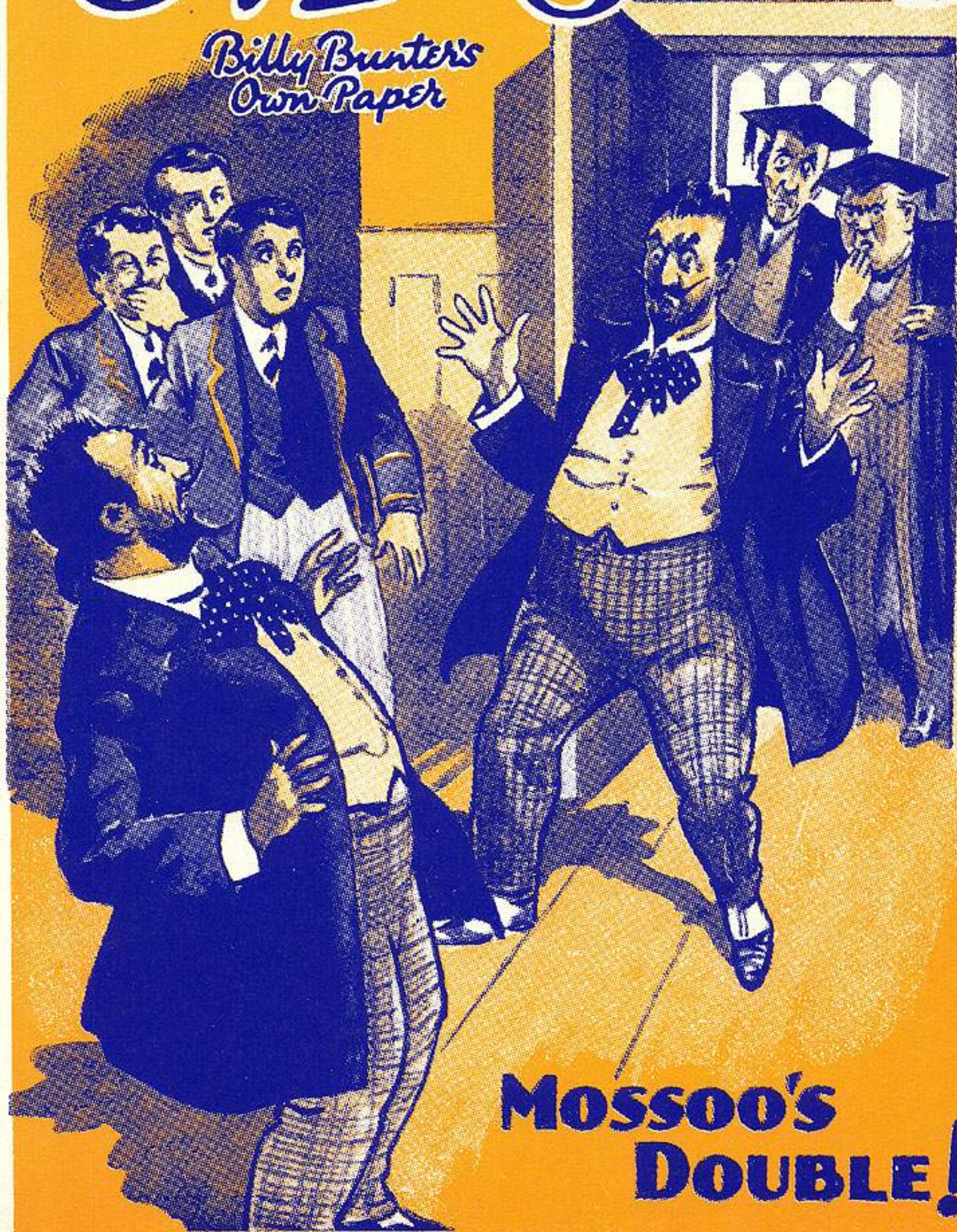


"Spoofing the School!" Screamingly-Funny School Yarn of **Harry Wharfon & Co.**

The Magnet ^{2^D}

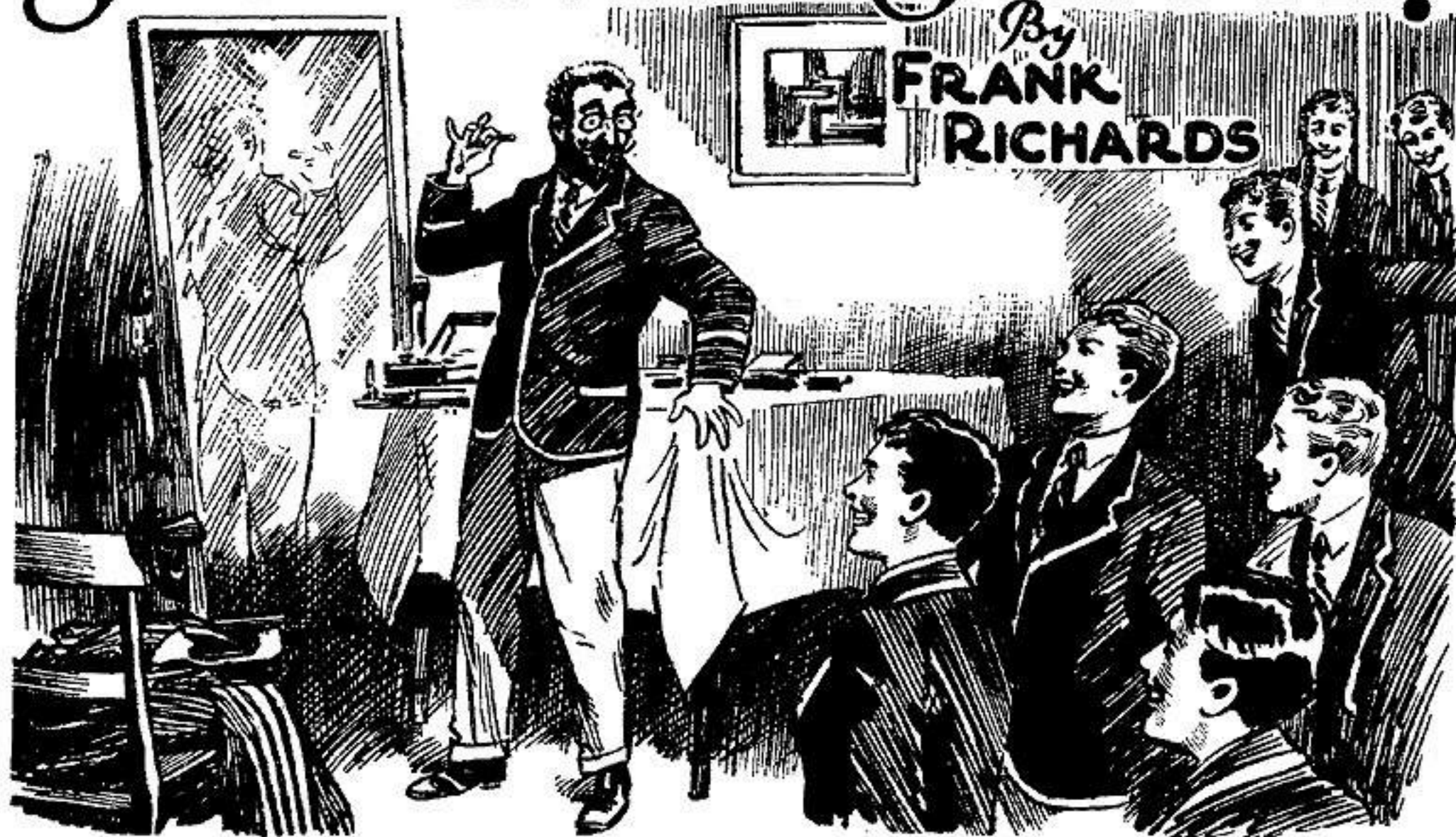
*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



**Mossoo's
DOUBLE!**

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SCHOOLBOY AUTHOR AT HIS BRIGHTEST AND BEST!

SPOOFING *the* SCHOOL!



Amazing and Amusing Yarn of HARRY WHARTON & Co., of GREYFRIARS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Wrathy!

"SHERRY!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" said Bob Cherry of the Greyfriars Remove.

"Zat you hold ze tongue viz yourself!"

Bob Cherry grinned, and held his tongue with himself, as Monsieur Charpentier expressed it.

There was a cheery buzz of conversation in the class. That was often the case in Class-room No. 10 when the French master of Greyfriars was dealing with a junior set.

"Smeat!"

"Hallo!" Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, answered much less respectfully than Bob Cherry.

"You talk viz yourself, Smeat!"

"Oh, no, sir!" answered the Bounder. "I was talking with Wharton."

"Shut up, Smithy, you ass!" murmured Harry Wharton.

There was a chuckle in the class.

Monsieur Charpentier gesticulated with both hands at Smithy.

"Smeat, you are impertinent! You vill take one hundred lines from ze Henriade!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Smithy.

"Buntair!"

"Oh crikey!" ejaculated Billy Bunter. "I wasn't speaking, sir! I never said a word! I only asked Nugent if he'd got any toffee—"

"Take one hundred lines, Buntair!"

"Beast!" murmured Billy Bunter, under his breath.

"Skinnair!"

"Did you speak, sir?" asked Skinner, glancing round carelessly.

"Mais oui!" snapped Monsieur Charpentier.

"May we?" repeated Skinner, affecting to misunderstand. "We may, sir, if you like."

