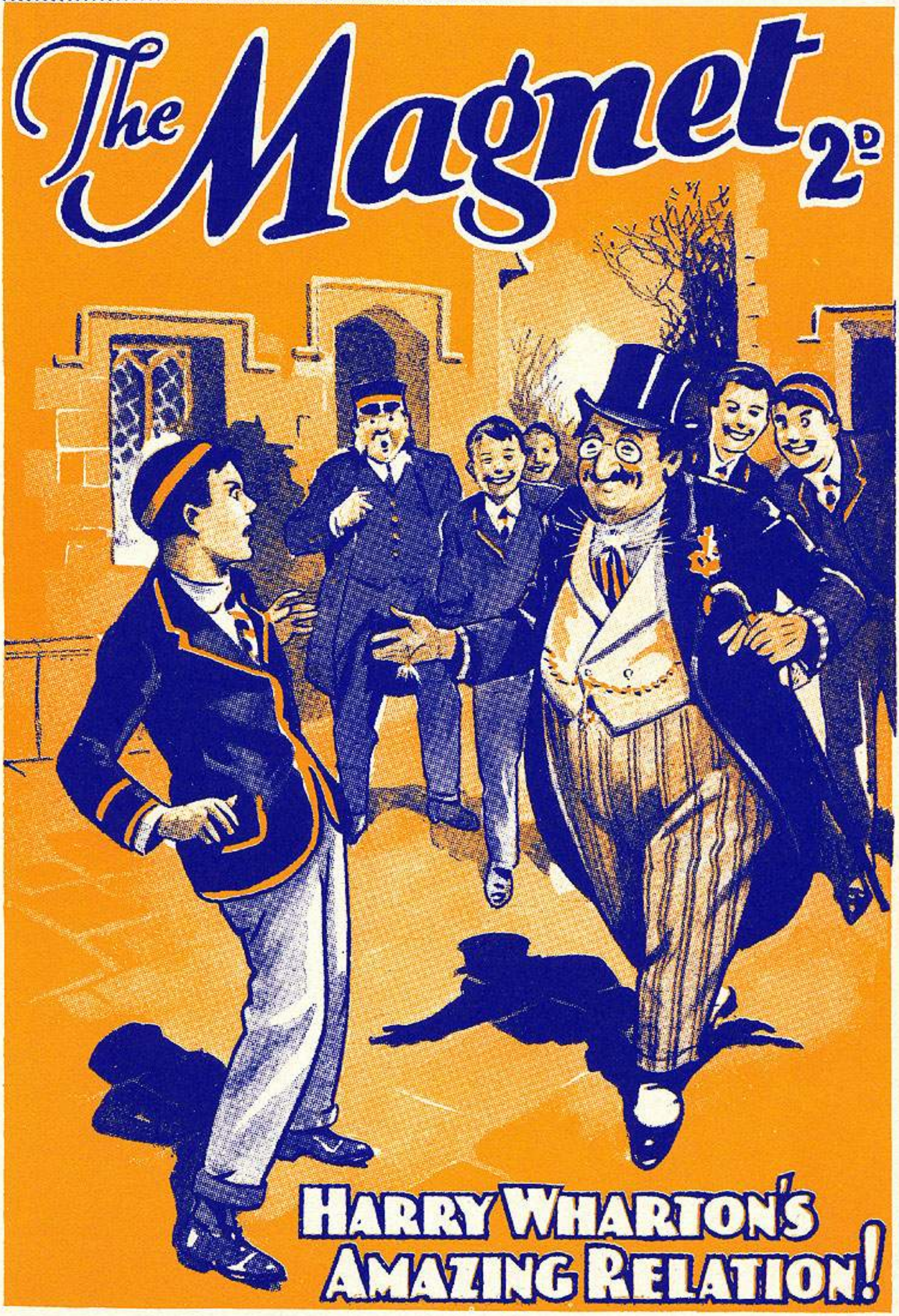
RIPPING COVER-TO-COVER STORY OF GREYFRIARS INSIDE!

The Magnet 2D



HARRY WHARTON'S AMAZING RELATION!

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ANOTHER STAR STORY BY THE PRINCE OF SCHOOLBOY AUTHORS—

HARRY WHARTON'S AMAZING RELATION!

—Featuring HARRY WHARTON & CO., the Cheery Chums of GREYFRIARS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Wibley is Wrathy!

"OUTSIDE-RIGHT!" said Wibley.

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"Exactly the reverse!" he answered.

Whereat the Co. chuckled.

The Famous Five, of the Greyfriars Remove, were talking Soccer over tea in Study No. 1, when William Wibley butted in. They smiled a welcome.

If Wibley of the Remove had come in to tea, he was welcome as the flowers in May. If he had come to talk about his theatrical stunts, the Co. were prepared to give Soccer a rest for a few minutes, and let him run on. But it soon transpired that Wibley had come to talk football—which was, so to speak, a gee-gee of quite another colour!

Wibley could do a good many things. At amateur theatricals, for instance, no other fellow at Greyfriars School was in the same street with him. But in games, Wib was among the "also rans."

In the Greyfriars Remove they played Soccer, as Bob Cherry expressed it, with the accent on the "play." Wib played it without that accent.

So, though Wib sometimes figured in pick-up and Form matches, he had no more chance of playing in a big fixture than Bob Cherry had of playing the Wicked Baronet in Wibley's latest drama.

Wibley was liable to get excited about this at times. Judging by his looks at present, this was one of the times!

"Outside-right!" he repeated. "You can stick Inky somewhere else. Or what about chucking Hurree Singh for the Highcliffe match?"

"I can see myself chucking one of my best forwards—I don't think!" remarked the captain of the Remove.

"Stick him in goal, then!" suggested Wibley.

"In a Soccer side," said Bob Cherry solemnly, "there is only one goalkeeper! You don't know a lot about Soccer, Wib; but you really ought to know that! How can Inky go into goal with Squiff there?"

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" snapped Wibley irritably. "Look here, Wharton, I've said outside-right——"

"And I've said exactly the reverse!"

"You silly ass! What do you mean by the reverse?" hooted Wibley.

"Right outside!" explained Wharton.

And the Co. chuckled again.

William Wibley, standing in the doorway of Study No. 1, gave the chuckling juniors a glare. Wibley was serious about this, if they weren't. Wibley was convinced that he would be useful as outside-right! Wharton was convinced that he would be more useful right outside. And, as Wharton was football captain, it looked as if Wibley was going to be right outside of the team!

"Now, look here," yapped Wibley, "I didn't come here to talk silly rot——"

"Then why the thump are you doing it?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" came like an echo from the Remove passage, as Billy Bunter blinked in through his spectacles.

Wibley spun round at the fat Owl of the Remove with a glare. He had no use for Billy Bunter and his fat chortles. He let out a foot.

"Wow!" roared Bunter. And he ceased to chortle on the spot. "Ow! Beast! I'll jolly well—— Yow! Wow!" Bunter, apparently, had intended to roll into Study No. 1! Instead of which, he rolled away up the Remove passage—in haste!

Wibley turned to the Famous Five again. His expression indicated that his temper was rising; indeed, that it was rapidly approaching boiling-point. And the cheery smiles on five faces failed to have a soothing effect.

"Now, if you've finished, old chap ——" said Harry Wharton.

"I haven't!" roared Wibley.

"The jawfulness of the esteemed and idiotic Wibley is rather terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Look here——" bawled Wibley.

"Well, look here!" said Johnny Bull. "If you want to run on, don't talk footer, but give us a Shakespeare recitation!"

"What?" yelled Wibley.

"Good egg!" said Harry Wharton heartily. "That's a thing you understand, Wib. We'll listen to that with pleasure!"

"The pleasurefulness will be terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a nod of his dusky head. "Get onfully with esteemed and ridiculous Shakespeare!"

William Wibley seemed at a loss for words. He gazed, he stared, and he glared at the five cheery juniors sitting at the tea-table.

Generally, it was hardly safe to ask Wib to recite. He was only too likely to do it!

Now, however, he was clearly in no mood for recitation, even from the divine, immortal, and long-winded Bard of Avon.

Football filled his mind, for the moment, to the exclusion even of theatrical matters, in which Wib generally lived, and moved, and had his being.

"You—you—you silly asses!" gasped Wibley at last. "You—you gabbling ganders! You jabbering jabberwocks!

You chortling chumps! You benighted, blithering boobies!"

"Go it!" said Johnny. "Which play is that from?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I don't seem to remember those lines; but, of course, you know Shakespeare better than I do!" said Johnny affably. "Is it Hamlet?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the other four members of the Co., quite entertained by the expression on Wibley's face.

Wibley gasped.

"You—you—you idiot!" he gasped. "Did you think I was reciting Shakespeare?"

"Weren't you?" asked Johnny innocently.

"Ass! Fathead! Chump!"

"You're getting excited, old chap!" said Harry Wharton soothingly. "Look here, why not chuck it, and sit down and have tea? We've got toast, and poached eggs, and cake, and a new pot of tea all ready. You can pour out the tea. You can do that better than you can play footer."

"Much better!" grinned Bob.

"The muchfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Singh.

William Wibley tramped up to the tea-table. But it was not to sit down to tea. He stood with his hands resting on the edge of the table, and glared at the Famous Five. It was only too clear that he was getting excited.

"Now, look here!" he said. "I want a show in the footer. Lots of fellows say that the games are too much in the grip of the old gang. We want new blood in the eleven!"

"Just what I was thinking," agreed the captain of the Remove. "I'm thinking of a new man at outside-left."

"Me?" demanded Wibley.

"Oh, no; a footballer!"

"Ain't I a footballer?" shrieked Wibley. "You cheeky ass! Who's the man?"

"Monty Newland. He plays Soccer and——"

"Don't I?" yelled Wibley.

"Oh! Yes, of course! But there are ways of doing these things!" explained the captain of the Remove.

"Am I going to be outside-right?"

"No; right outside!"

"Am I going to be outside-left?"

"No; left outside!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley's wrath, long simmering, boiled over. He did not speak again. He grasped the edge of the table hard, heaved and up-ended it.

The Famous Five were laughing. But they ceased to laugh, quite suddenly, as the table was up-ended, and the tea-things, the tea and the foodstuffs, and everything else that was thereon, shot over them.

Harry Wharton got the teapot—full of hot tea—on his knees. Bob Cherry got the milk-jug—and the milk—in his waistcoat. Johnny Bull got the toast, in a shower. Nugent received the poached eggs, in a plaster. And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was the recipient of the jam and the marmalade. And from every member of the Co. came an infuriated roar.

"There!" gasped Wibley.

The table rocked over and crashed. Wibley executed a swift, strategic retreat to the door. The Famous Five were busy for the moment with tea, and milk, and eggs, and toast, and jam, and marmalade. But there was no doubt that very soon they would have got busy with Wibley!

He did not wait for that. He vanished from the study, and a chuckle floated back as he went.

"Ow!" gasped Wharton. "I'm scalded!"

"Wow!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I'm soaked——"

"Collar that mad ass!" spluttered Nugent.

"Bag him!"

"Scrag him!"

"Scrag him terrifically!"

Five infuriated juniors rushed into the passage—in time to hear the key turn in the door of Study No. 6. For about ten minutes they banged and roared at that door—which remained locked. Then, after breathing blood-curdling threats through the keyhole, they retired.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Bad Luck for Bunter!

"GO away!" said Lord Mauleverer plaintively.

"Oh, really, Mauly——"

"Blow away!"

Billy Bunter did not go away. He did not blow away! He stood in the doorway of Study No. 12 in the Remove, and blinked into that study through his big spectacles.

It was tea-time in the Remove.

In Study No. 7, Bunter's own study, there was no tea. Peter Todd was teaing with a fellow in the Fourth; Tom Dutton with a fellow in the Remove passage. That, of course, was no

Under the mistaken impression that Harry Wharton is "up against" him, Monty Newland considers it a tremendous lark to land the junior captain of Greyfriars with an amazing relation!

reason why Bunter should not have tea'd in his own study had the spirit moved him to do so. He did not yearn for the company of his study-mates.

But Billy Bunter—not for the first time—had been disappointed about a postal order! He had relied on Toddy and Dutton for tea—and they had let him down.

Wherefore had Bunter looked into Study No. 1—only to find William Wibley going off the deep end there, and to retire hastily from Wib's boot. Next he had blinked into Study No. 4, which belonged to Smithy and Redwing. But he had had time for only one blink—popping back to escape a cushion hurled by Smithy. Lord Mauleverer's study was his next objective and Mauly was not the fellow to buzz a cushion at a chap who looked in at tea-time. And nothing less drastic would have induced Billy Bunter to go away or blow away.

Tea was going on in Mauly's study—and it was, as usual, a lavish spread. Four fellows were there—Lord Mauleverer, Jimmy Vivian, and two guests—Squiff and Monty Newland. Bunter saw no reason whatever why there should not be a third guest. Mauly, apparently, did.

Mauly waved a nicely manicured hand at the fat Owl of the Remove, and begged him to go away and blow away! Neither of which had Bunter the faintest intention of doing, if he could help it.

"I say, you fellows, make room for a chap!" said Bunter. "I say, shall I get a chair from another study, Mauly?"

"No!"

"What am I to sit on, then?" asked Bunter.

"Blow away, old fat man! Do blow away!" implored Lord Mauleverer. "It's such a lot of trouble to get up and kick you, you know!"

"If you don't want my company, Mauly——" said Billy Bunter, with a great deal of dignity.

"That's it! Shut the door after you!"

"A bit better company than what you've got, anyhow!" said Bunter, with a disparaging blink at Squiff and Newland.

"Thanks!" said Squiff, with a grin.

"Many thanks!" said Monty Newland, laughing.

"You're nearest the door, Newland!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. "Would it be too much trouble to kick Bunter into the passage?"

"Not at all!" said Newland, and he rose from his chair.

Billy Bunter eyed him warily through his big spectacles.

Bunter was surprised and annoyed. This, really, was not like old Mauly. Old Mauly was so good-natured and long-suffering, that he could be imposed upon to almost any extent.

In the past three days Billy Bunter had tea'd three times in Study No. 12. Even Bunter had realised that that was piling it on, rather; and he had looked elsewhere. But elsewhere there was nothing doing, so here he was again. But the long-suffering tolerance of Lord Mauleverer had, apparently, petered out. Billy Bunter had overdone it—and even his patient lordship kicked at last.

"Keep away, you beast!" said Bunter. "If I'm not wanted here, Mauly, I'll cut——"

"Good-bye!"

"The fact is, I didn't come to tea!" said Bunter. "I'm not a fellow to barge in to tea, I hope!"

"Oh gad!"

"And I shouldn't care to tea with the company you keep!" went on the fat Owl scornfully. As there was no tea going, Bunter was, apparently, bent on taking it out in slanging. "Bushrangers and Jews—yah!"

Squiff grinned. Sampson Quincy Iffley Field came from Australia, where, no doubt, there were, or had been, bushrangers. But the junior from New South Wales did not think Bunter worth kicking.

Monty Newland coloured a little. Newland was the only member of the ancient race of Israel at Greyfriars School. He was by no means ashamed of his race; but he did not like having it chucked at him, as it were, as a gibe.

"Do kick him, Newland, old chap!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Kick him hard!"

"Give him one for me, while you're about it!" said Squiff.

Monty Newland stepped to the door.

"Outside, Bunter!" he said briefly.

Billy Bunter looked at him through his big spectacles with ineffable scorn. He looked at Newland's face, and dropped his gaze to Newland's feet—then raised it again to his countenance. Looking a fellow up and down like this ought to have had a crushing effect. Newland, however, laughed.

"You're in the way of the door, Bunter!" he pointed out. "Shift before I shut it!"

"Yah!" said Bunter.

"Shift, you fat ass!"

"Sheeny!" said Bunter.

Monty Newland shut the door.

Billy Bunter jumped back—hurriedly, but a little too late. Solid oak banged on a fat little nose, and a wild yell awoke the echoes of the Remove passage.

"Yooo-hooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from within the study.

"Ow! Yow! Wow!" roared Bunter, clasping his fat nose with two fat hands "Ow! Wow! My boko's busted—— Wow! Whooooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Beast! Wow!" Billy Bunter stooped to the keyhole. "Yah! Sheeny! You come out into the passage, you measly sheeny, and I'll mop it up with you!" He howled through the keyhole: "Do you hear? Come out! I'll mop the passage up with you, Newland!"

The door-handle turned and the door opened.

Whereupon Billy Bunter changed his mind, quite suddenly, about mopping up the passage with Monty Newland. He flew along the passage, and bolted into Study No. 7 like a rabbit into a burrow.

"Hallo! What's up, fatty?"

Peter Todd, who had come back to his study after tea in the Fourth, stared at the fat Owl as he flew in.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Ow! Keep him off, Peter, old chap!"

"Eh? Keep who off?"

"That sheeny!" panted Billy Bunter. "He's after me! I—I say, Peter, you can tackle Newland! I say, give him a jolly good hiding, will you?"

Peter stared at his fat study-mate.

"What the thump have you been rowing with Newland for, you fat ass?" he asked. "He never rows with anybody."

"He—he—he called you names, Peter, old chap! Awful names!" gasped Bunter. "Of course, I wasn't going to stand that, you—you being my pal, you know!"

"Oh!" said Peter. "He called me names, did he?"

"That's it, Toddy old fellow. He said you were a bony freak, and a leathern-jawed scarecrow — and — and things like that! I say, I—I think he's coming to this study now! I say, Peter, old chap, I'd jolly well whop a fellow for calling me a bony freak, if I were you!"

"So I jolly well will!" said Peter Todd. "Hand me that cricket stump!"

Billy Bunter gladly handed Peter the cricket stump. There was no sound of pursuing footsteps in the Remove passage, and Bunter realised that Monty Newland had not pursued him from Lord Mauleverer's study. But there was a pain in his little fat nose where Mauly's door had banged, and he was very keen to dispatch Peter on the trail of vengeance.

Peter gripped the cricket stump with a gleam in his eye.

Then, to Bunter's surprise, he caught the fat Owl by the collar with his left hand and slewed him round.

"Ow! I say, wharrer you up to, Toddy?" gasped Bunter. "I say—— Yaroooh! Keep that stump away, you beast! Wow!"

Whack!

The cricket stump came in contact with the tightest trousers at Greyfriars.

"Whoooop!" roared Bunter, wriggling wildly. "Wharrer you up to, you silly swab?"

"Taking your advice and whopping a fellow for calling me a bony freak!" explained Peter Todd.

Whack!

"Ow! Wow! Leggo!"

Whack!

"Oh crikey! Ow! Wow!" roared Bunter, and he tore himself away from Peter's grasp, and bolted into the passage, as fast as he had bolted into the study.

"Come back when you want some more!" called out Toddy.

"Ow! Beast!"

Billy Bunter did not come back. Bunter did not always know when he had had enough. But on this occasion, he had no doubt about it: and he did not come back for more.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Deep!

FISHER T. FISH stared round irritably, as there was a footstep in the doorway of Study No. 14 in the Remove.

Fishy was busy in that study: and as Johnny Bull was at tea in No. 1 and Squiff at tea in No. 12, the American junior had it all to himself. On the study table was a clock, with the back open, and some of its works in a bulging state. Fishy was mending that clock. It looked as if it needed mending—quite a lot of mending—after Fishy had been at work on it for some time. Indeed, the more mending Fishy put into it, the more it needed.

Fishy, who knew all about figures and finances, was not a handy man. It was—or had been—quite a nice little clock, and it had cost Hobson of the Shell a guinea early in the term. But a fall from Hobby's mantelpiece, into the fender, had rather damaged it. After many vain attempts to get it to "go," Hobby had thrown it aside, and he had been quite pleased to sell it to Fisher T. Fish for a shilling. Fishy's idea was that he would be able to make it go, in which case it would prove a very profitable transaction for Fishy.

Fisher T. Fish often guessed that he could do things, until he came to do them: then, very often, he found that he had guessed wrong.

The more he pulled, and poked, and picked, and pecked at the works of that clock, the less it looked like going. Fishy was beginning to doubt whether it would go at all, indeed, whether he would ever be able to get all the various fragments back into the right places, and give it a chance.

So Fishy was growing irritable and annoyed: and he glared, as Billy Bunter's fat face and big spectacles loomed in at the doorway.

"Git!" snapped Fisher T. Fish.

"I say, old chap, I've looked in to borrow——" began Bunter.

"Nothing to lend! Vamoose!"

"I want to borrow——"

"Nix! Beat it!"

"A sheet of paper," howled Bunter.

"Oh!" Fisher T. Fish, who never gave anything away, shook his transatlantic head. A sheet of paper was a trifling thing. Still, it was a sheet of paper, and Fishy did not see parting with it for nothing, "Why can't you get a sheet of paper in your own study, you fat clam?"

"Toddy's there," said Bunter, "the brute's got a cricket stump. I mean, we've run out of paper in our study. Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at! I say, got any impot paper here?"

"Nunk!"

"Oh, blow!" said Bunter. "I want to stick it up before that sheeny beast comes out of Mauly's study. I say, a fly-leaf out of a school book would do. Where's your Latin grammar?"

"You pie-faced pie-can!" said Fisher T. Fish. "You figure that I'm going to let you reduce the valoo of one of my books?"

"Oh, really, Fishy——"

"Forget it!" snapped Fisher T. Fish; and he turned his attention to the clock again. Billy Bunter snorted, and blinked round the study table through his big spectacles. A Hall's Algebra lay there, and the fat Owl picked it up.

"Look here, Fishy, it won't hurt to nip out the fly-leaf——"

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"It won't hurt me!" he agreed. "That's Bull's!"

"Oh, good!" said Bunter. He opened the book, and there was the name, "J. Bull" inscribed on the fly-leaf.

Bunter chuckled.

He tore out that fly-leaf, and shut the book again. He spread the leaf out on a corner of the table, and dipped a pen into the inkpot. Fisher T. Fish raised no objection to that proceeding. Ink, it was true, cost money; but it was supplied by the school, so it did not give Fishy a pain to see Bunter use it. But he watched the fat junior curiously, wondering what he was up to.

