.

The fat junior clawed at it, and was about to toss it away, when he discovered that the offending piece of paper was a letter.

Bunter's besetting sin was curiosity, and before he quite realised that he



During the game of chess, Gosling discussed Nap's friendship with Monty Newland, unconscious of the fact that Bunter was peering into the room and taking in every word that was being said!

polite enough to gasp out an exclamation of surprise when Hurrec Jamsot Ram Singh had spoken for the first time, but he soon became accustomed to the dusky nabob's weird and wonderful version of King's English.

When Napoleon Fanfair turned in in the Remove dormitory that night he felt that all his happiest dreams had come to pass. He was at Greyfriars; he was near his beloved uncle, and already he possessed some of the finest friends it was possible to have.

"What more could a chap wish for?" he murmured to himself, as he lay comfortably in bed staring through the dormitory window at the starry sky outside. "And I've got Uncle William to thank for all this. He's one of the best—the very best!"

And with this thought in his mind Nap dropped off into a sound and peaceful slumber.

But troublous times were ahead of William Napoleon Fanfair, did he but know it. And while he slept Fate was spinning its web and choosing as an instrument William George Bunter.

was reading someone else's letter he had made the discovery of his podgy life. The letter ran:

"My dear William,—You can't know how glad I am to hear that Napoleon is with you, although on account of your position as school porter, you cannot see as much of him as all of us would like. Still, it is a comfort to know that he will receive a sound education, thanks to your wonderful generosity—such generosity as will earn my undying gratitude and his."

"I expect you will be able to see him occasionally in the lodge and have a few words with him; but it must never be known that he is your nephew, for that would mean dismissal for you, and I should never forgive myself if that happened..."

There was lots more of a similar nature, but Bunter was too excited to read it; even Bunter, obtuse as he was, putting two and two together, identified "William" with William

Gosling; "Nap" as Napoleon Fanfair, his nephew; and the reference to the "lodge" as the porter's lodge by the gates.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" gasped Bunter, almost overcome by the discovery he had made. "A porter's nephew! Phew! I wonder what the fellows would say if they knew?"

He crumpled up the letter and hastily shoved it in his pocket.

"A porter's nephew!" muttered Bunter. "Old Gosling's nephew! The cheek of it!"

The podgy Owl of the Remove puffed himself up with indignation.

"I've a jolly good mind to take this letter to the Head!" he snorted.

But Bunter knew that that course would never be taken. Suddenly his piggy little eyes glimmered cunningly. Old Gosling had recently come into a lot of money. The more the fat junior cogitated that point the more convinced he became that Gosling would shell out like a shot. That such behaviour on his, Bunter's, part was blackmail, a criminal offence, heavily punishable by law, did not occur to him; Bunter had a habit of ignoring any unpleasant facts.

But first he would have to make certain before he proceeded to the extent of squeezing money out of William Gosling.

"I'll keep an eye on the lodge," muttered Bunter; and with the secret so far safely locked in his podgy breast, he rolled on.

He reached the lodge, and stood lounging against the gate. Old Gosling was cleaning the brass bell-plate and humming cheerily to himself. Looking at him then Bunter's better nature came to the surface. In fact, he was almost tempted to rush off to his study, tear up the letter, and burn it, and then forget that he had ever seen it. But good nature with Bunter did not last long, and the thought passed in a flash. He had a sense of power, and like most fatuous people he longed to exercise it.

"Good-afternoon, Master Bunter!" said Gosling, catching sight of him. "Ain't you playing football to-day?"

Bunter smirked.

"The fellows are jealous of my form, Gosling," he said, "and they squeeze me out of the games."

"Do they now?" said Gosling, with a grave face. "Is that new boy wot arrived on Wednesday—is he a-playing, do you know?"

Bunter jumped. He knew then for a positive fact that Gosling was indeed Napoleon Fanfair's uncle; hence the porter's otherwise unaccountable interest in a new boy.

"I believe he is," said Bunter carelessly, albeit eyeing Gosling shrewdly.

And the porter, quite unaware of the thoughts that were roaming through Bunter's wooden head, went on with his work, humming more vigorously than ever. It pleased him to hear that his nephew had settled down to school life at Greyfriars so quickly.

"He seems a nice chap, Master Bunter," said Gosling, pausing in his work again.

"He's a rotter!" said Bunter promptly.

"Eh?" Gosling bellowed the word, and his gnarled fingers clenched. For the moment it looked as if Gosling was going to throw himself at Bunter. But the porter remembered in time, and added rather lamely: "Is he?"

"He is!" exclaimed Bunter, thoroughly enjoying the situation. "He

kicked me this morning because I asked him to cash a postal-order for me."

Gosling inwardly was exceedingly glad that Nap had kicked Bunter; the porter had often entertained a similar longing, but his face expressed nothing as he went on polishing.

"And I'm going to make the rotter sit up for it!" growled Bunter. "It's my belief that he's a wrong 'un!"

"He's as straight as a die!" The words tumbled out of Gosling's mouth in a torrent.

Bunter chuckled, his fat unpleasant chuckle.

"I mean, he looked to me as straight as a die," added the porter, biting his lip.

"Appearances are sometimes deceptive," said Bunter. "I'm going to keep an eye on the rotter!"

With that charitable intention, voiced in a vengeful tone, William George Bunter rolled away from the gates,

One of this week's MAGNET pocket knives goes to: Allan B. Pearson, "Sunnydene," Gollinks Road, Cottingham Road, Hull, who sent in the following amusing joke.



ASKING FOR IT!

Farmer: "How d'ye come by that black eye, John?"

John (new to the job): "That old Jersey cow would keep flicking her tail in my face when I was milking her, so I tied half a brick on it!"

Pile in with your efforts, chums, if you want to carry off one of these useful prizes.

leaving Gosling with a sinking feeling gnawing at his heart.

The fat little beast!" he muttered. "I'd like to give 'im the 'iding of 'is life. He's always poking his nose into other people's business."

What Gosling's feelings would have been had he known that the nasal organ belonging to William George Bunter was already poking its way into the business of William Gosling, and that, in a manner of speaking, it had already learned much of Napoleon Fanfair's secret can better be imagined than described. At the moment, however, Gosling did not know. He went on polishing the brass, and once again his cheery hum came to life.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter rolled along to Little Side. There was a practice game going on there between the Remove Eleven and a scratch side, and in the scratch side, figuring to advantage, was Napoleon Fanfair.

There was no thought in his mind of the impending trouble that was shortly to burst like a rain-cloud about his shoulders, as he chased the leather with

active feet and nimble brain. And his enthusiasm and his craft earned the applause of the members of both sides and those juniors standing around the touch-line.

"Oh, good shot, Nap!"

Already he was Nap to most of the Removites.

"Played, sir!"

And Nap's good-looking face flushed with pride.

Bunter watched him for some moments with a scowl on his face. The fellow was an impostor, he told himself—a rank outsider. The fellows wouldn't cheer when they knew that he was only a porter's nephew; but then, Bunter judged other people by himself.

Blundell, of the Fifth, who had graciously consented to act as referee, blew the whistle for half-time; and Bunter, with a sniff, rolled away from Little Side to the quad. On a seat under one of the old elms he made himself comfortable, and once again pulled out the incriminating letter and read it.

"He, he, he!" Bunter's unmusical cackle broke the stillness. "Old Gosling would give me anything for this letter. Blessed if I don't go and see him!"

But Bunter as yet hadn't plucked up enough courage to do that. For the moment he amused himself with reading extracts from the letter that had so strangely fallen into his hands, and unconsciously Bunter uttered passages of that letter aloud.

Suddenly there was a stir from the other side of the tree. Bunter, engrossed in his own thoughts, did not notice the elegant figure of Lord Mauleverer move from the seat and lounge round to where he sat.

"I bet old Gosling would feel jolly sick if he knew I'd got his blessed letter!" muttered Bunter. "I—"

He broke off with a gasp of dismay, for at that moment Lord Mauleverer suddenly stretched out a hand and grabbed the letter.

"You awful fat cad!" exclaimed Mauly indignantly.

"Oh, really, Mauly!" blinked Bunter. "Gimme back my letter."

