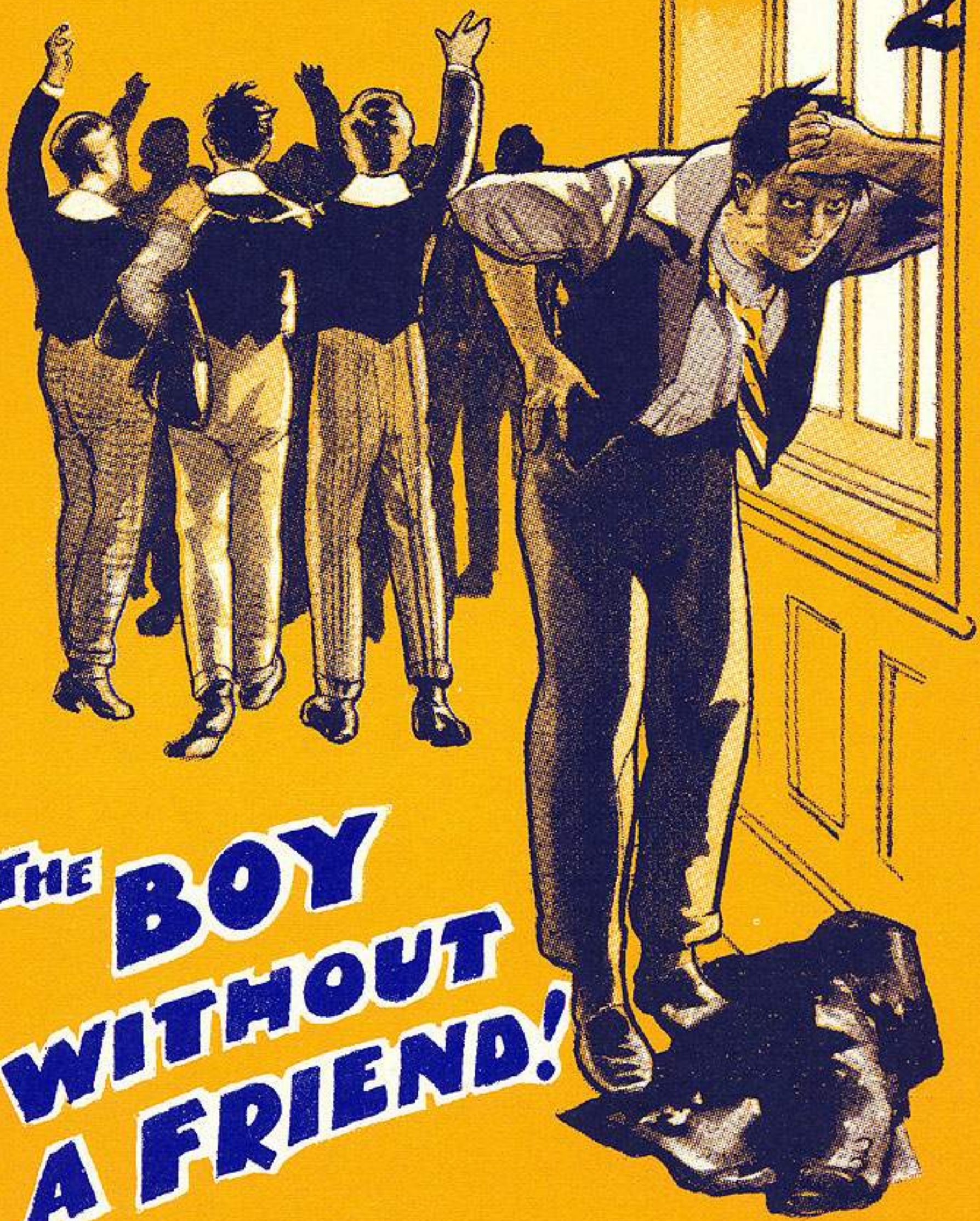
"THE BOY WITHOUT A FRIEND!" REMARKABLE STORY OF . . . HARRY WHARTON & CO.—inside.

No. 1,126. Vol. XXXVI. Week Ending September 14th, 1929.

The MAGNET

EVERY SATURDAY. 2D



THE BOY WITHOUT A FRIEND!

AFTER THE FIGHT WAS OVER!

An incident from this week's fine school story of Harry Wharton & Co., the popular chums of Greyfriars.

Come Into the Office, Boys!

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

NOTE.—All Jokes and Limericks should be sent to c/o "Magnet," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. 4. (Comp.).

THE first letter I have picked out of my postbag this morning is rather interesting. It comes from Hector Macdonald, of Portobello, and it tells me that

HE WANTS TO WRITE FOR THE "MAGNET."

Hector's an ambitious young fellow, and he sends me along a magazine which he and his chums publish and which contains quite a good little yarn which Hector has written. I am sorry to tell Hector, however, that his yarn isn't quite good enough for the MAGNET, although it's a praiseworthy effort for a beginner.

Story-writing isn't learned in a day—nor yet a week, nor a year! An author has to undergo a long and arduous apprenticeship before he finally "strikes oil" and gets into the ranks of the first-raters who write for the old paper and its companion journals. Hector asks for advice, and the best advice I can give to him—and to any of you who have ambitions in this direction—is to stick to amateur magazines for some while, and then, when you have learned to knock off the rough corners of your early work, you can send along a yarn to an Editor. If there is anything in it he'll be pleased to see it, and if it is promising he will tell you so. But don't expect to get your first stories accepted. I know dozens of authors who wrote for years before they managed to get a story accepted.

Incidentally, the writing of limericks is very good practice for those of you with poetical aspirations. R. Willetts, of 148, Dudley Wood, Cradley Heath, Staffs, gets a pocket wallet this week for the following:

Two fellows named Potter and Greene
With Coker can always be seen;
Not love that they treasure,
But rather the pleasure
Of free rounds of "pop" in between.

Here's a stunt that might interest some of you fellows. One of my London readers wants to know something about

FIRE WRITING.

I dare say most of you have seen those apparently blank sheets of tissue paper marked with a cross in a certain position. When the cross is touched with a point of red-hot wire, or the glowing end of a match or piece of string, a part of the paper smoulders away and makes a line of "fire-writing." This is the way it is done: Get some saltpetre from a chemist's and make a thin solution in water. Then write with it on white tissue paper with the end of a matchstick. Make a small cross with ink or pencil where you leave off writing and then leave the paper to dry.

You can write secret messages in this way, for the paper appears perfectly blank. You can send the message to a chum, and when he wants to read it all he has to do is to light a piece of string, blow it out, and then place the glowing end of the string on the cross. Be careful when you write the message not to make any breaks between the words. Your chum will find that all the part of the paper which has been written upon will burn away, and he will be able to read the message quite easily.

Now let's have a smile at this joke, for which Ronald Waters, of 14, Maidenhead Street, Hertford, gets a MAGNET pocket-knife:

Sergeant: "Hey! You can't go in there—that's the colonel's tent!"

Recruit: "Then what have they got 'Private' over the entrance for?"

I'm sure you'd like to possess one of these useful pocket-knives, chums. Get busy with pen and paper now and post your attempt to me. You never know your luck until you try!

Referring again to secret messages, I might as well tell you how to make

SIMPLE INVISIBLE INKS.

The juice of either an onion or a lemon makes a good invisible ink. Use a clean pen for writing, and wait until the paper is perfectly dry before sending the message. It will then be perfectly invisible until it is heated before a fire, when the writing will show up. You can also use a weak solution of copper sulphate, and anything written in this will be invisible until it is held over the fumes of ammonia.

Here's an interesting question. Harry Betts, of Ealing, wants to know

SOMETHING ABOUT VOLCANOES.

How many active volcanoes are there in the world? he asks. The number of volcanoes which have been active in different parts of the world in modern times is about two hundred. But it seems that volcanoes are much less active nowadays than they used to be. About a hundred and seventy years ago, for instance, there was a tremendous eruption in Mexico which filled up a plain and turned it into a mountain of burning lava more than a thousand feet high! Less than fifty years ago the volcanic mountain of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, was the centre of a vast eruption which swallowed up all the lighthouses in the straits and threw up many new volcanic peaks, thus rendering navigation extremely dangerous.

I was talking the other day to a fellow who had been down in those parts and who had seen Krakatoa. He told me that when the mountain is viewed from one side there appears to be nothing wrong with it, but when you look at it from another angle it looks just as though it has been sliced with a giant knife. That is because, during the eruption, the whole of one side of the mountain blew off and is now scattered about the straits in the form of little islands! The atmospheric, oceanic and electrical disturbances of this eruption extended over thousands of square miles. Some eruption—as Fisher T. Fish would say!

A query regarding

RECOGNISING STEAMSHIPS BY THEIR FUNNELS

comes from Arthur Hayward, of Deal, who wants to know how he can do this. I am afraid that if my chum wants to recognise every steamship he sees he will have to get a book giving the colours of the various steamship lines. But here is a list of the colours of the funnels of the principal British lines:

All Black: General Steam Navigation Co., Pacific Steam Navigation Co., P. & O. Steam Navigation Co., Furness Withy & Co., Anchor Line, Booth Steamship Co., and Anglo-Australasian Steam Navigation Co.

Red with Black Top: Wilson Line, Indo-China Steam Navigation Co., and Union Castle Line.

Red with Black Top and thin Black Bands: Cunard Steamship Co.

White with Black Top: Southern Railway Co.

All Yellow: Orient Steam Navigation Co., Elder Dempster Co., and Aberdeen Line.

Light Yellow with Black Top: Canadian Pacific Railway; Shaw, Saville & Albion Co., and (**with a Blue Star**) Blue Star Line.

If any of you are likely to be going to seaports where you will be interested in vessels in dock, or passing steamers, you should cut out the above list if you wish to be able to recognise steamers. Next week I will give you descriptions of other British and Colonial lines.

Just another query, which is all I will have space to deal with this week. Harry Harvey, of Battersea, wants to know

WHO FIRST GAVE ENGLAND ITS NAME?

Egbert, the first king of the English, was the man who christened our country, in a general council held at Winchester in the year 829. Previous to that there had been seven different countries in this land.

NEXT SATURDAY'S BUMPER PROGRAMME.

Black book forward! Let's see what next week has in store for us! First of all, there's another ripping yarn of Harry Wharton & Co., the popular chums of Greyfriars, entitled:

"MONTY NEWLAND'S ENEMY!"
By Frank Richards.

And I can tell you it's a corker! I don't need to tell all my regular readers not to miss it, but if there are any casual readers who haven't ordered their copy they can take it from me that they will be well-advised to do so without delay.

Next comes Dicky Nugent's contribution, the second story in the amusing new "Thought-reading" series. Note the title, chums:

"REEDEM'S RECORD RAG!"

and prepare yourself for an uproarious laugh.

Then comes another thrilling instalment of Geo. E. Rochester's French revolution story:

"THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE!"

And if there's a single fellow who isn't waiting to get hold of next week's instalment—well, he must be dashed hard to please!

Just to wind off this bumper programme there will be another informative flying article written in our special contributor's usual interesting style; and, of course, another cheery "Come into the Office, Boys."

So long until next week, then.

Your Editor.

THE STORY YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR!

THE BOY WITHOUT A FRIEND!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co., featuring Julian Devarney, a new arrival at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

Proud as a king but as poor as a church mouse, Julian Devarney finds life at Greyfriars almost as unbearable as Harry Wharton & Co. find him.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

First Day of Term!

"I SAY, you fellows——"

"Blow away, Bunter!"

"There's room for me!" hooted Bunter.

Billy Bunter was indignant.

He had reason to be.

There were six places in the railway carriage. There were five fellows in the carriage.

Billy Bunter was not good at arithmetic, or at anything else. But he could work out a simple little sum like that. Five from six left one. Obviously, there was a seat for Bunter.

But the opinion of the five fellows in the carriage seemed to be that there wasn't.

Bob Cherry stood in the doorway, like Horatius at the bridge, to keep out all comers. Behind Bob's sturdy form showed the smiling faces of Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The train was standing in Courtfield Junction Station. It was the "local" to Friardale—for Greyfriars. The train swarmed, and the platform swarmed. It was the first day of term at Greyfriars, and fellows had gathered at Courtfield Junction from north, south, east, and west. From all corners of the three kingdoms they came.

Sixth Form men, lofty and serene, jostled with juniors of the Fourth and Shell, and fags of the Third and Second on the crowded platform. There was a rush, or, rather, a scramble, for places in the train.

A crowded express had landed a swarm at Courtfield. The local was not likely to carry them all on to Friardale, even if they invaded the guard's van, and the tender, and the roofs of the carriages. It was true that there was a second train, speedily to follow the first. But nobody wanted the second train. It was a point of honour to get a place in the first.

The Famous Five had got in.

They had come down the platform as if they were coming down the football field. Other fellows, less hefty, strewed their path. Even Coker of the Fifth, the mighty Coker, who had found himself in their way, had been left for dead. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth were still in a horizontal attitude, dizzily wondering whether it was an earthquake.

The cheery five were in a first-class carriage, after a first-class scrimmage. And fellows who were not prepared for war passed along the train looking for other carriages. Only Billy Bunter stopped at the door—like a fat Peri at the gate of Paradise, and urged his claims.

"No room!" said Bob Cherry, gently but firmly.

"The roomfulness is not terrific, my esteemed and ridiculous Bunter," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Look here, there's room for one!" roared Bunter.

"That wouldn't be any use to you," answered Johnny Bull. "You need room for two."

"Or three!" grinned Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blow away, Bunter!"

The fat junior declined to blow away. Seats were rapidly filling along the train; and Bunter was well aware that the Famous Five's carriage was his only chance. Billy Bunter was not going to be left for the next train, if he could help it.

"I say, you fellows, don't be beasts!" he urged. "I say, I want to tell you all about the hols. I had a gorgeous time after I got shut of you fellows!"

"The speech will be taken as read!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, I'm coming in!" roared Bunter. "There's only five of you to six seats! I'll call a porter!"

"Fathead!" said Harry Wharton. "The other seat's taken already."

"Rot!"

"Somebody's left his hat on it."

"Pitch it out of the window, then!"

The Famous Five chuckled; but they did not adopt that suggestion.

On a corner seat in the carriage reposed a handsome shiny silk hat! Evidently it had been left there to mark that the seat was taken.

The train had been waiting in the station some time before the express arrived on the other line; and early birds, so to speak, had had their choice of the worms. The early bird who had bagged a seat in that carriage was entitled to keep it, by all the laws of railway travelling and good manners.

Who he was, whether a Greyfriars man or not, the juniors did not know. Had they been certain that the hat belonged to a Greyfriars man they would have had no hesitation in whisking it out on to the platform, and calling to one of their friends to occupy the vacant seat. But it was probable that the hat belonged to some ordinary, harmless, and necessary member of the public. In that case it was inviolable.

Strangers who had beheld the scrimmage on the platform and had seen the Famous Five charging for the train would not have expected of them such a meticulous regard for the rights of unknown persons. But Greyfriars men had their own code, rigidly adhered to. Charging other Greyfriars men off the train, strewing them breathless on the platform, was a "rag." Invading the rights of people they did not know would have been hooliganism. Hardly a man at Greyfriars would have dreamed of invading the seat already taken by a stranger. That was against the code.

The hat on the seat made it "taboo" to them.

Billy Bunter was one of the very few Greyfriars fellows who were insensible to such considerations.

He blinked at the hat through his big spectacles.

"Whose is it?" he demanded.

"Don't know."

"Bound to be a Greyfriars man's," said Bunter.

"Other people use this train, fathead!"

"Hardly ever," said Bunter. "It's our train, you know. It's really reserved for Greyfriars."

"Other people may be going by it, all the same."

"Then they jolly well deserve what they get!" said Bunter. "Gimme that hat and I'll shy it across the line!"

"Rats!"

"Look here, you beasts, I'm coming into this carriage!" roared Bunter. "I'm not going to be left behind. Lots of the fellows are standing in the carriages."

"Go and stand in one!"

"I'll stand in this—unless one of you fellows has the common decency to give me his seat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, the train's full up!" wailed Bunter. "Look here—let me in and I'll stand!"

"But we should have to stand, too!" objected Bob.

"Eh—why?"

"I mean, we should have to stand you."

"Beast!"

"The standfulness would be the painful infliction, my esteemed Bunter," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, shaking his dusky head. "The too-muchfulness of the absurd Bunter is terrific."

"Oh, really, Inky——"

"Look here, fatty," said Harry Wharton. "If you'll let that vacant seat alone you can come in!"

"Stand, and we'll stand you!" said Bob generously. "We shall have more to stand than you will!"

"Beasts!"

With that remark, by way of thanks, William George Bunter introduced his podgy person into the carriage.

He gave quite a gasp of relief when he found himself safely in. Bunter had no ticket. Somebody had to pay for that ticket. Bunter himself was not prepared to make the necessary payment. So it was imperatively necessary for Bunter to travel with fellows he knew; and who would be able, if not willing, to shell out when the pinch came.

His first proceeding, safely inside, was to remove the silk hat from the corner seat, place it on the rack, and sit down in its place.

The Famous Five stared at him.

"You fat villain——" began Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Get out of it!"

"No harm in sitting here till the man comes along, I suppose?" snapped Bunter. "He may miss the train. He may forget which carriage he left his tile in. Anyhow, I'm going to sit here till he comes."

And Bunter sat.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Whose Seat?

DOORS were slamming along the train now and porters shouting. The "local" was full—over full, in fact. Fellows stood in some of the carriages, or sat on one another's knees. Every window was crammed with faces—most of them with the mouths open, shouting.

Harry Wharton & Co. blocked the windows of their carriage, with cheery eyes surveying the platform, on which those left behind had to linger. They hailed in varied tones fellows they liked or did not like. Coker of the Fifth, passing along the train in search of a seat, glared at them.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "What's that on your face, Coker?"

Horace Coker paused a moment.

He passed a hand over his rugged features. If there was a smut or something on his face, Coker naturally wanted to know.

"On my face?" he repeated.

"Yes—just in the middle."

Coker felt over his face again.

"Is it gone now?" he asked.

"No; it's still there."

"What is it?" asked Coker testily.

"Blessed if I know! Looks like a beetroot that's been trodden on by a horse——"

"What?" gasped Coker.

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Bob. "It's your nose, Coker!"

"Eh?"

"My mistake; I didn't recognise it as a nose for a minute. All serene!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker, with feelings that could have been expressed in no known language, passed along.

"Hallo, Skinner!" shouted Johnny Bull to a weedy youth who scowled at the festive party. "Bad news for you, old bean!"

"What do you mean?" growled Skinner.

"No smokes left in the automatic machine. I saw Angel of the Fourth bag the last packet."

"Funny sort of ass, ain't you?" snarled Skinner.

"Same to you, old thing, and many of them!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's old Marky!" roared Bob. "Marky, like standing room in this lot?"

Mark Linley looked round, with a smile.

"Squiff's keeping a place for me——"

"Oh, good! Fade away and bag it before somebody else does!"

Mark, with a cheery laugh, faded away. Bob turned his attention to a rather handsome junior with a slightly dark complexion, aquiline nose, and dark, handsome eyes, and hailed him.

"This way, Newland, if you want standing room!"

Monty Newland of the Remove stopped at the door. There was a snort from Billy Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, we're full up! There's no room for that blessed sheeney!"

Newland's handsome face coloured.

"I'll wait for the next, thanks," he said.

"Don't!" said Bob. "We'll pitch Bunter out and make room."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Good egg!" exclaimed all the Co. together. "Hold on, Newland; we'll shift this fat frog in a jiffy."

But the Jewish junior smiled and shook his head and walked along the train. The Famous Five glared at Bunter.

"You fat snail——" said Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"You podgy slug!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull——"

"Shift him, anyhow!" said Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Hold on! Here comes somebody!" said Harry Wharton. "It's the chap the seat belongs to."

Bunter, having narrowly escaped being hurled out on the platform, squeezed back in the corner seat. Bunter had undertaken to stand if the rightful owner of the seat came along. But, in Bunter's case, promises were of the nature of pie-crusts—made to be broken. The Owl of the Remove did not intend to give up that seat if he could help it.

That the fellow who came up to the carriage was the owner of the seat was fairly certain, as he was bareheaded.

He was a rather tall, slim fellow, very well dressed, with a somewhat pale face, well-cut features, and a manner of curiously haughty indifference. He came up to a crowded carriage, but nothing in his look indicated that he was aware that there was anybody in it. He did not come alone. By his side walked a tall, slim gentleman, like enough in features to the boy to show that he was a near relation. Apparently they were father and son; but as only one seat had been bagged, it seemed that the father was not to travel with the son.

"This is the carriage, Julian?" asked the tall gentleman.

"Yes, father."

"It seems to be full."

"It is the carriage. I left my hat on the corner seat."

"Very well. You had better get in, Julian. I shall see you again at the school."

"Yes."

The tall gentleman walked along the train and disappeared.

The boy entered the railway carriage.

A porter slammed the door behind him. It was almost the last door to slam, and the train was soon in motion.

Harry Wharton & Co. took their seats.

The slim youth remained standing. The Famous Five glanced at him, wondering whether he was a new boy for Greyfriars, as seemed probable enough in the circumstances.

He did not look at them.

But he came out of his lofty indifference to the world in general far enough to bestow his attention on Billy Bunter.

Bunter leaned back in the corner seat and closed his eyes.

A tap on his fat shoulder caused him to reopen them.

"Excuse me!" said the slim youth, with a kind of icy politeness.

Bunter blinked at him through his spectacles.

"My seat, I think."

"Not at all!" answered Bunter cheerfully. "My seat! No objection to your standing."

"But——"

"Lots of fellows standing in this train," said Bunter affably. "I don't like a crowd in my carriage; but, after all, it's the first day of term, and a fellow doesn't want to be unreasonable. Stand if you like."

"I left my hat on that seat to show that it was taken," said the slim youth

quietly, but very firmly. "You must have moved it."

"Haven't seen anything of it," said Bunter.

"What?"

"You must have left it in another carriage. Come to think of it, I saw a hat on a seat in the next carriage to this," said Bunter. "You've hopped into the wrong carriage."

"But——"

The slim youth, seeing his shining silk hat on the rack above Bunter's head, seemed surprised by Bunter's statement—which was natural enough in a fellow who did not know William George Bunter.

Bunter blinked round at the Famous Five for support. There was reproach in his blink. If these fellows had allowed him to shy the hat across the line, as he had proposed, all would have been well. But the least they could do, Bunter considered, was to bear witness that the hat never had been on the seat.

"You fellows know there was no hat on this seat, don't you?" asked Bunter.

"Fathead!" was Bob Cherry's reply.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Ass!"

"Look here, there's my hat on the rack above your head!" exclaimed the slim fellow impatiently.

"A rack isn't a seat," explained Bunter. "A fellow puts a hat on his seat to show it's taken. Putting a hat on the rack doesn't show the seat's taken."

"It does!" remarked Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"Anyhow, the hat was on the seat," said the slim fellow. "It's been removed to the rack."

"Rot!" said Bunter. "Nobody here moved it. If you think I'd move a fellow's goffer——"

"I fancy you did."

"I appeal to those fellows here present," said Bunter, with dignity. "They can tell you that I never moved the hat, as they're eye-witnesses, and were all present when I did it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Famous Five.

Even the slim stranger, whose manner of indifference was now tinctured with annoyance, stared at Bunter and smiled for a second.

But it was only for a second. Whoever and whatever this fellow was, he did not seem to be of the smiling sort.

"Will you give me my seat?" he asked.

"I'd give you your seat, if it was yours," said Bunter. "But it's mine, you see. Look here, it ain't a long run to Friardale; only a mile or two. Three at the outside. You won't have to stand long."

"I prefer not to stand at all."

