

BILLY BUNTER'S
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL 1967



A FEAST OF FUN FOR EVERYONE

Billy Bunter's HOLIDAY ANNUAL



A Greeting from the
Fat Owl of the Remove

Dear Readers,

It is with pride and pleasure that I put before you a special issue of my HOLIDAY ANNUAL. Cheers from all over the beautiful Universe have been asking to read again some of the good old fun at Greyfriars. Mind you, most of the chaps at school are beasts to me and don't appreciate my honest, generous character—I mean, where would Greyfriars be without Bunter?

Anyway, here is some genuine, authentic, hand-picked stuff—including grand adventures about our old rivals, St. Jim's on page 36 and Hookwood on page 54, and I enjoyed putting it all together for you rotten—especially as the publishers have been giving me free pop and doughs all the time. Which reminds me—Coke—my supply of grub has run out! So I'd better bust off myself and get some more!

Hope you like my jolly old book!

Yours to the last jam tart—

William George Bunter.

(P.S.—You can call me Billy.)



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Billy Bunter headed the startling letter to the Famous Five. "Read it!" he said. "Then perhaps you'll think about me a little, instead of about yourselves as usual!"

SAVING BUNTER'S BACON

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Whose Half-Crown?

"THAT'S mine!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. And he pounced.

Six or seven Romanov fellows were standing, looking down at the round silver coin that glistened on the earth, in the Greyfriars' quad.

It looked as if some fellow had dropped a half-crown, but not, apparently, one of the fellows on the spot, for no one made a move to pick it up.

It was quite different when Billy Bunter rolled along. Billy Bunter made a pounce move. He pounced like a hawk.

But promptly as Bunter pounced, he was not so quick as Bob Cherry. Bob extended a long leg, and clamped a foot on the coin, before the fat fingers of the Owl of the Romanov could clutch it.

"Hold on——" said Bob. "Sure it's yours, Bunter?"

"Eh? Of course I'm sure!" yapped Bunter. "Take your hoof off it, Cherry!"

"Is the usefulness terrific?" inquired Harrow Jansen Ram Singh, with a dusky grin.

"You shut up, lanky! It's my half-crown—I dropped it in break this morning! Take your hoof off it, Cherry, you beast!"

Bob Cherry did not take his hoof off it. He kept his foot clamped down on that coin. Billy Bunter gave him a devastating blink through his big spectacles.

"Will you let me pick up my half-crown?" he roared.

"Got to make sure it's yours first, old fat bean!" said Bob, with a shake of the head. "You see, we know you?"

"I dropped it, on this very spot, when I came out after breakfast this morning!" roared Bunter.

"As well as in break?" asked Harry Wharton.

"E—I mean, in break—when I came out in break! I heard it drop——"

"Then why didn't you pick it up?" asked Frank Nugent.

"I mean, I didn't notice it drop, at the time——"

A grand complete story of GREYFRIARS SCHOOL—by FRANK RICHARDS
—with original illustrations by C. H. CHAPMAN

"He heard it drop, but he didn't notice it drop at the time!" remarked Johnny Bull. "Sounds probable!"

"It's mine!" roared Bunter. "If you don't let me have my half-crown Cherry, I'll jolly well call Wingate, and he'll make you."

"If it's yours, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, "where did you get it? You were trying to borrow a bob in break—you couldn't have had it then."

"I—I found it in my pocket! I'd quite forgotten I had it!" explained Bunter. "Then I dropped it! So—so I came along, thinking it might be lying here, you know."

"What a coincidence!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I was just thinking that you might be lying here, old bean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared all the Remove fellows, gathered round the spot. For some reason—unknown to Bunter—his claim to that dropped half-crown seemed to strike them as funny.

"Blessed if I see anything to chuckle at!" howled Bunter. "If you don't let me pick up my half-crown, you swab— If you fancy I'm going to let you pinch my half-crown—"

"Shut up!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, hastily, as a tall and angular figure, in cap and gown, came out of the House. "Here comes Quelch!"

"I don't care! I'm going to have my half-crown!" roared Bunter.

"Quiet, you ass—"

"Bunt!"

"Don't let Quelch hear, you blithering owl—"

"I'm going to have my half-crown!" howled Bunter.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was not deaf, but had he been, he could hardly have failed to hear that excited roar. He gave the group of juniors a glance, and came directly over to them.

"What is this?" he rapped.

"Oh! Nothing, sir!" stammered Bob. "Only a joke on Bunter—"

"Tain't!" howled Bunter. "Call it a joke to stick your hoof on my half-crown! You take your hoof off my half-crown."

Mr. Quelch's face became very stern.

"Cherry! Have you placed your foot on a half-crown belonging to Bunter?" he demanded.

"Oh! No, sir!"

"Is there a half-crown there at all?"

"No, sir!"

"Oh crickey!" gasped Bunter. "Hark at him! I say, you fellows, you all saw the half-crown, and you all saw Cherry bang his hoof on it. I say—"

"Cherry! Remove your foot, at once!"

"Yes, sir!"

Bob Cherry drew back his foot. That round, silvery coin, hitherto hidden, glimmered once more in the wintery sunshine.



"Take your hoof off my half-crown," howled Bunter.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Cherry, you stated that there was no half-crown under your foot! What do you mean?"

"You—you see, sir—" stammered Bob.

"I see that there is a half-crown lying on the ground, and that it was hidden by your foot!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Bunter, do you state that that is your half-crown?"

"Yes, sir—I dropped it after break—I mean in break! I kept on telling those fellows that it was mine. C-o-u-n I pick it up, sir?"

Mr. Quelch did not answer. His eyes were fixed, with a peculiar expression, on that coin. Something unusual about it seemed to strike the Remove master, whose vision was a good deal keener than the fat Owl's.

He stooped, and picked it up.

Then, at closer view, he discerned what there was of an unusual nature about that half-crown! It was not a half-crown at all. It was a milk-bottle top rubbed, and impressed by a half-crown.

At a short distance it looked just like the real thing! Mr. Quelch drew a deep breath as he gazed at it.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched him in silence. That little joke on Bunter had not been intended to be shared by a bunk. It was Bunter who had brought Quelch there—and Quelch's expression indicated that Bunter was going to regret having done so.

"Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, in a deep voice.

"Yes, sir! May I have my half-crown, sir?" asked Bunter, still in happy ignorance of the real nature of that half-crown.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Have you the impudence, Bunter, to tell me that this—this—"

"Eh? Oh! Yes, sir! I dropped it right on this spot—I heard it drop, only I didn't notice it at the time, and—and I—I—I was coming to look for it—I know it was just here—that's it, sir!"

"Cherry! I disapprove of thoughtless jokes like this on a foolish boy like Bunter—"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"It's my half-crown, sir!" asserted Bunter. "Tain't a joke, sir—that's my half-crown that I dropped yesterday—I mean after break—that is, in break—"

"This is not a half-crown at all, Bunter!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "It is a milk-bottle top."

"Eh?"

Mr. Quelch threw it to the ground. Bunter blinked at it.

"Oh crickey!" he gasped.

"Bunter, you are untruthful—"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"You are unscrupulous—"

"I—I—"

"You will follow me to my study, Bunter!"

"Oh crickey!"

"Well," said Bob Cherry, as the fat Owl trailed dizzily after his Form-master into the House, "some blithering idiots do ask for it, and no mistake!"

And a minute later a loud yell from Mr. Quelch's study announced that William George Bunter was getting that for which he had asked!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Sticky!

"I'VE a jolly good mind to thrash 'em all round!" That dire threat was uttered in scathful tones.



It was accompanied by a warty frown and a gleam in a pair of little round eyes behind a pair of big round spectacles.

So the juries in the Remorse passage might really to have been impressed. Instead of which, they chortled.

"Look what they did!" continued Bunter. "Spoofting a fellow with a dud half-crown! I got two whops from Quetch! He made out that I never dropped a half-crown at all, just because he knew I hadn't, you know! That's the sort of justice we get here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can corkle!" said the wretched Owl. "But I'll jolly well make those odds sit up! I've a jolly good mind to—"

"Garrison!" said Peter Todd. "If you've got a mind at all, old fat man, it isn't a jolly good one."

"Hardly!" grinned Smithy.

"Yah! I've a jolly good mind to thrash 'em all round! But I won't," added Bunter generously.

At which there was another chortle. It was probable that, if Billy Bunter had started on that all-round thrashing it would have proved a painful process—not for the famous Co!

"But I'll make 'em sit up!" declared Bunter. "I heard them say they were going out this evening. I can guess where they're going—the Cross Keys or the Three Fishers—"

"Silly ass!" said Peter.

"And they can jolly well see this sticking on their study door when they come in!" said Bunter, unbothered.

The fat Owl of the Remorse had a large sheet of paper in one fat hand and a bottle of gum with a brush in the other. Something was written in large capital letters on

Bunter was about to stick the gummied notice on the door, when suddenly it opened, and Wharton looked out. "What—" he began. "Oh, corky!" gasped Bunter. "Haven't you gone out, you beast?"

the sheet of paper. As Bunter held it up all the fellows could read it. It ran:

"PUBB-HAWNTING KADS!"

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Vernon-Smith. "Are you going to stick that on Wharton's door?"

"Just that!" declared Bunter. "They don't like being reminded of it! I'm going to rub it in—see? They make out that they were taking a short cut that time they were spotted at the Cross Keys—"

"So they were, you fat ass!" said Peter.

"Were they?" grinned Skinner.

"You jolly well know they were, Skinner!"

"I don't!" contradicted Skinner.

"And I don't, either!" declared Bunter. "Quetch can swallow that if he likes. Not me! I shouldn't wonder if that's where they've gone now, if a fellow kept an eye on them! Pub-hawnting 'em! They can see this when they come in. You fellows needn't mention that I did it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the fellows.

Really, it was not necessary for anyone to mention that Bunter had done it. Billy Bunter's spelling was his own—his very own!

Billy Bunter, with his devastating placard in one fat paw, and the gum in the other, rolled along to the door of Study No. 1, which belonged to Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent.

All eyes were upon him, and all faces were expressive grins. Billy Bunter was always more or less entertaining.

but on the trail of vengeance he was more entertaining than usual.

Remarkable as was the spelling of that placard, there was no doubt that it would have an annoying effect on Harry Wharton & Co.

The Famous Five did not like that pub-baiting story—which had haunted them ever since the day when they had, thoughtlessly and unskillfully, taken a short cut by Cross Keys Lane, which was most severely out of bounds for Greyfriars fellows.

Bunter was going to rub it in! Two whoops from Quatch for having laid chains to a fake half-crown had roused Bunter's ire.

Grinily vengeful, Billy Bunter stopped at the door of Study No. 1 and dipped the brush into the bottle of gum.

Quite a little crowd of the Removes watched him with grinning interest. They were all the more entertained, because some of them knew that the Famous Five had not, as Bunter supposed, yet gone out!

Some of them knew that Harry Wharton at that very moment was in his study, finishing some lines for Quatch while his friends waited for him in the quad. It was really entertaining to think of what would happen if the captain of the Removes heard Bunter at his door and opened it while the fat Owl was at work!

There was a ripple of merriment as Bunter spread the paper against the door and proceeded to mop gum over it ready for sticking up.

Billy Bunter blinked round over a fat shoulder.

"You can cackle," he said, "but I'll bet those cack won't cackle when they see it! It will jolly well show them what we think of them. Mind you, don't mention that I did it, though."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter snopped gum. Having gambled the back of the sheet liberally he turned it round to stick on the door.

At that moment the door opened from within.

Harry Wharton glanced out into the passage.

"What——" he began.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Oh crikey! Haven't you gone out, you beast?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton stared at him. He had looked out to see what was going on—the sounds of merriment having penetrated into the study. He stared at Bunter and stared at the paper in his hand.

Bunter, paper in one hand and gum-bottle in the other, blinked at him in dismay. He was taken quite aback. His eyes almost popped through his spectacles at the unexpected sight of the captain of the Removes.

"What the trump's that?" exclaimed Wharton.

"What——" Why you fat, fatbeast, footling, footling beast!"



Bunter was caught in the act and his eyes almost popped right through his spectacles.

"I—I—I wasn't going to stick this on your door, old chap!" gasped Bunter. "N-no-no-thing of the kind, you know! I ain't going to stick it on your study door—I ain't, really!"

"You're not!" agreed Harry Wharton.

He reached out and grabbed the gummy paper from Bunter's fat paw with one hand. With the other he grabbed Bunter's fat neck.

Smack!

The gummy paper smacked on Billy Bunter's fat face—gummy side to his features! It stuck there.

"Urghh!" gasped Bunter. His voice came muffled through gummy paper. "Gurgh! I say—— Wurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oooogh! Ow! I say—— Wooooogh!"

Bunter wriggled wildly as the captain of the Removes pressed the gummy paper hard on his fat features. It stuck to his little fat nose, and it stuck to his spectacles. He wriggled and gurgled.

"Urgh! Stopp! I say, you fellows, rescue! Oooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton jerked the gum-bottle from the fat paw. He wedged it inside the back of Bunter's collar. The gum that had remained in it trickled down a fat back!

"Oooooogh! Gooooogh!"

"That's a tip, you fat chump!" said Wharton, and he stepped back into the study and shut the door—and sat down to finish his lines.

"Urgh! I say, you fellows—— Oh crikey! Ooogh!" spluttered the hapless Owl.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Removites.

Bunter studied with his own placard. His fat features were quite hidden by his own handiwork. His aspect really was extraordinary, and it made the Removites howl.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Shadowed!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Look back!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

Five juniors, sauntering along the road towards Court-field Common, looked back.

They looked at a rather surprising sight.

Following them, on the road from Greyfriars School, came a fat figure, whose spectacles gleamed back the rays of the wintery sun.

But as the Famous Five turned and looked back along the road, that fat figure dodged into cover.

There was a tree handy by the roadside. Billy Bunter peeped swiftly behind that tree as he saw the juniors turn.

That proceeding was surprising. It was puzzling. For the moment it did not occur to the Famous Five that Bunter was dodging out of sight, because a considerable portion of him was still in view.

It was a rather slender tree. Billy Bunter was not slender. On either side of the tree Bunter was still visible.

"What on earth," exclaimed Harry Wharton, "is the game?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"That fat chump," he answered, "thinks we're going on the merry random. He's shadowing us."

"Oh crumble!"

"The crumbliness is terrific!" gasped Harrow Jamset Han Singh.

Harry Wharton laughed, and then he frowned. He had

no doubt that Bob had guessed right.

Buster still had a fool in his fat brain that the Famous Five were bad hats, in the style of Skinner and Loder, since that unfortunate episode in Cross Keys Lane.

Hardly a fellow in the Remora took that view. Even Skinner, who kept the story as alive as possible, did not really believe that the Famous Five went pub-crawling on half-holidays, or had racing transactions with Mr. Lodgey at the Cross Keys, or Joe Banks at the Three Fishes.

But that was Buster's belief. Buster fancied that he knew a thing or two. He was, in his own opinion, no fool. Quite a different opinion of his intellect was held by all the rest of the Remora.

And Buster at present had his pecky back up. The incident of the half-crown, and two whops from Quetch had annoyed Buster. He had been still more annoyed by having his placard, which he had intended to put on the door of Study No. 1, gammed on his own fat face.

Now he had set out to shadow the five bad hats, and fairly pin them down in their delinquency.

Not that Buster thought of giving them away to the banks. Buster was no snook. He was going to show them up in the Form for what they were. That was Buster's vengeance for the half-crown and his other grievances.

Buster was doing his shadowing in his own masterly way.

As the Famous Five were scuntering at an easy pace, the fat Owl was able to keep them in sight. When they looked round he dodged into cover. It did not occur to his fat brain that he was wiser than the road-side tree behind which he so promptly dodged. A fellow could not think of everything.

The Famous Five gazed at him. Quite a lot of Buster was visible on either side of that tree-trunk. He could not see the Famous Five, and he happily fancied that they could not see him—rather like the otchik with his head in the sand.

"Ain't he a cough-drop?" inquired Bob Cherry. "Ain't he a prize-packer? Ain't he the jolly old first? Ain't he some shadower, and then a few? Would you fellows guess that he was in cover?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's go back and boot him," suggested Johnny Bull.

"The bootfulness is the proper ooper!" grinned Harrow Jansen Ram Singh.

"No fear!" answered Bob. "Buster's set out to shadow us. Let him keep on with it. We're not supposed to know—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're going to Highlife," continued Bob. "Well, we can go round by way of Oak Lane—an extra mile won't hurt us. There's a gate to the Three Fishes in Oak Lane. We'll pass it, and dodge away across the common. Buster will think we've gone in," Bob chuckled. "But you'll stick there and wait for us to come out—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.

"Look!" chuckled Nugent.

On one side of the tree-trunk, back along the road, came a sudden gleam of spectacles. Buster was peering round the trunk to ascertain whether his quarry had got into motion again.

"Some detective!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five walked on their way. They were
continued over page



By DICK FENFOLD

WE have some pretty birds at Greyfriars,
And some of them, like parrots,
often speak.

There's the Fish, or Lanky Tank,
Which is something of a crank,
And which utters rummy noises through
its beak :

But everyone admires the zest
With which it feathers its own nest.

We have some nasty birds at Greyfriars,
And the worst is the Great Loder, or Dull
Kite.

When the college is asleep
You may see the Loder creep
From its eyrie and fly out into the night ;
And while the moon upon it smiles,
It has a " flutter " on the tiles.

We have some weighty birds at Greyfriars ;
There's the Buster—an extremely heavy
fowl ;

But our experts simply can't
Call this bird a Cormorant
As it's something like a Cuckoo and an
Owl ;

But after every stolen feast
It pipes a note which sounds like " Bear! "

We have some doury birds at Greyfriars ;
The Quetchy-Bird is one—and it will
snap.

Every morning, dull or fair,
It goes up into the air
And it comes down on the head of some
poor chap ;
Then vainly does the victim shriek,
His head is snapped off by the Beak.

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careful to keep at a moderate pace. They did not want that masterly shadower to be left behind.

When they reached the corner of Oak Lane they paused.

Their original intention had been to walk straight on by the road over the common to Highcliffe, where they were going to visit their friends, Courtenay and the Caterpillar, whom they had not yet seen that term.

Bunter probably would have been puzzled and disconcerted had they walked straight on, as he was convinced that they were heading for that disreputable riverside inn, the Three Fishers.

Now, however, he was neither puzzled nor disconcerted, for the five juniors turned the corner and walked into Oak Lane.

"Now get it on," murmured Bob.

And they ran.

Bunter was still rolling up the road towards the corner when the five juniors passed the gate of the Three Fishers on their left, and dodged off the lane into the thicket on the common.

Behind a mass of hawthorn-bushes the Famous Five halted, in cover—rather more effective cover than Bunter's.

There they waited and watched.

Round the corner from the road came a fat figure. Once more they beheld a big pair of spectacles gleaming back the winter sunshine.

"Here he comes!"

"Quiet!"

There was a suppressed gurgling behind the hawthorns. Through the interstices of the thicket the juniors had a good view of Bunter.

The fat Owl came puffing and blowing on. He stopped as he reached the gate, and blinked round him.

He had lost sight of his quarry after they turned the corner. Now they were not in sight.

Had they kept on by the lane they would have been in sight ahead. Evidently they hadn't.

So Bunter had no doubt.

That they had dodged behind the hawthorns on the common, and were now watching him from a distance of no more than six or seven yards, was quite unknown to the fat shadower.

It was clear to Bunter that they had gone in at the gateway in the long fence.

He rolled up to the gate and blinked over it. His podgy back was turned to the watchmen in the hawthorns for a minute or so as he scanned the weedy grounds within.

They watched, greatly interested to know what the shadower's next move would be. It was clear that Bunter had no doubt that they had gone into those dispensable and forbidden precincts.

He turned from the gate at last. They saw a fat grin

on his podgy features. His chuckle reached their ears.

"Copped 'em this time," said Bunter aloud. "Awful rotters! Pub-crawling on a half-holiday! Blandly lot of swabs. I wonder what Quelch would say, if he knew?"

"I wonder?" murmured Bob. And the Co. suppressed a chuckle.

"Talk about short cuts!" went on Bunter, communing with himself. "I wonder if they'd have the nerve to say they were taking a short cut by the Three Fishers, same as they did when that man Squidge spotted them at the Cross Keys? Well, I'll jolly well show them up this time! Gonnaing a fellow's olivry! They'll jolly well jump when they see me here when they come out. He he, he!"

Bunter rolled away from the gate.

At a little distance along the fence he took up his stand, leaning back against the fence, with his hands in his coat pockets, and his eyes and spectacles fixed in the direction of the gate.

Nobody could come out of that gate without being spotted by the watchful Owl.

Bunter had only to wait.

"Time we moved on!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Mind that fat one doesn't see any of you! Keep the bushes between us and that jolly old shadower."

The Famous Five were very capful.

Bunter was left on the watch, and the Famous Five, chuckling, hoped that he would enjoy his afternoon!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Roasting A Blackmailer!

BUMP!

"Jinks me pink!"

"Oh, my hat!"

That little joke on Bunter had taken the Famous Five some distance out of their way and lost them some time, so they were putting on speed to get back to the Highcliffe road across a corner of the common.

And that was how it happened.

On a cold January day they would hardly have expected anybody to be sitting about on the wind-swept common. But somebody, it seemed, was.

They had almost reached the road when they came at a run through a straggle of lousy bushes, and two of them stumbled right over a man who was sitting on a log there, smoking a cigarette.

They stumbled over him before they had the faintest idea that he was there, and the man pitched off the log, with Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull sprawling over him. The other three missed him, fortunately.

"Oh, sorry!" gasped Bob, as he scrambled up. "Never saw you!"

"Sorry!" gasped Johnny.

The man did not answer. He yelled. His cigarette had slipped into his mouth as he rolled over, and one end of it seemed to be hot.

He sat up dizzily, and spat out the cigarette. Then, as the juniors looked at him, they recognised him. They sized his name together:

"Squidge!"

They knew that oily face, with its shifty eyes! A moment ago they had been prepared to be extremely apologetic for that little accident. Now they were more inclined to give Mr. Squidge some more.

Only a week ago the dingy rascal had seen them taking that short cut at the Cross Keys, and demanded money from them "to keep it dark."



"Copped 'em this time!" said Bunter...

... But Bob Cherry and the Famous Five had other ideas!





As they had pushed him into a ditch instead of complying with that demand, Mr. Squidge had reported them at the school, which had led to fines and detentions.

But that was not the worst of his offenses.

One night he had spotted a sportsman of the Fourth Form out of bounds and grabbed him, with the same rasuly intension of crying a row.

That sportsman had given Harry Wharton's name instead of his own, which had led to trouble for the captain of the Remese.

The master had cried satisfactorily, but that did not alter the fact that Mr. Squidge's rasuly attempt at black-mail had caused a lot of trouble.

Since then they had not seen him, and had supposed that he was gone from the neighbourhood. But here he was. He was not a nice man to see, but the Famous Five were rather glad to see him, all the same. They owed Mr. Squidge an account which this was an opportunity to settle.

"That rotter!" said Bob. "Glad I pushed you over, Squidge!"

"That rascal!" growled Johnny Bell.

Mr. Squidge tutored to his feet. He grabbed up his bowler hat, which had fallen off, and jammed it on his greasy head. He gave the Greyfriars fellows an evil look.

"You lot!" he said. "Existently he knew them again.

"'U lot!" agreed Bob.

"Where you running?" jeered Mr. Squidge. "Has your schoolmaster spotted you at a pub, like I did a week or two ago? Precious for you are!"

Mr. Squidge had little faith in human nature. His way of life made him suspicious. He did not believe that they had been taking a short cut that day at the Cross Keys. Now he found them running from the direction of the Three Fishers, and drew his own conclusions.

"Schoolmaster arter you?" he jeered.

"Howshide!" said Gwelling, giving Squidge a push as a hint to start. Next moment the school porter fell as if an earthquake had happened, as Squidge's hat shot out and sent him rolling at Mr. Quorby's feet.

"What are you hanging about here for?" demanded Harry Wharton, without answering Mr. Squidge's question.

"Find out!" retorted Mr. Squidge.

"Looking for a chance at some other fellow in our school?" asked Bob. "You haven't made much out of that so far, Squidge!"

"Next time you try that game you'd better make sure you get the right name, you rascal!" said Harry Wharton contemptuously.

"If I had a stick with me," said Mr. Squidge, "I'd lay it round the lot of you—'nd, too!"

"Well, I've got a boot with me," said Bob, "and I'm going to lay it round you, Squidge—hard, too!"

"Go it!" said Harry.

Mr. Squidge backed away in alarm.

"And off!" he roared.

"That's all right!" said Bob. "Nobody's going to put a hand on you, Squidge—you're not nice to knock! You're going to get the boot!"

"And the bootfulness is going to be terrible, my esteemed and disgusting Squidge!" declared Harriet Janet Ram Singh.

Mr. Squidge made a dash to escape. Had Mr. Squidge met one of the juniors with a stick in his dingy fist, it would have been a different story. Now Mr. Squidge was only anxious to arrive rapidly at a different part of the landscape.

He ran. After him ran the Famous Five.

They were better sprinters than Mr. Squidge. Even with a policeman behind him, he could not have put up much of a race.



BILLY BUNTER'S FAVOURITE MOTTO

A motto that you
cannot beat:

"Eat not to live, but
live to eat!"

He puffed and he blew, and, cold as the day was, perspiration ran in streams down his oily face. He was in a fearful hurry to get out of the reach of lunging boots.

But he couldn't. He did his best—running, twisting, jumping like a kangaroo. But the juniors ran easily behind, letting out a boot in turn.

How many boots Mr. Squidge gathered in that wild race he never knew. It seemed to him like millions.

"Keep off!" roared Mr. Squidge wildly. "Blow you! I'll go to your schoolmaster! I'll go to the perlick! Hl— Oh! Wooh!"

"Keep it up!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Dribble him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As a welsker at the races, a pilferer when he had a chance, and a blackmailer when opportunity offered, it was probable that Mr. Squidge had been booted many times. But it was improbable that he had ever had such a booting as he was getting now.

The chase went on for quite a distance—half-way back to the Three Fishes. Then the Famous Five at last gave it up. They were getting rather breathless; also, they were losing time. So they stopped at last, and resumed once more their walk to Highlife.

Mr. Squidge flew on—all he discovered that he was no longer pursued. Then he came to a halt, and took a very necessary rest. For a long, long time Mr. Squidge leaned on a tree, and gasped and panted, and panted and gasped, and mopped his greasy brow with a dingy handkerchief.

When at last he moved again he slouched on in the direction of the Three Fishes. After that useful experience Mr. Squidge felt that he needed a drink.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Out Of Bounds!

"**G**OT 'em!" ejaculated Billy Bunter.

His eyes glowered through his spectacles.

He felt that he was in luck!

He had been prepared for quite a long wait! But he had not had to wait long, when five schoolboys came out of the gate of the Three Fishes, and ranned into the lane.

Billy Bunter grinned with satisfaction.

He had "got them!"

But that gleeful triumph died out of his fat face as they came nearer, and closer to the view of the short-sighted Owl of the Remora.

For, on closer inspection, Bunter discerned the unexpected circumstance that they were not the Famous Five.

So far from being Harry Wharton & Co., they did not even belong to Greyfriars School at all!

They were Highlife fellows—big members of the Fourth Form at Highlife, which was not only a disappointing surprise to Billy Bunter, but rather alarming as well.

"Oh, ehkey! Pon's gang!" gasped the Owl.

There was nothing surprising in seeing Pon's gang going into the Three Fishes, or coming out therefrom. It was, in fact, quite a favourite resort of Pomsoby and his pals on a half-holiday.

Pomsoby, Gadsby, Mowson, Drury and Vivasour came down the lane in a bunch, staring at Bunter as they came.

They seemed pleased to see him.

Bunter, on the other hand, was far from pleased. Pon & Co., when they ran into a Greyfriars fellow on his lonely way, were liable to nip.

The fat Owl forgot the supposed delinquents for whom he was watching. He wished himself elsewhere—anywhere but where he was. But flight was impracticable. Bunter had too much weight to carry to hope to escape by flight. He could only hope that Pon & Co. were in a peaceful mood!

They halted as they reached the spot where Bunter stood, and gave him grinning looks.

"What's that?" asked Pomsoby.

"Escaped hippopotamus!" suggested Gadsby.

"Porpoise, I think!" remarked Mowson.

"It's a Greyfriars cad, I fancy!" said Drury. "It hasn't washed—you can see that! I fancy it belongs to Greyfriars!"

"Absolutely!" chuckled Vivasour.

"I—I—I say, you fellows, you keep off!" blustered Bunter uneasily. "I say, I—I'm waiting for some fellows here—you keep off! They—they ain't far away!"

Pomsoby gave a swift glance round.

From the fact that Bunter had been standing there, leaning on the fence, with his hands in his pockets it looked as if he was waiting for somebody. If the fellows for whom he was waiting happened to be fighting men, Pon did not want to meet them.

No one, however, was in sight. Still, fellows might be quite near, though unseen, in the winding lane, and on the common among thickets and trees.

"I say, come on," said Vivasour, "no good hanging about."

"Yes, never mind that fat freak!" said Drury.

"Who are you waiting for, Bunter?" asked Pomsoby. "Wharton's lot?"

"Yes!" gasped Bunter. "And I'll jolly well yell to Bob Cherry if you touch me, so there!"

Pomsoby set his lips. If Bob Cherry was within hearing a yell, Pon had no desire for a yell to summon him to the spot. At the same time, he was annoyed by the hint that he trusted the indolent Bob—which, undoubtedly, he did!

"Oh, come on," said Mowson, "we don't want a row with that gang, Pon!"

"We needn't waste more than a minute on that fat feeder!" answered Pon. "Chuck his coat and cap over the fence!"

"I say——" gasped Bunter.

"Good egg!" grinned Gadsby. "Give him a drink! Think the fence will stand it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You keep off!" howled Bunter. "Look here, you beasts——"

But the Highlife fellows did not keep off. They did not intend to linger (at help should be at hand for the fat

Owl. But they had a minute to spare for Bunter.

They grabbed him on all sides. Fossbury snatched off his cap, and tossed it over the fence.

Then his coat was jerked off, and Pev folded it, to make it convenient for a throw.

Bunter yelled with alarm.

"Stop! I say, you fellows, I can't go in there for my coat—it's out of bounds! I say, I should get into a awful row if I went in there! I say——"

Who!

The folded coat flew through the air and dropped on the inner side of the high fence.

Bunter gave a gasp of consternation as it disappeared.

"Oh crikey! Bunks! Oh ho!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Possbury & Co., laughing, went on their way down the line. Billy Bunter stood blinking up at the high fence in utter dismay.

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Bunter.

He could not go without his coat and his cap. It was altogether too jolly cold to go hatless and coatless. Alrady he was shivering in the sharp January wind.

Those boys, of course, knew that! It was Pev & Co.'s idea of a joke, to make him enter a place that was strictly out of bounds—that a fellow might be flogged, or even sent to for entering.

Bunter had to have his coat! He had to have his cap! And he had to go within the precincts of the Three Fishes to get them!

Pev & Co. disappeared, chucking. Bunter was left blinking at the fence in dismay and consternation.

"Bunks!" he murmured.

He rolled along towards the gate. But he stopped again! Suppose he was seen going into such a place?

He stood for a moment or two in doubt! But a sharp gust of wind from the sea decided him, as it made his teeth chatter! He had to have that coat, and he had to have that cap!

He rolled on.

At the gate he stood for a moment or two looking up and down the line, and across the open common on the other side, to make sure that no one was at hand. Then he opened the gate and rolled in, letting it swing shut behind him.

His fat heart was thumping. The Famous Five, as he still believed, had gone into that very place—at the risk

of the sack if they were spotted! That risk was terrifying to the fat Owl.

The inner side of the fence was lined with druggled bushes and weedy shrubbery. It was not easy to find the exact spot.

Bunter had hoped to be only a couple of minutes inside! At the end of a quarter of an hour, he had found the coat, but was still searching for the cap.

He put the coat on, and hunted for the cap! He discovered, at long last, that it had hooked on a branch just out of his reach.

It was ten minutes more before he retrieved that cap! In a state of palpitating amazement, he jammed it on his fat head. He was ready to go now, at all events. Gasping, he rolled back to the gate.

He reached it—just as someone else reached it from the outside!

Bunter put a fat hand on the gate from within, as Mr. Squidge put a dingy one on the gate from without.

They stared at one another across the gate.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter, as he recognized the oily face and cunning features of the man who had, the week before, come to the school to point out Harry Wharton as a breaker of bounds.

Mr. Squidge grinned.

He held the gate firmly so that Bunter could not open it.

"Copped!" he remarked.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Awful For Bunter!

MR. SQUIDGE grinned genially. He had seen Bunter before, though, even if he had not seen him at the school, he would have known that he belonged to Greyfriars by his cap.

Five Greyfriars fellows had looted Mr. Squidge across the common that afternoon! Now he had caught a Greyfriars fellow on the wrong side of the Three Fishes' gate! It was an intense satisfaction to Mr. Squidge.

He leaned his elbows on the gate, and grinned at the dismayed Owl.

"E—I say, you larnin' gesser!" gasped Bunter. "I—I'm in rather a hurry."

"I decasy!" agreed Mr. Squidge.

"Look here, you beast, let me get out! I shall get into a awful row if I'm seen in here! Anybody might see!"

continued over page



THE LAST JAM TART

Distant Thoughts by W. G. BUNTER

A LOSE and silent on the plate,
A last remnant of Rob Cherry's tack,
How can I leave this to thy fate,
When I could gobble thee—with luck!
O last jam tart!

"Th' true I've eaten quite a score,
Of buns, sweet tiffins, and a cake,
Topp'd dough-nuts and cream puddin' four—
Full thought I be, I yet can take
One last jam tart!

Quickly, leave Bunter, do not waste
A moment—time is flitting on!
Some Cherry will restore, as hence,
Flash thy stuffing and suppose!
Leave not the tart!

Scrunch! My jaws are slowly grinding,
Mower than for many a day,
Scrunch! But it's hard work I'm finding!
There, now 'th gone, and I can say
Farewell, jam tart!