Lord Mauleverer eyed the fat junior sternly.

"You awful rotter, Bunter!" he said, with some warmth. "This is not your letter. Your own words prove it."

Bunter's jaw dropped.

"I say, Mauly, you've no right to take another chap's letter, you know. It's dishonourable, and—"

"You spyin' worm!" said his lordship contemptuously. "I heard what you said. I couldn't help it; your silly chinwaggin' woke me up just when I was havin' forty winks. That letter belongs to Gosling."

"It doesn't!" said Bunter promptly. "I never said anything of the kind. Besides, how could it belong to Gosling? Napoleon Fanfair isn't his nephew, is he? I mean, the wind didn't blow that letter in my face. Nothing of the kind. The fact is, old chap, that's a letter from my Uncle Matilda. I mean, my Aunt George. I mean—"

"You mean you're lyin' as usual," said Lord Mauleverer, and his face was unusually serious.

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"I don't know how much truth there was in what you said," went on the schoolboy earl. "That's not my business. But it's my business to return that letter to Gosling."

Bunter glared.

"You're jolly well not," he said. "That letter proves that Gosling is a swindler. He's no right to send his blessed nephew to Greyfriars. I bet the

Head doesn't know. Besides, it's deceiving the Head and the authorities." And Bunter nearly burst with indignation.

"I don't know the ins an' outs of the affair, an' I don't want to," said Mauly firmly. "But whatever you have learned from spyin' into another chap's letter you should keep to yourself."

"Oh, really, Mauly—"

"An' if I hear you mention one word of what you have discovered, I'll burst you!" added his lordship, with unwonted heat.

And folding the letter he carefully placed it in his pocket and strolled away, a troubled frown on his brow. Lord Mauleverer knew as much about the contents of that letter as if he had read them himself. Somehow that incriminating document had to be returned to Gosling's care.

It came as a surprise to Lord Mauleverer to know that Napoleon Fanfair was indeed Gosling's nephew; it came as a further surprise to him to know that the porter had sacrificed his life's savings in order to give his nephew a chance in life, but it also touched his heart. Knowing as much as he did Lord Mauleverer could now find the reason for many changes that had come over Gosling. The grumpiness of the old porter had disappeared; he was always humming at his work; he was always taking, or appearing to take, an interest in the doings of the Removites, especially—now Mauly came to think of it—those of Napoleon Fanfair. Of course, if Nap were really Gosling's nephew, these changes were easily understandable.

And now the secret was known by Bunter—the biggest tittle-tattler in the whole of the school.

Lord Mauleverer ground his teeth at the thought. The affair was nothing to do with him really, but having been by chance made an unwilling party to it, Mauly's good nature prompted him to keep what he knew to himself and to see that Billy Bunter did likewise.

In a thoughtful mood the schoolboy earl strolled on down to the gates. He was troubled to know what to do with the letter. The obvious course of handing it back openly to Gosling with the excuse that it had been found was not practical, for it meant that the porter would know, or guess at least, that his secret had been discovered. On the other hand, to return the letter surreptitiously was equally embarrassing. But chance made an opening for Lord Mauleverer.

He sauntered up to the lodge.

Gosling gave him an affable nod.

"'Arternoon, milord!"

"Good-afternoon, Gossy!"

"I was jest a-coming up to your study, sir, to move the bookcase," volunteered the porter, putting away his pipe. "It won't take me a few minutes, sir."

"Oh gad!" gasped Mauly, and then added hastily: "I mean, of course."

He remembered then that early that morning he had asked Gosling to shift the bookcase in his study. Any other fellow but his lazy lordship would have performed such a small task himself. Not so Lord Mauleverer; he hated energy in any shape or form.

"I'll come along now, sir," said Gosling.

"By gad! That's jolly decent of you," said his lordship. And he lounged back to the School House with Gosling in tow.

In Mauly's pocket, burning like a red-hot cinder, was the letter that Bunter had found. Somehow or another that letter, which rightly belonged to

Gosling, had to be returned to him as quickly as possible. Perhaps this was an opportunity.

Mauly's face did not display the anxiety he felt as he lounged against the wall in Study No. 4 whilst Gosling, to tackle the job of moving the bookcase, removed his jacket and hung it up not a foot from where his noble lordship stood.

But the moment the porter bent his shoulders to the moving job, and, incidentally, turned his broad back on the Remove junior, Mauly acted swiftly. His hand came out with the letter in it; another second and the letter was safely in Gosling's jacket pocket.

"Oh gad!" Mauly breathed a deep sigh of relief. The job had been easier than he thought, but he blushed uncomfortably at his part in it. His lazy lordship was as straight as a die, and such an action of deceit, good as was the cause, rather unnerved him. Still, it was done now.

The task of removing the bookcase was accomplished at last, and after much puffing and blowing William Gosling donned his jacket and mopped his brow.

"Which it was 'eavier than I thought—thank you, sir," he said.

And for that simple job of moving a bookcase Gosling was the richer by ten shillings.

At the doorway the porter paused.

"Excuse me, milord," he said somewhat diffidently. "But is the new young gent here happy in his study, do you know?"

Mauleverer jumped.

"Do you mean Nap—Fanfair?"

"Yes, sir. He's struck me as—as being a very nice young fellow."

"Oh, he's quite happy, I believe," said

Mauly, rather embarrassed. "And he's as you say, a very nice fellow, begad!"

Gosling beamed.

"Which I'm glad to 'ear you say so, milord!" he exclaimed unguardedly.

That he was displaying an uncommon interest in a now boy never seemed to occur to the porter; he simply couldn't keep the boy out of his mind. Nap was his world from morning to night; and as Mauly looked at the old chap's grizzled face and saw the generosity of his heart reflected in the grey eyes, the slacker of the Remove told himself that if the secret ever leaked out it would not escape through him.

But there was still William George Bunter to reckon with. In fact, before Gosling's heavy footsteps had ceased to echo along the Remove passage the Owl of the Remove rolled into Study No. 4,

Lord Mauleverer had stretched himself out elegantly on the handsome settee. A soft pillow was under his well-groomed head, another cushion reposed under his well-shod feet.

Mauly was dozing, at peace with the world.

But Bunter soon disturbed that peace.

Since the fat junior had had time to think the matter over he had arrived at the conclusion that he ought not to have submitted so tamely to Lord Mauleverer's action. In fact, Bunter had worked himself up to that state when his limited code of honour demanded that the full facts of the letter and the amazing state of affairs which Gosling had brought about should be placed before Dr. Locke.

"Oh gad!" groaned Mauly, when his half-open eyes beheld the ample form of the Owl of the Remove. "Go away, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Mauly!" exclaimed the fat junior. "I want that letter you took from me. From a sense of duty I feel that I ought to take it to Dr. Locke, you know."

Lord Mauleverer sat bolt upright.

"By gad!" he ejaculated, eyeing Bunter as if he were some strange fish. "I never knew you were such a whale for duty, dear man."

Bunter shook his fist.

"I think the whole thing's disgraceful," he exclaimed. "That low bounder Fanfair ought not to be at a decent school like this. It's a disgrace. It's a slight to the other chaps."

"Oh gad!"

"I'm not staying at a school with a fellow whose uncle is a low porter," sniffed Bunter. "See! Now gimme that letter. I'm going to take it to the Head!"

(Continued on next page.)

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"You can't, old fat bean," said Mauly, with a faint grin. "Because I haven't got the letter. But I'll tell you what I will do."

"Eh? What's that?"

The slacker of the Remove rose from the settee, and picked up a cricket stump from the corner of the study.

"I'm goin' to give you a lickin' for being a nasty little inquisitive, spying beast."

Bunter jumped back in alarm.

"Don't you touch me or I'll yell."

Mauly grinned.

"You're goin' to yell in any case, my fat pippin. But you needn't worry about the letter. If you start to blab what you know no one will believe you. Your jolly old reputation is against you. Most likely the fellows will give you a Form raggin'."

"Oh!" Bunter had overlooked that possibility, but Mauly's words brought it speedily to mind. It was quite likely that if he started to tell his amazing story up and down the Remove, the fellows would treat it as one of his usual whoppers.