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Vat? Vat you say, Skinnair! Take zhree hundred lines!" exclaimed Mossou. "I vill keep ordair in zis class! Ze next boy zat give no attention, I give him of ze cane!"

Monsieur Charpentier picked up a cane from his desk and swished it in the air. The buzz of conversation in the French set died down. Mossou was getting exasperated.

Had Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, been dealing with his Form, no doubt they would have been as good as gold. Quelch was the man to handle that rather unruly Form. Mossou was not.

A junior French set was seldom orderly. Mossou's maxim was peace at any price. He would affect to notice nothing till the state of affairs became intolerable. Then he was liable to fly into a terrific temper and hand out punishments right and left, landing them impartially on the innocent and the guilty. Luckily, he seldom asked to see the lines that he showered on his class in those excited moments. Only when he took the cane in hand was he much regarded. Taking it in hand a little earlier would have saved Mossou a lot of trouble.

Most of the fellows meant no harm. Smithy liked to rag, Skinner liked to be cheeky, and few fellows liked French irregular verbs. Cricket as a topic was much more popular.

Two or three fellows, like Mark Linley and Penfold, were attentive, being really desirous of acquiring some knowledge of Mossou's beautiful language. But that desire was not general in the Remove.

Even Harry Wharton, captain and head boy of the Form, had fallen from grace this time. As head boy, it was his duty to set an example, which he often did; but, on the other hand, the match with Rookwood School was draw-

ing nigh, and the captain of the Remove could not help being more interested in the Rookwood match than in the language of Voltaire, Racine, and Corneille. Not meaning any harm at all, he was discussing the prospects of that match with Smithy and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh till Mossou's outburst reminded him that he was in class.