Towards the study door I reel,
Pale-faced and glossy in the eye,
Aha! You'll no more I feel!
Chairwards I sink, quite overcome by
The last jam tart!

Ow! Gosh! Gosh-dash! Oh, ho!" Yaww!
Pales, red-hot and scorching,
Seal my plump figure through and through!
Help! How awfully I'm repeating
That last jam tart!



squeaked the terrified Owl.

"You young nip, you!" said Mr. Squidge.

He fairly glowered over his catch. This was a fellow quite different from Harry Wharton & Co. There was no danger of a boozing, or a hefty punch. The fat Owl was almost collapsing with funk.

Anybody, as Bunter had said, might pass along Oak Lane. Sir Hilton Popper, who was a governor of the school, might pass—his mansion was in that very lane. A Greyfriars master, taking a walk, might pass. A Greyfriars prefect might pass on a bike. And there was Bunter—in full view! His fat knees knocked together!

"I—I want to come out!" he wailed.

"I fancy you do!" grinned Mr. Squidge.

Leaving on the gate, he prevented the fat Owl from pulling it open. Bunter blinked past him, with a terrified look on his fat face.

If he was seen there—on the wrong side of the gate—in talk with that disreputable man—

"This is going to cost yer something!" said Mr. Squidge.

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter.

That remark told him Mr. Squidge's game!

All the Bannocks knew that that sly rascal had attempted to extort money from Harry Wharton in the belief that he was the fellow he had copped out of bounds, and who had given him, as it turned out, a false name. Squidge was bent on playing the same game with the hapless Owl.

True, he was not likely to have much luck in extracting money from Bunter. Bunter's financial resources were limited to one penny—a French one.

Well, Squidge was unaware of all that—Bunter was a Greyfriars fellow, and some Greyfriars fellows had plenty of money. So far as Squidge knew, Bunter had plenty, or at least some!

"Ow much is it worth to you not to be gless away to your schoolmaster?" inquired Mr. Squidge pleasantly.

Really, that was worth untold sums to Bunter! But all he had to offer Mr. Squidge in the way of current coin was a French penny!

"What about a f'pon note?" asked Mr. Squidge.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—I haven't got one! The—the—the fact is, I—I haven't got any money at all! Only a—a—a penny! Oh lor!"

"Mebbe!" agreed Mr. Squidge. "I fancy they wouldn't leave much in your pockets at that shore!"

He jerked his head towards the Three Fishers, visible in the distance through the leafless trees.

"I—I—I haven't been there!" gasped Bunter. "I—I—"

"No!" said Mr. Squidge pleasantly. "You come in 'ere just to stroll about, what? I've met some lars in my time. I 'ave, and I don't say that I mightn't spill one myself occasional; but I never heard the like of that!"

"You—you see, I—I—"

"Yes, I see!" agreed Mr. Squidge. "I see that you're going to 'it some bad trouble at your school, young man, if you don't make it square with yours truly. First of all, I'll 'ave your name."

"I—I—I— I'd rather not mention my name, if—if you don't mind!" moaned Bunter.

"I dowsay!" grinned Mr. Squidge. "But I'll 'ear it, all the same! Cough it up, my fat pippin!"

Back into Billy Bunter's mind came the recollection of the trick played by Aubrey Angel of the Fourth! This

continued on page 14

A Landmark in the History of the Old School

Visit of Queen Elizabeth to Greyfriars

IN the Year of Grace, 1564, Greyfriars School was favoured with a Royal visit.

It was in the sixth year of her thrilling and prosperous reign that "Good Queen Bess," as she was popularly called, decided to pay a visit to the famous Scottish school, where many gallants of her Court had received their education.

The arrival of the Queen on horseback, accompanied by Sir Walter Raleigh and two attendants of less note, caused a profound sensation at the old school. There was, of course, a whole day's holiday to mark the event, and Greyfriars made high festival, for Queen Bess was beloved by the boys of Britain.

That period was a remarkable one, because of the number of truly great men that adorned it. William Shakespeare, the greatest writer of all time; Sir Philip Sidney, the flower of perfect knightlyhood; Francis Drake, Sir Richard Grenville, and other gallant "seadogs"—all flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

An ancient scribe thus records the memorable visit of the Queen:

"Her Majesty did arrive late in ye forenoon, attended by Sir Walter Raleigh and others of her train. When her noble steed entered into ye quadrangle, 'twas the signal for a mighty cheer from ye goodly assemble of scholars. Ye venerable headmaster, having made humble obeisance to her Majesty, did assist the Queen to alight from her steed, and did forthwith conduct Her Gracious Majesty across ye stately building.

"The Queen, having dined at Greyfriars and expressed great satisfaction wthal, did take her departure; whereupon her Majesty was followed from ye precincts by a cheering throng, whose plaudits the Queen graciously acknowledged.

"'Twas in such a memorable occasion, which will endure for all time in ye school's annals."



some blackballing rascal had caught the spotswoman of the Fourth out of bounds and compelled him to give his name—and Aubrey had given Harry Wharton's!

Bunter did not think of giving Wharton's! But still less did he think of giving his own! He decided on Wingate's!

Wingate was in the Sixth Form and captain of the school! Wingate had a punch like the kick of a horse and was exactly the fellow to deal with a man like Squidge, if he turned up at Greyfriars!

Following Wingate's name would not, so far as Bunter could see, do Wingate any harm—but it would do Squidge a lot, if he tried to collect a five from the captain of Greyfriars!

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Wingate!"

"Your name Wingate?"

"That—that's it! No—now let me go!"

"No 'arry!" grinned Mr. Squidge. "I've been 'ad once! I ain't being 'ad in the same way again! Not Tommy Squidge. P'raps you've got a letter in your pocket, with that three name on it!"

Bunter groaned! He had a letter in his pocket; but the name on it was W. G. Bunter!

Mr. Squidge reached out an unwashed hand and jerked a handkerchief from Bunter's pocket. There were initials in the corner, and the awful Mr. Squidge grinned at the "W.G.B."

"'B' stands for Wingate, what?" he asked agreeably.

"Oh, no!" gasped Bunter. "I—I mean, my—my name's Brown! See?"

"Strike me pink!" gasped Mr. Squidge. "You mean that your name's Brown, says you?"

"Ye-es—Walter Gilbert Brown—W.G.B.—" gasped Bunter.

Mr. Squidge gazed at him.

Bunter was hopeful; he had made his new name fit his initials. There were two Browns at Greyfriars—Tom Brown in the Remorse, and a Brown in the Fifth—neither of whom had the initials W. G. So it seemed all right to Bunter!

It did not seem all right to Mr. Squidge! Even had he been of a trusting disposition—which he was not—Mr. Squidge would hardly have believed that the fat Owl's name was Wingate for one minute—and Brown the next! It was really expelling too much!

"Well, Mr. Wingate-Walter-Gilbert-Brown, you take the 'ole cake, you do!" said Mr. Squidge. "Now, are you going to show up a letter or something, or are you going to wait till I knock that fat nose of yours through the back of your fat 'ead?"

Bunter decided to show up the letter—without waiting for that performance!

Mr. Squidge grinned at the address on the envelope.

"'W. G. Bunter!'!" he said. "That's more like it! A bloke's leg ain't going to be pulled twice in the same way—not Tommy Squidge's! Now, Mr. Bunter, I don't want to be 'ard on a young covey, giving him away to his schoolmaster! I never was a 'ard bloke—not Tommy Squidge! Maybe you'll be dropping me a friendly line at the Cross Keys in Friarstable."

"Oh, yes!" gasped Bunter. "Certainly!"

"And maybe you'll show a 'f' you note in the letter!" suggested Mr. Squidge.

"Oh, crikey!"

"And maybe you'll let me keep this 'ere letter of yours, till I 'ear from you, as a sort of keepsake of a 'appy meeting!" suggested Mr. Squidge.

He slipped it into his pocket as he spoke.

"Oh, ho!"

"Now," said Mr. Squidge. "you can 'ook it! I advise you to let me 'ear from you soon! Heutherwise, I shall 'ave to call in at your school, and you can tell your schoolmaster just where you was when you 'anded me that letter!"

"I—I say!" gasped Bunter.

"You can 'ook it!" said Mr. Squidge.

He slouched away—braving for the Three Fishes and the drink he so badly needed.

"Oh, crikey!" groaned Bunter.

And he looked it!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunty For Bunter!

"SQUIDGE!"

"What?"

"I—I—I mean——"

"What do you mean, Bunter?"

It was English history, in the Remorse room, the following morning.

On the subject of English history, as on most subjects, the powerful brain of William George Bunter was more or less a beautiful blank.

Billy Bunter learned as much as Mr. Quetch could cram into his unresponsive head, but he indemnified himself by forgetting it as soon as possible.

So Bunter, when he was asked a question, might really have answered almost anything. He was capable of telling his Form-master that it was Pontius Pilate who watched the cakes burn, and that it was Christopher Columbus who said "Kiss me, Hardy!"

Bunter had often made surprising answers, but he had never made so surprising an answer as he made now, when Mr. Quetch requested him to state the name of the general who led the army of Scotland southward at the

KNOCKED FOR A SIX!



Marking the crease!



Ready -



to swipe -



that -



first ball -

time of the Restoration.

Bunter, no doubt, had heard of General Monk. Indeed, he would have heard of him in that lesson had he been listening to Quetch's words of wisdom.

He hadn't been!

Since that meeting in the grounds of the Three Fishes the day before, Billy Bunter had been thinking of one person, and one person only, and that was the unscrupulous and inquisitive Mr. Squidge.

Squidge filled his thoughts with uneasiness and dread. Squidge was rousing in his mind as he sat in class that morning. If he heard Quetch's words of wisdom, he did not heed them.

Perhaps Quetch noted that he was inattentive. He hurled a question at him quite suddenly. Bunter answered, "Squidge." That name was in his fat mind, and it rolled off his tongue.

"I—I—I mean," stammered the wretched Owl—"that is, I—I don't mean—"

All the Remover looked round at Bunter.

"Explain yourself at once, Bunter!" rapped Quetch.

"I—I—I didn't mean Squidge, sir!" gasped the hapless Owl. "I—I don't know anything about Squidge, sir! I—I've never even heard the name!"

"Who-o-?"

"I mean, if I have, I've forgotten it, sir!" said Bunter innocently. "I—I—I meant to say Oliver Cromwell, sir."

"You meant to say Oliver Cromwell?" repeated Mr. Quetch, almost forgetting Squidge at that.

"Yes, sir. Is—isn't that right?"

"Upon my word! We are dealing with the period following the death of Cromwell, and you—"

"Oh! I—I didn't mean Cromwell, sir!" groaned Bunter.

"Of—of course, it wasn't Cromwell, if he was dead! Oh, no! I really meant to say—kennet see—it was—was—Judge Jeffreys, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Bunter, are you not aware that it was Monk who was in command of the army of Scotland at the time of the Restoration?"

"W-w-was it, sir?" Bunter stared. "I—I shouldn't have thought it was a monk, sir."

"A-a-a what?"

"A monk, sir. Of course, I know there were military monks at one time in the Crusades, and all that; but—"

Mr. Quetch gazed at that hopeful member of his Form, The Removers goggled. This was really unusually rich, even for Bunter! Clearly the fat Owl had something on his fat mind!

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quetch at last. "Bunter, you will be detained after class! This ignorance—"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"This gross stupidity—"

"Oh, sir!"

"You have been giving no attention whatever to the lesson, Bunter."

"Oh, yes, sir! I heard every word you said. I wasn't thinking about Squidge, or—or anything, sir."

"You will be required to explain your reference to that person, Bunter. Now be silent."

Bunter was glad to be silent. Out of class silence was not his long suit, but in class he preferred to play the part of the shy, unworldly victim.

When the Remover were dismissed, Billy Bunter nourished a faint hope that he might be able to roll out after the other fellows, unnoticed by Quetch. That hope was very faint, and it was nipped in the bud.

"Bunter, you will remain!"

Bunter groaned and remained.

"And now, Bunter," said Mr. Quetch, fixing his glinted eyes on the worried fat Owl when the Form had gone out, "you will explain what you have had to do with the man named Squidge?"

"Oh, nothing, sir! I've never seen him."

"You saw him, Bunter, the day he came here last week and made an inaccurate statement regarding Wharries of this Form."

"Oh, I—I mean, I—I haven't seen him since, sir!"

"That man," said Mr. Quetch, in a deep voice, "is a very disreputable character, Bunter. He affected to report a Greyfriars boy for having broken bounds from a sense of duty; but, having seen him, I had no doubt that his motives were bad—very bad. No Greyfriars boy could possibly be allowed to have word with such a man—in fact, I scarcely see how he could encounter him unless out of school bounds. Have you been out of bounds, Bunter?"

"Oh, no sir!"

"I warn you, Bunter, that if it should transpire that you have any connection of any kind with such a man the consequences will be very serious."

"Yes, sir—I mean, no sir! Can-can I go now, sir?"

"You may not go, Bunter. You will remain at your desk and write out fifty times, General Monk was in command of the army of Scotland at the time of the Restoration. Then you may go."

"Oh, ha!"

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Rally Round!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Cut!"

"I say, don't be hoarse!" groaned Bunter.

The Famous Five had gathered to tea in Study No. 1 in
continued on page 20



for a sic!



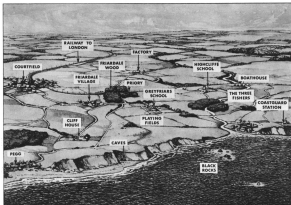
Cribby!



What happened—



to the fourth! Sell!



THIS IS GREYFRIARS

Headmaster: The Rev. Herbert Henry Lakin, S.D.

PLeasantly situated near the south coast of Kent, the Monastery of Greyfriars ranked among the finest of the day.

Through Henry VIII's order of the "Dissolving of the Monasteries," this fine building was shut down. The monks, or friars, hid themselves for a time in the crypt, and lived in the ruins between the priory and the chapel. There was in a good way of repair in those days.

But somebody, for a large reward offered by the King, betrayed the monks, and brought them up before Henry, who told the friars they would be allowed to go free if they revealed the whereabouts of the far-famed Grey Friars' treasure. But the brave old friars would not say a word, so the King had them all executed. Henry afterwards expended many search parties, but the friars had hidden the treasure securely. To this day it has not been found.

For many years after that the monastery was allowed to go to decay.

In 1535, Edward VI restored it and opened it as a school for poor, but restless boys, whose parents could not afford to have them educated.

This prospered slowly until the reign of Charles II, when a newly-erected wing and two-thirds of the original building were burnt to the ground.

Fifty years later a good college was built for gentlemen's sons. In 1716, Greyfriars, as it now stands, was started on the career it has achieved today.

The only remains we have of older days are now in complete ruin.

There is the wonderful old priory, with its vaults and subterranean tunnel, leading to the crypt, beneath the ruined chapel in the cloisters.

East of the cloisters there is the curious, old, ivy-covered tower surrounded by a mass of fallen pillars of masonry. This, and the stately grass-covered land around, is all that is left of the famous old monastery of the first Grey Friars.

THE REMOVE FORM, OR LOWER FOURTH

Form-Master: Mr. Herbert Henry Lakin, S.D.

Name	Age	Height	Weight	Study	
	Years	In. Ht.	St. Lbs.	Mo.	
Whiston, Harry (Capt.)	15	4	4	7 12	1
Brown, Tom	15	23	2	7 6	2
Salisbury, Peter	15	12	2	9 4	10
Hull, Johnny	15	12	2	8 1	10
Balmaine, George	15	12	2	8 1	10
Spencer, William George	15	12	2	10 12	10
Cherry, Robert	15	12	2	8 2	12
Johnson, Jim	15	12	2	7 10	12
Downland, Macky	15	12	2	8 1	12
Spencer, Randolph	15	8	1	8 1	12
Coates, Tom	15	4	1	8 1	12
Ford (Capt.) R.A.F.	15	4	1	8 1	12
Fish, Percy E.	15	4	1	8 1	12
Spencer, Peter	15	4	1	8 1	12
Willy, Leonard	15	4	1	8 1	12
Kaye, Oliver	15	11	1	8 1	12
Lilly, Mark	15	11	1	8 1	12
Mansfield, Herbert Lord	15	10	1	8 1	12
Morgan, David	15	10	1	8 1	12
Spencer, Macky	15	10	1	8 1	12
Naggs, Frank	15	10	1	8 1	12
Ogby, Donald Robert	15	10	1	8 1	12
Parfitt, Richard	15	10	1	8 1	12
Kaye, Richard	15	11	1	8 1	12
Knocking, Tom	15	10	1	8 1	12
Knoll, Richard	15	11	1	8 1	12
Smith, Harvey James Earl	15	11	1	8 1	12
Bowyer, Harold	15	11	1	8 1	12
Smith (Misses), Robert	15	11	1	8 1	12
Scott, Sidney James	15	11	1	8 1	12
Scott, William	15	11	1	8 1	12
Smith, Almond Douglas	15	11	1	8 1	12
Thell, Peter	15	11	1	8 1	12
Thell, Anthony	15	11	1	8 1	12
Thell, Herbert	15	11	1	8 1	12
Wynne-Smith, Herbert	15	11	1	8 1	12
Wynne, Sir James	15	11	1	8 1	12
Willy, William Ernest	15	11	1	8 1	12
Wyn Lamb	15	11	1	8 1	12



GREYFRIARS SCHOOL



1920

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

On the walls of the picture gallery at Greyfriars School hang the portraits of many great and courageous men. Prominent among them is that of Sir Richard Grenville, still the school's most popular hero. Here is the story of his epic last fight against the Might of Spain.

ENGLAND was at war with Spain in 1591. It was mostly a war at sea. The English ships sailed to the Spanish Main to attack the Spanish galleons on their way home laden with rich treasure. They also cruised nearer home in the eastern Atlantic, and on the Spanish coast, to make things awkward for the Spaniards.

There was a fleet of six English ships, under the command of Lord Thomas Howard, which had been at sea for some time. They lay for a while off Flores, in the Azores, to refit the ships and send the sick ashore to get well again. Suddenly, Lord Howard received warning that a fleet of fifty-three Spanish ships was approaching to attack him.

Lord Howard was in a fix. "I can't fight fifty-three ships," he said anxiously. "My ships are in a bad state and half of my crews are sick. We must escape while we've got the chance."

But one of his vessels—the *Revenge*—was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, and he had other ideas.

"I have ninety men ashore, convalescent," he replied. "I will not leave them behind. I'll take them all aboard and then I'll set sail."

"Well, follow me as quickly as you can," said Lord Howard.

So five ships sailed quickly for England while Sir Richard, in the *Revenge*, stayed to get his sick men on board. The work delayed him, but he refused to sail until it was completed. Not until the last sick man was on board did he sail from Flores. And then it was really too late.

The great fleet of huge galleons was coming towards him—fifty-three huge ships anxious to wipe the daring Englishmen from the sea. But there was no thought of surrender and to turn back was impossible.

The Spaniards came on, their fleet divided into two. And the *Revenge* sailed straight at them, passing along the sea-lane between the two mighty squadrons. The guns roared and the battle was joined. The great galleons towered above the *Revenge* and it seemed quite hopeless for the tiny English vessel.

But as they sailed into the thick of the enemy ships until the way was barred by the huge galleons, the *San*

Philip. The bulk of the big vessel took the wind out of the sails of the *Revenge* so that they stayed where they were.

But they worked the guns and the *San Philip* bore the brunt of the iron storm until it could stand no more, and reeled away out of the fight. The other galleons crowded close and their cannon balls raked the little *Revenge* time and again. Then they came yet closer and tried to board the English ship.

Sir Richard and his gallant crew fought hand to hand with the enemy, forcing them back to their own ships. All day long it went on until night came. Many of their galleons were battered and were retreating back home to Spain. Some were sunk—but still Sir Richard would not give in.

"Fight on!" he cried.

He was badly wounded, and the man who dressed his wound was killed by his side. A second time Sir Richard was wounded, yet still he wanted to fight on. He had started with only a hundred men able to man the guns and to fight, but over forty of these had already been slain.

Now, there was no more powder and the masts were all shattered and lay dragging over the side. Sir Richard cried: "Sink the ship and we'll all go down with her."

But many of the seamen reminded him that they had wives and children back in England.

"Make the Spaniards promise, if we yield, that they will let us go."

So they surrendered on those terms. The wounded Sir Richard Grenville was taken aboard the Spanish flagship, the *San Pablo*. They honoured him for the gallant fight he had fought, and he died there on the enemy's decks.

Sir Richard had dared to defy the might of Spain, and had lost the fight, but the glory was his for all time. The Englishmen still alive were taken aboard the galleons as prisoners to be treated honourably.

A Spanish crew was put aboard the *Revenge* to clear away the wreckage and sail her to the nearest Spanish port as a prize, but it was not to be. The *Revenge* had been too badly knocked about, and she sank with all hands long before the coast of Spain was sighted.

So the name of Sir Richard Grenville lives in history as one of the Daring Ones of the world.

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the Remove. There was a cake for tea, and when Billy Bunter appeared in the doorway they naturally concluded that he had scented the cake.

Bunter was not welcome in that study. Really he could not expect to be after his proceedings with his gummy placid the previous afternoon.

True, that placid had been gummied on Bunter's features instead of on the door, as intended. But the Famous Five were fed-up with that pub-bawling story, and every member of the Co. had a boot ready for Bunter if he rolled in.

But the dismal and web-begone expression on the fat face disarmed them as they looked at him.

Bunter did not even blink at the cake! He did not seem to notice that there was a cake there at all! It was not, after all, the cake that had drawn him like a magnet.

"What's the row, you fat so?" asked Bob Cherry, always good-natured. "Caker of the Fifth after you for dipping into his hamper?"

"Worse than that!" growled Bunter.

"Leader of the Sixth on your track?"

"Worse than that!" growled Bunter.

"Oh crumbs! There isn't anything worse than Leader of the Sixth!" said Bob, staring at him. "He's the limit."

"I—I—I say, you fellows, do stand by a pal!" mumbled Bunter. "It's not often I want to borrow money, as you know—"

"What?"

"Oh, really, you know! I'm up against it!" growled Bunter. "I simply must have five pounds."

"Five whams?" gasped Bob.

"Pounds!"

"And you've come to this study for it?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Didn't you fellows win anything yesterday?" asked Bunter.

"Win anything?" repeated Wharton, blankly.

"Well, I mean to say, you can't all have lost money," argued Bunter. "Was it billiards, or banker, or what?"

"Billiards," muttered Wharton, "or banker? Do you think they play billiards and banker in Courtney's study at Highlife?"

"I mean, you were at the Three Fishers, you know,"



Mr. Quitch on the trail of Bunter!

said Bunter, blinking at him. "No good telling whoppers about it, because I shadowed you all the way there! You fellows never knew—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I jolly well knew where you were going, and I shadowed you! I was jolly well going to show you up in the Park, but—but now—I—I won't—"

"Thanks!"

"The thankfulness is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"One good turn deserves another," said Bunter. "I'll keep it dark—fairly dark, just to oblige you fellows! If any fellow asks me whether I know that you went pub-crawling yesterday, I'll say so! There!"

"You blithering, burbling bundermatch!" said Bob Cherry. "We went over to Highlife yesterday and walked round by Oak Lane to pull your silly leg! We were watching you from the common, when you planted yourself there to watch the gate—and we left you to it. Understand now, fathead?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you gurgling at, you pedgy image?"

"Well, that ain't a bad yarn," admitted Bunter.

"Tain't true, of course—but it's not bad! Only, you see, I know!"

"Hit him, somebody!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I ain't going to say anything," went on Bunter. "I wouldn't give a pal away. But did you win anything?"

The Co. gazed at him!

"If you did, you might help a chap out of a fearful fix!" said Bunter. "Dosh it all, you can't all have lost money there! What do you go for, if you only lose your money?"

The Co. continued to gaze at him. Evidently it was Study Head in the fat Owl's mind that they had been on the razzle the previous day, at the Three Fishers!

Bunter was not going to believe that his masterly shadowing had been spotted, and his fat leg pulled. Bunter knew what he knew—or, rather, what he didn't know!

"If you had any luck," continued Bunter, "it will come in jolly useful! I simply must have a five! I say, you fellows, it may come to the sack if I don't get it! I might be turfed out of Greystones! Think of that!"

"No such luck!"

"Beast! I say, you fellows, I jolly well think it's up to you to rally round after all I've done for you! A five will see me through! Well, if any of you won a packet yesterday at billiards or banker or nap, you know—"

"You blithering owl, can't you get it into your wooden nut that we were only pulling your silly leg, and never went near that shew at all?" howled Bob Cherry. "Can't you take a fellow's word, you pernicious porpoise?"

"Oh, yes! Of course I take your word, old chap! Sit down, Bull, you beast! Still, if you won a packet—"

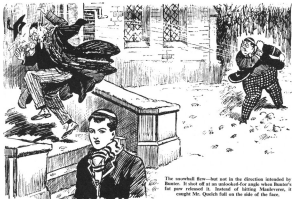
Billy Bunter blinked round hopefully at five faces.

"I mean, to say, I think a fellow's pals ought to rally round when a fellow's in an awful hole!" he said. "You can't all have lost! I mean, you haven't got my brains, I know; but you ain't fool enough to stick to pub-crawling if you all keep on losing your money at it! That stands to reason! Well, I think you might—narcosop!"

Billy Bunter quitted Study No. 1 with starting suddenness. He quitted it with a whizz and landed in the Remove passage with a tremendous bang!

He roared!

"Now all boot him together!" said Bob Cherry.



The snowball flew—but not in the direction intended by Bunter. It shot off at an unlooked-for angle when Bunter's fat paw released it. Instead of hitting Masdevener, it caught Mr. Quitch full on the side of the face.

"Wait a minute, Bunter! Now, then, all together——"
Bunter did not wait a split second!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Sword of Damocles!

"GOT it yet?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was quite a joke in the Remove the next day.

It was no joke to Billy Bunter! But to the other fellows, there seemed something very comic in the fat Owl's quest of a fiver!

All the Removes had heard of it by that time! There was hardly a fellow in the Form that Bunter hadn't asked.

Bunter's manners and customs, as a borrower, were well known in his Form. He had wonderful skill, and he extracted small sums from a sixpence to a half-crown often and often. All these small sums Bunter was going to settle on the arrival of a postal order that he was expecting.

But quite a giant sized postal order would have been required to settle all those accumulated sums. Besides, the postal order didn't come!

But well as they knew their Bunter, he surprised them now. It was unusual for even Bunter to run into pouches when he wanted a little loan. And five pounds was quite a sum—it was, in fact, a small fortune to most Lower Fourth fellows.

Few Removees could have obliged Bunter with such a loan if they had wanted to over so much! And few, if any, wanted to.

Lord Masdevener had probably, a fiver or two. But though Bunter often touched Monty for shillings and half-crowns, his lordship drew the line at quids, let alone fivers!

The Bouncer was said to have fivers, and even tensers.

It was rumoured that he sometimes had a "poozy." But no crumbs were likely to fall from that rich man's table in Bunter's direction.

Monty Newland was believed to be wealthy. But he seemed to have no desire whatever to whisk out his wealth with Billy Bunter.

Up and down the Remove Bunter had gone, in quest of the fiver, with no result beyond adding to the gaiety of sadness in his Form.

But the general movement did not bring a single snail to Bunter's fat face. The sword of Damocles was suspended over his fat head!

There was getting on! It was now two days since he had met Mr. Squidge, and that horrid man would be expecting his letter, with a "fiver" note in it.

Bunter—had he had any cash—would have been exactly the fellow that Mr. Squidge liked to meet! He was scared out of his fat wits, and could he have obtained a fiver, by hook or by crook, it certainly would have gone to the oily man at the Cross Keys.

Had Bunter possessed as much common sense as the average rabbit, he would have gone to his Form-master and told him the whole story. But common sense was very uncommon with Bunter.

He had to get hold of a fiver somehow, to keep that awful beast Squidge quiet, and it did not even occur to his podgy brain that would not have been the end, but the beginning of further blackmail!

That day passed without disaster, but the fiver was as far off as ever.

On Saturday morning, Bunter greeted the winter dawn with a dismal blink. He hardly dared hope that Squidge would wait over the week-end.

In break, that Saturday morning, Bunter hunted for Lord Masdevener once more. Masdy staided him success-

fully. He was asking Harry Wharton whether he had seen Maiky anywhere, when Skinner of the Remorse called out:

"Somebody you know, Wharton?"

Harry Wharton glanced round.

A figure with an oily face and a rakish bowler cocked on one side of a greasy head stood in the gateway looking in.

Goaling came out of his lodge with the obvious intention of abating that unsavory visitor on the spot.

Bunter gave the figure a startled blink.

He clutched Wharton's arm.

"I—I—I say, who's that?" he gasped.

Wharton's brow darkened.

"That rotten rascal Squidge!"

"Squidge! Oh crickey! I'm done for!" roared Bunter.

Harry Wharton did not heed him. He cut away towards the gate, in which direction other fellows were heading. Why Squidge was there was a mystery to Harry, but if he wanted another footing, another was ready for him.

But it was no mystery to Bunter!

Squidge had said that he would come if he did not get that "span" note! He had come! The sight of him almost paralyzed the fat Owl. He blinked at the squat figure, the rakish hat, the oily face, from the distance, like a fat rabbit fascinated by a serpent. Then, turning, he bolted.

Really, if Squidge had come to denounce him, it was not much use to bolt. But the terrified fat Owl followed his instinct in moments of danger—and bolted at top speed for the House!

Mr. Quetch had spotted that squat figure from his study window. He was coming out to inquire, when Bunter went in. Quetch met him in the doorway as he went in—like a runaway locomotive! Bunter did not even see Quetch before he crashed.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Quetch, as he staggered.

"Ooogh!" spluttered Bunter, as he tumbled from the shock.

Mr. Quetch sat down! Bunter, tottering, blinked at him dizzily.

"Bunter!" gasped the Remorse master.

"Oh crickey!"

"Boy!"

Bunter rushed on.

Quetch made a grab at him, as he rushed. But the fat Owl circumnavigated his Form-master and bolted for the stairs.

"Bunter!" gasped Mr. Quetch.

Bunter flew up the staircase at a rate which really looked as if the law of gravitation had ceased to exercise its influence on heavy objects! Soberly, or never, had Bunter lifted his weight at such a rate.

Mr. Quetch staggered to his feet. He gurgled for breath.

"Bunter!" he shrieked.

Bunter vanished.

Mr. Quetch, breathing hard, stepped out into the quad, and hurried down to the gate.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Shilling Mr. Squidge!

"HOUTSIDE!" said Goaling.

Goaling's manner was brief. It was not polite. Goaling had little politeness to waste on anybody, least of



BUNTER THE BANKRUPT

by
PETER TOOD

BUNTER'S CREDITORS GATHER

Poor Bunter is bankrupt, I'm sorry to say.

He owes all his schoolfellows money.

And as he has nothing whatever to pay,

We cannot regard it as funny!

So Wharton decided to summon the Form

To come to a creditors' meeting.

Which took place on Saturday evening in dorm,

With candles for lighting and heating.

"The prisoner Bunter," our captain began.

As the Owl stood in dock with a warden,

"Has long been well known for absconding a man

With a sale of a large postal-order!"

Considerable laughter was heard in the Court.

With cries of "Hear, hear!" by the claimants!

And Wharton went on to read out a report

Of all Bunter's debts—but no payments!

all a man like Squidge.

The Greyfriars porter had seen that oily man once before, when he had had instructions to let Mr. Squidge in. He had no instructions to let him in now. And he did not mean to let him in.

But Mr. Squidge did not seem to want to enter. From the gateway, he had a view of a considerable part of the quadrangle and the school buildings. That view seemed to satisfy Squidge.

In point of fact he had not, as the terrified Owl supposed, come there to give his victim away. He had come there to give his victim the impression that that was why he had come!

Not having heard from Bunter, Mr. Squidge was there to remind Bunter of his unsavory and obstinacious existence!

He was going to give the hapless Owl away if he did not pay up! But he was in no hurry to kill the goose that was, he hoped, going to lay golden eggs! The sight of him, Squidge fancied, would scare that fat young orvey into losing the line! So there he was!

"You 'lar me?" said Goaling. "Wot I says is this 'ere—houtside!"

"Who's inside?" asked Mr. Squidge coolly.

"Ho!" said Goaling.

Squidge had him there!

Then Bunter replied in a voice full of tears
(But not, I suspect, of repentance).
"You know, I'm expecting a—"
Laughter and cheers
Completed the rest of this sentence.
The Court then appointed a broker's man (Fibs)
To take up possession next morning
Inside Bunter's study, and forthwith to take
All his goods off for sale without writing!

An auction was held in the usual way.
The auctioneer (Fibs) was present.
(He asked for commission, I'm sorry to say,
And found our reply most unpleasant.)
"Now, gents and galoots," he cried, "walk up and buy
These goods and this wearing apparel;
I guess it belongs to a bankrupted guy,
And we're selling it, look, stock and barrel!"

"What offers, you ginks, for a solid gold watch!
It cost thirty guineas, consider!"
It went for three ha'pence to "Oggy," who's Scotch!
Alas, there was no other bidder.
A couple of handkerchiefs, perfectly black,
Were knocked down by Fibs's endeavor,
But the rest of the wearing apparel went back
To its owners for nothing whatever!

The sum of elevenpence-ha'penny was found
As the final stupendous position!
And this was shared out at a farthing all round
With a ha'penny to Fibs for commission.
The creditors didn't seem quite satisfied
With this state of affairs, and decided
To take all the rest out of Bunter's fat hide,
And now kicked him harder than I did!

Outside that gate was the queen's highway! Any citizen
Had a right to walk on that highway: even an unwashed
and filthy citizen like Mr. Squidge. He was standing at
the gateway looking in, that was all.

"You move on!" said Gosling.

"I'll move on," said Squidge, "just when I choose
to move on! Not alone, so you can put that in your pipe
and smoke it, old 'un!"

Harry Wharton arrived at that stage of the argument.
His chains were at his heels, and a dozen other fellows
gambled.

"You'll move on now," said Harry, "and sharp's the
word!"

"Oh! You!" said Squidge. "You lay a 'and on
me, young fellow-me-lad, and I'll 'ave you run in! Can't
a man stand in a public road if he likes?"