It was a discomforting thought, but Bunter hadn't time to dwell on it for long, for Lord Mauleverer, displaying unwonted energy, suddenly leapt across the room and brought the stump into play.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Ow! Yowp! Yaroooooh!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Mauly was going strong.

"Groooough! Stoppit! Oh crikey!" yelled Bunter.

"I'm goin' to give you a dozen," said his lordship, "an' see if that'll keep your nasty little tongue quiet. An' if I hear any word mentioned about that letter, I'm goin' to give you a dozen licks with a stump every time I see you."

It was a long speech for his lazy lordship; it was a longer period of energy still, for he did not pitch the stump away until he had administered the prescribed dozen.

By that time Billy Bunter was reduced to a state of roaring humility.

"Wow-ow! Groooough! I'm dying! Ow!"

Lord Mauleverer took the wriggling Owl by the shoulder and spun him towards the door.

"Now get out," he said. "You make me sick!"

And Bunter got out for the simple reason that Lord Mauleverer's well-shod feet helped him.

For the moment, Bunter had thoroughly repented him of his inquisitiveness, his uncharitableness, and his sense of "duty," but how long the lesson would last was very doubtful. No one knew more than Lord Mauleverer, as once more he sought the comfort of the settee. But he had done his best. And while he pondered over it, his eyes closed once more, his head jerked forward on his chest, his breathing became a little more stertorous. Lord Mauleverer was asleep.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Secret Out!

"THE rotter!"

Billy Bunter glared.

"The low cad!"

It was about a week following Bunter's amazing discovery—a painful week for the fat Removite, for Lord Mauleverer had dogged him like a shadow. Not once had Bunter had the opportunity of telling the astonishing news concerning Napoleon Fanfair to his Form fellows. But it wasn't that reflection which prompted the uncomplimentary epithets. It was explained by the fact that a fives bat wielded in the strong arm of William Napoleon Fanfair had very recently made furious contact with Bunter's nether garments.

"The awful low cad!" gasped Bunter, staring after the retreating figure of Nap. "Fancy being licked by a low porter's nephew!"

There wasn't much fancy in it; the pain Bunter felt amply testified to its reality. Really, to be licked by a low fellow whose uncle was a common porter, just because he had missed a few jam tarts from the study cupboard was, in the fat junior's opinion, a bit thick.

That such a distinguished fellow as Bunter should descend to the petty practice of raiding a low fellow's tarts seemed incredible in view of Bunter's condemnation of Napoleon Fanfair. Still, although Bunter was prepared to condemn William Napoleon Fanfair as a low bounder, he was condescending enough to sneak his jam tarts. The trouble was that the low bounder had objected, very strongly, which made him a lower bounder, so to speak, than ever in the estimation of William George Bunter.

Had he been a fighting man, William George Bunter would have wiped up the floor with Napoleon Fanfair at the moment. Unfortunately, Bunter was anything but a fighting man.

He glared after Fanfair with a glare that threatened to crack his big spectacles.

Then he rolled to Study No. 7 and gave himself up to reflection. By this time, Bunter had worked himself up into such a state of righteous indignation, that to expose Nap and his uncle was an obsession, and while he reflected on ways and means of making the truth public, the subject of his thoughts was quietly walking towards the gates.

It was dusk, and the sight of the cosy lights from the porter's lodge made Napoleon quicken his steps. He had arranged to see his uncle that night for a chat and a game of chess, and it was Nap's plan to wait until the coast was clear and then enter the lodge by the back door. Once there he knew he would be safe.

Nap's heart was light as he hurried towards the lodge. He had been a few weeks at Greyfriars now and all was well. No one suspected the truth; no one need suspect. Harry Wharton & Co. liked him—made much of him; and in the Form, Mr. Quelch fully approved of him as a ready and apt scholar who would make his way.

There was only one fly in the ointment so to speak. Nap didn't see as much of Montague Newland as he would have wished. Sometimes Nap unreasonably told himself that Newland was "fed up" with him, but in his heart of hearts he knew this was not so. The truth was Newland was a fellow who rather kept to himself, and now that he had seen Gosling's nephew settle down, he felt that perhaps he ought not to hang round the new boy so much.

So out of sheer good nature, really, Newland, seeing his charge happy and contented, had left him to form his own friends.

Nap was thinking of these things as he neared his uncle's quarters. He reached the gates at last, gave a quick glance round, saw that there was no one in sight, and then darted in at the back door which Gosling had left open.

His uncle received him warmly and affectionately.

"My, Nap, you do look good. Your uncle's real proud of you, sonny!"

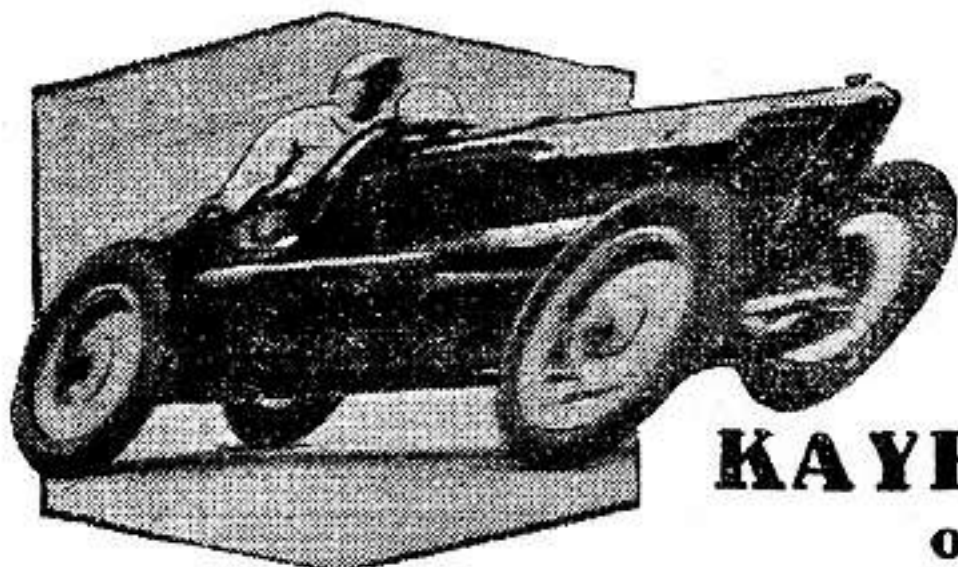
"And Nap's proud of his uncle!"

"Sit down, Nap, and I'll make you some cocoa!"

In a few moments Gosling had made a pot of cocoa. His favourite refreshment, that of gin and water, never was in evidence on the occasions when his nephew visited him. And after sipping the cocoa uncle and nephew drew out a chess-board and began to play chess.

A pleasant half-hour passed thus, and when the old porter closed the board and signified that it was time to leave, he did not see a fat, podgy face pressed against the window of the little room.

The face belonged to William George Bunter. There was an unpleasant grin on it as he peered in.



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Gosling was speaking and every word came clearly to Bunter.

"Which you're not so friendly with Newland these days, Nap?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Nap awkwardly. "We get on all right together, but he seems to want to be alone."

"You haven't quarrelled?" asked Gosling sharply.

"No!"

The porter breathed relief. "That's good. I'm allus afraid of that," he said quietly. "When the blood is up hot words come out, and—"

He broke off significantly. "Don't you worry, uncle," said Nap, with a laugh. "I trust Newland absolutely. He's the only chap who knows our secret. He wouldn't let it out."

And Bunter, listening outside, jumped. So Newland, then, was in the secret. He was the trusted conspirator.

"The rotten Jew!" muttered the virtuous Bunter. "He's the sort of chap who would let his school down. The rotter! He refused to cash a postal-order for me this morning. Yah! I'll make the beast sit up. I'll make 'em all sit up!"

He dodged back out of sight hastily, as the back door opened and Nap cautiously appeared.

"All right, uncle. The coast's clear. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Nap, and Heaven bless you!"

Napoleon strode off into the dusk briskly. At a more leisurely pace William George Bunter followed.