Bunter traced a large capital "S" on the paper. He followed it up with an "H," and then with an "E."

Having got as far as "SHE," the fat junior noted that two sharp transatlantic eyes were watching him, and he paused.

"I say, Fishy, you needn't mention this!" he said hastily. "I mean, there's nothing to mention, of course! I'm not going to stick this on Newland's study door, for him to see when he comes out of Mauly's study."

"Oh, Jerusalem crickets!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Nothing of the kind!" assured Bunter. "I'm not thinking of paying him out for banging the door on my nose, or anything of that kind."

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

Billy Bunter blinked at him suspiciously. There was a pain in his little, fat nose, and a pain in his temper. He had thought of a way of making Monty Newland sit up for banging the door on his nose. But he was going to be very cautious about it.

Newland, of course, would not like being called a sheeny, especially having that uncomplimentary name stuck on his study door. He was quite likely to kick a fellow who stuck it there. Billy Bunter had often been kicked: though not as often as he deserved. But he had never grown to like it. He was on the trail of vengeance; but he preferred to wreak his vengeance unkicked. So caution was indicated. Bunter had his own inimitable way of being cautious.

"The fact is, this is a note I'm going to leave for Toddy in the study," he said. "That's all, old chap!"

Bunter transferred the paper to the window, where it was out of the range of Fisher T. Fish's keen eyes. Fishy chortled, and returned to his task of repairing, or disrepairing, that obstinate clock.

With the fly-leaf of Johnny Bull's school-book spread on the window-ledge, Billy Bunter got going again. To the SHE already inscribed, he added ANEY. This made the complete word "SHEANEY." Spelling was not William George Bunter's long suit.

Having written that word in large capitals, Bunter picked up the fly-leaf, and blinked round at Fisher T. Fish.

"I say, Fishy——"

"Dog-gone this pesky clock!" growled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I shan't see that quarter again that I gave Hobson for it! Search me!"

"I say, got a drawing-pin?" asked Bunter.

"Yep."

"Good: that's what I want." Bunter held out a fat hand.

"Drawing-pins cost money!" said Fisher T. Fish, over his shoulder.

"Look here, you stingy swab——"

"Aw, can it."

Billy Bunter blinked round the study. He found several drawing-pins in Squiff's desk. Having annexed them, he rolled out of No. 14: leaving Fisher T. Fish still hard at work at repairs, and more and more doubtful whether he would ever see the shilling again that he had given Hobby for that clock.

In the Remove passage, the fat Owl rolled along to No. 9, which Monty Newland shared with Dick Penfold. Pen, he knew, had gone down to Friardale after class, to see his people, who lived in the village. Newland was still at tea in Mauly's study. Most of the fellows were at tea. But the coast was not quite clear. Skinner and Snoop were lounging in the passage.

"I say, you fellows, had your tea?" asked Bunter.

"Not yet!" answered Skinner.

"Well, look here, why not go and have it? Leaving meals late is bad for the digestion!" Bunter pointed out.

Skinner and Snoop stared at him. Why the fat Owl wanted to clear them out of the passage, was rather a mystery: but clearly he did.

"What have you got there?" asked Skinner.

"Oh, nothing!" Bunter put his fat paw behind him. "Nothing at all, old chap! I say, was that Stott calling you from your study?"

"What is that fat ass up to?" asked Snoop, staring at Bunter. "The potty ass is up to something—but what!"

"Oh, really, Snoop——"

"May as well go in!" said Skinner, with a wink at his chum: and they went into No. 11. Leaving the door open, they peered out, to ascertain what Bunter was up to. The short-sighted Owl of the Remove, unaware that two pairs of eyes were still on him, got busy at once.

Four drawing-pins, stuck through the four corners, affixed the fly-leaf of Johnny Bull's Algebra to the door of Study No. 9. Billy Bunter grinned at it. That remarkable word, "SHEANEY!" was there, to greet Monty Newland's eyes when he came back to his study after tea with Mauly. And if he looked for the perpetrator, as no doubt he would, there was a clue, in the name "J. Bull" written on the fly-leaf!

Bunter chuckled, and rolled down the passage to Study No. 1. Skinner and Snoop chuckled as he passed their doorway. They knew now what Bunter was up to, and it seemed to entertain them.

The fat Owl opened the door of Study No. 1, and blinked into that celebrated apartment. Tea was over there: and the Famous Five, having recovered their usual good temper by that time, and no longer thinking of slaughtering William Wibley, were talking football.

"I say, Bull!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

Johnny Bull glanced round.

"You kicked me this morning," said Bunter. "You needn't deny it—you know you jolly well did."

"I jolly well did!" agreed Johnny. "And if you want another, I'm jolly well ready to kick you again!"

"Well, perhaps you're going to get jolly well kicked!" said Bunter. "If Newland kicks you, or punches your head, I shall jolly well laugh! Yah!"

With that, Billy Bunter slammed the study door, and rolled away—leaving the Famous Five staring. What Billy Bunter's mysterious remarks might possibly mean, was a puzzle, and they wondered, for a moment or two. But only for a moment or two—then they forgot the fat existence of William George Bunter, and football "jaw" was resumed in Study No. 1.

"No doubt you are aware why I have sent for you, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Oh, no, sir!" said Bunter dismally. "If the cook has missed a pie, sir, I don't know anything about it!" "I have not sent for you in connection with a—a pie. I have sent for you in connection with this!" Mr. Quelch tapped a paper on his table. "Are you the author of it?" he asked grimly.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Funny!

MR. QUELCH, the master of the Remove, paused, listened, and frowned.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a tremendous roar that came to his ears.

It came from the Remove passage.

Had Mr. Quelch been in his own study, or in Hall, or in Common-room, he would never have heard that outburst of merriment from the quarters occupied by his Form. But Quelch, as it happened, was on the stairs when that roar pealed out, and it reached him very clearly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Happy boyish laughter was, of course, a pleasing sound. Quelch had no objection to it. But he could not help

suspecting that so tremendous an outburst indicated that something rather unusual was going on in the Remove studies—probably something that required looking into by the master's eyes.

Mr. Quelch listened—and decided to drop casually into the Remove passage and see.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came the roar.

Mr. Quelch ascended the Remove staircase. He crossed the landing, and glanced up the passage. There were some Fifth Form men on the landing, and he heard Coker remark to Potter:

"Noisy little beasts! They want whopping!"

Mr. Quelch affected not to hear that remark, as he passed. Still, he thought it quite probable that Coker of the Fifth was right.

There was a swarm of fellows in the Remove passage. Apparently they had come out of the studies after tea. They were mainly collected outside a study half-way up the passage.

Vernon-Smith, Peter Todd, Russell, and Ogilvy, stood just outside that study, staring at the door, or at something on the door. Near them were Hazeldene, Tom Brown, Wibley, and Desmond, and Morgan, all with their eyes on the same spot. All of them were roaring with laughter. Harry Wharton & Co. were going along from Study No. 1, and as they joined the crowd, they joined in the roar. Fisher T. Fish came along, and Bolsover major, and Tom Redwing, and Elliott, and Skinner, and Snoop and Stott, and all of them yelled as they came. Mark Linley and little Wun Lung came out of Study No. 13, and they chortled. Nearly all the Remove, in fact, was crowding round the door of Study No. 9—yelling.

Mr. Quelch gazed at them from the end of the passage unnoticed.

He was quite puzzled.

It did not seem to be a "rag." Mr. Quelch had heard a rumour that Hilton of the Fifth had lately wandered into the Remove, and wandered out again jammy and sticky. Perhaps he had suspected that something of that kind was happening again. But clearly it was not that. But it was something—and the Remove master decided to ascertain what it was.

He walked up the passage.

As he did so, the door of Study No. 12 opened, and some juniors came down the passage—evidently drawn by the roars of laughter. They were Lord Mauleverer, Vivian, Squiff, and Monty Newland. But Mr. Quelch reached the spot before they arrived there.

"Ha, ha, ha!" the juniors were roaring.

"Cave!" exclaimed Smithy suddenly, as he spotted Quelch.

"The beak!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The crowd made way for the Formmaster. The merry roar died away, but they were still grinning.

"What is all this? What does this mean, Wharton?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, addressing his head boy.

"Oh! Nothing, sir!" stammered Wharton.

Vernon-Smith, at sight of Mr. Quelch, had backed against the door of Study No. 9. Billy Bunter's placard on that door was hidden from the official eye, as the Bounder stood there.

Mr. Quelch glanced round him.

He was surprised. He was a little annoyed. And he meant to know. General attention had been concentrated on the door of Study No. 9 before he reached the spot. But nothing of an unusual nature was to be seen there—except the Bounder leaning on the oak.

"Vernon-Smith!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"Step aside!"

The Bounder gave a slight shrug. Billy Bunter's placard was not, of course, intended to meet the official eye, by the fat and fatuous Owl. Smithy had done his best to screen it from that eye. That did not mean that he sympathised with the gibe. Newland was a popular fellow in the Remove. But it was the unwritten law to keep beaks out of Form matters when possible.

But it was not possible. Quelch, evidently, had spotted the fact that there was something on that study door which had caused that tremendous outbreak of hilarity. And he meant to see it. Possibly he suspected that it might be a caricature of some beak—perhaps of his majestic self!

Smithy stepped aside. Then Mr. Quelch saw what was on the door. It was the fly-leaf of a school book, pinned there with drawing-pins, and bearing, in capital letters, the remarkable word:

"SHEANEY!"

Monty Newland saw it, as the Bounder stepped away. A flush came into his dark, handsome face. But all the other fellows were grinning.

Mr. Quelch's brow grew thunderous.

"Scandalous!" he ejaculated.

As Quelch's eye gleamed round, the fellows ceased to grin. The absurd misspelling of the word had struck them as funny; also, the fact that that misspelling gave an indubitable clue to the author. Nobody in the Remove but Billy Bunter would have been likely to spell the word in that original way. Bunter was off the scene—and there was no doubt that he was quite ignorant of the fact that he had left an unmistakable clue to his handiwork. Which seemed extremely funny to the Removites, and made them roar.

Apparently it did not seem funny to Quelch.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" murmured the captain of the Remove.

"At what were you laughing?"

"Oh! I—I—I—I—I was—was——" stammered Harry.

"Do you see anything amusing in a foolish, ill-natured, and bad-mannered gibe such as this?" asked Mr. Quelch.

Wharton coloured hotly.

"No, sir! Certainly not."

"Then why were you laughing?"

"Well, the way the word is spelt, sir——"

"Is there anything of a comic nature, in a fatuous and obtuse incapacity to spell simple words correctly?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"Oh! I—I suppose not, sir!" gasped Wharton.

"You are head boy of my Form, Wharton. I am surprised at this!" said Mr. Quelch. "I am very displeased."

The Remove was not laughing now. They were not even smiling. Harry Wharton was crimson. He made a mental resolve to kick Billy Bunter the length of the Remove passage, and back again.

"Newland!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!" stammered Monty. His face was as red as Wharton's. Billy Bunter's idiotic gibe was not agreeable to him naturally, and from the spelling, he guessed who had done it. But from the bottom of his heart he wished that a beak had not barged in.

"Newland, I am sorry for this!" said Mr Quelch. "The perpetrator of this foolish jest will be punished. I regret that the boys of my Form should have fancied that there was anything amusing in it. I apologise for the bad manners of my Form, Newland!"

Monty Newland's face, already red, became scarlet.

Mr. Quelch unhooked the paper from the study door.

"Wharton! You should have taken this down at once! You will now find Bunter, and send him to my study."

"Oh! Yes sir!"

"Bull! Your name is on this paper. You will take a hundred lines for defacing a school book, and another hundred lines for being a party to this unfeeling and absurd prank."

"But I wasn't, sir!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Is that a fly-leaf from one of your school books, or not?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"I—I suppose so, sir, but——"

"Then say no more!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

With the paper in his hand, he walked away to the stairs. The Removites, no longer hilarious, looked at one another.

"That fat idiot!" growled Harry Wharton. "I suppose it was Bunter——"

"Unless it was Coker of the Fifth!" grinned Smithy. "Those two are the only fellows at Greyfriars who could spell like that!"

"I saw the fat ass sticking it up!" chuckled Skinner. "He doesn't know that anybody will guess that he did it."

"And he bagged a fly-leaf from one of my books for it!" breathed Johnny Bull. "And I've got two hundred lines! Why, I—I—I'll——"

Monty Newland opened the door of Study No. 9, to go in. He did not speak, and his face was a little set.

Harry Wharton tapped him on the shoulder.

"Sorry, Newland, old man!" he said. "Quelch is a bit of an ass, you know. We never meant——"

"Oh, I've no doubt it was frightfully funny!" said Newland, with a curl of the lip. "Bunter's no end of a humorist."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said the captain of the Remove. "What we were laughing at was Bunter's spelling, and the way he has given himself away, thinking that nobody would know who had done it——"

"Well, laugh as much as you like; I'm not stopping you!" said Newland, and he went into the study and shut the door.

"Silly ass!" said Hazeldene. "What's he got his silly back up for?"

"Touchy ass!" said Bolsover major.

"The touchfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob Cherry opened the door of Study No. 9. His face was red.

"Look here, Newland, don't be a howling ass!" exclaimed Bob. "It was jolly funny, whether you think so or not—see?"

"Would you mind shutting that door?" asked Newland.

"Oh, rats!" said Bob. And he shut the door—with a slam!

Harry Wharton, with a knitted brow, walked away, to hunt for Billy Bunter, and tell him that he was wanted in his Form-master's study. He had no doubt that there was a whopping coming to Bunter, and he rather hoped that Quelch would lay it on hard!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Bend over, Bunter!

BILLY BUNTER looked a little uneasy as he presented himself in his Form-master's study. Wharton had told him that he was wanted, and he had arrived, wondering, with many misgivings, why Quelch wanted him. No fellow liked being sent to his Form-master's study—least of all Billy Bunter, who had many sins on his fat conscience.

Neither was he reassured by the grim look Quelch gave him as he entered. Clearly, Quelch was shirty—which looked as if some of Bunter's innumerable sins had reached his ears.

Bunter concluded that it was the pie. Certainly he did not dream that it was the placard he had stuck on Monty Newland's door. He had covered up his tracks successfully in that matter—or so he deemed. Written in capital letters, there was no clue to the writer—so far as Bunter knew—and the name "J. Bull" on the fly-leaf could only put an inquirer on the wrong scent—so it seemed to the fat and fatuous Owl.

Bunter had been very deep in that little matter. His idea was that Monty Newland, when he saw the paper pinned on his door, would jump to it that Johnny Bull had done it, and would punch Johnny for the same. Which, as Johnny had kicked Bunter that morning, was all to the good. It did not occur to him that Quelch had seen the paper—he did not know that Quelch had been up to the Remove at all. It was, he thought, the pie—that was a very recent sin on Bunter's conscience. Tealess, Bunter had roamed like a lion seeking what he might devour—and in the regions below he had spotted, and annexed, a plum pie. If Quelch had heard of that——

"Bunter," said the Remove master sternly, "no doubt you are aware why I have sent for you."

"Oh, no, sir," said Bunter dismally. "I haven't done anything, sir. I haven't been below stairs at all."

"What?"

"If the cook has missed a pie, sir, I don't know anything about it. It's not fair to put it on me, sir."

"A—a—a pie!" said Mr. Quelch blankly. He was not thinking about pies.

"Yes, sir! I mean, no, sir. The fact is, I don't care for plum pies, sir——"

"Plum pies?"

"Not at all, sir! I—I wouldn't have had that plum pie if it had been offered to me! I—I dislike them very much, sir."

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch.

"M-m-may I go, sir?"

"You may not go, Bunter! I have not sent for you in connection with a—a—a pie!"

"Oh lor'! Haven't you, sir?" stammered Bunter. "I—I wish I hadn't mentioned it now. But—but I never had it, sir I—I hat plum pies——"

"But I shall inquire of Mrs. Kebble whether a pie is missing, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice, "and if such proves to be the case, I shall send for you again."

"Oh crikey!"

"Look at this, Bunter!" Mr. Quelch tapped a paper on his table with a lean forefinger. "Are you the author of this?"

Billy Bunter looked—and his little round eyes almost bulged through his big round spectacles at the sight of the fly-leaf of Johnny Bull's "Algebra," with the weird word "SHEANEY!" inscribed on it.

He realised that it was not a matter of grub-raiding. It was not the pie he had abstracted from the kitchen; it was not the bag of biscuits he had annexed from Coker's study, or the apples he had found in Hobson's study in the Shell, or the pot of jam he had discovered in the study of Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth. None of these matters had come to his Form-master's knowledge. It was his gibe at Monty Newland—and for some utterly mysterious reason, Quelch thought that he had done it.

Bunter could not begin to guess the reason. In matters of grub-raiding, fellows naturally thought of Bunter first thing. But why should anyone suppose that he had done this?

"I am waiting for your answer, Bunter!" rapped Mr. Quelch, as the fat Owl of the Remove blinked at the paper on the table.

"Oh! Yes, sir! No, sir! Oh, sir!" stammered Bunter. "I—I've never seen that before, sir!"

"Did you not write it, Bunter?"

"I, sir? Oh, no, sir!" gasped Bunter. "Is—isn't that a leaf from one of Bull's books?"

"It is, Bunter. I have punished Bull for allowing one of his school books to be defaced——"

"Oh crikey!"

"But I am assured that Bull did not write this. He would not have spelt the word in such a manner."

"Oh, Bull's a good speller, sir!" said Bunter eagerly.

"I am aware of it, Bunter. This word is incorrectly spelt."

"Is—is—is it, sir?" gasped Bunter. This was news to him.

"This word—to call it a word!—should be spelt with a double E, Bunter!" snapped the Remove master.

"Oh!"

"Such an absurd and obtuse error in orthography, Bunter, indicates that the word was written by the most backward member of my Form."

"Oh! If you mean Cherry, sir——"

"What?"

"Or—or Mauly——"

"I mean you, Bunter! You are the most backward boy in the Lower Fourth—the only boy in my Form, I am thankful to say, capable of such absurd orthographical errors! This is your work."

"Oh dear! I mean, no, sir! Not at all! I—I never did it! Besides, it was only a jig—jig—jig——"

"A what?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"A jig—jig—jig—joke, sir!" stuttered Bunter. "Just a jig-joke, sir! I—I think Newland rather likes being called a sheeney, sir! It—it amuses him!"

"Then you admit it, Bunter?"

"Oh, no, sir! I never did it! I never went to Fish's study for a sheet of paper, and I never took that leaf out of Bull's 'Algebra.' You can ask Fishy, sir. He was there."

"He—he was there?" repeated Mr. Quelch, almost dazedly.

"Yes, sir. He's a witness," said Bunter hopefully. "And as for sticking it on Newland's door, I—I shouldn't have thought of such a thing. I never knew you were going up to the Remove, sir, or I wouldn't have done it."

"Then you did it?"

"Not me, sir! Oh, no! I—I like Newland. I—I like Jews, sir; they—they're so nice. I never thought of paying him out for banging the door on my nose. Besides, he didn't—nothing of the kind!"

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Quelch.

"If Newland thinks it was me, sir, he's quite mistaken!"

"You should not say 'If Newland thinks it was me,' Bunter! Have you no sense whatever of grammar? You mean, I presume, 'If Newland thinks it was I!'?"

"Oh, no, sir! Newland can't think it was you."

"Wha-a-t-?"

"He knows you wouldn't do it, sir!" stammered Bunter. "I—I don't suppose Newland thinks it was you, sir!"

Mr. Quelch gazed at that hopeless member of his Form.

"You—you—you incredibly obtuse boy!" he gasped at last. "I did not mean to imply that Newland might think anything of the kind. I was instructing you, Bunter, in the proper use of the nominative case. You should not use the accusative case when the rules of grammar require the use of the nominative case. You should not say 'If Newland thinks it was me——'"

"But—but I didn't say Newland thought it was you, sir!" said the bewildered Owl. "I said that if Newland thinks it was me——"

Mr. Quelch breathed hard and deep, and gave up grammatical instruction for the moment. He picked up his cane.

"It it clear, Bunter, that you wrote this ridiculous gibe. I disapprove of it very strongly. I shall make my disapproval clear by caning you. Bend over that chair, Bunter!"

"But—but I never——"

"Bend over that chair!" hooted Mr. Quelch.

"Oh crikey!"

Bunter bent over the chair.

Whack, whack!

"Yow! Wow!"

"You may go, Bunter!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

Bunter went. He went wriggling.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Wibley the Goal-Getter!

"STUART GORDON!" said Harry Wharton.

"Sounds Scotch!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"The Scotchfulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Sort of second cousin, twice removed, or something!" said Harry. "I knew I had some distant Scotch relations, but I've never seen any of them. I'd be rather glad to see this johnny."

"Coming here?" asked Frank Nugent.

"If he does, we'll get a haggis in for him!" said Bob. "I'll ask Ogilvy what a haggis is. I suppose he knows."

"Fathead!" said Robert Donald Ogilvy.

"And we'll speak to him in Scotch!" said Bob. "I can speak a little Scotch! It's a richt braw night the noo! I don't know what it means, but it's Scotch. Isn't it, Oggy?"

"Ass!" said Oggy.

It was morning, in break, and a number of fellows had gathered round the rack for letters. There was one for the captain of the Remove, from his uncle, Colonel Wharton. It contained rather interesting news for Harry. Mr. Stuart Gordon, of Dundee, having made a journey southward, had called at Wharton Lodge, and was staying there, and Mr. Stuart Gordon was a cousin, once or twice removed, of the old colonel.

"My uncle says he would like to see Greyfriars while he's in this country," said Harry. "So I dare say he will drop in on a half-holiday. I'd like to see him."

"Not much good seeing him, old chap," said Billy Bunter. "A Scotchman ain't likely to tip you, you know."

"You fat ass!"

"Might drop in Wednesday," said Bob. "We shall be over at Highcliffe and——"

"Then he can come over and see us play!" said Harry. "Couldn't cut a footer match, even for a jolly old relation I've never seen before."