"Quiet, you chaps!" whispered Harry, as Mossou flourished his cane and glared round for offenders.

"Wharton!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"You speak, isn't it? Yes, I zink! Take fife hundred lines of ze Henriade!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton; and there was an irresistible chortle in French class.

That was Mossou all over. The head boy, having made an attempt to restore quiet, had bagged the heaviest imposition of the lot. He could only hope that Mossou, when he recovered his temper, would, as usual, forget to ask for it to be shown up.

The class was quiet now. Even Billy Bunter refrained from inquiring whether any fellow had any toffee or butter-scotch.

But, in his present infuriated state, Mossou was not satisfied with mere quiet—for which, as a rule, he would have been grateful. He required attention, too—which was really asking a lot.

Lord Mauleverer, on a back form, was leaning on the wall with his eyes shut. If he was not asleep, his lazy lordship was dozing. William Wibley, deaf to his master's voice and all other voices, was scribbling on a writing-pad, held on his knee.

Wibley was the only fellow in the class who was really busy. But he was not busy about French. William Wibley was the president and chief moving spirit of the Remove dramatic society,

and he was deep in a play. Wibley wrote most of the plays for the R.D.S. He preferred his own work to Shakespeare's. It was, in Wib's opinion, much brighter stuff.

In the French set, as a rule, a fellow who kept quiet was left alone. It was, therefore, a chance for Wib to get on with his dramatic works—and he was getting on with them.

But now a fiery eye was on him.

"Je vous dis," rumbled Monsieur Charpentier. "I say to you zat I vill have ze attention, Mauleverer!"

Maully did not seem to hear.

"Vous dormez!" shrieked Mossoo. "Ciel! Zat garçon sleep in ze class!"

Peter Todd gave his lordship a poke in the ribs with a ruler.

Lord Mauleverer's drowsy eyes opened suddenly, and he gasped.

"Wake up, you ass!" whispered Nugent.

"Eh? Oh! I—I wasn't asleep! I heard all you fellows were sayin'!" gasped Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Taisez-vous! Silence! Mauleverer!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Maully, realising that he was in class. "Sorry, sir! I'm all attention, sir!"

"Take two hundred lines, Mauleverer!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Wibley!"

Wibley did not speak or look up. He did not hear. In the throes of composition, William Wibley was deaf and blind to all other things.

Monsieur Charpentier breathed hard and deep. He was fairly roused now. He was going to have the fixed attention of every fellow in that French set or he was going to know the reason why.

He strode among the forms, and came swooping down on Wibley. Then he spotted the writing-pad on Wib's knee under the desk, and the pencil scrawling busily over it. That was the last straw.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier. "C'est trop! On en a assez! Mauvais garçon! Voila!"

He grabbed the writing-pad from Wibley with one hand. With the other he brought down the cane with a whop across Wib's shoulders.

"Ow!" gasped Wibley.

"Alors, attendez donc!" hooted Mossoo.

And he marched out from the desks with Wibley's writing-pad in his hand, and headed for the wastepaper-basket that stood by his own desk.

Wibley leaped to his feet in horror. For the whop from the cane he cared little, in comparison with his concern for the fate of his dramatic works.

And Mossoo's intention was clear. Taking the writing-pad in both hands, he wrenched at it to tear it across before throwing it into the wastepaper-basket.

"Oh! Don't!" yelled Wibley.

"Taisez-vous!" rapped Mossoo, over his shoulder.

There was a rending sound. Pages and pages of priceless drama were torn and hurled into the wastepaper-basket.

"You ass!" shrieked Wibley.

"Vat!"

"Oh, you silly little ass!" roared Wibley. "You—you—you thundering idiot!"

"Vat!" stuttered Mossoo.

"Wib, you fathead—" breathed Harry Wharton.

"Quiet, you chump—" gasped Bob Cherry.

For a moment or two, Monsieur Charpentier stood as if transfixed, gazing at Wibley. Then he swooped on him.

"Zat is of ze too much!" he

spluttered. "I take you to Mr. Quelch! Venez donc! Come viz me!"

With a grip on Wibley's collar, Mossoo jerked him out of his place. He was hardly taller than Wibley; but in his breathless wrath and indignation, he seemed to have the strength of two or three French masters! He whisked William Wibley headlong out of the class-room—and the junior French set was left in a buzz of excitement.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Going Through It!

HENRY SAMUEL QUELCH, master of the Remove, sat in his study—not in the best of tempers.

Having been relieved of his Form for an hour while they were up to Mossoo for French, Mr. Quelch had retired to his study for a little leisure and a little pleasure. His pleasure took the form of perusing a volume of Sophocles! Few, if any, of the Remove would have cared to enjoy their leisure in the same way.

Such, however, was Mr. Quelch's idea of a few happy moments. The Remove did no Greek—a circumstance that added considerably to their comfort. Quelch revelled in it. Tastes differed—a lot!

The telephone-bell had interrupted Mr. Quelch just when he had settled down by his open study window to enjoy

William Wibley of the Greyfriars Remove is a past master at impersonating. His latest wheeze is the weirdest and most wonderful that Wib's remarkable brain has ever evolved!

the July sunshine and the ancient Greek poet at the same time.

Had it been an urgent or necessary call, Mr. Quelch would not have minded so much. But it was only a call from Sir Hilton Popper, at Popper Court.