Peculiar thoughts were straying through Bunter's podgy brain. Obsessed with his grievances, both real and imaginary, at the hands of Napoleon Fanfair, William Gosling, and latterly Montague Newland, to say nothing of Lord Mauleverer, he was fired with the big thought of vengeance. It is possible that had he realised the bitter blow he was contemplating dealing to Gosling and his nephew, Bunter's better nature would have prompted him to leave those thoughts of vengeance alone. In the fullness of time the deception Gosling had practised was bound to become known, for such a state of affairs could not continue for any length of time without the authorities getting to know.

But Bunter's brain was so unaccustomed to dealing with thoughtfulness affecting other people that his good nature never got into its stride, so to speak.

He followed Napoleon into the House and into the Common-room, his mind made up.

Unconscious of the Owl's near presence, let alone his purpose, Nap sauntered up to Harry Wharton & Co., who were standing by the fireplace talking footer.

"Hallo, Nap!" sang out Bob Cherry. "Had your usual nightcap stroll round the quad?"

"Yes," said Nap, half-crimsoning,

He did not add, naturally, that he had spent the greater portion of that "stroll round the quad" in his uncle's lodge.

But someone else was prepared to say that for him.

Billy Bunter rolled up to the group. Lord Mauleverer, standing near, felt a quiver of alarm. He gave the fat junior a warning glance.

Bunter took no heed. He had decided on his course of action. He stared impudently into Fanfair's sunny, healthy face.

"I say, Fanfair," said Bunter swaggeringly, "I've got a bone to pick with you."

"Well, what is it, old fat man?"

eyes were on him. "That rotter Fanfair kicked me this evening for taking a few mouldy tarts from his cupboard."

"Serve you jolly well right," said Bob Cherry, with a grin.

"Hear, hear!"

"Oh, does it!" snapped Bunter. "Well, in my opinion, a low school porter's blessed nephew ought to feel jolly honoured that I touched his mouldy tarts!"

"What?"

Napoleon reeled as if he had been struck, and his face went as pale as a sheet. His fists clenched and the whites of his knuckles showed through.

All eyes were on him, most of them curious—those belonging to Lord Maule-



"Stop!" exclaimed Gosling, placing himself between the Head and Napoleon. "Stop! Which you're not going to cane 'im!"

"Don't be so beastly familiar," said Bunter loftily. "I bar that sort of thing from you."

Some of the fellows laughed, yet there was a tense feeling in the air.

"I've got something to say to you, Fanfair," said Bunter.

The new boy grinned tolerantly.

"So you've said before. Why don't you get it off your chest?"

Bunter drew himself up to his full height.

"If you'll come outside—"

"Why should I come outside?" said Nap, with a chuckle. "You can say it here, I suppose."

Bunter blinked round the audience, and he noticed, with a grin, at least two tense faces among them, belonging to Lord Mauleverer and Montague Newland respectively.

"You don't mind if I say it here—if the fellows hear it?"

"Certainly not," said Nap impatiently.

"You don't mind, Newland—" began Bunter, with a meaning glance at the Jewish junior.

"What do you mean?" demanded Newland, walking towards the Owl of the Remove.

"Just this," began Bunter, and all

verer and Montague Newland strangely sympathetic.

Wharton seized Bunter roughly by the shoulder.

"You fat idiot," he said, "what do you mean?"

"Hands off, Wharton!" sniffed Bunter. "Ask Fanfair what I mean. Ask Newland. Ask Mauly."

As Bunter spoke the Removees gazed at the three juniors mentioned. All of them looked uncomfortable.

"Ask Newland," said Bunter, enjoying himself. "He helped to work it. He helped to get a rotten porter's nephew here— Yaroooooh!"

Bunter reeled back, clapping his nose, as Napoleon, unable to bear the strain any longer, saw red.

"You spying cad!" he hissed. "I'll smash you!"

"Yarooooop! Keep him off! Help!"

"Nap!" It was Newland's voice, but the new junior was too enraged to hear it. "You fool! Nap—"

"Nap!"

This time it was Lord Mauleverer's voice.

The new boy turned from Bunter

savagely. His eyes glittered, his lips trembled.

"You rotter Newland!" he exclaimed passionately. "You Judas!"

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Sensation of the Term!

"NAP!" Newland recoiled as if he had been stung.

"You Judas!" roared Fanfair. "And I trusted you! You traitor! I see it all now. First Mauleverer knows, then Bunter, that spying, sponging, lying cad! Now all the school knows! You traitor! You've betrayed me—betrayed my uncle!"

The words came out in a torrent, gaining in venom and passion with every breath.

Newland's face grew equally angry.

"Don't be a fool! I haven't betrayed you!"

"Nap——" began Lord Mauleverer gently.

But the new boy seemed to have lost all control of himself. With a cry of rage he flung himself at Newland, and in a moment the pair were fighting furiously. The astounded Removites made no attempt to separate them.

And Bunter, watching that terrific combat, wished from the bottom of his heart now that he had not been the direct cause of it. It was too late now, however.

Up and down the Common-room the two juniors fought, like a pair of wild cats, asking no quarter nor giving any. How long the combat would have lasted it was impossible to say, but the interruption came in an unexpected form.

From the region of the doorway came a scandalised voice:

"Boys! Boys! Cease at once!"

Tramp, tramp!

Fanfair and Newland went on fighting furiously, heedless of that authoritative voice.

"Boys!" This time everyone heard and recognised Dr. Locke's voice. "How dare you! Stop fighting at once!"

Someone managed to drag the combatants apart, and it was a sorry-looking pair of Removites that faced the stern and awe-inspiring figure of the Head.

"Bless my soul! Fanfair! Newland! Fighting again!"

Fanfair blinked up at the Head through a rapidly-swelling eye. Newland dabbed painfully at a swollen nose and a cut lip.

"Disgusting! Abominable!" said the outraged Head. "Fanfair, I'm afraid your hooligan habits will be your downfall. I am shocked and disgusted with you!"

Fanfair, breathing hard, said nothing. What could he say? His heart seemed like lead. The end of his career at Greyfriars was already in sight. Why say anything?

Newland, however, who still saw a chance of pulling a very dangerous game out of the fire, spoke up.

"I'm afraid I was to blame, sir," he said meekly, trying to give Nap a comforting glance.

But Nap misread the look, as he did the effort to put matters right.

"I don't want any favours from you, you traitor!"

Dr. Locke started.

"Bless my soul! Fanfair, your vehemence shocks me."

"I don't care!" said Napoleon wearily. "You'll be shocked worse yet, I fancy!"

"You insolent boy!" exclaimed the Head. "How dare you speak to me

like that! How dare you! Wharton, kindly fetch me a cane from my study."

"Yes, sir," said the captain of the Remove, not relishing his task.

"Fanfair! Boy, I'm going to cane you here and now for your impertinence and your disgraceful conduct generally."

"I don't care," said Napoleon miserably, still thinking of the exposure that Bunter had made and of his uncle's feelings. "You can't hurt me more than I'm hurt now!"

The pathos in the words touched Lord Mauleverer. He opened his mouth as if to speak, and then closed his lips. There was nothing he could say.

And at that moment the captain of the Remove returned, with the cane he had been instructed to fetch. Behind Wharton was the anxious face of William Gosling. He had called at the Head's study for any outgoing mail just as Wharton reached it; and, seeing Wharton select a cane, he had asked, naturally enough, who was the victim. On being told that the victim was his beloved nephew, poor old Gosling had felt his heart stand still.

Cane his nephew—his Nap? Impossible! What had he done, anyway?

That had been the next question, and the captain of the Remove had alarmed Gosling with his answer.

Nap and Newland fighting—fighting because Newland had betrayed him!

The world around William Gosling seemed to rock on its foundations.

The game was up.

The secret was out. And Newland, whom both of them had fully trusted, had played the part of a Judas.

No wonder Gosling followed Wharton to the Common-room. Like his nephew, Gosling felt that the whole secret was out.

"Thank you, Wharton!"

Dr. Locke took the cane from the captain of the Remove, and seemed oblivious of the presence of the school porter.

"Fanfair, touch your toes!"

With misery deeply marked in his face, Napoleon Fanfair did as he was bid.

A hush settled on the Removites.

Dr. Locke raised the cane; but it never fell on its intended victim, for, with a hoarse cry, William Gosling dashed blindly forward and placed himself between the Head and Napoleon.