"Well, so do I?" said Bunter.

"Will you give up that seat, which belongs to me?"

"No, I jolly well won't!" said Bunter emphatically. "Just shut up and be quiet. You're annoying me. I wanted to get a little nap before we got in. How's a fellow to sleep with you wagging your chin all the time?"

The slim fellow stood looking at Bunter. Harry Wharton & Co. looked on curiously, without intervening. The stranger was slim and slight, but he looked fairly strong; and it was undoubted that he could hook the fat junior out of the seat if he wanted to. Probably one of the juniors would have saved him the trouble; but all the Co. were just a little "edge-wise" on account of the slim fellow's manner.

It was true that he was a complete stranger to them; they had never seen him before, and did not want to see him again. Still, that was no reason why he should ignore their presence as absolutely as if they were not there. From the fellow's manner the carriage might have been empty save for himself and Bunter. So, as he seemed to prefer to remain in ignorance of their existence, they chose to leave him in ignorance of it, as it were, and left him to settle the dispute with Bunter on his own.

He seemed undecided how to act. Bunter was sticking tight to the corner seat, and evidently had no intention of yielding it without trouble. In case of trouble, he nourished a hope that even those beasts, Harry Wharton & Co., would stand by a Greyfriars fellow against an outsider. In which case the slim young gentleman would not have a look in.

"Look here," said the slim one at last, "you're a frightful cad!"

Bunter blinked at him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "What's that on your face, Coker? Looks like a beetroot that's been trodden on by a horse——" "What?" gasped Coker. "My mistake," said Bob Cherry, "it's your nose. I didn't recognise it for a minute. All serene. Ha, ha ha!" *(See Chapter 2.)*

He did not mind being called a frightful cad, or anything else, so long as his fat person was left in repose on the corner seat. Hard words broke no bones.

"You know that's my seat."

"I know it's mine!" grinned Bunter.

He had the impression, by this time, that the slim stranger was something of a funk; otherwise, why had he not grabbed Bunter by the collar, jerked him out of the corner seat, and settled the dispute in that easy and efficacious manner.

"Go and eat coke!" added Bunter defiantly. "Fact is, it's like your cheek to butt into this carriage at all! Bounders like you ought to be careful how they butt in on their betters!"

"Shut up, you fat ass!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Shan't!" retorted Bunter. "If the fellow doesn't know that he ought to be civil to a Public School man he ought to be told!"

"You benighted idiot!" said Bob Cherry.

"You see, you oughtn't to be on this train at all, young What's-your-name," said Bunter. "This train is for Greyfriars fellows. If you butt into it, you take your chance."

"You a Greyfriars man?" ejaculated the slim youth, apparently astonished.

"Certainly."

"Ye gods!" said the slim one.

He stared at Bunter.

"Ye gods!" repeated the slim youth. "What sort of a deleterious hole are they sendin' me to?"

Apparently he had drawn from Bunter a rather unfavourable impression of Greyfriars School.

The Famous Five exchanged amused glances. The slim stranger's remark indicated that he was a new fellow for Greyfriars.

Greyfriars was, of course—in the opinion of Greyfriars fellows, at least—the choicest spot on the surface of the known world. Eton was Eton, and Harrow was Harrow; Winchester was Winchester, and Rugby Rugby. Greyfriars, on the other hand, was Greyfriars! In that word all was said! Still, the Famous Five could scarcely blame any man for concluding that Greyfriars, even Greyfriars, was a deleterious hole, when he drew his impression of the place from William George Bunter.

"Look here, don't be cheeky, you know!" said Bunter warmly. "You'd better shut up, see? You're not having this seat! I'm going to sleep. I say, you fellows, wake me up at Friardale, will you?"

Bunter closed his eyes behind his spectacles.

The slim youth looked at him long and hard, and made a movement. The Famous Five expected to see him hurl Bunter from his place. But he restrained that intention, if it had been his intention. He stood with his back to the door, remaining standing.

"Look here, kid," said Bob Cherry good-naturedly. "It's your seat, and you can sling that fat bounder out of

it as soon as you like. We shan't chip in."

The slim youth gave him a frosty glance.

"Thanks; it's not worth a row!" he said.

"I jolly well would, anyhow!" said Bob.

"No doubt."

Bob coloured. Neither the words nor the tone was exactly offensive; yet there was something irritating in both. But the slim youth turned round, and gazed from the window as the train sped on through the sunny Kentish landscape; and Bob refrained from addressing any remarks to his back.

Bunter snored.

He had asked the fellows to wake him at Friardale; but he was destined to be awakened before Friardale Station was reached.

The train clattered to a stop at Green Hedges, and the door of the carriage was flung open, and a head with an official cap inserted, the slim youth standing back to make room for it.

"Tickets, please!"

The Famous Five and the slim fellow handed over tickets. Bunter snored determinedly.

"Tickets!" repeated the official one.

Snore!

"Tickets!"

Snore!

The Famous Five grinned. The ticket collector did not. A fellow persisting in sleeping at such a moment, make him suspicious of "bilking." He reached in, grabbed Bunter by the shoulder, and shook him.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Oh! Wharrer want?"

"Tickets!"

"Oh, tickets!" said Bunter.

He hated the way they sometimes collected tickets en route, instead of waiting for the end of the journey. It did not give a bilk anything like a chance, really.

"Tickets, please!" snapped the collector.

"I—I've lost it."

"Better find it, quick!" said the inspector sarcastically. "Otherwise, you leave the train."

"Oh dear! You—you see, I—I've lost it——"

"No ticket!" said the collector. "I thought as much! I've noticed you before on this line! Travelling without a ticket—what?"

"Look here——" exclaimed Bunter indignantly.

"I'm waiting! One-and-six!"

"Wharton, old chap, lend me one-and-six."

Wharton was suddenly deaf.

"I say, Nugent, old chap——"

"Bow-wow!"

"Bob, old fellow——"

"Rats!"

"Inky——"

"The lendfulness is not the proper caper, my esteemed, bilking Bunter!"

"Bull, old man, you're not such a mean beast as those chaps——"

"I jolly well am!" said Johnny Bull, with emphasis. "Worse, in fact."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Step out!" rapped the inspector.

"Look here, I'm going to Greyfriars."

"Step out."

"But——"

Bunter was not allowed to "but." The official hand closed on his fat arm, and he stepped out in a great hurry. Five grinning glances followed him. The door slammed. The train ran on out of Green Hedges, leaving William George Bunter adorning the platform with his fat person. After the train, as it clattered out, floated Bunter's dulcet tones:

"Yah! Beasts!"

Then he was lost to sound and sight. The slim youth, with a faint smile on his pale, clear-cut face, dropped into the corner seat.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
Stand-Offish!

"GOING to Greyfriars?"

Harry Wharton asked the question.

For a while, the chums of the Remove had been chatting among themselves, the slim youth sitting silent in the corner, his eyes on the passing landscape.

He seemed quite oblivious of the presence of the other fellows in the carriage; but it was not "side." He seemed to be plunged into a deep reverie. Judging by the clouded expression on his face, his thoughts were not pleasant ones.

Wharton spoke to him at last, from an impulse of civility and kindness. He knew, of course, that the fellow was going to Greyfriars, from what he had said, and as he was bound for the old school, it was only civil to speak to him. From his age, he was obviously booked for the Lower School, and as likely as not for the Lower Fourth; the Form that was distinguished by having the Famous Five among its members.

The slim fellow started a little, as he was addressed, and looked round from the window.

"Eh? Yes," he said.

"We're all Greyfriars men here," said Harry.

"Oh!"

"That fat bounder who was hooked out at the last station isn't a fair specimen," said the captain of the Remove, with a smile.

"No?"

"The esteemed and disgusting Bunter is not a credit to the ancient and preposterous scholastic establishment," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The new fellow looked at him rather quickly. New fellows at Greyfriars always jumped a little at the first hearing of Hurree Singh's remarkable flow of English.

"What's your Form, kid—if you know it yet?" said Bob Cherry.

"Lower Fourth."

"That's ours."

"Indeed?"

"Usually called the Remove," added Bob. "Your Form master will be Quelch. Nice old gentleman."

"Is he?"

"Awfully so. Never licks a man more than three times in the same day," said Bob gravely. "It's not true that fellows have had to be taken to hospital after he'd done with them. Hardly ever, anyhow."

"Cheese it, old bean," said Frank Nugent, laughing. "You'll terrify the new kid at this rate."

"What's your name, kid?" asked Bob, with the cheery freedom of the Lower Fourth.

"Devarney."

"Mine's Cherry. This is Wharton, captain of the Form—a stern disciplinarian who will make you hop if you shirk games practice."

"Can it, old chap," said Wharton.

"The lad with the milky complexion and rosy cheeks is Frank Nugent," continued Bob, going on with the introductions, though Devarney seemed to take little interest in them.

"You howling ass!" interjected Nugent.

"The chap with the feet is Johnny Bull——"

"My hat! What about your own?" ejaculated Johnny

"And the young gentleman with the Day-and-Martin complexion is Prince Jampot Hurry Bang Wallop, Nabob of Oshkosh," went on Bob. "He learned English under the wisest moonshee in India, and speaks it accordingly."

"My esteemed and fatheaded Bob——"

"Now you know the best set in the Remove," said Bob Cherry, with a cheery grin at Devarney. "Know anybody at the school?"

"Yes."

"Man in the Remove?" asked Bob.

"No."

Julian Devarney's answers were monosyllabic. But it was not unusual for a new fellow to be shy. The good-natured Bob, however, did not suspect the fellow of snubbing him, and he went on cheerily:

"I dare say we know him—what's his name?"

"Angel."

"Oh!" said Bob.

Angel of the Fourth was not a friend of the Famous Five. Apart from the fact that he was in another Form, he was not the kind of fellow they liked—or who liked them.

Bob decided to let the subject of Devarney's friend at Greyfriars drop, as naturally he did not want to say anything against the fellow to the new boy, and he could certainly think of nothing to say in favour of Aubrey Angel of the Fourth Form.

But at this point the new fellow seemed to take an interest in the conversation for the first time. He turned his clear, rather penetrating eyes on Bob Cherry inquiringly.

"You know Angel of the Fourth?" he asked.

"Well, he's in another Form, you see," said Bob. "Fellows at Greyfriars don't know much of fellows outside their own Forms."

"I see," said Devarney briefly, and dropped the subject. He had gathered that Angel of the Fourth was unpopular with these five members of the Lower Fourth, at least.

"Not a relation of yours?" asked Bob.

"No."

"Know anybody else at the school?"

"No."

"Play games?" continued Bob.

"A little."

"Oh, you'll play a lot when you've been in the Remove a bit," said Bob cheerily. "We play games in the Lower Fourth, you know; with the accent on the 'play.' See?"

Devarney did not reply, his gaze had wandered to the window again. Four fellows in the carriage were smiling. Only the cheery, unsuspicious Bob could not see that the new fellow was deliberately uncommunicative. If the fellow wanted to be stand-offish, Harry Wharton and Co. had no objection in the wide world. It was only from a motive of kindness that they were taking notice at all of the existence of a new kid. But it did not occur to Bob that a new kid would have the unparalleled nerve to be stand-offish to old hands who were kindly taking notice of him. Putting the new fellow's reserve down to shyness, Bob continued his cheery conversation.

"Been to school before, Devarney?"

Still Devarney did not answer. He seemed intently interested in a view of hop-kilns from the train window.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Deaf, old bean?"

Devarney looked round quite suddenly.

"Eh, what?"

"Not deaf?" asked Bob.

"Certainly not."

"There's a deaf man in the Remove—man named Dutton," said Bob amiably. "Glad you're not the same—two would be too much of a good thing. I asked you if you'd been to school before?"

"Yes."

"I mean, after your prep school?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Barcroft."

"That's in Norfolk, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Had a good time there?"

"Yes."

Even the unsuspicious and unobservant Bob perceived, by this time, that the answers he received to his cheery questions were as brief as Devarney could possibly make them.

He stared at Devarney curiously; and Devarney, as if relieved that the conversation had ceased, turned his head to look out of the window again.

Bob coloured a little.

He realised that he was being snubbed, and by a new kid, of whom it was an honour and distinction for the Famous Five to take notice.

He continued to stare at Devarney, and Devarney continued to stare out of the window, and the four other fellows in the carriage continued to grin, rather diverted by the entertainment. Bob's steady stare produced no effect on the new fellow's handsome, aristocratic profile; he seemed unconscious of it. Bob spoke again at last, in a rather deep voice.

"I say, Devarney!"

The slim youth turned his head slightly.

ONE OF THE LAUGHS OF THE WEEK has been supplied by Eric Schofield, of 1, Thornley Lane, Reddish Lane, Denton, near Manchester, who carries off this week's MAGNET pocket knife for the following joke:

A Scotsman entered a high-class hotel, and requesting the price of a night's lodging, was told it would be five shillings ground floor, four shillings second floor, three shillings third floor, and two shillings fourth floor. This did not please the Scot, apparently, for he walked away.

"Here, what's the matter?" asked the manager. "Are the tariffs too high?"

"Hoots, mon," replied the Scotsman. "The tariffs' are all right, but the building isn't high enough!"

Don't look on while others win, chums; have a shot at winning one of these useful prizes to-day!

"Did you ever have your head punched at Barcroft?" asked Bob.

Devarney started a little.

"No."

"No?" said Bob. "That's rather a pity. It might have done you good."

Devarney's glance sought the window again.

"But it's never too late to mend," added Bob. "You'll probably get it punched at Greyfriars before you've been there long. What?"

No reply.

"Easy does it, old bean!" murmured Wharton. "Don't rag with a new kid. New kids don't know any better."

"New kids oughtn't to be cheeky," said Bob. "When new kids are cheeky, naturally, they get their heads punched."

"The punchfulness is not the proper caper, my esteemed Bob," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "As the esteemed and ridiculous poet remarks, let dogs delight to bark and bite, it is their nature to. Let bears and lions growl and fight, it is their nature, too. But we——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Friardale!"

The train stopped.

Bob Cherry hurled open the door and jumped out, his friends following him. Devarney was the last to leave the carriage. Of the new fellow the chums of the Remove took no further notice. They would have been quite willing to take him under their wing, as a stranger in the land; but as he evidently desired to be stand-offish they left him to stand off, as it were. Not sorry, as a matter of fact, not to be bothered by a new kid on the first day of the term. Surrounded by innumerable friends and acquaintances, the Famous Five proceeded along the platform as the train disgorged its contents.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's jolly old Angel!" remarked Bob Cherry, as Aubrey Angel, of the Fourth Form, stepped out, and paused for a moment to brush a speck of dust from his immaculate trousers.

Wharton glanced back along the platform.

Devarney was standing still, glancing about him, cool and self-possessed, certainly, but obviously on his own, knowing nobody in the hurrying crowd.

The new fellow had not made himself agreeable, but Wharton could be tolerant. He paused to speak a word to Angel of the Fourth.

"Man you know along the train, Angel," he said.

The dandy of the Fourth glanced at him carelessly.

"Lot of men I know here," he drawled. "Anythin' special about this one?"

"New kid," said Harry.

"I'm not gone on new kids, thanks!"

"But the chap says he knows you, and he's on his own," said Harry, with a smile. "Man named Devarney."

Angel started a little.

"Devarney?" he repeated.

He looked along the platform. Devarney sighted him at the same moment, and with a rather brighter expression on his cold, impassive face, started towards him. Aubrey Angel bit his lip, turned in the opposite direction, joined Kenney of the Fourth, and walked away to the exit.

Devarney stopped abruptly.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wharton.

If Angel of the Fourth had not "cut" the new junior he had come very near it, his affectation of not having seen him being palpable.

It was no business of the Famous Five's, however, and they continued on their way. But Bob Cherry grinned a little.

"The dear boy isn't the only stand-offish fellow in the world," he murmured. "The only man he knows at Greyfriars seems rather stand-offish, too. What?"

"The stand-offishness is terrific."

And then, in the rush for the school omnibus, the chums of the Remove forgot all about the new fellow.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Shabby-Genteel Gentleman!

"BEASTS!"

Billy Bunter made that remark as he found himself outside Green Hedges Station, all on his lonely own.

"Beasts!" repeated Bunter.

In that expression he included the Famous Five, the unknown new fellow, the ticket collector, the station-master at Green Hedges, and other unpleasant and obnoxious persons.

It often seemed to William George Bunter that the world was populated chiefly by beasts, himself almost the only decent fellow in it.

Now it seemed more so than ever.

Economy was not, as a rule, one of Bunter's virtues. But he could be economical. On this occasion he had exercised economy not wisely, but too well.

Instead of taking a ticket through to Friardale, Bunter had taken a ticket only to Courtfield Junction, thus saving eighteenpence.

At Courtfield Junction it was perfectly easy to get from one train to another, ticketless but unnoticed.

The pinch came when a fellow got out of the train. But Bunter sagely opined that in a swarming, noisy crowd of fellows going back to school there were excellent chances of one ticketless fellow dodging through. In the crowd at Friardale, surely it would be simply "pie" for a cunning fellow like Bunter to dodge out without surrendering a ticket. Unfortunately, the same thought had occurred to somebody on the railway company, and tickets had been collected en route, at Green Hedges, to the complete discomfiture of William George Bunter. They hadn't collected Bunter's ticket, as he hadn't one; but they had collected Bunter.

His interview with a sceptical stationmaster, who had heard all about lost tickets before, was quite painful. Indeed, Bunter could not help seeing that the man's manner was positively insulting.

Visions of a policeman, and an official hand on his shoulder, floated before Bunter's horrified mind for a few minutes, during which he realised with awful clearness that honesty, after all, was the best policy.

However, he was let off on paying the fare from Courtfield to Green Hedges, fortunately having enough coppers about him for that purpose. What Bunter had saved on his railway fare by that masterly scheme of bilking the company on the last lap, had gone on refreshment during his journey. By sheer luck he had some coppers left, and those coppers saved him from an interview with a "copper" of quite another kind.

Had he not had those coppers——

But that did not bear thinking of. Having got out of the station, Bunter's first feeling was one of deep relief. But that did not last. He had to walk the rest of the way to Greyfriars, and he might as well have walked from Courtfield and saved those few coppers. Walking was not a form of exercise that appealed to Billy Bunter. Fortunately, his baggage was booked for Friardale. But Bunter himself had to walk; and it was a warm day, and he had two miles before him. He was annoyed, irritated, indignant. Many a time and oft had Bunter "bilked" the railway, and he took it as a personal injury that he hadn't been able to get away with it this time. Bunter was one of those citizens who take the peculiar view that a railway company is "fair game," and it hardly occurred to his obtuse mind that there was anything dishonest in bilking the railway. But he did realise that there was something exceedingly unpleasant in being caught at it.

"Beasts!" said Bunter, for the third time.

Those fellows in the carriage might have stood the fare. Bunter had calculated on them to stand it if he failed to get clear unquestioned. But he had failed all round, and the chums of the Remove had miserably let him down—as if Bunter's company on the journey was not worth the paltry sum of eighteenpence to any fellow.

Billy Bunter walked.

Green Hedges was on the way to the school, but it was well off the high road, and Bunter had as far to walk as if he had started from Courtfield. He plugged along a dusty lane, heading for the Courtfield road, which led past the gates of Greyfriars. Where the Courtfield road crossed the common outside the town there were seats, thoughtfully set up by a considerate rural district council for the accommodation of weary walkers. Bunter's first objective was not Greyfriars, but the nearest of those seats.

He came out on the Courtfield road at last, warm, and perspiring, and dusty, and carrying on a running engagement with a fly that persisted in settling on his fat little nose.

The seat was in sight—one of those long, wooden contrivances, with curved backs, carefully designed to give as little comfort as possible. It was already occupied by a tall, slim gentleman, who had evidently sat down to rest from a tiring walk in the sun. But there was plenty of room for Bunter, and he plumped down at the other end of the long seat and puffed and blew.

The tall, slim gentleman glanced at him, not taking the trouble to conceal his distaste.

Bunter, after a hot walk in the sun, dusty and perspiring, puffing and panting, was neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever. Still, he did not like the supercilious way in which the tall gentleman turned away his head, and he blinked at him, on his side, with disdain. In the course of that disdainful blink he recognised him as the tall, slim gentleman who had spoken to the new fellow at the train door in Courtfield Station, and whom he had taken to be Julian's father.

So Bunter's next blink registered surprise; his next, curiosity.

The fellow whose seat Bunter had taken, temporarily, was going to Greyfriars School. Bunter knew that from what he had said. This man—his father, from the likeness of feature—had been with him at Courtfield, but had not gone on with him in the train to Friardale. Bunter remembered that the tall gentleman had remarked that he would see the boy again at Greyfriars.

Evidently, having sent Julian on to Friardale in the train, to proceed thence by the school omnibus, the tall gentleman had himself started to walk.

This was really amazing.

Why hadn't he gone on in the train with his son, as a man accompanying a new boy to school might have been expected to do?

Why had he chosen to walk?

He was somewhat elderly, and did not look like a man much accustomed to walking, or fond of unnecessary exercise. In fact, he was obviously tired by half the distance, and had sat down to rest.

Whatever may have been Mr. Devarney's motive, it was, of course, no business of Billy Bunter's. For that reason specially it interested Bunter. The affairs of others always had an irresistible attraction for William George Bunter.

That the middle-aged gentleman was tired was plain enough. He did not give audible and visible signs of it like Bunter, but there was a limpness in his attitude that betrayed it, upright as he sat. He hadn't wanted to walk, Bunter could see that. He was fed-up with the walk. Why he had walked, instead of going on in the train, was a mystery. The only reason why Bunter would have walked would have been the lack of money to pay his fare, or lack of somebody to "touch" for the fare. But the parent of a new fellow going to Greyfriars could not have run out of money in Bunter's fashion.

Then the little, round eyes behind the big, round spectacles became more alert, and they glimmered. Bunter was short-sighted, but at close range he could observe. Taking a keen and impertinent interest in the tall gentleman, who had regarded him superciliously for a moment, Bunter observed that, well-dressed as he looked, he was not at all expensively dressed. His clothes were of excellent material and excellent cut, but they had seen wear, though cared for so carefully that a second glance—a scrutinising glance—was needed, to see how very much they were worn. His boots, excellent boots and well-fitting, had been soled and heeled, Bunter further observed. In such matters as these Billy Bunter really was quite a detective. Last and worst of all, his gloves had been mended. Bunter was sure of it. And it was not easy for Bunter to conceal the scorn he felt for a man with mended gloves.

"Shabby genteel!" Bunter grinned to himself. He would have liked to say it aloud, after that supercilious glance; but he did not, having too much respect for his fat ears.

The man was poor!

Poverty, of course, is not a crime. Bunter would have admitted that. But, though not exactly criminal, it was rotten bad form. At least, it was so in Bunter's lofty and valuable estimation.

Bunter knew now why the aristocratic-looking gentleman had walked. It was to save the railway fare to Friardale, and a cab fare from Friardale to the school. His son could wedge into the school omnibus with the crowd of returning schoolboys. This tall, elegant, dignified gentleman couldn't. Had he gone to Friardale with his son he would have been obliged to walk from there, or to take a cab. He couldn't afford to take a cab, Bunter told himself contemptuously; and as he was going to walk, anyhow, he had saved the eighteenpence to Friardale. Eighteenpence! A sum to excite any fellow's contempt! It was the precise sum for which Bunter had attempted to diddle the railway company; but Bunter would never have sought to save it by walking. Diddling was more in his line.

"Airs and graces!" said Bunter to himself scornfully.

He felt indignant. That fellow in the train who had claimed Bunter's seat had been as stuck-up as you please; and this old blighter—that was what Bunter called him silently—this old blighter was as haughty as a man with a million pounds in the bank—haughty, when he couldn't afford a cab fare—looking at a chap as if he was dirt, when he had had his gloves mended—turning his stuck-up nose away from Bunter, with his boots soled and heeled!