"Tell you what," said Wibley. "Why not stand out of the match——"

"What?"

"And put me in——"

"You blithering fathead!"

"I'm pretty good at centre-forward!" said Wibley persuasively. "Look here, if your Scotch relation comes here on Wednesday you're bound to be a bit civil to him. Scotchman are rather punctilious, you know. You can't sheer off and leave him to it. I'll play in your place——"

"I'll accept that offer——"

"Good!"

"When we play Highcliffe at marbles and——"

"What?"

"Or kiss-in-the-ring! Not at a footer match, though!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

William Wibley glared at his Form captain. Wibley was keen to play Highcliffe, but certainly not at marbles or kiss-in-the-ring!

"You cheeky ass!" he hooted.

"Shut up, Wib, old man!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Stick to your theatrical stunts, and don't bother about Soccer. I'll play you in a Form match next time we whop the Fourth. But you're not good enough for School fixtures, old bean. You can play Hamlet, but you can't play Soccer."

"I can play Soccer better than I play Hamlet!" hooted Wibley.

"Then your Hamlet must be the rottenest performance ever!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "And that reminds me, we haven't scragged you yet for tipping over the table in the study yesterday——"

William Wibley walked away.

The Famous Five remained in a group, discussing the letter from Wharton's uncle, and the possibility of his Scottish relation dropping in at Greyfriars. Monty Newland was standing near them, reading a letter. Billy Bunter transferred his attention to Monty.

He had been interested in Wharton's letter from home, but his interest in it ceased at once when it proved to contain no remittance. Monty Newland, however, had drawn a pound note from the letter he had received, and Bunter, on the spot, forgot his prejudices on the subject of "sheenys." Newland's people were rich, and Billy Bunter, like the Roman emperor of ancient times, believed that the smell of all money was sweet.

"I say, Newland, old chap——" murmured Bunter.

"Buzz off, you bloated bluebottle!" said Newland, without looking up from his letter.

"Oh, really, Newland——"

"Hook it, porpoise!"

"Yah! Sheeny!" said Bunter. And then he "hooked it" promptly enough. If there was no whack in that pound note for Bunter, Montague Newland became a "sheeny" again on the spot.

Newland glanced after him as he went, half-inclined to follow him and kick him. But the fat Owl was not worth the trouble.

Harry Wharton put his letter into his pocket.

"Time to punt a ball about before the bell goes," he said. "Come on! You coming, Newland?"

"Sure you want a sheeny?" asked Monty, with a curl of the lip.

Harry Wharton gave him a sharp look. He had already forgotten the incident of the previous afternoon, but he saw now that it lingered in Newland's mind.

"Now, look here, Newland!" said the captain of the Remove quietly. "Don't be a fool. Nobody here calls you a sheeny, except Bunter—and no fellow with any sense takes any notice of that fat ass!"

"Yes have a little sense, old man!" said Johnny Bull. "That fat ass made a silly remark about Scotchmen a few minutes ago, but Oggy didn't go off at the deep end about it. Can't you have as much sense as Oggy?"

Newland coloured.

"Sorry!" he said. "I'm not really touchy. All serene! Let's go and punt the jolly old leather."

And Newland went out into the quad with the Famous Five. Some of the Remove were punting an old footer—which Smithy had brought into the quad—about. Wibley was among them, and, as it happened, he had the ball at his feet as the Famous Five came along with Newland.

Wibley's eyes gleamed. He called out to the other fellows round him:

"Keep clear, you chaps! This is for Wharton!"

"What the dickens——" exclaimed the Bounder.

"Wharton thinks I can't shoot for goal!" said Wibley. "Well, I'm going to show him that I jolly well can, by landing this footer right on his boko. Stand clear!"

"Oh, all right!" Smithy chuckled. "Don't get the wrong man!"

"Am I likely to?" snapped Wib.

"Very, I think!" grinned Smithy.

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

Wibley placed the ball, and calculated carefully as the half-dozen juniors came across from the House. Really, it was not an easy matter to land the footer on one particular face among six, at the distance; but Wibley had no doubt that he could do it, and he was going to.

That would prove to the captain of the Form that Wib could shoot for goal, which he doubted. And as the ball was muddy, from having rolled in several puddles, Wharton's face was likely to be in a rather grubby state after the leather had landed—which would serve him right.

Wibley kicked, the fellows round him standing clear and grinning as they watched.

The footer flew.

Crash!

Right on a startled face among the approaching six it landed.

But it was not Wharton's face. It was Newland's. Newland was farthest from Wharton. No doubt that was why the ball landed on him. It came near missing the lot. Unfortunately for Monty, it did not quite miss.

Taken utterly by surprise, Monty Newland went over backwards, as if he had been shot.

There was a roar.

"Goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Wibley, staring in dismay at what he had done.

Monty Newland sat and spluttered. His face was streaming with mud from the ball, and there was a trickle of red through the mud from his nose. He blinked and spluttered wildly.

"You silly ass, Wibley!" roared Wharton. "What the dickens did you do that for?"

The ball left Wibley's foot and landed full in Monty Newland's face. Taken utterly by surprise, Monty went over backwards, as if he had been shot. There was a roar. "Goal!" "Oh crikey!" gasped Wibley, staring in dismay at what he had done. "Oooogh!" gurgled Newland.

"You potty chump!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I meant——" stuttered Wibley.

"Oooogh!" gurgled Newland. He scrambled up. "You ass, you fathead, you chump! Look at me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrgh! Ow! Oooogh! Why, I'll scrag you, you blithering fathead!" yelled Newland. And he rushed at the dismayed Wibley, grabbed him, and rolled him over.

"I—I—I say——" gasped Wibley. "I say—— Yurrrgghh!" he gurgled, as Monty Newland rubbed his face in a puddle. "Uurrggh! Wurrggh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There, you fathead!" gasped Newland. "Now you're as muddy as I am. I've a jolly good mind to punch your nose, too!"

"Gurrgh! You ass! Urrggh! I—I meant it for Wharton!" spluttered Wibley. "I never meant it for you! Gurrgh! I meant it for—— Wurgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bounder. "Wib was going to show Wharton how he could shoot for goal. He's shown you instead, Newland."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you silly ass, I was yards from Wharton!" gasped Newland. "If you meant it for Wharton, how the thump did you land it on me?"

"Urrrrggh!" was Wibley's reply, as he dabbed mud. "Yurrggh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, you want a wash! He, he, he!"

Wibley and Monty Newland certainly did want a wash, and they went in search of one, leaving the other fellows yelling.

"You've seen Wib's style as a goal-getter now, Wharton," chortled the Bounder. "That would make them open their eyes at Highcliffe. Are you going to shove him into the team, now you have seen what he can do?"

"I don't think!" chuckled Wharton.

And even William Wibley, as he mopped mud from his face, realised that that display of his powers as a goal-getter did not entitle him to a place in the team for Highcliffe.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

No Sale!

FISHER T. FISH came down the Remove passage after tea that day, and stopped at the door of Study No. 6. He tapped at that door, and pushed it open. Three juniors were in the study—William Wibley, Micky Desmond, and David Morgan. Wibley was trying on some of his theatrical gadgets before the glass, and Micky and Morgan were grinning.

Wibley was not in the best of tempers.

At the moment he was making up his face to represent Shylock, as he was planning a performance of the "Merchant of Venice," by the Remove Dramatic Society. At this sort of thing, Wibley was a pastmaster. He could make up as any character. He could impersonate almost anybody. He could change his features and his voice to suit. Harry Wharton had been the chief of the Dramatic Society before Wibley came to Greyfriars, but he had willingly stepped down in favour of a fellow who could play his head off in that line.

But, like many fellows, Wibley was not satisfied with doing the things he could do well. He wanted also to do the things he couldn't do well. He fancied himself at games; but, in point of fact, he gave too much time to his theatrical stunts ever to excel at football. A fellow could not do everything; and when Wibley was keen on theatricals, he would cut games practice almost entirely, which really was not the way to shine as a footballer.

Now, as he dabbed his face before the glass, Wibley was talking, not of the "Merchant of Venice," but of the Highcliffe match due on the morrow. That was why Micky and Morgan were grinning. Both of them were better footballers than Wibley, but neither of them had been picked to play at Highcliffe, keen as they were. Wib's football ambitions made them grin.

"That ass, that fathead, that cuckoo, can't see it!" Wibley was remarking, as Fisher T. Fish opened the door and looked in. "But I should be jolly useful at Highcliffe. The fact is that Wharton's not much good as a skipper. I've told him so."

"Faith, and that was hard on him intirely!" said Micky, with a private wink at David Morgan, who chuckled.

"He's talking about playing Newland," went on Wibley. "Newland's a good chap, and I like him—but does he play Soccer like me?"

"If he did, Wharton wouldn't play him at Highcliffe, old chap," said Morgan.

"You silly ass!" roared Wibley.

"Say, you guys!" remarked Fisher T. Fish.

Wibley stared round at him.

"Hook it!" he snapped. Wibley, as already stated, was not in a good temper; and he did not like the businessman of the Remove, anyhow. "Take your face away, Fishy—if it is a face, and not a hatchet!"

"Aw, can it, old-timer!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I've got something here for you to look at."

Fisher T. Fish stepped into the study, and placed a clock on the table. It was the little clock for which he had given Hobson of the Shell a shilling, in the hope of getting it to "go," and trading it again at a higher figure.

Fishy had not succeeded in getting that clock to "go." All he had succeeded in doing was to make it absolutely certain that that clock never would go again. He had packed the works back inside the case, and closed the same on them; but as nearly everything had been jammed into the wrong place, and several of the parts had been bent or broken, Fishy no longer entertained the faintest hope that the clock would ever tick.

He had abandoned the hope of making a profit on that clock. His hopes now were concentrated on getting back the shilling it had cost him. That was why he had brought it to Wibley's study.

It was not easy to find a purchaser for a clock that obviously would not go, even at the low price of one shilling. Turning this urgent matter over in his cute transatlantic mind, Fishy had thought of Wibley as a last resource.

"Look at that, Wib, old man!" said Fisher T. Fish, in his most persuasive tones. "That's a handsome clock, and a guy in the Shell gave a guinea for it. I ain't saying it's a good time-keeper——"

"It doesn't sound like it, anyhow," remarked Micky Desmond. "Sure I can't hear it tick."

"It's going cheap," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'm only asking a bob for it. That ain't much to you, Wibley. You spend pounds on your theatrical stunts."

"What the thump's the good of a clock that doesn't go?" demanded Wibley.

"If that clock would go, I'd ask you ten bob for it," answered Fisher T. Fish. "But it looks all right. Now you're always fixing up theatrical scenes, and in some of them you want a clock. In a play, it don't matter whether a clock goes or not—see? You stick it up on the stage, and it's O.K., fur as looks go. What about it?"

"Rats!" grunted Wibley.

"I guess——"

"Bosh!" said Wibley.

Fisher T. Fish snorted. Wibley was his last hope in disposing of that clock. It really was a nice-looking little clock, and no doubt would have served its turn in a theatrical scene in which a clock was wanted.

But Wibley had three good reasons for not buying that clock. First, he was in a bad temper; second, he did not like Fishy; third, he had expended almost the whole of his available cash on his Shylock costume. But for those three reasons very likely he would have added that clock to the theatrical properties that overflowed Study No. 6.

As it was he shook his head impatiently, and turned back to the glass, and dabbed grease-paint.

"Now, look here, Wibley, old man!" urged Fisher T. Fish.

"Cheese it!" said Wibley, over his shoulder.

"That's a handsome clock——"

"Quite unlike its owner, then."

"I'm willing to sell that clock for what I gave for it."

"Buzz off!"

"Mebbe you'll be fixing up a play where a clock's wanted, and it would jest come in handy and useful," urged Fisher T. Fish.

Wibley glared round with a stick of grease-paint in his hand.

"Will you hook it, you American ass?" he exclaimed. "Get out, and take your rotten clock with you!"

"I guess——"

"Shut the door after you!"

"I reckon——"

"Ring off!" roared Wibley. "Get out! Buzz off! Your face worries me! Your voice gives me a pain! Take them away and bury them!"

Fisher T. Fish's eyes gleamed. Hard words break no bones, and Fisher T. Fish would not have minded any number of hard words if he could have done business in that study. But it was clear that there was no business doing—that clock was going to be left on his bony hands.

"Aw, can it!" he snapped. "I guess you've got your mad up, because you ain't a yearthly chance of butting into the football. That's what's biting you!"

Micky and Morgan chuckled, and Wibley glared.

"You stick to grease-paint!" said Fisher T Fish derisively. "You can't play football! Why, if Wharton put in a bonehead like you, the guys'd lynch him. And I'll say he'd sure have asked for it."

Wibley put down his stick of grease-paint. He was putting in some practice at make-up; but his mind was running on football. Fisher T. Fish's jeers touched him on the raw. He did not answer Fishy; he came across the study at him, with a rush.

"Aw, wake snakes!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, as the exasperated Wibley grasped him and whirled him into the doorway. "Hyer — what the John James Brown—yarooh—great Abraham Lincoln! Whoo-hooop!"

Fisher T. Fish flew into the Remove passage, and sprawled there. His voice, on its top note, woke all the echoes. Fellows up and down the passage stared at him—other fellows opened study doors and looked out. Fisher T. Fish sprawled and roared.

"Aw! You pesky piecan! Whooo-hoop! Ow! Wow! I guess I'll make potato-scrapings of you! I sure will! Oooooogh!"

Fisher T. Fish scrambled up and made a jump at Wibley, in the doorway.

A bony fist landed on Wibley's nose, and he yelled. His nose felt as if it had been punctured. But Fishy landed only one—then Wibley sent him bumping back to the passage floor again.

"Man down!" yelled Bob Cherry, up the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now come on again!" roared Wibley.

"Aw! Carry me home to die!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, sitting up dazedly. "Aw! Go and chop chips, you pesky piecan! Give me that clock, you slab-sided mugwump—and I guess I'm through with you!"

Wibley turned back to the study table, grasped the clock, and hurled it into the passage.

Crash! Smash!

Then Wibley slammed the door.

"Search me!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. And he gazed in consternation at the clock. It lay in fragments. If it had been certain before, it was doubly certain now, that that clock would never "go." It had, in fact, gone—gone for good! What was left of that clock required to be swept up with a broom; and Fisher T. Fish, gazing at it, almost gibbered with wrath.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Pay Up!

"HA, ha, ha!"

There was a crowd of fellows in the Remove passage now—and they were all laughing. Only Fisher T. Fish was not laughing. If there was anything of a comic nature in this, it was entirely lost on Fisher Tarleton Fish.

"Mum-mum-my clock!" gasped Fishy. "I guess I gave a quarter for that pesky clock! Look at it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove fellows looked at the clock and chortled.

"Looks like a goner!" remarked Bob Cherry.

"The gonefulness is terrific!"

"You figure that I can get it together again!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't do it!" chuckled the Bounder.

"I've got a bottle of glue, old bean," said Monty Newland.

"Glue!" hooted Fisher T. Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You pesky mugwump!" gasped Fishy, glaring at Newland. "I guess that galoot Wibley is going to pay for that clock. It's set me back a quarter, I guess"

He hurled open the door of Study No. 6.

"Hyer, you Wibley!" he roared.

He tramped in. The next moment he reappeared—with arms and legs flying, and landed among the fragments of the clock. A howl of laughter greeted his reappearance.

"Aw! Wake snakes!" spluttered Fisher T. Fish, as he crashed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley's door slammed again.

Fisher T. Fish staggered to his feet. But he did not reopen the study door. He seemed tired of arguing the matter with Wibley.

"Hyer, you, Wharton!" he gasped.

"Here!" said Harry, laughing.

"I guess you're head boy of the Remove—you got to see fair play!" gasped Fishy. "Look at that clock! That galoot Wibley's smashed it! I guess I ain't losing the bob I gave for that clock. You got to make Wibley square, or else I'm going to Quelch, pronto. You year me toot?"

"You've still got the clock," said the captain of the Remove, "and if Newland lends you his bottle of glue——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm asking you!" roared Fishy, wild with wrath and with apprehension of the total and irreparable loss of a shilling. "You going to make that guy Wibley shell out?"

"You make him!" suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I'm going to Quelch."

Fisher T. Fish started down the passage.

Harry Wharton grasped him by a bony shoulder, and spun him back.

"Never mind Quelch!" he said. "I'll speak to Wibley!"

He tapped at the door of Study No. 6 and threw it open. William Wibley was cleaning off grease-paint. Micky Desmond and Morgan were chuckling. Wibley swung round as the door opened, clenching his fists. But as he saw the captain of the Remove, he unclenched them.

"Oh!" he said. "You!"

"Little me, old chap!" said Wharton

amicably. "You've smashed Fishy's clock——"

"I'll smash Fishy, too, if he puts his bony mug in here again!"

"I guess I want a bob for that clock!" howled Fisher T. Fish over Wharton's shoulder. "You hear me whisper?"

"You can want!" snapped Wibley.

"You've sure broken it up!"

"I'll break you up next!"

"I'm going to Quelch—I'm sure going to Quelch! I guess I'm going to be paid for that clock!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

"Hold on, fathead!" said Harry. "Now, Wibley, old man, you've smashed Fishy's clock! No reason why you shouldn't smash Fishy—but you mustn't smash a man's property. Give him a bob, and have done with it!"

"Rats!"

"My dear chap, you can't make an American lose money—it's cruelty to animals!" urged Wharton. "It will darken Fishy's life to his dying day if he loses a bob!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, blow him and his silly clock!" hooted Wibley.

"If he goes to Quelch Quelch will make you pay for it, you know! Pay up—and then kick Fishy along the passage. You can take out a bob's worth in kicking."

"I guess——"

"Shut up, Fishy! Now, then, Wib, old man, be reasonable," urged the captain of the Remove. "Pay up and look pleasant."

Wibley gave an angry snort.

He was feeling more disposed to reduce Fisher T. Fish to the same state as the clock, than to indemnify him for the loss. Still, he had to realise that Fishy had a claim. The clock was done for, and a shilling was not, after all, a large sum. There was no doubt that, had the matter been brought before the Remove master, Wibley would have had to make the loss good. And there was no doubt that Fisher T. Fish would bring it before Quelch, if he was not squared.

"Oh, all right!" said Wibley at last.

He ran his hands through his pockets.

"Blessed if I think I've got a bob!" he grunted. "I've been blowing my cash on props for the 'Merchant of Venice.' Let's see!"

Wibley sorted out a sixpence and a number of coppers. Fisher T. Fish extended a bony hand through the doorway.

Sixpence was dropped into the lean palm. Five pennies followed it, one after another. Then a halfpenny. After which Wibley groped in his pockets in vain. Elevenpence halfpenny was the sum total of his cash resources.

"Well, that's all right!" said Harry. Not having had the advantage of being "raised" in "Noo Yark," Harry Wharton attached no importance to the odd halfpenny. "Buzz off, Fishy!"

Fishy stared at him.

"I ain't paid yet!" he yapped. "Can't you count? Ain't you learned arithmetic? There's another ha'penny to come."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the fellows in the passage. Fisher T. Fish's meanness was a standing joke in the Greyfriars Remove; but this struck the juniors as the limit. They howled.

Fishy glared round at them. He could see nothing to laugh at, in a guy exacting his just due.

"Aw! Pack up the snickers!" he snapped. "I guess I got to be paid! I'll sure tell a man that if I ain't paid I'm going to Quelch!"

"You're paid, you stingy swab!" snapped Wharton.

"There's another ha'penny to come ain't there?" hooted Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, don't be such a Jew!" exclaimed Wharton, in disgust.

The moment he had spoken, the captain of the Remove felt as if he could have bitten off his tongue. Monty Newland's was among the many laughing faces looking into the study.

The laughter faded out of that handsome face, and Newland stepped back, setting his lips.

Wharton flushed crimson.

He had spoken without thinking; but, all the more, perhaps, because of that, his words hurt.

"Oh, sorry, Newland, old chap!" he stammered. "I never meant——"

Newland walked up the passage without speaking. An uncomfortable silence fell on the crowd of Remove fellows. Fisher T. Fish's voice broke it.

"I guess I'm waiting for that ha'penny! I guess I ain't going without it! I guess I got to be paid! I guess——Yaroooooooh!"

Harry Wharton turned on him and grasped him. It was all Fisher T. Fish's fault. Unintentionally he had insulted a fellow whom he liked and respected, and all through Fisher T. Fish's mean greed. Really, it would have been judicious on Fishy's part to ring off just then. But Fishy's

(*Continued on next page.*)

mind was set on that other halfpenny!

Now, however, he was given something else to think of. Even Fisher T. Fish forgot the other halfpenny as he whirled over in the grasp of the angry captain of the Remove.

He flew through the study doorway, and landed crashing among many feet.

"Kick him back to his study!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it!"

"Yarooh! I guess—— Yoooop! I'll say—— Whurrroooop! Let up, you guys! Let up, you pesky jays! Aw, carry me home to die! Yoo—hoooooop!"

How many feet helped Fisher T. Fish up the passage he never knew. He knew that he rolled headlong into Study No. 14, feeling as if he had been under a lorry. What was left of Fisher T. Fish sprawled there, spluttering.

But in his bony hand the elevenpence-halfpenny was still firmly clutched. Even with half the boots in the Remove thudding on him, Fisher T. Fish had not unloosed the clutch of that bony hand, and the elevenpence-halfpenny was safe!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Wibley's Last Word!

FRANK NUGENT smiled faintly. It was prep in the Remove, and Wharton and Nugent were at work in Study No. 1.

Wharton had a rather clouded face.

Every now and then he paused and sat thinking for a minute or two, and then resumed. Meeting Nugent's eyes in one of those pauses, he coloured a little, and Nugent smiled.

"Thinking about Newland?" he asked.

"Well, yes," said Harry uncomfortably. "I—I'm afraid he was rather hurt by what he heard me say in Wib's study. Of course, I never meant anything. It was only a way of speaking——"

"Of course," said Frank. "And Newland's a sensible chap. I dare say he's forgotten it by this time."