"Stop!" exclaimed Gosling, his face working strangely. "Stop! Which you're not going to cane him!"

Dr. Locke almost jumped clear of the floor. He gazed at the school porter, hardly able to believe his eyes; and the Removites looked equally dumbfounded.

"Gosling! Gosling! How dare you!" The Head had difficulty in pronouncing the words.

The porter threw a protecting arm about Napoleon.

"Which you ain't going to cane 'im, not while I'm alive to protect 'im!"

"Gosling! You must be out of your senses. How dare you interfere with me in the execution of my duty! Get back to your lodge at once! Get back, sir—and at once! This is scandalous!"

Gosling's lips curled.

"It may be scandalous; it may be anything you like! But one thing's clear in my mind—i.e., as they say, which you ain't going to lam young Nap——"

There was a stir from the Removites, whilst Dr. Locke jumped.

"Young Nap!" articulated the Head.

"Young Nap! How dare you address a pupil of this school in such a familiar fashion! This is monstrous!"

Gosling threw back his head.

"Ho, is it? Well, do you call your daughter 'Molly——'"

"Really!" gasped Dr. Locke agitatedly. "This is——"

"You do!" said Gosling. "Well, I calls my nephew Nap! N.A.P! Short for Napoleon. And a good name it is, too!"

"Bless my soul!" spluttered the Head, hardly knowing whether he was dealing with a lunatic or a sane man. "What has your nephew to do with it?"

Gosling drew Nap closer towards him.

"'E has everything to do with it! 'E's the only chick I've got in the family. That's why I contrived to get him 'ere——"

"WHAT?"

It was a combined shout that rose from the gathered Removites and from Dr. Locke himself.

Gosling, looking round that sea of astonished faces, wondered what had happened. He had imagined that the secret was already known—as, indeed, had Nap himself. But his words could not have been more electrical in their effect than if a bomb had suddenly exploded in the Common-room.

At last the Head spoke. He looked at Gosling almost incredulously.

"Am I to understand, Gosling, that this boy—this Removite—entered on the school register as William Napoleon Fanfair is your—your nephew?"

"He is!" said Gosling stoutly. "And no worse for being it, neither!"

There was another buzz amongst the Removites. Really this was the sensation of the term.

The Head was taken aback. Words almost failed him. He looked from nephew to uncle, and uncle to nephew, a dozen times at least, and still was hardly prepared to believe their relationship.

But as the minutes ticked past he knew that all Gosling had said was true. Now he came to look very closely at them Dr. Locke fancied he saw a likeness between William Gosling and William Napoleon Fanfair. Still, this was not the place, or the occasion, to go further into the matter.

Dr. Locke pulled himself together with a jerk.

"H'm! Gosling! Gosling, you will kindly accompany me to my study, and—er—er—bring your—your nephew with you!"

And with as much dignity as he could muster Dr. Locke swept out of the room, leaving a babel of discussion behind him.

Gosling, still with his arm about Nap's shoulders, glared defiantly at the excited Removites, but he met nothing hostile in the expressions turned in their direction. In fact, most of the juniors' sympathies were with the porter and his nephew.

A silence settled on the Common-room as Gosling and Nap started to walk doorwards; then, at someone's prompting—and the voice seemed suspiciously like Lord Mauleverer's—a chorus of cheers rang out, followed by the well-known strain of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" with such gusto that Dr. Locke heard it in the confines of his study, and bit his lips in his perplexity; Mr. Prout and Mr. Quelch heard it in Masters' Common-room, and the former took advantage of reminding the Remove master that such disgraceful disturbances never occurred in the Fifth; Wingate and his fellow-prefects, yards away, heard it, and immediately rushed for their ashplants.

But when Wingate and his merry men came hot on the scene the disturbance had died down; for at the moment the captain of the school was entering the Remove Common-room, Nap and his uncle were closing the door of Dr. Locke's study. And outside, very wretched, waited Montague Newland.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Friends United!

"NAP!"

Montague Newland darted forward as he spoke and touched Napoleon Fanfair on the arm.

"Nap! What's happened?"

Newland knew the answer to his question before he asked it. Nap's face was pale and troubled. His uncle, if anything, looked worse, and a tear coursed down his lined cheek unchecked.

For more than an hour William Gosling and his nephew had been closeted with Dr. Locke; for more than an hour Newland, outside in the passage, had waited for news of the interview.

During that long time Newland told himself that everything would be well; that Dr. Locke would deal with the matter leniently. But the wish was father to the thought, and with the passing of the minutes the Jewish junior's hopes sank. In the circumstances, it was impossible for the Head to allow Napoleon Fanfair to stay on at Greyfriars, whatever his kind old heart prompted him to do. The whole affair was impossible—unheard of.

"Nap," said Newland softly, "tell me—"

Nap turned on him savagely.

"It's all your fault!" he said fiercely. "If you hadn't opened your mouth to that fat cad Bunter—"

"But I didn't—"

"Who else did, then?" demanded Nap roughly. "Even Mauleverer knew. Who told him? Who could have told him?"

"But I swear that I haven't breathed a word to a soul!" declared Newland earnestly. "On my word of honour, Nap!"

Nap shrugged his shoulders.

"It doesn't matter much now, anyway," he said bitterly. "I've got to go—"

"Oh, Nap—"

"And, what's worse," said Nap, with a catch in his voice, "poor old uncle has got to go, too!"

Newland started.

"Gossy to go as well! Oh heavens!"

"I trusted you, Master Newland," said Gosling, speaking for the first time. "I trusted you as much as I would trust young Nap 'ere. But this 'ere is the finish. What's the good of talking about it? We've got to go!"

And, jerking Nap by the arm, the old porter tramped off down the passage and down to his lodge.

Newland stared after them.

Sacked! That's what it really amounted to—an inglorious end to a scheme that had promised so well.

And yet, Newland found himself reflecting, something of this nature had been bound to happen sooner or later. But what wounded the Jewish junior most was the contempt he was held in by Nap and his uncle. They believed that he had betrayed them.

With bitter feelings, Newland turned into the Remove passage. Sounds of strife proceeded from the region of the Common-room, and a voice easily recognisable as Bunter's was raised on high in tones of anguish.

"Yaroooh! Murder! Help! Whoop!"

Whack, whack, whack

Newland, entering the Common-room, saw a large number of Remove juniors present. In the centre of them, held down over a table, was the struggling figure of Billy Bunter.

Peter Todd was wielding a slipper with great vigour—far too much vigour for William George Bunter's liking, for he yelled lustily at every application of the slipper.

"What's up?" asked Newland of the nearest junior.

"Bunter's been made to tell the truth about that Nap affair, Newland," said Bulstrode.

"Oh!"

With knitted brows Newland joined Peter Todd. Peter paused, slipper in hand, as Newland touched him on the arm.

"Hallo, old bean!" said the schoolboy lawyer. "We've got at the facts now. It appears that our fat porker got hold of a letter addressed to Gosling— But wait a moment! I'll give you the full story when I've finished with Bunter. We sentenced him to two dozen whacks with the slipper. How many have I given him, Wharton?"

"Twenty, Toddy," said the captain of the Remove. "Four more to go!"

"Right!"

Whack, whack, whack!

And Toddy started in with the slipper again.

Whack!

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wharton. "That's the lot!"

"Let him go, you men!" panted Peter. "I don't fancy he'll play any more dirty tricks for some time."

"Groooooough! Wow-ow! Groooooough!"

Billy Bunter slid off the table like a fat jellyfish. His face was distorted with pain. Deeply did he repent him then of ever having meddled with Gosling's affairs.

"Ow! You rotters!" he gasped. "Yow! Oh dear!"

And he crawled painfully away to his study, the object of no one's sympathy. In the opinion of the majority of the Removites, Bunter had asked for it and got it.

"Now, Newland," said Peter Todd, tossing away the slipper. "Mauly told us all about it, after you had followed Gosling and Nap out of here."

"What did Mauly know, and how did he know?"

"Quite simple," grinned Peter. "You see, Mauly heard Bunter reading the letter aloud; Bunter thinking that no one was about, was enjoying a joke all to himself, or so he thought. But Bunter's charming voice awoke Mauly, who was taking forty winks on a seat under the elms."