Of course, Bunter was indignant and scornful. He would have liked to tell the tall gentleman what he thought of blighters who were stuck-up, without a cab fare in their pockets. But he didn't. The tall gentleman might be hard-up as well as stuck-up, but he did not look like a man to be trifled with or "cheeked." He carried a cane under his arm, and Bunter had no desire whatever to make a closer acquaintance with it.

So Bunter, while he puffed for breath and snorted, and smacked at flies who unaccountably found some attraction in his fat face, contented himself with thinking thoughts of the most contemptuous and derisive kind, without communicating them to the object of his contempt.

The tall gentleman rose suddenly from the seat. Possibly he had had enough of Bunter's snorting and puffing.

He stood for a moment glancing about him over Courtfield Common. Near the seat there was a cross-road, and no signpost. The way from Courtfield to Greyfriars was unmistakable, up to that point. From that point you had to know which road to take. Bunter, blinking at the tall gentleman, could see that he was undecided. He had no intention of helping him out, after the supercilious glance that had greeted his

arrival at the seat. But the tall gentleman turned to him.

"Can you tell me which is the road to Greyfriars School?" he asked.

He asked the question very politely, in a cultivated and slightly high-pitched voice—a "sidey" voice, as Bunter regarded it. "Side" was all very well when a man had money in the bank, but it was quite out of place, in Bunter's opinion, in a man who had had his gloves mended, and obviously little or no money in the bank. And if the sidey old blighter fancied that Bunter was

"Tickets, please!" The Famous Five and the slim fellow handed over their tickets while Bunter snored. "Tickets!" repeated the official one. Snore! The Famous Five grinned, but the ticket collector did not. Suspicious of bilking, he grabbed Bunter by the shoulder and shook him. "Ticket, please!" he roared. (*See Chapter* 2.)

going to return good for evil, so to speak—put him on his way, after that icy glance that had offended the fat junior, then the sidey old blighter was jolly well mistaken!

"Certainly," answered Bunter.

"Thank you!"

The tall gentleman expressed thanks too soon.

Bunter pointed a fat finger at the road that led away from the Courtfield road towards the distant village of Woodend.

"Take that road, and keep straight on," he said.

"Is it far?"

"Well, more than half an hour," said Bunter thoughtfully. "I think it would take rather more than half an hour."

"Thank you!"

The tall gentleman turned into the cross-road, and walked away, very erect, elegant, and dignified. Bunter grinned. He had told the tall gentleman the truth; it was more than half an hour by that road to Greyfriars. Only Bunter had understated it. It was much more than half an hour, for if the tall gentleman kept on, he had twenty-five thousand miles to cover before he arrived at Greyfriars, after circumnavigating the globe.

Bunter, of course, did not expect him to keep on as long as that. But it was probable that he would keep on as far as Woodend, where he would learn, on inquiry, that he was three or four miles out of his way. Bunter, with a cheery countenance, watched the tall figure disappear by the road over the green common, and then quitted the seat and rolled off towards Greyfriars. Next time that sidey old blighter saw his betters, Bunter reflected, perhaps he wouldn't look at them as if they weren't as good as himself. You can't look at a fellow as if he was mud, and then ask him the way, expecting an obliging answer, Bunter considered. Not Bunter, at all events.

Bunter rolled on to Greyfriars, and found the weary way considerably lightened by the happy vision of that supercilious old gentleman plugging weary and useless miles in a hot sun over a dusty road.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

In Study No. 1!

FIRST day of term was a busy day at Greyfriars, as at other schools. Interviews with beaks—all of them hurried and some of them crusty—and the house dame; unpacking boxes and bags; greeting old friends and old foes; bagging studies, and arguing with would-be baggers thereof—these and many other occupations filled in a very busy day. In the Remove, the Famous Five, of course, took over their old quarters—Wharton and Nugent in Study No. 1; Bob Cherry and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in Study No. 13, with Wun Lung and Mark Linley; Johnny Bull in Study No. 14, with Squiff and Fisher T. Fish. Nobody was likely to say the Famous Five nay. In other studies there were arguments, settled more or less satisfactorily. But so far as the great men of the Form were concerned, their studies were their studies unquestioned, the only danger being that new boys might be landed on them. Other fellows could be kicked out, but a new fellow, assigned to a study by the Form master, had to be suffered with as much politeness as possible.

When Wharton and Nugent took possession of Study No. 1, and Nugent hung up the oleograph he had brought from home for the special adornment of that apartment, and Wharton produced a handsome new screen, the gift of his Aunt Amy, they expressed a mutual hope that no new tick would be landed on them, and that they would have the study to themselves for another term. So far as they had taken the trouble to ascertain, there was only one new tick for the Remove that day, the fellow who had travelled in their carriage from Courtfield to Friardale, and of whom they had since lost sight. With so many studies to choose from, they agreed that they had an excellent chance of escaping the infliction, and they generously agreed that Quelch could land the tick anywhere he liked along the Remove passage, so long as he gave Study No. 1 a miss.

And so, when they blew into the study at tea-time, it was with very mixed feelings that they saw a slim,

aristocratic-looking fellow standing at the window, looking out into the quad.

"Oh!" said Wharton.

"Oh!" said Nugent.

Julian Devarney turned from the window.

His handsome eyebrows were lifted with a faint inquiry.

"Want anythin' here?" he asked.

"Well, yes, a trifle," said Wharton, smiling. "This happens to be our study."

"Oh!" said Devarney, in his turn.

"Quelchy put you here?" asked Nugent.

"Quelchy?" repeated the new junior.

"Henry Samuel Quelch, Master of Arts, Beak of the Remove!" amplified Nugent.

"If you mean my Form master——"

"Just that."

"He told me Study No. 1 was to be my study. This is Study No. 1, isn't it?"

"Right on the wicket."

"Your study, too?" asked Devarney. His look was one of cool indifference, as if it mattered not a straw to him either way.

"Yes, it's ours," said Harry.

"I see."

Devarney turned to the study window again. He was watching the quad as it with a very keen interest. Perhaps the moving crowd of Greyfriars fellows below had the interest of novelty to him. But there was something in his attitude that told of worry, though his face did not express it.

Wharton and Nugent exchanged a glance, expressive of dismay. They did not want any new fellow in their study and, least of all, did they want a new fellow like this. However, as there was no help for it, they made the best of it, and naturally determined to be civil to their new study-mate. Both had immediately decided that they would never be on chummy terms with Devarney, but that was no reason why the terms should not be amicable.

"Getting ready for tea, I suppose, Devarney?" asked Harry.

"Thanks; I've had my tea."

"Seen the Beak, of course?"

"Yes."

"Feeling a bit left, now your pater's gone?" asked the captain of the Remove, good-naturedly. "That soon wears off."

"Not at all."

"Oh!"

Devarney turned from the window again, and looked at the two juniors. His face was almost as expressionless as a mask, but in his eyes trouble could be read. He was in need, obviously, of information or advice, or something of the sort, and hated to say so. As he had been at Barcroft, a school of the same standing as Greyfriars, he had not the usual troubles of a new boy, and nothing of the look of a lost sheep. It was quite clear that he knew his way about. Still, there was evidently something troubling him.

"You fellows——" he began, and hesitated.

"Fire away!" said Harry.

"I suppose you know how far it is from Courtfield to this place, walking?"

"According to the way you take," said Harry. "About three miles by the high road. Shorter cuts if you know them."

"I suppose my pater would follow the road, as he is a stranger in this part of the country."

"Your pater?" repeated Harry.

"Yes—you may have noticed him at Courtfield Junction, when I got into the train——"

"I remember."

"He didn't come on in the train with you?" said Nugent. Not being so deeply concerned about the affairs of others as William George Bunter, the chums of the Remove had hitherto taken no notice whatever of that circumstance. But they remembered it now, and it struck them as a little odd. Julian Devarney coloured.

"He preferred to walk to the school," he explained.

"Nice walk in this weather," said Harry, though he could not help feeling a little surprised.

"But he hasn't arrived yet," said Devarney.

"My hat! He's taking his time."

"You mean, he ought to have been here before this?"

"Long ago," said Wharton, in astonishment. "He couldn't take much more than an hour over the walk, and it's hours since we left Courtfield."

"It's odd that he hasn't turned up," said Devarney restlessly. "Is a man likely to miss the road?"

"Well, a stranger might take the wrong turning at the cross-roads," said Harry, "but if he inquired his way, it's easy enough."

"Must have taken the wrong turning," said Frank Nugent.

"Where would that land him?" asked Devarney.

"Place called Woodend, unless he asked somebody, and turned back. Four or five miles—and the same back, of course."

Devarney compressed his lips.

"The Head expected to see him," he said awkwardly, "and the Form master asked me where he was. I—I suppose he missed the road."

"Must have!" said Frank. "Rotten luck. But he can get a train from Woodend—if he waits for one. Pretty slow there."

"No taxicabs there," said Harry. "It would be walking back, or waiting for a slow, local train, if he's gone on to Woodend. Of course, he could telephone from the railway station for a taxi from Courtfield."

For some reason, the colour in Devarney's cheeks deepened. He turned away to the window again, with a moody brow.

"He, he, he!"

The fat cachinnation in the doorway of Study No. 1 drew the glances of the three juniors. The fat visage and ample form of William George Bunter filled the doorway.

"Well, what's all the cackle about, fatty?" asked Wharton.

"He, he, he! Devarney's pater won't phone for a taxi from Woodend!" chuckled Bunter.

"Why shouldn't he, fathead, if he thought of it?"

"He, he, he!"

"If that's an alarm-clock you've got there, Bunter, shut it off!" said Nugent.

"Oh, really, Franky——"

"Blow away, anyhow!"

"I came to ask you fellows to tea," said Bunter, with dignity. "Not that new kid—I don't want him. My old pals."

There was a chuckle in Study No. 1. An invitation to tea from Billy Bunter was the preliminary to a request for a small loan. Bunter's manners and customs were well known in the Remove, so the invitation was not accepted.

"Thanks—if we're standing our own tea, we'll stand it here," said Nugent. "And, as a matter of fact, it will be rather a crowd, and so——"

"I don't mind a crowd, old chap," said Bunter, rolling into the study. "The more the merrier. I don't mind the crowd at all."

"But the crowd might mind!" said Frank.

"He, he, he!" Bunter decided to take that remark as a joke. "I say, you fellows, is that stuck-up ass staying?"

"That what?"

"Stuck-up ass!"

Devarney, his eyes on the quad again, appeared deaf to the voice of the Owl of the Remove. Wharton and Nugent gave the fat junior warning looks.

"This is Devarney's study, fathead!" said Harry. "Keep a civil tongue in your head, you podgy porpoise!"

"Oh, if it's his study, I suppose he'll stop," said Bunter. "I dare say he'll be glad to bag a free tea."

"Shut up!" roared Wharton.

"Oh, really, old chap——"

"Another word, and you go out on your silly neck!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "Don't mind him, Devarney; Bunter's the prize idiot of the Form, and ought really to be in a home for idiots."

"I don't mind him," said Devarney, with cool contempt, and without turning his head.

"Oh, don't you!" said Bunter, nettled. "Well, all I say is, you're jolly stuck-up for a fellow without a bean! Airs and graces! My hat! And a bob a week for pocket-money, I dare say."

Wharton and Nugent looked at Bunter, and looked at Devarney. The new fellow was well dressed, and certainly did not look poor. There was, so far as they could see, no point in Bunter's remarks; but the remarks themselves were offensive enough, and not at all according to the Greyfriars traditions. Talking about money, or the lack of it, was barred.

"If you'd like to kick him out of this study, Devarney, you're welcome," said the captain of the Remove, after a pause.

"Not worth soilin' my boot on," said Devarney.

"He, he, he! He doesn't want to wear out his boots!" chortled Bunter. "It costs money to have them soled and heeled."

"You fat idiot, what are you driving at?" asked Nugent, in wonder.

"He, he, he! I know an outsider when I see one," said Bunter.

"Well, you've had a lot of practice at that, looking in the glass——"

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"Well, shut up," said Wharton. "If Devarney doesn't kick you out, I jolly well will, if you can't behave yourself, you fat freak."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Shut up!" roared the captain of the Remove.

And Billy Bunter shut up at last.

Julian Devarney, after another long look into the quad from the study window, turned towards the door. But he moved hesitatingly. With all his cool self-possession and savoir faire, it was clear that he was worried and troubled about his father's unaccountable absence, and did not know what to do.

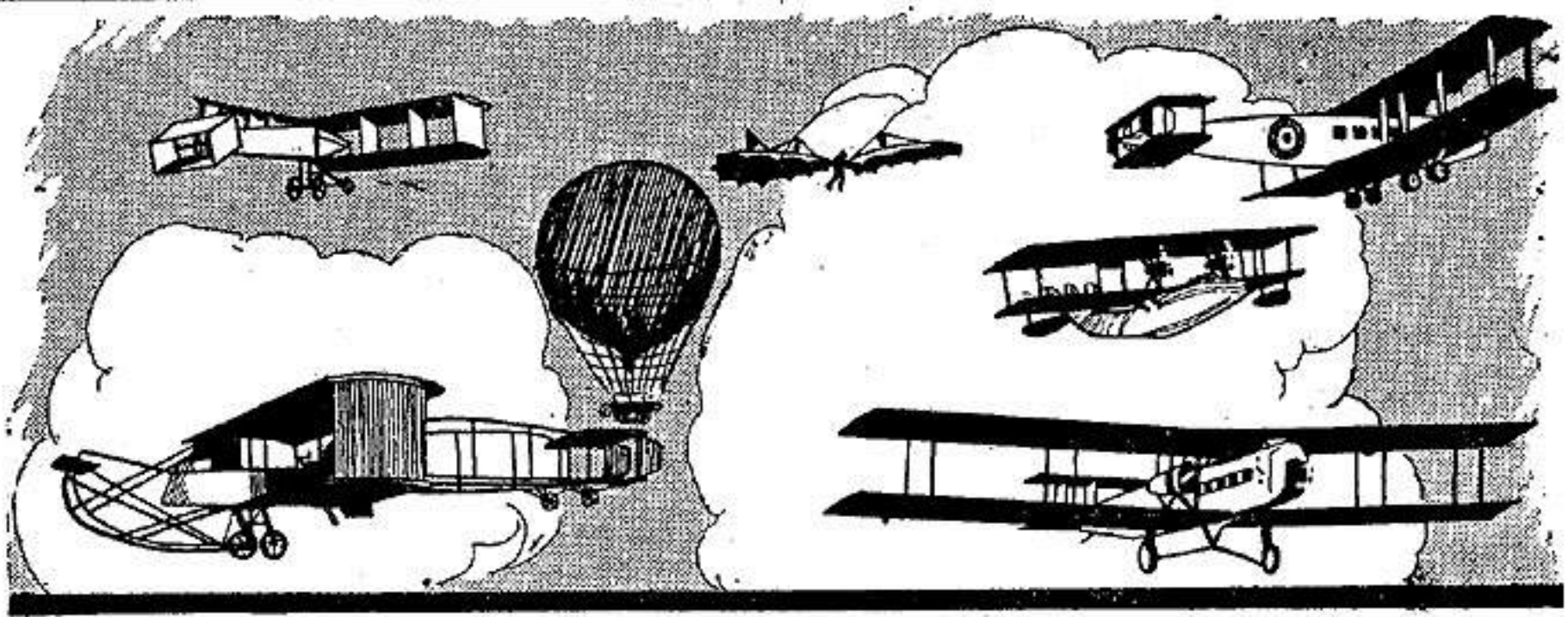
"Hold on, kid!" said Wharton. "Your pater will blow in sooner or later; you can't make it any quicker by bothering. Stop and tea with us."

"I've had tea, thanks!" said Devarney, but with a rather more cordial expression on his face.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter! Have another with us," said Harry. "We're having rather a spread, with a lot of Remove men coming, and it would be a chance to get to know some fellows in your Form."

(Continued on page 12.)



LEARNING to FLY!

Once the theory of flight had been put to a practical test the conquest of the air progressed at an amazing speed. Below, our special contributor tells of the early trials and experiments of would-be aviators.

Finding the Driving Power!

SLIPPING and sliding about in the sky went on for centuries before men who wanted to fly finally abandoned the first crazy gliders. Generations and generations of would-be bird-men hit the hard earth with a tragic bang, through clinging to the old idea that before you could hope to emulate the birds you had to fit yourself with bird-like wings.

When the movable wings idea at last lost its attraction attentions began to be riveted on the possibility of floating through the air on gliders. The early men who tried this stunt attached themselves to their frail air-machines—if you can call bamboo struts covered with canvas by that name—and then took a running jump from a hillside.

The rest was a matter of chance. Came more generations of broken necks and dislocated bones, before someone saw that an engine of sorts had got to be fitted to any machine before it could be controlled in the air and actually fly.

One Horse-Power!

THERE was a snag—a great and awkward one. There was no such thing as a petrol-engine then; an engine that was very, very light in comparison with its horse-power had still to be invented; and it was many years before an engine that could produce one horse-power for "the weight of a fowl" came into being.

In the early part of the nineteenth century someone had the idea for a tolerably light engine that would work by a constant succession of gunpowder explosions in a cylinder. But it came to nothing. However, from that idea another inventor secured a brain-wave. He designed a machine of canvas and bamboo and wooden spars that was to be driven through the air by means of screws worked by a steam-engine. That weird device was never built.

Then came on the scene one Stringfellow, who constructed small models whose motive power was supplied by midget steam-engines. For that he was awarded £100 by the Aeronautical Society. It was a model weighing, without fuel or water, about 13 lb., and it boasted one horse-power!

The same fellow then made a weightier model, fitted with screw propellers. And again later he produced a model, driven by steam, that actually would fly. At last the experimenters were on the right lines, and a man who took up the torch from the patient Stringfellow went one step farther by inventing a craft with planes perched one above another—the first biplane!

A £30,000 Experiment!

AT the same time an inventor in France hatched the scheme of using elastic as the driving power for model aeroplanes—a scheme which has not been improved on even to-day. All this time others were tinkering about with wing-curves and designs and learning something about wind-currents and how to get the maximum "lift" in an aeroplane's wings.

Then Sir Hiram Maxim began to do things in grand style. He spent something like £30,000 in his experiments, and they ended in the wrecking of a machine that never left the ground. His big machine was as weird to look at as anyone could imagine, and was fitted to rails on the ground so that it should not rise and dash itself suddenly to smithereens. For no one living knew how a machine that would lift a man into the air could be balanced and controlled when it was up!

Hence those precautions to keep it down. The two steam-engines that drove the two wooden screws—canvas covered and each eighteen feet long—worked jolly well, with a total of 360 horse-power. But for real flying they were far too heavy in proportion to the power they gave. Sir Hiram kept up his experiments with this big model until the whole lot swerved from its rails one day and splintered itself into scraps.

The First Successful Flight!

SIMULTANEOUSLY with these experiments in England a Frenchman named Clement Ader was doing big things with machines which he called Avions, and which looked like nothing so much as nightmare bats. One of these, driven by steam-engines, managed at last to hurtle into the air. It covered fifty yards, then—whack! It hit the ground, and was gathered up in pieces.

But the French Government had its eye on Ader and helped him with money, and in 1897 one of his machines went up, with a man aboard, and actually flew 300 yds. before the wind toppled it, and the whole contrivance crashed. Nevertheless, Ader had made big history, for his was the very first power-driven aeroplane to rise with a man aboard. To the famous Wright brothers goes the tremendous credit of making the first successful flight—though it did last only 59 seconds!

When things had reached that stage—the Wright brothers' success was in December, 1903—the real beginning of aviation was marked. Their machine was crude and awkward, but it landed safely after its flight, and it is the parent of all our modern successful ones!

Storming the Air!

THAT first successful flight and landing of theirs was not just a flash in the pan. It did not come until they had experimented, quietly and unostentatiously, for years and weary years—first with a man-power glider, and then with a motor-driven machine.

Other experiments they had conducted with kites, with the idea of trying to find out something about the action of the air on large wing-surfaces. For very little was known about this, even when they managed to manœuvre a little with their first glider biplane.

Imagine their enormous difficulties! Others had "stormed" the air before them, and had just touched on the fringe of its secrets, but no man had yet had any practice to speak of in flying even clumsy, motor-less gliders.

And now here we are doing amazing things with leviathans of the air, like the new all-steel flying-ship which has lately made its successful trial flight—a vessel 150 ft. long and 150 ft. from wing-tip to wing-tip, able to rise from the water at sixty miles an hour with one hundred passengers aboard, and with twelve engines each of 500 horse-power!

THE BOY WITHOUT A FRIEND!

(*Continued from page* 10.)

Devarney paused a moment. Possibly he was a little tired by that time of his lonely and lofty dignity, and felt the cheery influence of the atmosphere of good fellowship in Study No. 1 in the Remove. He nodded.

"You're awfully kind!" he said, at last.

"Bosh! We'll be glad if you'll stay!"

"Do!" said Nugent politely.

"Thanks! I will!"

"I say, you fellows, you don't want that chap," said Bunter. "I can jolly well tell you that if you think he's well off you're making a mistake."

"You fat villain!" roared Nugent. "What does it matter to us whether a fellow's well off or not?"

"Oh, don't be an ass, you know!" said Bunter peevishly. "I can jolly well tell you that if you're going to know that fellow I'm not! I draw the line somewhere; and I jolly well draw it at stuck-up snobs without a bean!"

"Are you going to kick him into the passage, Devarney?" asked Wharton.

"I think I will, if you don't mind."

"Not the least little bit!"

"I say, you fellows—— Yaroooooh!"

Devarney, with all his slim elegance, had a strong hand. He spun Bunter to the door with a grip on his collar that seemed like iron. Bunter roared in anticipation; and his anticipations were only too well-founded.

A boot was planted on Bunter's tight trousers with great force. Whether Devarney, like his father, had his boots soled and heeled, Bunter had not yet observed. But he observed now that one boot, at least, was frightfully hard and heavy. It shot Bunter into the passage at one fell swoop.

"Yaroooooh!" roared Bunter, as he landed.

"Goal!" chuckled Nugent.

"Well kicked!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yarooogh! Ow! Wow! Beast!" roared Bunter. "I'll jolly well lick you for that, you cad! You come outside into the passage and see!"

Devarney stepped out. But he did not "see." A fat figure vanished up the Remove passage at express speed; and Julian Devarney, laughing, turned back into Study No. 1.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Any Port in a Storm!

"BOB, old fellow——"

Bob Cherry swung on along the Remove passage, unheeding. Billy Bunter blinked after him in wrath.

"I say, Johnny——"

Johnny Bull passed the Owl of the Remove like the idle wind which he regarded not.

"Well, of all the rotters!" murmured Bunter. "First day of term, too; they haven't seen a chap for a jolly long time, and this is how they treat a chap when they see a chap!"

There was a feast toward in Study No. 1. The Famous Five, of course, were all to be there, and every member of that celebrated company had asked a friend or two. So the accommodation in Study No. 1 was likely to be taxed to its limit. A fellow who took up room enough for two or three could not be keenly desired, unless he was a very nice fellow—and in all the Greyfriars Remove, only W. G. Bunter regarded Billy Bunter as a very nice fellow. Yet, with feelings softened by a long and happy parting from W. G. B., the chums of the Remove would have suffered him, if not gladly, at least with resignation.

Bunter, however, had asked to be kicked out, and his request had been granted. Now he haunted the Remove passage—at a safe distance from the door of Study No. 1—and watched the gathering of the clans, as it were, with a morose eye and a frowning brow.