"A public-house is more in your line!" remarked
Bob Cherry. "You're a blot on the landscape, Squidge!
Get out of it!"

"Are you going?" snapped Wharton.

"No!" retorted Squidge defiantly. "I ain't going!"

"Bump him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good egg!"

"Bag him and bump him!"

The Famous Five grasped Mr. Squidge all at once.

Vernon-Smith and Peter Todd lent a hand, though it
really was not needed. Earth and sky swam before
Squidge's dizzy eyes as he was plucked off his feet.

"Strike me pink!" yelled Squidge. "Leggo!"

Bump!

Mr. Squidge smote the hard, unsympathetic earth! He
smote it hard, and he followed.

"Give him a few more!"

Up went Mr. Squidge, wriggling like an eel and yelling
frantically. But before he could bump again, Mr. Quitch
arrived, breathless.

"Stop! Release that man at once! How dare you make
such a scene at the school gates! Release him instantly!"
thundered the Remorse master.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

Mr. Squidge was released instantly. As he was a foot
off the ground when he was released, that sudden release
was neither grateful nor comforting to Squidge. He
sprawled on the earth and yelled.

"Now, what does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Quitch
angrily.

"Backing up Gosling, sir!" said Vernon-Smith meekly.

"Gosling told that leader to go, and he wouldn't!"

"Which he wouldn't, sir!" said Gosling. "And won't I
say, is this 'ere—"

"You boys should not have touched him!" said Mr.
Quitch, frowning. "However, the man certainly has no
business here. Mr. Squidge—I think your name is
Squidge—why have you come here?"

Squidge sat up, gurgling. Then he staggered to his feet,
his oily face red with rage. He stood there spluttering,
trying to get his breath back.

"Shall I get his hat, sir?" asked the Bounder. Squidge's
hat had rolled into the road.

"Please do so, Vernon-Smith."

Smitty got the hat—perhaps it was by accident that he
trod on it before he picked it up. It was as much like a
concertina as a hat when the Bounder politely handed it
to its owner.

"Now, my man—" said Mr. Quitch.

"Not so much of your man, Mister Schoolmaster!"
gargled Squidge. "Then young 'ounds—"

"Kindly do not use such expressions to me!" rapped
the Remorse master. "You had better go, and at once!"

"I'll go," roared Mr. Squidge, "when it suits me—and
not before! Who are you, I'd like to know? Ole fingerhead
in a gown like an ole woman! Yah!"

Mr. Quitch's face crimsoned. His scholastic gown ought
really to have impressed Squidge with respect, if not with
awe. Apparently it didn't! Squidge's remark was most
disagreeable.

"Houtside!" said Gosling; and as Mr. Squidge stood
where he was, defiant, Gosling gave him a push, as a hint
to start.

The next moment Gosling felt as if an air-raid had
suddenly happened.

Squidge gave him his right and then his left, so rapidly,
that Gosling did not see them coming! Gosling, gasping,
rolled as Mr. Quitch's foot.

"Bum my soul!" gasped Mr. Quitch. "I—I—"

"Rouse!" shouted the Bounder.

There was a rush. The juniors were not, perhaps, fear-
fully concerned for Gosling, but they were quite keen to
give Mr. Squidge a little more. They rushed at Squidge
rather like a tidal wave!

Mr. Squidge jumped back.

"T're, 'ards off!" he roared.

But it was not hands off—it was hands on. It was several pairs of hands on, and with vigour.

Struggling and yelling, Mr. Spidige was spun off his feet in a twinkling.

Mr. Quack opened his lips—and shut them again. Really, he could not forbid the boys to defend that ancient institution, Coolidge, against a ruffian like Spidige. Growling was sitting up, dazedly, feeling his ancient nose, to ascertain whether it was still there! Spidige disappeared under a wave of juniors.

Wild yells and howls came from the midst of the mob. Finally, Spidige emerged from the hilarious crowd and flew up the road.

He no longer seemed to have any desire to remain. He stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once! And he went at a terrific burst of speed—hathless.

"After him!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Stop!" Mr. Quack found his voice. "Stop! Come in at once—all of you! Stop!"

Reluctantly, the juniors obeyed their master's voice. Well, it was probable that Mr. Spidige had had enough! It was clear, at least, from the speed with which he negotiated Friendship Lane that he did not want any more!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter in A Bad Box!

HARRY WHARTON had a thoughtful expression on his face when the Remove came out after dinner that day.

There was football that afternoon, but the captain of the Remove was not thinking, at the moment, of Soccer.

A much less agreeable and much less important matter occupied his mind—by name, W. G. Bunter.

He recalled Billy Bunter's words, and Bunter's frantic yell, when the oily and dicky Spidige had appeared in the gateway. Bunter's fright at the sight of the oily rascal shed a new light on his desperate attempt to borrow a five, up and down the Remove, during the past few days.

Wharton had not forgotten his own experience at the hands of Mr. Spidige. It looked to him as if Bunter was going through something of the same kind—though how,

or why, was rather a puzzle.

"What's that fat an?" he asked, as he joined his friends in the quad.

"Bunter?" asked Bob. "In the tack-shop, if he's got any money!"

"He hadn't any yesterday."

"He's seen Manly since then."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, let's look in the tackshop," he assented.

"What the thump do you want Bunter for?" asked Johnny Bull.

"I think the fat chump has landed himself in trouble," answered Harry. "He boiled like a runaway car when that rascal Spidige showed up this morning. I've heard that he's got lines for barging into Quack—he was in such a hurry. And why has he been trying to get hold of five pounds?"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "Has that meddling villain copped him out of bounds like he did Angel of the Fourth? But you it wasn't after lights out if he did—Bunter ain't the man to get out of bed if he can help it!"

"There's something up," said Harry. "If that brute is threatening Bunter, the sooner we look into it, the better!"

"Hear, hear!" agreed Bob.

And the Famous Five went to look for Bunter.

They found him outside the tackshop. Apparently, he had not seen Manly lately, as he was not inside.

Bunter was leaning on the front of Mrs. Mumble's establishment. He was not gazing at the good things within. His fat brow was drawn; his little round eyes, behind his big round spectacles, had the pathetic expression of an expiring cockfish.

Clearly, Bunter was worried and troubled—to such an extent that he was not even thinking of tack!

He blinked at the Famous Five as they came up with a look-justo blink.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob. "Enjoying life?"

"I say, you fellows, o-o-o-can you lend me a five?" groaned Bunter.

"Hardly!"

"I'm done for!" moaned Bunter.



With a grim expression, Mr. Quack stepped clearly in the door and jerked it open. There was a startled yelp as a scowling fat figure tumbled into the doorway and bumped at the master's feet. "What does this mean, Bunter?" thundered Mr. Quack.

"Has that man Squidge got anything to do with it, Bunter?" asked Harry Wharton. "Has he copped you out of bounds, like he did that Fourth Form roter, Aubrey Angell?"

"I haven't been out of bounds! If he says he copped me at the Three Fishes, 'tain't true, of course!" said Bunter hastily. "I don't go pub-crawling like you fellows, you know!"

Grant from Johnny Bull.

"Let's get along to the changing-rooms," he suggested.

"Yes—go and play football!" said Bunter bitterly. "Fat lot you care if a fellow's sacked! Talk about Christopher Columbus fiddling while Constantinople was burning!"

"When did you go out of bounds, you fat ass, and where was it?" asked Harry patiently.

"Never!" said Bunter. "I'm not your sort, as I've told you! Still, that beast might make out that he saw me at the Three Fishes last Wednesday!"

"That day you were shadowing us?" grinned Bob.

"It was all your fault!" roared Bunter. "If you hadn't played that rotten trick with your half-crown, I shouldn't have shadowed you, to pay you out! Then it wouldn't have happened! Oh, ha!"

"But what happened?" asked Harry.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Why does that man Squidge make out that he saw you at the Three Fishes, then?" asked Harry, still patient. Job-like patience was required in dealing with William George Bunter.

"I dare say he fancies I'm your sort!" explained Bunter. "He may have seen you going in, you know! May think we're birds of a feather."

"You burbling idiot——"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I think you might rally round a chap, after landing him in an awful hole like this!" said Bunter indignantly. "It was all your fault that I was there at all, watching for you to come out."

"No harm in Squidge or anybody else seeing you outside the place," said Harry. "Any fellow might walk about Oak Lane."

"I know that! But he's going to make out that he saw me inside," growled Bunter. "Of course, I wasn't inside! Besides, how could I get out when he was holding the gate?"

"You weren't inside, but he stopped you from getting out!" gasped Frank Nagors.

"Yes, the beast—hang on the gate from outside, you know!"

"Oh, why?"

"You howling ass, what did you go in for?"

"I didn't!"

"What?"

"Don't you fellows get making out that I did!" exclaimed Bunter anxiously. "I don't want to be talked about in the Form, like you fellows. Quelch might get to hear of it."

Harry Wharton breathed hard and deep.

"Can you get it into your fat head that we want to help you out, if we can?" he asked. "Squidge tried to blackmail me, after that old Angel gave him my name when he was caught out at night. Is he trying the same game with you?"

"Well, he wants a fiver to keep it dark!" roared Bunter. "Not that there's anything to keep dark! Still, I want to let him have the fiver to keep him quiet."

continued on page 36



The Law of MR. QUELCH

by Frank Nagors

THE master with the "gimlet eyes,"

Now claims our keen attention;

His rule is very sound and wise—

Strict, also, I might mention.

When he discovers japes and larks

There's always trouble brewing,

As many of our gay young sparks

Have found to their undoing!

He has a heap of common sense

And lots of understanding;

His store of knowledge is immense,

His presence most commanding.

When he rebukes unruly ones

And loudly thunders "Silence!"

His voice is like the boom of gun—

It might be heard a mile hence!

He often burns the midnight oil

In writing reams of history;

Though when he will complete his toil

Remains a deep-set mystery.

He's been engaged on it for years

With vigour undiminished;

In spite of which, we all have fears

That it will ne'er be finished!

We rather like the "Quelch bird,"

As Cherry calls him gaily;

We hang upon his lightest word,

And do his bidding dally.

Despite the carings we receive

(Our palms have often smarted)

I fancy most of us would grieve

If Mr. Quelch departed!



"Look before you jumpily leap,"
Let sleeping dogs stubbornly sleep."
"A penny saved is a quid of profitless."
And "Pleasure follows after profitless."
"A friend in need is a friend indeed."
Indefinitely, indefinitely.
"More beautiful than, less beautiful speedily."

"So that's it!" said Johnny Bull. "Well, you blithering owl, if you let him have a five, he would want a tenner next—and if he got the tenner, he would want a pony! You can't pay him anything."

"I'm not going to be sucked to please you, Bull!" boomed Buster. "I thought he'd come for me when I saw him this morning. He will come back if I don't let him have the five he wants, or at least, something off it."

"He will come back all the more if you do."

"Beast!"

"And you say you wasn't in the place at all!" roared Johnny.

"No, nowhere near it."

"Then you're only got to tell Quetch so! He wouldn't take that scoundrel's word, even against yours!"

"Yes, only he's got the letter," roared Buster.

"The letter!" exclaimed Bob. "What letter?"

"He made me show him a letter with my name in the address—and then he kept the letter!" rambled Buster. "It's a letter from my pater. If he shows it to Quetch it will prove that he did meet me, you see, and that I gave it to him. Otherwise, of course, I could tell Quetch that I'd never seen the man. I suppose he would take my word—he knows I'm truthful, I hope."

"He—he—he knows you're truthful!" roared Bob Cherry. "Help!"

"Well, you've got into a bad box this time, and no mistake!" said Harry. "The brute caught you at the Three Fishes, and he can prove it. No good your telling lies to Quetch, you fat ass—he would see through them at once. The best thing you can do now is to go to Quetch and make a clean breast of it, before that villain gives you away."

"Think I want to be sucked?" howled Buster.

"It won't be the sack, if you own up! Quetch knows what a fool you are—how could he help knowing, when you're in his form? You'll get off with a whopping."

"You—you—you idiot! Think I want to be whopped?"

"You jolly well do, if you go pub-crawling!" growled Johnny Bull. "And the bigger the whopping the better."

"I never went pub-crawling, you beast!" howled Buster. "I keep on telling you I ain't your sort! I say, you fellows, do you think Quetch would believe that I went in to fetch my coat?"

"You want in to fetch your coat?" repeated Nugget. "Did your coat walk in first and you after it?"

"Oh, really, Nugget! That old Porsebody checked my coat over the fence, and my cap, too! I went in to fetch them," explained Buster. "That's how it happened! Think Quetch would believe it?"

"He might, if it's true," said Harry dubiously. "Is it true?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Well, you're such a fearful fibber—"

"I mean to say, a chap's in a difficulty," groaned Buster. "Quetch doesn't trust my word—that's the real trouble. I wish we had a beak like Capper! He believes anything the Fourth Form chaps tell him! Quetch doesn't!"

"I don't think even Capper would believe anything you told him, old fat man. You go over the link!"

"Even if he did swallow it," went on Buster. "he would make out that I oughtn't to have gone into the place, even to get my coat—on a cold day, too, you know! But would he swallow it? He's doubted my word before—lots of times! Only the other day he said he was caring me for untruthfulness, about that billy half-crown, you know! That's the sort of beak we've got! Distrustful, you know."

"But is it true?"

"That's rather an insulting question, Harry Wharton. It's perfectly true! I never was in the place at all, and I only went in to get my coat! A chap can't do more than tell the plain truth, I suppose!"

"Ye gods!"

"I ain't going to Quetch!" said Buster decidedly. "I jolly well know he wouldn't believe me. Why, you fellows don't, well as you know me. If my own pater can't take my word, what can I expect from a beak? But if that awful beast Squidge gives me away, what's going to happen?"

"Go to Quetch—"

"Shut!"

"And tell him the truth—or as much truth as you can possibly get out without making yourself ill—"

"Beast!"

"That's the only thing to do now. And the sooner you do it, the better!"

"You fellows coming?" called out Vernon-Smith, from the distance. "If you're going to play Soccer, it's time to change."

"Coming!"

"I say, you fellows—I say— Beast! Don't cut off while a fellow's talking to you!" roared Buster.

But the Famous Five did cut off, at the call of Soccer. They disappeared in the direction of the changing-rooms; and Billy Hunter was left, once more, to his deluded and dismal meditations. The sword of Damocles, in the shape of the oily Squidge, was over his fat head—and there was no doubt that Buster was in a bad box!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape!

THAT Billy Hunter aimed the snowball at Lord Maudslover, Mr. Quetch was not likely to guess.

Quetch was nowhere near Maudy when he got it in his majestic ear. Buster was what the Remose fellows called cack-handed in such matters.

There had been a snowfall overnight, and on Monday morning the quad was thick with it when the Remose came out after breakfast.

Quetch, standing in the doorway, was sailing in the frosty morning air.

Some of the juniors in the distance, were snowballing. But Quetch, of course, was not expecting snowballs.

It was the unexpected that happened.

Billy Hunter was exasperated. Before prayer and after prayers that cold and frosty morning he had tried to corner Lord Maudslover, and each time Maudy had suc-

carefully dodged him. After breakfast, in the quad, he nearly got him; but Mandy walked off—actually walked right off, heedless of the voice of the charmer.

Really, it was no wonder that Bunter's temper flared him, with so many worries on his fat mind. He grabbed up snow, and aimed a snowball at the back of Lord Macbever's disappearing head—just to trash the beast!

The snowball flew—not in the direction designed by Bunter. It shot off at an unlooked-for angle when Bunter's fat paw released it.

Where it went Bunter did not know. A single blink revealed that Lord Macbever was walking on, untouched, and, in fact, unconscious that he had been snowballed at all.

But a moment or two later Bunter learned, with horror, where that snowball had gone, and where it had landed.

"Bunter!"

The fat Owl span round towards the door. His eyes almost popped through his spectacles at the sight of Quail's, his face crimson, scraping snow from an ear.

"Oh crikes!" gasped Bunter.

"Bunter, how dare you?" thundered the Remore Form-master.

"I—I—! I didn't!" stammered Bunter.

"What? I saw you!" exclaimed Mr. Quail. "I saw you gather up the snow, and deliberately throw the snowball! How dare you, Bunter? Go to my study at once, and wait for me there!"

"I—I—!"

"Go!" snapped Mr. Quail, in a voice that made

Bunter jump.

And the Owl of the Remore trotted into the House, and repaired to his Form-master's study. Quail's was left untroubled sore.

Billy Bunter waited in his Form-master's study—not happily.

True, he could explain to Quail that it was an accident—a sheer accident. But even if Quail believed him, he was least enough to think that that sort of accident ought not to happen.

Quail seemed in no hurry to come. That, of course, was like the beast—keeping a fellow in suspense.

Bunter, as he waited, naturally blinked round the study. That was quite a natural proceeding on Bunter's part, inquisitiveness being second nature to him. He blinked at Quail's table, and the papers thereon, and so he came to notice a heap of letters that lay there.

Quail, as Form-master, had to give letters for his form the "once-over," before they were put up in the rack, for the Remore fellows to take down in break. These were the letters—a dozen or so of them—study for him to glance at when he came in.

Bunter's fat fingers immediately began to sort them over.

He hoped to see a letter for himself among them. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. And Bunter's celebrated postal order, if it came at all, could never have come more opportunely than now.

"Oh!" breathed Bunter, as he came on a letter
continued over page

A KANDID KONFESSION!

(Or the Little Fetting of a Great Spirit) by BILLY BUNTER

I'M always full of viggor,
And if you should want to see
A fine athletic fygger,
Well, you rate a look at me!

I'm not so thin as Teddy,
Who could crowd inside a pipe;
I'm a fine substantial body!
Strong and stiddy—that's my type!

Said our medical examiner
When testing me last week,
"For a bill of strength and stamina
You're probably weak!"

"And your fygger, Bunter Bunter,
Has no march in earth or sky,
Unless you count the granier
In old Farmer Cobbett's eye!"

But altho' in each direckshun
I'm a credit in my eye,
I am still not quite perfectshun,
For I have a few daffes!

In the fat place, I'm unable
To do justice to my food!
And my appetight is tatal
Very often isn't good!

This I may be simply shivering
For the appol-dampings fine,
I feel very near to burting
When I've eaten more than nine!

Soon fine day I hope to alter
Such a manger appetight!
But my fill, and never falter
When the burting-poin't's in site!

Then, agin, it's rather funny,
But my memory is shak!
I can think to borro' money,
But forget to pay it back!

This I seek my mind sincerely
When my postle-order comes,
Yet I can't remember clearly
All those tryin' lines come!

And agin, I work it wadly
When some greth I chance to spot,
For I can't remember plainly
Whether it is mine or not!

Yet altho' I labor under
Such a horrid handlopp,
You'll agree that I'm a wonder,
And, in fact, an "all-round" shap!





addressed to himself.

For a second he hoped that it was a letter from home, and that it might contain that long-expected postal order. But he realized at once that it was not so good as that—that it was, in fact, ever so much worse.

His eyes grew big and round with alarm behind his spectacles as he blinked at that letter.

It was not from Mr. Bunter. It was not from any member of the Bunter class. The scrawling hand was unfamiliar, but he could guess whose it was. The letter was addressed:

"Mister W. G. Bunter,
Greyfriars School,
near Friesland."

The postmark was Friesland;
Billy Bunter's fat heart almost died within him.

That grubby envelope, that scrawling hand, the lingering scent of tobacco that clung to it, and the local postmark, could not fail to fix Quetch's attention when he looked over the letters.

Mr. Squidge probably did not know, and perhaps did not care, that letters for schoolboys at a school like Greyfriars were glanced at before they passed into the boys' hands. Such a letter as this Bunter knew would never pass Quetch's scrutiny. He would be called upon to open that letter in his Form-master's presence.

The game was up.
"Oh crickey!" gasped Bunter.

But Quetch had not seen the letters yet. They had been placed on his study table ready for him, but he had not yet dealt with them. That saving circumstance occurred to Billy Bunter's fat brain.

He grabbed that letter.

A fellow had a right to his own letter. Bunter jammed it into his pocket. It was as good as the sack if Quetch saw it. Bunter was not going to be sacked if W. G. Bunter could help it. But it was an awfully narrow escape.

He rolled away from the table to the window. He did not want Quetch to see him standing near that pile of letters when he came in.

It was luck—Bunter realized that—that Quetch had sent him to wait in the study. Otherwise, he would never have seen that letter, and got hold of it in time. Still, he did not anticipate with any pleasure what was coming to him, and the suspense of waiting was really painful.

"When is that letter coming?" inquired Bunter. "How long have I got to stand here waiting for that old goat, Quetch?"

It was like Bunter to utter that reflection aloud as the study door opened to admit his Form-master.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mr. Quetch.
Bunter spun round.

"What did you say, Bunter?" demanded Mr. Quetch. "Oh, nothing, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I never spoke—not a syllable! I—I only said I—I wondered how long my dear master would be, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

"I—I—I never checked that snowball at you, sir! I—I was checking it at Masterover, sir, and—and it missed—"

"It is quite possible, Bunter, that you are clumsy enough, and stupid enough for that to be true. But what was the epithet I heard you apply to me as I entered the study?"

"Not you, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I was thinking of another old goat, sir—"

"What?"

"I—I was, really, sir!"

Mr. Quetch picked up his cane.

"Read over that chair, Bunter!"

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"You may go, Bunter!" said Mr. Quetch, frowning. Bunter went, wriggling.

The study door closed on him, and Mr. Quetch sat down to glance over the heap of letters. And it was fortunate—very fortunate—for Bunter that Quetch did not know how many letters ought to have been in that heap.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

"PERHAPS," said Billy Bunter himself, "you fellows will play up now."

He held out a letter for the inspection of the Famous Five, when the Remorse came out in break that morning.

They stared at it, and at him.

Every fellow in the Form had noticed that there was something amiss with Bunter that morning. Quetch had noticed it, and given the fat Owl several sharp glances.

In break, Harry Wharton & Co. had intended to punt a football, which was quite an agreeable occupation on a cold and frosty morning—much more so than conversation with William George Bunter.

However, they allowed the wee-begone fat Owl to robble them. The ancient text enjoins us to "suffer fools gladly," and if they could not quite do it gladly, they tried to do it patiently.

"Read it," said Bunter, in the same bitter tone, "then perhaps you'll think about me a little, instead of about yourselves as usual."

A fellow could not have asked more earnestly to be booted; but instead of booting Bunter, the chums of the Remorse perused the letter. It was rather a startling letter. It ran:

"Mister Bunter,—I ain't heard from you yet. If I don't hear from you by five o'clock, I'm phoning to your school at six."

There was no signature, but the Famous Five knew that scrawling hand. They had seen it in Mr. Squidge's notices to Wharton a week ago. This was a word from Squidge—apparently his last word.

"How on earth did you get this?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Eh? It came by post this morning," answered Bunter.

"It passed Quetch?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"I found it in his study before he looked at the letters!"

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PRINCE BOMBOBO BUNTER

THE BULLY BOYS HAD JUST BEGUN TO DISCUSS AN AFTER-SCHOOL PARTY, THE ARRIVAL OF BILLY BLUNDER, THE NEW ONE OF THE BULLY BOYS, WHEN BILLY BLUNDER THE NEW ONE OF THE BULLY BOYS WOULD CLOSE TO THE PARTY'S DISCUSSION. HOWEVER THE BULLY BOYS AT THAT MOMENT HAD HIS BROTHER, THE ADOPTED-SON OF THE LOWER POLARIS BOYS.



DOH... GOLL ON BUNTER TIME. THE STRAYING!



AND FROM AN AFTER-SCHOOL PARTY DISCUSSION AND AFTER-SCHOOL PARTY DISCUSSION... THE BULLY BOYS WOULD CLOSE TO THE PARTY'S DISCUSSION...

BILLY BLUNDER COULD NOT RESIST A CHUCKLE OF AMUSEMENT AND THE NEW BULLY BOYS WOULD CLOSE TO THE PARTY'S DISCUSSION...



BLUNDER! HOW DARE YOU! YOU THREW THAT TOMATO AT ME!

YES-SEE!

FOOLISH YOUTH! DON'T TRY TO DEFEAT ME! BILLY BLUNDER THERE IS NO ONE HERE BUT YOU AND I... COME WITH ME... THE HEADMASTER SHALL LEARN OF THIS OUTRAGE!



OH-BUT...

IN HIS LOCKER STUDY BILLY BLUNDER MET WITH HIS BROTHER BOB IN LOCKER... THE BULLY BOYS WOULD CLOSE TO THE PARTY'S DISCUSSION...



I AM EXPECTING AN ASSISTANT MASTER AND THEREFORE CANNOT DEAL WITH YOU AT THE MOMENT. YOU WILL BE HELD TO MY STUDY AT THE END OF THE DAY. COME WITH ME TO MY STUDY. YOU ARE NOT TO LEAVE THE SCHOOL.

OH COURSE!

AFTER LEAVING THE HEADMASTER'S OFFICE, THE LOCKER STUDY BILLY BLUNDER MET WITH HIS BROTHER BOB IN LOCKER...



I'M NOT GOING TO STAY HERE! I'M GOING TO THE PARTY! I'M GOING TO THE PARTY! I'M GOING TO THE PARTY!

DOH... GOLL ON BUNTER TIME. THE STRAYING!

LATER, BILLY BLUNDER AND HIS BROTHER BOB WERE DISCUSSING BILLY BLUNDER'S BROTHER...



IT'S BILLY BLUNDER IS TELLING THE TRUTH NOW. I DON'T THINK HE HAS THE RIGHT TO BE A BULLY BOY.

YOU MAY BE RIGHT. WE'LL HAVE BLUNDER AND TRY TO HELP HIM.

HE'S IN WHAT'S THE STUDY? I JUST SAW HIM GO IN THERE.

WILLIAM WALKER AND THE HEADMASTER OF THE BULLY BOYS...



BLUNDER! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

AFTER HE WAS CALLED AND ADMITTED, BUSTER IMMEDIATELY TURNED TO BUSTER...

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME ON WITH THE PRINCE BEHIND ME BECAUSE MR. BUSTER, THE GUY WHO WILL COME DOWN ON YOU, I LIVE IN THE CITY OF BRICKS!

IT SAYS MR. AND LIVES IN EVERYONE'S HOUSES I AM PRINCE BOMBARD I SHOULD BE CALLED... TEE-HEE!

AT THAT MOMENT AN UNCLE APPROACHED THE GROUP OF BOYS...

BUSTER APPROVED TO HAVE DISCOVERED... HAVE ANY OF YOU BEEN LOST?

NO! I'M NOT LOST! I'M HERE!

BUSTER UNDERSTOOD HE WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO SPEAK POLITELY TO ANYBODY... I'M NOT LOST!

THE BOYS IMMEDIATELY REACTED TO THE UNCLE'S BEHAVIOR... THEY PRINCE BOMBARD... SPOKE ONLY WORDLESS...

WHEN ANY WORD... THAT THE BOYS... SPOKE... I MUST CONTINUE MY SEARCH FOR BUSTER HIS DISAPPEARANCE IS MOST MYSTERIOUS!

As a guest of Grapetown, the disguised Billy Buster had no trouble in being ... then it was so surprising that when all the other boys were all invited to their classrooms the following day, Billy Buster made his way to the School Teachers, happy Mrs. Minnie.

In common with everyone else at the school, Mr. and Mrs. Minnie had heard of the great visitor who would speak on English.



COOON! (SH SH SH) COOON-A!

I DO BELIEVE WE'RE GOING FOR SOME COGNAC AND CREAM PUFFS... PLEASE YOU ARE... YOUNG BOY!



COO! I AM NOT HERE... THE BOY THAT'S DISAPPEARED!



THAT WILL BE MY BELL-PHON PLEASE!

COOON, BAY-TAY WAY!

BUSTER, HE WAS... THE BOYS... BUSTER'S DISAPPEARANCE...



ARE YOU YOUNG BUSTER? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN THE PRINCE BOY?

COOON! COOON-WAY!



OUTSIDE THE SHOP BUSTER SAID A GLEEKFUL CHUCKLE...

TEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO ENJOY BEING PRINCE BOMBARD!

AT LAST EVEN BUNTER REALIZED THAT HE'VE BEEN BEHIND AND ONLY BELIEVED BECAUSE BUNTER'S JEERISHNESS HE TOOK ANOTHER FIGHT AND WINNER'S GAMES...



BUNTER!
STOP! COME
BACK THIS
INSTANT!

BUT BUNTER HAD NO CHOICES. BUNTER MUST BE FIGHT AND ACCUSED IN A WAY COMPLETELY UNEXPECTED BY THE BUNTERS AND ACROSS THE QUADRANGLE...



OH! HELP!



CRASH!

A TORMENTED STUDENT AND MAJORLY SILENTLY BY THE ARMS!

THERE WAS A MOUNTAIN OF THOSE BLAMES, THEY WILL BE THE SCHOOL AUTHORITY. (NAME UNKNOWN ABOUT HIS NAME)



SEE—EXCUSE ME, SIR, I KNOW THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE THING TO, BUT PLEASE DON'T BE TOO HARD ON THE SIR.

TELL ME THE
BOY'S NAME,
SOMEONE... AT
ONCE!

BUNTER POINTED TO A BEAR-FACED YOUNGSTER WHO WAS ALSO DAMAGED BY THE INCIDENT (UNKNOWN)



IT WAS YOUNG BUNTER, MY LITTLE FRIEND, WHO IS STANDING WITH THE BOY 'CLARENCE', TO GET IT FOR A JOB. 'WHITNEY' YOU A JOB. 'WHITNEY' HE DID THE SAME THING, SIR, BUT AFTER HEARD IT'S NAME, WERE HE NEVER DOES IT AGAIN.

AT BUNTER'S VOICE, BUNTER CENTERED INTO HER...



THAT'S YOU, SIR. I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T ME WHO TOOK THE THING TO YOU 'WHITNEY'.

BAH!

BEFORE BUNTER MADE THE LAST AND FINAL STATEMENT AT BUNTER'S, SO AS TO GET THE THE SERVICE BY AT AND FOR THE BUNTERS THAT THEY A REALLY AND HELD THE VERY DAY, WHEN THE SCHOOL BOARD OF FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, AND THE BOARD OF HONORARY AND SERVICE BUNTER!



HA! HA! EVEN I DON'T KNOW PRINCE BUNTER WAS REALLY BUNTER TO GOON BUNTER BY THE WAY HE CAN... BUT!

HA! HA!

7:30 a.m. From dreams of pudding, pie and mince,
 One is woken suddenly
 With icy water on the
 brain!
 "Yarosh!"
 "Yarosh!"
 "Yarosh!"
 "Yarosh!"
 "Yarosh!"
 ...again.



8:00 p.m.
 Our hero should have paid attention
 To Quibbler's history class
 For now he's sitting in detention,
 Alone, stark, alone!
 What makes him cry: "Oh, was it me!"
 It now he'll have to make his tea.

A day in the life of

BILLY BUNTER

8:00 a.m.
 I say, you fellows, what a twist!
 Like Oliver of old,
 His second helping must be missed!
 The full fat cream has melted.



10:5 a.m.
 Like gravel loaded in a
 truck,
 Gums (mountain-rosemary
 worth of rock!



6:0 p.m.
 But all the charms of Study One
 Are on the Foster field.
 They've left the cupboard door
 unbarred.
 And look what's been revealed,
 And Bunter has the appetite
 That most appreciate the sight.

9:0 p.m.
 And as the sun sinks in the west,
 And slowly Gryffindors go to rest,
 When rainier windows, shake the
 down,
 But Billy Bunter's blissful mood!





GUSSY TO THE RESCUE!

FIRE-FIGHTERS OF ST. JIM'S

by Martin Clifford



Gussy, the fire-fighter, falls an easy victim to a leg-pull by the rival New House juniors. But when a real fire threatens New House, it is Gussy who shows his true worth.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Only Way!

"I shall have to get some overalls!"

"Some what?"

"Overalls, dash boy!"

"And what the thump," demanded Tom Merry, leader of the Shell form, "are overalls?"

"Something you get over a wall with, I should think!" remarked Motty Lowther thoughtfully.

"Wally, Lowthab—"

"Well, what are they, anyhow?" asked Mamma.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the aristocratic and quiet member of the Fourth, turned his eyes from the Terrible Thump. He seemed to be under the impression that the Shell fellows were deliberately misunderstanding him.

"When I say overalls," he said, "I mean overalls, narrowly!"

Tom Merry bent into a chuckle.

"Oh, the aw means overalls!" he said.

"Yaa, wathab! I said overalls," said Arthur Augustus innocently. "Undah the circs, I regard them as awy necessary. I wathab approve of old Walker's ideak with regard to wespahab fire-drevel, you know. But a chap must think of his clothab!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy spoke with great seriousness, evidently having given the matter considerable thought. But Tom Merry & Co. did not look at all serious.

"I see," said Lowther thoughtfully. "If there's an alarm of fire in the middle of the night, you're going to stop to put your overalls over your clothes, in case they get a bit smoky. If you're burned to death while you're doing it, that doesn't count as a goal, I suppose?"

"Waa! I am alkabab to the fire-drevel in the daytime," said Arthur Augustus. "It's a nobbly ideak, as fish as it goes! P'instance, suppose some anarchist or someone came along sentin' fire to St. Jim's! Nothin' like bein' ready. But buzzin' up and down fire-escapes, and jumpin' into blankets, and squirtin' with a hose would

Arthur Augustus turned round a crimson face towards Blake as the latter grabbed him with the cricket bat. "You shouldn't aw—" he gasped. "Fred! "Yaw-waaa, j—"
Fred! "I am goin' to Wylcombe to get my overalls!" yelled Arthur Augustus.

play ducks and deakes with a fellow's clobber! We've got to go straight from lessons to fire-drevel. No time to wash up and change clothes!"

Arthur Augustus polished his eyeglass thoughtfully.

"It's wathab a problem," he continued. "I have been givin' it some deep thinkin', I can tell you. Of course, a fellow could go in to lessons in his old clothes—"

"He could!" asserted Tom Merry.

"That's all wavy well for you chaps," said D'Arcy, with a nod. "You chaps are wathab starvly, anyway, if you don't mind my mentionin' it. But I've always made it a point to be wathab well-dressed, and set an example to the Lowth School, you know. Goin' into class in old clothes would be wathab indewdy."