"I—I hope so! I should hate him to think me the same kind of blithering idiot as Bunter! Bother that tick Fishy! I wish I'd given him another kick or two!"

"Kick him again after prep!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I think I'll drop in and speak to Newland after prep. He can't really fancy I meant to wound him. But—but it's beastly unfortunate. Anyhow, his name's in the list I've put up in the Rag; he's down to play in the Highcliffe match, and that ought to show him that there's nothing in it—only a fatheaded slip of the tongue."

Prep was hardly over when there was a tap at the door, and Wibley looked into Study No. 1.

"I hear you've put up the football list, Wharton!" he said, with a rather grim look at the captain of the Remove.

"Yes!"

"My name in it?"

"No, ass!"

"Who's down as outside-left, then?"

"Newland!"

"Newland?" repeated Wibley. "From what you said in my study, I shouldn't quite have expected you to pick Newland."

Harry Wharton reddened.

"You silly ass!" he exclaimed angrily. "Newland can play your silly head off!

And what I said in your study had nothing to do with Newland."

"He seems pretty sore about it, whether it had or not!" said Wibley. "And I can tell you, it was jolly bad manners!"

"I know that," said Wharton quietly. "Now shut up!"

"Well, look here, I like Newland all right, whether you do or not, and whether he's a Jew or not," said Wibley. "But it's silly rot sticking him into the team for Highcliffe when you've got a better man available! I don't agree."

"Please yourself about that, fathead!"

"Leave him out——"

"Cheese it!"

"And put me in——"

"Fathead!"

"He can't play Soccer like me——"

"Nobody can, except Bunter and Coker of the Fifth!"

"You cheeky ass!" roared Wibley. "Look here, I don't agree to Newland being given my place in the eleven——"

"Can't you go and talk rot somewhere else?"

"And I'm not having it!" roared Wibley excitedly. "See? I won't stand it!"

"Are you wound up?"

"I tell you——"

"Rats!"

"Look here, Wharton——"

"Give us a rest!"

Wibley glared at his Form captain. He seemed inclined to rush into the study and express his feelings by assault and battery.

"You—you—you ass!" he said. "You silly fathead! I can tell you this, I'll jolly well make you sorry for yourself if you leave me out! That's my last word!"

"Thank goodness for that!"

Wibley gave him another glare, and turned and tramped away to the stairs. There was no doubt that William Wibley was in a highly excited and indignant state.

"Hold on, old bean!" called out Frank Nugent, laughing. "There's going to be supper in Bob's study. Come and tell us about the jolly old play."

"Rats!" retorted Wibley, over his shoulder; and he went on to the stairs.

That reply showed how deeply wrathy and indignant Wibley was. A study supper in Study No. 13 was a cheery function which, as a rule, any fellow would have been willing to join. And seldom, or never, did Wibley lose a chance of talking about the latest play he was organising for performance by the Remove Dramatic Society.

But for the moment amateur theatricals had been relegated to the back of Wib's mind. He was thinking of Soccer, which, he was absolutely assured, he could play quite as well as he could play Hamlet.

From Wib's point of view, the captain of the Remove was an ass who could not tell a man's form. That opinion was frequently held by fellows who did not find their names in the football list. Hazeldene, in fact, had expressed the very same opinion when he found Squiff's name down for goal. So had Bolsover major when he had read the names of J. Bull and M. Linley as backs. So had Russell when he found that the names in the half-back line were R. Cherry, T. Brown, and R. Penfold.

Wibley tramped downstairs, with a frowning brow. He was deeply and intensely annoyed and indignant.

He went into the Rag to look at the football list—pinned, as usual, on the door there. He was the first fellow down after prep, and there was no one else as yet in the Rag.

Wibley stared at the list, and snorted. It ran:

"S. Q. U. I. Field; J. Bull, M. Linley; R. Cherry, T. Brown, R. Penfold; H. J. R. Singh, H. Vernon-Smith, H. Wharton, P. Todd, M. Newland."

The captain of the Remove had put in a lot of thought and trouble over the selection of that list. Ogilvy would have played at outside-left but for a kick on the ankle at games practice that put him out, of course. Wharton had been strongly tempted to put in his best chum, Frank Nugent, who was keen enough to play. But Monty Newland had shaped so well of late, that he felt bound to give him the place, and Frank accepted the situation philosophically. William Wibley, unfortunately, was not equally philosophic.

A place had been available for Wibley, and that place was filled by another fellow who—in Wib's opinion, at least—was not in the same street with him.

Wibley glared at the name.

He liked Newland; most of the Remove fellows did. Newland took a friendly interest in Wib's theatrical stunts, which made Wib like him all the more. But Soccer was Soccer! He liked Monty personally, but he hated the sight of his name in the list for the Highcliffe match. He glared at it.

Then he drew an indelible pencil from his pocket, and, after a moment's hesitation, drew a thick line through the name of Monty Newland, scratching it out.

"There!" grunted Wibley. "That's that!"

This was, of course, only an ebullition of temper on Wib's part. He did not suppose that the captain of the Remove would leave that name scratched out. But finding it thus scratched would show Wharton what one fellow in the Remove, at least, thought of him and his capabilities as football skipper.

For any fellow to meddle with the football list, after it was officially posted by the captain of the Form, was fearful cheek, likely to lead to drastic reprisals as soon as it was discovered.

In his present truculent mood, Wibley cared nothing for that.

He put the pencil back in his pocket and stalked out of the Rag. He had plenty to do in his study in connection with the "Merchant of Venice," shortly due for production by the Remove Dramatic Society. And he did not want to listen to football "jaw" in the Rag, as he was out of the football.

So Wibley went back to his study in the Remove, leaving that amendment of the football list to meet the general eye when the Remove came down. And that, as he had said, was that!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

HARRY WHARTON tapped at the door of Study No. 9 in the Remove passage, and looked in.

Newland and Penfold, who shared that study, had finished prep, and Pen was putting his books away. Monty Newland was still sitting at the table with a cloud on his brow. He glanced up at Wharton's face, at the door, and his brows knitted a little, a glint coming into his eyes. The captain of the Remove coloured uncomfortably.

"Aw! Carry me home to die!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, as the exasperated Wibley whirled him out of the study into the passage. "Give me that clock, you slab-sided mugwump—and I guess I'm through with you!" Wibley grasped the clock and hurled it after Fishy. Crash! Smash! What was left of the clock required to be swept up with a broom!

He wanted to see that little matter right, but it was not easy.

Newland was not a fellow to take offence where none was meant, as a rule. Billy Bunter's fatuous gibes about "sheenys" did not ruffle him very much; neither had he gone off at the deep end on one occasion when Skinner had playfully painted three brass balls on his study door. He could take a jest, even on the subject of his descent from the ancient race of Israel. But Wharton's unfortunate remark had stung him very deeply. It hurt all the more because Wharton was not an ass like Bunter, or a "tick" like Skinner, and the fact that it had been uttered involuntarily and unthinkingly seemed to him to indicate that it revealed a deep-seated and instinctive repugnance. It indicated nothing of the kind, in point of fact, but that was how it looked to Newland, and he was hurt and resentful.

Dick Penfold glanced from one to the other, and looked uncomfortable. He left the study, and went along to see Kipps in Study No. 5, Kipps being interested in his hobby of photography. Wharton and Newland were left alone, rather to Wharton's relief.

"Look here, Newland," said Harry, coming directly to the subject when Pen was gone. "I'm sorry I said that fat-headed thing this afternoon in Wib's study. I never meant anything by it."

"I don't much care if you did!" answered Newland.

"Well, I don't suppose you do, but as it happens, I didn't!" said Harry good-temperedly. "Now, come along to supper in Bob's study—will you?"

"Thanks—no!"

"Does that mean that you've got your back up?"

Newland shrugged his shoulders.

"If so, you're rather an ass, old chap!" said Harry.

"Leave it at that!"

"Well, I don't want to leave it at that!" said the captain of the Remove, after a pause. "You've made me feel rather mean."

"That's because you've done a mean thing!" said Newland coolly.

"Oh! Is it?" said Harry warmly, his face flushing.

"Yes, it is! I'm not ashamed of being a Jew, but if I were, it would be mean to throw in a fellow's face a thing he couldn't help."

"I never meant anything of the kind, you fathead! It was just a way of speaking—meaning nothing in particular——"

"Do you generally talk without meaning anything in particular?" asked Newland, with a curl of the lip. "I don't think you said it on purpose, because you knew I was there—I wouldn't mind so much if you had. It's because it came out without thinking, that it shows how you feel about Jews—and if you feel like that, the less you have to say to me, the better."

"But it didn't—it doesn't—it's all rot!" said Harry, hardly knowing what to say. "I said it because Fishy was so beastly mean——" He broke off, realising that that was not making matters better.

"Yes, he was beastly mean, so you said 'Don't be such a Jew!' You didn't say 'Don't be such a Yankee.'"

"Well, that would have put it better, because really that was what I meant," said Harry, laughing. "Let it go at that, then."

"Certainly: I don't want to talk about it."

"Oh, bother!" said the captain of the Remove. "Look here, don't be an ass, and get shirty about nothing."

"My dear man, I'm not shirty, especially about nothing. If you feel like that, I'm not blaming you—but I'd rather you kept your distance."

"But I don't, fathead! I've looked in to ask you to supper with us in Bob's study. Does that look as if I care a boiled bean whether you're a Jew, or a gipsy, or a Mesopotamian?" exclaimed Wharton impatiently.

"Yes, I can see you're sorry," assented Newland. "Thanks for that much. But leave it at that—and leave me alone."

Harry Wharton set his lips a little, and stepped back into the doorway. But there he paused. He was getting angry, but he realised that, as the fellow who had given offence, it was not for him to be angry.

Newland opened a "Holiday Annual."

"If you've finished——" he remarked casually.

"I haven't!" said Wharton rather gruffly. "I admit I said a thoughtless thing—a rotten thing, if I'd meant anything by it, which I didn't. You're a silly ass to fancy there was anything more than that in it. Why, you duffer, I've put your name into the list for Highcliffe. Does that look as if I care twopence whether you're a Jew or not?"

"Better take it out again!" said Newland sarcastically. "Fellows may not like a Jew in the crowd."

"Oh, don't talk rot."

"Better take it out, anyhow."

"Well, I won't!"

"Then I will!" said Newland. "Don't play the fool, Wharton! You can't stand Jews—and you've shown it—well, leave it at that! It's decent of you to feel sorry that you've hurt a fellow who's never offended you—but you can't wash it out by giving me a place in the footer eleven, and asking me to supper.

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(*Continued from page* 13.)

Take my name out of the list—or when I go down, I'll cross it out myself."

Wharton's eyes flashed.

"You'd better not meddle with my football list!" he said. "You're making a fool of yourself, Newland, but you'd better not make a fool of yourself to that extent."

"I shall do as I've said—unless you do it!" said Newland coolly. "And if you don't like it, you can lump it. Take the name out."

"I've a jolly good mind to take you at your word!" snapped the captain of the Remove. "Places in the football eleven are not going begging."

"Do it, then!"

"Look here——"

"You might shut the door after you—if that's not too much civility to waste on a Jew!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" exclaimed Wharton, and he went out of the study, and shut the door after him—with a slam.

He went along to Bob Cherry's study with a ruffled brow. A cheery party was gathered in that study for supper—four members of the Co., and Mark Linley and little Wun Lung. They all glanced at Wharton's frowning face as he came in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the jolly old row?" asked Bob.

"The rowfulness appears to be terrific, to judge by the frown of preposterous fury on your esteemed and idiotic brow!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "Has the esteemed Loder administered the whopfulness?"

"That ass Newland!" growled Wharton. "He's got his back up over what I said to Fishy. He wants me to take his name out of the eleven."

"Silly ass!" said Johnny Bull. "But that's all right—he will change his mind about that Newland's keen on Soccer."

"He says he will cross it out himself if I don't!" Wharton breathed hard. "By gum, if he has the cheek to touch the football list, I'll——"

"No, you won't, old chap!" said Mark Linley in his quiet way. "Whatever he may do, it's up to you to take it quietly, in the circumstances."

Wharton looked rather grimly at the Lancashire junior for a moment. But his face cleared, and he nodded.

"I suppose you're right, Marky, old man!" he said. "Whatever he does, I'll let him rip—but——"

"I say, you fellows——" squeaked a fat voice at the door.

"Oh, blow away, Bunter!" snapped Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton! I suppose Bob can ask a chap to supper in his own study, if he likes!" said Billy Bunter warmly.

"Nobody asked you, sir, she said!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"I hope you're not going to be mean about a study supper, Bob. I'm going to ask you to a supper in Study No. 7, when my postal order comes! I say, I heard Wharton ask Newland to come here—I suppose you'd rather have me than a sheeny——"

"Suppose again, old fat man—and do your supposing on the other side of that door!" suggested Bob. "And shut the door!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, you fellows, Newland's got his back up through Wharton jeering at him about Jews——"

"I did nothing of the kind!" roared Wharton.

"My dear chap, that's all right—I'm not blaming you!" said Bunter. "I can't stand sheenys! They're suspicious! I was going to bring a cake here and stand my whack in the supper, you know, only that beast Newland is sticking in his study, just as if he suspected that a fellow was after his cake——"

"Oh crikey!"

"Jew all over!" said Bunter disparagingly. "As if I'd touch his cake! Wharton's quite right about Jews, and I can jolly well say—— Yaroooooh!"

Why Harry Wharton sat him down in the Remove passage Bunter did not know. But he knew that Wharton did—hard! The door of Study No. 13 slammed on him, and supper in that study proceeded without William George Bunter.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Double Misunderstanding!

MONTY NEWLAND rose from his chair in Study No. 9, pitched his "Holiday Annual" across the table, and grunted.

He had sat there for half an hour or more with the book on his knee, but he had read hardly a word of that entrancing volume.

He had been thinking—not pleasant thoughts.

The outcome of his reflections was that he had rather made an ass of himself.

He was not by nature a suspicious fellow, but he realised that in his resentment he had allowed himself to become suspicious.

That Wharton was sorry for having given offence was clear, but a little reflection showed him that the captain of the Remove was hardly likely to give him a place in the football eleven for that reason.

Such an idea was, in fact, absurd—as calm reflection made clear to Monty. Moreover, he recollected that there had been discussion on that very subject days ago; Wharton had thought of putting him in, and almost decided to do so, long before that unfortunate incident had occurred.

He had been put in the Remove eleven on his merits; he had to concede that, having reflected.

But, in that case, what became of his uneasy suspicion that Wharton had a repugnance for Jews, which had been revealed in a hasty moment? Evidently it was all moonshine.

It was uncomfortable to reflect that, though Wharton had been in the wrong in the first place, he had allowed his resentment to place himself in the wrong in the second place—and still more in the wrong.

He moved restlessly about the study for a while, and left it at last and went downstairs.

The clouds of resentment having cleared away, Monty Newland was his cheerful, good-tempered self again, anxious to see Wharton and to assure him that it was all right. He was still more anxious to see the football list with his name in it.

It was his first chance of playing in a big fixture—and the Highcliffe match was one of the star matches on the Remove list. Ever since that term had started Monty had been slogging at games practice, in the hope of getting such a chance. Now it had come his way he had been within an ace of throwing it aside, from what he now realised was ungrounded resentment. He was glad that the captain of the Remove had not taken him at his word.

He strolled into the Rag with a cheery face. There were a good many of the Remove there, thought not the Famous Five, who were at the study supper in Study No. 13; or Wibley, who was neck-deep in his theatrical gadgets in his own study. All the fellows in the room glanced at Newland as he came in, and two or three of them laughed—Skinner and Snoop and Billy Bunter.

"So you're scratched, after all, Newland, old man!" said Vernon-Smith. "Had a row with his nibs—or what?"

Newland started.

"Scratched?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"Didn't you know?" asked Hazel, with a grin.

"He, he, he!"—from Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I jolly well knew that Wharton wouldn't have a sheeny in the eleven! I bet he was only pulling Newland's leg all the time!"

"You fat ass!" said Peter Todd. "Wharton must have meant to play him, or he wouldn't have put up his name."

"He, he, he!" chuckled the fat Owl. "He's changed his mind, then!"

"I dare say he's going to shove Nugent in," remarked Bolsover major. "I know he's keen to play his pal. But he can't have made up his mind yet; there's no fresh name written in."

Monty Newland, without speaking, fixed his eyes on the football list, pinned on the door.

His name was there, as Wharton had told him, but through his name was drawn a thick stroke of an indelible pencil, scratching it out.

Evidently that change in the programme had been under discussion in the Rag when he came in. If there was a vacant place in the team again, many fellows were keen to fill it, but the general opinion was that it would go to Frank Nugent. It was natural that the captain of the Remove should play his best chum if he could—and it had been between Nugent and Newland. If the latter was scratched, there was little doubt that the place would go to the former.

Monty stared at the paper.

His cheeks whitened a little in the intensity of his anger. He did not, of course, doubt that it was Wharton's hand that had crossed out his name.

Nobody but the football captain had a right to touch that list; nobody would have dreamed of doing so, or dreamed that any other fellow had done so. William Wibley, in allowing his wrathy indignation to carry him to such a length, had done a thing that was, so to speak, not done.

Wharton had scratched him—that was Newland's only possible belief.

Perhaps, in a way, he might have expected it. He had told the captain of his Form that if his name was left in that list he would himself scratch it out. That was cheeky enough to rouse the ire of any football captain.

But——

The fellow might have given him a chance. Wharton had expected him to forgive and forget a hasty word. Could he not do the same himself? Had he jumped at this chance of getting rid of the "sheeny"?

Monty had come down to the Rag with his mind cleared of sulky suspicion,

ready to tell Wharton frankly that he was sorry for having rebuffed him; to wash out all offences, and carry on as if nothing had happened.

Now all was changed.

A hasty word—that had been enough. Wharton had been going to a study supper—he was there now—he must have cut down to the Rag first on purpose to scratch out that name. So it seemed to Monty—so, indeed, it could not fail to seem to him.

The anger and indignation which he had banished revived in redoubled force, but the consciousness that a score of pairs of eyes were on him made him control himself. He turned from the football paper and glanced at the fellows round the room with an air of carelessness.

"So that's that!" he said lightly.

"No sheenys admitted!" chortled Bunter.

"Shut up, you fat ass!" growled Squiff.

"Oh, really, Field——"

"Have you been rowing with Wharton, old thing?" asked Lord Mauleverer. "Man shouldn't row; lot of unnecessary trouble."

"Wharton wouldn't leave him out for that, it he had," said Tom Brown. "A row has nothing to do with Soccer."

"Well, no," said Ogilvy. "But Newland isn't a worse footballer this evening than he was at tea-time. Wharton put him in. Why has he taken him out?"

"Yes—why, Newland?" asked the Bounder.

"My dear men," drawled Newland, "I can't undertake to explain the mysterious workings of the mighty intellect of our Great Panjandrum. Doesn't his Highness speak as one having authority, saying 'Do this,' and he doeth it? Aren't we all here to jump when Wharton says jump, and to sit back when Wharton says sit back?"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, Wharton can't stand Jews, you know!" said Billy Bunter. "He felt bound to give Newland a chance because he can play Soccer, but he jolly well jumped at an excuse for dropping him."

Monty Newland breathed hard. Billy Bunter was not a fellow whose judgment was much respected in the Remove—especially by the keen, sagacious Jewish junior—but on this occasion Monty had no doubt that the fat and fatuous Owl had hit the right nail right on the head. A sense of duty as football captain, no doubt, had caused Wharton to put the name in, and a hasty word had given him an excuse for scratching it out—and he had jumped at it.

"Newland, old man," said Peter Todd, "I suggest kicking Bunter all round the Rag and back again."

"Oh, really, Toddy——"

"Not worth the trouble," answered Newland, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It's our noble Form captain who wants kicking."

"Going to kick him?" grinned Skinner.

Monty glared at him.

"Perhaps," he answered coolly; and with that he walked out of the Rag, leaving the Remove fellows in a buzz.

He went up to the Remove passage. As he passed Study No. 6 Wibley looked out. Wib. putting in some practice making up as Shylock, was wriggling in a gabardine rather too tight for him.

"I say, come in and lend a fellow a hand, Monty!" called out Wibley.

Newland stared at him. Wibley's face, made up as Shylock in the play, was rather startling at a sudden view. In his make-up, Wibley looked much more Jewish than Monty did—very much more. There was no doubt that Wibley, whether he could play Soccer or not, was a great man in the theatrical line.

"Is—is that you, Wibley?" stuttered Newland. "You ass!"

Wibley chuckled.

"Surprised you?" he asked. "Think it was your grandfather suddenly dropped in, what? Ha, ha!"

"Fathead!"

"Well, come in and lend me a hand with this gabardine——"

"Busy!"

"Oh rats!"

Wibley backed into his study with a snort. Monty Newland went on to Study No. 13. There was a cheery buzz of voices from that study, where supper was nearly over. Newland tapped at the door, and looked in.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked round at him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Trot in, old bean! Better late than never!"

"I haven't come to supper, thanks!" said Newland. "I've looked in to speak to Wharton!"

"Go ahead!" said Harry.

He gave the Jewish junior a cheery smile; hoping that, by that time, Monty had got over his temper. Which, indeed, would have been the case, but for the misunderstanding that had arisen, owing to Wibley's reckless act in the Rag.

The smile faded from Wharton's face as he read the expression on Newland's face. Monty was cool—very cool—but his lips were set, and his eyes glinted.

"I think you're a rotter, Wharton!" said Monty Newland, very distinctly. "That's what I come here to say—a rotter!"

"Is that all?" asked Harry, very quietly.

"That's all!"

"And enough, too!" roared Bob Cherry. "Get out!"

Monty did not heed the angry Bob.

"I've called you a rotter, Wharton," he said evenly. "If you don't like it—I believe fellows often don't like the truth—you know what to do! In the gym, any time, with or without gloves."

With that, Newland closed the door and walked away.