Bunter, of course, was not to blame in any way, and was far from realising that he had asked to be kicked out.

Surely a fellow was bound to feel contempt for a fellow who was hard up, practically without a bean? And if he felt contempt, why not show it? There was, Bunter prided himself, no humbug about him. And it was a mere act of thoughtful friendship to warn fellows that Devarney, elegant and well-dressed as he looked, really was not well off. Fellows less acute than Bunter might be taken in. They might even lend him money! They might fancy him a fellow worth knowing, take the trouble to cultivate his acquaintance, and find out, after all, that he hadn't a bean!

Bunter, generously bent on saving fellows from all that, had netted, as a reward, a hefty kick and exclusion from the feast. It would have been strange indeed had not Bunter felt a much-injured youth and extremely indignant.

But Bunter was a forgiving fellow—at meal-times, anyhow. Brutally as he had been treated, he was prepared to overlook it, and sit down at the feast. His idea was to attach himself to one of the arriving guests, and trail in with him. Instead of which, the juniors passed him by, just as if they did not know what a boon and blessing Bunter's company was at any party.

Man after man went into Study No. 1, and Bunter still haunted the passage. Last of all came Hurree Jamset Ram Singh; and the nabob being Bunter's last hope, he caught hold of his arm.

"I say, Inky, old chap——"

"The sayfulness is preposterously superfluous, my esteemed Bunter!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"You're going to the feed?"

"The answer is in the esteemed affirmative."

"Well, I'll come in with you, old chap."

"The answer is in the preposterous negative!"

"Look here, you black beast——"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh shook off a fat hand, and walked on, with a dusky grin. Bunter hurtled after him.

"I say, Inky, look here, those rotters—I mean, those dear old chaps—really want me, you know. It's only their fun. Look here, take me in as a pal, see, and they'll take it all right."

"Bow-wow!"

"Look here, you shiny nigger——Yaroooh!"

Bunter found himself coming into sudden contact with the wall. There was what a novelist would call a sickening thud as his head established contact.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh walked on and left him there.

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Think I want to sit down to tea with a nigger? Yah! Go and eat coke."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh went into Study No. 1. Bunter cast a ferocious blink after him, and turned sadly away.

The feast was barred to Bunter. Still, there were other studies in the Remove; and on the first day of term fellows had generally something to spend. Bunter looked along the passage, into study after study, like a lion seeking what he might devour.

Unfortunately for Bunter, many of the fellows were busy elsewhere. Smithy was not to be seen; Lord Mauleverer, always a rich prize, had gone to tea in Study No. 1. But in Study No. 8 Bunter found the occupants at home.

Study No. 8 belonged to Dick Penfold and Monty Newland. Penfold, of course, was beneath Bunter's notice, being a scholarship boy, with even fewer beans than Julian Devarney.

But Monty Newland was popularly supposed to roll in money. On the other hand, he was a Jew; and Bunter, having tried long and often to induce Newland to cash imaginary postal-orders for him, and having failed every time, had naturally come to look down with supreme contempt on Sheeneys. Still, there were times when all bitter feelings should be banished—and tea-time, obviously, was one of those times.

When Monty Newland declined to cash a postal-order for him, Bunter had a feeling that a Russian "pogrom" was the best way of dealing with the Semitic race; but if Monty allowed Bunter to sit at his extremely well supplied table and take the lion's share of the good things there, Bunter was prepared to regard the Jews not merely as the Chosen Race, but as very choice indeed. It all depended on circumstances.

He blinked into Study No. 8. Tea was not on; but there was a very large and very luscious pineapple on a dish on the table, which Newland and Penfold were slicing alternately, with mutual satisfaction.

They grew all sorts of things at Newland Croft, the home of Monty's people—a place that Bunter had been heard to allude to as Sheeney Croft—and wonderful pineapples and such things frequently came to Greyfriars for Monty. On such occasions Bunter was not only prepared to forgive Monty for being a "sheeney," but would not have minded if he had been a Bolshevik or a South Sea cannibal.

Bunter's little round eyes glistened behind his glasses, and his fat mouth watered at the sight of that luscious pineapple.

"I say, you fellows——"

Newland glanced at him and smiled.

"Trot in, old fat man!" he said good-naturedly. "Have some of this?"

Bunter did not need a second invitation.

He trotted in, grabbed the knife, and cut himself a slice of pineapple. It was a large slice—a very thick slice—in fact, when Bunter's slice was detached there was less pineapple on the dish than there was in Bunter's fat paws.

Newland, however, only smiled. He knew what to expect when he asked William George Bunter in.

"Like it?" he asked, as Bunter guzzled.

"Scrumptious!" said Bunter. "That is, not bad, you know. Not like the pines we grow at Bunter Court. Still, quite good."

"Have you brought any of them back from Bunter Court?" asked Penfold with gentle sarcasm.

"No room in my box," answered Bunter. "Packed with good things already, you know. It's rather a bore, the way a fellow's relatives roll up with things for him when he's coming back to school. My titled relations——"

"I can tell you why this pineapple isn't like those at Bunter Court," said Penfold thoughtfully.

"Eh, how?"

"Because this is a real one."

Bunter disdained to answer that. Besides, his jaws were busy. He was in a hurry to get through his handsome helping, in time to have another cut before the rest was gone.

Newland and Penfold proceeded more slowly. With Bunter it was a case of more haste and less speed. The pineapple went down too fast, and something stuck; and Bunter began to choke, to gurgle, to gasp, and to wheeze.

By the time he had finished choking, gurgling, gasping, and wheezing, the remains of the pineapple had disappeared. An empty dish met Bunter's morose blink. With considerable self-restraint, Bunter refrained from telling Penfold and Newland what he thought of them.

Penfold produced a packet of toffees. After that scrumptious pineapple, Penfold's toffees were as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine. Still, they were toffees and edible—and all was grist that came to Bunter's mill. He sat down and put two or three into his mouth, thoughtfully taking two or three more in either hand—warned by what had happened to the pineapple.

"Had good hols, Newland?" he asked, with his mouth full. He did not trouble to include Penfold in the question. Penfold being poor, how could he have had good holidays?

"There's a new chap in the Remove this term," remarked Newland.

Bunter blinked at him, puzzled.

"Eh? I wasn't speaking about the new chap," he said.

"I was," said Newland.

"I was speaking about a quid——"

"And I was speaking about a new chap."

Penfold chuckled.

"Stick to the subject, old fellow," remonstrated Bunter.

"I'd rather stick to the quid."

"If you mean that you're not going to lend me a quid, Newland——"

"You grasp my meaning exactly," said Newland.

Bunter opened his mouth to tell Newland what he thought of Jews. But he remembered in time that the toffees were not finished. Restraining, therefore, his views on Jews, he put a few more toffees into the open mouth.

"I say, you fellows, that new chap is a frightful bounder," he said.

"He looks all right," said Penfold. "I've seen him."

"Appearances are deceitful," grinned Bunter. "Looking at him, you'd think he was pretty well off, wouldn't you?"

"He looks it."

"Well," said Bunter impressively, "he hasn't a bean!"

"No bizney of ours if he hasn't," said Pen curtly.

Bunter indulged in a fat sneer.

"I dare say you've got a fellow-feeling for him, as you haven't a bean, either," he remarked. "I say, Newland, you keep that new man at a distance. He'll want to borrow your money. If there's anything I despise, you know, it's a fellow who sucks up to a rich chap to borrow money of him."

"Oh my hat!"

"Cheeky, too!" said Bunter. "Wanted to take my seat in the train. His father walked from Courtfield to save the fare. He he, he!"

Bunter's chortle was not echoed in Study No. 8. Neither Newland nor Penfold appeared to see anything comic in a man walking to save a fare. No doubt they were deficient in a sense of humour—Bunter's variety of humour, at all events.

"Stuck-up as you please!" said Bunter. "Lofty and all that! I say, he has his boots and gloves mended! He, he, he! And the airs and graces of a marquis at least. Poverty-stricken, shabby-genteel bounder, you know!"

"And how the thump do you know all this about the new kid's pater?" asked Monty Newland grimly, unsmiling.

"He, he, he! Met him on Courtfield common—walking to the school, after he'd sent the kid on by train!" grinned Bunter. "Had the cheek to give me the marble eye when I sat down near him. Still, I dare say he's sorry for that by this time! He, he, he! I pulled his stuck-up leg a treat!"

Bunter chuckled explosively. He was still immensely tickled by his jape on the tall gentleman on Courtfield common.

"No end of a jest!" he said. "He had the neck to ask me the way, you know, after looking at me as if I was a toad."

"How else could he look at you?" asked Penfold.

"Oh, really, Penfold! Well, I got my own back," said Bunter. "I sent him off to Woodend, thinking it was the way to Greyfriars! He, he, he! I dare say he's wandering about miles away now. He, he, he!"

"You fat rotter!" ejaculated Monty Newland.

"Oh, really, old chap——"

"You fat villain!" exclaimed Penfold indignantly. "I heard Quelchy ask the new kid about his father, and Devarney said he would be along later. You ought to be kicked, you worm!"

"Yah!"

"Where's the new kid now?" asked Newland quietly.

"He's been put in Study No. 1," said Bunter. "They're letting him join up at the spread there. Silly fools, you know; he'll never stand them a feed back—he couldn't do it. Poor as a church mouse!"

(*Continued on page* 16.)

"Sit down, Monty," said Harry Wharton. "Here's your chair, you duffer." Bob Cherry pushed Newland's chair towards him, and Monty sat down in it, unfortunately forgetting Frank's warning about the wonky leg. The next moment the chair gave way and Monty toppled backwards. (*See Chapter* 7.)

"Oh, not so bad!" said Newland. "Whom did you do, Bunter?"

"Eh?"

"I mean, what did you do?" said Newland hastily.

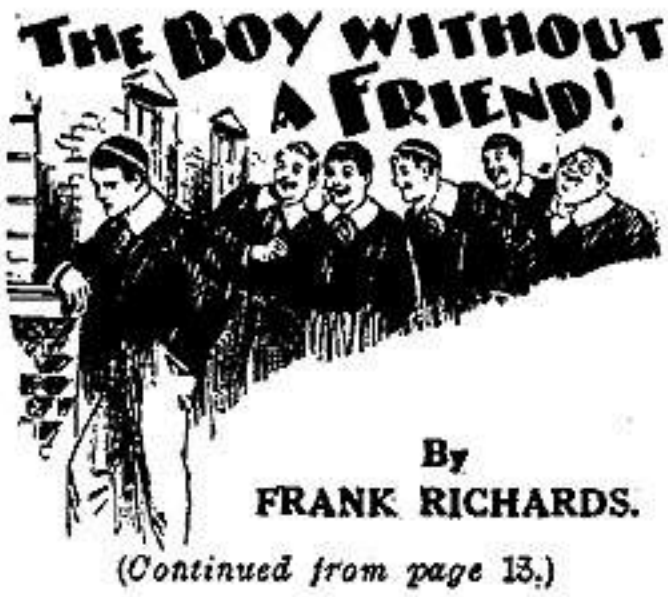
"Glorious time!" said Bunter. "Yachting, motoring, the races, and a round of the best country houses—and all that, you know. I'm afraid I lost rather a lot at bridge. You know those week-end parties. But, after all, what's a pony or two to a wealthy chap?"

"What, indeed?" said Newland gravely, while Penfold gazed at Bunter with interest.

"Still, I went in rather deep," said Bunter; "and the fact is that for the next week or so I shall be rather pushed for ready money, Newland. If you happen to have a fiver about you you don't want——"

"I don't!"

"I mean a quid——"



By
FRANK RICHARDS.

(*Continued from page 13.*)

"He must be bothered about his father not getting in," said Newland. "Go and tell him, you fat ass!"

"Catch me!" grinned Bunter.

"Well, I'll tell him, then!"

"Look here, Newland——"

Monty Newland left the study. Bunter blinked after him, and blinked at Dick Penfold, who was frowning.

"What the thump——" he began.

"Oh, dry up!" grunted Penfold.

"Look here——"

Penfold walked out of the study.

Bunter blinked after him. What was the matter with Newland and Penfold? Why they should take any interest in the new kid, or his pater, were mysteries to Bunter.

But there were still some toffees on the table, and Bunter devoted his attention to them. They, after all, were the things that mattered!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Unpleasant!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. had very cheery faces in Study No. 1.

That celebrated study was crowded, not to say crammed.

The seating accommodation was overflowed, and there was only standing room for late comers.

But everybody was merry and bright.

Even the new fellow, Julian Devarney, seemed to have thrown aside his cold reserve, and looked as cheery and friendly as the rest, under the influence of the buoyant atmosphere of Study No. 1.

There were at least a dozen fellows in the room—the Famous Five, and Devarney; Peter Todd, Mark Linley, Tom Brown, Hazeldene, and others. But when the dark, handsome face of Monty Newland appeared in the open doorway there was a cheery welcome for him.

"Trot in, Newland!" called out Harry Wharton.

"Welcome as the flowers in May!" said Nugent, with a wave of the hand. "Make room for Newland, you men."

"The roomfulness is not terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But the arrival of the esteemed and ridiculous Newland is preposterously welcome."

"Hang your feet out of the window, Bob! That will make room for two or three more fellows."

"Fathead!"

Newland smiled into the study.

"Thanks, I haven't come to tea," he said. "I want to speak to a man here——"

"Come in to tea all the same," said Bob. "The festive board groans under the goodly viands, as they say in the novels."

"Here's a chair, old bean," said Nugent. "Take care how you sit on it—one leg's wonky. Keep it balanced—see?"

Newland laughed and came in. He was not in search of tea; but he was glad to join the merry party.

Every face registered welcome; except one, which passed unnoticed in the crowd. That one was Devarney's.

Devarney had fixed his eyes on Newland, and all the cheery friendliness had faded out of his face. His look was reserved again; harder and colder than before. Anyone who had observed him would have wondered what he found to annoy him, in the good-looking, pleasant face of Monty Newland—a total stranger to him. But no one observed him for the moment.

"There's a new kid here, I think," said Newland, as he came in, and he glanced over the numerous company.

"Here he is," answered Wharton. "Devarney, this is Newland of the Remove. Here's Devarney, Newland, if you want him."

"I've got something to tell him," said Newland. "I've just heard from a fellow that your father walked from Courtfield here, Devarney."

Devarney looked at him without answering.

"The fellow—I needn't mention his name—played a fool trick on him," went on Newland.

Devarney started.

"The fathead met him on Courtfield Common, and told him the wrong road to Greyfriars," explained Newland. "It seems that your father must have walked away towards Woodend, instead of coming on to the school. If he hasn't arrived yet, that's the reason. I thought I'd tell you, in case you were bothered about it."

Devarney's face set hard.

"Oh, so that's it," said Harry Wharton. "Devarney has been rather bothered about his father not getting here. The silly ass who played such a silly trick ought to be jolly well kicked."

"Anyhow, you know now that there hasn't been any accident, Devarney," said Nugent, glancing rather curiously at the cold, set face of the new junior. "It's only a case of missing the way."

"Yes," said Devarney.

He had not spoken a word to Newland.

"What silly idiot pulled the man's leg like that?" asked Hazeldene.

"Well, perhaps I'd better not say," answered Newland. "I don't want to make ructions. But I thought I'd better tell Devarney——"

"Thank you," said Devarney, with an effort.

"Not at all. I suppose you must have wondered why your pater hadn't got here."

Devarney did not answer.

By this time the expression on Julian Devarney's face had drawn the attention of all the fellows in the study. Many very curious glances were turned on him.

The buzz of cheery talk died down, as if someone had poured cold water on the merry party. Some of the fellows exchanged glances, as if mutely inquiring of one another what was up.

Newland himself was surprised. He paused in the act of balancing the rather doubtful chair that Nugent had hospitably offered him.

Feeling himself under all eyes, Devarney's face flushed. But the crimson died out of it, leaving it pale and cold and set.

As Monty Newland, at last, sat down, Julian Devarney rose from his chair with a sudden movement.

"Not going?" asked Wharton, puzzled.

"Yes, I think so."

"My dear chap, your pater's all right," said the captain of the Remove. "He will get back all right from Woodend, if he went as far as that; and he may turn up here any minute."

Devarney did not answer this. Standing at the table, he had fixed his eyes on the surprised and now flushing face of Monty Newland. What was the matter Monty could not guess; but it was clear that the new fellow regarded him with an hostility that he did not take the trouble to conceal.

Newland rose to his feet again, red and uncomfortable.

"I—I don't think I'll stay, after all, you men," he said. "If you'll excuse me, I'll——"

"Rot!" interrupted Harry Wharton. "You'll jolly well stay, Newland! What's the matter with you, Devarney? You don't know Newland, do you?"

"Not likely!" said Devarney, with a curl of the lip—a look so scornful and contemptuous that it made Newland's face crimson and brought an angry sparkle to Wharton's eyes.

"What the thump do you mean?" exclaimed Harry indignantly. "If you don't know Newland, you've got no row on with him, I suppose? Can't you be civil to a friend I've asked into this study?"

"A friend!" said Devarney. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes, and of everybody else in the study!" snapped Wharton. "Newland, you ass, you're not to go—I'll jolly well punch your head if you do. I don't know what's the matter with this silly ass; but he's going to learn jolly soon that manners of this sort won't do for Greyfriars!"

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

"What's biting you, Devarney, you ass?" demanded Bob Cherry angrily.

The light-hearted party in Study No. 1 were all looking, and feeling, extremely uncomfortable now. Newland was crimson with discomfort. He would willingly have withdrawn from a party where his presence was, obviously, unwelcome to one member at least. But he was not allowed to withdraw; three or four fellows shoved him back into his place. If anybody was going, it was not to be Newland, all the party had decided on that.

Devarney stepped back from the table.

"I'm going!" he said quietly.

"Go as soon as you like!" snapped Wharton. "If you weren't a silly new kid, I'd thump you before you go, too. If this is the kind of behaviour you learned at Bareroft, it's a pity you didn't stay there! What the deuce do you mean by insulting a guest in this study?"

"Look here, I'd rather go, you men——" muttered Newland.

"You jolly well shan't go!" said Bob Cherry. "We want you—and nobody I know of wants that cheeky tick!"

Devarney's lip curled bitterly. His glance was still on Newland, and it was a glance that few fellows could have borne with patience, so bitterly scornful was it.

"I'm going!" he repeated. "You fellows can sit down at table with a Jew if you like. I draw the line!"

And leaving the whole company struck dumb by those words, Devarney walked out of the study.

The silence lasted only a moment; but it was a long and painful moment.

Newland's face, crimson, grew paler, till it was almost white. Harry Wharton jumped to his feet, his eyes glinting.

"Hold on!" said Newland, as the captain of the Remove pushed a way to the door.

"I'll—I'll smash him!" gasped Wharton. "To speak like that to a guest in my study! I—I—I'll——"

Words failed the captain of the Remove. But Monty Newland caught him by the arm, and stopped him in the doorway.

"What's the good of a row?" he said. "Leave him alone. Look here, I'd better clear—if it's his study, after all——"

"It won't be his study long—we won't have him here!" exclaimed Frank. "My hat! I never heard of such—such——"

"Let it drop!" urged Newland, still holding Wharton's arm.

"Oh, all right." Wharton realised that the scene was painful enough to Monty Newland, without a fight to follow it, and inevitably to draw the attention of the whole Remove to the incident. "Let the cad go—and good riddance to him. Sit down, you men—sit down, Newland."

Monty glanced over the faces round him.

"I—I hope nobody else feels the same as Devarney!" he said.

"Don't be an ass!" said Bob Cherry unceremoniously.

"Fathead!" said Wharton. "Sit down."

"Here's your chair, you duffer."

Bob Cherry pushed Newland's chair towards him, and Monty sat down in it—unfortunately, in the stress of the moment, forgetting Frank's warning about the wonky leg.

Crash!

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" sighed Bob.

Monty Newland picked himself up, laughing breathlessly. The chair, with the corner of a box pushed under it, gave adequate support, and he sat down, and the incident had the effect of breaking the tension. Devarney and his unpleasantness were forgotten, and the party in No. 1 Study went merrily on as if nothing had happened.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bad for Bunter!

JULIAN DEVARNEY, standing in the big doorway of the House, was conscious that many fellows glanced at him—giving him more attention than new kids were wont to receive. There was absolutely no shyness about Devarney; he had been at a Public school before, he knew the ways of it, and he was by nature cool and self-possessed, and rather disposed to regard himself, if not as the only pebble on the beach, at least as the most important pebble. And he was not unused to his good looks, his well-cut clothes, and his aristocratic appearance drawing a second glance. But—though his impassive face did not reveal his thoughts—the attention he was getting now was far from pleasing.

He guessed that the interest he seemed to excite was not exactly of a flattering nature. He had not forgotten Bunter's remarks in No. 1 Study, and he wondered whether the same thoughts were in the minds of the fellows who looked at him in passing.

Proud as Lucifer, and sensitive as an aspen, Devarney was a fellow not likely to be slow in taking offence. For a short time, in Study No. 1, he had come out of his icy reserve; but it had settled on him more icily than ever, he was wrapped in pride as in a garment, and made no effort whatever to check the superciliousness that was a natural part, as it seemed, of his expression.

Fellows who would not have otherwise noticed him did notice him, and asked one another who the cheeky-looking kid was. That, if Devarney had heard it, would not have worried him in the least. But if other fellows knew, or guessed, what Bunter guessed, or knew, it was a different matter. A fellow who had once been rich and was now poor, he had a sensitiveness on the subject that was out of all proportion to the subject itself. The mere thought of sympathy, and especially of pity, was enough to make his eyes glint unpleasantly, dislike would have been infinitely preferable to compassion.

He had supposed that nobody at Greyfriars would know anything about his private affairs—knowing nothing of William George Bunter, to whom any other fellow's private affairs were of deep and abiding interest. It was gall and wormwood to the proud fellow to think that his affairs were under discussion; bitterness itself to realise that anybody knew, or imagined, that his way was set with difficulties, and that a proud poverty clouded his life.

Hardly anybody at Greyfriars, as a matter of fact, knew or cared anything about him, or what his circumstances might be. But the few who did were enough to cloud the horizon to Julian Devarney. It might safely have been predicted of Devarney that he would make more foes than friends at the school—and anywhere else.

Billy Bunter, naturally, had been talking. Talking was one of Bunter's happiest and most perpetual occupations. When it was not time to sleep and when there was nothing to eat, talking was Bunter's most satisfactory resource. Bunter already disliked Devarney, owing to the dispute over the seat in the train, and the kicking in No. 1 Study, and the loss of a share in the feast, and Bunter argued, too, that a fellow who hadn't a bean oughtn't to be stuck-up. Devarney, certainly, had never regarded himself as stuck-up, but that was the name Bunter found for his loftiness.

Bunter found some interested hearers in the Remove. Skinner & Co. were quite interested, and they made a point to stare at the new fellow when they saw him, and the supercilious indifference in Devarney's looks did not please them. It gave a little zest to their desire to be unpleasant, and Skinner, as a rule, lived and thrived on making himself unpleasant. Ragging a new kid was a safe way of being unpleasant, and Skinner liked it as an amusement. So, after a time, as Devarney stood in the doorway, looking out into the quad in the hope of seeing his belated parent arrive, a little group of Remove men gathered near him, and began to converse in tones intended to reach his ears—Bunter, and Skinner, and Snoop, and Stott and Fish, and one or two other fellows. Skinner blandly introduced the topic of hard-up fellows who put on airs; Snoop asked the others if they knew how much it cost to get boots soled and heeled, and Bunter declared that he knew of a case of a shabby-genteel gentleman who had his gloves mended.

A red spot glowed in either of Devarney's cheeks after he had listened to this cheery conversation for a few minutes.

He gave up his position in the doorway, and walked out into the quadrangle. Skinner winked at his friends.