"On the othab hand—" grinned Lowther.

"Yaa, on the othab hand, a fellow can't wash off to fire-drevel in decent clobber, and get his sleeves wabbed and his knees baggy, and all that. So I have thought of havin' a set of overalls in the lobby always ready. I shall slip into them in a twinklin', you know, and there you are!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fail to see any reason for cacklin', you fellows," said Arthur Augustus, raising his eyebrows. "I have been thinkin' it out, and it flashin' into my brain, you know."

"Yours is exactly the brain it would flash into!" asserted Mamma.

"Yaa, wathab! I think of things, you know," said Arthur Augustus unsuspectingly. "I can get them at Mr. Wigg's, in Wylcombe. He has a lot of stock to sell off cheap—overalls among othab things. I think I will buzz off on my bike now, as drevel begins wath lessons this afternoon. If you fellows see Blake, tell him I'm sorry I can't turn up to cricket—"

"Can't you?" demanded a voice behind the Honour-

able, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Blake and Herriss and Digby of the Fourth had come out of the School House while Arthur Augustus was making his sage remarks. Blake gave the result of St. Jim's a playful tap on the back of the head, lifting his topper over his nose, just to announce his arrival.

"Bui Jove!"

Arthur Augustus retrieved his topper, and turned a wrathful eye upon the chains of the Fourth.

"You utah ass, Blake——"

"Come on!" said Blake. "Half an hour at cricket—lots of time! We've got to beat the Shell on Saturday, you know."

"Not in your lifetime!" said Tom Merry laughing.

"Rats! Come on, Gussy!"

"I was just remarkin', Blake——"

"Your remarks can be continued in our next, old chap. Come along to the cricket!"

"I'm gone' down to Wycombe——"

"Not to-day! Come on!"

"I am sorry——"

"Keep your sorrow for another occasion, old top," said

Blake. "Take his right arm, Herriss——"

"Let go, Herriss, you ass!"

"Take his left, Dig——"

"Weally, Digby——"

"I'll prod him behind!" said Blake, taking a business-like grip on his hat. "Now then——"

"Yavoooh!" roared Arthur Augustus frantically, as Blake prodded.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Terrible Three.

"Welcome me, you utah asses——"

"March!" said Blake.

Herriss and Digby marched, and Arthur Augustus had to march between them. It was, as Monty Lowther remarked, like a wild elephant being led between two tame ones.

"You faithful wotiah——"

"Hold on, old chap!" said Monty Lowther, as if struck by a bright thought. "I'll cut down to Rykcombe and get your overalls, if you like, Gussy. Leave it to me!"

"Bui Jove, that's verry decent of you, Lowthah!"

"Not at all, old chap! Happy to oblige!" said Lowther affably. "Rely on me to get a first-class fit!"

"Tell Mr. Wiggs to put it on my bill, deah boy. Keep that bat away, Blake, you wotiah! I will come

down to the cricket, since Lowthah is so obligin'. You'll be sure to get back before lessons, Lowthah!"

"Yes, rather, as Mr. Linton will swop me if I don't!" grinned Lowther. "If I don't see you, I'll hang 'em on your peg in the lobby!"

"Thank you verry much, deah boy! Yavoooh! Keep that bat away, Blake, you wotiah!"

Arthur Augustus disappeared with his chains in the direction of Little Side.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Monty Lowther obliges!

"A SS!"

"Duffor!"

Those polite remarks were made by Tom Merry and Manners, as the Fourth-Formers departed. The remarks were addressed, of course, to Monty Lowther, who smiled benignly at his chains.

"What's the row now?" he inquired.

"Fatehah!" said Tom Merry. "What the merry thump are you pulling Gussy's leg for? He can't show up at five-drill in overalls!"

Monty Lowther looked pained.

"Instead of upbraiding your chain for performing a kind action, come along and help me select the overalls," he said.

"Catch me," said Tom. "I'm going to do some batting before lessons. We're going to beat the Fourth on Saturday."

"I've got some films to develop," said Manners.

"Then I shall have to go alone," said Lowther. "Well, I dare say I can manage. I've seen that lot of goods at Mr. Wiggs, and I think I can pick out something suitable for Gussy. Ta, ta, old toptah!"

The chains parted, each to follow his own inclination. Tom Merry was batting to Talbot's bowling, and Manners was enjoying himself in the red light of the dark-room, when Monty Lowther wheeled out his bicycle, and cycled away cheerfully to Rykcombe. On the Fourth Form pitch, Arthur Augustus had nobly consented to throw himself into the cricket, satisfied now on the important subject of the overalls. It was not till the bell rang for lessons that the cricketers came off.

Monty Lowther had not reappeared when the janitors crowded into the School House for afternoon lessons. Tom Merry looked out of the big door-way, with a knitted brow. Mr. Linton, the master of the Shell, was very keen on punctuality, and the chains did not want to be late. They generally received lines enough, without asking for more.

"Lowthah come in, you fellows?" asked Arthur Augustus, coming along with Blake & Co. on his way to the Form-room.

"Not yet."

"Bui Jove! I trust he'll not be late, as he went down to Wycombe to oblige me," said Arthur Augustus, with friendly concern.

"Come on, Gussy!" bowled Blake.

"Comin', deah boy!"

The Fourth-Formers went into their Form-room. Most of the Shell had gone into their room, too, where Mr. Linton was ready for them, but Tom Merry and Manners still lingered. They did not want to go in without their chain.

"The ass!" grunted Manners. "We shall get lines for this."

"Hallo, there he is!"



Monty Lowther shows out the overalls and holds them up for inspection before his astonished chains. "I fancy this lot was worn by a fellow about six-feet-six," he remarked. "A bit long for Gussy, perhaps——"



A roar of laughter caused Mr. Bailton to turn round to ascertain the cause. He was treated to the sight of Arthur Augustus, wringing and scolding in the flowing trousers, taking a header and landing at his feet!

Monty Lowther came speeding up to the School House, with a big bundle under his arm. He came in rather breathlessly.

"Fourth gone in?" he asked.

"Yes; and we're late——"

"Never mind that," said Lowther cheerfully. "I've got the goods, but I didn't want Quasy to see them before lessons."

Monty Lowther cut into the lobby. There he jerked the string off the parcel, and unrolled the brown paper. A blue bundle rolled out. Tom Merry and Mansons stared at it.

"What on earth——" began Tom.

Monty Lowther shook out the overalls. He held them up for inspection before his astonished chums.

"I fancy this lot was worn by a fellow about six-foot-six," he remarked. "A bit long for Quasy, perhaps——"

"Ha, ha! You fancy an!" gasped Tom Merry. "So that's why——"

"The trousers are about four feet long—the sleeves about the same," said Lowther, thoughtfully. "None of Quasy's clothes will show when he's got this lot on, I'm sure. Think so?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'd have got them a bit bigger, but this was the largest size going," Lowther hung his precious purchase on the peg sacred to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth. "Now let's cut, or Linton will be getting his hair off."

"He's got it off already, most likely; you awful an!"

The Terrible Three cut off hurriedly to the Shell-room. Lessons had started there, and Mr. Linton turned a freezing eye upon the three juniors as they came in, several minutes late.

"Fifty lines!" he snapped.

Tom Merry and Mansons each bestowed a facetious look on their too-humorous chum. But Monty Lowther only smiled as he went to his place. He considered that his little joke on Quasy was worth fifty lines.

The thought of Quasy turning up to fire-drill in those overalls was joyful to Lowther, and it enabled him to bear the browns of his Form-master with great equanimity.

Most of the School House fellows were looking forward to fire-drill after lessons. It was to be taken under the personal supervision of Mr. Bailton, who had insisted

it in his House. Mr. Ratcliff, the Housemaster of the New House, had pooh-poohed the suggestion. He did not approve of any suggestion that came from the School House master. So the New House fellows were not taking part in the drill.

Figgins & Co. of the New House were consequently disposed to make fun of it—while the School House took it with awful seriousness. Already noses had been pinched on the subject.

But it was not in Monty Lowther's nature to take anything with very much seriousness. And certainly the first parade of the St. Jim's firemen was not likely to be very serious if Arthur Augustus turned up in the extensive overalls Monty had provided for him.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Arthur Augustus causes a sensation

"CRICKET for me!" remarked George Figgins of the New House, when the Fourth Form, dismissed by Mr. Latham, came out into the corridor. Figgins made that observation loud enough for Blake & Co. to hear. He wanted it to be fully understood that any sport in which the New House did not share wasn't much of a sport, anyway.

Jack Blake looked round.

"Well, you fellows need some practice," he said. "The way you play cricket is enough to make the angels weep."

"Yess, watah!"

Figgins waved his hand airily.

"Run away, little boys, and play at firemen," he answered. "After all, the School House may catch fire some day, if Ruckle or Crooke or Mellish drops a cigarette about——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Kerr and Fatty Wynn.

"That's not likely to happen in the New House, you know!" grinned Radlers.

Blake gave a snort.

"What about Clampe and Charles?" he demanded.

"They're smoky beasts, if you like. They'll set fire to a box-room some day with their smokes, and then you fellows will be jolly glad for us to come along and save your lives."

"Yess, watah!" said Arthur Augustus. "And we will well up like anything, Figgins, and save your life, dash dey, although you are a watah cheeky an!"

"I'll reward you out of my old-age pension," said Figgins. "I shall be getting it by the time you firemen learn how to handle a fire!"

"You utah an——"

"Oh, come on!" said Blake. "Bailton's out in the quad already; no time to waste on New House jokes!"

The Shell were coming out now, and they joined the crowd of the Fourth. All the School House fellows made for the quadrangle, under a fire of ragging from the New House crowd. Most of the juniors stayed only to snatch their caps; but Arthur Augustus had more to do than that. Arthur Augustus was clad in his usual noble elegance, and he had his clothes to think of. Fortunately, his elegant clothes was in no danger, owing to the wonderful idea that had flashed into his noble brain. With amateur hands handling a fire-hose, there really was no telling what might happen to a chap's clothes, and Arthur Augustus was running no risks. The overalls settled the question for him.

But a rather thoughtful shade came over his noble brow as he took down the big blue overalls from the peg.

In such garments as overalls even Arthur Augustus did

not expect a fashionable cut or fit. But there was a link. Monty Lowther had been kind and obliging—Gussy admitted that—but— He held up the overalls, and blinked at them through his eyeglass.

"Blake, my dear boy—"

But Blake was gone.

"Herries—"

"Come on!" answered Herries, jamming his cap on his head, and bolting.

"I say, Dig—"

"Get a move on, Gussy!" said Dig, as he disappeared.

"Lowthab—pray remain a moment, Lowthab—"

Everybody seemed in a pressing hurry with the exception of Monty Lowther. That kind and obliging youth lingered with Arthur Augustus.

"Don't you know how to get into them?" he asked cheerfully. "I'll help you, old top!"

"Aren't they wuther big, old fellow?" asked D'Arcy dubiously.

"Well, you're such an athletic chap for your age, you know," said Monty Lowther.

"Yass, but—"

"Overalls always fit a bit loosely," said Lowther. "You take in a tuck here and there, you know. I've got some pins."

"Yass, but—but—"

"Jump into them," said Lowther. "There's Kildare waiting for us already. No time to waste, Gussy."

"I—I suppose it would not do to wick my clothes—"

"Suppose some one turns the hose right on you?" asked Lowther.

"Bai love!"

"Here you are! Get in—"

Monty Lowther held the waist suit of overalls ready, and Arthur Augustus stepped into them, and nearly vanished.

"Gwast Sont! I—"

"They fasten like this, and the top part comes over—"

"But they are death's all wound my feet—"

"I'll pin 'em up—"

"But—"

"There you are—"

"Yassowook!" yelled Arthur Augustus suddenly.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"Yow-ow! You wan that pin into my calf, you mortal ass!" spluttered Arthur Augustus.

"My hat! You're always guessing at something, Gussy!" ejaculated Monty Lowther. "The bugs are fixed now, anyhow. Now for the rest."

"The rest" of the overalls enveloped Arthur Augustus like a tidal wave. They descended around him, and mingled gracefully with the bagginess of the trousers.

"Bai, love! I wealdy think

"Now you're fixed. Come on!"

"But wealdy—"

Monty Lowther grasped the wrist of St. Jim's by the arm, and ran him out of the lobby.

Cuts of the Fifth came hurrying along. He had been sent by the Housemaster to round up stray juniors.

He almost fell down at the sight of Gussy in his overalls.

"What the—what—what— Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Cuts.

"Wealdy, Cuts."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Fifth-Former. "What a sight! Get along with you, D'Arcy; Mr. Railton's waiting."

And Cuts of the Fifth pushed Arthur Augustus out of the House, and followed him, still shrieking. There was doubt and dismay in Gussy's noble mind now; but it was too late—the die was cast.

He hurried towards the crowd of School House juniors gathered round Mr. Railton in the quadrangle. Kildare of the Sixth already had the hose in position, Durrell and Langton and Rushden were in charge of the fire-escape, and a number of other Sixth-Formers had fire-saving sheets in hand. At a respectful distance stood a crowd of New House fellows, venturing on the exact amount of napping that could possibly be sustained upon the presence of a Housemaster and a bunch of prefects.

Mr. Railton had his back to the House just then, and did not see Arthur Augustus hurrying up. But the others saw him; and from the New House crowd there went up a wild yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gussy—" shrieked Blake blantly.

"Gussy—" bubbled Herries and Dig.

"Oh, you bonighted joy!" gasped Wilfrake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm wealdy, dash boys," panted Arthur Augustus.



Monty Lowther suddenly seeing the muzzle of the hose right round at the New House master. The jet of water smote Mr. Railton fairly on the chest. "Oh! Ah! What— Help!" he spluttered. "Sooptin! Yassowook!"

quite ready. Screwy I'm a minute or two late—"

He hurried to join his chums. And then the pins in the extensive trousers—perhaps not put in very securely—jerked out, and the enormous trousers flopped down round Gussy's ankles, and tripped him up.

The roar of laughter caused Mr. Railton to turn round, with a frowning brow, to ascertain the cause.

He was treated to a startling sight.

Arthur Augustus, tripping and stumbling in his flowing trousers, took a "header" and landed on his hands and knees fairly at the Housemaster's feet!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Very well!

MR. RAILTON stared at the extraordinary figure sprawling at his feet. He did not seem to know what it was for the moment.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered the Housemaster.

But it was useless for even the Housemaster to command silence at that moment. The sight of Arthur Augustus sprawling, enveloped in overalls, was too much for the juniors, and the seniors, too. The quadrangle of St. Jim's rang with shouts of laughter.

"Oh dear!" gasped Tom Merry. "Gussy will be the death of me some day!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Boy!" thundered Mr. Railton.

"Owwooh! Help a chap up, somebody!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get up at once!"

"I—I—I'm twyie!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

He scrambled up, caught his feet again, and rolled on the ground, with a splutter. Mr. Railton stooped, took a grip on the back of his neck, and lifted him bodily to his feet.

"Owwooh!"

"You utterly absurd boy!" exclaimed Mr. Railton.

"What do you mean by coming into the quadrangle in this extraordinary garb?"

"They—they're my overalls, sir!"

"Your what?"

"Overalls—to save my clothes, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! D'Arcy, go back into the House at once, and remove those ridiculous things. And take a hundred lines!"

"Oh dear! Waddy, sir—"

"Go!" thundered Mr. Railton.

Arthur Augustus started. He gathered up his cast trousers in both hands, and stumbled away.

Mr. Railton's frowning brow ordered silence at last. The Housemaster apparently failed to see the joke.

But though the School House fellows were reduced to something like gravity, the New House crowd, at a little distance, persisted in grinning. They were determined that the fire-drill was not going to be taken seriously.

Mr. Railton came along from his House, and lifted his snooty eyebrows at the sight of the School House array.

The amateur firemen were at homework by this time, and the old ones were receiving a shower-bath, which probably did them good.

Mr. Railton curbed his thin lips in a sour smile.

It did not please him to approve of the proceedings; and in those circumstances it would have been in better taste for Mr. Railton to keep off the scene. But he

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A DRAMATIC EVENT OF THE PAST

THE GREAT FIRE AT ST. JIM'S

IT was in the reign of George the Third—that monarch whose reign was such a curious compound of good and bad—that the Great Fire of St. Jim's occurred.

At that time, the New House had not come into being. It was in the historic School House that the fire broke out; and it occurred, as do most fires, in the watches of the night.

The masters and seniors did everything in their power to prevent a panic. And the boys of St. Jim's hurriedly rose and dressed, and were paraded in the quadrangle, which was now illuminated by a lurid glare.

Unfortunately, the only apparatus for coping with fires in those days consisted of ladders and pails of water. An amateur fire-brigade was hurriedly formed, and a long chain of boys, armed with pails, worked hard to check the fire.

Then the dread message passed from mouth to mouth that a couple of lads were imprisoned in that blazing building. These two boys were in the punishment-room, the door of which was securely bolted, and they had been temporarily forgotten.

It was at this stage that Carfax of the Fifth performed a deed of great courage which will ever be remembered in the school's annals. Plying no heed to the warning shouts of his school-fellows, he caused a ladder to be raised up to the window of the punishment-room, and hastily ascended to the rescue of the two lads. In grave danger, comparable in fact to that of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in the more modern adventure at St. Jim's in these pages, he dragged them from their prison. Both were overcome by the fumes, and Carfax had great difficulty in bearing his unconscious burdens safely to the ground. Needless to state, the gallery received a tremendous ovation.

The fire was at last extinguished, though not before considerable damage had been done. One wing of the building was practically gutted; but the majestic school tower was preserved and still stands proudly next—one of the landmarks of the countryside.



Tom Merry



Monty Lowther



Mr. Ratcliff

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preferred to appear. The New House master never neglected an opportunity of making a sarcastic remark.

"Ah! Stop, my dear Ratcliff, I see!" he remarked, with a manner that indicated that he regarded the whole affair as child's play.

Mr. Ratcliff, determined not to observe his colleague's unpleasant smile, nodded cheerfully.

"As you see, Ratcliff!" he replied.

"What are—er—these—these objects?" asked Mr. Ratcliff, glancing at the life-saving sheets.

"They are for jumping into from a window, in case of fire," explained Mr. Ratcliff.

"You really seem to anticipate a fire, my dear fellow!"

"Surely it is not impossible, Ratcliff! Why not be prepared?"

"Oh, quite so, quite so!" said Mr. Ratcliff, with the same disagreeable smile. "I dare say you are quite right."

His tone indicated that he was perfectly convinced that Mr. Ratcliff was quite wrong.

After that remark, even Mr. Ratcliff's politeness was not equal to any further conversation with Mr. Ratcliff. But the New House master was not finished yet. Everybody present would have been obliged by Mr. Ratcliff's walking off; but he had no intention of walking off so long as anything disagreeable remained to be said.

"And this is the hose," he remarked. "What are you going to do with the hose, Lowther?"

Monty Lowther had just taken charge of the nozzle. Every fellow was going to do hose-drill in turn.

Lowther looked up innocently.

"I'm learning, sir," he answered meekly.

"I should suppose that any boy, however stupid, knew how to handle a fire-hose!" said Mr. Ratcliff, his lip curling.

"Well, sir, you have to learn to keep a good aim, and all that," said Monty Lowther. "It's not so jolly easy—Oh dear!"

Splash! Swooooosh!

Whether it was because Monty Lowther had not yet learned to take a good aim, or because he had, the water suddenly swung round right on the New House master.

The jet of water smote Mr. Ratcliff fairly on the chest. The tall, thin gentleman gave a mighty jump and a mighty roar.

"Oh! Ah! What— Help! Stoppin! Yoooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the amateur fireman.

"Lowther!" thundered Mr. Ratcliff.

Lowther seemed petrified by what he had done—so petrified that he stood motionless, with the hose still playing on Mr. Ratcliff.

That astounded and straggled gentleman dived in the whirling flood of water, like an insect in a beam of sunlight.

"Yooooprrgggh! Stoppin! Yoooop!"

"Lowther—" shrieked Mr. Ratcliff.

Kildare jumped at the Shell fellow. The hose did not turn on him. Monty Lowther was wise in his generation; he did not venture upon such—"accidents" with the captain of the school.

The water was shut off at last; the hose dropped from Kildare's hand. Mr. Ratcliff stood, streaming with water and shaking with fury.

"Mr. Ratcliff," gasped the School House master. "I—I regret this exceedingly! That clumsy boy shall be severely punished! I cannot sufficiently apologise for—"

"This is a plot, sir!" shrieked Mr. Ratcliff furiously.

"Mr. Ratcliff!"

"I am well aware, sir, that this outrage was planned!" yelled the New House master. "The boy, sir, was meeting your wishes, as I am very well aware. I despise such artifice, sir!"

And Mr. Ratcliff, in a towering rage, stamped away, splashing out water with every stamp.

Mr. Ratcliff drew a deep breath. There was a dead silence.

"Diamina!" said Mr. Ratcliff quietly. "The drill is ended for today! Lowther, I shall see you in my study!"

"Yes, sir!" said Lowther meekly.

Mr. Ratcliff strode away, and the amateur fireman proceeded to stack up their paraphernalia. Among the juniors, at least, there was incessant chucking, and most of the seniors were grinning. Mr. Ratcliff's remarks had not won him favour among the School House fellows, and there was nobody present who regretted Lowther's accident with the hose.

Only Lowther—who generally had the kindest possible appreciation of his own little jokes—looked a little grave.

As Tom Merry & Co. came back to the House, a shabby looking figure emerged. Only by the slyglance gleaming in the eye could it be recognised as that of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. The juniors stared at him.

"What on earth are you doing in those old trousers?" demanded Blake.

Arthur Augustus glanced down at his trousers.

"They're washin' weedy, aren't they?" he remarked.

"Rather isn't the word—they're the limit, I guess!" said Wildrake. "Where on earth did you dig them up?"

"And that old jacket—" said Tom Merry.

"And that waistcoat—"

"You see, dear boys," explained Arthur Augustus, "as Washin' was down on my overalls, I have changed my clubbath. I got those from Toby, the page, you know. I asked him to lend me his oldest clubbath. Now I'm weedy for the fire-drill."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fall to see anythin' to chuckle at, dear boys. I am quite weedy now, and enough for the fray!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake. "Only it's all over, you see!"

"But love!"

"So you can go and change again!" chuckled Tom

Merry.

"Woolly, you know—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Arthur Augustus, realizing that he had changed his clothes a little too late, drifted disconsolately into the School House to change them once more.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Tribulations of a hamster!

THAT handah was pullin' my leg!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had been very silent at tea in Study No. 5 after the fire-dial. Blake and Harris and Digby were chatting away cheerily, minutes to the dozen, if not a round score. But there was a deep shade of thoughtfulness on the aristocratic brow of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as if he were dealing with a mental problem of some severity. He came out of a brown study with a sudden remark, and his cheeks looked at him.

"Hallo! Woke up?" asked Blake.

"I have not been asleep, Blake. I have been thinkin'—"

"Draw it mild, old chap!" reconstituted Digby.

"Pway be wicious, Dig. I have been thinkin' it over, and I have come to the conclusion that Monty Lowthab was pullin' my leg in leadin' me with that fearful set of oswalls."

"You really think so?" gasped Blake.

"Yess, wifab."

"You've thought that out, on your own?"

"Yess."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I regard it as anythin' but a laughin' matter. I trusted Lowthab to get me those oswalls, and in leadin' me with those ridiculous things, big enough for some headly giant, he was really guilty of a breach of trust," said Arthur Augustus warmly. "I cannot let this pass without the very severest reprehension."

"Paw me, somebody!" murmured Blake.

Arthur Augustus rose to his feet.

"Will you be my second, Blake?" he asked, with dignity.

"Ek?"

"I am goin' to give Lowthab a fearful thrashin'."

"Oh, spare his life!" said Blake. "Remember he's young. There are the facts of giddy and unthinking youth, Gussy."

"Pway don't be an ass, Blake! He has made me ridiculous—"

"Only helped," said Blake. "Nature started it."

"You attack ass!" roared Arthur Augustus, in great wrath. "I regard you as a wifal jistah, Blake. Hewies, will you be my second?"

"Catch me!" said Harris. "Don't play the goat, old chap!"

"Woolly, Hewies—"

"Besides, it was funny," said Blake. "If you could have seen yourself in those trousers, Gussy—"

"Will you be my second, Dig?"

"I don't think!" said Dig.

"If you follow where to back me up I shall be obliged to look for backin' outside this study!" said Arthur Augustus.

It was a crushing remark. But somehow Blake & Co. did not look crushed. They smiled.

Arthur Augustus eyed the door for a moment, and then he turned and stalked out of Study No. 6, very much on his dignity. He closed the door a'ter him with emphasis.

Arthur Augustus walked off to the Shell passage. He did not trouble about any further quest for a second.

He reached Study No. 10 in the Shell, tapped at the door, and opened it. The Terrible Threes were all there—Tom Merry and Manners seated, and Monty Lowther standing up. For once, there was absolutely no trace of levonise in the features of Montagu Lowther.

"Pway excuse my buttin' in, dash boys—" began Arthur Augustus.

"All right, so long as you butt out again!" grunted Lowther.

Arthur Augustus fixed an accusing eyeglass upon him.

"I have come here to thrash you, Lowthab!"

"Ass!"

"You planted that wicious, ridiculous set of oswalls upon me for the express purpose of makin' me look an ass!" said Arthur Augustus sternly.

"Futahd!"

"Do you deny it, Lowthab?"

"Come over here, and let me bash you!" was Lowther's reply. "I want to bash somebody, and you'll do."

"Bai Jove! I—"

"Shut up, Gussy!" said Tom Merry. "Can't you see Lowther's been through it. He's been walloped for drachin' old Bary!"

"Oh, let him come on!" said Lowther. "It will do me good to knock the stuffing out of him!"

"Woolly, Lowthab—"

"A chap can't knock the stuffing out of a Housemaster!" growled Lowther. "I like old Railton, but I'd have loved to dot him one right in the eye when he was handling the case! Ow!"

"I'll wear off!" said Manners.

"Ow! I know that, ass! The trouble is that it hasn't worn off yet!"

"Bai, Jove! Unless the circus, Lowthab, I will let you off the thrashin' I was goin' to give you," said Arthur Augustus, with great consideration. "But you will pway understand, Lowthab, that you are to regard yourself as havin' been thrashed."

"Why don't they put him in the Zoo?" said Monty Lowther. "Extraordinary that they should let him wander about like this!"

"Bai Jove! You cheeky ass—"



"This is a wicious match!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Look at that!" He threw a scrap of paper on the study table. Blake, Harris and Digby looked at it. "Hallo! Who's pullin' your leg this time?" asked Digby.

ST. JIM'S STATISTICS



By HARRY MANNERS

I FIND these figures fascinating. To my mind, numerical intelligence is scarcely increasing and intriguing.

What I mean to say is, I get a real kick out of overestimating. For instance, the fact that St. Jim's fellows write each year in letters a grand total of 1,000,000 lines.

I worked this out myself. Not content to leave it at that, I tied a block of ice round my head and worked out what it measured. The answer came to 100 miles.

Think of it, lads! The lines written each year by the long-suffering inmates of our home for sons of gentlemen, placed end to end, would stretch from St. Jim's to London and all the way back to St. Jim's again! Get a load of that column and awe-inspiring thought!

This little calculation made me ambitious and I worked out

some other startling St. Jim's phenomena.

To begin with, I've worked out that the quantity of gin-and-beer and similar liquid consumed in Mrs. Taggler's kitchen during the summer months would fill a swimming-pool measuring ten feet by six feet and having depths varying from a few inches in the shallow end to ten feet in the deep end.

Again, if all the jam-tarts eaten at St. Jim's each year were used as a floor covering, they would cover an area sufficiently large to provide courts that would enable the entire school simultaneously to play games of "squash."

If Harry Trimble were presented with a penny every time he told the truth, he would probably, by trying hard, earn himself in the course of a year the sum of twopenny.

Horace' building's playful little habit of fixing his legs into fellows' bags keeps one Nipponic sailor and two assistants in attendance for three months out of every twelve.

If Dr. Helms, the Head, fixed himself a shilling every time he said "Bliss my soul!" he would be bankrupt within five years.

If visiting a case for half an hour made a man one per cent stronger, Mr. Barcliff would take half a term to become the strongest man on earth.

Assuming the quantity of tea and judgment possessed by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy is measured by the size of his monocle, he would have to wear a monocle with a diameter of 5 feet before he possessed the average amount of commonness.

Finally, if all the ink that goes on to the fingers of every lad at St. Jim's in a term was put back in liquid form, it would fill a top-gallon drum!

Makes you think, doesn't it?

"Order!" said Tom Merry. "Run away, Gussy, there's a good little boy."

"If you affede to me as a good little boy, Tom Mewey—"

"Run away and play, old top!"

Tom Merry gently pushed Arthur Augustus out of the study, and closed the door on him. Lowther was wriggling from his recent infliction in Mr. Radston's study. The Housemaster had not spared the rod. He had laid it on, as Lowther considered, not wisely, but too well.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Figgins & Co. Assist!

GEORGE FIGGINS drummed on the table, in his study in the New House, with his knuckles. Figg was looking very thoughtful and a little morose. Kerr and Wynne bore the drumming on the table with exemplary patience, though Kerr was deep in a mathematical problem, and Fatty Wynne was copying a recipe from a cookery book borrowed from the master.

"You fellows are awfully busy, I suppose?" Figgins remarked, with a touch of sarcasm, still drumming.

"Not specially," said Kerr, looking up with a smile. "What's the game, Figg? Are you going in for table-tapping, and are you trying to call spirits from the very deep?"

"What I don't catch on to," said Fatty Wynne, "is this! It says here that you take four new-laid eggs—"

"Give us a rest!" said Figgins.

"And two fresh tomatoes—"

"Becher your tomatoes!" roared Figgins.

"Eh! What's the row, Figg?" asked Fatty, looking up in surprise. "Ain't you getting ready for supper?"

"Blow supper!"

Figgins drummed on the table again. "It's not a bad idea in itself!" he said.

"Just what I was thinking," said Fatty Wynne brightly.

"Oh, you've been thinking about it, have you?"

"Yes, rather—and I think that tomato omelette will go down a treat. But it says here—"

"Who's talking about tomato omelette?" shrieked Figgins.

"Wasn't you?"

"I was talking about the School House stant," growled Figgins—"their dashed fire-drill!"

"Oh, that rot!" said Fatty Wynne. "I was talking about tomato omelette. If you take four new-laid eggs—"

"I'll take a Welsh rabbit, and knock his tilly head on the table, if you don't dry up!" said Figgins frolicously.

"Order!" said Kerr. "Get it off your chest, Figg! What's worrying your serene highness?"

"About that School House stant," said Figgins. "As I said, when Fatty banged in with his rot, it's not a bad idea in itself. To be quite candid, old Ratty made a mistake in keeping the New House out of it."

"Old Ratty's always making mistakes."

"Radston's idea is a jolly good one, to be perfectly truthful," continued Figgins, "and if old Ratty had joined in, we'd have House drill, and beat the School House hollow. We could do it on our heads."

"Hear, hear!"

"Now, we've really left out in the cold," said Figgins; "that's what it amounts to. All we can do is to pool-pool the whole scheme, and nag those School House duffers."

"Well, we'll do that."

"We've got to do that to save our lives," remarked Fatty Wynne. "I'd rather go in for fire-drill. But we can't admit that to the society."

"That's it," assented Figgins. "I'm glad to see you can think of something besides tomato omelette, Fatty."

"Look here, Figg—"

"We can't let those cheeky ones get ahead of us with their blessed stant," said George Figgins. "Ergo—we've got to dink them somehow, and make them look awes, and the question arises, how are we going to do it? That's what I've been trying to think out, instead of looking into cookery-books for tomato omelette!" said Figgins musingly.

"Well, tomato omelettes are jolly good!" said Fatty Wynn defensively. "If you take four new-laid eggs—"

"Shush, Fatty!" said Kerr, laughing. "You're asking for a big order, Figgis. All the School House is in the mood, Housemaster and prefects and all, and we can't pull the leg of a Housemaster or the Sixth."

"Both the Housemaster and the Sixth!" said Figgis. "They can rip, for all I care! But we've got to dish Tom Merry and Blake and that crowd somehow, or else hide our diminished heads. That old Gussy was saying the other day that his House is going to save the school, if a gang of anarchists should ever come along and set fire to it!" Figgis asserted. "As if any heady anarchists would be asses enough to come along here playing the giddy game!"

"Gussy is an ass!" said Kerr. "But"—a glimmer came into the keen eyes of the Scottish junior—"but if Gussy is on the look-out for anarchists they might happen along—"

Smart from Figgis.

"They might!" persisted Kerr. "Those of them, Gintassie, might turn up at St. Jim's, on purpose to pull Gussy's leg."

"How could they?" roared Figgis. "Have you got their telephone number? And can you call 'em for a jipe?"

"Ha, ha! No! But there's little us—"

"Us?" said Figgis daintily.

"Listen, and I will a tale unfold," said Kerr. "I've been thinking it out already. What price a plot to burn St. Jim's to the ground, and Gussy getting on the track of it, and the School House Fire Brigade turning out to the rescue—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Figgis.

"Let's talk it over, then," said Kerr.

The discussion in Figgis' study was punctuated by many chuckles. When it ended, George Francis Kerr was busy for some minutes with pen and paper. Then he quitted the study with Figgis, and David Llewellyn Wynn was free at last to devote his enthusiastic attention to tomato omelettes for supper.

Figgis and Kerr strolled towards the School House, chatting carelessly. Fire-drill had been going on that afternoon; it was a regular institution in the School House now, and Tom Merry & Co. were growing exceedingly pleased with the knowledge and skill they were acquiring. Jumping into blankets was looked upon as a very entertaining game by the lads, and was taken up with enthusiasm by the Third Form especially. Figgis and Kerr came on several groups of School House juniors discussing the afternoon's performances as they strolled around. They were looking for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, and they wanted to come on him by chance. They found the noble youth at last, and hailed him.

"How's the fire brigade bit going on, Gussy?" asked Kerr affably.

"Veery well, consid'erin', deak boys," replied D'Arcy.

"Only considering?" said Figgis. "Considering that the New House are not backing it up, do you mean?"