"And Bunter had sneaked the letter from Gosling?"

"Not quite like that. He said the wind blew it into his face. Of course, he read it—in a way that's quite understandable, if he wanted to find out to whom it belonged—and then the fat rotter began to see ways and means of squeezing money out of Gosling. But Mauly chipped in, and bagged the letter, and managed to put it back in Gosling's pocket unknown to the old chap."

"Oh!" Newland was beginning to see daylight now. "But why did Bunter drag me into it? I wasn't mentioned in the letter, was I?"

Peter Todd shook his head.

"No, as far as I can understand. The letter was from Gosling's sister. Even our fat idiot could put two and two together after reading it. He confessed, too, that he had spied on Gosling and Nap this evening when they were together in the lodge."

"Perhaps that's how my name came to be dragged into it," said Newland. "Look here, you chaps, Nap and Gossy have got the sack—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Poor old Gossy!"

"Poor old Nap!"

Expressions of sympathy came from all sides, for Nap, short though his

time had been at Greyfriars, was very popular, and no one wished to see old Gosling thrown out into the world of unemployment.

"And they both think that I betrayed them," said Newland. "You see, I was in the plot. I advised old Gossy how to go about the job of getting Nap here. It was the thousand pounds endowment business that put the idea into old Gossy's head."

There were murmurs of surprise. Such generosity from Gosling was not generally expected.

"And both of them think I let the secret out!" said Newland rather bitterly.

"Rough luck, Newland," said Peter Todd.

"Look here!" said Wharton quietly. "Why don't you drag Bunter down to old Gosling and make him explain?"

"Good idea!"

Newland's face brightened.

"You've hit it," he said. "After all, if Nap and Gossy have to go, I'd like them to think that I had played straight by them before they do go."

"Where's Bunter?"

"Bunter!"

"Bunty!"

"Bunt!"

A crowd of juniors rushed out of the Common-room in search of the Owl of the Remove. He was soon found, and, protesting and groaning with great frequency, he was half-carried, half-marched down to the gates.

Gosling and Napoleon started to their feet as a swarm of excited Removites poured into the tiny lodge.

"What's this 'ere?" demanded the porter surlily.

Wharton quickly explained.

"So you owe Newland an apology," he concluded. "We've walloped Bunter. But if you want to boil him in oil, or anything, we'll leave him with you."

But neither Gosling nor Nap was thinking of Bunter just then, much to that apprehensive junior's relief. Both were looking at Newland. Then Nap darted forward and seized him by the hand, and Gosling, looking decidedly uncomfortable, coughed.

"Nap!" said Newland warmly.

"Monty, I'm sorry!" said Nap earnestly. "I was a fool, a hasty idiot, to think you'd let us down!"

"That's all right, Nap—"

"H'm!"

That discreet cough proceeded from Wharton, and at a gesture from him the crowd of Removites swarmed out of the lodge, leaving Nap and Newland and Gosling together. And once outside, Harry Wharton & Co. dribbled a human football back to the School House, a football which emitted wild yells and shrieks and groans.

And the human football was William George Bunter!

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Well Done, Nap!

"GOOD-BYE, Nap!"

"Good-bye, Gossy!"

"Keep smiling!"

Nap and Gosling were strangely moved. They stood at the gates of Greyfriars, bags in hand, a crowd of Removites surrounding them.

It was the following morning, just after breakfast, that Nap and his uncle had decided to shake the dust of Greyfriars from their feet, and Harry Wharton & Co. had gone down to the gates to see them off and to wish them well.

A tear stood in the eyes of William Gosling as he surveyed the friendly crowd of juniors whom he had in the past many times referred to as the "bane of his life."

Nap stood at Gosling's side, his handsome face a trifle pale and strained. He was feeling the parting, too.

Both uncle and nephew took one long last look at the ancient pile that had sheltered them, and both gulped something in their throats. Then Nap started all over again the business of handshaking.

"Good-bye, old scout!" said Wharton. "We're sorry to lose you!"

"Rather!"

"Good-bye, Nap, and good luck!"

"Good-bye, you fellows!" said Nap, with a catch in his voice. "You've all been jolly good to me and uncle. We shan't forget in a hurry."

"No fear!" muttered Gosling.

"Good-bye!"

The bell for first lesson put a stop to further demonstrations, and Nap and his uncle set their back to Greyfriars and began their walk to the station. A cheer floated after them from the Removites, and then a silence followed.

Nap looked at his uncle and gripped him by the arm.

"Keep your pecker up!"

Gosling forced a smile.

"I'm all right, Nap," he said.

"After all, we've nothing to worry about. The Head returned the term fees, and I've still got the rest of the thousand. We shan't starve."

And, with mouth set and head held high, he tramped on.

A car hooted its claxon as it came abreast of them, and passed, travelling at a fair speed towards Greyfriars, but uncle and nephew paid it no heed. Both were busy with their thoughts.

Crash!

The quiet morning air was suddenly disturbed by a terrific noise from somewhere behind them and the very ground Nap and Gosling walked on reverberated to the shock.

"Oh heavens!"

"A smash!"

Nap and his uncle turned sharply and looked back along the road. The sight they saw set them running. About fifty yards away lay the car that had passed them a few moments ago, a tangled mass of twisted metal and coachwork, hardly recognisable as a motor-car.

It lay on its side, ten feet from a large mound of stones, against which, judging by the tyre-marks in the road and bits of wreckage, it must have crashed.

"Come on, uncle!"

"That chap must be killed!" panted old Gosling, breaking into a run. "Run, Nap!"

And running Nap was—running like the wind, for his keen young eyes had seen what Gosling hadn't seen yet—flames licking up from the engine!

"Oh heavens!" breathed Nap.

He spurted. No one had clambered from the wreckage—sure proof that the occupant was either unconscious or so injured as to be incapable of movement, or—

Nap shuddered.

With fear-distraught eyes he saw the flames from the engine lick up into a sheet as the running petrol became ignited, and the explosion could be heard for a mile around.

The occupant of the car would be burnt to death.

Nap set his teeth and raced like the wind. He reached the car, panting and well-nigh breathless. And in the few seconds he had taken to reach it the

flames had seized a hold there was no denying.

The car was a blazing inferno. The heat scorched the plucky junior as he strove furiously to drag open the door of the wrecked saloon; the smoke blinded and well-nigh choked him.

He jerked savagely at the door-handle, but it had jammed. Through the eddying smoke and the curtain of flame he could see a huddled figure over the wrecked steering-column. Nap shouted, but the figure did not stir.

Again and again the plucky youth dragged and smashed at the door almost frantic at his own helplessness. Already the flames were biting into his clothes. But he scarcely heeded them.

Smash! Smash!

With bare fists Nap banged and punched the door. A voice behind him rang out, but Nap didn't hear it; didn't hear his uncle imploring him to come away.

And old Gosling, torn between the desire to help and the desire to drag Nap away from that blazing inferno, stood for a few precious seconds drinking in a great gulp of air a few feet away.

Bang! Thud! Smash!

At last the door gave and Nap felt an exultation glow within him. Would he be in time?

The flames were licking at his jacket now, the smoke choked him and blinded him; his curly hair was smouldering. But not for one second did Napoleon Fanfair think of leaving that unconscious figure to a dreadful fate.

"Ah!" Nap's groping hand closed over an arm, and, with all his remaining strength, the plucky lad pulled.

The weight of the figure, and the awkward position it was in, began to tell. Nap, drag as he might, could scarcely shift the unconscious man more than half a dozen inches.

"Old on, Nap!" It was Gosling's gruff voice, close at hand, and Nap could have cried out with joy. "Old on!"

Through the billowing smoke Nap saw his uncle dart alongside, and his additional strength did the trick. Slowly, dreadfully slow it seemed to Nap, that still figure at the wheel was hauled clear.

Not a moment too soon, for as Nap and Gosling, panting, scorched, and smoke-begrimed, dragged the man to the opposite bank of the road, there was a shower of sparks and a crackle of flame as the woodwork of the car fell in.