As Sir Hilton was a governor of Greyfriars, he had to be treated with tact. But he was so exceedingly fussy an old gentleman, that a great deal of tact was required.

Sir Hilton was sending a nephew to the school. That, in the first place, was irritating, as Mr. Quelch did not like a new boy arriving in his Form so late in the term.

Archibald Popper should have arrived on the first day of term, or he should have been kept in storage, so to speak, till the first day of the next term. That was Mr. Quelch's opinion.

However, it was all fixed and settled, and Mr. Quelch made the best of it. And now the fussy old baronet rang him up to mention that he would not be bringing Archibald that day, as arranged.

Sir Hilton, it seemed, was a little uncertain, after all, whether he was going to place Archibald at Greyfriars or not.

Certain circumstances had eventuated, it appeared, which caused him to give the matter fresh consideration.

As it was understood that Archibald was to come into Mr. Quelch's Form, he rang up Mr. Quelch to tell him so.

Quelch breathed hard over the phone.

He had set aside an hour that afternoon to receive Sir Hilton Popper, and put his nephew Archibald through a

brief examination—he had never seen the boy, so far. He should, of course, have gone through the usual entrance examination at the proper time—but a governor of the school was not to be argued with.

This state of uncertainty, on the part of the lord of Popper Court, was extremely annoying to Mr. Quelch.

Moreover, Sir Hilton Popper took ten minutes to tell him what might have been easily told in two.

Already the Remove master was feeling very irritated and annoyed by the time he got back to Sophocles.

It was rather unfortunate for Wibley of the Remove. Sophocles, no doubt, would have soothed Quelch in time. But before Sophocles had had time to soothe Quelch, Quelch was interrupted again.

There was a sound of hurried footsteps in the passage, and a knock, or, rather, a bang, at the study door.

Breathing very hard, Mr. Quelch laid down his book.

The door flew open.

Into the study marched Monsieur Charpentier, red as a turkey-cock, bristling with wrath, and leading by the collar a boy of Quelch's Form.

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet.

He gave Mossoo a glance of cold disapproval. Quelch was himself a happy mixture of iron and ice. He strongly disapproved of excitement, and more especially in a master. He had no use whatever for Gallic effervescence.

Neither did he approve of a boy—especially a boy of his Form—being marched about by the collar! The words "Follow me" should have been enough!

Quelch, as a man whose authority was never questioned, had a feeling of scorn for a master who could not maintain authority.

"Well?" said Mr. Quelch, in a voice that seemed to proceed from the iciest depths of a refrigerator. "What is the matter, sir?"

Monsieur Charpentier released Wibley's collar—because he needed both hands for gesticulation. He waved them in the air.

"Monsieur Quelch!" he spluttered. "I convey zis boy to you! I make one report of ze insolence of ze most unheard! Figurez-vous—"

"What has Wibley done?"

"Am I one ass?" shrieked Mossoo.

"What?"

"Am I one silly little ass?"

"Monsieur Charpentier!"

"Am I one tundering idiot?"

Mr. Quelch's jaw set like a vice. The look on his expressive face almost made the hapless Wibley's flesh creep.

"Am I to understand, Monsieur Charpentier, that this boy of my Form applied such epithets to you?" he inquired, in a grinding voice.

"Mais oui! Yes, sair! One ass—one silly little ass—one tundering idiot! Moi qui vous parle! Moi! Zat garçon he—"

"Wibley!"

"Yes, sir!" groaned Wibley.

"Is it possible, Wibley, that you so far forgot yourself, as to apply such expressions to a member of Dr. Locke's staff?"

"I—I—I—"

"One ass!" howled Monsieur Charpentier. "One tundering idiot—"

Mr. Quelch picked up a cane from his table.

"Monsieur Charpentier! You may leave this boy in my hands!" he said. "I shall deal with him as he deserves! I venture to predict that he will never again be guilty of such disrespect!"

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He swished the cane. "Wibley, bend over that chair!"

"I—I—I never meant—" gasped Wibley.

"One ass—one tundering idiot—"

"Bend over that chair this instant, Wibley!"

In extremely low spirits, William Wibley bent over the chair.

Monsieur Charpentier whisked out of the study, and whisked back to his classroom. He left Wibley to a punishment that was evidently going to be adequate—or, perhaps, a little more!

Wibley had no chance to explain that he had uttered those awfully disrespectful words, in the excitement of the moment—exasperated by the total loss of his priceless dramatic works. Neither would such an explanation have helped him much.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

Quelch had a heavy hand with a cane. Caning a fellow was a painful duty to him—though not, perhaps, so painful as it was to the fellow concerned. But he was not the man to shrink from a painful duty. He did it thoroughly.

On this occasion there was no doubt about the thoroughness. The swipes came down with terrific vim.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

Wibley yelled. Even the Bounder, the toughest man in the Remove, could hardly have gone through that whopping in silence. Wib was very far from silent. His frantic yells rang far and wide as his Form-master laid the cane on.

It was a full "six," and every one of them a terrific swipe!

Mr. Quelch looked rather inclined to continue further. However, he left off at six, and replaced the cane on the study table.

Wibley wriggled off the chair. He stood wriggling. He seemed to be understudying an eel.

"You may go!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"Ow! Yow!" gasped Wibley.

"Wow!"

"Go!"

Wibley went.

Mr. Quelch, at last, was able to get back to Sophocles, and settle down to enjoy what was left of his brief leisure. He soon dismissed the matter from his mind.