"Nobbin' of the sort, Figgis! But Mr. Waitton is wishin' an obstinate and unworldly' gentleman in some respects. He does not seem to want to receive suggestion."

The New House juniors grinned.

"There was a haywick burned on Giles' farm the other day," continued Arthur Augustus. "There was no evidence that it was done by any anarchists, but that

looks veery suspicious to me—they cough up their heads so carefullly, you know."

"Nothing could be more suspicious than a total absence of evidence!" said Kerr gravely.

"Exactly, deak boy!" said Arthur Augustus unobtrusively. "But when I ventured to suggest to Mr. Waitton that a watch should be kept for those wuffians, he said 'Pooch! Nonsense! He did, weally.'"

"He doesn't realize the fearful peril!" remarked Figgis.

"Wishin' not! But I'm goin' to keep my eyes open," said Arthur Augustus, with a sage shake of the head. "If they wald St. Jim's, I am not goin' to be taken by surprise, I can tell you!"

"Hallo, what's this?" exclaimed Kerr, stooping and picking up a fragment of paper at his feet.

"Only a scrap of papah," said D'Arcy, taming his eyelids on it.

"There's something written on it—"

"My hat!" exclaimed Figgis, staring at the scrap of paper.

"Bai love! What is it, deak boys?"

"Look!"

Arthur Augustus glanced at the scrap of paper. Then his startled eye almost burst through his eyelids. There was writing on the paper, in a rough, crabbed

continued over page

The Swell of St. Jim's

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY



A splendid swell we now behold,
The one and only Gussy.
His cravat for dress is unaccounted,
On buttons he is fussy.
His tailor gives him fancy cuts,
His "toppers" are the latest,
Of all the noble band of "Moss"
Our Gussy is the greatest!

His ties are dandy to the view,
His purple socks are ostentive;
And waistcoats of canopy hue
Are grand to his liking.
Young ladies he may chance to meet
He frequently impresses,
When he salutes them in the street
And views their pretty dresses.

Although a dandy, he'll excel
In sport and recreation;
His football form, we know full well,
Is quite a revelation.
He often ticks the winning goal
With straight shots or with swerves,
And bears the shouts like thunder roll
From all the keen observers!

His noble leg is often galled
By jumps and dandies;
When "buffed, buffed, buffed, or buffed,
He wears a "bathed" dressing."
Always to play a manly part
Is Gussy's great endeavor;
We love him for his noble team,
And wish him joy for ever!

hand. It ran—apparently a fragment of a letter of instructions:



That was all. The fragment of paper was torn irregularly, and the rest of the startling letter was only to be guessed at.

"Great Scott!" breathed Arthur Augustus. "Some awful incendiary wretch has been here, dear boys, and he has dropped this."

"Somebody must have dropped it in the quad!" remarked Figgins.

"Yess, wothak! Some wotiah spyin' out the place last night, you know," said Arthur Augustus excitedly. "You see that the letter has been torn across—the wotiah meant to destroy it, you see!"

"Clear enough, the way you put it!" said Figgins. "But, I say, this letter belongs to us, Gussy. Kerr found it—"

"Yes, rather!" said Kerr.

"Wah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus warmly. "It's up to the School House to buffle their knavish wicks. There isn't any fire brigade in the New House. Leave it to us."

"But—"

"Weally, Figgins, I insist upon takin' charge of this affair!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus firmly. "I insist upon your leavin' it in my hands."

"But—"

"Wah!" said Arthur Augustus, and he walked away, with the tailless scrap of paper in his hand.

"I say, give me my paper!" howled Kerr.

"Wah!"

"Look here, Gussy—"

"Wah!"

Figgins and Kerr exchanged a glance, and then walked away towards the New House, smiling. And Arthur Augustus, hunting with suppressed excitement, rushed into the School House with the precious paper. There was no time to be lost. For it was Tuesday, and it was eight o'clock, and the fire was to be started by the plotters at nine—according to the mysterious document.

And in such a thrilling hour of danger, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was not the fellow to let the grass grow under his feet.

"NONSENSE!"

"But, ah—"

"It is some absurd practical joke, D'Arcy—"

"Weally, sir—"

"Throw it away, my boy!"

"But—"

"You may go, D'Arcy!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy quitted the Housemaster's study, in the School House, with feelings too deep for words.

Generally, he had a great respect for Mr. Railton. But his respect for that gentleman very nearly failed him now.

Being in possession of information relating to a terrible incendiary plot, Arthur Augustus had gone to his Housemaster, as a matter of course. He expected instant measures to be taken, and the School House Fire Brigade to be called out in a preparation for emergencies.

Instead of which, Mr. Railton, with incredible rashness and recklessness, looked on the thing as a practical joke.

It was amazing to Arthur Augustus. Evidently, if St. Jim's was not to be burned to the ground that night, it depended on Arthur Augustus to save the old school. He hurried away to Study No. 6 in the Fourth Form passage.

"You fellows—"

"You're late for prep!" said Blake. "Do you want a row with Lathum in the morning, Gussy?"

"Wah! There is no time for gossip this evening!"

"Eh?"

"Do you fellows want to save St. Jim's from bein' burned to the ground?" demanded Arthur Augustus.

Blake jumped.

"Hallo! Is there a fire?" he asked.

"Good!" said Herries. "Chance for us to wedge in with the fire brigade. If I can get hold of the hose, I'm going to try to catch Knoss of the Sixth—"

"This is a serious matter, Herries. Look at that!"

Arthur Augustus threw a scrap of paper on the study table. Blake and Herries and Digby looked at it.

"Hallo! Who's pulling your leg this time?" asked Digby.

"This is an anarchist document, Dig—"

"Anarchist run!" said Dig.

"You uttah an! You're as big an an as Mr. Walker!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Cannot you visualize the fearful danger?"

Blake chuckled.

"I'll get on with my prep, and chance the danger," he said. "I'd rather chance these joints than chance Lathum in the morning."

"Are you givin' to back me up in stoppin' this fearful outrage?" demanded Arthur Augustus hotly.

"Try seat door!" said Blake.

"I am surprised at you, I am—"

"Where's that dashed dictionary?" said Blake, looking round. "Gussy, old bean, you're interrupting the prep."

"But love!"

Arthur Augustus would have poured forth the vials of his wrath upon his inconsiderate chums, but there was no time to waste. It was already turned half-past eight, and the danger was getting close. He rushed out of the study, and sped away to No. 10 in the Shell. He burst into Tom Merry's study like a cyclone.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "What the thump—"

"I think I could guess the names of those glady rufflers," grinned Tom Merry.





Clang, clang, clang! The alarm-bell crashed out into the night, and windows and shutters were soon pouring out of the School House. Three youths across the quadrangle stared at the scene. "My only hat!" exclaimed Piggins. "There'll be a row!"

"Wally wound, death boys!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Daugh! Fish!"

"What?" yelled the Terrible Three.

"The fish-eating anarchists are here——"

"Here?" howled Lowther.

"Yess, wuhah! They are goin' to start the fish in the woodshed at nine o'clock, and burn St. Jim's to the ground——"

"Oh, let 'em!" said Manners. "Call me when they begin, and I'll bring out my camera."

"Look at that paper—dropped by a spy in the quad last night——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't you read, you duffers? Look at it——"

"Gussy's getting quite bright," said Monty Lowther. "But he can't expect to pull the leg of this study. It isn't the first of April, either. Go and look for grubworms in the Fourth, Gussy, none in the Shell!"

"Bai Jove!"

There was no help to be had in No. 10. Minutes were precious now, and Arthur Augustus quitted the study again with a rush, leaving the Terrible Three chucking.

Three-quarters chimed out from the clock-tower.

"Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus sprinted down the stairs. There were no backers for him in the School House, and either he had to baffle the plotters on his own, or else allow St. Jim's to be burned to the ground. He stayed only to assess a golf-club, and started for the woodshed. He prepared to face the fire on his "lonely own."

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Only a false alarm!

THERE was a sound of muffled voices.

Arthur Augustus thrilled. It was dark by the woodshed, and the muttering voices came to Gussy's ears from the deep shadows.

Evidently he had come upon the rascal mentioned in the torn letter!

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"Pour out the petrol, Lowther!"

"Get the matches, Sarsolitch?"

Probably only Arthur Augustus D'Assy would have taken those ejaculations for the remarks of the plotters. His heart beat fast as he gripped his golf-club.

"Ah! We're spotted!" exclaimed a deep voice. "The automatic pistol—quick! Slay him—Ah——"

Three dark figures rushed on Arthur Augustus from the shadow of the shed. Before he could use his golf-club it was jerked away, and three masked faces were round him, three pairs of eyes glistening through the holes in the masks.

"Slay him!"

"Shoot him!"

"You howl'd wuffins!" gasped Arthur Augustus, struggling as the masked figures seized him. "I——Grooooh——Leggo! Help! Fire! Help!"

He tore himself away from the gang, with surprising ease, and dashed away towards the School House for help.

"Thunder! He's escaped!"

"Set fire to the woodshed!"

"Pour out the petrol!"

Arthur Augustus ran for his life.

Crack, crack, crack! rang out behind him. To Gussy's startled ears it was a succession of pistol-shots. He was far too excited to recognize the Fifth-of-November crackle.

Crack, crack!

"Help! Fire!" roared Arthur Augustus, as he pelted into the School House.

"What——"

"Whoo——"

"Fire, fire, fire!"

Arthur Augustus roared out the alarm with all the

power of his lungs.

"Fire, fire!"

The alarm was taken up on all sides.

Excited fellows shouted inquiries from the studios, the main, and the passages. Wildly-excited flags came streaming out of the Third Form room, shouting and yelling.

"Fire, fire!"

Clang, clang, clang!

The alarm-bell crashed out into the night.

Footsteps rang on the staircases, seniors and juniors poured out into the quadrangle.

The alarm was general now.

Mr. Railton's deep voice was heard giving commands. Kildare and Darrell had rushed for the hose. In the distance across the quadrangle, three youths stared at the excited scene outside the School House. They examined their pockets into their pockets, and gasped.

"My only hat!" scatered Piggins. "There'll be a row! They're really turning out their merry fire brigade!"

"Oh, great pip!" gasped Kerr.

"Get indoors!" breathed Fatty Wym. "We shall have to prove a jolly strong siff for this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three young rascals disappeared into the New House. A minute more, and they were deep in prep in their study.

Meanwhile, the alarm was spreading fast. Windows in the School House were thrown wide open, lights blazed into the quad. Tom Merry & Co. were all out of doors, shouting questions. Everybody knew there was a fire, but nobody seemed to know where it was. Mr. Railton's deep voice dominated the uproar and confusion.

"Where is the fire? I can see nothing! Who gave the alarm?"

"D'Arcy!" said a dozen voices.

"Where is D'Arcy?"

"He's ringing the alarm-bell, I think," said Blake.

"Calm yourselves, my boys! It appears to be a false alarm," said Mr. Railton. "Bring D'Arcy here at once, Darrell!"

Darrell rushed into the House, now almost empty. He reappeared, with his hand on Arthur Augustus' collar.

Arthur Augustus was protesting.

"Welcome me, Darrell! I insist——"

"D'Arcy!" thundered Mr. Railton.

"But love! Yasn, sir?"

"You gave the alarm of fire?"

"Yasn, wuhah!"

"Where is there any fire, you stupid boy?"

"In the woodshed, sir! The anarchists——"

"What!" gasped Mr. Railton.

"They washed on me, sir——"

"What—how—who—who washed on you?" exclaimed the astonished Housemaster.

"The fat-washers, sir!"

"In the boy out of his senses?" exclaimed Mr. Railton, in bewilderment.

"I—I showed you the scrap of paper, sir——"

"You incredibly foolish boy, I told you that that was only a foolish practical joke of some person——"

"But they are here, sir!" shouted Arthur Augustus.

"They've got automatic pistols and petrol, sir, in the woodshed! They washed on me—three masked wufflers, sir——"

"Three!" murmured Tom Merry. "I think I could



LAUGH THESE OFF!

by MORTY LOWTHER

Did you know Buggy Trinkle carries his own weather around with him? Yes, there's always an "on wave" whenever Trinkle goes!

We have a new boy who is a comfortoniist. He says he is one of the happiest people on earth as he can always make both ends meet!

I met a man in Weyland who whistled in his sleep. When he wakes one morning, there were six dogs in his bed!

Another Buggy story: "Why, you're afraid of your own shadow," jested Bunker at the Mr. Jew's tea last. "Why shouldn't I be?" asked Buggy. "It looks like a crowd following me!"

William wants to know how to stop his study-mate, Grady, from scoring. He should try quiet, friendly co-operation, appreciating that scoring is really beyond Grady's control. Better still, stuff an old sock in his mouth!

guess the names of those giddy raiders, and I fancy they're back in the New House by this time!"

"The boy seems to be suffering from some delusion," said Mr. Railton, greatly perplexed. "Boys, you may return into the House; there is no fire. Kildare, come with me to the woodshed."

"Look out for their pistols, Mr. Railton——"

"Nonsense!"

"They were fair" at me, sir——"

"Silence, D'Arcy!"

A crowd of fellows followed the Housemaster to the woodshed. Five or six bike-lamps shed light on the scene. There were no anarchists to be found, no trace of fire, not a drop of petrol, and not the ghost of an automatic pistol.

Kildare picked up something from the ground. It was the exploded shell of a repeating-cocker.

D'Arcy's eyes glaze fell from his eye as he looked at it.

"But love!" he stammered.

"This is what you mistake for firing, I suppose, D'Arcy!" snapped Mr. Railton.

"Oh dear! Then——"

"Some foolish prank has been played on this boy," said the Housemaster. "You have given an alarm of fire for no reason, D'Arcy!"

"But—but—but those three masked wufflers, sir——"

"Nonsense! You are the victim of a practical joke!"

said Mr. Railton crossly. "You have caused great trouble and confusion by your folly, D'Arcy, and I shall consider your punishment——"

Mr. Railton strode away with a frowning brow. Some of the juniors were laughing, but some of the seniors, who had dragged out hose, and fire-escape, and life-saving sheets from their places, looked exceedingly sheepish and exceedingly wrathful. Knox of the Sixth bestowed a cuff on Gazy's noble ear, which made him stagger, and Rashden righted him again with a cuff on the other ear.

"You young ass!"

"You silly idiot!"

"Oh swarts!"

STOP PRESS! *Edgewood is getting so short-minded he forgets his civility when he snout out the other dog and John's reaction he'd felt it helped till it stopped raining and he put up his hand to close it!*

"These eggs are straight from the country," said the Sylvania grocer. "Yes, but what country?" asked Heron suspiciously.

News Item: *Thirteen smashed a fish-and-chip shop in Weyland last week. Chips that pass to the right!*

"When learning to skate, always look upwards and not at your feet, says the gym instructor. Of course, if you look upwards and still see your feet, you're doing it wrong!

Third Form Talk: "How, D'Arny, please, you really must take more interest in your French," said Mr. Selby. "Why, half the people in the world speak French." "Is it that enough, sir?" asked Wally D'Arny wearily.

They say that Fritz, of the New House, intends to become a pilot, as no job on earth is good enough for him.

Manners went into a restaurant in Weyland where they advertise they will serve anything. "I want an elephant sandwich," ordered Manners solemnly. "White or brown bread, sir?" said the waiter, without turning a hair. "Brown, please." "Indian or African elephant, sir?" "Indian," said Manners. "And how many sandwiches would you like, sir?" "Just one," said Manners. "But, sir," protested the waiter mildly, "you surely don't imagine I am going to kill an elephant for one sandwich!"

"Won't the New House chortle over this!" growled Blake. "Of course, it's a New House joke——"

"Bad joke! Leggo my yak, Kildare!"
Arthur Augustus jerked away his suffering ear, and fled. Even Arthur Augustus did not believe in anarchism any longer.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A little smoking-party, and what it led to!

"**SAFE** here!" said Racke of the Shell.

"Safe as houses!" said Clange.

"No dashed pretent likely to come nosing up here in the box-room, I suppose?" remarked Crooke.

"No fear!"

It was quite a party in the box-room in the New House. Leslie Clange and Chowle of the New House were there, and Racke, Crooke, Scrope and Mellish of the School House. It was a little smoking-party, and smoking-parties at St. Jim's had to be kept very secret. If Mr. Ransell had known of the use the box-room in his House was being put to, Mr. Ransell would have decamped upon the merry little party with a cane, and the sportsmen of St. Jim's would have felt anything but sporting by the time he had finished with them.

But there was, as Clange had said, no risk. The box-room was rather secluded, and was not likely to be visited by interfering prefects. Clange had locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and lighted a hurricane lamp that hung on the wall.

Racke produced cigarettes galore—the wealthy Aubrey had cigarettes to hand round with great liberality. He also had a pack of cards—the meeting was not only for the joys of smoking.

An upturned box served as a card-table. On other boxes and chairs the merry party sat round it, and six cigarettes were soon going strong. Racke lighted his "smoke" and threw the match over his shoulder.

"I say, be a bit careful!" said Mellish. "There's a

lot of straw about here. Somebody's been unpacking a packing-case——"

"Oh, not!" said Racke carelessly.

"We don't want to give the School House Fire Brigade a job here," grinned Crooke.

Racke & Co. were soon busy at poker.

"Your deal, Crooke."

Crooke shuffled the cards.

Aubrey Racke selected a fourth cigarette from his case, and struck a match.

"Careful with that match!" said Mellish, as Racke lighted his cigarette.

The loose straw was behind Racke, and Mellish was nervous.

With a contemptuous laugh, Racke tossed the match over his shoulder. It circled in the air, and dropped on the straw. Racke had expected it to become extinguished as it fell.

But it did not.

It was still alight when it dropped into the straw, and the next moment there was a flame.

The juniors jumped up in haste.

The flare of flame ran through the dry straw, and there was a leaping blaze and a rush of smoke, and they crowded back from it in fright.

"Stamp it out!" exclaimed Crooke. But he did not offer to begin the stamping-out.

"Great Scott!"

"Any water here?" gasped Racke.

"Of course there isn't!"

"Oh, gas!"

"There must be some water!"

"It—it'll die out!" panted Clange. "Good heavens, if it's seen from the window there'll be a crowd here——"

"Let's get out!" muttered Racke. "Open the door—quick!"

"But the fire——"

"Hang the fire! Let's get out before we're spotted!"

"It's spreading!" panted Mellish. "Some silly ass has been spilling oil here!"

"Some was spilt when I fixed up the lamp," said Chowle. "But come on, let's bust. There'll be a fearful row over this!"

Racke was already at the door, dragging it.

"Where's the key?" he cried shrilly. "What silly fool's taken the key out? Do you want us all to be burned to death? The key—quick!"

"I—I've got the thing somewhere!" gasped Clange, fumbling in his pockets. "Oh gas! I—I— Here it is!"

Racke snatched savagely at the key, and dropped it. He plunged after it, but a rush of flame along the floor drove him back. There was a huge blaze by this time, and the crackling of wood could be heard. The packing-case was blazing up as well as the straw, and boxes were catching, and the flames were leaping up the walls, licking the ceiling, and creeping over the floor. The six terrified juniors examined the door.

"The key!" muttered Crooke hoarsely.

"The key—quick! Unlock the door!"

"It—it's there! The fire's over it! We can't get it now!"

"Oh, you idiot!"

"Help!" yelled Mellish, quite losing his nerve.

"Help!"

"Quiet, you fool!" bawled Racke. "Do you want us all to be caught here?"

"You dummies! Better be caught than suffocated!" howled Mellish. "Help! Help! Help!"

Mellish hammered frantically on the locked door. There were shouts and footsteps outside, and shouts from the quadrangle. The flames had been seen flaring at the window of the box-room.

"Help!"

Racke tore at the door. But it was stout and strong, and it was locked fast. Nothing short of an axe would have smashed a way through.

"Help!"

"Fire! Fire!"

A rush of flames drove the hapless juniors from the door. They crowded to the box-room window, and Racke frantically smashed out the glass with a chair. The rush of fresh air was soothing to the parched and suffocating juniors, but it fed the flames, and the fire roared now with a deep andullen boom.

"Fire! Fire!" The alarm rang through the New House from end to end, starting the juniors from the Common-room, and Mr. Ratcliff from his study.

Crammed at the window of the box-room, six haggard, grimed faces glared out into the open air, and six terrified voices shrieked for help. From within the house there was no help for Clampe & Co. The locked door was licked by devouring flames, cutting them off from the house. Only from the quad could help come, and in the quadrangle crowds were gathered, and screaming round the angle of the building to stare up at the box-room window, from which smoke was billowing.

"Help! Help! Fire!"

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Good Old Gussy!

"FIRE!"

The alarm rang over St. Jim's from end to end, and from the School House Tom Merry & Co. came swarming. It was nearly bed-time for the juniors. Fortunately not quite. As Tom Merry came spending out he caught the flame of flame against the sky, and the thick volume of smoke that dimmed the stars.

"Fire! Fire!"

"It's in the New House!" shouted Tom Merry.

"Bai Jove! Wozza, dear boys!"

"Boys!" It was the deep voice of Mr. Railton.

"Order! To your places!"

The fire-drill of the School House follows, at which Mr. Ratcliff had smiled so scornfully, stood Mr. Ratcliff's House in good stead now.

With perfect order, though with excited faces, the School House crowd obeyed the orders of their House-master.

In a wonderfully short space of time the School House Fire Brigade was at work. The exact location of the fire was quickly ascertained, and the fire-hose, in Mr. Railton's hand, sent a stream of water into the box-room window in the New House.

Flame as well as smoke licked from the window, over the terrified heads of Racke & Co.

"Help! Help!"

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Ratcliff bawled up, wildly excited and twittering. "My dear Railton! Bless my soul, the—the house is on fire—actually on fire! Good heavens!"

Mr. Railton did not heed his twittering colleague. Mr. Ratcliff wrung his hands and babbled, as useless in that

emergency as the smallest fog in the Third Form. Fortunately, the School House master was made of sterner stuff. Plying the hose with a steady hand, he nipped out orders. A group of School House juniors gathered under the windows, the life-saving sheet extended and gripped firmly in their hands.

"Jump!"

Racke clambered out desperately and dropped into the sheet. He was taken aside, and Clampe followed him, and then Crooke. They were helped away, bubbling and gasping. Gussy was the next, and he landed safely. Mellish hung on the window-sill, palpitating from sheer fear, and dropped, half by accident, in the sheet.

Only Chowle remained, and as he stared in terror from the window, equally terrified by the fire behind him and the leap before him, there came a rush of flame and smoke from within, and Chowle disappeared.

There was a gap from the crowd below.

Kildare and Darrell were rushing the ladder to the window. It crashed on the sill. A handed pair of eyes searched for Chowle to disappear. But the window remained blank. It was pretty clear that the wretched junior had been overcome by the smoke, and that he lay within the room, a hapless prey to the devouring flames.

Mr. Railton handed the hose to Kildare, and rushed up the ladder. A cheer followed him. His head went in at the smashed window, but a heavy volume of smoke drove him back, and he reeled on the ladder. Darrell rushed up and grasped him. Smoke poured out above them in a black volume. The House-master, almost invisible, was helped down the ladder by the Sixth-Formers.

The next moment there was a yell.

"D'Arcy!"

"Gussy!"

"Stand back!" roared Kildare.

The captain of St. Jim's made a spring forward. But he was too late!

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of St. Jim's, was skimming up the ladder with lightning speed.

"Gussy!" growled Blake.

"Come back——"

"Bravo!"

Headless of the charmer below, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy paused a moment at the top of the ladder to tie his handkerchief over his mouth and nose. Then he plunged headlong into the sea of smoke, and vanished. Mr. Railton struggled to his feet, panting for breath.

"D'Arcy!" he shouted.

But D'Arcy was lost to sight.

Three or four of the Sixth struggled up the ladder. Tom Merry & Co. made a rush, but Mr. Railton waved them back. Kildare was the first at the window.

A smoke-grimed figure rose to view within. From the blackened face an eye-glass glared.

There was a roar from the crowd below.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy staggered to the window with Chowle's invisible form grasped in his arms.

"Gussy! Good old Gussy!" shrieked Blake.

"Bravo!"

"Good old Gussy!" roared Meezy Lowther.

"Give him to me!" panted Kildare, and he took the invisible junior from D'Arcy's hands, and passed him down to the Sixth-Formers lower on the ladder. And Chowle was carried to safety.

"D'Arcy——" Kildare turned back to the window.

"Quick!"

Arthur Augustus panted.
"Yaaa, wathah, deah boy! I'm comin'!"

The swell of St. Jim's clambered out of the window. He was black as a sweep, his hair was sizzling, there were fierce burns on his face and hands. But he was still cool and calm. Smoke and flame rushed out of the window above him, hardly held in check by the steady stream from the hose.

Arthur Augustus lowered himself on the ladder steadily, and then he reeled. Kildare's strong arm caught him.

"It's all right!" murmured Arthur Augustus faintly. "I can manage all right."

"Hold on to me!"

"Very well. Sorry to trouble you, deah boy." Even at that moment Arthur Augustus' exquisite politeness did not fail him.

Kildare bore him down the ladder.

Arthur Augustus landed on the ground, and stood unsteadily, supported by the St. Jim's captain's strong arm.

He blinked dizzily at the juniors as they crowded round.

"Gassy—"

"Oh, Gassy—"

"Bai Jove! Be careful, you fellows. Stand back, for goodness' sake!"

"What the—"

"I've dropped my eyeglass. Mind you don't tread on it." And then Arthur Augustus fainted.

The School House Fire Brigade were still fighting the flames when Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was laid in bed in the sanatorium, the next bed to Chowle's, and the school doctor, hastily summoned by telephone was hurrying to attend the two sufferers.

The fire had obtained a good grip on the New House, and inside and outside the House the schoolboy firemen were fighting long and hard before it was got under.

It was at a late hour that night that the hat of the flames was compared, the last spark drowned out.

Mr. Ratcliff wrung his hands when he surveyed the scene of devastation at close quarters—when the danger was over.

The box-room was burnt right out, two or three adjoining rooms were gutted, passages and walls and ceilings had suffered. It was only too evident, even to Mr. Ratcliff, that the whole House would have been burned but for the prompt aid rendered by the School House Fire Brigade.

But that had been averted, and no lives had been lost. But George Figgins remarked to his chums, when the New House Fourth went to bed that night at a very late hour:

"It's all Ratty's fault, and I hope the old rat is satisfied now!"

"And Gassy?" said Figgins, with a catch in his voice.
"Gassy, whose jolly old leg we pulled! He's a merry old ass, but what a splendid chap!"

"Hear, hear!"

The next day there was an inquiry into the cause of the outbreak, and it was very fortunate for Rasky & Co. that the facts did not come to light.

A group of juniors gathered under the window, the life-saving sheet extended and gripped tautly in their hands. Barker clambered out of the window desperately and dropped into the sheet.



Chowle was out of the sanatorium that day, his damages were not serious. He had been overcome by the smoke, and his clothing had been scorched, that was all.

But Arthur Augustus had suffered more seriously.

He had had to search and grope for Chowle in smoke and darkness, and he had received a good many severe burns, and it was many days before his school-fellows saw him again.

But his chums were admitted to the sanatorium at last, to see the hero of the hour, and they found him sitting up in bed, looking as if he consisted chiefly of bandages, but with his famous eyeglass gleaming in a cheerful eye.

"Glad to see you, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus, with a nod. "Wathah wathah to be stuck here, though Miss Mawle is verry good. Did they find out what caused the lah?"

"The Head didn't," said Tom Merry. "But we've got an idea—"

"Was it—was it—"

D'Arcy hesitated.

"Sorry we couldn't find my anarchists, Gassy!" grinned Figgins. "Only some smoky fags—merely that and nothing more. No anarchists have been seen at St. Jim's since the lot you ran down at the woodshed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

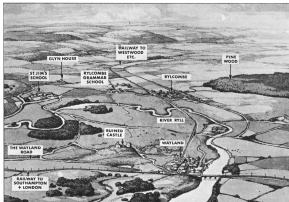
"Woolly, Figgins—"

"And these three were named Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn," said Figgys repeatedly, "and we're sorry we pulled your leg, Gassy!"

Arthur Augustus smiled genially.

"All sewn, deah boy! The laugh is on our side now, I wathah comin'ah! The New House would have been in Quash Street but for the School House Fire Brigade—wathah!"

And that was another triumph in store for the School House; for, after the fire, the Head made it a point to speak very decidedly to Mr. Ratcliff on the subject, and Ratty was constrained to abandon his opposition, and the New House enrolled for fire-drill with the School House.



THIS IS ST. JIM'S

Headmaster: Richard Holmes, M.A., D.D.

THIS world-famous college is delightfully situated in the heart of Sussex, one mile from the pleasant little rustic village of Bylcombe, through which Rye winds its charming course.

There are two houses at St. Jim's—School House and New House. The former under the charge of Mr. Railton and the latter, Mr. Bantick.

Accommodation is provided for about three hundred scholars. Two hundred was the original number which the School House contained, when the New House was added to board another one hundred scholars.

The New House is really only a boarding-house, for it was built to contain the dormitories, studies, and common rooms.

The New House juniors have to cross the Quad, to the School House for prayers, meals, classes and calling over. The juniors below the 4th in the New House have to attend prep. in the classroom with Mr. Selby from 7.0 to 8.0 every evening, while those above are allowed to stay in their own House and do the work in the studies.

Eric Kildare, the captain, has Monmouth as second in command in the New House and nine other prefects to maintain authority.

LEADING LIGHTS OF THE FOURTH FORM

Form-Master: Mr. Philip G. Lathan, M.A.

Name	Age		Height		Study No.
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	
BOYS FROM SCHOOL HOUSE					
D'Arcy, Arthur Augustus ..	12	3	5	4½	4
Digby, Robert Arthur ..	12	4	5	1	4
Harris, George ..	12	5	5	4	5
Julian, Dick ..	12	2	5	5	5
Levison, Ernest ..	12	6	5	5	5
Lumley, Lumley Arnold ..	12	6	5	5	5
Metcalf, Percy ..	12	2	5	5	5
Mulvany, Michael ..	12	3	5	2½	4
Tinsdale, Hugh ..	12	2	4	11	2

BOYS FROM NEW HOUSE

Piggott, George ..	12	3	5	3½	4
Kerr, George Francis ..	12	3	5	4½	4
Kendall, Richard Henry ..	12	4	5	2	4
Wynn, David Lawrence ..	12	4½	5	2	4

LEADING LIGHTS OF THE SHELL FORM

Form-Master: Mr. Leslie W. Lines, M.A.

Merry, Tom ..	14	0	5	11	10
Claxton, Leslie ..	15	7	5	4	5
Crooke, George Gerald ..	15	4	5	3	4
Fynn, Henry ..	15	4	5	3	4
Ginsley, George Alfred ..	15	0	5	3	4
Gunn, William Colvener ..	15	3	5	4	5
Lawford, Montagu ..	15	0	5	4	10
Lucas, Matthew ..	15	3	5	3	2
Mansons, Harry ..	14	0	5	3	10
Reade, Aubrey ..	15	5	4	3	7
Scrimgeour, Hubert ..	15	3	5	3	9
Talbot, Reginald ..	14	1	5	3½	9



THE GREAT WHITE HOPE

There was another 'W.G.'
A very famous batsman,
His name was Grace and not like he
Who's known as Greyfriars' Fat Man.

Our 'W.G.' is sure to score—
And here he can't be beat—
All other sportsmen stand in awe
When he sits down to eat!



BACK TO BROOKWOOD

AN HILARIOUS ADVENTURE AT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL

GETTING THEIR OWN BACK



By Owen Conquest

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Under Detention

THE WINTER TERM at Rookwood School had just begun. The new boys and the old "hands" had recovered from the assault, battery and general mayhem that occurred at the commencement of each term when the London train bearing its load of ragged, riotous young ruffians, heaved itself to a thankful halt at Corcoran station. The worthy townsfolk untidily enough to get involved had now regained their heads and wits, the station-master had applied unassessably once more for danger money and at the school the brutes acquired on that day had been covered by many new ones—and another term was moving on its normal way.

On the day this story opens, Jimmy Silver & Co. were especially fed up. Their lark, they felt, was out.

It was really Jimmy Silver's fault.

Nature had endowed Jimmy Silver with a plentiful gift of humour. Nature had been extremelyiggardly in that respect with Herr Kinkel, the German master at Rookwood. Hence the trouble.

As Jimmy Silver was on the Classical side at Rookwood, and the German master's activities were confined to the Modern side—for the Classics did not take German—Jimmy had nothing to do with Herr Kinkel.

He might have stayed quite clear of Herr Kinkel. And it would have been only prudent to steer clear of Herr Kinkel, for the lark was not a nice-tempered man.

But that was where Jimmy Silver's humorous gifts came in. Jimmy Silver maintained that it was all old Kinkel's fault, and his chums—Ruby and Lovell and Newcombe—agreed with him. Unfortunately, his Form-master, Mr. Bookles, did not. Mr. Bookles did not see eye to eye with the Fourth-Formers.

It came about in this wise. Herr Kinkel had lately received a copy of a celebrated German song.

Naturally, Herr Kinkel tried over the music, and his deep voice boomed out the expressive words, and the Physical Four came along in the quad, and heard that booming proceeding from the window of the German master's study—like into the rear of a megaphone.

When Herr Kinkel, the German master of Rookwood, vents his vengeance on Jimmy Silver & Co. it recoils on himself in an unexpected and amusing manner.



"Stop me, you!" shouted Herr Kinkel. "Young ruffians let you and 'em go, you!"

So Jimmy Silver chimed in, without pausing to reflect, putting in a loud and prolonged squeak at every pause in the metre, so that Herr Kinkel's vocal efforts, with Jimmy Silver's assistance, sounded like nothing on earth! Lovell and Ruby and Newcombe howled with laughter. A crowd of fellows gathered round in great excitement. Even Tommy Dodd & Co., of the Modern side, who were generally up against Jimmy Silver & Co. joined heartily in the squeaking, and in the hours of laughter which accompanied it.

Herr Kinkel's song ceased suddenly. He "went off song" as he realised that there was a merry demonstration under his study window.

He leaned out of the window, his fat face crimson with rage, and shook a fat fist at the juniors.

"Ach! You shock me!" he howled. "You shock me, me, you! I reports me to your Form-master, Silber!"