The supper-party looked at one another. Harry Wharton's face was pale with anger.

He half-rose; and Frank Nugent put a hand on his shoulder, and he sat down again. Wharton drew a deep breath.

"Right!" he said. "Let it pass! If he chooses to take offence where I meant none, let him, and be blowed to him. It's not worth scrapping about. I'm done with the silly ass!"

After supper Wharton went down to the Rag. He passed Newland in the Remove passage without a word or a look. But Newland's name was still—so far as Harry knew, at least—in the Highcliffe list; and after the latest incident, he was doubtful whether he could leave it there. But when he glanced at the paper on the door of the Rag, he saw that that matter had been already decided.

Newland's name was marked out!

That Newland had done as he had said that he would do, and taken his own name out of the list, was Wharton's natural thought. It was an unavoidable misunderstanding on both sides.

His eyes gleamed at the pencilled-out name. But he had resolved that he would not quarrel with Newland; he had given the first offence, and it was up to him to steer clear of a row if he could. A dozen fellows looked at him as he looked at the list.

Without speaking, Wharton took a pencil from his pocket and wrote "F. Nugent" under the name that had been crossed out. Then he walked out of the Rag.

——

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Plotting a Plot!

"GORDON!"

Monty Newland caught that name, uttered by one of the Famous Five, as he passed the chums of the Remove in break next morning in the quad.

He did not look at them and they did not look at him.

After what he had said to the captain of the Form in Bob's study the previous evening, he had rather expected a scrap to follow. Wharton had let the matter drop where it was. He simply ignored Newland's existence; and the Co. naturally, followed their leader.

They had been friendly enough with Newland; but if the fellow chose to make a feud out of what was, after all, a trifle, they had no patience to waste on him. They were, of course, totally unaware of Wibley's action, and of the misunderstanding it had caused on both sides.

Newland walked on, with a set face. Most of the Remove were thinking, and talking, footer: and Newland's thoughts were on the same subject. He would have given much to be in the team that was going over to Highcliffe School that afternoon, to play Courtenay's eleven.

It was not as if he had been an ass like Wibley, fancying he was good enough for the game, when the case was otherwise. The football captain had put him in, evidently thinking him good enough. He had cut him out again, why? Monty compressed his lips, as he thought of that. A hasty word had given him the excuse, and he had chucked the Jew. That was how it looked to Newland, and it was natural that it should make him wrathy.

The Famous Five, unheeding him, went on with their talk. They were discussing Wharton's relative, Stuart Gordon, who had been mentioned in the old colonel's letter. The Scottish gentleman was coming down to have a look at Greyfriars on some half-holiday soon, but no date had been mentioned. It was possible that he might pick that very afternoon, in which case, if he came in time, he could be accommodated with a seat in the motor-bus taking the footballers over to Highcliffe, if he cared to see the game, as the juniors had no doubt that he would.

"Gordon!" Newland repeated to himself, as he walked on.

Newland had never seen Mr. Stuart Gordon, of course, or ever heard of him, till he had heard the talk about Wharton's Scottish relation. But he had come across a good many Gordons in his time, of his own race. That grand old Scottish name was extensively borrowed by children of Israel.

A grin came over Monty's face, banishing the cloud thereon.

Wharton barred Jews, did he? And his relation was named Gordon, was he? What if his relation turned out to be, not a Scotsman, but a Jew, like so many Gordons and Stuarts and Camerons?

Monty chuckled at the idea.

Wharton had never seen that distant relative. He knew that. Whatever he

looked like, when he turned up at Greyfriars, Wharton would be bound to accept him as the genuine article!

And William Wibley, who could impersonate anybody, and play any part imaginable except that of a footballer, was deeply disgruntled, had, in fact, declared his intention of making Wharton "sit up" for leaving him out of the Soccer!

Wibley would jump at this.

What a lark!

Newland laughed aloud at the idea; and Smithy, who was passing with Redwing, glanced round at him.

"Hallo! Feeling bucked at cutting the footer?" asked the Bounder.

Newland laughed again.

"Oh, frightfully!" he said. "Seen Wibley?"

"Wibley?" It was the Bounder's turn to laugh. "Oh, yes, he's over there by the elms, looking like the First Murderer in one of his jolly old dramas. He's not so bucked as you seem to be, by being left out"

Monty Newland walked away towards the elms. There he found William Wibley, looking, if not exactly like a First Murderer, at least very clouded and grim.

Wibley had realised by this time that he was not going to play football at Highcliffe. He was as far as ever from realising that he was not good enough for the game. And so far he had not been able to think of any way of making the captain of the Remove sorry for himself.

Even his cheek in meddling with the football list had led to no result: there had not been a row on the subject.

Most of the fellows took it for granted that the football captain had altered his mind and cut that name out. Wharton, who knew—at least, believed that he knew—that Newland had done it, let it go at that; in committing that cheeky action, he had simply anticipated Wharton's intention, and saved him the trouble of drawing a pencil through the name of Monty Newland.

So that reckless provocation to the captain of the Form had been rather like a damp squib. Wharton had not even remarked on it.

He did not, in fact, seem to remember that William Wibley existed at all. Wib was keen to remind him of his existence, in some unpleasant, devastating way. But how?

In that mood, Wibley was looking on the universe with a jaundiced eye when Monty Newland joined him under the elms.

"Anything special on this afternoon?" asked Newland.

"No!" growled Wibley. "I suppose you know that silly owl is leaving me out of the footer. What are you grinning at, blow you?"

"Oh! Nothing, old bean! What about a theatrical stunt?"

"Jolly good chance for a rehearsal of the 'Merchant of Venice' on a half-holiday," snorted Wibley. "But nearly everybody will be out."

"I saw you yesterday in your get-up as Shylock!" said Newland. "It was jolly good!"

"Of course it was!" said Wibley. "Even that fathead Wharton doesn't make out that I can't act, though he fancies I can't play footer."

"Well, I've got an idea——"

"Take it away and boil it!"

"You'd like to make Wharton sit up a little?"

"Eh? Wouldn't I just?" said Wibley. "If that's the idea, cough it up! I can't very well whop him for his cheek—not the thing! Besides, I couldn't—he could make rings round me. What's the idea?"

"You've heard of his Scottish relation, Gordon——"

"Eh? Yes. What about him?"

"He may drop into the place to see Wharton, from what I've heard. Wharton's never seen him. Suppose, just before they start for Highcliffe, some frowsy old bean dropped in——"

Wibley stared.

"I don't suppose Wharton's Scottish relation is a frowsy old bean," he said. "What the dickens do you mean?"

"Couldn't you do it?"

Wibley jumped.

"I?" he ejaculated.

"You've done a lot of impersonations. You made yourself up as Hurree Singh once, and took everybody in. You got up as Monsieur Charpentier one time, and looked like his twin. Much easier to make up as a man who's never been seen at Greyfriars at all."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Wibley.

His eyes danced.

"By gum!" he said. "By gum! Newland, old man, it's the goods! By gum, I'll make Wharton's jolly old Scottish relation drop in—and I'll make jolly sure he's no credit to a Greyfriars man! Ha, ha! But, I say, what sort of a sportsman——"

"What about a Jew?"

"A—a—a Jew?" repeated Wibley.

"You make up splendidly as Shylock. When I saw you last night, I could have sworn that your nose had lengthened out like a telescope. I don't know how you do it—but you did."

Wibley chuckled.

"Easiest thing, you know," he said. "I could make up as a Jew—easy as falling off a form. I'm a bit surprised that you suggest it, though. I thought you were a bit touchy on the subject."

"What rot!"

"Well, it's a topping wheeze!" grinned Wibley. "Tip-top! It's the elephant's side-whiskers, and then some, as Fishy says. If you're sure you're not touchy about it——"

"Of course not, ass!"

"I've got most of the stuff—things I was going to use making-up as Shylock in the 'Merchant of Venice.' Of course, I shan't turn up in a gabardine—that would be too thick." Wibley chuckled. "Fat man—what? Short and fat, with a nose like a bended bow, and an accent like old Lazarus at Courtfield. I can do it all right. Silk hat and spats and sham diamonds—what? Oh, great pip, what will Wharton's face look like—when he sees that jolly old relation?"

Wibley roared.

"You're on, then?" grinned Newland.

"On—like a bird! Why, the very name fits in—lots of Jews named Gordon. That cheeky ass will be taken in all along the line. If he won't admit that I can play Soccer, he will have to admit that I can play Abraham Moses! Ha, ha!"

The bell rang for third school, and the Remove went in. In that lesson Wibley received lines from Mr. Quelch for inattention to the matter in hand. Mr. Quelch was not aware that matters of far greater interest than Latin grammar occupied Wibley's mind.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not Genuine Scotch!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Scat!"

"Wharton's wanted!"

"Oh, blow!" said Harry Wharton.

Billy Bunter grinned.

"Looks to me like a licking!" he said. "Old Quelch was looking quite queer. I fancy somebody's rung you up on his phone. Cheek! Better pack a few exercise-books in your bags, old chap! He, he, he!"

"Fathead!" said Harry Wharton.

In the interval between third school and dinner, Harry Wharton & Co. were thinking chiefly of the afternoon's fixture at Highcliffe. They were discussing the same when Billy Bunter rolled out of the House, with the news that Wharton was wanted in his Form-master's study.

That William Wibley had gone out immediately after class was quite unknown to the Famous Five. Wibley was not in the football, and so, naturally, they hardly remembered that there was such a fellow at Greyfriars at all.

Neither were they thinking of Monty Newland. That little "row" had been disagreeable; but it had had, at least, one good outcome—Frank Nugent was to play in Newland's place. For once, the whole of the Famous Five were included in the Remove eleven, which was very satisfactory.

Harry Wharton, as he went to the House, on getting that message from Bunter, was not thinking of either of those disgruntled juniors. He was wondering what the dickens Quelch wanted, and hoping that it did not spell trouble. If, as the fat Owl surmised, somebody had rung him up on Quelch's telephone, it was quite possible that Quelch was annoyed. That instrument had not been installed in Quelch's study for the use of the Remove.

He tapped at his Form-master's door.

"Come in, Wharton!"

Wharton noticed that the receiver was off the telephone as he entered. He noticed, too, that there was an unusual expression on Mr. Quelch's face—which Bunter had described as "queer."

He did not, however, look wrathy. The look he gave his head boy was curious, but quite mild.

"You sent for me, sir!" said Harry.

"Yes, Wharton. A—a gentleman desires to speak to you on the telephone——"

"My uncle, sir?"

"No, it is not Colonel Wharton. The gentleman gave the name of Gordon, and states that he is your relative."

"Oh, Mr. Gordon!" exclaimed Wharton, with interest. "I understand, sir."

He had not expected a telephone call from Mr. Gordon; but there was nothing surprising in it. Indeed if Mr. Gordon intended to come down to the school, it was natural that he should ring up, to announce his intention. The captain of the Remove could not understand in the least the odd expression on Quelch's face.

"You have a relation named Gordon?" asked the Remove master.

"Oh, yes, sir! Mr. Stuart Gordon, of Dundee."

"Were you expecting to hear from him, Wharton?"

"Well, in a way, yes, sir; he's staying with my uncle, at present, at Wharton Lodge; and my uncle wrote the other day that Mr. Gordon might come down to see the school."

"Then there is no mistake!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Mistake?" repeated Wharton blankly.

"You may take the call," said Mr. Quelch hastily. "I am going to Mr. Prout's study for a few minutes—you may use the telephone."

"Thank you, sir!"

Mr. Quelch left the study, his head boy glancing after him rather blankly.

He could not understand Quelch just then.

However, he went to the telephone and picked up the receiver.

"Hallo!" he called. "Is that Mr. Gordon?"

"Yeth!" came the reply. "Is that Harry thpeaking?"

Wharton jumped, and almost dropped the transmitter.

He knew nothing of Mr. Gordon personally. But he would not have been surprised to hear a gentleman from North Britain speak with a Scottish accent. But the accent of Mr. Gordon was not Scottish. Far from it!

"Ye-e-es! Wharton speaking!" he gasped. "Is—is that Mr. Gordon?"

"Yeth!"

"Oh crikey!"

Wharton understood now the "queer" expression on Quelch's face. Undoubtedly that remarkable accent had struck the Remove master when he took the call. The owner of the good old name of Gordon did not speak like a native of Caledonia stern and wild! He spoke like a native of a very different land.

"Your uncle mentioned that I should like to thee your thchool while I am here," went on that paralysing voice. "Ith not that the cathe?"

"Oh! Yes! That's the case, sir!" gasped Harry.

"I am thpeaking from Courtfield now, Harry. I shall thee you at the thchool thith afternoon."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Vat did you thay, Harry?"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Harry, utterly taken aback and amazed. He had always known that he had Scotch relations. But he had certainly never known that Mr. Gordon was a "Scotchman from Damascus."

"Very well. Good-bye, my poy, or I shall have to pay for another call! I shall thee you thoon!"

Wharton put up the receiver, and stood gazing blankly at the telephone when the man at the other end had rung off.

"Great pip!" he gasped.

For a full minute the captain of the Remove stared at the telephone. Then slowly he left Mr. Quelch's study and returned to his friends in the quad.

"No bad news?" asked Nugent quickly.

It was easy for the Co. to see at a glance that Wharton was disturbed.

"Oh, no!"

"Quelch in a wax?" asked Bob. "For the love of Mike don't say you've got a detention this afternoon?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, was it a phone call?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, yes!"

"Anything the matter, old man?" asked Frank.

"The matterfulness appears terrific, my idiotic chum!" remarked Hurree Singh.

"Oh, no! Not at all! But—— 'H'm! It was a call from that relation I've mentioned to you—Mr. Gordon," stammered Wharton.

"Oh! Is the old bean coming down?" asked Bob. "We never got in that haggis!"

"He—he—he's coming this afternoon."

"Well, that's all right, isn't it?" asked Bob, puzzled. "We'll hike him over to Highcliffe to see the game, what?"

"Oh crumbs!"

"We can make room for him in the bus easily enough, if he cares to come," said Frank. "Blessed if I know what else you can do with him, Harry. You can't cut a footer match because he's coming here."

"Oh, no! But——"

"Well, what?"

Wharton's face was crimson. Monty Newland, sauntering by at a little distance, glanced at him and smiled. But the captain of the Remove did not notice Newland.

"I—I—I—— I never knew!" stammered Wharton. "From his name, I—I supposed that old Gordon was a—a—a Scotchman! But—but now I've heard him speak——"

"Did he say 'It's a richt braw nicht the noo'?" grinned Bob.

"No. I—I wish he had! Oh dear!"

"What on earth's the matter?" asked Frank

"Oh, nothing! N-n-nothing, I suppose! But—but—he—he had an—an—an——"

"He had Ann?" repeated Johnny Bull. "Who's Ann?"

"Fathead! He had an accent——"

"Well, Scotchmen often have!" said Bob. "Proud of it, as a rule! Old

(*Continued on next page.*)

GREYFRIARS INTERVIEWS

This week our long-haired poet gives you a pen-picture in verse of

CLARA TREVLYN,

Marjorie Hazeldene's chum at Cliff House School.

(1)

Of all the girls who are so smart,
There's none so smart as Clara;
Her gift of sarcasm apart,
She could not well be fairer.
And yet she's given me many a rap
Upon my tender knuckles,
For sarcasm can scorch a chap,
And so can Clara's chuckles.

(2)

I once remarked to her (with truth),
"I'm handsome, brave, and clever!
I bet you've never seen a youth
Like me—or hardly ever!"
She answered, with a wrinkled brow:
"Let's see! Yes, I remember!
You see a lot about just now!"
('Twas early in November!)

(3)

Now that's the sort of thing she says
When fellows cut a figure.
It's one of Clara's little ways
To pull their limbs with vigour.
Her personality's immense,
We all admire her talents,
And she has too much common sense
To lose command of balance.

(4)

She's such a sprightly character
That I was rather nervous,
When told to go and call on her,
I murmured: "Saints preserve us!"
But out I went in duty bound,
Though feeling rather sorry,
At Cliff House school I swiftly found
My victim, prey or quarry.

(5)

There was a puncture in her bike,
Which Clara wanted mended.
I said: "I'll do it, if you like!"
And Clara answered:
"Splendid!"
I took the tyre out of its case
And caused some slight confusion
By mixing up my handsome face
With most of her solution.

(6)

I clawed the sticky stuff away,
With rubber I was reeking.
And not a word did Clara say,
But, gosh, her eyes were speaking!
"You girls can't mend a punctured tyre!"
I spluttered in my dizziness.
"All girls should know that they require
A man upon the business."

(7)

"That's very hard on you," she said,
"But try it, notwithstanding!"
I glanced at her and shook my head,
And then began expanding
The inner tube inside a bowl
To watch the water bubble.
And when I came across the hole,
I patched it without trouble.

(8)

I pumped the tyre and said: "That's that!"
Said Clara—well, no matter!
For, lo, the tyre was just as flat,
In fact, a little flatter!
I therefore sought another leak
And soon I found it plainly,
I worked, too overcome to speak,
Except to yammer vainly.

(9)

I pumped again and said: "My hat!"
I stood there, blankly gazing!
And saw the tyre was just as flat,
It really was amazing!
I mopped my brow and then once more
I started, weak and weary,
To make it flatter than before—
The thing was getting eerie!

(10)

And then I saw Miss Clara's grin·
I stood up, nearly choking.
For in her hand she held a pin!
That's her idea of joking!
"Don't run away! The tyre's still flat!"
Her chuckle was light-hearted.
I said no word. I raised my hat,
And, with a groan, departed!

Oggy comes back, after the hols, speaking a bit broad. Why shouldn't he?"

"Not a Scottish accent, fathead!"

"Eh! What then?"

"Oh, nothing! Pi-pip-perhaps the telephone wasn't very clear. But—but he had an accent like—like—like——"

"Like what?"

"Like old Lazarus at Courtfield!"

"Wha-a-t?"

Wharton's face was burning. His chums gazed at him. They understood at last.

"Do you mean a Jew?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Yes!" gasped Wharton.

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob. "You never knew——"

"Never! Never seen the man—hardly heard of him till the other day. But——" Wharton stammered.

"Well, what's the trouble?" asked Johnny, in his practical way. "Lots of Jews in Yorkshire, where I come from. They don't bite."

"What does it matter?" asked Nugent, with a smile.

"Well, I suppose it doesn't, really; but—but it was a bit of a shock to me. I never dreamed——"

"He, he, he!" came a fat cachinnation. Harry Wharton glanced round at a fat face. "He, he, he! I say, you fellows, Nowland will snigger over this! Wharton bars Jews——"

"I don't!" roared Wharton.

"You jolly well do, and your uncle's a Jew—— He, he, he!"

"He's not my uncle——"

"Well, cousin, then——"

"Not a cousin, either. A distant relation——"

"He, he, he! Make him as distant as you can—though you don't bar Jews!" chortled Bunter. "He, he, he! I say, you fellows—— Yaroooooooop! Leave off kicking me, Wharton, you beast! 'Tain't my fault you're a Jew, is it? Yoooop!"

Billy Bunter fled for his fat life. Before dinner that day all the Remove heard—from Bunter—that Harry Wharton's Jewish uncle was coming to see him at Greyfriars—a regular out-and-out sheeny, whom Wharton had carefully kept dark all the time he had been at the school. Which rather entertained the Remove—and William Wibley, who came back from Courtfield just in time for dinner, was the most entertained of all!

——

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Wibley at Work!

WILLIAM WIBLEY came out of the House, after dinner, with a bag in his hand. Monty Newland followed him out, with a smile on his face.

Harry Wharton & Co. were in the quadrangle. A motor-bus was to come at two o'clock, to carry the Remove footballers over to Highcliffe. There was plenty of time yet, and Harry was wondering a little whether Mr. Gordon would turn up before the team started, and—a little uneasily—what he would be like when he did turn up.

Wibley stopped to speak to the captain of the Remove. Already, owing to Billy Bunter, there had been a great deal of talk on the subject of Wharton's Scottish relative; and there was no doubt that plenty of fellows were curious to see him when he came.

Skinner had already started a story that his relative was not really named Gordon at all, but Gideon—a suggestion that made many fellows chuckle. Skinner, who was always up against the captain of his Form, had fairly jumped at the chance of "rubbing in" Wharton's supposed Israelitish relative.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Going on your travels, Wib?" asked Bob Cherry, noticing the bag in Wibley's hand.

"Sort of!" assented Wibley. "I say, Wharton, you haven't changed your mind, I suppose? If you still want a good man for the team, it's not too late."

"Fathead!" answered Wharton.

"Well, you're the kind of silly, obstinate ass to ask for trouble, aren't you?" said Wibley. "I fancy you'll be sorry later."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You can cackle!" said Wibley wrathfully.

"Thanks—I will! Ha, ha!"

"How's your Uncle Gideon?" asked Wibley.

Wharton ceased to laugh suddenly.

"My what?" he ejaculated.

"Uncle Gideon! I hear that your Uncle Gideon is coming along this afternoon. Sorry I shan't be here to see him!"

Harry Wharton looked steadily at Wibley for a moment. Then, without replying in words, he made a sudden grasp at Wib, collared him, and hooked him over. William Wibley sat down in the quad with a roar.

"Yooo-hoooooop!" roared Wibley.

He scrambled up furiously.

Wharton grasped the bag Wibley had dropped as he sat. He swung it round as Wibley scrambled up, and it caught Wib in the ribs, and bowled him over again. Wibley sprawled and roared.

"Man down!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Oooogh! You cheeky rotter—yoooooh!" spluttered Wibley. "I—I—I'll—— Yaroooooop!"

Bang!

The bag, tossed through the air, dropped on Wibley's head and rolled to the ground beside him.

Then Harry Wharton walked away, followed by the chuckling Co., and William Wibley was left gasping.

Monty Newland, grinning, gave him a hand up. Monty was also carrying a bag. Harry Wharton would have been surprised had he been able to guess what the two bags contained—nothing less than the outward semblance of the "Mr. Gordon" who was booked to call at Greyfriars that afternoon.