Wibley did not. He couldn't! Wibley went back to Class-room No. 10 wriggling like an eel; and he wriggled into the class-room, and wriggled to his place, and sat down as carefully and tenderly as if he fancied that the form was red-hot!

Monsieur Charpentier gave him a stern look. The Remove fellows gave him sympathetic looks.

There was no more ragging, or chattering, or whispering, or inattention in that French set. For once, Mossoo had an absolutely orderly class. No fellow wanted to be taken to Quelch.

When it was over, a sympathetic crowd surrounded Wibley, as the juniors went out. But sympathy did not seem to comfort the suffering Wib very much. To all condolences, his answer was "Ow!" or "Wow!" or "Yow!" Six from Quelch had lasting effects: and for a long, long time, Wibley mourned like Rachel, and could not be comforted.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Bunk for Bunter!

"WHOSE bags?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, there was no mistaking them.

They were the tightest, as well as the

most extensive, in the Lower School at Greyfriars.

And they were remarkably displayed to the view.

After class, the Famous Five of the Remove, had gone out for a spin on the bikes. Having whizzed round Courtfield common—with some little forgetfulness on the subject of school bounds—they were coming home by way of Oak Lane—an ancient, winding lane that ran, for a portion of its way, through the estate of Popper Court. Thus it was that they sighted the trousers.

On one side of the lane was a high wooden fence. Beyond that fence lay Popper Court Woods. And conspicuously displayed on the fence was a large pair of trousers.

As they came pedalling down the lane, Bob Cherry was the first to sight them. He chuckled; and his chuckle was echoed by Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. It was quite a striking sight on the high fence.

At the first glance, only extensive trousers were to be seen. But at the second, it was discernible that a fellow was climbing the fence, his back, of course, to the lane, and that he was in difficulties.

Billy Bunter, of the Remove, was no great climber. If his remote ancestors, as is related in the fairy tales of science, had climbed trees and dwelt therein, Bunter had not inherited any of their activity.

Moreover, Billy Bunter had a lot of weight to lift. Lifting it over a high wooden fence was some task.

The fat Owl of the Remove had got a grasp on the top of that fence. He had heaved himself up. He had got his fat knees against it. But it was a case of "thus far and no farther." Another effort was required to clear the fence, and Bunter was not equal to it.

So there he hung, presenting a back-view chiefly of trousers, suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between the heavens and the earth, when the chums of the Remove appeared in the offing.

"Gurrrrrgh!" They heard a loud, prolonged gasp, as they approached.

"Urrgh! Wurrrrrgh!"

The Famous Five slowed down. Bunter was climbing the fence—evidently to trespass on the forbidden lands of Sir Hilton Popper. A short cut across Popper Court Woods was no doubt the temptation.

The spot was a mile and a half from Greyfriars, by road. It was less than half that distance, cutting across Sir Hilton's estate. Which was rather a risky proceeding—but not uncommon.

But the fat Owl had no chance of getting over that fence unaided—and he looked like dropping back into the lane, like an over-ripe apple.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter, startled.

He turned his head and blinked round at the grinning cyclists through his big spectacles.

That did it! Bunter's hold, already precarious, slipped. He came down the fence in a hurry!

Bump!

"Whooooo-hooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do that again, Bunter!" roared Bob.

"Ow! Beast! Wow!" gasped Bunter.

The five juniors jumped off their machines.

Billy Bunter scrambled up and stood leaning on the fence, gasping for breath. His efforts in the clambering lino had winded him.

"I say, you fellows," he gasped, "give a chap a bunk up!"

"Anybody got a steam crane in his pocket?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat ass!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "You'd better steer clear of trespassing in Popper Court."

"I've got to take a short cut!" gasped Bunter. "Think I can walk miles and miles and miles in this heat!"

"You'll wish you had if old Popper spots you!" said Frank Nugent.

"Blow old Popper!"

"Out of bounds, fathead!" said Johnny Bull.

"Yah!" grunted Bunter. "Blow bounds! Blow old Popper! Blow everybody! Oh, dear! I'm tired! I was going to take the motor-bus back from Courtfield, but after I'd had some ginger-pop and a cake or two at the bun shop, I hadn't any money left—oh, dear!"

Bunter groaned—and the Famous Five grinned.

Bunter, in the presence of foodstuffs, was liable to forget all lesser matters. Evidently he had omitted to reserve his bus fare—with this unhappy result.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" snapped the fatigued fat Owl. "I can tell you, I'm jolly tired. I say, you fellows—"

"Stick to the road, old fat man!" advised Harry Wharton. "It's only a mile and a half! And a walk will do you good!"

"I'm melting!" moaned Bunter.

"Well, if you lose a ton or so of fat, you'll have lots left!" suggested Bob Cherry.

"Beast! I say you fellows, I shall be late for lock-up! What about one of you lending me his bike, and hoofing it?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob. "What about it, you chaps? Don't all speak at once!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, look here, give me a bunk up, then?" grunted Bunter. "I can save half the distance, cutting across."

"Better keep clear—"

"Beast!"

"My esteemed, idiotic Bunter—" began Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Beast!"

"Oh, let's!" said Bob, and he leaned his machine on a tree and went to the fat junior's aid.

Billy Bunter turned to the fence again. It was a solid wooden fence—and it needed to be solid to carry the fat Owl's weight. He jumped, caught the top, and hung on.

"Now bunk!" he gasped.

Bob Cherry shoved manfully. Billy Bunter dragged, while Bob shoved behind. Up he went, slowly, gasping and panting, puffing and blowing. Bob Cherry got his shoulder under the ample fat form, and heaved.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter suddenly.