Which he promptly did; and Mr. Bookles, with a lack of humour which lowered him considerably in the estimation of his pupils, sentenced Jimmy Silver & Co. to detention for the afternoon.

It was a half-holiday, and a glorious afternoon.

All Rookwood was out of doors.

From the windows of the Form-rooms the Physical Four, as Jimmy Silver & Co. were called, could see their old rival, Tommy Dodd & Co. enjoying themselves on the cricket-ground. They could see a cheery crowd refreshing themselves with ginger-beer at the school shop. They could see fellows lounging under the old benches.

And they were detained.

They were down on their luck. Half-holidays came only twice a week, and there were so many things to do on a half-holiday—cricket, resting, cycling, rugging the Moderns, or looking for a row with the juniors of nearby Bagshot School.

They groaned over the lines Mr. Footes had given them to do. And they looked from the windows. They felt inclined to sing a Hymn of Blaise with Herr Kinkel as its object.

Jimmy Silver started.

"All because those Modern worms must sing up German instead of Latin," he said bitterly. "If there wasn't a Modern side at Rookwood there wouldn't be a German master. It's all the fault of those oddish Moderns!"

"Oh, it's rotten!" groaned Raby. "Think of a walk over the downs now, and tea at the old farm!"

"Or a run down to the sea, and a bath!" groaned Newcome.

"Oh, don't!" growled Jimmy Silver. "You make me want to go for Kinkel with a rifle!"

"Let's hook it!" he concluded desperately.

"Oh!"

"Footes has gone out; he'll never know. Let's chance it!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked serious. Breaking detention was a serious matter. But the blue sky, dotted with drifting clouds; the soft whisper of the wind from the sea, seemed to call to them. They thought of the open, breezy downs, and looked round the dusty old class-room, and made up their minds.

"I'm game!" said Lovell.

"If there's a row, there's a row!" said Jimmy Silver recklessly. "I don't care! I mean, I do care, but not enough to stick in here. It's wicked to stay indoors on a day like this!"

"Hear, hear! Come on!"

Lovell heaved his Virgil across the room. Raby pitched his pen on the floor, and jumped on it. The Physical Four made a rush for the Form-room door, resolved to make a bid for liberty and chance the results.

They came out into the deserted passage with a rush. They could have whooped with glee at the prospect of freedom.

But just as they reached the end of the passage a bulky form loomed up before them, and two little spectral light

eyes blinked at them over an enormous pair of spectacles.

"Was dere! Where you go?"

The Physical Four halted in blank dismay. Herr Kinkel stood before them.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Keeping Watch.

HERR KINKEL blinked at the juniors.

The juniors blinked at Herr Kinkel.

For a moment there was a desperate thought in their minds of rushing the German master, bumping him down in the passage, and escaping over his breathless body. But they checked that wild impulse. The consequence would have been too dreadfully serious.

"You speak pounds, isn't it?" said Herr Kinkel, with a disagreeable smile. "I think that Mr. Footes, he order you to stay in till six o'clock."

"Ye—o—o!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"And now it is ten o'clock."

"Ahem!" said Lovell.

"I think you know that Mr. Footes is gone out and not himself, and you think that you speak pounds. But I think of that myself, and I keeps open mine eye. You goes back to your detention."

Jimmy Silver clenched his fists. He would have given a whole term's pocket-money to "land" Herr Kinkel one on his nose. Instead of which, he had to go back to the Form-room.

In the lowest possible spirits the Physical Four returned to their detention. They sat down at their desks with glum faces.

Herr Kinkel followed them as far as the doorway and blinked at it them.

"You keeps here," he said. "I think I keeps an eye open, hein. I smokes mine pipe at to end of te passage, and if you gams our vance more, I see you. Den I takes you to der Head mit you."

And Herr Kinkel waddled away.

Jimmy Silver and his comrades looked at one another with feelings almost too deep for words.

"Did you ever?" gasped Jimmy.

"Hardly ever!" growled Lovell.

"The fat brute has been spying on us in case we cleared."

"And now he's sitting by the passage window, smoking his beauty pipe, and keeping his beauty eye open!" said



You've heard of Bunter, W. E.
So plump, and far from dimble;
And doubtless you've dined with glee
The deeds of Wynn and Tomblin.
On beans and hotspurs they are read—
In fact, they're always stuffin'.
And so is that amazing lad,
The portly Tubby Muffin.

MEET TUBBY MUFFIN

Billy Bunter's
fat friend
at Rookwood

Perched high upon the rucktop stool
You'll nearly always find him;
With pie and pudding, in a row,
Before him and behind him,
Large quantities of grub "as rich"
He'll get from Sergeant Kettle,
Unless that veteran is quick
And promptly on his kettle!

And yet, for all his quaint displays
Which make us burst our buttons,
He has no mean or vicious ways
Like certain other gluttons.
Although at present very obese,
And quite an ignominious,
Some day he may acquire some sense,
And find himself quite famous!



Newsome.

"Oh, dear!"

With their spirits at zero, the Fistical Four settled down to do lines. But after a quarter of an hour Jimmy Silver jumped up. He could hear the cheery shouts from the cricket field. It was simply impossible to do lines that afternoon!

"Chuck that rot!" said Jimmy Silver. "I've got a whetstone."

Lovell and Ruby and Newsome looked up hopefully.

"What's the little game?"

"The old so-and-so must have some human feelings," said Jimmy Silver. "Old Kinkel must have a heart tucked away somewhere under the layers of fat. Let's go and speak nicely to him. We'll tell him we're sorry we spoke—well, we are sorry, ain't we? I've never been sorry for anything in my natural."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's against the law to thump him, so let's try soft soap. He must have some human feelings somewhere," argued Jimmy Silver.

"Well, he may have—appearances are deceptive," agreed Lovell. "Let's try."

Four hopeful youths quitted the Form-room and walked down the passage. Just round the corner was a big window with a deep window-seat, and there Herr Kinkel sat smoking his pipe and reading a German paper. He blinked up severely at the sight of the Fistical Four.

"I think let it is not six o'clock," he said successively.

"No, sir," said Jimmy Silver, with deep respect. "We

The overweight Herr Kinkel dragged Fustilly off his chair, and the unhappy junior let out a wild yell as the master's cane came down on his trousers: Whack! Whack! Whack!

only want to speak to you, sir. We—we should like to hear you sing that nice song, sir, if you would."

"Vat?"

"And if you would kindly forgive us, sir, we will never squeak any more when you are singing so beautifully, sir," said Ruby.

"And—and we've got something special on this afternoon, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "We've ordered tea in advance at the Downside Fats, and we shall have to pay for it even if we don't go."

"So if you'd let us off, sir—"

"I will do nothing of the kind, you bad, shabby boys. In Germany te boys do not shock their masters—day tremble at der frown."

"Well, sir, we—we don't mind trembling at your frown, sir, if—"

"If you like."

"Go pack mit you!" roared Herr Kinkel.

"But, sir—"

"Go pack, or I boom you mit te ears!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Soft soap was evidently wasted upon Herr Kinkel.

The Fistical Four went back into the Form-room dolerously.

"It's all up!" groaned Jimmy Silver. "We've got to stick it."

The janitor looked miserably out of the window. Tommy Dodd was scoring runs on Little Side, and the Moderns were cheering him. Smythe of the Shell was lounging elegantly in the quad, his eyesless gleaming in his eye, talking "gee-goo" to Tracy and Howard.

"Hallo! Is that how you kids do your detention tasks?"

The Fiskal Four spun round from the window. Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rootwood, had come in. He gave them a good-humoured smile.

"Oh, I say, Bulkeley, be a good chap and get us off!" said Jimmy Silver. "We didn't do anything—only pulled old Kinkel's leg."

"Think of being that up till six on a day like this," said Lovell beseechingly.

Bulkeley grinned. "I saw you outside Kinkel's window," he said. "You young rascals!"

"Well, you should have heard his ghostly singing," growled Raby.

"Never mind that. Mr. Bootles spoke to me before he went out—"

"Eh?"

"And told me to come in at half-past three and tell you you could go."

"Oh, my hat!"

"If you've done a hundred lines each."

"Hummy!"

"He thinks that will be sufficient," said Bulkeley. "How much have you done?"

"Well, we—we've done some," said Jimmy Silver, wishing that he had been more industrious.

"Well, make it up to a hundred each, and clear," said Bulkeley.

And with a nod, the kind-hearted captain of Rootwood left the Form-room. Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged ecstatic glances.

"Isn't he a brick?" murmured Jimmy Silver. "I know he put in a word for us to Bootles, though he doesn't say so. Bulkeley's got us off, my sons. I'll always back up Bulkeley through thick and thin—and down with the Moderns each! Back up with those rotten lines!"

Four pens worked at a feverish rate over the laptop paper. Never was Latin written at so terrific a speed before.

At the end of the hundredth line Jimmy Silver leaped up with a whoop, threw his pen in one direction, and his Virgil in another, and chirped:

"Free! Free as giddy birds in the sky! Back up, you slackers. Now we'll walk past Kinkel and smile at him! He will turn pink, he will turn green, he will turn purple and blue! Hurry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

How Kinkel got the Trick.

JIMMY SILVER passed in the doorway of the Form-room, and dragged his chairs to a halt.

"Hold on!"

"Rats! Come on!" said Lovell impatiently. "I want to get out!"

"Hold on, I tell you! Kinkel's still watching there—you can see his smoke curling round the corner."

"Well, what about it?"

"That shows that he doesn't know we've let off."

"Well, Bulkeley wouldn't mention it to him—he doesn't like Kinkel," said Lovell. "He doesn't know the

old cyster is spying on us, either. Why should he tell him?"

"No reason why he should—and he hasn't," said Jimmy Silver. "Kinkel still thinks we're detained up to six o'clock."

"He'll stop us as we go by, and we can tell him."

"That's what I'm coming to. We're not going to tell him."

"Then he won't let us pass."

"We'll sneak down to the corner on tiptoe, and make a sudden rush, and get past before the beast can stop us," whispered Jimmy Silver. "He'll think we're breaking bounds—or? He'll report us to Bootles later—to get us a flogging—and then he can find out that we were entitled to come—or? Let the old jester put his foot in it."

"Good egg!"

"And it will be ripping to hear him rave when we sweep. He'll call us back, but as he's only a rotten



THE STORY OF

ABOUT eight hundred years ago,
There lived in Happy Hampshire, so
The old historians tell us,

A Baron, last of all his line,
Who split his rivals to the chine
Whenever he felt jealous!
This Baron's gleaming castle stood
Within a rock-infested wood.

The building was in Norman style,
A mighty and forbidding pile.
To fit the Baron haughty!
And from its portals, strong and stout,
The Baron frequently went out
To make a sudden sortie,
Until the castle was attacked
One morning, and completely sacked!

But Rootwood wasn't finished yet:
A certain grim Plantagenet
Upon it hung his banner,
And stayed until the Civil War,
When Rootwood was besieged once more
In no uncertain manner;
The keep, though partly ruined, stood,
The rest was battered down for good.

Madern master, we needn't take any notice. He can't give orders on this side. Now Bootles has let us off, we can snap our fingers at him. This is where we get a bit of our own back! Come on, and not a word, mind!"

The chains of the Fourth, grinning gloefully, crept on tiptoe down to the corner of the passage. Jimmy Silver perched round the corner. Herr Kinkel was reading his German newspaper, but he was keeping an eye open. He spotted Jimmy at once.

"Silber! You—"

"Run for it!" shouted Jimmy.

The Physical Four came round the corner like hares. Herr Kinkel jumped up, dropping his pipe and his newspaper. But he was not quick enough for the young rascals of the Fourth.

They were just before he could make a grab at them, and they disappeared down the passage as if on the cinder-path.

"Stop 'em, you!" shouted Herr Kinkel. "Young

rascals, are you are! You gone back!"

But the juniors did not "gone back."

They kept on at top speed and vanished, and came out into the quadrangle, gasping and grinning. They had only passed in the hall to snatch up their caps, but not even to put them on. They put them on in the quad and trotted towards the gates.

There was a shout from the cricket-field. Bulkeley was there now, and he was baiting against Knowles's bowling. The Physical Four turned towards the cricket-ground, but only for a moment. Herr Kinkel came raging out of the School House, and the Physical Four ran on to the gates.

"Stop!"

The Physical Four turned a deaf ear.

They were quickly out of the gates of Rookwood, and in the lane they slackened down and burst into a merry chortle.

"Hold on," said Jimmy Silver. "The old ruffian may come after us! That would put the giddy lid on! Cover!"

The Physical Four promptly took cover among the trees beside the road. They peeped out in the direction of the school gates.

Out from the old stone gateway came a fat and ponderous form. Herr Kinkel stopped in the road, hatless, and breathing like a pair of very old bellows. He blinked up the road and he blinked down the road, and he scouted with rage as he failed to spot the juniors.

"Aber ich weiss—ich weiss!" the Fourth-Formers heard him mutter, and he went back to the gates and disappeared.

"Was he gurgling, or saying something?" said Lovell.

"He was saying 'I know—I know!'" said Jimmy Silver. "Of course, we told him we were going to tea at Downslope Farm. I rather fancy he's gone back for something, and is coming after us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It will take him some time!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "We'll have had tea by the time he gets there. It doesn't seem to occur to the old duffer that we've got leave."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Physical Four started merrily across the fields. The thought of the fat master tramping a couple of miles over hill and dale to recapture them at the farm made them yell with laughter. For, as they had leave from their Form-master, he had no authority to interfere with them there, and he would have his long tramp for nothing. Not that the young rascals intended to give him any information on that point. They were already looking forward to leading Herr Kinkel a dance all the afternoon.

How could a half-holiday be better spent?

Jimmy Silver & Co. breathed joyously in the fresh sunny air as they walked across the green fields. They were happy to be out of doors again.

About a mile on their way was a stile they had to cross, and on that stile three youths in Bagshot caps were seated in a row. They were Pankley, Pater, and Paolo of the Fourth Form at Bagshot School, who were in the habit of letting off their superabundance of youthful exuberance in rows and rags with the Rookwood fellows. They made no movement to get off the stile as the Physical Four came up.

"Hello!" said Pankley affably. "Been talking down, Silver?"

"Falling down?" said Jimmy. "No!"

"What's that on your face, then?"



ROOKWOOD

There next was built a country seat,
A spacious manser-house, complete
With windows, large and leaded;
And secret passages galore,
Through which the owners ran, before
They found themselves beheaded.
(In those old days it often paid
To have a secret passage made.)

And many dramas here took place;
For instance, we may take the case
Of one poor girl, Eleanor,
Who went one morning to her tower
To sit and paint, and since that hour
No eye has ever seen her!
She simply disappeared—but how
Has not been answered even now.

But space forbids us to recite
The tales of terror-stricken flight,
With ghostly candles burning!
The maner passed through many hands
And now, as Rookwood College, stands
A famous seat of learning!
And yet its glories still increase,
Long may it flourish thus in peace!

"My face? There's nothing on it, is there?"
"Yes, rather—right in the middle of it!" said Pankley, squinting at him. "Looks like a small servey, or a large gooseberry!"

"Why, what?" Jimmy Silver passed his hand over his face, but felt nothing out of the usual there.

"By Jove!" said Pankley, in astonishment. "It's all right, Silver! My mistake. Only your nose."

"Why, you silly ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bagshot trio. "Only your nose, Silver! Didn't recognise it at first as a nose!"

"Sniff those silly asses!" said Jimmy Silver. "Why, what are you cackling at?" he added, glaring at his comrades.

"Oh, nothing!" grinned Lovell. "We'll soon shift 'em!"

"Here, mind what you're at!" roared Pankley, as Jimmy Silver seized his ankles. "Leggo! Why, TB—Oh, my hat! Yew-ow-ow!"

Pankley slid over the stile and alighted gently on his head in a patch of mud. Poole and Pater joined him there.

The Fictical Four vaulted over the stile and walked on, leaving the Bagshot junction to sort themselves out.

"Why, the chocky bouncers are after us!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, looking back from the other side of the field and seeing the three Bagshot junction in hot pursuit.

"Let 'em come up!" said Lovell. "We'll soon make 'em tired of chasing us!"

"Give 'em a run for it," said Jimmy Silver. "Old Kinked has started already. No time to waste on them."

"Look here, I'm not going to run away from Bagshot bouncers!"

"Bats! Follow your leader, we can lick them any time."

Jimmy Silver started, and his comrades followed him, though reluctantly. They didn't like turning their backs on the enemy. But Jimmy Silver was the acknowledged leader of the Fictical Four.

"Yah! Stop! Fanks!" shouted Pankley.

Even that did not move Jimmy Silver. He kept on a steady run, and his comrades kept on with him.

The Bagshot junction, much surprised to see four fellows running from them, chased them at top speed across the fields. But the Rookwooders kept well ahead, and reached Downslope Farm fifty yards in front of their pursuers.

Jimmy Silver paused in the doorway of the farmhouse to kiss his hand at the pursuers, and then the Fictical Four went in.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mistaken Identity.

"THIS is something like!" remarked Jimmy Silver. A quiet dusky room, with little diamond-paned windows looking out on a wide stretch of orchard and cornfield. A table covered with a spotless cloth, and the whitest of bread, the freshest of eggs, the purr of butter, and the heat of home-made jam. It was really something like!

The stout, good-tempered farmer's wife brought in the tea. Jimmy Silver's face wore an expression of great satisfaction. Lovell and Raly and Newcome were not looking so satisfied. They did not like having run away from the Bagshot bouncers.

Outside the farmhouse, Pankley & Co. had come to a

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A TYRANT HEADMASTER CAUSED—

THE GREAT BARRING-OUT AT ROOKWOOD

THE French Revolution of 1789 proved infectious, for it led to acts of lawlessness in other parts of the globe. In that memorable year, Rookwood School was the scene of a great rebellion, or "barring-out."

There have been upheavals at Rookwood before and since, but none can compare with the Great Rebellion of 1789.

Those who have carefully studied the sequence of events which culminated in the Great Rebellion must confess to a sinking sympathy with the rebels. They had a grievance, and a just grievance. It was wrong of them, certainly, to cast law and order to the winds; to barricade themselves in the building; and to defy all efforts to dislodge them; but they had every excuse for adopting these drastic methods. The Headmaster of that period—Dr. Lamb—was not nearly such a docile person as his name might suggest. He was a tyrant of the worst type. Rookwood had long groined under his iron rule. He wielded the birch-rod far too freely; he was hard and cruel; and he had no sympathy with boys.

At that time the Modern Side had not been built; and it was the Classical Side, or School House, which the Rookwood rebels successfully held against the onslaughts of the enemy. The Head, the masters, and the prefects were "barred out," and their frantic efforts to gain admittance proved futile. Ladders were reared against the walls only to be dashed down by the rebels. Attempts to batter down the doors were repulsed by heavy fire—and water—from above. The rebels were "top dogs," and they remained masters of the situation throughout.

The rebellion was brought to an end by the intervention of one of the school governors, Sir John Darring. This worthy gentleman made a thorough investigation of the facts, and came to the conclusion that Dr. Lamb was not a fit and proper person to have charge of Rookwood. The tyrant was turned out of office; the rebellion ceased; and Rookwood resumed the even tenor of its way.



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hark. They could not very well carry the war into the farmhouse.

"Everything you want, young gentlemen?" asked Mrs. Tootle.

"Yes, thanks!" said Jimmy Silver. "This is something like. What are you fellows looking grumpy about?"

"What have we run away from those boundaries for?" demanded Lovell.

"Three more cups, now I come to think of it, Mrs. Tootle," said Jimmy Silver, subsiding; and his comrades stared.

"Yes, Master Silver."

"What's the little game?" jellied Lovell.

"We're going to ask our friends outside to tea."

"Ask 'em to tea!" said Lovell sulkily.

"Certainly!"

"What for?" howled Raby.

"Because Herr Kinkel is such a short-sighted old chap."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Which?"

"Lend it to your Uncle Jimmy," said Silver reassuringly. "You know I've got the brains of the firm."

"You've got the tact!" growled Lovell. "And the cheek! And the neck!"

Jimmy Silver stepped to the open window. He waved his hand to the three Bagshot juniors outside.

"You fellows looking for anybody?" he called out.

"Yah! Fank!" bawled Porter.

"How would you like some tea?"

"What?"

"Our treat!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, my hat!" said Pankley, in astonishment. "What's the little game?"

"Let us be peaceful on this pleasant afternoon, my young friends," said Jimmy Silver. "Little birds in their nests should agree, for if they do not they would fall out."

"Oh, come off!" said Pankley. "Still, we'll come and have tea, if you like. I'd rather have tea than a soap."

"Trot in!"

Fankley & Co. came in, looking very dubious. They half-suspected that Jimmy Silver had some little trap ready for them.

But Jimmy was bluntness itself. Lovell and Raby and Newcome, understanding that their leader was scheming a scheme, though they could not guess what it was, played up to him loyally, and primed as cordially as they could at the Bagshot boundaries.

The festive board was graced by an additional cake and three more cups and saucers, and the Bagshot fellows sat down.

"File in!" said Jimmy Silver hopefully.

"Oh, go it!" said Lovell.

"Jolly glad—ahunt!—to see you at the festive board!"

Pankley & Co. went in cheerfully. The handsome and substantial tea in the farmhouse was better than a wrap any day.

But they could not help feeling surprised at this hospitality from the Brookwood juniors, whom they had perished with slaughterous intentions.

However, they travelled at a great rate through new-laid eggs and muffins and cake and jam and tea. Jimmy Silver was politeness itself. He listened sympathetically when Pankley related that a crowd of Bagshot fellows were laid up with influenza.

He expressed a polite hope that Pankley wouldn't catch it, and all the time he had one keen eye on the window, and he did not fail to spot a fat and ponderous form that, when tea was nearly over, came lumbering across the fields towards the farmhouse.

Herr Kinkel was arriving.

His fat face was streaming with perspiration after his long walk in the sun, and his brow was thunderous with rage. He had a stick in his hand, and every now and then he switched it through the air. It was evident that when Herr Kinkel caught those chaotic juniors, he would not be content with merely spoiling their little tea-party and marching them back in disgrace to Brookwood. Jimmy Silver had foreseen that; he knew Herr Kinkel's temper.

Silver rose abruptly to his feet.

"Time we were off," he remarked. "Don't you fellows hurry, but we've got to clear. See you again some day, if you like, Panky."

"Well, I'll finish this cake, if you don't mind," said Pankley. "What are you fellows clearing off for? It's jolly comfy here, and nice and shady after the sun."

"I'm not going yet," said Panky.

"No need to," said Jimmy Silver. "But we've got to; time's up for us. Come on, you chaps. I'll settle with Mrs. Tootle as we go out. Ta-ta, Panky!"

"Ta-ta! Likk you next time we see you!" said Pankley!

"Thanks! Ta-ta!"

The Festive Four went out into the old flagged passage, leaving the Bagshot trio still piling heartily into that substantial tea. There was still plenty on the table, and Pankley & Co. were not inclined to hurry themselves. In the farmhouse kitchen Jimmy Silver found Mrs. Tootle, and settled for seven teas.

"We'll go out this way, as we're here," said Jimmy Silver. "Good-afternoon, ma'am!"

And the Festive Four passed out of the farmhouse by the back door.

"Now, you berthing idiot, tell us what it's all about!" breathed Lovell. "You've run away from the Bagshot boundaries, and you've stood 'em a spanking tea, and you've dragged us away before we've finished. Now, what's the little game? Sharp, before we bounce you bald-headed!"

"Follow your uncle," said Jimmy Silver, "and keep in cover!"

"What for, indeed?"

"Because Kinkel's only a dozen yards away!"

"Well, we don't care for Kinkel now!"

"Oh, sharp up and follow your leader!"

Jimmy Silver, keeping under cover of the outbuildings, reached a spot where the juniors could watch the front door of the farmhouse under cover of a mass of raspberry canes. His puzzled chums followed suit.

Herr Kinkel was very close at hand now. He halted a minute later outside the open doorway, breathing like a



Bulkiness of the Sixth — Captain of Brookwood.



grampus. The Classical Four were within a dozen yards of him, behind the bushes, and they could hear his tortuous breathing. They grinned as they watched his angry, streaming face.

Bang!

Herr Kinkel's stick knocked loudly on the door. Mrs. Tootle came along the passage through the house. The good old lady looked in surprise at the hot and perspiring German. She was not acquainted with the German master of *Bookwood*.

"Dose peeps are here, isn't it, madam?" said Herr Kinkel.

"Yes, there are some boys in my parlour," said Mrs. Tootle, in wonder. "They are having tea. Are you their master?"

"Ja, ja, I am deir master, and to look for dem I have gorn."

Herr Kinkel strode into the house. His fat hand closed tightly on his heavy cane. Herr Kinkel was on the warpath. He rolled in at the open door of the dusky little parlour. Three juniors who were seated round the table stared at him. The Raghob juniors knew Herr Kinkel by sight.

"Ach! Dem I find you!" shouted Herr Kinkel.

The sudden change from the brilliant sunlight to the dusky parlour was blinding. And Herr Kinkel, as Silver had remarked, was a very short-sighted gentleman. He hadn't the slightest doubt in his mind that he had found the bees he was looking for. If he had passed a minute

Splish! "Aah, Gott!" The plank slipped from the stone and Herr Kinkel lost his balance and toppled down into the water.

or two, he would probably have discovered his mistake. But he didn't pass a minute or two. He didn't pass a second. Not a decimal fraction of a second. He rushed at the festering juniors like a very savage elephant, and grasped the nearest of them by the collar, and dragged him off his chair.

"Hallo!" roared Pankley, who was the unfortunate victim. "My hat! Oh! Help! Yah!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Herr Kinkel's cane came down across the unhappy Pankley's trousers as if he were beating a carpet. Pankley's wild yells might have been heard halfway to *Bookwood*.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Lowell, almost rolling over in the raspberry-cases in his delight. You hear that? You hear? Ha, ha! You hear Kinkel's taken those Raghob boundaries for us! Oh, my sainted aunt!"

"Victrol, shabby young rascal—"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooooh! Yah! Help! He's mad! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Platonic Four.

They rushed round the house to the parlour window. They peeped in. Herr Kinkel had no eyes for the window. He pushed the roaring Pankley aside, and seized the next fellow. The next fellow was Poole. Poole made a

wild attempt to dodge the German. But the German was not to be dodged. His heavy grasp descended upon Poole, and his cane rose and fell.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Yes, yes, yow! He's mad! Drugginoff!" shrieked Poole.

"Positly pad poy! I bunshee you, ha'n't it?"

"Yakoo!"

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"You makes me vult mit me ofte milch and milch, nicht war! You shoeks me! Ah! Mein Gott! But I bunshee you, den!"

"Yakoo! Leggs!"

Herr Kinkel buried the yelling Poole aside, and made a break for Putter. Putter dodged wildly round the table, shouting for help.

"Guns here!" roared Herr Kinkel.

"Keep off! Help! He's mad—a mad German! Help!"

"Vick is tat poy Silver? I see him not!" Herr Kinkel blinked round furiously. "Vore is he? Dese was first!"

"Yes! Ow, ow!"

"Deary me! What ever is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Tootle, in the doorway. "What ever is happening?"

"This mad old idiot has pitched into us!" shrieked Pankley, almost sobbing with rage. "Why, I'll—I—I—I'm not going to stand it! You come near me again, you old ruffian, and I'll brain you with the togs!"

And Pankley clutched up the togs, and stood on the defensive.

"Madam, I am sorry I startle you," gasped Herr Kinkel, blinking at the amazed Mrs. Tootle. "Dese vicked poyz run away and break detention, and I gun—"

"You silly old idiot," roared Pankley, "we haven't broken detention; and if we did, it's not your business!"

"Vat!"

"You thumping old champ!" yelled Poole. "You come near me again, that's all! You come here if you want a jar-jar on your silly napper!"

"Yes! You speaks to me like tat! I know not your voice!" Herr Kinkel blinked at the jokers through his spectacles, for the first time a doubt coming into his mind. "Mein Gott! You are not Silver! You are not Lovell! Who are you?"

"We belong to Ragshot, you shrieking old champ!" roared Pankley. "Did you think we were Rookwood fellows? We wouldn't be found dead in Rookwood! Ow! My back. We'll jolly well tell our headmaster about this, and Dr. Chisholm will hear of it, I can tell you!"

"Mein Gott! They are not in poyz!" gasped Herr Kinkel dazedly. "Now dat I see dem, I see tat dey are not in poyz! Vy for you shall not tell me tat you are not dese poyz for vick I gun, ha'n't it?"

"You silly old jowser, how should we know you were looking for them?" boomed Pankley. "How dare you lay hands on us?"

Pankley did not measure his words.

"Mein Gott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a wild yell from outside the window.

Herr Kinkel spun round and blinked at the window. Four grinning faces were framed in it.

"Ach! Here are dese poyz—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Herr Kinkel made a wild rush for the door, gripping

his cane. Pankley caught him with a tart on the ear as he rushed out, but Herr Kinkel did not even heed. He did not stay to apologise for his mistake, which had had such painful results for the Ragshot jokers. He was only thinking of getting at Jimmy Silver & Co. But those merry youths were already on the run.

In the farmhouse parlour Pankley and Poole grunted in chorus. They were feeling hurt. But worse than the damage done was the knowledge that flashed into their minds that the astute Jimmy Silver had played this on them.

"Oh, that deep head!" growled Pankley. "Oh! Ow! He knew that blind old owl was after him, and knew the silly old cuckoo wouldn't stop to talk! He played this on us! The astute rascal! Ow! I hope that fat ass catches him—yow!—and skins him alive! Woe!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Very Wet!

"NO rest for the wicked!" sighed Jimmy Silver as the Fiscal flew on.

They were laughing almost too much to run. The Co. understood at last that deep and deadly scheme of their astute leader, and they could have hugged Jimmy Silver.

"'Til you stop me you?" roared Herr Kinkel.

The grinning jokers looked back. The German master came raging out of the farmhouse, brandishing his cane. His fat face was crimson.

With the light and graceful motion of an elephant or a rhinoceros, Herr Kinkel came thundering on the track of the Fiscal Four.

They did not stop.

Herr Kinkel did not look safe at close quarters. But they did not start themselves. They did not need to

"Guns down!" followed Herr Kinkel. "Mein Gott, I speaks every gun in your pocket!" "Nix afternoon, ah!" said Jimmy Silver, with friendly salutation.



exert themselves to keep at a safe distance from the fat and unwieldy German master. They slacked down to encourage him. They were willing to give him as long a run as he liked.

"Gum pack mit you!" roared Herr Kinkel. "I breaks dery pore in your poody, isn't it?"

"Not good enough," murmured Jimmy Silver. "Do you chaps want dery pore in your posties broken?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ack, you young rascals! Will you gum pack mit you?" panted Herr Kinkel.

He laboured on after the chaise jantons.

The Fiscal Four kept ahead. They plunged cheerfully across a ploughed field, and the fat German laboured after them, breathing like a grampus, and streaming with perspiration.

"I say," murmured Ruby, "we—we shall get into a row with Bootles, you know—chaps are supposed to stop when they're told—"

"We're afraid," said Jimmy Silver.

"Eh?"

"After what happened at the farmhouse, we are in a state of terror, and dare not come near Herr Kinkel."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lowell. "That will do for Bootles."

"We fear that he is intoxicated, or has gone mad—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver looked back. Herr Kinkel was slacking down. He was not in much condition for a stern chase.

"Easy does it," said Jimmy Silver. "Encourage him a bit. Don't shake him off. This way, my infants, and may day does it."

Herr Kinkel had been about to abandon the hopeless chase, but as the jantons slacked down, his hopes were renewed. He fancied they were falling. And he was too

hurlous to think of postponing his vengeance, if he could help it. He began to gain, and his grip closed more tightly on his heavy case. If only he could get within hitting distance of the Fiscal Four, he would show them what he thought of them.

The running jantons disappeared into a grove of trees, Jimmy Silver leading the way. But they were running with an artistically laboured motion, and Herr Kinkel had the impression that they were at their last gasp. He came lumbering on, puffing and blowing.

A hundred yards through the grove was the bank of a little stream. The little stream was crossed by a single plank. It was an ancient plank, resting loosely on a couple of large stones, and about ten feet long. The jantons crossed it in single file, and Jimmy Silver called a halt.

"I say, we don't want him to catch us," said Lowell. "I don't like his looks."

"Oh, give him a chance!"

Silver bent over the plank, and pulled it towards him. He pulled it till the other end rested only by a fraction on the stone. His chaps gasped with merriment as they watched him. As soon as a foot was set on the plank now, it would slide infallibly from the stone—with disastrous results to the person standing on it.

"Come on!" said Jimmy.

They did not run now. They took cover in the trees, and watched. Through the trees on the other side of the brook Herr Kinkel came in sight at last, puffing and panting. He did not pause at the plank. He had crossed that plank before, and he had no doubts about it. He came on the plank at a run.

The jantons held their breath.

Splash!

"Ach, kinned!"

"Oh, crumb!"

The heavy foot of the master clamping on the plank drove it from the stone, and it slipped into the water. Herr Kinkel made a wild bound as the plank slid from under his feet. He came down into the water in a sitting posture. The water was shallow, it rose only to Herr Kinkel's neck as he sat in it. But it was very wet.

The Fiscal Four hugged themselves with glee.

Wild and weird sounds came from Herr Kinkel. His fat chin went under the water as he wriggled, and his mouth filled. It was a large mouth. Jimmy Silver said afterwards that the level of the water went down when Herr Kinkel's mouth was filled. But that was an exaggeration. Herr Kinkel swallowed enough, however, to cause him to emit wild gasps and gurples. He scrambled up, streaming with water, uttering spluttering noises and Gey German words, for which a dictionary would have been searched in vain.

"Oh, my hat!" moaned Lowell. "What a day out for Kinkel! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Ganzrecht! Mein Gott! Ganzerrrrr!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

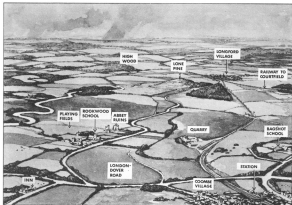
"Yammer! Ganzerrrrr!"

"Oh, come on!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "I shall have a fit if I stay here and look at him. I've got a pain in my ribs already."