"The cheeky swab!" gurgled Wibley, as Newland helped him to his feet. "I'll go after him, and——"

"Hold on!" said Newland, laughing.

"I tell you, I'll mop up the quad with him!" bawled Wibley.

"No time, old bean, if you're going to get ready by two!" said Monty Newland soothingly. "Don't spoil the jape of the term!"

"Oh!" Wibley calmed down. "All right! By gum, I'll make him sit up when his Uncle Gideon comes! Ow! Come on, Newland!"

They walked down to the gates.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter rolled after them. "I say——"

"Hook it!" snapped Newland.

He did not want the fat Owl's inquisitive eyes, and spectacles, near at hand when William Wibley metamorphosed himself into Mr. Gordon.

"Oh, really, Newland——"

"Buzz off, you fat bluebottle!" said Wibley.

"Beast! I mean, I say, old chap, if it's a picnic, I'll come!" said Bunter. "I say, what have you got in those bags?"

"Nothing to eat, you fat cormorant!" said Newland. "Scoot!"

"Well, you're not walking out with empty bags, I suppose!" said Bunter. "Look here, I'm expecting a postal order to-morrow, old chappies. I'm going to stand a picnic on Saturday and ask the Cliff House girls! I'll ask you fellows, too. See? I'll come to your picnic to-day, and you come to mine on Saturday. That's fair. What about that?"

"Sheer off!"

"Hook it!"

Wibley and Newland walked on. Billy Bunter neither sheered off, nor hooked it. Bunter had no doubt what was in those bags. It looked, to Bunter, like a picnic on an uncommonly large scale. Bunter did not intend to lose sight of the picnickers if he could help it. Like the deep and dark blue ocean in the poem, Bunter rolled on.

The two plotters walked out of gates. Bunter rolled after them. They accelerated, and Bunter broke into a trot.

They exchanged an exasperated glance.

"Wait for him!" said Newland.

They waited, and Bunter rolled up, breathless, but determined. He blinked at the two juniors through his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows——" he began.

Newland made a sign to Wibley. Both of them swung the bags round at the same moment.

Bang, bang!

"Urrrggh!" gurgled Bunter.

Wibley's bag, in front, landed on the best-filled waistcoat at Greyfriars School. Newland's bag caught him in the ribs.

Thus assailed, fore and aft, so to speak, the fat Owl spluttered, gasped, gurgled, tottered, and rolled over.

"Urrrggh! Yurrrggh! Wurrggh!" gurgled Bunter.

Wibley and Newland, chuckling, walked on, and left him to gurgle. It was two or three minutes before Billy Bunter recovered sufficient wind to totter to his feet. By that time Newland and Wibley had vanished in the wood that bordered the road towards the river.

"Beasts!" gasped Bunter.

And the Owl of the Remove, like the weary ploughman, homeward plodded his way.

Meanwhile, the two plotters of the Remove were penetrating deep into the wood, no longer tracked by a fat Owl. In a deep, shady, secluded spot they came to a halt, and the two bags were set down and opened.

All sorts of things were turned out of them—a silk hat, shiny shoes, and white spats, a waistcoat that had more colours than Joseph's celebrated coat, a make-up box, a mirror, and a lot of other things.

Wibley's study, in the Remove, was littered and lumbered with theatrical "props," and it looked as if he had brought most of them out with him that afternoon.

The mirror was hooked up on a tree-trunk. Wibley proceeded to don a suit of clothes over his own, to add to his bulk. Striped trousers, a morning coat too long for him, a waistcoat that dazzled the eye, gleaming shoes, and bright white spats, made an extraordinary change in Wibley's aspect.

Then he proceeded to make-up at the mirror.

Newland helped him, handing him things, and watching him, in wonder at his skill, and with many chuckles.

Wib's complexion became dark and shiny. A black moustache was gummed

Wibley and Newland swung their bags round at the same moment. Bang, bang! "Urrrrgh!" gurgled Bunter. Wibley's bag landed on the best-filled waistcoat at Greyfriars, while Newland's caught Bunter in the ribs. The fat Owl spluttered, gasped, gurgled and tottered!

on his upper lip. A bluish shade on his chin hinted that he was in need of a shave. His eyebrows, which were naturally light, became black as the raven's wing; his hair followed suit. But his nose was the triumph of his peculiar art.

Newland, who saw him fix it on over his genuine proboscis, could hardly believe that it did not grow there when all was finished. It was a tremendous beak of a nose, hooked, with a reddish tip.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Newland.

"Some boko—what?" grinned Wibley.

"Oh crumbs!"

A few more artistic touches and Wibley was done, and he jammed the silk topper on his head. Newland surveyed him with wonder and admiration.

He looked a Jew of about fifty years of age, and not a nice Jew. He looked rather shabby, rather greasy, rather oily, and rather unwashed. Monty Newland, little as Billy Bunter would have guessed it, was proud of his descent from an ancient race, but most assuredly he would not have liked a relation like this to call on him at Greyfriars.

"Think I'll do?" grinned Wibley.

"Oh scissors!" gasped Newland. "You'll do! Oh crikey!"

"Lotths of time," said Wibley, in the accent that had startled Wharton on the telephone. "Lotths of time to valk in and thee my young relative before they thtart for Highcliffe. I am sure Vharton vill be pleathed to give me a theat in the bus—vat?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Newland. "You're going to Highcliffe with them?"

"What-ho! And when I'm there I fancy Wharton would prefer me as a footballer rather than as his Uncle Gideon—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And William Wibley, alias Stuart Gordon, walked out of the wood and cheerfully walked down the road to Greyfriars School, unrecognisable by his nearest and dearest relative. Monty Newland, left in the wood with the bags, howled with merriment. What Harry Wharton was going to feel like when that remarkable relation claimed him before all Greyfriars he could hardly imagine; but whatever he felt like, Monty had no doubt—at present—that it served him right!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Up to Wharton!

"I SAY, you fellows!" Billy Bunter fairly shrieked. "He's come!"

"Who's come, fathead?"

"Wharton's uncle."

"Colonel Wharton?"

"No; his Jew uncle. Look!"

Bunter was the first to spot the new arrival. But two or three dozen fellows were soon looking at the fat, greasy gentleman who was speaking to Gosling at his lodge

The fat man had walked in at the gates, and Gosling had come out of his lodge, frowning. Gosling had no racial prejudices—indeed, he was very civil indeed to Newland's father when that wealthy gentleman came to the school—in view of tips. But this Israelitish gentleman was nothing like Newland's father. Gosling supposed that he was some sort of a tenth-rate commercial traveller or even an old clo' man. Gosling came out to inform him that "houtside" was the place for him. And Gosling very nearly fell down when the fat gentleman announced himself as Mr. Gordon, and asked to see his relative, Master Wharton of the Remove.

It was not quite two o'clock, and the bus for the footballers had not yet arrived at the gates. Harry Wharton & Co. were ready for it when it came. But there were few Remove fellows who did not forget even the Highcliffe match when that greasy, oily gentleman was spotted, and the news flew like wildfire that it was Wharton's relation.

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "I say, you fellows, Wharton makes out that he bars Jews."

"He makes out nothing of the kind, you fat ass!" said Peter Todd. "That fathead Newland got his back up about nothing."

"Yah! Look at Wharton's uncle! "He, he, he!"

"That can't be Wharton's Scottish relation!" exclaimed Herbert Vernon-Smith, staring at the oily gentleman.

"Not genuine Scotch!" chuckled Skinner.

"I say, you fellows, it's Wharton's uncle all right. You know he was expecting him this afternoon—well, he's come."

"Rot!" said Squiff.

"Rubbish!" said Redwing.

"Bosh!" said the Bounder.

"Who the dooce is that?" Coker of the Fifth came up and stared at the oily one "What is that old sketch doing here? Why don't Gosling turn him out?"

"He, he, he! It's Wharton's uncle! He, he, he!"

"Don't be a young ass!" snapped Coker "I've seen Colonel Wharton."

"This is his other uncle. He makes out he's Scotch, you know!" chortled

Bunter. "Calls himself Gordon. He, he, he!"

Coker strode towards the lodge, where Gosling stood blinking in helpless bewilderment at the unexpected caller.

"Yes, Master Wharton is here!" Gosling was stammering. "Yes, I was told Mr. Gordon might call. Yes—oh, my eye!"

"Here, what do you want, my man?" asked Coker.

The oily gentleman glanced at him.

"Are you Vharton?" he asked.

"Eh? I'm Coker! What the dickens do you mean?"

"I have never theen my young relative," explained the oily gentleman. "I have called to thee him. Mithter Gordon—that ith my name."

"Oh gum!" said Coker. "Mean to say you're a relation of young Wharton of the Remove?"

"Yeth—Mithter Gordon."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Coker.

"You theem thurprised," said Mr. Gordon, with a puzzled look. "There is nothing thurprising in my calling to thee my relation I thuppose."

"Oh, no, not at all!" gasped Coker. Even Coker of the Fifth remembered that civility was due to a visitor at the school. "Oh, my hat! I—I mean, somebody had better tell Wharton you're here." Coker backed off.

"This way, sir!" called out Skinner, beaming with delight. "This way! I'll take you to Wharton, sir!"

"Wharton's expecting you, sir!" said Snoop.

"I guess he's just pining to see you, sir, and then some!" chortled Fisher T. Fish.

"This way, Mr. Gordon!" exclaimed Hazeldene.

"Come on, Mr. Gordon!"

"Thank you, my young frents," said Mr. Gordon, beaming greasily on the juniors. "I am very pleased to thee Harry's thchoolfellowth!"

"Not so pleathed as we are to thee you, sir!" gasped Skinner.

And there was a chortle as Skinner imitated the visitor's delightful accent.

"My eye!" said Gosling, as the grinning juniors conducted Mr. Gordon away. "Wot I says is this 'ere—my eye!"

"I say, you fellows, there's Wharton, over by the House!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "I say, come on, Mr. Gideon—I mean Gordon! He, he, he!"

"Here comes Wingate!" murmured the Bounder.

Wingate of the Sixth came quickly across to the little crowd, over which Mr. Gordon's silk hat gleamed in the October sunshine. His eyes fixed in amazement on the gorgeous waistcoat, the green-and-yellow tie, from which blazed an enormous and obviously imitation diamond, the greasy, shiny face, and mottled chin.

"Who is this?" rapped Wingate. "What does this mean?"

"It's Wharton's uncle——"

"Called to see him——"

"His uncle Gideon."

"Wharton's expecting him——"

A dozen voices answered the astonished inquiry of the captain of Greyfriars. Mr. Gordon raised his shining silk topper, revealing a crop of greasy black hair, and saluted the Sixth Form man politely.

"I have called to thee Harry——" he began.

"Oh!" gasped Wingate. "Oh! I—I—I see! Better call Wharton, if this is his—his—his uncle——"

"Not prethisely his uncle," explained Mr. Gordon. "A more dithtant relative than that, my young frent. A thort of cousin, of the Thcotch branch of the family—a theeond cousin, once or twithe removed."

"Scotch!" stuttered Wingate. "Oh! Yes. Quite!"

The Greyfriars captain hurriedly retreated. He certainly did not want to be uncivil to the relative of any Greyfriars man; but it was difficult to keep his face straight in the presence of that waistcoat, that tie, that diamond pin, and that accent.

"This way, sir!" chortled Skinner. "There's Wharton, sir!"

The Famous Five were in the group near the House, chatting while they waited for the bus. They were all looking round, wondering what the excitement was about, unaware, as yet.

"I thee him!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, beaming. "I have never theen the dear boy before, but his uncle showed me some photographs of him at Vharton Lodge, where I have been thaying. I know him at vunce."

He quickened his pace and walked towards the group of juniors. A crowd of grinning fellows followed him. Skinner and his friends were enjoying this. Other fellows were interested, and rather amused.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Who the dickens can that be?" said Bob Cherry, as the greasy gentleman bore down on the chums of the Remove.

Harry Wharton caught his breath.

He was expecting Mr. Gordon. He was wondering uneasily what Mr. Gordon would be like. From the accent on the telephone he had made up his mind that Mr. Gordon was doubtless of the Semitic persuasion. But this——

This couldn't be Mr. Gordon! An awful misgiving smote him as he looked at the shiny face, the enormous, curved nose, the flaring waistcoat, the blazing diamond. But it couldn't be—it couldn't. If his relatives were anything like this, Colonel Wharton would surely have tact enough to keep them clear of Greyfriars.

It was not prejudice, it was not snobbishness; it was sheer horror! It couldn't—couldn't be!

"Here's your uncle, Wharton!" yelled Skinner.

"I say, you fellows, here's Wharton's uncle—he, he, he!"

Wharton stood rooted. His face, for a second, was crimson. Then it was pale. His comrades looked at Mr. Gordon, and then avoided looking at Harry Wharton. Not only his friends, but his enemies, might have compassionated him when he was claimed before all Greyfriars as a relative by this dreadful, awful, unspeakable apparition.

"Harry, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, extending his hand, "you have not theen me before, but I know you at vunce, from the photographs your uncle hath shown me. I am extheedingly pleathed to make your acquaintance, my dear boy."

Wharton mechanically shook hands with the apparition.

Was it possible? It couldn't be! But it looked as if it was, all the same! What was this man—a bookmaker, a publican, a pawnbroker, or what? He looked rather like a mixture of all three!

He could not speak.

His friends stood dumb.

There was a sudden call from Herbert Vernon-Smith.

"Here's the bus!"

"Oh, good!" gasped Bob Cherry, glad of the interruption. "All aboard for Highcliffe, you men!"

Mr. Gordon beamed.

"My dear Harry, you are tharting for Highcliffe now?" he exclaimed. "I shall be tho glad to thee you playing Thoccer. I have heard all about your Thoccer match of to-day, of courth. I will come and thee you play."

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Bob.

The Famous Five had actually arranged that if Mr. Stuart Gordon dropped in that afternoon he should be asked to travel over to Highcliffe and see the match. But they had not envisaged a gentleman like this.

Harry Wharton drew a deep, deep breath.

He was taken utterly aback. He was, to tell the whole truth, utterly dismayed and discomfited. But he pulled himself together. This man, loud, and greasy, and shiny as he was, flashy and bejewelled as he was, was his relative, and had, apparently, come to the school in good faith, meaning no harm. It was up to Wharton to play up. It was up to him to go through it without turning a hair. It was up to him to stand it, and think chiefly of avoiding hurting the man's feelings, as he had thoughtlessly hurt Newland's. He knew it, and his strength of character came to his aid.

He spoke, and his voice was cool and calm.

"That's very good of you, Mr. Gordon. We were keeping a place in the bus for you, in case you turned up this afternoon. Do come!"

And with a cool, calm, cheerful face, Harry Wharton walked that remarkable relative to the waiting bus.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Off to Highcliffe!

THE bus rolled away—packed.

Not only the footballers, but every other fellow who could cram in, was going over to Highcliffe. Every Remove man who could wanted to see the football match, with few exceptions. On this occasion there were no exceptions, for fellows like Skinner, and Snoop, and Bunter, who did not care twopence for footer, wanted to see Wharton's relative and make the most of him—the very most. There would have been a rush in the bus, in any case—now there was an absolute cram.

Skinner & Co., however, did not get their way. They were fearfully keen to see "Mr. Gordon" at Highcliffe, to see what effect he produced on the Highcliffians. They could picture the surprised glances of Courtenay, and the Caterpillar, the sardonic sneer of Ponsonby. It would be awful for Wharton, and therefore very enjoyable to the amiable Skinner. But there was no room for Skinner & Co.

Skinner, pushing on the bus, was pushed off again by Bob Cherry. Snoop, trying to barge in, was barged out by Johnny Bull. Bunter, scrambling on, found himself sitting in the road, spluttering.

There was not room, even for fellows who wanted to see the football, so room was not likely to be found for fellows who only wanted to see the captain of the Remove discomfited and humiliated.

Fellows who were keen to go, and who could not get seats, went for their bikes, to follow the bus over. Skinner and Snoop followed their example. They were not going to be left out of this treat.

Mr. Gordon sat in the bus, with an oily, beaming smile on his greasy, shining visage. Harry Wharton sat next to him. It was up to him, and he did it. And his friends nobly rallied round.

The bus rolled away, on the Courtfield road.

A Remove fellow came out of a footpath in the wood and stood and stared at it as it passed. It was Monty Newland.

His eyes fixed on Mr. Gordon, inside.

Two or three of the fellows waved a hand to him. Monty did not heed. He could only stare at Mr. Gordon in the bus.

Evidently Wibley was getting away with his trickery. It was clear that none of the Greyfriars fellows had the faintest suspicion that "Mr. Gordon" was anything but what he appeared to be.

Wharton had taken him at face value, as it were, as the relative he had expected to call at the school. The talk on the telephone had prepared him for it, to some extent, and made it less likely that he would suspect trickery. He had swallowed Mr. Gordon whole, and he was taking him over to Highcliffe, with the football team.

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Monty.

He felt a tinge of remorse.

Monty had not really intended all this. Under the mistaken impression that Wharton barred him because he was a Jew, he had considered it a tremendous lark to land Wharton with a Jewish relation.

But he had not counted on that ass, Wibley, overdoing it to this extent. Once the matter was in Wibley's hands, Wib had taken the bit between his teeth, as it were, and bolted.

A Jewish relation was one thing—but this outrageous and unspeakable bounder was quite another. That goat, Wibley, had gone altogether too far.

Monty had not quite realised it when he helped Wibley to dress up, in the wood. But he realised it now.

But it was too late now. The bus rolled on rapidly, and Monty Newland was left standing in the road staring after it. There was a thoughtful, and rather dissatisfied frown on his face, as he walked back to Greyfriars.

But if Monty Newland had doubts, William Wibley had none. William Wibley was thoroughly enjoying himself

The mere fact that he was pulling off a theatrical stunt successfully was enough to banish all other consideration from Wib's rather volatile mind.

Moreover, he had said that he would make the captain of the Remove "sit up" for leaving him out of the footer, and there was no doubt that he was doing it!

Wharton was taking it well—so well, that Wib was surprised. But he did not find it hard to guess what his victim was feeling like.

Wharton's face was almost expressionless, as he sat beside his "relation." The Co., playing up manfully, did their best to treat Mr. Gordon as they would have treated Colonel Wharton, had that old military gentleman blown in.

But other fellows in the packed bus had quite different feelings. Many of them were thinking of the effect to be produced at Highcliffe by that fat, shiny man, with his waistcoat and his tie and his glaring diamonds. The Bounder whispered to Redwing at the other end of the bus.

"Wharton ought to have more sense, Reddy. What will the Highcliffe men think of that sportsman?"

"He's bound to play up, Smithy. He can't like it, I suppose—but he's bound to be civil to a relative who comes to see him at his school."

"His uncle must be potty to let the man come," growled the Bounder. "I should have expected Colonel Wharton to have more tact."

Tom Redwing did not answer that. He was, in fact, surprised himself that the old colonel had not tactfully steered such a relative clear of his nephew's school.

Schoolboys are often sensitive about relations. Smith minor, of the Fourth, had suffered for nearly a term, because an uncle had thoughtlessly visited him wearing elastic-sided boots. A fellow's relations are often, only too often, held up to unsparing criticism, and stern judgment, by a fellow's friends and acquaintances.

And this relation was a real corker. Coker's Aunt Judy was nothing to him. He was talking now. His voice, unnecessarily loud, floated down the bus.

He was holding up a watch for inspection—a big watch, obviously of rolled gold.

"Theventeen and thix!" he was saying. "Vat do you think of that, Harry my boy, that vatch for theventeen-and-thix!"

Fellows could not help glancing at Wharton. His face expressed nothing. He was feeling like a member of the noble army of martyrs; but he was master of himself, and he was not the fellow to wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at.

The Bounder breathed hard.

"We're not having that at Highcliffe, Reddy!" he whispered. "If Wharton's uncle is a fool, Wharton needn't have been a fool, too. That man's not going to show up at Highcliffe."

"Wharton couldn't do anything else, Smithy."

"I can—and shall!" answered the Bounder savagely.

"But what——"

"I can fix it! I'm jolly well going to. If Wharton wants his jolly old relations at Greyfriars, I can't stop him; but he's not going to land them at Highcliffe, and let us all down."

Many other fellows in the party were in full agreement with Smithy that that amazing relation of the captain of the Remove ought to be made, so far as possible, to understudy the shy violet, and keep out of sight. In fact, Smithy had no doubt that Wharton himself would be jolly glad, if something happened accidentally, to prevent Mr.

(*Continued on next page.*)

Stuart Gordon from arriving at Highcliffe.

As the bus rolled through Courtfield, Vernon-Smith found an opportunity of whispering to the driver.

The man belonged to Courtfield Garage, where Smithy was a good customer. He was quite willing to oblige Smithy, especially as it meant a handsome tip later from the wealthy Bounder. He grinned, and winked, in response to Smithy's whispered instructions.

The bus rolled into Courtfield.

It slowed down, as it passed the garage, in the High Street. Herbert Vernon-Smith dropped off.

Two or three fellows called to him:

"Smithy——"

"What are you up to?"

"You'll be late——"

"I've got to speak to a man here—I'll follow on!" called back the Bounder.

And the bus rolled on through Courtfield, leaving the Bounder behind. It rolled on out of the town, and up the hill to Highcliffe School.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder's Way!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! We're stopping."

"What the thump——"

"Theventeen-and-thix!" Mr. Gordon was still on the subject of that big gold watch, which, it seemed, he fancied he had secured as a great bargain. "Fanthy that vatch for thuch a thum as theventeen-and-thix!"

"What the dickens——"

"We've stopped!"

There were steep spots in the hill up to Highcliffe. The bus jarred to a halt, on one of the steepest. It grunted, it groaned, but it did not go on.

"What's up, driver?" called out three or four fellows.

"Engine trouble, I'm afraid!" answered the driver apologetically. "P'r'aps you wouldn't mind waiting a few minutes."

He descended from the seat.

It did not matter very much whether the Greyfriars party minded or not, as there was no choice in the matter.