"My hat!" he remarked. "That chap's thin-skinned—it doesn't take long to draw blood."

"Must be true what Bunter's been saying!" remarked Snoop.

"Oh, really, Snoop——"

"Which is remarkable in itself," said Stott. "Anything happened in the hole, Bunter, to make you turn over a new leaf?"

"Look here, you beast——"

"It's odd, though," said Skinner, staring after Devarney's elegant figure in the quadrangle. "The man looks well-off—those clothes cost money."

"All he's got is on his back!" grinned Snoop.

"I've heard his name before," went on Skinner, ruminatingly. "Devarney—it's not a common name. I believe I've seen it in the papers.

"It was something to do with the City," he went on. "I remember it in the hole. It was in the papers, all right."

"He doesn't look as if his people had anything to do with the City," remarked Snoop.

"Well, everybody goes to the City nowadays," said Skinner sagely. "It's where the money is, and where the carcass is the vultures will gather, you know. Fatheaded noblemen get fees for having their silly names shoved on prospectuses by company promoters. I haven't seen Devarney's pater—but I fancy he's just the sort of goat that Bunter's father, for instance, would like to get hold of when he's bringing out a new rotten company."

"Look here——" roared Bunter.

"I remember now," exclaimed Skinner suddenly. "It was oil. The Something-or-Other Oil Company that went burst, and a man named Devarney was mixed up in it, and another man named Shem Isaacs—I believe the Devarney man lost all his money in it——"

"I'll bet the Isaacs man didn't!" grinned Snoop.

"They were the Devarneys of Devarney Court—came over with jolly old William the Conqueror," said Skinner, remembering more. "Frightfully old family, proud as Punch—tenth possessor of a foolish face, as somebody says, only old Devarney must have been the twentieth or thirtieth possessor. Fancy a family sticking to the loot all through the history of England, and dropping it at last through getting done in the eye in the City!" Skinner

chuckled, apparently finding something amusing in this idea. "I remember the place had to be sold—it was in the papers. Blessed if I know what they've sent the kid to Greyfriars for. This isn't a home for the new poor!"

Skinner, having tired of the subject, turned away.

"I say, you men, there's a new kid in the Fourth—looks a moon-struck sort of silly ass; I saw him blubbing in a corner. Let's go and look him out."

And Skinner & Co. proceeded to look for the new kid in the Fourth—not to increase his happiness on his first day at Greyfriars.

Meanwhile, Devarney had gone down to the gates. Now that he knew, from Monty Newland, what had caused his father's delay in arriving, he was no longer troubled by the thought of possible accidents, but he was worried and concerned. It was a good trait in the boy's character that he had a great affection for the father whose hapless speculations in the City had reduced him from high estate to a painfully low one.

The disaster that had overwhelmed the Devarneys had made no difference to Julian's affection and respect for the unfortunate head of the family. To do him justice, he felt that disaster more for his father than for himself. Young and strong and proud, he felt able to win through. The world was his oyster, and somehow he would open it. But it was a different matter with a middle-aged gentleman, accustomed to expensive comforts that he was now compelled to forgo, used to the ministrations of many servants he was now obliged to dismiss. Unused to, and almost incapable of, doing things for himself that had now to be done by himself or left undone.

"Keeping up appearances" was now one of Mr. Devarney's special studies, and of all human occupations surely keeping up appearances is the weariest and the dreariest.

Looking out of the gates, Devarney discerned a tall, slim figure progressing slowly up the road from the direction of Courtfield Common.

He recognised his father, and ran out to meet him.

Mr. Devarney gave him a pale smile.

He was tired—tired to the bone. He had collected a considerable amount of dust in the course of his walk in the country. That walk had had to be a long one, owing to Bunter's playful directions at the cross-roads. But it had been much longer than was really necessary, owing to Mr. Devarney having very little sense of direction. As a matter of fact, the twenty-fifth Devarney of Devarney Court was not of brilliant intellect; possibly the brains had thinned out a little in the course of that long descent. Mr. Devarney had lost his way no fewer than five times that toilsome day, and indeed, it was more by good fortune than anything else that he found himself at Greyfriars at last.

"I hope you haven't been anxious about me, Julian," he said, rather faintly. "The fact is, I lost my way."

"I wish you hadn't walked, father," said Julian.

"My dear boy, a walk does me good," said Mr. Devarney, who looked as if he might have dropped at any moment. "I never get enough exercise; it was an opportunity not to be lost."

They walked on to the school in silence.

Devarney asked no questions, but he had a fierce, suppressed desire to come upon the unknown person who had misdirected his father and hammer him black and blue. From what Newland had said, he had no doubt it was a Greyfriars fellow, and he made up his mind to find out which Greyfriars fellow it was as soon as he conveniently could.

As it happened, he was not given that trouble. As he walked up to the House with his father, a fat figure was visible in the doorway. Billy Bunter was standing there, blinking out into the quad. Skinner & Co. had gone to rag the new kid in the Fourth, but Bunter, with all his faults, was not given to such ill-natured entertainments as that. He had no use for new kids, except to borrow money of them.

Bunter was thinking of anybody and anything but the shabby-genteel gentleman he had misdirected on Courtfield Common. He was looking out for Smithy. Smithy always came back from the holidays rolling in money, and Bunter considered that in the happiness of seeing him again after a long parting, the Bounder might be in a mood to "part" again in a different way. It was quite probable that Bunter would have been disappointed. However, it was not Vernon-Smith who found Bunter in the doorway; it was Mr. Devarney, and he instantly recognised the fat fellow who had sent him off on a wrong road on the common, long, weary hours ago.

If he had been doubtful Bunter's alarmed blink as he saw him and his immediate retrograde movement would have settled the matter.

"That is the boy!" said Mr. Devarney.

"Who—what——" asked his son.

"That is the young rascal who misdirected me," said Mr. Devarney. "It seems that he belongs to this school. He told me a deliberate untruth——"

"I—I didn't!" gasped Bunter.

"You did!" snapped the angry gentleman.

"I—I didn't, you know. I—I told you it would be more than half an hour if you took that road, and—and so it was, wasn't it?"

Mr. Devarney stared at him.

"Besides, you're making a mistake," said Bunter, falling back on a second line of defence, as it were.

"What?"

"It wasn't me, you know."

"It—it—it was not you?"

"Not at all," said Bunter confidently. "I wasn't there at all. It was some other fellow who put you on the Woodend road."

"Good gad!" said Mr. Devarney.

"Mean sort of jape to play on a silly old man, in my opinion," said Bunter agreeably. "Not the sort of thing I'd do, you know."

—"Is the boy an idiot?" asked Mr. Devarney.

"Oh, really, you know——"

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came along from his study. He shook hands with Mr. Devarney, with whom he was apparently already acquainted, and politely inquired the cause of his delay. Mr. Devarney pointed a thin finger at the guilty countenance of William George Bunter.

"I met that boy on the way, and he deliberately misdirected me," he said. "I have had a long—a very long—walk. Indeed, I missed my way several times afterwards, owing to misunderstanding directions regarding short cuts. I am extremely fatigued, Mr. Quelch, as the result of that foolish boy's unfeeling practical joke."

Mr. Quelch directed a gimlet eye at Bunter.

"Bunter, how dared you——"

"I didn't," gasped Bunter. "I wasn't there, sir. It's all a mistake."

"It is not a mistake!" hooted Mr. Devarney.

"I—I assure you, sir, it—it's all a mistake. I—I never was on Courtfield Common at all to-day!" stuttered Bunter. "I never sat on the seat with that old josser, sir——"

"That what?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"I—I mean that nice old gentleman, sir. I never saw him at all. He's a complete stranger to me, and I don't even know that his name is Devarney!" gasped Bunter. "I—I hope you believe me, sir."

That hope proved to be unfounded.

Mr. Quelch did not believe Bunter. He closed a finger and thumb like a vice on a fat ear.

"Come!" he said, in a terrifying voice. "Mr. Devarney, may I beg you to wait a few moments while I deal with this untruthful young rascal."

"Certainly!" said Mr. Devarney, looking as if he didn't mind waiting any length of time while the untruthful young rascal was dealt with.

He did not have to wait long, however. Bunter was in Mr. Quelch's study only a few minutes. But those few minutes were hectic ones. How many whacks Bunter had from Mr. Quelch's cane he did not know; he was not, in those few minutes, thinking of such matters as computation. But he knew that they were many, and knew even more clearly that they were hard.

It was a gasping, gurgling, suffering Bunter that was finally ejected from the Remove master's study. Mr. Devarney entered the study and rested his weary limbs in Mr. Quelch's easiest chair, what time Bunter crawled away groaning, and repenting him, from the bottom of his fat heart, that he had played that trick on the shabby-genteel gentleman.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

"Walker!"

"YOUR name's Walker, isn't it?" Skinner of the Remove asked that question in quite a pleasant and friendly tone, strolling up to the new fellow in the Rag.

There was a crowd in the Rag, and, being the first day of the term, the crowd, of course, was rather a noisy one. There was no prep that evening, and fellows had not yet settled down to the collar, so to speak. Sixth Form prefects turned a deaf ear to uproar, most of them being busy on their own account. Masters had plenty to do without bothering about a row in the Rag. Once Loder of the Sixth had put his head in at the door and roared out a warning to be a little more quiet. But Loder of the Sixth had been answered by cat-calls and howls, and had given it up and left the juniors, as he expressed it to his pals Carne and Walker, to stew in their own juice.

In a corner of the Rag Morgan of the Remove was settling an old difference with Fry of the Fourth. Fry's head, at present, was in chancery, and the voice of Edward Fry could be heard far and wide. Leap-frog was going on in another spot. Conversation was going on everywhere. Fellows were telling one another about the "hols"; talkers were many and listeners were few. Cecil Reginald Temple, of the Fourth, told of a magnificent holiday in Norway, what time Hobson of the Shell described a glorious time in Switzerland. Through the buzz and the hum, whenever there was a lull, Temple's rather thin and piping voice could be heard stating that it was spelt "ski," but pronounced "she." From which it was to be deduced that Cecil Reginald had been skiing, if anyone had troubled to draw that deduction—which nobody did. Strains of music proceeded from one corner,

where Wibley, who had brought back a ukelele with him, was putting in some practice on that instrument. Fellows did not need to ask Wibley whether he could play the ukelele; when they heard him strumming on it they know he couldn't.

Into that cheery and hilarious scene walked Julian Devarney, with a cold, disdainful face and a thoughtful brow. Even if he hadn't, as Bunter expressed it, a bean, Julian never forgot that he was a Devarney of Devarney Court; indeed, he remembered it more than ever now; it was, so to speak, all he had left. The pinch of poverty had made him very much more proud and touchy than he had been in his former high and palmy state. Consequently, he was in a state of extreme readiness to take offence; ready, in fact, to perceive offence in fellows who were hardly conscious of his existence, and did not care two straws whether he existed or not. Still, there were fellows who liked to offend, and Skinner was one of them.

Skinner was not in a good temper. There was a slight swelling on Skinner's nose. He had found amusement, in his way, in ragging that new kid in the Fourth, but, unfortunately, the new kid, in the process of ragging, had developed bad temper, and Skinner had been surprised and hurt by a punch on the nose—a thing he would never have expected from a sheepish new kid, and which showed that you never could tell. After which, Skinner let the new kid in the Fourth severely alone. Still, it was in Skinner's amiable nature to worry somebody if he could, and when Devarney came into the Rag, Skinner smiled. Devarney, too, was a new kid; but he looked even likelier to punch a fellow's nose than that tick in the Fourth. But Skinner knew how to keep his badinage on the safe side of nose-punching, as a rule.

With a pleasant and agreeable smile, he strolled up to Devarney, and asked him if his name was Walker. Snoop and Stott and some other fellows gathered round, with anticipatory smiles. When Skinner adopted that exceedingly pleasant manner, they knew it was time to look for entertainment.

Devarney glanced coldly at Skinner.

"No!" he answered shortly.

Devarney remembered Skinner as one of the group of fellows who had talked "at" him in the House doorway some time ago.

"Not?" exclaimed Skinner, in surprise.

"No!"

"My mistake," said Skinner blandly. "I was absolutely certain that your name was Walker, kid."

"Well, it isn't."

"But your pater's name is Walker," said Skinner, with a perplexed look.

"Of course it isn't!" snapped Devarney.

"Any relation to Walker of the Sixth?" asked Snoop.

"I've never heard of Walker of the Sixth, and I've no relations named Walker!" snapped Devarney.

"Well, I had an idea that your pater was W. Walker," said Skinner.

"I don't see what could have given you the idea," answered Devarney icily, and he turned away.

"W, of course, stands for Weary," went on Skinner.

Devarney turned back to him, with a flash in his eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"Only what I say," answered Skinner affably. "Of course, you being a new fellow, I don't know anything about you. But we always ask new fellows their names, you know—one of our little ways here. I thought your name was Walker, from your pater being Mr. Weary Walker."

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter, and there was a chortle from Snoop and the rest.

Devarney gave Skinner a look which caused the grin to fade a little from his face. It looked as if the nose-punching was in the offing. After the unexpectedness of that new kid in the Fourth, Skinner had to be wary.

"If that's meant for a joke——" said Devarney, with a deep breath.

"Not at all; sober as a judge," protested Skinner. "Nothing to get shirty about. After all, Walker's a good old name."

"Is it a name?" said Devarney contemptuously.

"Better ask Walker of the Sixth that!" chuckled Snoop.

"Well, how do you like Greyfriars, young Walker?" asked Skinner.

"I've told you my name is not Walker."

"Feel sort of lonely at first, of course," said Skinner, unheeding. "But that will jolly soon wear off. A fellow like you will make friends so fast that at the end of the week he won't be able to count 'em."

"He, he, he!"

"Fellows like your sort, you know—a nice, good-tempered, agreeable-lookin' chap, never thinking of putting on airs and——"

"He, he, he!"

Devarney extricated himself from the chuckling group, and walked away, with a heightened colour, followed by a chortle from Skinner & Co. Skinner strolled over to the Famous Five, who were chatting near the fireplace.

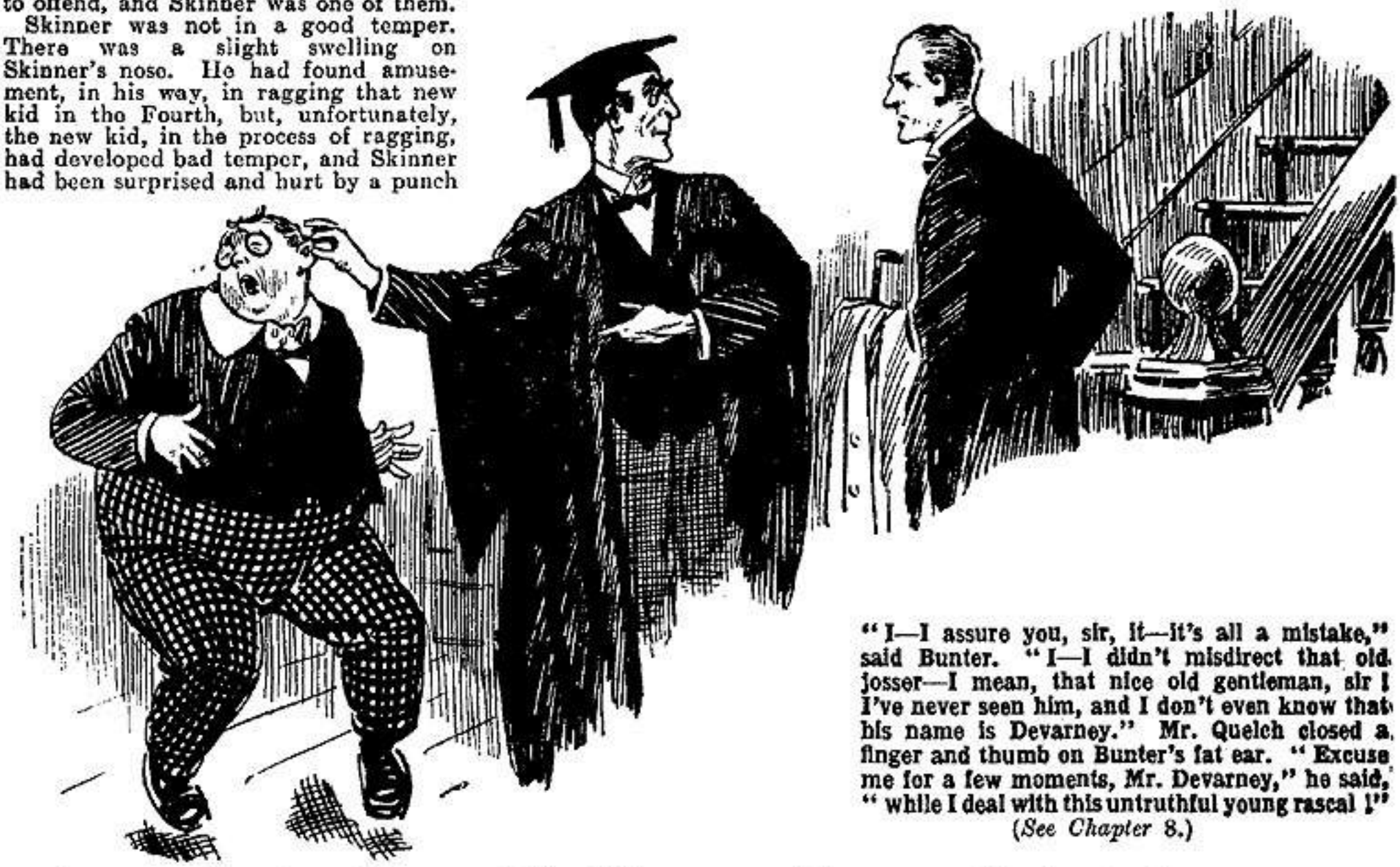
"I hear you've got the new kid in your study, Wharton?" he remarked.

Wharton nodded.

"Like him, of course?" said Skinner.

"Can't say I do."

"He says his name isn't Walker," continued Skinner.



"I—I assure you, sir, it—it's all a mistake," said Bunter. "I—I didn't misdirect that old josser—I mean, that nice old gentleman, sir! I've never seen him, and I don't even know that his name is Devarney." Mr. Quelch closed a finger and thumb on Bunter's fat ear. "Excuse me for a few moments, Mr. Devarney," he said, "while I deal with this untruthful young rascal!"

(*See Chapter* 8.)

Wharton stared.

"Well, it isn't; his name's Devarney."

"Pulling your leg," said Skinner. "His pater's name's Walker, so his name must be Walker."

"What rot!" said Bob Cherry. "His pater's Mr. Devarney, the long-legged merchant who blew in late."

"Gammon!" said Skinner. "You ask him if his name isn't Walker, and see what he says."

The Famous Five eyed Skinner suspiciously. They knew his little ways of old.

"If you're ragging the new kid, Skinner, you can do it without our help," said Frank Nugent.

"Well, I know his father's Mr. Weary Walker," said Skinner.

"Fathead!" said Wharton, laughing.

Skinner drew the Famous Five blank. Like the monkey in the story, Skinner liked to find a catspaw to draw his chestnuts out of the fire. So Skinner looked for less wary fellows to carry on his amiable little jest at Devarney's expense.

Devarney was standing by the window, looking out into the dusky

quad, alone, and preferring to be alone. Tubb of the Third came along to speak to him.

"I say, is your name Walker?" asked Tubb.

"No."

Tubb faded away, but a minute later Gatty of the Second came up on Devarney's other side.

"I say, kid!" said Gatty.

Devarney glanced round.

"Is your name Walker?" asked Gatty.

"No!" said Devarney, with a gleam in his eyes. Gatty retired rather hurriedly.

During the following ten minutes, about half a dozen fellows strolled along to ask Devarney whether his name was Walker. His brow was growing blacker and blacker, his eyes sparkling, and those signs of rising temper greatly entertained the raggers. It was, as Skinner had said, easy to "draw blood" with a thin-skinned fellow like Devarney. He turned from the window at last, and walked across to the door, evidently fed-up with the hilarious company in the Rag.

"Good-night, Walker!" called out a dozen voices.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Devarney, with ears burning, walked out of the room. Billy Bunter, who never could let well alone, rolled through the doorway after him, and bawled:

"Good-night, Walker!"

The next moment Billy Bunter was sorry he had uttered that valediction. Devarney turned on him, grasped a fat little nose between finger and thumb, and tweaked it severely.

There was a yell of agony from the Owl of the Remove.

"Yoooooogh!"

Apparently finding solace in it, Devarney tweaked the fat little nose again, to the accompaniment of fiendish howls from Bunter.

Two Sixth Form prefects coming along the passage stopped.

"Those noisy little beasts!" said Loder.

"Noisy isn't the word," said Walker of the Sixth. "Like a bear-garden! Stop that row, you fags!"

"Yarooooh!"

"Here, chuck that!" said Walker, taking Devarney by the shoulder and hooking him away from Bunter. "What the dickens are you up to? New kid, what?"

"Yes!" snapped Devarney.

"Well, what do you mean by pulling a kid's nose?" demanded Walker of the Sixth. "What?"

"He cheeked me!" growled Devarney.

"Musn't a new kid be cheeked?" asked the prefect sarcastically. "Stop that row, Bunter! Your nose is still there!"

Bunter's nose felt as though it wasn't. He caressed it tenderly.

"What have you been up to, Bunter? Ragging this silly new kid, what?"

"Ow! I only called him Walker!" moaned Bunter, still caressing his nose.

"Is his name Walker, do you mean?" Walker of the Sixth turned, with some little interest, to Devarney. Hitherto, he had been the only Walker at Greyfriars and, naturally, was not pleased to hear of a fag of the same name. "Is your name Walker, kid?"

"No!" answered Devarney, almost in a snarl. "It's only that fat fool's cheek."

"Cheek?" repeated the prefect.

"Yes: he meant to be insultin'."

"Insulting!" repeated Walker of the Sixth.

Loder grinned. Walker did not grin. He saw nothing to grin at. Instead of grinning, he frowned thunderously, and took a grip on the ashplant he carried under his arm. It was natural that a fellow named Walker should fail to see anything cheeky or insulting in a fellow being addressed as Walker, and should be considerably annoyed at any fellow regarding it in that light.

"Your name isn't Walker?" asked the prefect, breathing hard.

"I've said it isn't."

"And you feel insulted at being called Walker?"

"Certainly."

"You don't like the name, what?" asked Walker of the Sixth, with bodeful calm.

"If it is a name, no."

"If it is a name!" repeated the great man of the Sixth, scarcely believing his ears. "Did you say, if it is a name?"

"Yes."

"You cheeky young sweep, my name's Walker."

"Oh!" ejaculated Devarney.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Loder. The expression on the face of Walker of the Sixth was too much for his gravity.

Walker glared at him.

"Nothing to cackle at in this fag's cheek that I can see, Loder. You benighted little tick, what's your name?"

"Devarney."

"Well, Devarney, do you see that chair?" Walker pointed with his cane.

"Yes."

"Bend over it."

Devarney paused a second, but he bent over the chair. He realised that he was dealing with a Sixth-Form man, and that there was no choice.

Billy Bunter almost forgot the pain in his fat little nose as he watched Devarney taking six. Fellows crowded in the doorway of the Rag to look on. Walker laid on the six with a heavy hand, and when he gestured to Devarney to go, the new fellow went with painful twistings.

The two great men of the Sixth continued their walk, Loder smiling and Walker scowling. In the Rag there were roars of laughter. Devarney, seriously as he took himself, had added considerably to the gaiety of the first night of the term at Greyfriars.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Devarney's Feud!

HARRY WHARTON came into Study No. 1, just before dorm, for a forgotten tooth-brush to take up to the dormitory with him. The light was on in the study, and Julian Devarney was there.