Herr Kinkel was scrambling out of the brook on the near side, still uttering wild and whirling words. The Fiscal Four trotted on. They felt that they were done with Herr Kinkel for that afternoon. But they were mistaken! Herr Kinkel was a stickler.

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THIS IS ROOKWOOD

Headmaster: The Rev. Henry Chubb, D.D., M.A.

The origin of Rookwood dates back as far as 1117. It was, as far as can be traced, a baron's castle, snugly hidden by a belt of trees containing a tremendous rookery. Much of this wood has now been cut down, but a small part is left in Little Quad, called "The Rookery." There is still a connection between the ruined Abbey and the ancient Classical Side, which has played quite a part in some of the stories. The Madras House is only just twenty years old, and supplied with all the most modern fixtures, including central heating, swimming pool and the best work in science laboratories.



LEADING LIGHTS OF THE FOURTH FORM

Form-master: Maurice Scott, M.A.

Name	Age	Height	Weight	Study
	Yrs. Mths.	ft. Ins.	lb. Ins.	No.
CLASSICAL				
Silver, James	15 4	5 4	10	10
Conroy, Kit (The Cornstalk)	15 0	5 5	10	10
Dickinson, Sidney	15 0	5 5	10	10
Evry, R.E.	15 4	5 5	10	10
Evans, Peter (Junior)	15 0	5 5	10	10
Gwyn, Clifton	15 4	5 5	10	10
Green, Edwin (Diddy, "Pussy")	15 4	5 5	10	10
Higgs, Alfred	15 6	5 4	10	10
Hucker, Ernest	15 1	5 4	10	10
Jones, Sidney Herbert (Junior)	15 3	5 4	10	10
Lewis, Mark	15 7	5 4	10	10
Lowell, Arthur Edward	15 6	5 4	10	10
Maryington, Valentine	15 9	5 4	10	10
Mullis, Reginald	15 0	5 4	10	10
Murphy, Arthur	15 1	5 4	10	10
Oswald, Richard	15 4	5 4	10	10
Poss, Charles	15 5	5 4	10	10
Peak, Cyril	15 4	5 4	10	10
Rees, George	15 7	5 4	10	10
Ransom, Tom	15 7	5 4	10	10
Topham, Harold	15 4	5 4	10	10
Townsend, Cyril	15 5	5 4	10	10
Van Ryn, Richard	15 11	5 4	10	10
MODERN				
Cook, Tommy	15 1	5 5	10	10
Cuffy, Charles	15 1	5 5	10	10
Dodd, Tommy	15 4	5 5	10	10
Dooly, Tommy	15 4	5 5	10	10
Lacy, Walter	15 4	5 5	10	10
Lipson, Albert	15 8	5 5	10	10
McCarty, Richard	15 9	5 5	10	10
Travis, James Frederick	15 4	5 5	10	10
Wadeley, Robert	15 5	5 5	10	10

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Run Down!

"MY only hat!"

Jimmy Silver uttered that ejaculation in surprise as he looked back when the bear had crossed a field. From the wood behind them a dripping figure had emerged, still running. He was soaked with water. He speared out water and mud at every step. But, like Charley's celebrated aunt, he was still running. Instead of heading for Rockwood to get a change of clothes, which he needed badly, he was heading for the Fistical Feast.

"Blessed if he isn't sticking it out!" exclaimed Lovell admiringly. "Never thought he had so much grit. These Germans are obstinate beggars."

The Fistical Four quickened their pace. They had dropped into a gutter, but it was evidently not safe to summer.

They were heading for Coombe, to quench their thirst with ginger-pop at Mrs. Wick's little shop in the village. They broke into a trot, and after them came the infuriated German master, speckling.

"Must be off his dot," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "If I were in that state, I should head for home and a tub down, but let him rip."

Herr Kinkel brandished his cane in the air as he saw the jankers looking back.

"Snap out you!" he bellowed.

"This way," murmured Jimmy Silver.

He cut across the field towards a hayrack, and his chains followed. On one side part of the hay had recently been removed, and it was easy to climb the rick.

"I say, he'll corner us here," said Lovell, in alarm.

"Let him corner us," said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"Follow your uncle."

Jimmy Silver clambered up, and his chains followed him. They sat on the top of the rick and looked back at the German. Herr Kinkel's wet and crimson face lighted up with furious satisfaction as he saw them halted at last. He came gasping up to the hayrick and shook his stick at the four jankers above.

"Guns down!" he bellowed.

Jimmy Silver raised his cap politely.

"Good-afternoon, Herr Kinkel!"

"Guns down!"

"You look wet, sir," said Jimmy Silver, with friendly solicitude. "I hope you have not been falling into any water."

"Mein Gott, I speak glory gone in your puddles!"

"Nice afternoon, sir!"

"Yicked pay! I speak glory gone when I vander gets hold of you! I guess up and fetches you, isn't it?"

And the fat German started to climb the rick. It was not so easy for him as for the active jankers. He had more weight to carry, and he was not much of a climber. But by slow degrees he came up, panting and puffing.

"Time we did," murmured Jimmy Silver.

He slid across the rick and held on by his hands, and dropped lightly into the field on the other side. It was rather a long drop, but he alighted safely, and his chains followed him, one after another.

They glanced cheerfully away from the rick. At a distance of about fifty yards they looked back. On top of the hayrick, outlined against the blue sky, was a fat and furious figure brandishing a stick.

"Poor old Kinkel, always getting left in the lurch," sighed Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Herr Kinkel, in overpowering wrath and disappointment, brandished his stick manly on top of the hayrack.

Jimmy Silver and Co. broke into a trot. They were led up with Herr Kinkel, and they wanted some ginger-beer. They disappeared from the field at a pace that gave the German master no chance, if he took up the chase again.

The first halt was in the tuckshop in Coombe. There they called for ginger-pop and quenched their thirst, and cheerfully drank confusion to Herr Kinkel. But they kept one eye on the street.

It was about half an hour later that Herr Kinkel here in sight. He was proceeding at a walk now. He hadn't a run left in him.

Jimmy Silver threw some money on the counter.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Wick! If a fat German inquires after us, give him our love!"

The Fistical Four trotted out of the tuckshop. Herr Kinkel gave a bellow of wrath at the sight of them, and broke into a feeble run. The Fistical Four dodged him round the railway station, and trotted away into the lane towards Rockwood. It was time to get within gates.

Jimmy Silver looked back in the lane.

Herr Kinkel came lumbering out of the village. After him came about a dozen village archies, yelling. The bear had forgotten his plight when he ventured into the village, but the sight of a fat German, hatless, speckling with water, and drenched with mud, with wet hair plastered round his bald crown, had naturally excited the village youths.

"Oh, what a day out for Kinkel!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Let's get out of this! I'm not going home along with that disreputable old ruffian and his gang of hoodlums!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fistical Four put on speed and vanished. But Herr Kinkel couldn't get on speed, he had no speed left. He was pumped.

Not till they reached the gates of Rockwood did the cherry archies leave him, and then they gave him a final yell before they departed. Old Mack, the porter, came out in a state of great embarrassment, and he almost fell down at the sight of Herr Kinkel.

"My hay!" said old Mack. "Wharret-marrer with you, sir? 'Ad a baccident—a bad baccident?"

"Dose poyd!" bellowed Herr Kinkel wildly. "Dose poyd! Mein Gott!"

The porter backed away. Herr Kinkel's look was wild, and his eyes were gleaming. Old Mack did not like his looks.

"Yes, yes, sir, it's all right," he said soothingly. "They will do it, the young huns, when a gentleman 'as 'ad a drop too much. Better go in quietly, sir, afore the 'Ead sees you!"

Herr Kinkelaved. It was too much, after all his sufferings, to be supposed by this idiotic porter to be intoxicated.

"Danankopf!" he roared. "Fool of a man! I have nothing trinket!"

"For goodness' sake, sir, be calm!" urged old Mack, in alarm. "You'll 'ave a crowd round, and the 'Ead—Oh, my eye!"

Old Mack dodged into his lodge, and slammed the door and locked it. Herr Kinkel looked distinctly dangerous.

Herr Kinkel shook a fat and muddy fist at the locked door, and stamped on towards the School House, with

various eyes turning on him from all sides.

Outside the School House the Physical Four were chatting cheerfully with Hooker and Jones minor of the Fourth. The German master gave a furious glare as he caught sight of them, and rushed at them.

The juniors scattered in alarm. Hooker and Jones simply bolted. Herr Kinkel looked like a dangerous lunatic at that moment.

The Physical Four rushed into the House. Herr Kinkel stamped in after them.

"Stop mit you! Now I punish you!" he roared.

"Wahler, O King?" murmured Raby. "The study?"

"No, Bookies' study," whispered Jimmy Silver.

The Co. rejoiced in the sagacity of their chief. They made a run for their Form-master's study. Herr Kinkel was close behind now, brandishing his stick. Without even stopping to knock, Jimmy Silver hurried open the door of Mr. Bookies' study, and the Physical Four rushed in.

Mr. Bookies leaped up from his table in startled amazement.

"What—what—what—" he exclaimed.

"Save us, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver dramatically.

"What—what!"

"Save us!" yelled the Physical Four, in chorus.

And they dodged behind Mr. Bookies as the partner, who had run them to earth at last, came thundering in at the study doorway.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Bookies Protects the Innocent.

MR. BOOKIES stared at Herr Kinkel, his eyes almost starting through his spectacles.

Never had so fearsome an object burst into Mr. Bookies' study.

With wet and tangled hair matted with mud and dirt, crimson with rage, panting for breath, dripping with water from head to foot, Herr Kinkel presented an extraordinary appearance.

"What—what!" said Mr. Bookies feebly.

"Ach! Vere are dey?"

"Herr Kinkel! It—is that you, Herr Kinkel?"

"Ach! Ja, ja! Dose boys—I bumsies dem—"

"Save us, sir!" shrieked Jimmy Silver, with a terrified accent, which showed that he was a born actor, as the German master strode forward. "He's mad, sir. Save our lives!"

"Help!" shrieked Lovell.

"Spare our lives!" screamed Raby.

"Mince!" wailed Newcome.

"Silence! Silence!" cried Mr. Bookies. "Goodness gracious! Stand back, Herr Kinkel! Do you hear me, sir? Do you venture to use violence towards these boys in my study, Herr Kinkel?" thundered Mr. Bookies.

"Ach! I think—"

"Stand back! Boys, there is nothing to fear. Calm yourselves. I will protect you. Stay calm yourselves!"

"He's dangerous, sir!" sobbed Jimmy Silver. "He's been chasing us all the afternoon, and we barely escaped with our lives!"

"Nonsense—nonsense, Silver! You are mistaken, I am sure!"

"He attacked some of the Ragboat boys violently, sir, and we heard them shrieking for help!" moaned Jimmy Silver. "Keep him off, sir! Oh, keep him off!"

"Herr Kinkel, stand back, or I will call for help!" shouted Mr. Bookies, confronting the German master with flashing eyes. "How dare you? I repeat, sir, how dare you? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

Herr Kinkel backed away, in spite of himself. He was in a towering rage, but he had some energy left not to attack the Form-master.

"Now, tell me what this means, Herr Kinkel!" said Mr. Bookies, who was very angry himself. "What do you mean by chasing these boys into my study, and frightening them in this manner?"

"Ach! I tell you, Mr. Bookies. Dey are shorky young rascals. Dey speaks detestation, and I goss after dem!"

"We didn't break detention sir!" wailed Jimmy Silver.

"We didn't go till Ragboat came and told us, sir!"

"Ach!"

"You appear to have made a mistake in the first place, Herr Kinkel," said Mr. Bookies severely. "These boys had permission to leave their Form-room when they had written a hundred lines each. Have you written your lines, my boys?"

"Yes, sir."

"But—but—but—" gasped Herr Kinkel. "It was till six o'clock. Mit mein own ears I shall hear you tell dem—"

"That was recited, and I repeated a preface to tell them so. But if you were under the impression, Herr Kinkel, that these boys had broken detention, you could have mentioned the matter to me, and if they had been guilty I should have punished them. You had no right to take the matter into your own hands. You are a master on the Modern side at this school, sir, and have no authority whatever over Classical pupils. How dare you undertake to punish boys in my Form—to inflict corporal punishment with your own hands?" exclaimed Mr. Bookies indignantly.

"Ach! I think tar try preak pounds, and I goss after dem to fetch dem back," said Herr Kinkel. "Dem dey plays a trick on me. I think azer poys in a room zat is all in shadow—I whacks dem in mistake—"

"A very needless and foolish mistake," said Mr. Bookies. "Their headmaster will probably make a complaint to Dr. Childston on the subject. I should certainly do so in his place."

"Vy dey not stop vvas I call to dem, heis?" roared Herr Kinkel. "I think tar I am a master, and tar poys shall obey me!"

"How could we stop when he was chasing us with a big stick, sir?" sobbed Jimmy Silver, still trembling. "And we saw him assault the Ragboat boys, sir—and they hadn't done anything. They were sitting quietly having their tea when he rushed in and attacked them. After that we—"

"I see tar dose poys are regally young peasts—" roared Herr Kinkel.

"Moderate your language, sir, in this room, if you please!" rapped out Mr. Bookies. "I am not accustomed to listening to bullying, as you will find."

"Mein Gott!"



LOVELL says: "Just to remind you that Jimmy Silver, Newcome, Raby and myself are known as 'The Physical Four' at Ragboat. We are having an outing and are always having a few rounds in the gym. Tubby Houghton wishes to state that the only sort of rounds he thinks are rounds of shabby battered east!



"Save us, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, as the Fictical Four rushed across Mr. Bootles' study. "What—what!" The master stood up in startled amazement as Herr Kinkel appeared in the doorway.

"You will now kindly quit my study, sir!"

"Dose boys——" muttered Herr Kinkel. "After all din dey shall be punished."

"There is nothing whatever to punish these boys for," said Mr. Bootles wily. "I am hardly likely to punish them for being imprisoned at your actions and your wild appearance, Herr Kinkel. Certainly they shall not be punished."

"Mein Gott!"

"You may go, my boys," said Mr. Bootles. "Herr Kinkel will not touch you. If he should do so, you are under my protection. But dismiss from your minds your fear that Herr Kinkel is insane. He is only evil—very evil."

The Fictical Four retreated out from behind Mr. Bootles. They passed round Herr Kinkel with great caution, keeping their faces towards him and backing to the door as if he were a wild animal that might spring at any moment. But Herr Kinkel did not move. He was quelled.

The Fictical Four reached the doorway, backed into the passage, and halted. What Mr. Bootles said to Herr Kinkel after that they never knew, but it was probably couched in very plain language.

The Fictical Four were away in the end study, where they lay on the carpet and roared.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, dear! Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the

Classical heroes in chorus. "Good old Bootles! Bootles is a brick! Did you see Kinkel's face? Oh, dear!"

The wild yells from the end study were heard along the passage, and Fourth-Formers came crowding in to hear what the diabolus was the master.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Townsend. "What's the matter with Kinkel? I've just seen him, and he looks as mad as a hatter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have you been pulling his leg?" demanded Topham.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ye howling gossoms! Tell us all about it, or we'll song you!" roared Flynn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fictical Four told their tale at last. And when it was told there was a howl of merriment from the Fourth. If Mr. Bootles had heard that roar he might have suspected that the sherry four had deliberately led Herr Kinkel a dance that afternoon, and that they had not been so alarmed as they appeared to be when they rushed into his study.

Fortunately, Mr. Bootles was not within hearing, so the Fourth howled with laughter to their hearts' content. And it was many days before the Fictical Four ceased to chuckle over the memory of that stern chase.

THE HERO OF CORUNNA

Like Greyfriars, St. Jim's also has its picture gallery and its heroes. The favourite picture here is of gallant Sir John Moore, the great general who fought Napoleon. This is the story of his last and famous battle at Corunna.

HOWEVER clever a general may be, he cannot win battles unless he has enough reinforcements and supplies. These cannot be sent to him unless his Government at home fully supports him and has confidence in him. Many generals, in the course of history, have lost battles because they have been let down by the Government at home.

When Napoleon was on the way to making himself lord of Europe he invaded Spain. His chief motive was to get command of the sea coasts of both Spain and Portugal so that he could have more chance of attacking the British Navy, which so often robbed him of supplies from overseas.

The Spaniards revolted against Napoleon and Portugal appealed for help, so the Government in London sent an army into Spain under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who later became the Duke of Wellington. Wellesley won several battles but there were politicians at home who didn't like him, so he was recalled.

The politicians thought it would be better to have several little armies operating in Spain instead of one large force, and Wellesley was therefore replaced by several generals. Among them was Sir John Moore.

The French had little trouble with most of the English commanders but Sir John Moore was different. His army was limited in size but he beat the French several times and came dangerously near to cutting the French communications with France.

Napoleon was alarmed and saw that his plans to conquer all Spain were in danger. "Moore," he said, "is the only General worthy to contend with me. I shall now move against him in person."

Napoleon took things into his own hands. He was swift and relentless. He put a stop to all actions elsewhere and concentrated the bulk of his forces in the attack on Sir John Moore. The odds against the English were tremendous, and it was the depth of winter.

Sir John Moore had no option but to retreat northwards to the nearest sea-port, which was Corunna. With great gallantry and skill, Moore got his army clear of the trap which Napoleon had planned and marched over the mountains to the coast.

But unexpected news came from Paris that made it necessary for Napoleon to return. He put his attacking army under the command of Marshal Soult, with Marshal Ney in support, and went back to Paris. He never entered Spain again.

There were some people who thought Moore should surrender with honour, seeing that it was winter and the odds were so heavy against him, but the General refused to listen. So the long march began over the mountains in the frost and snow, with the French harrying them and trying to defeat them.

The British arrived at Corunna, where the Fleet was waiting to embark them and take them home to England. It was like another Dunkirk! The French were eager to capture the whole army with all its cannon and supplies, but Moore beat them off, time and again.

Soult's plan was to capture Corunna before Moore could get his men away, but Moore turned at bay and the famous battle began. The French came as near to Corunna as the village of Elvina. It was their greatest effort.

Moore knew that unless he could drive them out of Elvina he would be overrun before he could embark his army. So he called up the 42nd Regiment—the Highlanders—afterwards known as the Black Watch, and led them personally in the assault on Elvina. His presence inspired the troops to tremendous deeds. Wherever Moore appeared the British soldiers were victorious. And so it was with the 42nd, as they drove the French out of Elvina.

It was the end of Soult's hopes. He withdrew his forces from the outskirts of Corunna. Moore had won—but during the thickest of the fight a round shot hurled him off his horse. In the moment of victory came disaster. Several officers carried him out of the fight and got him back to Corunna, but he died in the headquarters house. Before he died he knew that the French had been beaten. All the same, the French were likely to call up reinforcements and return to the attack so there was no time to lose. There was no time even to make a coffin. A working party from the 9th Regiment dug the grave during the night by the light of storm lanterns. Then, in the light of early dawn, they carried Sir John Moore to his last resting place. He wore his regimentals and was wrapped in a soldier's blanket, over which was his cloak.

Several officers gently lowered him into the grave by means of their long, crimson silk umbas. And there they left him while the embarkation proceeded.

The British army with most of their equipment got clear away, but that was not the end of the war in Spain, for Sir Arthur Wellesley was later sent through Portugal to Spain with a bigger army which eventually drove the French out of Spain and put an end to Napoleon's dreams.



LAST - BUT NOT LEAST!



Behold the Buster bird in flight,
The word'rous wingless Owl!
He's heard the prize
Is cake and pie —
He'll win, fair means or foul!

Although you think he'll never win,
Outpaced by every "Beast",
You can't deny,
As he flounders by —
Though last — he's never least!

CIRCUS BOSS BILLY



1. Wednesday afternoon is a half holiday at Gresham's, so you can guess how excited the boys were when they learnt that Tomson's Circus had come to Courtfield Wednesday morning. When the circus procession passed the gates, most of the boys decided to be at the opening.



2. So Buster lost his half-holiday. Instead of sailing out of gates to fun and freedom, he had two hundred lines to write. But if there was one thing Buster liked almost as well as writing, it was a circus. He was determined to slide out and see Tomson's Great Show, come what may.



3. The form-master's angry shouts only drove Buster on faster. But realisation of what he had done struck him at last. Quetch would come after him—but if he could disguise himself! Then he found some clothes by the river—even a false wig and moustache. He didn't stop to argue.



4. So as soon as the coast was clear, the Fat Owl scrambled through a window and dashed out on the road to Courtfield. Unfortunately, he was in such a hurry he didn't see the figure that appeared suddenly in front of him. Only after it had crashed to the ground did he recognise Mr. Quetch.



5. The disguise was perfect. Even when Quetch caught up with him and questioned him, the master did not recognise him. "Excuse me," said Quetch. "I am looking for a fat boy who is lurking in this wood. Have you seen him?" "Certainly not," said Buster, but he was glad to get away.



6. The disguise was perfect. Even when Quetch caught up with him and questioned him, the master did not recognise him. "Excuse me," said Quetch. "I am looking for a fat boy who is lurking in this wood. Have you seen him?" "Certainly not," said Buster, but he was glad to get away.



6. So Buster hurried on to the circus. He was wondering how to get in, seeing he had no money, when he was surprised to be saluted by the man at the gate. He didn't realize the clothes he had pinched in fact belonged to Mr. Tomsonic himself. This seemed like Buster's lucky day!



7. Buster's amazing luck continued. For once inside the circus, the ringmaster himself bowed him to a special seat and everyone was most polite. This was so unusual for Buster that he began to worry—until it dawned on him that everyone thought he was Mr. Tomsonic.



8. Buster chuckled to himself gleefully. This was wonderful! But then he saw a crowd of Crowdfairer boys and his fat heart missed a couple beats. When the ringmaster whispered to him that he was wanted outside, he jumped at the chance of slipping away before he was recognized.



9. It was the circus manager who wanted to see him and even he did not realize he was talking to an impostor. "The men are threatening to strike unless they get double wages, sir!" he said—and was shaken when "Mr. Tomsonic" said calmly: "Then pay them double!" and walked away.



10. Billy was thoroughly enjoying himself and he meant to make the most of it. He found the circus owner's caravan and soon made himself comfortable. Only one thing was needed now to make this a really tip-top half-holiday. Food! "Bring me lots of grub," he ordered. "I'm starving!"



11. Buster was soon tucking into a grand feed and he felt a happy glow when the circus staff all crowded round the door and cheered their generous "boss." Billy Buster was having a marvelous time—and for once people loved him. He didn't think about Quish at all!



13. But Mr. Quetch was thinking about Billy Bunter! Back at Greyfriars, the form-master had cut short "prep" so anxious was he to return his Bunter-band. The boys didn't mind at all and desk was falling as Mr. Quetch armed with torch and stick set out to run the missing fat boy to earth.



14. While Bunter was enjoying himself at the circus hardly thinking about the trouble building up for him, Mr. Quetch prowled through the woods. Suddenly, his torch-beam lit on a strange figure in a huddle. Thinking this must be an escaped lunatic, Quetch turned and fled.



15. It never occurred to Quetch that this was the real Tomsonio, the man whose name could clear up the mystery. At last the master's peepers widened down and he found himself at the circus. He arrived just as Mr. "Tomsonio" Bunter came out of the entrance—and still Quetch didn't recognize him!



16. At first sight of his form-master, Bunter was terrified, but seeing he was still unrecognized the Fat Owl played up easily. "Ah, you are still looking for that handsome young man, Bunter," he said. "I saw him in Fotherston's this afternoon when I was in Canterbury. Eh—that is—"



17. Bunter's confidence was slipping a little and when he saw Quetch frown and begin to look at him closely, he made a hurried excuse and scuttled away, pretending he had an urgent business call. "Crumbs, I'd better stop this lark and get back to school before Quetchy rumbles," he muttered.



18. Back along the road to Greyfriars, Bunter hurried. He had even forgotten he was still wearing Mr. Tomsonio's get-up—and a wild yell from in front of him made him jump with terror. "Thiel—villain!" yelled a voice. "Give me my clothes!" "Crickley! It's Tomsonio!" gasped Bunter.



19. Turning about he hared back towards the circus with Tomsonio after him. Somehow he managed to lose his pursuer among the trees, and reaching the circus he flopped down on the steps of the owner's caravan. The man crowded round anxiously. "Are you sick, Guy?!" they asked.



20. Buster was sick—with fear mostly. "I'm feeling faint," he gasped. "I need food, plates of it, or I'll probably die of exhaustion." Only food could take his mind off his mounting difficulties—but the circus manager was growing more and more puzzled by his best's strange behavior.



21. With the food tucked away safely beneath his waistcoat, Buster left better and decided to hide away in the caravan. But hardly was he inside, when there was a shout from the door. A furious Tomsonio had arrived home at last and was demanding vengeance. Buster yelled for help!



22. Not realising this strange looking figure wearing only a towel was their real boss, the circus fench hauled him away. They had just had their money doubled and they were anxious to show their loyalty to the one they thought was Tomsonio. "We'll soon look this fanatic up," they cried.



23. Buster tottered back into the caravan and collapsed into a chair. He was exhausted and when Mr. Quitch came upon him not long after, he was fast asleep. But this time, the master of the Remove was not taken in. He whipped off the wig and moustache uncovering the fat familiar features.



24. Buster's big adventure as a circus boss was over. With the real Tomsonio released and calmed down, Quitch hauled the Fat Owl back to Greffriers. Great was the Quitch wrath and as the man rose and fell on the Biggest Schoolboy Postmaster Alive, jells and jaroals school through Greffriers.

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Jolly lucky wasn't it?" said Buster. "Quelch would have wanted to know, if he'd seen that fat on the envelope!"

"You bagged this letter without Quelch knowing!" gasped Nugent.

"It's my letter, ain't it?" grunted Buster.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've done a lot for you fellows, one way or another!" said Buster bitterly. "I don't expect gratitude. I know you too well! But you can't let me down over this! If that beast phones Quelch this afternoon I'm done for! I've got to bar him off! Can't you fellows see that?"

"And what business is it of ours?" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"Easy does it, old chap," said Bob. "No good expecting Buster to have any sense. Still, I don't see what can be done—except that he mustn't give that blackmailing brute anything."

"He wants five pounds to keep it dark," said Buster. "But a pound or two on account would keep him quiet, very likely! How much can you fellows lend me?"

"Not a bad threepenny-bit to give to thatascal!" answered Bob.

"You'd rather see me sacked?" sneered Buster.

"Much rather, old fat man."

"The unfairness is terrific."

"Well, of all the brats!" gasped Buster. "Look here, have a little sense! You could borrow a few quid off Muzzy, Wharton——"

"I'll watch it!"

"And Sniffy would lend you something—he wouldn't lend me anything, because he makes out that I don't squeak—but he would lend you something if you asked him very civilly——"

"Anybody feel like coughing very civilly from Sniffy?" asked Bob. "Don't all speak at once!"

"I'm not asking you to give it to me!" said Buster scornfully. "I shall settle up every expense when my postal order comes. You know that."

"That's a tip!" said Bob. "Ask Squidge to wait till your postal order comes! He will have died of old age by then, and you'll be done with him."

"Blast! Are you fellows going to play up, or ain't you?" roared Buster.

"You harbling fathead!" said Harry. "There's only one thing to be done! Go and tell Quelch the whole thing——"

"Don't be a silly ass, if you can help it!" howled Buster.

"If I had my pockets stuffed with banknotes, I wouldn't give you expense to hand to a blackmailer!" answered Harry. "If you had the sense of a white rabbit, you'd know that giving such a man anything would only make him ask for more."

"Well, look here," said Buster, "there may be another way out. You fellows make out that you were at Highcliffe the day you went to the Three Fishes——"

"We were at Highcliffe, you fooling fathead!"

"Will the fellows there say so if they're asked?"

"Of course they will, ass!"

"That's all right then," said Buster. "Suppose I went to Highcliffe with you that afternoon——"

"You didn't!"

"For goodness' sake don't keep on wandering from the point. Suppose, when Squidge tells Quelch, you fellows all bear witness that I went to Highcliffe with you that afternoon? That will put the kybock on Squidge!"

"Wha-aa-ah?"

"If you fellows swear that I was at Highcliffe that afternoon——"

Buster got no further.

At that point Johnny Bull's boot was introduced into the discussion! There was a thud and a bump and a roar.

continued over page

The BELLS of GREYFRIARS!

By DICK FENFOLD



Hear the hoarse ding-bell,
Beating hell!
In the murky winter morning
How we dread the sordid warning
Of its din!
Falling on our ears like thunder,
Surely Quelch's made a blunder
In the time!
If the porter, sour and surly,
Has awakened us too early
To the day's fierce hurly-burly,
It's a crime!

Hear the hoarse inane-bell,
Beating hell!
On our spirits it's a damper,
To the floor-room we must wander
In a stamp.
As it tolls its inane summons
To the gloomy and the grim 'uns,
"Come along!"
We must hurry, we must hustle,
Break face behind, we must hustle
To begin our tedious toils—
Ding! Ding!

Hear the mellow dinner-bell,
Golden bell!
There is music in its tone
As the hungry rabbit toots in
To the bell!
How we love its jolly ring
As, right merrily we sing,
Lups and snuff,
Silly Buster's eyes are gleaming
Of a feast 'dine he's dreaming,
And his fullness here is beaming
Oh so all!

Hear the loud assembly-bell,
Brazen bell!
Bidding us to Hall assemble,
How the cobbler squeals and trembles,
Pious of brow!
Well they know its message sinister:
The headmaster will administer
Right now
A most painful castigation,
A most painful application,
Which will leave for termination—
"Drawn!"



Buster rolled and spluttered.

Leaving him to roll and splutter, the Famous Five went to join in the past-about.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Buster On The Spot!

MR. QUELCH was surprised.

Likewise, he was annoyed.

He could not understand Buster.

After class that day Quelch had gone to his study. He had some work to do there—about thirty Latin notes to correct for his Form. It was not a light task, nor a specially agreeable one.

Some of those notes, especially Buster's, were peppered in a variety of Latin that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp! Few of them were really satisfactory to an exacting Form-master. Quelch was a dutiful and careful head, and he gave every paper careful attention. Interruptions, naturally, he did not want.

And he was interrupted over and over again—by Buster!

Soon after five o'clock Buster tapped and blinked in, and gave a start at the sight of Quelch. He seemed to have expected to find the study empty. However, he explained that his watch had stopped, asked Mr. Quelch the time, and beat a retreat.

That was Buster's first call. His second was a quarter of an hour later. This time he came prepared. He had a Virgil under his arm; and, finding Quelch still there, requested his Form-master to elucidate a passage.

This Mr. Quelch was only too willing to do, especially as it was the first time that Buster had ever displayed any interest in Virgil. He gave Buster five minutes of his valuable time explaining the Latin translation.

Still, he was getting a little suspicious.

His suspicions strengthened when, ten minutes later, he heard a straggling sound in the passage outside his door and a rattle of the door-handle as a cherry head knocked against it.

Somebody was there, peeping through the keyhole—obviously to discover whether the Remore master was still in his study!

With quite a grim expression, Mr. Quelch stepped silently and rapidly to the door and jerked it suddenly open.

There was a startled yelp as a stooping fat figure tumbled into the doorway, and bumped at the Remore master's feet.

Quelch glared down at it.

"What does this mean, Buster?" he thundered.

"Oh cricky! N-nothing, sir," gasped Buster, scrambling up in a great hurry. "I—I wasn't looking through the keyhole to see if you'd gone, sir! I—I fell against the door and—"

"Take a hundred lines, Buster!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" And Buster retreated once more.

Quelch closed the door and returned to Latin Prose with a frowning brow. He was surprised, and he was annoyed.

Plainly, Buster had some design on that study! He was heartily anxious to know whether, and when, Quelch left that study. The only explanation Quelch could think of was that the fat junior intended to play some trick in the study after his Form-master had gone.

Quelch, of course, had not the faintest idea that he was going to get a ring on the telephone at six o'clock. He

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IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Going Home For Christmas

THE jolly picture which you see opposite gives a splendid impression of *Breaking-up Day* at Greyfriars, a hundred years ago.

The old-fashioned "coach-and-four," at which we smile in these days of fast cars and motor coaches, is laden with a merry party of Greyfriars juniors, about to start off for the Christmas Vacation. Members of a rival Form have come dashing out of the gates in order to "see them off," which they proceed to do very effectively by firing a volley of snowballs at the coach party. The air is thick with the sound white missiles; and we should imagine there were some "compliments" flying around, apart from the usual compliments of the season! One of the inside passengers is seen leaning from the coach, flourishing his fist at the enemy, and exclaiming, "Wait till next term, you cheery varlets! We'll get our own back then!"

The plump little coachman, heading nothing of the danger—he is doubtless well accustomed to such scenes—is flicking his steeds into action, and the coach rumbles away on its journey. Its destination is not Farringdale railway station—which was non-existent in those days—but London. The boys on board all have their homes in the metropolis. Those who live elsewhere will have to wait until their respective coaches come along. One does not envy those who happen to live in the Far North. They will spend several days and nights on the road; but what with their being buried in snow-drifts, and having possible encounters with highwaymen, there will be no lack of excitement for them! The London coach, which we see in the picture, will reach its destination the same day, barring accidents.

Whether "the good old days" were really so grand and thrilling as the writers of historical romances would have us believe, is open to question. But we may be certain that the Greyfriars boys of that generation enjoyed more than one "crowded hour of glorious life," and plunged into the Christmas festivities with all the enthusiasm and wholeheartedness of the boys of to-day.



U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE



LETTER TO
THE EDITOR OF
GREYFRIARS HERALD

Dear Sir, On Tuesday last, walking in the Cloisters, I was surprised to hear the song of a bird which was unfamiliar to me. I had thought I knew our local birds fairly well, but this song, though it reminded me of the shrill scream of the Lesser Goldfinch, was undeniably strange. It was a piercing, whistling yell, very loud in volume, and probably the bird's alarm call. Can you inform me about this?

NATURE LOVER (Oxford Farm).

(The bird in question was probably the Great or Parus Owl which often visits the Cloisters to devour a rotten pea, and when attacked by a stray Puffin bird utters this peculiar note very loudly.—Ed.)



continued from page 78

would have been aware of it had he seen Mr. Squidge's letter that morning. But he had not seen that letter, so he knew nothing of the intentions of Mr. Squidge.