Tom Redwing glanced rather sharply at the driver. The Bounder's whispering to that gentleman had been followed by Smithy dropping off the bus at the garage, and now by engine trouble a quarter of a mile short of Highcliffe. Redwing could not help putting two and two together. However, he said nothing, and no one else had any doubts on the subject.

The footballers waited while the driver examined the engine. He seemed to be taking his time about it.

"Might as well walk the rest, if we're going to be hung up here," said Bob Cherry. "We can't be late."

"Only a quarter of a mile from here," agreed Peter Todd. "Let's!"

"How long are you going to be, driver?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Sorry, sir—I can't quite make out the trouble yet."

"Well, we've got to get to Highcliffe," said Frank Nugent. "A walk won't hurt us for the other bit."

"Might be half an hour, sir," said the driver. "I can't see jest yet——"

"That does it!" said Johnny Bull. "Get out, you men!"

"Yeth, a leetle walk will not hurt us," said Mr. Gordon. "In fact, I shall not be thorry to thretch my legs a leetle."

The numerous passengers crowded out of the halted bus. A quarter of a mile's walk was not a matter to bother any of the juniors; but Harry Wharton looked rather doubtfully at "Mr. Gordon." That gentleman looked fat, unwieldy, and fifty at least, and the quarter of a mile was uphill.

Honk, honk!

An Austin car came whizzing up the road from Courtfield. In it sat Herbert Vernon-Smith.

The Austin halted at the spot, and the Bounder looked out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Smithy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. Evidently the Bounder had followed on, in a car from the garage.

"What's the trouble?" asked Smithy.

"Engine conked out!" said Bob. "We've got to walk the rest—unless you can pack us all into that Austin, Smithy."

The Bounder laughed.

"Room for one," he said. "I'll give Mr. Gordon a lift, with pleasure. Hop in, sir—lots of room for one."

Harry Wharton gave the Bounder a grateful glance. He was rather worried about a fat, middle-aged man having to tramp a quarter of a mile up a steep hill. He was all the more grateful, because he knew very well that the Bounder could not possibly want to be seen in the company of a flamboyant gentleman like Mr. Stuart Gordon!

"If—if you don't mind, Smithy——" he stammered.

"My dear chap, I'm jolly glad," said the Bounder cordially. "Lucky I had to stop at Courtfield, and came on in a car, as it turns out."

"The luckfulness is terrific!" declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Hop in, Mr. Gordon!"

"Thank you, my young frent!" said Mr. Gordon, as he stepped into the Austin. Wibley, as a matter of fact, was rather glad of the lift. With two suits of clothes on, as well as padding, he would have had rather an uncomfortable tramp up a steep hill.

Vernon-Smith's chauffeur glanced rather curiously at Mr. Gordon. He was a young man, named Powser, who had often driven Smithy. Smithy closed one eye at him.

"Get on, Powser," he said. "You know the way."

"Yes, sir!" said the chauffeur.

Harry Wharton & Co. started to walk, leaving the stranded bus on the hill. They expected Smithy's car to go slow; there was no reason why Smithy should want to arrive ahead of them, with Mr. Gordon, at Highcliffe.

But Powser had his instructions.

To the surprise of all the Greyfriars fellows, the chauffeur let the Austin out, and it shot away up the hill like an arrow.

"What the dickens!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Smithy seems in a jolly hurry."

"Smithy!" called out Wharton.

But the Austin was gone.

The Greyfriars fellows walked on up the hill. Highcliffe was soon in sight, but the Austin was out of sight, and remained out of sight. They reached the gates of Highcliffe, expecting to see the Austin there—and to catch sight of Smithy and Mr. Gordon. None of them were to be seen.

In the gateway stood two Highcliffe fellows—Courtenay, the junior captain, and his chum De Courcy, the "Caterpillar."

"Walked it?" asked Courtenay, in surprise, as he shook hands with Harry Wharton. It was a long step from Greyfriars to Highcliffe, and he was surprised to see the party arrive on foot.

"Bus conked out on the hill!" explained Harry. "We walked the last quarter of a mile. Is Smithy here?"

"Vernon-Smith! No. Did he come ahead?"

Harry Wharton looked, as he felt, quite puzzled.

"But he must have got here!" he exclaimed. "He was in a car—he shot ahead. He ought to have got in long ahead of us."

"Haven't seen him!" said the Caterpillar, shaking his head.

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton blankly "His car can't have conked out, too—we should have passed it on the road."

"Where the dickens is Smithy?" exclaimed Bob.

"Well, he knows the way—he can hardly have taken a wrong turning," said Courtenay with a smile. "All right if he gets here in time."

It was quite a puzzle to all the party—excepting, perhaps, Redwing. And Redwing said nothing. He could not help suspecting that the whole series of incidents on the way to Highcliffe were a scheme on Smithy's part to keep "Mr. Gordon" away from the football match there. But it was a case of the least said, the soonest mended.

Herbert Vernon-Smith had not arrived when the footballers went on the football ground. What could have happened to keep him—and Mr. Gordon—away, was an absolute puzzle.

"The silly ass!" said Bob Cherry. "He can't mean to cut the match, I suppose. He was as keen on it as anybody."

"Luckily, Redwing's here," said Harry. "If Smithy doesn't turn up, I shall have to put Reddy in."

"I'm sure Smithy will turn up!" said Redwing.

"Looks as if he's taken jolly old Gordon for a joy-ride instead!" said Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton started a little. It seemed impossible that the Bounder, keen footballer as he was, could have done such a thing. But if he had, the absence of that remarkable relation was a solace for the loss of the Bounder in the Soccer match Harry Wharton was prepared to play up, and do his duty, with regard to Mr. Gordon, but he could not help feeling relieved at the prospect of that gentleman's waistcoat and diamonds never being seen at Highcliffe.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob suddenly. "Here's Smithy!"

"Smithy, you ass!"

Vernon-Smith was coming down to the football ground at a run. He came alone.

"Where's Mr. Gordon?" asked Harry quickly, as the Bounder came up rather breathlessly.

"Isn't he here?" asked Smithy blandly.

"Here! No! Of course not! What's happened?" asked the mystified captain of the Remove.

"It's rather odd, you fellows," said Smithy, in the same bland tone, as the footballers all stared at him. "That man Powser took a wrong turning—you'd have thought that he knew the road all right—but he shot off by the road to Woodend——"

"The ass!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes, isn't he?" said Smithy, still bland. "But the funniest part of it is, that when I got out of the car to look at a sign-post, he drove off without waiting for me to get in again."

"Wha-a-t?"

"I don't know whether Mr. Gordon

As Billy Bunter stood blinking dazedly at the nose in his fat hand, Coker knocked off the shiny man's silk hat, and then grabbed at his mop of curly black hair. Next moment Coker had a surprise like Bunter, as the mop of hair came away in his hand! "Oh!" stuttered Coker. "L-l-look!"

told him to, of course!" said the Bounder with great gravity. "I didn't hear what was said—if anything was. But he cleared off, and left me stranded—and I had to trot here on foot. He may have fancied that he had to take Mr. Gordon to Greyfriars—or Mr. Gordon may have told him to—goodness knows. Queer, ain't it?"

Harry Wharton looked at the Bounder, long and hard. Peter Todd winked at Squiff, who grinned. Bob Cherry suppressed a chortle. Few of the juniors were likely to believe that such an extraordinary thing had happened by accident.

Wharton opened his lips—and closed them again. His eyes searched the Bounder's face, but Smithy only smiled genially.

"Get going!" said the captain of the Remove, curtly, at length.

And they got going.

And when Skinner & Co. arrived, on their bikes, and joined the crowd at the football ground, Skinner & Co. had the disappointment of their lives. "Mr. Gordon" was not there—he had not been there—nobody at Highcliffe had seen him—or was likely to see him. Which was quite a blow to Skinner.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Two of Them!

"BUNTER!"

"Eh? Oh! Yes, sir!" stuttered Billy Bunter.

Bunter was surprised.

It was getting towards five o'clock, at which time the footballers were expected back from Highcliffe. Billy Bunter had his eyes—and his spectacles—on the gates. He was not anxious to hear the result of the Highcliffe match—but he was very anxious for tea in somebody's study.

But he forgot tea in a study, as completely as he forgot football, as two elderly gentlemen walked in, and one of them called to him.

It was Colonel Wharton, uncle of the captain of the Remove. The man with him was a handsome old gentleman with white hair, with a pleasant, chubby face and a tartan tie. Bunter had never seen him before, and wondered who he was—but he wondered most at seeing Colonel Wharton. If the Colonel was coming down to Greyfriars that day as well as Mr. Gordon, it might have been expected that they would come down together.

"Is my nephew about, Bunter?" asked the old colonel.

"Eh? No! He hasn't come back from Highcliffe yet, sir!" said Bunter.

"Highcliffe?" repeated the colonel. "Is Harry out of gates?"

"They're playing a match there to-day, sir," explained Bunter. "May be back any minute now, though."

"Oh! I see! Thank you, my boy." Colonel Wharton turned to his companion. "Probably Harry will not be long, Gordon——"

Billy Bunter jumped.

He wondered whether it was raining Gordons.

"After we have seen Dr. Locke I will show you the sights of my old school," continued Colonel Wharton with a smile. "No doubt by that time Harry will be in."

"I must not miss seeing him!" said Mr. Gordon.

They walked on to the House together, and Billy Bunter stood blinking after them, with his little round eyes popping through his big, round spectacles.

If this was another of Wharton's Scottish relations, he did not look anything like the specimen already seen at Greyfriars.

Bunter rolled down to the gates.

There was no sign yet of the motor bus coming back from Highcliffe. But an Austin car was coming down the road. Bunter blinked at it, as it came by, without any special interest; but he blinked again, with very great interest indeed, as he spotted the passenger within.

That passenger leaped to the eye, as it were. His big diamond flashed afar. It was more noticeable than even his waistcoat and his tie.

"Oh crikey!" said Bunter.

He had supposed that "Mr. Gordon" was at Highcliffe with the footballers, as he had gone off with them in the crowded bus. Evidently, however, he was not; for here was arriving in a car by himself from a different direction.

The car stopped at the gates. Powser got down and opened the door for the fat and shiny gentleman to step out.

That fat and shiny gentleman looked exceedingly cross.

Wibley's afternoon had not gone according to programme. "Mr. Gordon" had fallen blindly into the trap laid by the astute Bounder. Powser had taken a wrong turning, after Mr. Gordon was safely in the Austin, Smithy, under pretence of setting him right, had stepped out—and Powser had driven off at top speed—with his passenger in the car.

In vain had "Mr. Gordon" shouted to him, and yelled to him, and raved to him to stop. Powser did not stop till he reached a solitary spot five miles from everywhere.

Then he stopped and announced engine trouble.

By that time it had dawned on

Wibley that the Bounder had tricked him—not suspecting who he was, certainly, but simply to keep him away from Highcliffe

But there was no help for the disguised japer of the Remove. He had to wait while Powser tinkered with the engine. He waited in a very bad temper.

Powser kept up that tinkering till there was just time left to drive his passenger back to Greyfriars and land him there at five o'clock. Such had been the Bounder's instructions, which the faithful Powser carried out to the very letter.

Five was chiming from the clock-tower of Greyfriars when the Austin stopped at the school gates and Powser politely opened the door for "Mr Gordon."

"Very sorry, sir!" said Powser meekly. "Quite a misunderstanding, sir—very unfortunate indeed, sir!"

"You silly idiot!" snapped Wibley.

"Thank you, sir!" said Powser imperturbably.

"Do you think I don't know my leg's being pulled, blow you?" hooted Wibley.

"Oh, sir!" murmured Powser.

Billy Bunter's eyes popped again as he heard that "Mr. Gordon" was speaking without a trace of the lisping accent which had been so remarkable before.

But as Wibley's eyes fell on the fat junior at the gates, blinking at him in astonishment, he remembered.

"You thilly ath!" he said, resuming the forgotten accent. "I have never come acroth thuch a thilly fool! Get out of it!"

"Yes, sir—certainly, sir!" said the imperturbable Powser.

And he drove the Austin away up the road to Courtfield—grinning as soon as his face was safely turned away from the irate fat gentleman. Powser had a pound note in his pocket, which the Bounder had tipped him for his peculiar services that afternoon; and Powser was satisfied, if Wibley was not.

"Mr. Gordon" rolled in at the gates. He stopped to speak to Bunter.

"Have they come back to the thcool yet?" he asked.

"Not yet, Mr. Gordon!" gasped Bunter. "Any minute now—I'm waiting for the bus to come along. I say, haven't you been to Highcliffe, sir?"

"Mr. Gordon" did not answer. He grunted and walked over to the bench by Gosling's lodge, where he sat down.

Evidently it was his intention to greet the Greyfriars footballers when they arrived.

Wibley had not been able to carry on at Highcliffe as planned. But he was going to make up for it at Greyfriars.

Billy Bunter remained watching the road. Some other fellows came down to the gates to see the footballers when they came in. Among them was Monty Newland.

Monty gave a jump at the sight of "Mr Gordon" sitting on Gosling's bench. He went across to him at once.

"What the dickens——" he began. "How did you get here?"

Wibley whispered an explanation. Newland laughed.

"Smithy never guessed?"

"Of course not, ass! But he did me out of my stunt at Highcliffe!" growled Wibley. "What are you laughing at, ass?"

"Well, I'm rather glad, old bean," said Monty. "It was rather too thick——"

"Rubbish!" grunted Wibley. "Anyhow, they won't be long now. I needn't show up till calling-over; lots of time to make Wharton enjoy life before then."

Newland chuckled.

"Keep it up!" he said, and he left Wibley and joined the juniors at the gateway.

Many of them were glancing at "Mr. Gordon," and wondering why he was not with the footballers.

"I say, you fellows, here they come!" squeaked Billy Bunter, as the motor-bus came in sight, buzzing down the road from Courtfield.

There were cheery faces in the crowded bus. Bob Cherry's roar awoke the echoes as it came to a halt.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, you men! We beat them!"

"Three goals to two!" said the Bounder, as he jumped down. "And without Wibley to kick them for us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows——"

"Your uncle's here, Wharton!" called out Skinner.

Skinner had returned without waiting for the finish, and he was among the fellows at the gate.

Wharton glanced at him.

"Mr. Gideon's here!" grinned Skinner.

"Do you mean Mr. Gordon?" asked Harry quietly.

"Oh, yes! My mistake!" said Skinner blandly.

"He, he, he!"

The podgy figure of the oily gentleman rose from Gosling's bench. "Mr. Gordon" advanced to meet Harry Wharton, as he came in with his friends.

"Oh, here you are vunce more, Harry," he said. "I am thorry I mithed theeing you play Thoccer, my boy."

Harry Wharton nodded and smiled. He could not say that he was sorry that that unnerving relative had missed the match at Highcliffe.

"Did you lose your way, sir?" asked the Bounder politely.

"That ath of a chauffeur did," answered Mr. Gordon. "And I thort of thuspect that you put him up to it. I am not exactly a thilly ath, young man—and I can thee when my leg is being pulled! Take that!"

Smack!

"Yaroooop!" roared the Bounder, as he took it.

He sat down quite suddenly.

"Oh!" gasped Wharton. "I—I—I say——"

"You need thay nothing, Harry," said Mr. Gordon. "I have thmacked that young ratheal's head for thending me all over the plathe in a car——"

"You cheeky old donkey!" roared the Bounder, scrambling up. "I——"

"Shut up, Smithy!"

"Look here—— yelled the Bounder.

Redwing grasped his angry chum's arm and pulled him away. "Mr. Gordon" walked on with Harry Wharton, whose face was red with vexation. The other fellows were grinning.

"Some jolly old uncle!" giggled Skinner. "I say, do you fellows think Wharton is enjoying his relation's visit?"

"He, he, he!"

"He's a corker, and no mistake!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The corkfulness is terrific!"

"I say, you fellows, did you know that Wharton's uncle—his other uncle—is here?" squeaked Billy Bunter. "He came in half an hour ago, with another old josser—a man named Gordon——"

"Another jolly old Gordon?" exclaimed Skinner. "I haven't seen him. My hat! Is Wharton collecting the Ten Tribes of Israel here to-day?"

"The old bean took him into the House," said Bunter. "He ain't anything like the other, but he's got the same name—I heard the old bean call him Gordon——"

"What's that?" exclaimed Monty

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Newland, with a jump. "Colonel Wharton here—with a man named Gordon? Oh crikey!"

"There they are!" Billy Bunter pointed with a fat finger. "Just coming out of the House——"

"Oh, my only hat!" gasped Monty.

Colonel Wharton and his silver-haired companion came out of the House. No doubt they were aware that the footballers had returned. Harry Wharton stared at the sight of his uncle. The fat and shiny gentleman by his side did not merely start—he jumped almost clear of the ground.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Wibley.

Harry glanced at him.

"My uncle's here, Mr. Gordon," he said. "I didn't know he was coming down to-day. He seems to have brought a friend with him. I——"

"Oh crikey!"

"Oh, here you are, Harry!" Colonel Wharton came up, the juniors making way for him to greet his nephew. "I was not aware that you were playing an away match when I arranged with Mr. Gordon to come here this afternoon with me to see you. But——"

"Mr Gordon!" stuttered Wharton.

"Yes—this is my nephew, Gordon—the distant relation you have never seen," said the colonel, with a smile. "Harry, this is Mr. Gordon, of Dundee—a distant relation, my boy, but very anxious to meet you."

"And very pleased!" said the silver-haired gentleman, with a kind smile, extending his hand to Harry.

Wharton stood rooted. He felt as if his head was turning round.

"You—you—you are Mr. Gordon?" he gasped.

The Scottish gentleman looked a little surprised.

"Yes, certainly," he answered. "Your distant relative, Harry."

"Then—then—then—who is this?" stuttered Harry Wharton, and he stared—or, rather, glared—at the fat and shiny man—at whom the colonel had already cast a curious glance. "If that's Mr. Gordon, who's this?"

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Something Like a Show-up!

"OH crikey!" groaned Wibley.

William Wibley—alias Mr. Gordon—stood petrified.

Never for a moment had he dreamed of this. It had not occurred to him that the real Mr. Gordon might turn up at Greyfriars that afternoon.

Really, Wib might have thought of it. It was on the probability that Mr. Gordon might blow in, that he had planned his stunt—and blown in as Mr. Gordon. The probability had materialised—that was all.

Escape for the spoofer was impossible.

There was a crowd of fellows round him—the returned footballers, two or three dozen other fellows. In front of him, Colonel Wharton and Mr. Gordon—the genuine Scottish article. It was an utterly unexpected and utterly hopeless show-up for the spoofer of the Remove.

Round him was a buzz of amazement.

Everybody, including Harry himself, had taken the fat, shiny man for Wharton's relative from Dundee. Colonel Wharton's announcement that the silver-haired gentleman at his side was Mr. Gordon, came rather like a thunderclap.

Monty Newland whistled softly. The game was up now, with a vengeance. But Monty did not back out of the crowd, as he could easily have done. He moved forward, nearer to the unhappy Wib. Obviously there was going to be trouble—and Monty was not the fellow to leave his comrade in the lurch. He was going to take his share of the trouble when it came.

Harry Wharton fixed his astonished eyes on the shiny man. Every other pair of eyes was fixed on that shiny man. And the shiny man himself could only gasp.

"Harry, what do you mean?" asked Colonel Wharton, puzzled. "Who is this man? Who—what——"

"That's what I want to know," stuttered Harry. "He calls himself Mr. Gordon."

"Wha-a-at?"

"He came here this afternoon as Mr. Gordon."

"Oh, my hat!" yelled the Bounder. "It's a spoof! But who is he?"

"It is a terrific and ridiculous spoof!" exclaimed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But who, and what——"

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Wibley.

Colonel Wharton's brow was like thunder. He was astonished—but he was more angry than astonished. And the good-natured smile left the plump face of the real Mr. Gordon. The Scottish gentleman was evidently angry,

too. He was not pleased by this borrowing of his name.

Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"Keep round, you men!" he exclaimed. "Don't let him get away! He's some sort of a spoofer, if he's not Mr. Gordon——"

"He certainly is not Mr. Gordon!" snapped Colonel Wharton. "This is Mr. Gordon standing at my side."

"Some rascal, or crook—no doubt a criminal!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon. "See that he does not escape! The police——"

"Oh jiminy!" gasped Wibley.

Colonel Wharton strode closer to him. He towered over the hapless spoofer of the Remove.

"Who are you, sir?" he thundered. "What does this imposture mean? How dare you come here calling yourself by another man's name—imposing yourself upon my nephew as a relative, when you are nothing of the sort?"

Wibley jumped back.

The colonel's look was quite alarming.

"Stop him!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Collar him!" yelled Nugent.

"Don't let him get away!" shouted Harry Wharton.

Five or six pairs of hands were laid on "Mr. Gordon" at once. Bob Cherry grasped one arm, Nugent the other; Smithy the back of his collar, and Billy Bunter, grabbing at him, got hold of his nose, which was extensive, and gave quite a good hold.

"Got him!"

"Hold him!"

"Yaroooh!" yelled Billy Bunter, in sudden amazement and horror. "Ow! His—his nose is coming off! Yooo-hooop!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"What——"

"Great pip!"

There was a roar of amazement. Billy Bunter stood with his eyes bulging through his spectacles, and a nose in his fat hand.

For one awful moment it looked as if the man's nose had actually been pulled off—a horrifying spectacle. But it needed only a moment for the fellows to see that the nose in Bunter's fat paw was an artificial one, and that there was another, a smaller one, remaining on the face of the shiny man.

"A false nose!" gasped Colonel Wharton astounded. "Then—then the rascal, the impostor, is in disguise!"

"Great pip!"

There was a wildly excited crowd round the shiny man now. A hundred fellows, at least, surrounded the spot.

"Collar him! Hold him!" shouted Coker of the Fifth. "Let me get hold of him! A burglar, most likely——"

Coker grabbed at the shiny man; Billy Bunter stood blinking dazedly at the nose in his fat hand. Coker knocked off the silk hat, and grabbed the shiny man's mop of curly black hair. The next moment Coker had a surprise like Bunter.