From a safe distance Nap and his uncle saw that once handsome car gradually burn out into a twisted, unrecognisable mass of metal. Then they turned their attention to the victim of the smash.

William Gosling, peering at the blackened face of the unconscious man, gave a start.

"Good heavens! It's Sir 'Ilton—"

"Eh? Whom?" said Nap.

"Sir 'Ilton Popper. 'E's a governor of the school, Nap. Oh, my eye!"

There could be no mistake. Gosling had seen that upright, soldierly figure hundreds of times in the course of his life at Greyfriars not to recognise him now.

"What can we do, uncle?" asked Nap anxiously. "Is he badly hurt?"

Gosling, who had felt for Sir Hilton's heart, looked up.

"'Is 'eart's beatin', Nap. Look, sonny, run up to the school and ask Dr. Locke to send 'is car down to fetch this poor chap. Smart, now!"

But Nap wanted no second bidding.

He was scudding off like the wind, and he reached the gates of Greyfriars in record time. He knew that the Head would be in the Sixth Form room.

Dr. Locke nearly jumped clear of the floor when Nap's blackened, smoke-begrimed figure burst into the Form-room.

"Bless my soul! Who is it? Can—can it be Fanfair?"

"Yes, sir," panted Nap. "Quick, sir! Sir Hilton Popper—"

He poured out the whole story in breathless spasms, and the Head was quick to act. Whatever his shortcoming in some directions, Dr. Locke was essentially a man of action. In a few moments he had detailed six prefects to take the school ambulance to the spot with all possible speed.

Then he turned to Napoleon Fanfair. "My brave boy—"

The Head broke off, for Nap was swaying backwards and forwards. The reaction had set in; his senses were failing him. He was conscious in a dim way that his face smarted, that his hands were puffed and blistered and tender. Then the floor and the ceiling and the walls of the Form-room became inextricably mixed, and Nap fainted clean away.

Just in time Dr. Locke caught his inanimate figure and held it against him.

"The poor lad! The plucky lad! A credit to the school!"

The school? But Napoleon Fanfair was no longer a member of the school!

Wingate and his fellow-prefects raced to the scene of the smash at top speed, pushing before them the wheel ambulance always to be found in the fire shed. There was no need for a guide. Wingate saw the smouldering remains of the wrecked car sixty yards away from the gates of Greyfriars.

"There they are!" On the opposite side of the road he made out, too, the figures of two adults—both sprawled out in the short grass.

"Come on, you men!"

Wingate was the first to reach them.

By the side of Sir Hilton Popper, of Popper Court, was William Gosling, and both men were unconscious.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Reward of Valour!

"**N**ONSENSE!" Sir Hilton Popper spoke with great emphasis and irascibility, sure sign that the peppery old baronet was well on the road to recovery.

"Nonsense, sir! Utter nonsense!"

Dr. Locke coughed.

"But you won't let me explain, Sir Hilton," he said half-amusedly.

Sir Hilton sat bolt upright in his bed. "Explain, sir? I've said it's nonsense. There could be no earthly reason why such a boy as this plucky youngster couldn't stay on at Greyfriars. A credit to the school, sir! A boy in a million! Ugh! You must rescind your decision!"

Dr. Locke could scarcely forbear a smile.

It was two days since Nap and Gosling's sensational and plucky rescue of the lord of Popper Court—anxious days for Nap, but he had passed the turning point and was now rapidly mending.

Sir Hilton Popper was seemingly little the worse for that awful experience, which incidentally was the

(Continued on page 28.)

FOR THE GLORY OF FRANCE!

By

GEO. E. ROCHESTER.



A Change of Plan!

A FEW minutes later Sergeant-Major Bolke dismissed the company. Wearily the worn-out and haggard men trailed to their quarters. Slipping off their packs, they removed only their boots and tunics before throwing themselves on their beds.

It was not by accident that Lemarne, Hotzman, Stulz, Kalgar, and Zimmermann found themselves sharing the same room. The only other two beds were occupied by a couple of Italians, who, heroically keeping sleep at bay, commenced cleaning kit and accoutrements in readiness for the morning parade.

To them slouched Hotzman.

"Leave those things, my comrades," he observed; "Lemarne and I will clean them together with our own."

The Italians stared. They were not used to this sort of thing from Hotzman. It betokened a thoughtfulness and consideration of which they had not thought him capable.

"You get some sleep," continued Hotzman pleasantly. "You heard what Bolke said about our spending every hour of our time here on the parade ground. The hound means it. And now that our lieutenant is sick we are at the mercy of the cursed pig!"

Gently but resolutely he possessed himself of the Italians' rifles. Those individuals gaped at him dumbly. Truly they were beyond speech.

With an armful of kit, Hotzman retraced his steps and joined his companions at the other end of the room. Five minutes later the two Italians were soundly and thankfully asleep. To them the age of miracles was apparently not yet past. If the incident had happened at the barracks of Sidi-bel-Abbes they would at once have assumed that Hotzman had been making merry. Perhaps it was the first symptoms of le cafard which were responsible for this unlooked-for benignity. Anyway, what matter?

"And now," said Hotzman in low, guarded tones, having satisfied himself that the Italians were dead to the world, "do we go to-night, or do we wait?"

"We are here for two days," answered Lemarne quietly. "It will be better if we sleep here to-night, and make our attempt after darkness to-morrow. We are in no fit state for travelling."

Stulz moved uneasily.

"Let us go," he growled. "Who

knows what the morrow might bring? Bolke is in an evil mood, and the sooner we get out the better!"

"I agree," grunted Kalgar, the German. "You saw what happened to poor Johansen—"

"Johansen was a fool!" cut in Zimmermann. "He asked for what he got. It was madness to speak to Bolke as he did. And then to attack him! Donner, but that was suicide! I say with Lemarne, let us postpone everything until to-morrow night."

Hotzman nodded.

"It is better to wait," he said. "Me—I could not go ten kilometres. That drill to-night was devil's work!"

"But worthy of le salle Bolke," commented Lemarne angrily. "Nom d'un nom, but it is a pity that Johansen did not live just long enough to smash the skull of the dog!"

Hotzman and his companions exchanged glances.

"What would you say," asked Hotzman softly, "if before we left this fort Bolke were to die?"

Lemarne looked at him sharply.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

Hotzman hesitated. It was Kalgar who answered.

"We are going to knife the animal!" he said, with stolid defiance. "Jawohl, we are going to sink a foot of steel into him! And I am the one who will give him the thrust!"

Lemarne was silent, his cold, level eyes studying the faces of his companions.

"When was this arranged?" he demanded.

"Weeks ago, at Sidi-bel-Abbes,"

INTRODUCTION.

To save Guy Warren, his scapegrace cousin, from expulsion on a charge of theft, Paul Blake, Fifth-Former of Greystones, takes the blame on his own shoulders by running away from school. On the road he meets Majuba Smith, an orphaned waif, and the two agree to join the Foreign Legion together. In Paris, Paul and Jub enlist for five years and are sent to the desert fort of Sidi-bel-Abbes, where they form friendships with Charles Desmond, once captain of Greystones, and Esterharn, a former officer in the French Army. A week or two later Paul is startled to find that Guy Warren and his sister, June, are visiting Sidi on an African tour. Warren has inherited the title and fortune of his father, and for fear that Paul Blake will ruin him by telling the truth about the stolen money, he arranges with the villainous Sergeant-Major Bolke that the youngster shall be killed—somehow. A few days later a strong force of the Legion is sent to quell an Arab rising, and in hand-to-hand fighting against the fanatical tribesmen, Jub sacrifices his own life in saving Paul's. The depleted force pushes on in the direction of Zukra, but at the fort of Sulta several of the men plot to kill Bolke, and then desert.

(Now read on.)

answered Hotzman; and his tones, like Kalgar, were defiant.

Lemarne's firm lips twisted into a mirthless smile.

"And nothing was to be said to me?" he questioned.

Hotzman squared his shoulders.

"No," he answered steadily, "nothing!" Then went on rapidly: "See here, Lemarne, we did not think you would agree. That is why we did not tell you. It is a dirty business, this stabbing in the dark; but, then, we are dealing with a dirty hound!"