"Go it!" gasped Bob.

"My specs are slipping—"

"Never mind your specs—carry on!" panted Bob. "I can't stand this long!"

"Beast!"

Bunter released one hand to jam his spectacles straight. The other failed to hold his weight. Down came Bunter, like a sack of coke.

Bump, bump!

"Oooogh!" gurgled Bob.

Bob bumped in the grass, and Bunter bumped on Bob. He flattened out under Bunter's weight, gurgling spasmodically.

Billy Bunter sat up dizzily.

"Urrgh!" he gasped. "You silly idiot! Wharrer you let me fall for? Urrgh!"

"Gerroff!" came an agonised howl under Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the four on-lookers.

Billy Bunter had sat up on Bob Cherry's waistcoat, and Bob was feeling like an ill-used pancake. He wriggled like a worm under a wheel.

"Urrgh! Gerroff! Dragimoff!" spluttered Bob.

The Co. rushed to the rescue. Bunter was grasped, and heaved off. Bob sat up, gurgling for breath.

"You—you—you fat idiot!" he gasped.

"Beast! Warrer you let me fall down for?" howled Bunter. "I say you fellows, give me a bunk up! Not you, Cherry, you clumsy ass. I've had enough of you. I say, bunk me up, you fellows! It's easy enough, if you ain't

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

Nugent let go Bunter and clapped his hand to his nose, which felt damaged.

"Hold on!" gasped Wharton.

"D-d-don't let me fuf-fuf-fall!" spluttered Bunter.

The three who were still sustaining Bunter's weight made a combined effort. They heaved with all their beef, and Bunter went up—and over! He rolled over the top of the fence.

Bump!

"Yaroooooh!"

Billy Bunter landed on the inner side of the fence with a concussion that

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Monsieur Wibley!

"H A, ha, ha!"
"Seen Wib?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sounds of merry laughter greeted the Famous Five as they came into the Remove passage.

A crowd of fellows had gathered round the open doorway of Study No. 6, which belonged to Wibley, Morgan, and Mickey Desmond. Something of an entertaining nature, it was clear, was going on in that study.



"Oh crumbs!" gasped Frank Nugent, as a boot jammed on his nose. "You fat idiot, keep your hoof out of my face!"
"D-d-don't let me fuf-fuf-fall!" spluttered Bunter. Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull heaved with all their beef, and the fat Owl of the Greyfriars Remove went up—and up—and up!

clumsy! It ain't as if I weighed much!"

"Oh crikey!"

"All hands on deck!" said Harry Wharton.

Bob sat up and gasped for breath. Bunter stated that he had had enough of Bob; and there was no doubt whatever that Bob had had enough of Bunter.

The other four grasped the fat Owl and heaved. Up he went, clutching at the fence. Many hands make light work! Even the extensive avoirdupois of William George Bunter was handled effectively by four sturdy fellows. Up went Bunter—spluttering.

"Ow! You're pinching me, you silly idiots!" he gasped. "Ow! Haven't you got any sense, you chuckleheaded chumps! Ow! Don't bang my nose on the fence, you blithering dummies! Wow!"

"Go it!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Heave ahead, my hearties!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Frank Nugent, as the heel of a boot jammed on his nose. "You fat idiot, keep your hoofs out of my face!"

almost shook the Popper Court estate! His voice floated back on its top note.

"Ow! Oh! Beasts! You did that on purpose! I've broken my neck—I mean my leg! Wow! Beasts! Rotters!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Come on!" he said. "No need to listen to Bunter's thanks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! Beasts! Rotters!" came a roar from the Popper Court side of the fence as the juniors went back to their bicycles.

It was warm July weather—and bunting Billy Bunter over a fence was warm work. The Famous Five were red and perspiring, and they spent a few minutes in recovering their breath before they remounted their bicycles.

During those few minutes Billy Bunter, from the other side of the fence, told them what he thought of them. But his words were wasted on the desert air. The Famous Five had had enough of Billy Bunter—far too much, in fact!

Then they rode away in a cheery bunch for Greyfriars, leaving the fat Owl to himself.

"What's up, Smithy?" asked Harry Wharton.

The Bouncer chuckled.

"One of Wib's stunts! Look at him!"

The Famous Five walked up the passage to Study No. 6 and pushed through the grinning crowd at the doorway.

Wibley of the Remove was standing before a tall glass in the study. An open make-up box was at his elbow. He was giving his face a dab of grease-paint, and the chums of the Remove looked in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob. "What's up? Why—what—oh, my only summer bonnet!"

Wibley turned round, and the effect was startling. Up to the neck William Wibley was a Remove junior. Above the neck, he was a middle-aged Frenchman! It was almost unnerving to see him suddenly.

Black hair, tinged with grey, a sallow complexion, a little black moustache, a pointed black beard made Wibley quite unrecognisable as himself, though
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he might easily have been mistaken for a twin of Monsieur Charpentier.

He grinned at the Famous Five.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is that you, Wib, or have you borrowed Mossoo's head, and stuck it on your shoulders?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Pretty good—what?" said Wibley complacently. "I'm giving a show in the Rag after prep—see? Impersonation of Mossoo Froggy—with a special act, Mossoo in a tantrum!"

Harry Wharton looked a little grave.

Wibley's "impersonations" were well known in the Remove, and often furnished entertainment in that form. Wib could impersonate almost anybody; he was not only a master of make-up, but his features seemed elastic, and twistable into almost any shape.