Devarney was unpacking some books, and he glanced round at the captain of the Remove. He seemed about to speak, hesitated, and was silent. Wharton found his tooth-brush, and was about to leave—not feeling any desire whatever for the company of the fellow who had made a scene in the study that afternoon. But a good-natured impulse supervened, and he paused at the doorway. The fellow, after all, was a new kid, and if he was rather queer in his ways—for so the juniors regarded it—it was up to old hands to be as tolerant as possible.

"Sorry you bagged six your first night here," said Harry.

Devarney shrugged his shoulders.

"That's nothin'. I had six often enough at Barcroft."

Wharton had no doubt of that—if Devarney at Barcroft had been anything like Devarney at Greyfriars.

"Not feeling it much?" he asked.

"Not at all."

"That's good."

"Hold on a minute," said Devarney, apparently making up his mind to speak, as the captain of the Remove was turning away.

Wharton held on.

"I'm rather afraid I gave a little offence in this study this afternoon," said Devarney, slowly and reluctantly.

Wharton's brow darkened.

"Not a little," he answered. "You gave a lot. I was going to speak to you about it, but I don't want to rag a man his first day here. But since you mention it, what the thump did you act in such a rotten caddish way for?"

Devarney crimsoned.

"I don't look at it like that," he said.

"Every other man who was present does," said Wharton dryly.

"It was unpleasant, I know that," said Devarney. "I'm not the fellow to make a scene. But there's times when it's unavoidable."

"What had Newland done to you?" demanded Wharton warmly. "You'd never seen the chap before, and he came to this study to do you a service."

"I know that."

"Well, then——"

"I suppose you know he's a Jew," said Devarney.

"That's no secret," said Harry. "But I suppose a fellow can be a Jew, without being insulted about it by a silly ass."

Devarney was silent for a moment or two.

"Look here," he said at last, "I owe you and Nugent an apology for makin' a scene here. I admit that."

"You owe Newland an apology, and if you're decent, you'll make it next time you see him," answered Harry.

Devarney set his lips.

"I think perhaps I ought to explain," he said, "if you'll let me bore you for a few minutes——"

Harry Wharton sat down on the edge of the table.

"Go ahead," he said. "Blessed if I know how you're going to explain having acted with the manners of a Hottentot. But go ahead."

Devarney leaned back against the book-shelves. He made a handsome and graceful figure as he stood there, easy and elegant. That he was a fellow of good family, nurtured in delicacy, generation after generation, there were many signs to tell. The Devarneys of Devarney Court had floated comfortably on the top of things through many centuries. They had produced soldiers and statesmen, while the more essential work of the world was done by less fortunate hands. Tracing their descent in an unbroken line from the eleventh century, it was natural that they should think much of themselves; natural that they should

never realise that they were more ornamental than useful.

"I don't know how that fat outsider, Bunter, nosed it out, but what he was chattering is true," said Devarney. "It's nobody's business but my own, but I'm makin' no secret of it. We're poor."

"That matters to nobody but yourself," said Harry. "Except Bunter," he added, with a smile.

"A year ago, it was different," said Devarney, biting his lip. "Of course, things have changed since my pater was a boy—though the old chap can't quite realize it. I believe the mortgages on the estate had been mounting up for nearly a hundred years, when the crash came at last. The poor old pater went into the City to retrieve his fortunes—to save the crash. Fancy a Devarney in the City! Of course, he was like a pigeon among hawks."

Wharton made no comment on that.

He had had a glimpse of Mr. Devarney, while he was at the school, and he certainly would not have drawn the impression that the stiff old gentleman was the man to make money in the City. Obviously, he was the man to lose it there. Still, Wharton thought that it might have occurred to Devarney that if his pater had made it somebody else would have lost it.

"They got him into an oil company," said Devarney. "Of course, I don't know much about such things, but a name like my pater's was no end valuable to a swindler promoting a bogus company. With a Devarney of Devarney Court on the board, the thing would impose on people."

Again Wharton refrained from comment. But he could not help thinking that it was Mr. Devarney's duty to inquire very carefully, and make very certain, before he allowed his lofty name and aristocratic connections to be used for the purpose of deluding the public.

"It was a man named Shem Isaacs who got the thing up," went on Devarney. "You can guess what race he belonged to, from the name."

"Quite," assented Harry.

"My father—and other people—were ruined. Isaacs—somehow—made a fortune out of it. Goodness knows how they wangle these things and keep out of prison—but I believe it's quite common in the City. Devarney Court had to be sold——" The boy's lip quivered. "I had to leave Barcroft—we're nobodies now. I shouldn't be at Greyfriars, only—there was an arrangement made—I needn't go into that. Well, we're nobodies now—and a Jew owns Devarney Court, where my people have lived since the first man came over with William."

Devarney paused, colouring.

"It's not my way to bore fellows with my personal affairs," he said, "but, after what has happened this afternoon, I thought I ought to explain. We've been ruined by Jews, one of the oldest families in England has had to clear out of the oldest house in Sussex, to make room for a sheeney from the Stock Exchange. After that, can you wonder if I loathe Jews?"

Wharton shook his head.

"No," he said. "It's natural, but a bit fatheaded. There can't be less than a million Jews in the country. One of them has injured you—or you believe he has, for you may be wrong—but that's no reason for hating the other nine hundred-and-ninety-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine."

"Aren't they all tarred with the same brush?" sneered Devarney.

"Hardly! My dear chap, have a little sense. What would you think of a man who loathed the English race because a pickpocket in London, say, had picked his pocket?"

Devarney was silent for a moment, seemingly struck by that argument.

But he shook his head.

A prejudice deeply rooted was not to be eradicated by words. And probably, in the disaster that had overwhelmed his family, there was solace in having some definite object to blame and hate.

"Take Newland of the Remove, for example," went on Wharton. "He's as decent a chap as any at Greyfriars. He plays a good game at footer, and he plays the game in every other way."

"Doesn't he lend money at interest in the Form?" asked Devarney bitterly.

"He doesn't. There's a man here who does," said Wharton, laughing, "but he isn't a Jew."

There was a short silence.

"I understand now, of course," said Harry. "I dare say it's natural, but it's not sense. To insult a fellow because some other fellow has wronged you, is just idiotic. Fellows like Bunter chip Newland about being a sheeney, and all that; but it's really beneath a fellow like you, Devarney. You want to chuck all that rot right out of your head."

Devarney's lips set obstinately.

"I've explained, because I thought you had a right to an explanation," he said. "But, in the circumstances, I should do the same thing again."

"That's rot! Do you mean to say you're going to have a feud on with Newland because he's a Jew?" asked Wharton, divided between amusement and irritation.

"I mean just that."

"Then you're a silly ass!"

Devarney shrugged his shoulders.

"He's done nothing to offend you——"

"Only being a Jew."

Wharton's brow became very serious.

"Look here, Devarney," he said quietly, "Newland's one of the best-tempered fellows in the Form, but there's a limit. You've insulted him once, and got away with it. If you play the goat like that again, you're likely to have a fight on your hands, and Newland can be a hard hitter when he likes."

"So can I," said Devarney coolly. "I have no objection at all. I should rather enjoy thrashing him, and fancyin' at the time that it was Shem Isaacs' face I was punching."

"You'd like to thrash a fellow you don't know, and that you've only seen once?" exclaimed Harry.

"Yes."

"Then you're a silly, unreasonable ass," said the captain of the Remove, slipping from the table; "and I can tell you that that sort of piffle won't make you popular in the Remove."

"I'm not keen on being popular in the Remove."

"Well, of all the silly goats!" Wharton went to the door, and paused again. "Better think it over, Devarney. If you keep up that rot, Newland isn't the only fellow you'll have trouble with."

"With you, perhaps?" said Devarney, unmoved.

"Very likely, I think," said Wharton angrily.

"I'm not alarmed."

Wharton looked at him, and then, refraining from further speech, left the study. Devarney's disdainful shrug of the shoulders as he went almost caused him to turn back. But he controlled his annoyance and went, and Devarney of Devarney Court was left on his own.

(*Continued on the next page.*)

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Turned Down!

HENRY SAMUEL QUELCH, the master of the Remove, was noticeably kind to the new junior in Form the next morning. Devarney was not, as yet, on friendly terms with anybody in the Lower Fourth, and, from his manner, was unlikely to be.

At his old school, Devarney of Devarney Court had been "somebody," and had had followers and admirers. At his new school these were likely to be lacking. The kind of fellow who had made much of him while he was the rich Devarney was not likely to make much of him now that he was the poor Devarney; and other and better kinds of fellows were not likely to trouble about him at all, unless he made himself agreeable, which he did not bother to do.

Without the Devarney money, and the Devarney country house, and all the other Devarney advantages, he had to stand or fall on his own merits; and his merits, whatever they were, were hidden under a cloak of sour pride. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune had embittered him, and the less respect that was accorded him the more he was disposed to exact.

He could not forget for a moment that he was a Devarney of Devarney Court, and nobody cared a straw whether he was a Devarney, a Smith, a Jones, or a Robinson.

So there was evidently many a rub ahead for him, until the rough-and-tumble life of a junior Form at school knocked his corners off, as it were. Mr. Quelch was of an age and experience to sympathise with the boy, more than the Removites; and, knowing his history, he was extremely kind to him. To the juniors he seemed merely a sulky and supercilious fellow—"stuck-up," as Bunter described it in his elegant variety of English.

"Stuck-upedness" — another of Bunter's words—was not popular in the Remove. A fellow who looked at you as if you were not there could not expect fellows to like it.

Any fellow's little weaknesses are likely to be discovered very quickly at school, and unlikely to be treated with ceremony. They are all the more likely to be cured for that reason; but the process is apt to be uncomfortable. Vernon-Smith, who had heaps of money and could not help talking about it, had been nicknamed the "Bounder" immediately, and he had never lost the name. Fisher T. Fish, who was always "on the make," had been called "Shylock" ever since he had adorned Greyfriars with his transatlantic presence.

A fellow was expected to shake down and conform to the common standard, and if he did not his way was liable to be a thorny one. Devarney was a new specimen. The Remove had not had a member quite like him before, and thoughtless juniors were not likely to make allowances for his peculiar weaknesses.

Skinner had nicknamed him "Walker," on account of his pater's pedestrian performances the first day at Greyfriars. That feeble little joke would have died a natural death but for the deep and bitter annoyance it caused Devarney. That kept it alive. Skinner, in break that morning, amplified it into De Walker of De Walker Court, eliciting roars of laughter.

Devarney, at his present rate of progress, did not seem likely to make friends in the Remove; but he did not seem to want to do so. As a matter of fact, he had a friend already at Greyfriars, the wealthy and superb dandy of the Fourth, Aubrey Angel. It was quite contrary to custom for a fellow to chum with a fellow in another Form; but Devarney had no regard for that, no doubt feeling sufficient unto himself and above custom.

Of Angel, however, he had hitherto seen nothing, except that brief sight of him at Friardale Station on the first day, when Angel apparently had not seen him.

Since the Devarneys had fallen from their high estate, Julian had had a good many shocks and surprises, but there were more in store for him. He was destined to meet with one more when he came in contact with Aubrey Angel. Angel of the Fourth was about the last fellow at Greyfriars to be bothered with a lame duck, and he had no use for a man without a "bean."

At tea-time that day, when Wharton and Nugent went to Study No. 1 they found Devarney there, reading. He did not look up from his book as the two juniors came in.

They looked at him. After the scene of the previous day, both of them had resolved that the new fellow would have to look for some other study. But that had blown over. There were many difficulties in the way, and they did not, after all, want to be rough on a new kid.

As he was "planted" on Study No. 1, it was evidently wisest to make the best of him. Nobody wanted a cat-and-dog life in the study. Besides, Wharton had an impression that he really was a decent fellow in the main, only a bit of an ass. So the captain of the Remove now addressed him cheerily:

"You here, kid? What about tea?"

Devarney looked up.

"Is it tea-time?"

"It is—it are!" said Frank Nugent humorously. "We generally tea in the study, you know. I dare say it was the same at your school."

Devarney nodded.

He laid down his book and rose to his feet.

"Not teaing here?" asked Harry, as the new junior moved towards the door.

"No; I think I shall tea in Hall, as a rule," said Devarney. "Probably you can guess the reason—if not, Bunter can tell you."

"Oh!" said Wharton, rather uncomfortably.

He realised that a fellow whose father walked to save a railway fare was not likely to be able to afford to go much outside the school commissariat. It gave him another glimpse into the bitterness of which Devarney's heart was full.

"May as well tea with us to-day, at any rate," said Nugent.

"Thanks; I'm not a sponger!"

"Oh, rot!" grunted Frank.

"Your kind invitation is gratefully declined," said Devarney, with a kind of mocking seriousness.

"Please yourself."

"I intend to!"

"Look here, Devarney," said Wharton, as the junior crossed to the door. "We're landed in this study together; and there's no reason why we shouldn't be friends. I suppose you don't want the cold shoulder and the marble eye all through the Remove, do you?"

"I don't mind!"

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed Harry. "I can tell you that a fellow who goes out of his way to make himself disliked will have a thin time here."

"You can't expect the Remove to like it, you know," said Frank.

"The Remove can like it or lump it!" said Devarney indifferently. "From what I've seen of the Form, I don't think much of them."

"I think that works both ways," remarked Wharton.

"Very likely! It doesn't matter to me."

Harry Wharton frowned; and then laughed.

"You'll find it rather a bore, if you don't make a friend in the school while you're here," he said.

"I've a friend already—not in the Remove, though," added Devarney. "Is that passage across the landing the Fourth Form passage?"

"That's it."

"Which is Angel's study, do you know?"

"Number Four."

"Thanks."

Devarney strolled out into the Remove passage. Wharton and Nugent's eyes met, and both smiled. The little scene at the railway station the previous day was in both their minds. They doubted very much whether Julian Devarney would find a warm welcome in the study of his friend Angel of the Fourth.

Devarney seemed to have no such doubts. He walked along to the Fourth Form passage, tapped at the door of the study, and turned the handle. The door did not open. It was locked. Devarney tapped again.

"Who's there?" called out an irritable voice.

"It's I—Devarney."

"Oh!"

The door was unlocked and opened. A cloud of cigarette-smoke in the room told why it had been locked. Angel and Kenney had had their tea, and were following it up with cigarettes—which was one of the little ways they had.

"Come in, Devarney," said Angel, not very graciously.

The new junior entered. Kenney, sitting in an armchair, stared at him, but did not stir. Angel, who had opened the door, stood facing him, with a faint flush in his cheeks and a slight frown on his brow.

Devarney had dropped a good deal of his reserved manner as he came in. With a fellow he knew—an old friend—he could be cheery enough. He sat down on a corner of the table, and smiled at Angel's rather troubled face.

"I'm glad to see you again, Aubrey," he said.

"Oh! Yes! Rather!" assented Angel. "I've looked round for you several times, and never happened to spot you since I've been here," said Devarney. "I rather expected you to look me out, old chap."

"A fellow has such a lot to do first day of term," muttered Angel.

"Well, this is the second day."

"Second day, too, if you come to that. One thing and another," said Angel vaguely. "Of course, I was goin' to look you up."

Kenney winked at the smoke curling from his cigarette. He knew exactly how much his pal Aubrey had intended to look up the fellow who was no longer worth knowing. But Devarney, keen and quick to take offence as he habitually was, did not seem to catch on.

"Well, here I am," he said pleasantly. "You've had tea?"

"Yes," muttered Angel. "I'd have asked you, Devarney, only—only I didn't exactly know where to see you——"

"I'm in the Remove—Study No. 1," said Devarney. "But I'm not goin' to stick you for teas, Aubrey. Once in a while, perhaps; but not often. A fellow in my circumstances has to be careful." He coloured. "Of course, you know what a change there's been—I told you about it in my letter—and I dare say you may have seen something in the newspapers."

"I did," said Angel, rather grimly.

"A putrid sheeney diddled my father!"

said Devarney, a gleam coming into his eyes. "A scoundrel——"

"Yes, yes, I know all about it," said Angel. "No good goin' into that. You don't want to grow into a man with a grievance, Devarney. Nothin's more ridiculous than a man with a grievance!"

Devarney looked at him quickly.

"I'm not likely to forget it in a hurry," he said. "It's made a lot of difference to me. I had to leave Barcroft——"

"I suppose Greyfriars is as good as Barcroft."

"Oh, I dare say! But a fellow couldn't stay on and be pitied. And my father was able to fix things here——"

"I remember you told me in your letter—reduced fees, or somethin', wasn't it, on account of somethin' or other—knowin' a governor, or somethin'." Angel barely suppressed a yawn.

"Yes," said Devarney. "That's what I've come down to. Rather thick, after what I've been used to!"

"Rather lucky, if you ask me!" said Angel.

Devarney gave him another look. He was growing conscious now of a chilly atmosphere in Angel's study. Kenney was watching the smoke of his cigarette with a broadening grin on his narrow face. Apparently he found something amusing in that spiral of smoke.

There was a pause and silence. In either of Devarney's cheeks a spot of colour began to glow. He slid from the table, and stood beside it. Angel did not ask him to sit down; neither did he sit down himself. He seemed to be waiting.

"I was feeling rather bucked at the idea of finding an old friend at this school," said Devarney slowly. There was a note of something very like appeal in his voice—an appeal to Aubrey Angel to dissipate the misgivings that were now forming in his mind. "You're glad to see me?"

"Oh, quite!" said Angel, in a very perfunctory manner.

"I don't feel like makin' friends in my own Form. They're rather a scratch lot, really, from what I've seen of them," said Devarney. "But I never was a fellow for a crowd, as you know. One pal's enough for me."

"Better make one in your own Form," said Angel.

"Eh?"

"You see, the Forms don't mix much," said Angel. "I don't know how it was at Barcroft; but, except in games, the Forms don't have much to do with one another here. I've no friends in the Remove."

"You've one now!" said Devarney.

"Oh, yes, of course; but—— The fact is, Devarney——" Angel paused.

"What is the fact?" asked Devarney quietly. He was beginning to understand now.

"Well, you see, a fellow's friends take up a lot of his time, and I'm in the Fourth, and—and—— Look at it sensibly, you know. We can't expect to see much of one another at school," said Angel. "It wouldn't really work. In the hols it may be different. I've no doubt I could fix it for you to come and stay with me in the vac—part of the vac, anyhow——"

"You needn't trouble," said Devarney, in the same quiet tone. "I shan't come and stay with you in the vac, Angel."

"Please yourself, of course," said Angel, but he could not help looking relieved, as he felt. "I don't want you to think that your—your ill-luck has anythin' to do with it. It's not that, of course."

"Look at it sensibly, you know," said Angel. "We can't expect to see much of one another in the school. It wouldn't really work. I've no doubt I could fix it for you to come and stay with me during the vac." "You needn't trouble," said Devarney, with bitter sarcasm. "But it's no good rowing with you for bein' what you can't help bein'—a cad and a rank outsider!" *(See Chapter 11.)*

"Of course!" said Devarney, with bitter sarcasm.

"I know you're not the fellow to sponge, or borrow money, or that sort of thing," said Angel. "In fact, if you're pushed, I've generally a quid to spare——"

"Keep it!"

Angel flushed.

He wanted—very much he wanted—to have nothing further to do with the fellow who had once been a valuable friend, and who was now valueless—with nothing left but an uncomfortable and troublesome pride.

Angel of the Fourth could not see himself being burdened by a lame duck, a fellow with a grievance, a man who had seen better days; a fellow with nothing but beggarly pride, and too large an allowance of that. As a toady or hanger-on it would have been another matter; a fellow like Kenney, who made himself useful and agreeable for the sake of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

Devarney certainly was not the fellow to take that line; and it was only by taking such a line that he could have retained the valuable friendship of Aubrey Angel. As matters stood, he had nothing whatever to recommend him, and Aubrey was only anxious to see the last of him.

But he had the grace to feel a little ashamed of himself, and so was glad of a pretext for taking offence.

"Keep it!" he repeated angrily. "Well, if that's the way you talk, Devarney——"

"Yesterday," said Devarney quietly, "I saw you at the station. You didn't see me. I understand now that you didn't choose to."

"If you're going to row——"

"Not at all," said Devarney contemptuously. "I've been rather a fool, but what's the good of rowin' with you for bein' what you can't help bein'—a cad, and a rank outsider? I'm not goin' to row. I'd as soon row with a mangy dog!"

Kenney, to judge by his expression, found the spiral of smoke from his cigarette more amusing than ever. Angel crimsoned with rage.

"You'd better get out of this study, I think," he said, "and after this, keep your distance. I'm more than fed-up with you."

Devarney looked at him, and the look in his eyes made Aubrey Angel back away a pace. But the new fellow only smiled contemptuously and turned to the door. With great relief the dandy of the Fourth saw him go. The door closed behind Devarney, and Angel locked it again, and lighted another cigarette.

"Cheeky cad, thinkin' he's goin' to stick on to me, when everybody else has turned him down!" he grunted.

Devarney left the Fourth-Form passage. He paused on the landing and stood for some moments leaning on the banisters. He had left Angel in an angry and scornful mood, but that soon passed.

His heart was heavy. He had counted on Angel of the Fourth; they had always been friends. He knew in his heart, that had their circumstances been reversed he would not have acted as Angel had done—he was incapable of that. It was for that reason that he had trusted Angel. More than one rude rebuff had Devarney experienced since he had fallen into evil days, but this last was the unkindest cut of all. A friend—an old friend—in the school would have made a vast difference to his life at Greyfriars; and somehow he had never even thought that his fall from fortune would make a difference to Aubrey. Even when Angel had cut him at Friardale he had not realised. Other people had let him down—he

remembered some rather disagreeable incidents in his last term at Barcroft—but he had counted on Aubrey.

What was the fellow afraid of, he wondered bitterly. He could not fancy that a Devarney of Devarney Court would become a sponger! It was simply that he was nobody now—a fellow not worth knowing—a fellow from whom there was no possible advantage to be gained. And for such a fellow Angel of the Fourth had no use.

For long minutes Devarney stood there, leaning on the balustrade, in deep and bitter reflection. But he shrugged his shoulders at last, angrily and impatiently. Angel was not worth thinking about; he was a fool to bother his head about such a rotter. It was the kind of thing he had to expect, now that he was no longer the wealthy Devarney of Devarney Court, but a nobody, whose father was glad to get him into a school at reduced fees.

From that his thoughts ran to the ruin of his family's fortunes, and the cause of it, and the bitterness in his heart rose to white heat at the thought of Shem Isaacs, the City sharper who had fattened on the ruin of an ancient house.

He moved at last, and went into the Remove passage. In his present mood the sight of Monty Newland was like a red rag to a bull. His eyes flashed at the sight of the Jewish junior.

Newland was strolling along the passage to the stairs, his hands in his pockets, whistling cheerily. His whistle died away at the sight of Devarney's black, scowling face.

He smiled faintly and walked on. Devarney drew aside with ostentatious care, as if to avoid contamination.

Newland coloured, and paused.

"Look here, Devarney——" he began hotly.

"Don't speak to me!" said Devarney, in a choking voice. "Keep your distance, you worm!"

"I don't allow fellows to call me a worm," said Newland quietly.

Devarney laughed contemptuously.

The next moment Devarney's aristocratic Greek nose was going through the same experience that had befallen Billy Bunter's little fat one the evening before.

There was a yell of rage in the Remove passage, and Devarney struck out fiercely.

Newland reeled against the wall. A trickle of crimson ran from his nose.

"Take that, and keep your dirty hands to yourself!" hissed Devarney.

A moment more, and Monty Newland was springing at him, and they were fighting furiously.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Devarney Meets His Match!