"Oh!" stuttered Coker. "L-l-look!"

He held up a mop of black hair, evidently a wig, staring at it almost dizzily.

"A disguise!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon.

"Perhaps his moustache comes off, too," grinned Bob Cherry; and he grabbed at it, and it did!

"Ow! Chuck it!" gasped Wibley. "You silly asses! You silly dummies!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's lost his accent, as well as his nose and his hair!" yelled Bob.

"Who are you?" roared Colonel Wharton. "You will be handed over to the police as a cheat, an impostor!"

"Oh, draw it mild, sir!" gasped Wibley.

"I—I—I seem to know that voice!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Who—who——" He gazed blankly at "Mr. Gordon. "With his wig and moustache and beaky nose gone, there was a glimmer of familiarity about that face.

"Wibley!" yelled the Bounder.

"Wibley!" gasped Wharton.

"The esteemed and idiotic Wibley!"

"Ow! Hands off!" gasped Wibley. "You silly asses; only a jape! Ow! Don't lug my ears off! Leggo my arms! Stop grabbing my ears, Coker, you born idiot! They won't come off like my nose, you blithering ass! They're genuine! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wibley!" It was a roar of astonishment. "That goat Wibley!"

"You—you—you rotter!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Wibley!" repeated Colonel Wharton. "Who is Wibley?"

"Only a Remove chap, uncle!" gasped Harry. "The silly ass is always playing silly theatrical tricks. It's all right."

"You know this—this person?" exclaimed Mr. Gordon.

"Oh, yes, sir! A Greyfriars chap; only a silly fool playing silly tricks!"

"Pah!" said Mr. Gordon.

"Pah!" said Colonel Wharton.

And they walked back to the House, evidently very much annoyed, but realising that it was not a matter for the police.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Woeful for Wibley!

HARRY WHARTON clenched his hands—hard!

He had been "through" it that afternoon. "Mr. Gordon" had given him the time of his life. It was a relief, no doubt, to learn that "Mr. Gordon," with his shiny face and sham diamonds, and gorgeous waistcoat and other attractions, was not, after all, his relative—that he was only William Wibley of the Remove in a new and amazing get-up. But the captain of the Remove was less conscious of relief than of wrath.

He glared at the spoofer, almost ferociously.

"You—you—you spoofing worm!" he gasped. "I'll give you a tip about spoofing! I'll jolly well smash you—— I'll——"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Wibley. He was quite as annoyed as Wharton by this sudden and disastrous ending of his remarkable jape. "You jolly well asked for it, and you got it!"

"You silly ass!" roared Wharton. "What have I done to you?"

"You left me out of the footer!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I told you I'd make you sit up! Well, haven't I?"

"You—you—you—you!" gasped the captain of the Remove, almost speechless. "You've played this rotten trick on me, because you weren't allowed to foozle at footer, you—you—you——"

"Serve you jolly well right!" said Wibley.

"Why, I'll—I'll smash you!" gasped Wharton.

Monty Newland pushed quickly between Wibley and the captain of the Remove.

"Hold on!" he said quietly.

"Stand aside, Newland! I'm going to smash that cheeky rotter!" roared Wharton.

"You'd better begin with me, then!" said Newland coolly. "I put him up to it."

"You did!" stuttered Wharton.

"Yes, I did!"

"Well, you cheeky ass!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What the thump did you want to play such a rotten trick on Wharton for?"

"I fancy he knows!" answered Newland contemptuously.

Wharton stared at him. He was utterly surprised.

"I don't!" he answered. "You've had your back up the last day or two, because of what I said to Fishy—and you're a fool for your pains! That's not a reason."

"If you don't know, I'll tell you!" said Monty Newland. "You bar Jews—and so I fixed it up with Wibley to land you with a Jew relation, as a lesson to you. I told you you were a rotter—and you are a rotter! If you didn't want me in the eleven, you shouldn't have put my name in the list. Putting it in, and taking it out again, was a rotten trick—and you know it as well as I do!"

Harry Wharton stared at him blankly.

"Are you potty?" he asked. "I think you must be. You took your name out of the football list yourself, as you told me you would do!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" snapped Newland. "I know I said I would, and was sorry enough afterwards that I said so. I was going to tell you so, too, when I found that you had crossed out my name before I had a chance to speak."

"I didn't!" roared Wharton.

"You did, you ass!"

"I tell you I didn't! I thought you had!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"You silly, fatheaded, blithering idiot!" roared the captain of the Remove. "I found your name crossed out of the list, and, of course, I thought you'd done it, after what you said. If you didn't, who did?"

"I—I thought you had!" stammered Monty, utterly taken aback. "M-mean to say you didn't?"

"Haven't I said so?" hooted the captain of the Remove. "I came jolly near punching your head for meddling with the football list, too!"

"I never touched it!" gasped Monty. "I—I say, I—I'm sorry! I—I've been an ass! Oh crumbs! I—I thought you'd crossed my name out because you barred Jews."

"You howling ass! I thought you crossed it out because you'd got your silly back up!"

"But who——" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Wibley. "You silly idiots, didn't you know it was I who did it?"

"You!" roared Wharton.

"You!" yelled Newland.

"Yes, I jolly well did!" said Wibley. "I did it to show you what I thought of you as a football skipper, Wharton. What on earth made you fancy Newland had done it? What on earth made Newland fancy you had done it? Pair of silly fools, if you ask me!"

There was a moment of silence, while the astonished juniors stared at Wibley.

"I—I say, I'm sorry, Wharton!" gasped Newland. "I—I thought—— And it was that blithering idiot all the time! Why, I'll smash him!"

"Here, look out!" yelled Wibley, as Monty Newland made a jump at him. "Oh, my hat! Oh crikey! Oh crumbs! Oh, yaroooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was quite unnecessary for the captain of the Remove to smash William Wibley. Monty Newland was putting in all the smashing that was required—and a little over. Wibley, yelling, was knocked right and left—and he fairly ran for it at last—with Monty Newland raging on his track. A roar of laughter followed them.

* * * * * *

Colonel Wharton and Mr. Gordon stayed to tea in Study No. 1. Not till the two distinguished visitors were gone was Harry Wharton at leisure to deal with the japer of the Remove. Then he went along to Study No. 6 to interview William Wibley. A fellow who had meddled with the official football list and caused painful misunderstanding and no end of trouble, had to be dealt with drastically, and Wharton was prepared to hand out all that was required.

But as he looked into Study No. 6 the grim expression left his face.

Groan!

That was the sound that greeted him.

William Wibley was extended in the armchair. His nose was oozing crimson. His eyes winked and blinked. He gazed dispiritedly at the captain of the Remove. Wharton gazed at him.

"What the thump——" he ejaculated.

Groan!

"I came here to whop you!"

Groan!

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"Newland doesn't seem to have left much for me," he remarked. "I think we'll call it a day!"

Groan!

The captain of the Remove, grinning, walked away—and Wibley was left to groan. Monty Newland had made one mistake—which had cost him his place in the team for Highcliffe—but in handing out to William Wibley that for which he had asked, Monty had evidently made no mistake. It was likely to be a long, long time before Wibley meddled with a football list again!

THE END.

(Be sure and get next Saturday's MAGNET *and read "The Secret of the Smugglers' Cave." It's a great yarn, this, chums, and you'll regret it if you miss it!)*

The Greyfriars Herald

STOP PRESS NEWS

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THE FORM-MASTER'S FOLLY!

By DICKY NUGENT

"Has anybody here seen Lickham?"

It was Doctor Alfred Birchemall, the revered and majestick Head of St. Sam's, who poked his head into the Prefects' Common-room and bawled out that question.

Burleigh and Tallboy and Swotter, the only okkupants of the room, turned round in some serprize.

The occasions when Doctor Birchemall condescended to look in at Prefects' Common-room were few and far between. Now and again he would drop in for a game of tiddley-winks with some of the seniors, and he had been known to call for the purpuss of swopping cigarette-cards with collectors. But these events were very infrekwent. So it was quite a shock for Burleigh and his pals to have the Head barge in like this.

"Has anybody here seen Lickham?" repeated the Head, as the three seniors stared at him. "Don't stare at me like a lot of molting owls, boys! Answer the question!"

"All serreen, sir," grinned Burleigh, recovering his usual sangfroid. "Seeing you rather put us off our stroke for a minnit. Seeing you would put most chaps off, sir, considering what a face you've got!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you cheeky yung raskal——"

"Anyway, sir, the answer is in the negative," went on Burleigh, rather hurriedly. "We don't encurridge Fourth Form-masters here—nor headmasters, either!" he added sotto voccy, with a wink at the others.

Doctor Birchemall gave a grunt of annoyance.

"Bust it!" he muttered. "I quite eggspected to find him here. As a mutter of fakt I've had half the skool searching for him since tea-time without suxxess, and this is the only room we haven't yet inspected. He simply must be found somehow!"

"Are the perlice after him?" asked Tallboy, curiously.

"They will be if he duzzent turn up soon," growled the Head. "You see, it's the Annual Meeting of the Junior Fireworks Club tonite—and Mr. Lickham happens to be the trezzurer!"

"Oh, crums!"

Burleigh coffed.

"You—er—don't think that Mr. Lickham has nicked the spondulicks, sir?"

"Burleigh, Burleigh, how many more times must I tell you not to use slang eggspressions?" sighed the Head. "You should never say 'nicked the spondulicks.' Say 'pinched the oof.' I insist on good grammar in this here skool!"

"Have it your own way, sir," grinned Burleigh. "Do you think he has pinched the oof, then?"

Doctor Birchemall nitted his brows.

"Since you mention it, Burleigh, I may as well konfess that I have had my suspishons regarding Mr. Lickham for some time now. Admittedly there is little to go on. He has been walking about with a drawn, haggard look on his face, and he has been trying all round the skool to borrow the sum of twenty-five pounds—which happens to be the eggsact amount of the Fireworks Club's funds."

"My hat!"

"That's all there is to go on," said the Head, with a shrug. "It's a meer nothing, of corse. Nobody but a keen, pennytrating man like myself would see anything suspishus in it. But, applying my powerful brane to the problem, I can't help having misgivings!"

"ATISHOO!"

A thunderous sneeze echoed across the room as Doctor Birchemall finished speaking.

The three seniors jumped to their feet in amazement, while the Head stood gazing with bulging eyes at the table from under which the sound had come.

"What the merry dickens——" he began. Then Burleigh stepped across to the table and lifted the cloth, and the Head's eggsclamation ended in a sudden cry of reckernition. "LICKHAM!" he yelled.

Mr. I. Jolliwell Lickham crawled out from his hiding-place and staggered to his feet. There was a cowed, hang-dog look about the master of the Fourth.

"G-g-good evening, sir!" he muttered, sheepishly.

"So you were here all the time, eh?" wrapped out the Head, sternly. "What's the big idea, Lickham? Are you not aware that the meeting of the Fireworks Club is already overdew?"

A garstly pallor seemed to spread over the Form-master's face.

"I—I—the fakt is, sir, I've lost the books of the Club," he phaltered. "I was just looking for them before turning up for the meeting!"

"In that case, Lickham," snorted the Head. "it's a wonder it didn't occur to you to look on your desk. Because that's where I found them half an hour ago! They are now reposing on the speaker's table in the Junior Common-room—where the members of the Fireworks Club are at present impatiently awaiting your arrival! I suppose you've got the munny all right?"

Mr. Lickham went white to the lipps. A convulsive shudder seemed to sceze him.

"The—the munny?" he stammered. "Oh, yes, sir, I've got the munny all right. Ye-es, rather!"

"I'm glad to here it," said the Head, still frowning suspishusly. "Well, we'd better trot along to the meeting now. This way!"

He led the way out of Prefects' Common-room. Mr. Lickham tottered weakly after him, looking remarkably like a condemned felon. And Burleigh and Tallboy and Swotter were left wondering whether Mr. Lickham really had got the munny or not. Truth to tell, they felt rather dewbious about it.

There was a storm of cheering when the two beaks appeared on the threshold of the Junior Common-room. The members of the Junior Fireworks Club had begun to feel rather uneezy about the trezzurer's disappearance, and it was rather reassuring to see him turn up in company with the Head.

Doctor Birchemall, as President of the Club, took the chair. He wasted no time in getting down to bizziness.

"Jentlemen, chaps and fellows!" he cried. "Having eggsamined the books of the Club, I am pleased to report that you have in hand for this year's sellybrations the magnificent sum of twenty-five pounds!"

A deffening cheer greeted this announcement. As it died away, the Head turned to Mr. Lickham.

"I now call upon the trezzurer to projooce the twenty-five pounds so that we can hand it over to somebody to buy the fireworks!" he said, in slow and sollem axxents.

All eyes were turned on Mr. Lickham, as he rose to his feet. The fellows couldn't help notissing that he was trembling like an aspirin-leaf and that beads of perspiration were standing out from his forrid.

"I—I'm sorry, jentlemen, but—er—it can't be did just now," stammered Mr. Lickham. "The—er—fakt is, I've already given it to a friend of mine who is going to get the fireworks for me."

"Wha-a-at?"

"I felt nervuss of keeping such a lot of munny about me, you see," eggsplained the Fourth Form-master. "So I deposited it with my friend and told him I'd call for the fireworks later."

There was a mermer from the juniors.

"How does he know what we want, sir?" called out Jack Jolly.

"Don't you think he's likely to run off with the cash?" asked Frank Fearless.

"There'll be fireworks if he does!" grinned Merry.

"Yes—but not for us!" groaned Bright.

A deffening corus of questions and argewment began to arise from the seething crowd. The Head silenced it by putting two of his fingers into his mouth and giving a shrill wissle.

"Give a bloke a chance to make himself heard, can't you?" he eggsclaimed in his dignified way. "Speaking as President of the Club, I must say I don't quite like the way the trezzurer has handled our dibs. But I'm willing to say nothing more about it if he delivers us fireworks to the value of twenty-five pounds by breakfast-time to-morrow."

"Hear, hear!"

"Will that be all right, Lickham?" asked the Head, with another long, lingering look of suspishon at the master of the Fourth.

"W-w-why, of corse, sir!" stuttered Mr. Lickham.

"I hoap it is, Lickham—for your sake! Failing the production of the fireworks, there will be only one thing left for me to do—send for the perlice!"

"Yaroooooo!"

"The meeting is now over!" said Doctor Birchemall; and the crowd broke up, buzzing with eggsitement.

Frankly, the fellows were serprized at Mr. Lickham's behaviour.

They would have been still more serprized had they seen what he did after the meeting.

The Form-master's brow was rinkled with care and worry when he returned to his study. Flinging himself into his chair, he uttered a low groan of angwish.

"A lass! What an idjut I've been!" he muttered. "Fansy losing all the funds in my brother's business just before Guy Forks Day! I shall do time for this! Unless——"

Then an idea occurred to Mr. Lickham—a wild desprit idea that would never have occurred to him in his saner moments. He would bergle the fireworks shop at Muggleton!

"Not with the intention of pinching them like an ordinary crook, of corse," he said to himself. "As soon as I have saved up enuff I shall send on the amount dew to the shopkeeper anonymously—and everyone will be happy!"

The more Mr. Lickham thought of the wheeze the more he liked it. His mind made up at last, he rose to his feet and went out. In the cloakroom off Big Hall he donned a coat and cap. *He was in such a hurry that he didn't notiss the cap was not his own, but the Head's!*

He stopped at the gates to borrow a bunch of keys from Fossil, the porter. Then he was swallowed up in the nite.

Half an hour later a dark figger slipped into the doorway of the fireworks shop at Muggleton. A minnit after that the same figger vannished into the shop. Ten minnits after that the figger emerged again, carrying a heavily laden sack. Another half hour and Mr. Lickham was back in his study at St. Sam's, gloating over as fine a hawl of fireworks as any berglar could have obtained!

One point only had the master of the Fourth overlooked. But it was a jolly important point.

IN HIS EGGSITEMENT HE HAD LEFT THE HEAD'S CAP BEHIND HIM IN THE SHOP AT MUGGLETON!

But Mr. Lickham was in blissful iggnorance of that fakt; so, for the moment, there was nothing to mar his joy!

(Look out for "The Head's Helping Hand!"—the hilarious sequel to this story in next week's special Guy Fawkes number!)

FISH WAS PLUMB CRAZY OVER ME!

Boasts BARBARA REDFERN

He was — really and truly!

Not, of course, in quite the same way as a lovelorn English youth would be. He has his own methods in everything has Fisher T. Fish! Instead of gazing goofily at me from afar and blushing scarlet when I spoke to him, he wrote me the following letter:—

"Dr. Miss Rdfrn,—I'll say you're a swell-looking dame. I got something I wanna tell you. Meet me at the stile, Friardale Lane, nxt Wed. aftn., 3 o/c. pronto. Bring a full-length picture of yrslf.—Yrs. Fisher T. Fish."

Who could resist it? I couldn't, for one! I tripped along to the trysting place simply burning with curiosity. I couldn't believe that romantic notions had taken possession of this slick business man from Noo York. But if not, what was the idea of seeing me? And why did he want my photograph, anyway?

Certainly, my first impression was that Fishy had "fallen" for me. When he saw me, he tipped his cap at a jaunty angle over one eye and beamed all over his hatchet face.

"Howdy, babe!" he snapped. "Say, ain't you one grand sweet song of a cutie? I'll tell the world!"

"Dunno quite what you mean," I said, feeling not altogether sure whether I was being complimented or insulted. "Can't you put it in English?"

"It's a cinch, sister!" beamed Fisher T. Fish. "What I mean is I keeled right over as soon as I saw you. I'm jest plumb crazy about you, see? Now what about that picture, babe? Gotit? Mind, it must be full-length!"

"Why exactly do you want a full-length photo of me?" I asked.

Fishy frowned.

"Ain't I told you I'm cuckoo about you? Have you got that picture? Yep or nope?"

"Nope!"

All Fishy's regard for me seemed to fade out as he heard that answer. He eyed me with a look of sheer disgust.

"Now what d'you know about that?" he yelled. "Say, where's the sense in me writing you goofy letters and wasting my valuable time seeing you if you ain't bringing along your picture? But listen. Maybe you got a picture of someone else on you?"

"Maybe I've got nothing of the kind, old bean! What I want to know is why you——"

"Heck! I ain't wasting no more time listening to you!" snorted Fish. "Time's money! So long!"

And that was the finish of my brief "romance" with Fisher T. Fish! And it was only when I read the "Courtfield Gazette" afterwards and saw that

Chunkley's were offering five pounds for the best full-length portrait of a schoolgirl suitable for advertising purposes that I realised just why Fishy had temporarily been "plumb crazy" about me!

I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU ALL PACIFISTS!

Declares BOLSOVER MAJOR

I've joined the No-More-War movement, and I'm all out to convert Greyfriars!

Until a week ago I would cheerfully have punched any pacifist on the nose. Then a sandwich-board man in Courtfield High Street handed me a little pamphlet entitled, "What's the Good of Fighting?" After reading it I decided that, as a civilised chap, I was opposed to war and in favour of pacifism.

Right from that moment I set to work to get the rest of the school round to my point of view.

I asked Skinner "Do you believe in war?" He said: "Yes. Why not?" and I socked him on the jaw. "Now do you believe in war?" I roared, and Skinner howled: "No!"

I felt awfully bucked. I had made my first conversion.

Then I ran into Snoop and Stott. "Are you in favour of pacifism?" I asked. Snoop said: "Well, not exactly," and Stott said: "No fear!" I knocked their silly heads together till they shrieked, and then I asked them again. I was pleased to find that they had become convinced pacifists.

My enthusiasm knew no bounds after that. During the next few hours I used my rapid methods of conversion on Rake, Wibley, Desmond, Bunter, and Wun Lung. They were all warmongers when I first spoke to them; but I soon got them to see the error of their ways.

Naturally, it wasn't easy in all cases. I found Wharton and Cherry and Russell particularly difficult, for instance, and I admit that I haven't converted them yet. Wharton gave me a black eye, Cherry gave me a thick ear, and Russell nearly broke my jaw. But I haven't given them up as hopeless. I'll make them all pacifists yet, if I have to bash them every day for a month to do it.

In fact, you can take it from me, I'm going to make you all pacifists before I've finished. Anybody who objects is welcome to come round to see me at any time and argue it out—with or without the gloves!

(Looks as if there won't be much peace at Greyfriars till Bolsy becomes a "warmonger" again!— ED.)

COKER'S SOMETHING NEW IN REFEREES!

Says BOB CHERRY

At compulsory footer practice last Wednesday, who should turn up, armed with a whistle, but our old pal Coker!

We asked him who had left his cage open. Coker glared.

"No cheek!" he growled. "Wingate has given me the job of looking after you kids this afternoon."

"Then who's going to look after you, old sport?"

"I said 'No cheek,' and that's what I mean," said Coker, darkly. "Any more of it and some of you are going to get bashed, see? And pay attention to what I say, too. I'll give you a few tips on how to play footer."

Somebody said "Help!" and others swooned. So the start was delayed for five minutes while Coker chased the offenders round the field and booted them.

After that we got down to it.

Here's a tip, pals. If ever you're organising a comic footer match, book up Coker as ref. He's a jewel. He's a scream. But, of course, don't let on to him that there's anything comic about it. Tell him it's serious—and he'll be twice as funny!

In the course of a long career on the footer field, I can honestly say that I've never met a referee like Coker. When a man was offside, he gave a penalty to the offender's side. When a man committed a foul, he warned the chap who had been fouled. Once he disallowed a goal because the goalie was looking the other way, and on another occasion he actually ordered a throw-in from the goal-line! And right through the game he was aiming kicks at fellows he considered to be slacking and holding up the play to give us "sound" advice!

Well, we all got a good laugh out of it, anyway. Especially at the finish, when Coker demonstrated how to take a penalty-kick. Instead of kicking the ball, you see, he tripped over it and hit the turf with his nose. And that ended—for the afternoon, anyway—Coker's career as a footer ref.!