More than once he had given an impersonation of the French master, who, being rather distinctive in appearance, was an easy subject for the schoolboy actor. His imitations of Mossoo always evoked great merriment.

"But, I say, old chap!" said Harry. "It's fearfully funny, and no end entertaining, but—I think I'd give it a miss just now—now that Mossoo has his jolly old back up. If he got wind of it—"

"What rot!" said Wibley. "Mossoo never comes into the Rag. He won't get wind of it."

"Well, no; but—"

"Rot!" repeated Wibley.

When William Wibley was on a theatrical stunt argument was wasted on him. He turned back to the glass and gave his face a few more artistic touches. Its resemblance to Monsieur Charpentier's was really uncanny. Had

Mossoo looked into that glass he might have supposed that it was his own reflection looking out at him.

"The shirty little beast!" went on Wibley. "He got me six from Quelch this morning. I can feel them now! And look what he did with my play!"

"Well, fellows ain't really supposed to write plays in the French class," remarked Bob Cherry.

"I've done it before, lots of times, without such a fuss!" grunted Wibley. "Cheeky little beast! Six from Quelch—and every one a swipe!"

"You called him some fancy names, you know!" said Frank Nugent.

"Well, he is a little ass, and a thundering idiot!" said Wibley. "I'll tell him so again!"

"Better leave out the adjective next time!" chuckled the Bounder. "It was that that made him so ratty. When a man's as small as Mossoo he doesn't like having it pointed out."

"Little beast!" said Wibley. "I'm only sorry that I can't let him see me taking him off. I'd like him to see the show!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley adjusted a rather high collar—Mossoo always wore rather high collars—and put on a black frock-coat, and buttoned it. The crowd in the doorway gazed at him, grinning.

In figure, as well as in face, he now resembled the French master so closely that at a casual glance anyone might have taken him for Monsieur Charpentier.

"Good—what?" grinned Wibley.

There was no false modesty about William Wibley. His wonderful gifts in the theatrical line were admired by all the Remove, but by no one more wholeheartedly than by Wib himself.

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"Fine!" chuckled Bob. "Mossoo to the life, old man!"

"Alors, taisez-vous, donc!" went on Wibley, in a remarkable imitation of the French master's high-pitched, squeaky voice that made the juniors howl with laughter. "Mauvais garçon! Je vous demande, vill you be quiet viz yourself or vill you not be quiet viz yourself? Repondez donc! Do you vish dat I take you to Monsieur Quelch?"

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

"Blessed if a chap wouldn't think it was Mossoo!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "Sure you ain't Mossoo, Wib?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Less noise there, you noisy fags!" came a voice from the Remove landing, at the end of the passage.

"Oh, my hat! 'Ware pre's!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Loder of the Sixth, with his ashplant under his arm, walked up the Remove passage. The uproar from the Remove quarters had caught his ear, and no doubt Loder guessed that something was "on." The bully of the Sixth was always pleased at an excuse for handling the ash.

"Now, then, what's all this row?" he demanded as he came up. "You can be heard all over the shop."

Dismay fell on the crowd in the Remove passage. Loder's arrival had been so sudden that there was not even time to shut the study door before he was on the spot.

He looked into Study No. 6, and the Removites almost held their breath, wondering what was going to happen now.

To the juniors, Wibley's impersonation of a master was great fun; but its effect on a Sixth Form prefect was likely to be quite different.

Wibley had no time to get off his make-up, and there was no chance of dodging out of sight. He was fairly caught.

In full view, in his make-up as the French master, he faced Loder's eyes as the prefect looked into the study.

For a moment there was a dead silence. The Removites expected Loder to tell Wibley to bend over, or else march him off to the Head as he was.

Instead of which, Loder only stared blankly at the Frenchified figure in the study.

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "I—I didn't know you were here, Monsieur Charpentier."

"Oh crikey!" breathed Bob Cherry.

Loder of the Sixth had taken Wibley at face value, as it were—nothing doubting that it was the French master in Study No. 6.

Wibley was quick on the uptake. For a moment he had shared the general dismay. Now he was all confidence again.

"Vat is it zat you vant, Lodair?" he exclaimed in the French master's high-pitched squeak. "You interrupt me, isn't it, ven zat I speak to zese garçons! Is it zat it is your affair?"

"Oh! No, sir! I—" stammered Loder.

"You are sheeky, Lodair! You butt in vhere you are not vanted. Go away viz yourself zis instant! Allez-vous-en!"

"There was such a row going on, sir—"

"Nonsense! Pas votre affaire! May I not speak viz zese garçons, zat I take in ze French set, vizout zat you have somezing to say? You are one meddlesome imbecile, Lodair! Allez-vous-en, jé vous dis!"

Monsieur Wibley gave Loder a push

on the chest, and he staggered out of the doorway into the passage.

"Monsieur Charpentier!" gasped Loder.

"Assez! Assez! Go away viz you, mais! Allez vous en, donc! Take away zat ugly face!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Loder.

With a crimson face, Loder of the Sixth retreated down the passage.

There was a yell of laughter when he was gone.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley chortled. It was the first time he had ever been able to tell the bully of the Sixth to take away his ugly face! Luckily for him, Loder was not likely to guess the real identity of the member of Dr. Locke's staff whom he had so unexpectedly found in Wibley's study!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Boot for Bunter!

"ARCHIBALD!"

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Billy Bunter.

Bunter did not know who Archibald was. But he knew the gruff bark that uttered the name. That gruff bark was the voice of Sir Hilton Popper, Baronet, of Popper Court.

Billy Bunter trembled.