"A FIGHT!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"That ass Devarney——"

There was a rush from the Remove studies. Most of the fellows had come in to tea, and at the uproar of a fight in the passage tea was deserted on all sides.

From up and down the passage fellows crowded on the scene.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "Newland's licking that cheeky ass Devarney! He, he, he!"

"Go it, Walker!" chortled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, hold on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, hurrying on the scene. "Stop that, you men! If you're going to scrap, get the gloves——"

But the two combatants were too excited to heed the captain of the Form.

frequent, but generally they were conducted according to the rules, and with the gloves on. But neither Newland nor Devarney were thinking of rules or gloves now.

Devarney, surging with angry passion, was fighting fiercely, and Newland, generally good-tempered and placable, was enraged and exasperated. There were no rounds in that hefty conflict. The two juniors fought on fiercely, and severe punishment was taken on both sides.

"What on earth is the row about?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"That silly goat Devarney——"

Not a fellow doubted that Julian Devarney was to blame for the trouble. Newland was hardly ever mixed up in a quarrel, and certainly he was not the fellow to "row" with a new kid. He looked fiercely angry; but there was no doubt that he had cause for it—and the fellows who had been present in Study No. 1 the day before could guess the cause.

Hammer-and-tongs they went, till suddenly with a crash Newland went down on his back.

Devarney, panting, stood back to give him a chance to get on his feet again.

Monty Newland scrambled up.

His nose was streaming red, his lip was cut, one of his eyes was darkening. But without a second's pause he rushed straight at his enemy.

Hammer-and-tongs again!

Thicker and thicker grew the crowd in the Remove passage. Nearly every man in the Remove was on the scene now.

Their comments made it quite clear to which side sympathy inclined. There was encouragement for Newland on all hands; hardly a word spoken for Devarney—none, in fact, except Skinner's jeer of "Go it, Walker!"

All the more because he felt the whole crowd of fellows against him, Devarney put every ounce into the struggle.

But the comments of the spectators told him, if he had not known it, that Newland was getting the upper hand.

Devarney was the next to go down; and he was slower to rise than the lithe, active Newland had been. But he rose and resumed the fight, his teeth set, his eyes gleaming under knitted brows, every ounce of his strength and resolution exerted for victory.

The bare thought of defeat was gall and wormwood to him. Without provocation he had picked this quarrel, and the humiliation of defeat was too bitter to be thought of. Yet every moment it was becoming clearer that he was not—as he had arrogantly taken for granted—a match for his adversary.

It was borne in upon his mind that he was being beaten—beaten by the Jew! Devarney of Devarney Court, descendant of Norman conquerors, was getting the licking of his life at the hands of a "sheeney."

The thought drove Devarney almost to madness. Panting, gasping, almost at the end of his tether, he exerted himself almost frantically, taking punishment without giving it heed, only seeking to overcome and defeat the Jew.

And it was all in vain. Physically, Newland was at least as good as Devarney, and he was a better boxer, and much cooler and steadier. And the way he stood up to punishment showed that there was no lack of courage. Slowly but inevitably Newland gained the upper hand.

Crash!

Devarney went heavily down, bumping on the floor, and lay gasping on his back, dazed by the blow and the fall.

"Out!" said the Bounder.

"The outfulness is terrific."

Devarney made a fierce effort to rise; but his strength was gone, his head was swimming, and he sank back helplessly.

Monty Newland stood panting for breath. He had won the fight, but he was almost as severely punished as his enemy. He leaned on the passage wall and breathed in great gasps.

"Newland's fight," said Bob Cherry. "But that silly kid put up a good scrap. Let me help you up, Devarney."

Devarney pushed him fiercely back.

"Let me alone! I'm not finished; I'm not licked! Let me get at that sheeney cad!"

Bob grinned.

"Better not get at the jolly old sheeney again, old bean. You won't have any features left at this rate!"

"Let me alone!"

Devarney contrived to stagger to his feet unaided. He stood unsteadily on his legs, looking almost wildly round him. His eyes were closing and his sight blurred. He could hardly stand, let alone continue the fight; yet he was furiously determined to go on.

"Don't be an ass," said Newland. "Stand back!"

"You cur!"

Devarney tottered towards him, hitting out. Newland coolly and quietly tapped the feeble blow aside. He did not hit out in return, but gave Devarney a gentle push that caused him to sit down in the passage.

"All over!" grinned the Bounder. "You'd better go and bathe your face, Newland, before Quelchy sees it. It's rather a picture, old bean!"

A crowd of friends escorted the victor away to bathe his face and mend the damages so far as possible before that damaged countenance met the eye of authority.

Devarney, staggering up again, leaned a hand on the wall for support, gasping for breath. His adversary was gone; most of the fellows had cleared off; the fight was over. He was left there—defeated, humiliated, friendless, disregarded. He leaned on the wall, with dizzy brain and aching limbs, unheeding the grinning faces of Skinner & Co. and the fat, squeaking chuckle of Billy Bunter.

"Let me lend you a hand, kid."

It was Harry Wharton who spoke. He spoke kindly enough, with an impulse of sympathy for the foolish, passionate fellow who had been so severely punished for his folly. He took Devarney's arm to lead him away.

Devarney struck his hand savagely aside.

"Let me alone!"

For a second Wharton clenched his hand, his eyes blazing. But he unclenched it immediately and turned away without a word.

Devarney moved away with unsteady steps. He was beaten, there was no help for that—beaten to the wide. He only wanted to get away, to get out of sight—away from mocking eyes and jeering tongues.

In the Remove dormitory the unhappy boy threw himself face downward across a bed and groaned—not with the pain of his hurts, but in agony of spirit.

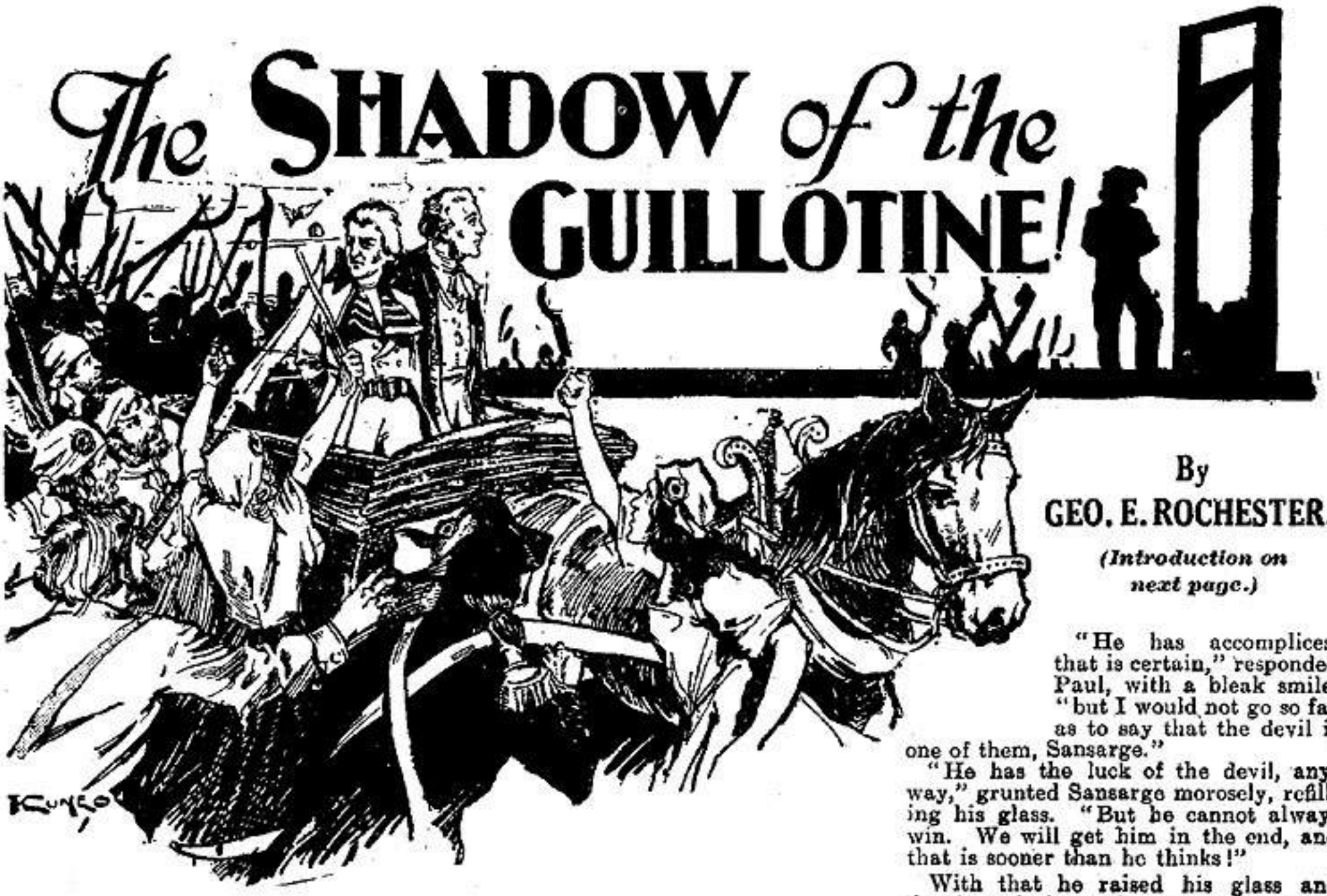
Beaten—by the Jew! The cup of his bitterness was full.

THE END.

(Devarney, with his haughty manner and intense dislike for Monty Newland, is booked for a lively time at Greyfriars, so don't miss next week's rousing long complete story, chums—"MONTY NEWLAND'S ENEMY!")

THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT IN THIS VIVID STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The SHADOW of the GUILLOTINE!



By
GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

(Introduction on next page.)

The might of Robespierre is at its zenith; even those who serve him in the cause of Liberty fear his scrawling signature, for it spells life or death to those that come under his displeasure!

A Fruitless Errand!

ABRUPTLY Sansarge released Paul Darc's arm and turned away.

"Forgive me, boy, if I offend," he said, in low and humble tones. "'Tis only that I think so much of you and would not wish to see you come to harm."

Impulsively Paul laid his hand on the shoulder of Sansarge.

"I will not come to harm, old friend," he said gently, "and I know your words were prompted by the thought you have for me. There, let us not discuss the matter further."

Sansarge turned to face the boy.

"Then you are determined?" he questioned dully.

"I am, Sansarge! If it lies in my power to save him, the Chevalier de St. Clair shall not mount the guillotine!"

"But what can you do?"

"I shall see Robespierre within the hour. He has shown clemency before, and maybe I can persuade him to sign the order of release!"

Sansarge shook his head.

"He will not!" he replied. His clemency has never yet extended to an aristocrat!"

"Then now is the time for him to make a beginning," responded Paul grimly. "But come," he went on, drawing his chair up to the table, "I am almost famished. Resume your seat, Sansarge, for I have news for you. Will o' the Wisp is back in Paris!"

"What?" exclaimed Sansarge, staring.

"It is true," nodded Paul. "He entered through the Western Gate a few minutes before the barricades were closed for the night."

Sansarge fumed

"But where was Sergeant Cassolat?"

"Sergeant Cassolat," replied Paul evenly, "was at the gate. He engaged, it seems, in conversation with this sly Englishman, but failed dismally to penetrate his disguise!"

"Then curse him for a blind and stupid fool!" growled Sansarge angrily.

Seating himself heavily, he drained the glass which stood by his elbow, and, wiping his beard with the back of his hand, demanded details.

"Well, then," he exclaimed, when Paul had told him of what had transpired at the Western Gate, "now that we know the dog is in Paris we will see that he does not slip out!"

"It will not be the first time we have said that," remarked Paul dryly.

"Ah, but this time we shall not fail," rejoined Sansarge confidently. "The whole of Paris will be looking for this Will o' the Wisp before morning and the agents of the Committee of Public Safety will smell him out!"

"I hope they do," replied Paul, pushing back his chair and rising, "for the people are undoubtedly growing restless at our failure to lay him by the heels!"

"And do you wonder?" growled Sansarge. "Only last week, from under the very shadow of the Razor, he spirited away the Vicomtesse de Charnault and her two pale-faced brats of daughters. Got them to the coast, as well, and across to England, so it is said.

"Name of a name," he went on uneasily, "but there are times when I think that cursed Englishman is in league with the devil."

"He has accomplices, that is certain," responded Paul, with a bleak smile, "but I would not go so far as to say that the devil is one of them, Sansarge."

"He has the luck of the devil, anyway," grunted Sansarge morosely, refilling his glass. "But he cannot always win. We will get him in the end, and that is sooner than he thinks!"

With that he raised his glass and drank confusion and a sanguinary death within the very near future to that thrice-condemned and interfering dog of an Englishman, the elusive Will o' the Wisp.

It was a few minutes later that Paul Darc quitted the house and, turning out of the narrow and ill-lit Rue Couteau, bent his steps in the direction of the Rue St. Denis where Robespierre had his modest lodgings

Robespierre, the most powerful man in all France, was the only one who could save the Chevalier from the guillotine. One scrawl of the pen across the order for release and the Chevalier would be freed from the Luxembourg and permitted to depart from Paris.

Elbowing his way through the press which thronged the streets, Paul eventually reached the Rue St. Denis and traversed its length until he came to the house where Robespierre lodged.

Glancing upwards, the boy felt a sudden sinking of his heart, for the windows were unlighted and the house was in darkness. In response to his knock, shuffling footsteps came along the hall from the rear premises, bolts screeched back in their sockets, a chain rattled, then the door was slowly opened and the wizened face of an old woman peered out inquiringly.

"I wish to see the Citizen-deputy Robespierre," stated Paul.

The old woman shook her head. She knew Paul well by sight, for he was a frequent and welcome visitor to Robespierre's apartments.

"He is out of Paris on business of the people," she replied, "and will not return until to-morrow night!"

"Do you know where he can be found?" demanded Paul.

Again the woman shook her head.

"He did not say where he was going," she replied. "He is out of Paris, and that is all one knows!"

With face drawn and haggard Paul

Dare turned away. Only in that moment did he realise to the full how much he had been depending on Robespierre.

And Robespierre was out of Paris.

The Justice of the People!

IT had been a glorious day in the history of the Republic.

Thirty-eight aristocrats had been tried, found guilty as traitors to the people, and sentenced to the guillotine. And now, as the grey autumnal afternoon draws to a close and spluttering candles are shedding their sickly illumination throughout the long, bare room, the Chevalier de St. Clair stands at the bar of the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris.

The Citizen-president is seated at his paper-strewn table on a raised dais at one end of the room. A clerk sits on his right and another on his left, both writing busily with quill pens. Above him, on the bare white-washed wall behind, in painted and untidy lettering, are the words: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!"

In front of the Citizen-president, at a rough desk on a lower dais, lounges the Public Prosecutor, Citizen Fouquier-Tinville. He has done well that day; and if his harsh voice is now somewhat hoarse with long-sustained and abusive denunciatory effort, what of that? Is it not all in the service of the people?

And the people!

A jostling, cursing, jeering mob, they swarm upon the long wooden benches which run almost the whole length of each side of the room. Men and women, their grinning faces flushed with hatred and lust for blood, struggle, shouting and swearing, to obtain a better view of the cursed aristocrats who, throughout the day, have mounted, one by one, to that railed-in platform which stands in the centre of the floor, facing the table of the Citizen-president.

Has the world ever seen such fiends as these who gather daily to witness the grim and tragic farce which they call Justice?

And now, craning forward, with shaking fists and flaming eyes, they shouted and screamed a torrent of invective and vile abuse at the young and boyish figure who stood before the bar of the court.

The sudden jangling, discordant notes of the Citizen-president's bell cut short their clamour, and as Citizen Fouquier-Tinville straightened up to address the accused, they settled themselves to watch and listen with an eager and anticipatory interest.

But scarce had the Public Prosecutor embarked on his opening remarks than he paused. And the reason for his pause was that the Citizen-deputy Paul Dare had quietly entered the court and was making his way towards the seats on the front benches which were reserved for those Citizen-deputies who cared to attend the trials.

Citizen Fouquier-Tinville disliked being interrupted. Further—and this was common knowledge—he disliked the Citizen-deputy Paul Dare. He was jealous, it was whispered, of Paul Dare's friendship with the powerful Robespierre.

So, with an exaggerated air of patient resignation, Citizen Fouquier-Tinville waited whilst Paul seated himself, then turned to the accused.

"Armande de St. Clair," he said harshly, "you are hereby accused of having conspired against the peace, safety, and welfare of the People and of the Revolutionary Tribunal, in that you have wittingly and with malice expressed, in letters addressed to Holland, a deep and unmitigated abhorrence of such executions as have been ordered by this tribunal; and, further, you are accused of having endeavoured to bring this tribunal into contempt, in that you have in those same letters referred to its findings as but the prelude to deliberate and cold-blooded murder!"

Oh, it was so very simple, the bringing of a charge against these aristocrats! A letter, expressing horror at the daily slaughter, intercepted on its way to some kinsman or kinswoman who had reached the safety which lay beyond the frontiers; an indiscreet word overheard by hostile ears; the possession, even, of sword or pistol; any one of these was more than sufficient to satisfy the people that here was another traitor whose ascent to the guillotine was lamentably overdue.

And trust the clever Fouquier-Tinville to make the most of the flimsiest charge or to bolster it up, should bolstering-up be necessary.

"I have the letters here," he went on. "They are addressed to the mother of the prisoner, and will be read if the tribunal desires to hear them."

"We do not desire it!" screamed the mob. "To the guillotine with him! Down with the cursed aristocrat!"

The jangling notes of the Citizen-president's bell stilled the uproar, and Fouquier-Tinville turned to him, a cold smile on his lips.

"The evidence is very clear, Citizen-president," he said, holding up a thin bundle of letters. "If I may crave your indulgence whilst I read some few brief extracts——"

The Citizen-president shrugged his shoulders.

"It is better so, perhaps," he announced, in tones of boredom.

So Citizen Fouquier-Tinville read the few brief extracts which he had suggested; extracts in which the prisoner spoke with horror and dismay of the bloodshed and carnage which had come to his unhappy land.

The mob received the damning phrases with howls of execration and derision. Morbleu, but here was a traitor, if ever there was one! What was it he had penned:

"'. . . revolting and soul-sickening sights . . . our kinsmen butchered in the shambles . . . that inhuman monster Robespierre and his jackal Fouquier-Tinville!'"

Name of a name, but he would pay dearly for such treacherous words!

"A la lanterne!" screamed the furies on the benches. "A bas l'aristo! Mort au traitre!"

Not once, save for a quick glance round when he had first been brought into the crowded court between two ragged soldiers of the National Guard, had the chevalier paid any seeming heed to his surroundings. Upright, with head held bravely erect and hands tight-clasped behind his back, he stood on the railed-in platform, his eyes fixed unwaveringly in front of him.

He was entirely unaware of the presence of Paul Dare in the court; was unaware, even, that Paul was in Paris. Three long years had passed since his brief friendship with Paul Dare had so abruptly ended and their paths had turned apart. But, although he had not seen him since that tragic day, nor yet received one written word from him, the Chevalier de St. Clair had never forgotten the Paul Dare whom he had known and loved.

And as he stood there, striving to deafen his ears to the jeers and curses of the frenzied mob—striving to maintain a brave and unflinching front, Paul Dare sat watching him with brooding, sombre eyes.

Again the discordant jangle of the Citizen-president's bell silenced the uproar, and as an expectant hush descended on the room he turned to Fouquier-Tinville.

"You need read no more," he said, his voice harsh in the silence. "We have heard enough!"

Citizen Fouquier-Tinville smiled and replaced the letters on his desk. All that remained to be done now was the last few formal words.

"The prisoner is guilty!" announced the Citizen-president. "What sentence do you demand?"

"I demand the sentence of death on Armande de St. Clair, proved traitor to the people!" replied the Public Prosecutor.

The Citizen-president nodded, and turned to the pale-faced boy who faced him from the platform.

"Armande de St. Clair," he said harshly, "I pronounce on you sentence of——"

"One moment, Citizen-president!" cut in a stern, cold voice. "I have something to say affecting the prisoner!"

The Verdict!

FOUQUIER-TINVILLE wheeled, glaring at Paul Dare, who was advancing towards the table of the Citizen-president.

"We cannot hear you," he said sharply. "It is too late!"

"It is never too late when a man's life is at stake!" returned Paul coldly; then to the Citizen-president: "I crave your permission to address the tribunal on behalf of the prisoner!"

The Citizen-president stared doubtfully at Paul.

"On behalf of the prisoner, Citizen-deputy?" he questioned.

"Those were my words," assented Paul curtly.

INTRODUCTION.

It is the year 1789, when the first rumbles of the coming revolution in France are heard. Paul Dare, a peasant, and the Chevalier de St. Clair, an aristocrat, both young lads, are staunch chums, but they are soon forced to realise the barrier that lies between them. For daring to bathe in the lake at Chateau Fontnoy, Paul is brutally flogged at the order of the Marquis D'Ermonde de Fontnoy, the chevalier's uncle, who gives further evidence of his fiendish cruelty by killing Paul's guardian. The lad swears vengeance on the tyrant and is sent to Paris by a revolutionary named Sansarge, there to be placed in the charge of the notorious Robespierre. Three years pass, and the long-threatened revolution has burst into flame. The shadow of the guillotine lies over France, and both the hated Marquis de Fontnoy and his innocent nephew, the chevalier, are arrested and taken to Paris for trial. Paul Dare, now commissioner of the Revolutionary Tribunal, learns with horror of his friend's capture and dashes to the capital, determined to do all in his power to save him. In Paris the mob has been roused to fury by the daring exploits of an unknown Englishman calling himself Will-o'-the-Wisp, who has spirited many aristocrats away to freedom, often under the very noses of the guard. Following his latest escapade the whole city is being searched for this mysterious and elusive rescuer. Meanwhile Paul tells Sansarge that at all costs he means to help the Chevalier de St. Clair, whose trial is to take place the next morning. Amazed and furious, Sansarge warns the lad that anyone who seeks to rob the people of their victims runs the risk of himself making the acquaintance of Madame Guillotine!

(Now read on.)

Printed and published every Saturday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and Abroad, 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.—Saturday, September 14th, 1929.

The Citizen-president rubbed his unshaven chin hesitatingly. For anyone to wish to address the court on behalf of a prisoner was most unusual. Now if it had been the other way about——

But this young, stern-looking Citizen-deputy was a friend of the all-powerful Robespierre. It might be ill work to offend him. Best hear what he had to say. It would make no difference to the verdict and the sentence.

"You may address the tribunal, Citizen - deputy," announced the president.

"I protest!" shouted Fouquier-Tinville. "It is too late, and——"

The remainder of his words were drowned in an excited howl from the mob.

"We will hear the Citizen-deputy," they yelled. "We will hear what he has to say of the aristocrat. We will hear the Citizen-deputy!"

With face livid with passion, Fouquier - Tinville flung himself furiously into the seat at his desk. This, then, was the gratitude of the animals.

"Curse you, Paul Darc! Curse you, I say!" A yell of fury from the mob drowned the wild and passionate words. "To the guillotine with the whelp! Death to the aristocrat!" they cried. Then slowly the clamour died away as Paul Darc raised his hand. "Citizens," he cried, "I beg of you to bear with this poor boy!"

(*See this page.*)

Turning, Paul Darc walked with slow, deliberate tread to the railed-in platform where stood the chevalier, white of face, bewildered, incredulous.

"Have no fear, Armande," he said gently. "They have yet to learn the friend you were to me."

"Paul Darc!" gasped the boy huskily. "Is—is it you?"

"Yes," replied Paul quietly, "it is I."

Sudden passion blazed in the chevalier's eyes, for it seemed that now full realisation had come to him.