Bunter knew only too well!

There was, so far as Bunter could see, only one thing to be done. He had to intercept that telephone-call and prevent it from reaching Quelch's ears!

It was rotten luck that Quelch was sticking in his study like this! He might have been in Common-room, or jawing in some other hawk's study, or gone to see the Head, or gone for a walk—he might have been doing any of those things, and any of them would have suited Bunter. But instead of doing any of them, there he was, sticking in his study—just to annoy Bunter, as it seemed!

Had the study been unattended, Bunter's idea was to wait there, grab the receiver the instant the bell buzzed, before it reached any other ears, and take the call himself! That would be off Squidge—for a time, at least!

But his plan could not be carried out with Quelch sitting at his study table, mousing over Form papers!

With a hundred lines to the good—or the bad—Bunter rolled away to the corner of the passage, to keep an eye on Quelch's door. Surely the beast would clear off soon!

But Bunter was unable to ascertain whether the beast cleared off or not, for a few minutes later Mr. Frost, the master of the Fifth, came rolling down the passage.

"Old Pomposon" fixed a disparaging eye on the lingering fat Owl.

"What are you doing here, Bunter?" he boomed.

"Oh, nothing, sir!"

"Are you not aware, Bunter, that junkies are not allowed to loiter in this passage?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Then go away at once!" snapped Mr. Frost.

There was no help for it! Bunter had to go—and Frost watched him go, with a suspicious eye!

Bunter gave Frost ten minutes to get clear, and then he came cautiously back. Frost was gone. But had Quelch gone also? That Bunter did not know, and he could only ascertain by investigation in Quelch's study.

His previous visits of investigation to that study had discouraged him. But time was getting close now. It was a quarter to six—and at six that ring was due from the Cross Keys in Frintshale!

Bunter fairly shuddered at the thought of Quelch hearing what Mr. Squidge had to tell him over the wire.

Was Quelch there? If he was, was he ever going? Had he already gone? He was already late for tea in Common-room, and it was difficult for Bunter to understand anybody being late for a meal, if he could help it.

Probably he had gone. Ferociously hoping so, Billy Bunter tipped down Master's Passage to Quelch's door.

He dared not peer through the keyhole this time. Quelch had spotted him last time. But he listened, with his extensive fat ears, intently.

In the intense interest of his listening, the fat Owl pressed a fat ear to the old oak. He could hear no sound from Quelch. Was he gone—and already with the other hawks in Common-room?

Bunter was almost sure—but not quite. He listened, with painful intermissions—and he was still at it when the door suddenly opened from within and Mr. Quelch walked out.

He had not gone to tea! He was just going!

This time he had not heard Bunter outside, so he walked out of the study in happy ignorance that there was a fat Owl in the way—until he walked into him! Then, of course, he knew, as he bumped into Bunter, and sent him staggering across the passage.

"Ooagh!" gasped Bunter.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in great exasperation. The glister eyes fairly glimmered at the gasping Owl. "Bunter!"

"Oh! No, sir! Yes, sir! Oh crickey!"

"Why have you come here, Bunter?"

"I—I haven't, sir—"

"What?" almost roared Mr. Quelch.

"I—I—I mean—"

"It is perfectly plain to me, Bunter, that you designed to play some disrespectful trick in my study!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "That is the only possible explanation of your extraordinary antics."

"Oh! No, sir! Oh!"

"Now, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch grimly, "go into my study!"

"Eh!"

"Go into my study at once!"

Bunter rolled into the study.

Quelch stopped in after him. He did not, to Bunter's relief, pick up a cane. He opened a Latin grammar.

"You may pull a chair to the table, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, in the same grim tone. "You will sit here, Bunter, while I am at tea in Common-room—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"You will remain till I return—"

"Oh!"

... and write out the whole conjugation of *amo*, in every mood and tense, from beginning to end—"

"Oh crickey!"

"If you have not written out the whole conjugation by the time I return, I shall cease you! I shall probably be half an hour."

Bunter, provided with impet paper, pen, and a Latin grammar, sat at his Form-master's table.

Mr. Quelch turned to the door.

The fat junkie had chosen to come to that study again and again, without rhyme or reason; and now he was

hooked to stay there, with a Latin conjugation to keep him company.

No doubt Mr. Quelch thought that quite an excellent way of making the punishment fit the crime.

He smiled grimly as he opened the study, shutting the door and leaving Bunter to it.

"Oh, jinks!" gasped Bunter.

He grinned at the door after it had closed on his Form-master.

It was ten to six! Quelch was going to be away half an hour, and Squidge was going to ring up at six! Bunter was not only in his Form-master's study to intercept the call when it came, but he was there by his Form-master's orders!

He wonder he grinned! This was something like luck!

Bunter did not bother about that conjugation, either in mood or its tense! He stood by the telephone, waiting for the first buzz, ready to grab off the receiver when it came!

Mr. Quelch, at tea in Common-room with the other heads, little dreamed how he had played into the hands of that fat and furious member of his Form!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Stuffing Off Squidge!

BUZZ!

Bunter grabbed the receiver at the first tinkle.

Sekkers rapid in his movements, he was like a gasped lightning at that warning buzz from the telephone, and he stopped it before it had a chance of reaching other ears.

It was ten minutes past six! Mr. Squidge, evidently,

was no whale on punctuality. He had said six in his letter—and now it was ten-past. But there it was at last, much to Billy Bunter's relief. It would have been really awful had that call been delayed till Quelch came back.

"Hallo!" squealed Bunter into the transmitter.

"Alls! Mr. Quelch?" came a voice with which the fat Owl was only too well acquainted.

Bunter's podgy knees knocked together. He had wondered, and dreaded, whether Squidge would carry out the threat in his letter. Evidently Squidge was going to do so.

Disappointed in his hopes of blackmail, the oily rascal was going to give the fat Owl away!

All that Mr. Squidge had received so far, on Bunter's account, was the handling at the school gates on Saturday morning—which, of course, was not at all what he wanted, and far from satisfactory to him.

If he could get nothing, he was going to make himself as unpleasant as he could, and here he was, on the phone to Quelch, unaware, so far, that he was not addressing Mr. Quelch, but a bright member of his Form!

"I got something to tell you, Mr. Quelch, sir," went on Squidge. "I was treated rough the other day when I come along, but I ain't the bloke to let that stand in the way of a matter of duty! I got to put you wise about a boy of yours going to a pub up the river!"

"Oh crickey!" gasped Bunter. His head fairly swam at the thought that Quelch might have been there to hear that! Fortunately, Quelch wasn't!

"Name of Bunter," went on the voice from the Cross Keys. "Katched him there, I did, last Wednesday afternoon as ever was, and made 'im give me 'is name. It's a



Slipping out of his coat, Squidge bounded across, breathless, gurgling—and fled for the gates. After him went the crowd of Greyfriars juniors in full cry. "Bag him!" cried Bob Cherry.

fat cop this time, not like it was before, when a blake give me the wrong name. I made that young covey give me a letter with his monicker on it, and 'ere it is, this 'ere minute, in my 'and!"

"I-I—I say——" gasped Bunter.

"You 'ear me, sir!" went on the oily nasal at the Cross Keys. "I'm giving it to you straight! I saw that young covey in your class the day I come to the school about young Wharton! Know him anywhere!"

"I-I——"

"If you want me to describe him, easy enough," continued Mr. Squidge, still under the impression that he was speaking to Mr. Quetch. "A fat young covey, a good bit like a pig on its 'ind legs——"

"Look here——" gasped Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove did not like that description. He certainly did not recognize it as his own, whether Mr. Quetch might have done so or not!

"With a big pair of blinkers sticking on a nose like a tangle!" went on Mr. Squidge. "And fat! A walk round 'im would be all the exercise I want, and some over!"

"You cheery beast!" gasped Bunter.

There was a startled exclamation at the other end.

"Hi! 'Ow speaking?"

"I'm speaking!" yapped Bunter. "I got your letter this morning!"

"That young Bunter?"

"Yes!"

"Strike me pink! What you doing on that phone, I'd like to know? I've rung up to put your schoolmaster wise, you young rip!"

"I-I say, I—I'd rather you didn't speak to Quetch!" gasped Bunter. "If—if you don't mind, I'd much rather you didn't!"

"How me tight! Mebbe you wouldn't!" jested Mr. Squidge. "I give you a chance! I ain't 'eard from you! Didn't I say what would 'appen if I never 'ard from you? Well, now it's 'appening!"

Bunter was only too well aware of that, and only too glad that it was not happening for Quetch to hear it!

"I-I say, it—it's all right!" he gasped. "I'm a bit short of money at present—it doesn't often happen, but—but that's how it is—at the moment. But—but I'm expecting a postal order."

"Ho!" said Mr. Squidge.

Greyfriars fellows would not have been much impressed by that statement. But Mr. Squidge, of course, had never heard of the celebrated postal order that Billy Bunter was expecting.

"It's from one of my tided relations," further explained Bunter. "I can't quite make out why it hasn't come—but—but it hasn't!"

"The much?" asked the greasy voice from the Cross Keys.

"Ten bob!"

"That ain't so good to me!"

"I mean a pound!" gasped Bunter. "I meant to say a pound! Easily a pound! I—I'll post it on the minute it comes!"

Grant over the wires!

"Ffyes in what I say!" answered Mr. Squidge.

"Oh, yes! Later!" gasped Bunter. "I—I generously have a few fivers, but—but just at present—the—the fact is, I—I've written to my Uncle William to ask him for the four, but—but it hasn't come yet!"

"Ho!"

"It's all right, you know! I've got a lot of rich relations and they send me no end of tips," grinned Bunter. "I—I—I'm generally rolling in money! I follows borrow off me right and left! That—that's why I'm rather short at the present moment!"

"Well, I ain't the man to be 'ard on a young covey!" came Mr. Squidge's voice, more pleasantly. "If that's 'ow it is, I'll give you a chance!"

"That—that's exactly how it is!"

"Well, mebbe the pound would do to go on with. What's it coming?"

"Saturday!" Bunter hoped, at least that his long-expected postal order might arrive that week!

"I ain't waiting till Saturday!"

"I—I mean Friday!"

"Nar I ain't waiting till Friday!"

"I—I mean, I—I'll phone home and—and ask them to send it sooner, if—if you'll wait, Mr. Squidge!"

"I'll give you a chance, young man," said Mr. Squidge. "If I 'ear from you on Wednesday, all right! If I don't, look out for squibs at your school!"

"Oh! It—it's quite all right!" gasped Bunter.

"I 'ope, on your account, that it is!" said Mr. Squidge.

"Don't you forget to let me hear from you by Wednesday. Hithertoe, you'll see me at your school!"

And Mr. Squidge, to Bunter's immense relief, rang off. The fat Owl replaced the receiver and wiped a perspiring fat brow.

He had stifled off the inquisitive Squidge at least till Wednesday. Something might turn up by that time, Bunter hoped. At least, he had warded off the blow that had been about to fall!

"Oh ho!" grinned Bunter. "It—it—if my postal order doesn't come——"

He could not help feeling that perhaps it wouldn't! It so often hadn't!

Still, he was done with Mr. Squidge for the present. That was a great relief. He sat down at Quetch's table to get some of that heavenly conjugation done before Quetch came back.

He was half through when his Form-master came in. Luckily for Bunter, Mr. Quetch was in a benign mood, after tea and a chat in Common-rooms. He glanced at the fat Owl's unfinished scroll, and dismissed him.

Billy Bunter rolled away from the study, relieved, but apprehensive. The sound of Dracoles had not, after all, descended, but it was still suspended over his fat head! If his postal order did not arrive by Wednesday——

Bunter could only hope that it would arrive. If it didn't, Squidge would—and that was too awful to think of!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

All Up With Bunter!

"ONE for me?" asked Bunter eagerly.

It was breakfast on Wednesday morning. Some of the janitors were looking in the rack for letters, among them, needless to say, Billy Bunter!

Bunter generally rolled along in the lingering hope that his celebrated postal order might have arrived at long, long last! But never had the Owl of the Remove been so eager as he was on this particular morning!

"I say, you fellows, is there one for me?" bleated Bunter anxiously.

"None for you, old fat man!" answered Bob Cherry.

"Oh ho!"

"The Duke of Bunter de Greater has forgotten you

again!" said Skinner sympathetically. "These noblemen are heartily absent-minded!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!" growled Bunter.

The unhappy Owl's fat face looked as long as a fiddle. It was his last chance, and it had failed him! Really, it had not been much of a chance! There was not a lot of probability about that postal order.

Such as it was, it had failed!

Billy Bunter blinked at the rack. He blinked at the letters. But any amount of blinking could not change one of those letters into one for W. G. Bunter. There was nothing for Bunter, and the game was up. At last he turned miserably away.

Henry Wharton glanced at the fat Owl, as he rolled out dizzily into the quad. With football and other matters to occupy his mind, the captain of the Remove had plenty to think about, other than Bunter's affairs; still, he had not forgotten the scrape into which the fat Owl had landed himself.

He followed Bunter out and tapped him on a fat shoulder.

Billy Bunter gave a dazed blink.

"Beast!" he growled. "It's all your fault!"

"You howling an! Look here," said Harry, "you can't, and shan't, send any money to that rascal Squidge. But it looks to me as if he's checked it. He said in that letter that he would ring Quetch on Monday, but nothing seems to have happened."

"That's because I took the call!" growled Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! You did?" gasped Wharton.

"Think I was going to let him get Quetch! I got the call, in Quetch's study, and put him off till Wednesday!" growled Bunter. "He—he—he said he would come here if he didn't hear by Wednesday! I'm done for! Oh, ha!" Bunter gave a deep, miserable groan.

"Well, he hasn't come yet!" said Harry. "There's still time for you to go to Quetch first—"

"Beast! You want me to be flogged or tacked! Well I ain't going to be flogged or tacked to please you, so don't you think it!" rapped Bunter.

"You howling an, can't you see it's the only thing to be done, and that you haven't much time left?"

"Yah!"

When the bell rang for third school, Bunter rolled in, dizzily, with the rest of the Remove, but not with any intention of speaking to Mr. Quetch.

Had he had any such intention, the expression on Quetch's face, as he let his Form in, would have discouraged him. The Remove master was looking unconcernedly grim.

"Waste heads!" murmured Vernon-Smith, as the juniors took their places. "Henry looks shirty!"

Third lesson did not begin at once. Mr. Quetch glanced over his Form, and fixed his eyes on the fattest member thereof.

"Bunter!" he said, in a deep voice.

"Oh, cruddy!"

Bunter was not going to speak to Quetch! But it seemed that Quetch was going to speak to Bunter! That grim expression on his countenance was evidently on the fat Owl's account.

"I have received a call on the telephone this morning," said Mr. Quetch, "from a man named Squidge."

"Oh, ha!" roused Bunter.

Evidently Mr. Squidge had given up hope of hearing from Bunter, and realised that the fat Owl had only been putting him off! That, probably, had made the unpleasant Squidge more vicious than ever! He had phoned again—and this time the fat Owl had had no chance of intercepting the call.

"I should take no notice of any statement made by such a character," continued Mr. Quetch. "But there are certain circumstances which leave me no choice in the matter. This man states, Bunter, that he has you, and speaks to you, within the precincts of a respectable place called the Three Fishers, last Wednesday."

"Did-doh-doh, ha, ha?" stammered Bunter.

"He does, Bunter! He states that he made sure of your name, as he was doubtful on a previous occasion by a boy who gave Wharton's name, and that you showed him a letter addressed to yourself, which he retained as evidence."

"I—I—I never—"

"Do you deny this, Bunter?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

It hardly occurred to Bunter that he was speaking untruthfully. All he was thinking of was dodging the sack or the birch! For that important and urgent purpose the wretched Owl was prepared, like the witness in the old story, to swear "in a general way, anything."

Mr. Quetch gave him a very searching look.

"Very well," he said. "I trust that you are speaking the truth, Bunter! I hope so very sincerely!"

"Oh! Yes, sir! I—I never do anything else, sir!" growled Bunter. "I'm rather more particular than most of the fellows, sir."

"The man has offered to call here and prove his statement," said Mr. Quetch. "I have directed him to do so."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"You will not go out of gates this afternoon, Bunter."

"E—e—it's a half-holiday, sir—"

"You will not go out of gates!" repeated Mr. Quetch. "You will remain in the school in case you are required. The man will call during the afternoon, and you will be within gates, Bunter."

"Oh, yes, sir!" roused Bunter.

"We shall now proceed!" said Mr. Quetch, dismissing the subject.

What Mr. Quetch thought on the matter was not to be read in his face. Probably he was keeping an open mind and leaving the decision till he saw Squidge. But that was no comfort to Bunter!

The game was up—when Squidge came!

Third school that morning was dismal enough to Bunter. When the Remove were dismissed he rolled out, in the depths of woe. Even dinner brought him no comfort. There was steak-and-kidney pie for dinner—generally sufficient to draw a smile of happiness to Bunter's fat face.

VERNON SMITH'S FAVOURITE MOTTO



"He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day.
But he who stays and takes his chance
Will sink in an ambulance!"

BILLY BUNTER'S POSTAL ORDER

by FRANK MUGENT
(of the *Cybernetic Review*)



"Well, even was like a flowering! It spread like a flowering flame! The whole school roared, and every chap With eyes, refused to credit same, When Bunter's postal order came!

That postal order, as you know, Has won considerable fame, We lost his money ten days ago, Which we've been waiting to receive, When Bunter's postal order came.

But days and weeks went speeding by, And our food boxes grew weak and lean; Still Bunter valued the same old cry, Still carried on the same old game, And then—the postal order came!

'Twas in the postman's bag of tricks, Addressed to William George by name, A handsome tip of two-and-six; And even suspicion seemed quite lame, When Bunter's postal order came.

In stunned amazement, startled, dumb, The school board Vernon-Smith exclaim, "Don't spend! How is it really come, But keep it in a gilt-edged frame!" When Bunter's postal order came.

But saying, Bunter thinks, is wrong, To gossip and gibe in his aim; He kept that order just as long, As he could find the working time, When Bunter's postal order came.

And then, of course, he ate his fill; But when that bill-invoiced was spent, He said, "Lend me a bit more!" We raised our heads with fright and pain, And Bunter—the bill order—went!



But he did not smile now! He hardly seemed to notice whether it was steak-and-kidney pie or not!

He ate hardly enough for those fellows! The worry on his fat mind was beginning to affect his appetite!

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER. The Last Chance!

"YOU fellows keep on soccer this afternoon?" Harry Wharton asked that question after dinner. It drew four surprised stares from his friends.

"It's only the Fourth!" he added hastily. "Not much of a game."

"It's football!" said Bob. "Football's football, even with Temple's fooling lot! What are you driving at?"

"Bunter!"

"Blow Bunter!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Blow him!" said Bob.

"You heard what Quetch said in third school?" said Harry. "That fat chump's number is up when that villain Squidge blows in."

"Well, what about it?" granted Johnny Bull. "If a chap crawls into a pub he can take what's coming to him, can't he?"

"Bunter says he went in for his coat and cap because the cheap Ponsenby checked them over the fence."

"Sweet from Johnny Bull!

"Bunter would say anything!" he granted. "Anything but the truth, I mean! He couldn't manage that!"

"Well, yes, but if it's true it will help him out," said Harry. "It sounds like one of Pen's tricks; and we know that lot were out of gates at Highlife last Wednesday, because they came in while we were there. What about a run over to Highlife on the bikes? The snow's cleared off, and it's a fine day for a spin."

"Think Pen will tell you, if you ask him?" granted Johnny Bull. "He tells whoppers like Bunter, only he's worse, because he's got sense enough to know better."

"We may screw it out of him, all the same!" said Harry. "I think it's very likely true, from the way that fat ass sticks to it—I hope it is, at any rate. Look here, Bunter's a blithering idiot, and it's up to sensible fellows to lend a silly husband a hand."

"I'd rather lend him a boot!" said Johnny. "But let's go! If Bunter's told the truth for once, it ought to come

out, if only to show what he can do when he tries."

"Let's!" agreed Bob.

It was easy to arrange. A Soccer match with Temple, Dalney & Co. of the Fourth did not loom very large in the eyes of the Removites. Vernon-Smith was more than willing to captain the side.

Harry Wharton & Co. wheeled out their machines and rode away at a good pace on the road to Highlife.

Whether Bunter's tale was true, and whether, if true, it would be confirmed by Ponsenby, they could not be sure; but they were at least going to do their best for the fat Owl.

But, as it turned out, they had no need to go so far as Highlife School. As they neared the corner of Oak Lane they sighted a bunch of cyclists coming on from the opposite direction and turning the corner into the lane.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob. "Pen & Co.! Guess where they're going!"

That was not difficult to guess. Oak Lane led to the river and the bridge, and it was possible that the boats of Highlife were going for a spin. But it led also, much more at hand, to the gate of the Three Fishes, and that was a much more likely destination for Pen & Co. on a half-holiday.

"After them!" said Harry. "We've got to catch them before they get into that den—we can't go in after them."

Ponsenby glanced back. He spoke to his companions, and Gubbly, Drury, Marston and Vivasour all glanced back in their turn. Then they put on speed, pedalling away as if on the motor track.

After him sped the Famous Five, going strong.

"Hold on!" roared Bob.

Pen & Co. did not hold on! They flew!

Bob Cherry, ahead of his comrades, rode alongside Ponsenby, who gave him a hostile glare.

"Stop!" gasped Bob.

Instead of stopping, Ponsenby reached out and gave him a sudden thump in the ribs, which sent him rocking off his bike. Then he pedalled furiously on, after his comrades.

"Ow!" gasped Bob.

His machine rocked and wobbled, and nearly went over. But he righted it, and dashed on, crawling into Pen's rear wheel.

There was a startled yell from Ponsenby as his bike



GREYFRIARS RIDDLE.

Why is Billy Bunter like
a two-wheeler?
Because he often has
no room inside!

rocked in turn. Pon did not succeed in righting it. He whirled over and crashed, and bike and rider sprawled in the road.

Bob jumped down and landed on his feet as Pon landed on his back.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Play Up, Pon!

PONSONBY sprawled and yelped beside his jangling bike.

Harry Wharton & Co., coming on fast after Bob, jammed on their brakes and jumped just in time.

They all jumped down and surrounded Pon as he set up gasping for breath and scowling like a demon in a pantomime.

Ahead, near the Three Fishers gate, the other four Highcliffeans halted and dismounted. They looked back along the line—in a very uncertain way! Pon was in the hands of the Greyfriars group—but his comrades seemed in no haste or hurry to rush to the rescue.

"You rotters!" panted Pon. He staggered to his feet gasping and rubbed places where he had been bumped on the road. "You Greyfriars cats, you—"

"Pack that up!" growled Johnny Bull with a warlike look. "You're not dealing with a fat ass like Bunter now—any more of that, and you'll get it pushed down your neck!"

Ponsonby gave him an evil look. But he did not give the Famous Five "any more of that."

"What do you want?" he snarled. "What do you mean by stopping me and knocking my bike over?"

"What did you mean by tagging Bunter last Wednesday!" roared Harry Wharton. "One good turn deserves another, and the same rule applies to a bad turn!"

"We never hurt the fat idiot!" growled Ponsonby. "If he's told you we did, he's telling lies! We never laid a finger on him."

The Famous Five exchanged quick looks. Harry Wharton's remark had been dictated more by the wisdom of the serpent than the innocence of the dove! It had been intended to draw the truth unconsciously, as it were, from Ponsonby, and it had succeeded perfectly.

"Do you think I'd punish that bladder of lead!" added Pon. "He would burst if I did! I tell you we never touched him."

"You touched his cap and coat!"

"Well, we did not hurt him!" snapped Ponsonby. "Have you come here to kick up a shindy because of a lark on that fat chump? I suppose he got his cap and coat back again!"

Evidently Pon had the impression that the Famous Five were taking up the cudgils for Bunter on account of that rag a week ago. He was anxious to make it clear that it was only a lark.

"My friends are waitin' for me," muttered Pon unsmilingly.

"They will have to wait! Look here Ponsonby, Bunter was seen in that place when he went in after his overcoat, and he's up for a row!"

"More fool he!" said Ponsonby, strutting his shoulders.

"Well, he's a fool right enough, but he's not going to get a head's flogging because you played that trick on him. Will you come back to Greyfriars with us and tell Quelch what you did?"

Ponsonby stared.

"No!" he answered emphatically. "I jolly well won't!"

"Oh, all right! One of you fellows hold his bike for him!" said Bob. "Will you take your coat off, Pon? You can't scrap in a coat."

"I'm not going to scarp, you dummy!"

"You are!" answered Bob pleasantly. "You're going to do the right thing by Bunter, or you're going to take the biggest hiding I can give you. You're going to play up or pay up!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Johnny Bull.

Whether Billy Bunter was in a row for having gone after his cap and coat that day a week ago, Pon did not care a straw. And he did care about joining his friends in the billiard-room at the Three Fishers. On the other hand, he did not want a scarp with Bob Cherry, the hardest hitter in the Greyfriars Remover.

He had stopped across of Bob's punches before, and he did not want to stop any more of them.

"If that fat fool's in a row, I don't mind telling his book what happened last week!" he said, at last suddenly. "It was only a lark, as I've told you! We never touched the silly idiot—only checked his things over the fence to give him a climb."

"It's a pretty serious lark for Bunter, as it's turned out!" said Harry. "It won't hurt you to put Quelch wise."

"I'll come!"

The Famous Five had had no doubt that Pon would come, after Bob had said his piece! He was not doing it with a good grace; but so long as he did it, that was all they wanted.

Pon glanced round at the group of Highcliffeans, waiting anxiously near the Three Fishers gate.

"See you fellows later!" he called out; and he turned his machine round in the road.

A quarter of an hour later, they reached the school; the bikes were put up, and Ponsonby walked to the House with the Famous Five.

A good many glances were cast on them; it was very unusual to see the chains of the Remover in company with Pon.

The Co. waited at the door, while Harry Wharton went into the House with Ponsonby, and tapped at the door of his Form-master's study.

"Come in!"

Mr. Quelch was in the study, in rather grim expectation of a visitor! But it was an unexpected visitor he saw, as Wharton opened the door.

"Ponsonby has something to tell you, sir!" said Harry.

"Indeed! You may come in, Ponsonby!" said Mr. Quelch.

And Ponsonby came in, and the Remover master listened, in astonishment, but also in relief, to what the dandy of Highcliffe had to tell him.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Exit Mr. Squidge!

GOSSLING frowned when he saw Mr. Squidge.

He had far from a pleasing recollection of that gentleman.

However, he had orders to let Mr. Squidge in, and he let him in.

Mr. Squidge gave him a cool nod and a wink in exchange for his bowen, which intensified the frown on Gossling's freckly brow.

"You!" granted Gossling.

"Me!" agreed Mr. Squidge. "Not 'arf, old covey!"

"You can go to the 'Duce!" granted Gossling.

"And without asking your leave, neither!" retorted Mr. Squidge independently.

And he walked on—and nearly walked into a fat figure.

Billy Bunter was watching the gates in a state of palpitating dread, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles at the sight of Squidge.

"I—I—I say——" gasped the fatler Owl.

Mr. Squidge gave him a contemptuous leer.

"You look out!" he said ominously. "You're for it, you are, and so I tell you! P'raps you'll be sorry now I didn't 'ear from you?"

And Mr. Squidge strode on, leaving the fat Owl with his podgy knees knocking together.

Trotter, the porter, showed Mr. Squidge in to the Ramonov master's study—with a very curious look at the visitor.

Squidge arrived at that study about half an hour after

the previous visitor had gone! Harry Wharton & Co. had only been just in time!

Mr. Quetch rose to his feet as Squidge entered. He gave his visitor a glance of the strongest disfavor.

Squidge, without removing his hat, gave a cool nod.

"Ere I am," he announced. "I said I'd give you a look-in, sir, and 'oo I am! That fat young covey, name of Bunter——"

"You stated on the telephone," said Mr. Quetch coldly, "that you had seen the boy Bunter within the precincts of the Three Fishes last Wednesday."

"Right on the nail!" agreed Mr. Squidge.

"Perfectly so!" said Mr. Quetch. "And as it happens, I have now received information from another quarter and have no doubt that Bunter was in those precincts. It transpires, however, that he went in only for the purpose of recovering his coat and cap which a malicious boy had flung over the fence."

"Strike me pink!" said Mr. Squidge. "I've 'eard some thin yarns in my time, but that's the thinnest!"

"I am convinced," said Mr. Quetch icily, "that this is correct! It was very foolish and very reprehensible for Bunter to enter such a place for any reason whatsoever; but I have no doubt that his motive was as I have stated. Had I been aware of this earlier, I should not have allowed you to call here."

"Blow me tight!" said Mr. Squidge.

"But now you are here," went on Mr. Quetch in a scolding voice, "I have another matter to refer to. My

VISIONS OF THE FUTURE



There is no doubt in the mind of Billy Bunter that he will be a great man one day. His future is certain to be a glorious one, but in what direction will it be? In his ambitious dreams, the fat Ramonov indulges in many flights of fancy.

lead boy, Wharton—"

"Young 'ound!" interjected Squidge. "Pithing into a Snake—"

"Silence! Wharton has made a statement to me with regard to your attempts to extort money—"

"Which I ain't—"

"I have a suspicion—a very strong suspicion," said Mr. Quetch sternly, "that you have haunted the vicinity of this school with the deliberate intention of finding some excuse for such extortion—"

"Perhaps you can prove it!" sneered Mr. Squidge.

"This," said Mr. Quetch, unheeding, "is called blackmail, and is very severely punished by the law. I have decided, therefore, to give you into custody—"

Mr. Squidge jumped.

"Well?" he howled.

"And charge you!" continued Mr. Quetch jolly. "I have already telephoned for a constable—"

"Eh?"

"Who may be here any moment—"

"Strike me pink and blue!" gasped Mr. Squidge. "I come 'ere to put you wise, that being a man's dooty—"

"If you have acted from a sense of duty, you have nothing to fear from the law, which is designed to uphold every citizen in doing his duty!" said Mr. Quetch grimly. "If otherwise, I have no doubt that you will be—
Stop!"

Mr. Squidge did not stop! He fairly bounded.

The door flew open, and Mr. Squidge tore out of the study like a streak of gossed lightning.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quetch.

He stepped to his window and threw up the shut. Squidge was already hotting out of the House—started at by twenty or thirty fellows in the quad.

"Stop that man!" shouted Mr. Quetch. "Detain him!"

The Famous Five led a rush.

At least a dozen fellows grabbed him! Slipping out of his coat, Squidge bounded away; breathless, panting.

"After him!"

"Bag him!"

But fear, apparently, lent Mr. Squidge wings! He reached the gateway, hardly a yard ahead of clutched hands. He shot out of the gateway like a pip from an orange, and went down the road at a terrific burst of speed. Dismantled, and dishevelled, Mr. Squidge vanished over fields.

"Well," gasped Bob Cherry, as he turned back from the chase. "I fancy we've seen the last of that sportsman, at any rate! Think he's likely to call again?"

"Hardly!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "I think we've done with Squidge this time!"

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Bunter All Over!

BILLY BUNTER blinked in at the doorway of Study No. 1.

The Famous Five had gathered there to tea after the hurried departure of Mr. Squidge.

They were discussing that hurried departure, with many chuckles, when the fat Owl appeared in the offing.

They gave him cheery salutes.

They had used Bunter's bacon. They had cut football that afternoon to do it; it was, perhaps, doubtful whether Bunter was worth it. But they had done it, and it was all clear now for the fat Owl.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, here's the old barrel!" said Bob Cherry. "All wrong now, old fat man!"

"See Quetch?" asked Nipper.

Grant from Bunter!

"Yes, I've seen Quetch!" he granted.

"Then it's all right now!" said Harry Wharton.

"Perhaps you call it all right for a fellow to get five hundred lines!" said Bunter earnestly. "I don't!"

"You've got off with lines?" asked Bob.

"Got off? Call it getting off to be landed with five hundred lines!" roared Bunter. "The least you fellows can do is to do the lines for me!"

The Famous Five gazed at him. Only too clearly, Bunter had not come to thank them for their services.

"I've had a jaw!" he went on. "I don't mind that so much! Beaks will jaw—there's no stopping 'em! Quetch jawed me for ten minutes by the clock. He said I shouldn't have gone into the Three Fishes whether Penzance checked my coat in or not—on a cold day, too, you know!"

"Neither should you, fathead!"

"I told him I never went in," continued Bunter. "He took no notice of that—absolutely no notice! Might have been speaking to a stone image! Then he began to jaw me about untruthfulness—see, you know! I don't know why he started on that subject again."

"You don't know?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"No—except it seems to be his favourite subject! From what I can make out, you fellows got that Highcliffe cad, Penzance, here, to tell him about checking my coat over the fence! That did it! After that Quetch wasn't going to believe that I never went into the place at all! He prefers that Highcliffe cad's word to mine!" said Bunter.

"Yes—you—you benighted chump!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Can't you see that that's what's pulled you through?"

"Fair lot of good it was my telling Quetch that I never went near the place, after what he heard from Pen!" said Bunter. "You fellows meant well, I dare say—but you've dished me all right! I've got five hundred lines!"

"You'd have got the sack if we hadn't brought Pen here!" snarled Bob. "I've rather sorry we did now!"

"Quetch says they're to be handed in by Saturday!" went on Bunter. "Well, my idea is this—you fellows do a hundred each! You've landed me in this, and now it's up to you to do the lines, at least!"

"Slaughter him!" said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, you fellows. I'm not going to bear malice for what you've done—"

"Yes—you—you're not going to bear malice!" murmured the captain of the Hammer, like a fellow in a dream.

"No; some fellows would, but I never was a chap to owe grudge!" said Bunter generously, "and I'll prove it by staying to tea with you! I say, is that all the eggs you've got?"

"That's all," said Bob. "But you can have the lot, Bunter! In fact, you're going to have the lot!"

"Well, that's all right!" said Bunter cheerfully. "Where's the macopan? I'll boil them—"

"They're not going to be boiled."

"Eh? I don't want them raw!" said Bunter, staring. "I say—Woooooosh!"

Billy Bunter jumped clear of the floor as he got the first egg! He bounded for the door, as he got the second. He did not wait for the rest!

BILLY BUNTER'S
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