"And we will do it, whether Lemarne agrees or not!" snarled Stulz venomously. "Bolke has had it coming to him for a long time now, and he is going to get it!"

Hotzman laid his hand on Lemarne's sleeve.

"You are still with us, Lemarne, are you not?" he said pleadingly. "We would have told you—"

"You should have told me!" cut in Lemarne harshly. "Sacre diable, but I take this amiss, Hotzman! You should have told me, and I would have seen that the dog was dead before this!"

Hotzman laughed delightedly and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Then you will be with us when we lie in wait for him to-morrow night, comrade?" he asked.

"I will!" responded Lemarne grimly.

"I have a lot to repay!"

"Reveille" blew at three a.m. the following morning, and there followed a day of drilling and parading, under the jaundiced and malevolent eye of Sergeant-Major Bolke, to which the weary hours spent in pushing forward over burning sand would have been infinitely preferable to the bullied, hounded, badgered Legionnaires.

And the company, mark you, were supposed to be resting!

By evening Bolke had listed defaulters to the number of seventy, and these unfortunates were instructed to parade for punishment drill at six-thirty.

In this distinguished company were Paul, Desmond, Esterharn, and the snarling Stulz. The latter certainly found a decided measure of consolation in the thought that, if all went well, this would be the last parade outside of purgatory which Bolke would ever attend.

So he endeavoured to move at the word of command with a briskness which would see him safely through the drill and leave him in good form for the pleasant little entertainment which was to follow when darkness had fallen.

But Sergeant-Major Bolke bestowed no more than a passing glance on him.

The previous evening, by foul and beastly invective, Bolke had driven the slow-thinking and phlegmatic Johansen to attack him. That was triumph indeed; and if he could do that to Johansen, it would be an extraordinary thing if he could not do it to Paul Blake.

(Paul Blake little dreams of the foul plot against his life! Will he fall a victim to the villainous sergeant-major or— Don't miss the thrilling follow-on of this powerful serial next week!)

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'NAP' OF THE REMOVE!

(Continued from page 26.)

result of a break in the steering-gear of the car. He was slightly burned about the feet and hands, but that was all. A profusion of bandages covered a small cut in his temple which had rendered him unconscious at the time of the smash, but it was a wound that gave no cause for anxiety to Dr. Pillsbury or the matron.

In fact, Sir Hilton had insisted on returning to his own home that day, hence the visit of the Head to the school sanatorium.

In the bed next to that of Sir Hilton was the sleeping figure of Napoleon Fanfair. His head was so heavily bandaged as to hide his identity—only the tip of his nose and his two closed eyes were visible.

Sir Hilton's glance rested on him tenderly.

But for this plucky lad's action there would now be a governor the less on the Greyfriars Board of Control, and a new lord would be ruling Popper Court. Then the baronet thought of William Gosling. He, too, old man though he was, had helped to do his bit.

Gosling, however, was back at his lodge none the worse for the adventure, except for his anxiety to know how Nap was faring.

"Now, sir," said Sir Hilton, at last, "let me have this straight. You say you have a very good reason for dismissing this plucky lad from the school. I'll listen to it. Proceed!"

Dr. Locke proceeded, and the strange tale he told caused the peppery old baronet to jump and to stare first at the Head of Greyfriars and then at the sleeping figure of Nap, as if he were looking at two strange animals.

"Bless me! Impossible! This plucky lad William Gosling's nephew? Impossible!"

"It is so," said Dr. Locke.

Sir Hilton glared.

"Nonsense! H'm! I beg your pardon, but you amaze me!"

There was a silence, during which time Sir Hilton did a lot of thinking.

Gallantry and brains, in his narrow opinion belonged only to the upper classes. Pluck and refinement a natural legacy from the squires of old—the gentry.

It moved him strangely to find in this nephew of a mere ignorant old school porter a lad in whom flowed all the finer feelings that supposedly belonged to the upper classes. It even touched his hard old heart to think that Gosling had given, or was prepared to give, his all to educate this nephew of his.

Sir Hilton's voice was quite soft and tender when he spoke again.

"Locke, we must do something for this poor boy and his old uncle. Or, rather, I must. You say he was keen to come to a school like Greyfriars? That he is a clever lad in his lessons, and a popular lad? I'm not surprised! He shall have his chance to make good. I'll see to that!"

The last words were uttered in Sir Hilton's customary dominant fashion.

Dr. Locke smiled.

"I, too, have been thinking, Sir Hilton. Perhaps I was a little too severe with Gosling. After all, what he did was very noble and self-sacrificing. If he cares to stay on in his old position I shall be most happy to see it."

"Quite—quite! Rookwood—" Sir Hilton's thoughts were miles away; he hardly listened to Dr. Locke's words. "Rookwood, a very fine school. Dr.

Chisholm a very kind and considerate man. Yes, this plucky boy shall start afresh there."

He looked up, conscious then that he voiced his thoughts aloud.

"What do you think of that, Locke—ch?"

Dr. Locke's eyes twinkled.

"So you are thinking of sending the boy to Rookwood?"

The baronet nodded.

"It's a very small return for saving my life. Ugh! It shall be done!"

It was typical of Sir Hilton that he took everything for granted. That Nap would dream of offering any objections to such a scheme never entered his head.

But when the time was ripe for the old baronet to place the scheme in detail before a bewildered Nap he met with unexpected opposition.

"You're very good sir," said Nap, blushing. "But I can't accept such generosity."

It was a week after the discussion between the Head and Sir Hilton.

"You can't what?" snapped Sir Hilton. "But I have arranged it all, my boy. Ugh!"

"I'm sorry, sir!" said Nap apologetically. "It's wonderfully kind of you, but I couldn't accept—"

"But you saved my life, boy!"

"That—that was nothing, sir," answered Nap awkwardly. "Anyone would have done the same."

"Would they, indeed! Ugh!" Apparently Sir Hilton had his doubts about that. "My boy, you go to Rookwood. That's settled!"

"I can't, sir!" stammered Nap. "I appreciate your kindness, but I can't accept such generosity."

"What!" barked the baronet. "You accepted the generosity of your uncle, didn't you?"

"That's different, sir. He's my uncle!"

Sir Hilton paused to consider.

"Well, I'm your uncle from now on, as well! Ugh! I've adopted you! Be quiet, sir, when your uncle wants to speak. Now, Nap—h'm, William—I prefer that name! Now, William, you will leave for Rookwood the day after to-morrow."

"But, sir—"

began Nap.

"But, 'uncle'!" reproved Sir Hilton mildly.

Nap crimsoned.

"But—but—but, uncle—" he blurted out at length.

Sir Hilton smiled.

"That's better, William. Then, it's settled. Shake hands, my boy! I'm proud to own you as a nephew. Shake, sir!"

The last words were tantamount to a command, and Nap shook hands. He felt his still swollen hand gripped as in a vice by the unthinking Sir Hilton; but he refrained from

crying out, although the pain almost made him faint. His eyes filled with water, and when the mists cleared Sir Hilton was gone. His tall figure was moving rapidly down the road that wound its way outside the school.

The news of Nap's "adoption" was received with acclamation on all sides, and he was the recipient of congratulations from masters and seniors, juniors and fags.

And old Gosling was in his seventh heaven. His boy—his Nap—an adopted nephew of Sir Hilton Popper, baronet and magistrate, and a "big gun" generally, to quote the porter's own words! The news was wired to Nap's mother, and, to make the family's happiness complete, the specialists trying a new cure, had pronounced it to be successful.

No wonder Nap was happy—no wonder his handsome face radiated happiness. And when, on the day he left, Harry Wharton & Co. gave a lavish spread to his honour, toasted him, and wished him success in his new life at Rookwood, Nap's cup of happiness was full.

He left Greyfriars in Sir Hilton Popper's new car, attended by a chauffeur, who respectfully addressed him as "Master William"; but to Greyfriars generally and Harry Wharton & Co. in particular, W. N. Fanfair will always be known as plain "Nap" of the Remove.

THE END.

(Next week's tip-top story of Greyfriars features an old favourite in William Wibley, and is entitled: "GREASE-PAINT WIBLEY!" No "Magnetite" should miss this treat of a yarn!)

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