"You cur!" he cried hoarsely.

Paul Darc recoiled as though struck by a blow.

"Armande," he exclaimed pleadingly, and he was white to the very lips, "you do not understand——"

"Do I not?" cried the chevalier, with bitter scorn. "I understand this, Paul Darc, that you, the one whom once I called my friend, are now some leader of these red-handed, murderous wolves—a traitor to your God!"

Paul stood rigid and silent, dumbfounded by the stunning shock of this attack, conscious of a strange, sick feeling at his heart.

"Throughout the years which have passed, Paul Darc," went on the chevalier, in hoarse and shaking voice, "I have held your memory very dear. But now I see what you are—what in your heart you must have always been!" His voice rose shrill and hysterical. "What of those women and those tiny children whom you and your vile kind have doomed to hideous death? What wrong was ever wrought by noble blood to compare with such foul wrong as now is daily done? Curse you, Paul Darc—curse you, I say!"

A yell of fury from the mob drowned the wild and passionate words. Oaths, jeers, and a torrent of vile abuse came from snarling, cursing lips:

"To the guillotine with the whelp! Death to the cursed aristocrat! To the guillotine with the dog!"

Then slowly the clamour died away, for Paul Darc was standing with upraised hand.

"Citizens," he cried, "I beg of you to bear with this poor boy, for he is overwrought. There are times of mental stress when one must speak with rash, unguarded tongue. And such a time is when one knows that death is close—a death unjust and undeserved!"

A low, menacing growl came from the packed benches, and Fouquier-Tinville turned, with impatient gesture, to the Citizen-president. Surely, after what had just transpired, this young fool of a Citizen-deputy would wash his hands of the stubborn and unrepentant aristocrat!

But in a ringing voice, and with a sincerity which held the grudging ears of his hearers, Paul Darc made an impassioned appeal that leniency should be shown the prisoner. He spoke from his heart—a heart, had they but guessed, heavier than he had ever known.

He spoke of those early days, stressing how always the sympathies of the chevalier had been with the people. He told of the flogging which he—Paul Darc—had received from the Marquis de Fontroy, and of the chevalier's grief and bitter resentment against his noble kinsman for that act. He spoke of the death of his father, and of the letter which the chevalier had written swearing one day to make amends for the foul crime for which he was in no way responsible.

He defied Fouquier-Tinville or the tribunal to produce one whit of evidence to the effect that the chevalier had ever in any way been guilty of the slightest act of tyranny or oppression.

As for the letters which had formed the basis of the charge against the chevalier, Paul dismissed them with contemptuous gesture as but the outpourings of an overwrought and boyish mind, unaccustomed to the shedding of blood, no matter how just and lawful such shedding might be.

"Citizens," he wound up earnestly, "I have served you well, and never till this moment have I found myself in conflict with the findings of this tribunal. But it is with the full and certain knowledge of the justice of the cause I plead that I beg of you to show mercy to this unhappy boy, who always has been a good friend to you—the People!"

A low growl of something akin to approbation came from the crowded benches. He spoke well, this Citizen-deputy. And, moreover, it was as he had said. He had served the people well. Perhaps, after all, a mistake been made.

But Citizen Fouquier-Tinville, how Paul had swayed the mob an acquittal, was already s was going,"

"Citizens," he shouted of Paris, and be ruled by these gibs!"

have heard from and haggard Paul

prisoner's friend? Are you turned so soft of heart that sentiment must override your sense of justice? Not thus was won the glorious liberty which we enjoy to-day! From his own lips you have heard the prisoner say that we are vile and guilty of foul wrong—heard him curse the very man who in open court stood up to plead for him. Are we to brook defiance such as that, or believe him friend of us whom he abhors?"

And from the mob whom he had won back to him there burst a roar of fury:

"To the guillotine with him! Death to the cursed aristocrat! Death to the traitor!"

The Citizen-president's bell restored order as, with a cold, malignant smile of triumph, Fouquier-Tinville resumed his seat.

"We have heard what you wished to say on behalf of the prisoner, Citizen-deputy," said the president to Paul, "but it does not induce us to set aside the verdict nor to show a clemency of which the prisoner has proved himself so undeserving!"

Then, turning to the chevalier, he went on harshly:

"Armande de St. Clair, have you anything to say why the sentence of death which is demanded should not be passed against you?"

"Nothing," retorted the boy bitterly, "except that in death I should find a happiness impossible in a life which I would owe to one so lost to manhood and to honour as Paul Dare!"

In harsh, precise tones, the Citizen-president pronounced the death sentence, then turning to his papers, said impatiently:

"Take him away!"

The Arrest!

THE hour was late, and in the mean room which he shared with Paul Dare in the Rue Couteau, the bearded Sansarge sat alone.

Not that he wanted any other companions than the black bottle by his side and the clay pipe between his lips, for he had much to think of—much with which to occupy his thoughts. So, sprawled in his chair, he sat staring moodily into the fire, drinking and puffing, puffing and drinking, until at length a step mounting the stairs brought him from out of his somewhat befuddled musings.

"So it is you?" he growled, as the door opened and Paul Dare entered the room. "I have been waiting for you!"

"Have you, Sansarge?" responded the boy listlessly. "There was no need. The hour is late, and you were better abed."

"Abed?" Sansarge laughed bitterly. "Nay, Paul Dare, I kept awake to see you come slinking home like the cur which St. Clair called you—a beaten cur!"

"Sansarge!" exclaimed the boy sharply, a flush mounting to features which were more pale and weary than their wont.

"A beaten cur!" repeated Sansarge, his voice rising. "Lashed by the tongue of a cursed aristocrat—an arrogant whelp of Fontnoy blood, who by his very words has proved the foul falseness of his breed!"

Paul walked slowly to the table. Seating himself, he was silent for a moment, and when next he spoke his quiet voice held nothing of anger or resentment.

"You judge him harshly, Sansarge," he said, "for he scarce knew what he was saying. Remember the sheltered, peaceful life which always has been his. And now he finds his world being swept away and he himself condemned to die. Can he be blamed in that he looks on me askance—I who am a leader of those who have brought these things about?"

"The words he used to you were unforgiveable," replied Sansarge angrily, "but worthy of the cursed name he bears! I warned you, Paul Dare, to let justice take its course. But, no, you would not listen, and this day's work is like to cost you dear!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed!" shouted Sansarge. "Already Fouquier-Tinville is demanding of the people by what right a Citizen-deputy takes it upon himself to plead for the life of an aristocrat. You know he is jealous of your friendship with Robespierre, and now, you fool, you have given him a weapon which he will use against you to the full!"

Paul laughed; and a laugh it was which caused Sansarge to break off and stare at him from under lowered brows, then voice with slow deliberation:

"You look strange to-night, Paul Dare. Where have you been until this hour?"

"Attending to a certain urgent matter!" replied the boy harshly.

"And was it a matter concerning the welfare of the people?" pressed Sansarge.

Thrusting back his chair, Paul Dare leapt to his feet.

"Curse you and the people!" he cried passionately, and Sansarge recoiled before the fury blazing in the boy's eyes.

"Must everything be for the people? Must a man sink honour, decency, his belief in God, to please these murderous red-handed beasts, who have turned this land of France into a shameful shambles? Must he stand idly by whilst women and innocent children are daily humiliated and degraded as they pass through a jeering, hate-ridden mob on their way to the place of slaughter? We were wronged, God knows. But is this the way to right a wrong? You know it is not, for the tumbril and the guillotine are as great a wrong as was ever done to us, and the daily carnage which masquerades as Justice, is staining France with blood which cries aloud for vengeance!"

"Paul Dare—what mad words are these——" whispered Sansarge hoarsely, calloused hands gripping the arms of his chair.

"They are words which have long been in my heart!" cried the boy. "Words which I have not dared voice until to-day. You heard what St. Clair called us. Wolves, he said, and wolves we are. But I swear before the God who hears me, that we who planned the Revolution never intended to establish this vile reign of terror. But when we won liberty for the people, we unleashed a power which now we cannot control."

"And I warn you again, Paul Dare," growled Sansarge menacingly. "The will of the people is the only law in France to-day, and not even the mighty Robespierre dare set his face against it——"

He broke off, staring in sudden fear and dismay at a man who had silently opened the door of the room and now stood on the threshold. It was a man slight and frail of stature, with sunken cheeks and pale blue eyes. Blue coat and white waistcoat showed beneath his long cloak which hung open from the neck. Silken hose and silver buckled shoes completed his attire, and as he doffed his three-cornered hat, it was to bring into view the curled and powdered periwig which surmounted his high forehead.

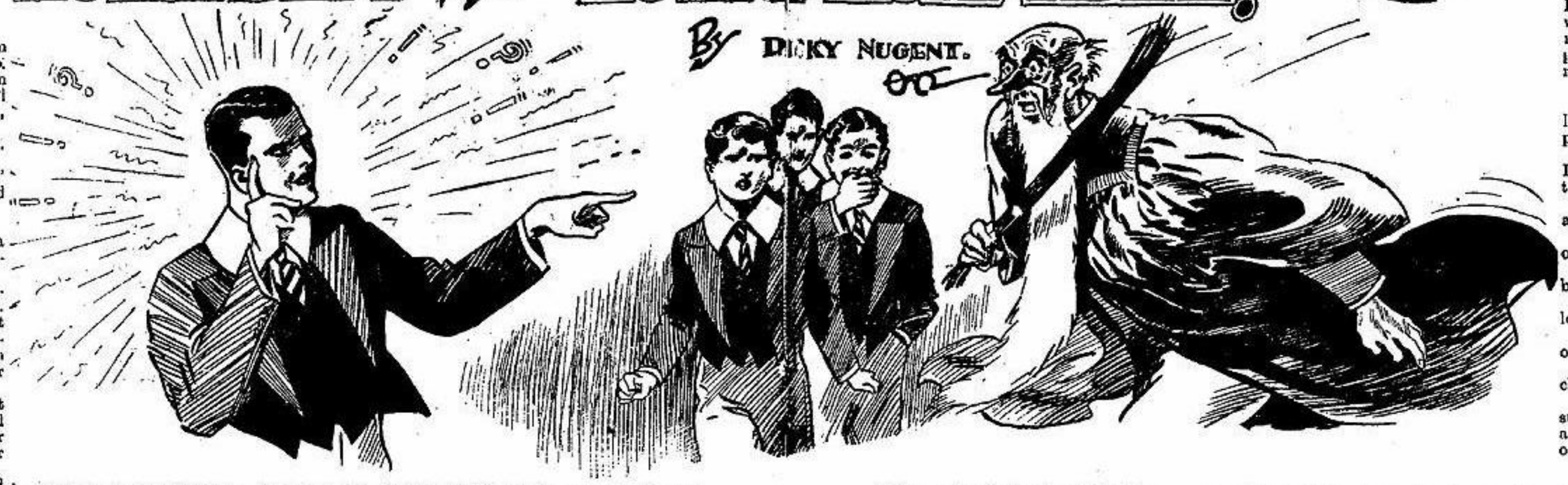
It was Maximilien Isidore de Robespierre, the man whose power was second to none in France.

(What is the reason for this visit from Robespierre, the dreaded, all-powerful leader of the Revolution? Whatever you do, don't miss the powerful sequel in next week's instalment of this great story!)

REEDEM the REMARKABLE!

By DICKY NUGENT.

Just think what you'd do, chums, if you possessed the power of being able to read other people's thoughts. Such, however, is the extraordinary gift of Ikan Reedem, the sensational new boy who arrives at St. Sam's. Make his acquaintance below.



I.

IT was the first day of the new term at St. Sam's, and Jack Jolly & Co. were bizzy unpacking their bags in the study, when Mr. I. Jolliwell Lickham, the master of the Fourth, poked his nose round the door.

"What-ho, boys!" he cried cheerily. "Unpacking?"

"No fear! Doing conjuring trix," answered Jack Jolly sarkastically; and the Co. roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Lickham turned the culler of a ripe tomato, and bit his lipps with vexation.

"Tutt, tutt! You must not be disrespective, Jolly!" he said seveerly. "Now that hollidays are over, you must remember that I am no longer the strolling player and wandering minstrel you knew during the holls., but your diggnified and skollerly Form master."

"Right-ho, sir! Anything for a quiet life!" said Jack Jolly cheerfully. "And now, what's the trubble? Tell your uncles all about it, sir, and we'll do our best—won't we, chaps?"

"Yes, rather!" grinned Merry and Bright and Fearless.

Mr. Lickham smiled feintly.

"Thank you, my boys, but there's no trubble so far as I'm concerned. The trubble, if any, will be yours. To get down to brass tax, I want to dump a new boy into this study."

Jack Jolly pulled rather a rye face.

"But we're full up already, sir!"

"Nevertheless, Jolly, I want you to have him. You see, he's a rather unusual sort of a cove for a new boy. In the first place, his name is Ikan Reedem."

"Eh?"

"Ikan Reedem," repeeted Mr. Lickham. "A strange name, you will agree; but I understand that his parents are Poles—either that, or else they are up the pole; I'm not quite sure which. Anyway, Ikan Reedem up till now has been a circus performer, and is therefore unaccustomed to the dissipline of a grate skool like St. Sam's, hence my reason for placing him in this study. I want you to keep an eye on him, Jolly, and put him wise to publick skool manners and customs, so that he will not find the life too difficult. Savvy?"

"I savvy, sir. I suppose he's an awfully ignorant fellow?" inkwired Jack Jolly.

Mr. Lickham shook his head.

"On the contrary, my boy, I understand that he is quite well-educated. His father is sending him to St. Sam's becawse, despite his Polish ancestry, he still lacks polish. Ha, ha, ha!"

And Mr. Lickham howled with larfter at his feeble attempt at wit.

"Well, I suppose we'd better agree to having the new kid, as we've got no option in the matter," said Jack Jolly, when Mr. Lickham had partly recovered.

"Eggsacktly," said Mr. Lickham, wiping the tears of merriment from his eyes. "Do your best with young Reedem, Jolly. I'll send him along to you as soon as he comes in."

So saying, the master of the Fourth hopped it.

Five minnits afterwards there came a timmid wrap on the study door.

Crash! Bang! Wallop!

"Ten to one in doenutts it's the new kid," said Frank Fearless.

And so it proved to be. In response to Jack Jolly's deffening yell of "Come in!" a handsome young fellow, attired in brand-new Etons, walked in and announced himself as Ikan Reedem.

Jack Jolly & Co. notissed at once that Reedem was no ordinary new boy. There was a sinnical curl round his lipps that seemed to indikate a lot of worldly eggsperience, and his dark, flashing eyes had a pekuliar gleem in them. Nine fellows out of ten wouldn't have notissed these things, but our heroes took them in at a glarnso.

"Name of Ikan Reedem," said the newcomer, giving Jack Jolly & Co. a calm nod. "Lickham sent me along here."

"Pretty cool customer this," thought Jack Jolly to himself.

Imagine Jack's surprise when Reedem smiled as though he knew what he was thinking, and said:

"Well, I suppose I am a pretty cool customer, if it comes to that!"

The kaptin of the Fourth farely jumped.

"Did I say you were, then?" he asked, in astonishment.

Reedem smiled again—an amewsed, half-mocking smile.

"You didn't say it aloud; but you thought it, didn't you?"

"Perhaps I did," agreed the kaptin of the Fourth. "But how the thump——"

Ikan Reedem interrupted him.

"Let me eggsplain," he said. "As I'm to come in this study, it's best that you should know at once. The fact is I am a tellepathist."

"A whatter?"

"A tellepathist," repeeted Ikan Reedem. "In other words, I possess the eggstraordinary power of being able to switch in to other people's brane-boxes and read their thoughts."

"Oh, my hat!"

"For years now my thought-reading act has been the gratest attraction of my father's circus," said Ikan Reedem moddestly. "All the crowned heads of Europe have vowed and declared that they have never seen anything like me."

"Grate pip! But how do you do it?" asked Frank Fearless, in amazement.

"It's a gift," was the remarkable new boy's answer. "I can't tell you myself. All I know is that by concentrating I can read anybody's thoughts."

"M-my giddy aunt!"

"But that's all by the way," said Reedem carelessly. "I've come to skool now, and I suppose I'd better forget all that kind of thing for a few years. Can you chaps tell me what I have to do neckst? I've seen Lickham."

"Presoomably, then, your neckst step is to see Dr. Birchemall," said Jack Jolly. "Come along with us, young Reedem, and we'll introdooce you to the old buffer."

The rest of the Co. had finished their unpacking, and they all trotted along together. They felt distinctly curious to know how Reedem would get on with the Head.

Jack Jolly kicked open the door of the Head's study and led the way in. Ikan Reedem followed, and the others watched the proseedings from the open doorway.

"Well, Jolly? What the merry dickins do you want?" asked Dr. Birchemall, in his deep, refined voice, as he looked up from the commic paper he was peroosing.

"Please, sir, I've brought along the new chap named Reedem."

Dr. Birchemall bestowed a curt nod on Reedem.

"Very well. I hope you will soon settle down here, Reedem. You'll find we shan't overtax your branes at St. Sam's, although you will be given frekwent floggings for the purpuss of teaching you who's who and what's what."

"Very well, doc," mermered Reedem.

Dr. Birchemall flushed slitely.

"And don't call me, 'doc,' either," he added rather sharply. "The term is not considered respective enuff for a mitey man of learning like myself. Call me 'boss,' or 'guv'nor,' or 'old sport,' not 'doc.' Savvy?"

"I savvy," nodded the new boy.

"Lemme see. I beleeve I arranged for you to go in the Fourth," mermered the Head. "Perhaps, nevertheless, I had better put a few questions to you, to test your intellijence before you go."

"I'm ready, sir," grinned Reedem.

The Head pondered.

"Better give him something easy first," he thought to himself. "Simple arithmatic. Perhaps possibly something like 'twice two.'"

"Four!" said Reedem suddenly, just as the Head reached this point.

Dr. Birchemall jumped.

"W-what did you say?" he stuttered.

"Four! That's the right answer, isn't it?" asked Reedem innosently.

"But I didn't ask you the question!" hooted the Head in amazement.

"Perhaps not. Trifles like that don't worry me in the slitest," smiled Reedem. "You see, sir, as it happens, I'm a thought-reader."

"M-my only Aunt Semolina!" gasped Dr. Birchemall.

"I can read people's thoughts as easily as you can read that commic paper," eggsplained the amazing new boy. "For eggsample, I can tell that at the present time you are contemplating raiding the study of one of the masters for a roast chicken someone has sent him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jack Jolly & Co.

"Silence!" The Head had jumped to his feet, his face the culler of a beetroot. "How can you make such a fowl sujjestion, Reedem? As a matter of fact, that greedy rotter, Swishingham, may have eaten it ali up by now—that is to say, I never had any idea of pinching his blessed chicken. I repudiate the insinuatio with skorn!"

The juniors burst out larfing again, for the Head's confusion showed them planely that Reedem had read the old buffer's thoughts only too well.

"Silence!" roared the Head again. Turning to Reedem, he barked: "I'll show you weather you can make fun of me, you disrespective young cub. Bend over!"

Reedem had no option but to obey, and for the neckst half hour or so Dr. Birchemall's study farely ekkoed with the steady swishing of a birch and the aggernised yells of Ikan Reedem as he bore his punishment with kontemptuous indifference.

After that, Jack Jolly & Co. carried Reedem back to their study and the new boy settled down to the regular rootine of St. Sam's.

II.

REEDEM soon became a popular figger in the Lower Skool at St. Sam's. He turned out to be a real all-round sportsman. On his first day at St. Sam's he nocked out half-a-duzzen seniors who tried to booly him. On the second day he saved a duzzen fellows from drowning when a boat overturned in the River Ripple. And on the third day he played for the Fourth against the Fifth and scored no less than two duzzen goals. Everyone was agreed by that time that Ikan Reedem was one of the best.

The Head, on the other hand, didn't take at all kindly to him after that insident in his study. Every time they met, Dr. Birchemall skowled feercely and Jack Jolly confided to his pals that he was afraid that Reedem had made an ennemy of the revered and majestick old jentleman.

Forchunitly, an insident soon happened to mollyfy the Head's injured feelings towards the thought-reader of the Fourth. One day Jack Jolly & Co. and their new pal were walking across the quad arm-in-arm when Dr. Birchemall poked his head out of the winder on the first-floor and bekkoned Reedem.

"Want me, sir?" asked the thought-reader of the Fourth.

"Of course. What the thump do you think I was bekkoning you for?" asked Dr. Birchemall, with lofty dignity. "Come up to my study at once—if not sooner, or I'll birch you black and blew!"

The Head disappeared from the winder and, feeling rather nervuss, Reedem ambled back to the Skool House, accompanied by Jack Jolly & Co.

They reached the Head's study to find Dr. Birchemall waiting for them with a heavy frown on his classicle countenance. He fixed his beady little eyes on Reedem as that junior entered.

"Look here, Reedem," he said. "I've got a little job for you. It's like this here. Although you'd hardly beleeve it, I suspect that Mr. Lickham, your Form master, entertains a lot of nasty, disrespective thoughts about me."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Frank Fearless. "Why?"

"Meerly becawse I've cut down his sallery by a cupple of bob a week," the Head condeesended to eggsplain. "Now what I want you to do, Reedem, is to read Mr. Lickham's thoughts at the pressent moment and tell me if I'm right."

"Oh, my hat!"

"It will be as easy as rolling off a log to you," said the Head. "Pray proseed to do it immejately, my boy."

Reedem grinned and closed his eyes. Dead silence followed for a minnit or two.

Suddenly Reedem opened his eyes again and looked at the Head.

"You're a mean, grasping, niggerdly old codger!" he said delibberately.

Dr. Birchemall recoiled, as from a blow.

"What?" he yelled, almost increddulously.

"Also you're a mingy, stingy, miserly old skinflint!" said Reedem calmly.

"M-m-my giddy aunt! Why, you cheeky, dispertinent young cub——"

Words failed Dr. Birchemall. With a sudden movement he grasped his birch and made a lunge at the thought-reader of the Fourth.

Reedem dodged hurriedly.

"Half-a-minnit, sir! I fansy you're making a mistake!" he gasped. "I'm not telling you what I think. I'm meerly giving you Mr. Lickham's thoughts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jack Jolly & Co.

The Head pawsed, his skollerly dile a study.

"Mean to tell me that's what Lickham really thinks of me?" he asked. "What did you say?— mean,' 'miserly,' 'stingy'——"

"Oh, there's quite a lot more to come yet, sir!" said Reedem cheerfully. "If you'll just wait a minnit——"

But Dr. Birchemall had already bounded out of the study—birch in hand.

Jack Jolly & Co. followed, eggspecting to see some fun, and their eggspectations were fully realised. As they droo near Mr. Lickham's study, the sound of furious swishing fell on their ears, accompanied by loud yells of aggerny.

"Woop! Yow-ow! Yoop! Lemme alone, you awful cadd! Yaroooo!"

"Sounds as if the Head's going it!" grinned Jack Jolly.

And he was! When the grinning juniors looked round the door of their Form master's sanktum, they could see nothing owing to the blinding clouds of dust. That dust was rising from Mr. Lickham's trowsis, and when they got accustomed to it they could dimly perceeve the unforchunit master jumping all round the room like a frog, while Dr. Birchemall persewed him, lashing out as hard as he could go.

The Head didn't leave off until he felt completely whacked, and by that time Mr. Lickham was feeling more than completely whacked!

This little insident put Dr. Birchemall and the new boy on much better terms, and from that moment on the outlook at St. Sam's was much better for the sensashunal new boy, Reedem the Remarkable!

THE END.

(What else has Ikan Reedem, the amazing newcomer to St. Sam's, got up his sleeve? You'll find out when you read the second story in this screamingly funny series!)