At that moment the fat Owl of the Remove repented that he had taken that short cut across Sir Hilton's estate.

The weather was hot, and the road was long and dusty; but the hottest and dustiest road was preferable to a meeting with Sir Hilton Popper, under the shady trees of Popper Court.

Bunter had done about half the distance, when, as he rolled down a shady path in the wood, he heard that gruff bark close at hand, and he popped behind the nearest tree with remarkable celerity.

From behind that tree, he had a glimpse of the tall, angular figure of the old baronet, coming up the path, a moment later.

A boy was walking by Sir Hilton's side—apparently the "Archibald" whom he was addressing.

He looked like a schoolboy, about Bunter's own age, and was rather like the baronet in feature, which indicated that he was a relative. He was chiefly distinguished by a mop of red hair, which caught the eye at once.

"Yes, uncle!" came his answer.

Billy Bunter blotted himself from sight behind the tree. Had Sir Hilton Popper and his nephew passed on, the fat Owl would have been passed undiscovered.

But, to Bunter's dismay, the old baronet came to a halt quite near that tree, and Archibald halted also.

Bunter hardly breathed.

There was a riding-crop in Sir Hilton's hand, and Bunter knew only too well what Sir Hilton was likely to do with it if he found a fellow trespassing in his woods.

"I hope, Archibald, that you are not disappointed with my change of plan with regard to you?" barked Sir Hilton.

"Oh, no, uncle!" said Archibald.

"I'd rather go to sea than to school."

"I am glad to hear it, Archibald! An opportunity has occurred for placing you very favourably—"

Sir Hilton Popper broke off. His eyes suddenly fixed on a fat elbow. That elbow projected beyond a tree-trunk a few feet away.

The tree-trunk was fairly well grown—it would have screened any Remove

fellow effectually, except William George Bunter!

Bunter was not, perhaps, double-width, but he was a good deal wider than most Remove fellows. The tree-trunk nearly hid him—but not quite.

"Good gad!" ejaculated Sir Hilton.

His nephew Archibald gazed at him inquiringly. Then, following Sir Hilton's fixed and angry gaze, he discerned the fat elbow, and grinned.

"Good gad!" repeated Sir Hilton.

"A trespasser! Who are you? Come out of that at once, you rascal! By gad, I will lay my whip round you!"

Gripping his riding-crop, the old baronet strode round the tree. As he came round one side, Billy Bunter whipped round the other and jumped back into the path.

"Stop him, Archibald!" roared Sir Hilton Popper.

"Yes, uncle!" grinned Archibald Popper.

"Ow! Beast! Leggo!" gasped Bunter, as Archibald grabbed at his collar and caught hold.

Sir Hilton circled swiftly round the tree. Another moment, and he would have been within whopping distance of Bunter.

But Bunter was desperate.

He closed a fat fist and hit out, and there was a yell from Archibald, as he caught it with his nose.

His nose became suddenly as red as his hair; and, judging by Archibald's fearful yell, there was a pain in it.

He staggered, releasing Bunter's collar, and the fat junior shot away up the path, barely escaping a swish of the riding-crop as he shot.

"Rascal!" roared Sir Hilton. "Trespassing scoundrel! Stop!"

Bunter did not stop.

He flew!

That shady woodland path might have been a cinder-path, from the speed with which William George Bunter covered it.

He panted, he puffed, and he blew; but his feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as he went. After him rushed Sir Hilton Popper, his long legs whisking, and after Sir Hilton trotted Archibald, with his hand to his nose, and a stream of crimson oozing through his fingers.

Fast as Bunter flew, Sir Hilton's long legs covered the ground faster. Fortunately—for Bunter, not for Sir Hilton—the old baronet caught his foot in a trailing root.

He pitched over headlong, and came down with a terrific bump. The riding-crop flew from his hand as Sir Hilton rolled and roared. The next moment Archibald, unable to stop in time, stumbled over Sir Hilton, and sprawled on him.

Bunter flew on.

Behind him sounded a roar of fury.

"Oh! Ooooh! You clumsy young blockhead, Archibald! Ooooooh!"

Archibald scrambled up.

Sir Hilton sat up, gasping for breath. He seemed rather winded. He pointed after the fleeing Owl of Greyfriars and spluttered.

"Urrrgh! Pursue that young scoundrel, Archibald! Do you hear me? Urrrgh! Go after him at once! Urrrgh!"

Archibald rushed on.

Possibly he was not worrying much about the fact that Bunter was trespassing in Sir Hilton's woods. He was anxious to reach Bunter, on his own account. His nose was streaming crimson, as he ran. Bunter's weight had been behind that sudden punch, and it had done a lot of damage.

Sir Hilton, breathless, sat and gasped for wind. But he had the satisfaction of seeing that his nephew was gaining on the fugitive before they passed out of his sight. Then the winding path swallowed them from view.

Billy Bunter glanced over a fat shoulder.

Sir Hilton was no longer to be seen; but close behind was Archibald, coming up hand over fist.

"Beast!" gasped Bunter.

He flew on. Ahead of him was a gate that gave on the road, not far from Greyfriars. Once he was over that gate, he was safe. The fat Owl put every ounce into the race.

Thud!

A boot landed on Bunter's extensive trousers. Archibald had reached him.

"Ow!" howled Bunter.

He careered onward. The thudding boot seemed to have lent him wings, for he flew ahead, and for several minutes kept the lead. Then Archibald was gaining again.

Crash!

"Yaroo!" roared Bunter, as the boot behind landed a second time.

This time it landed harder, and almost lifted the fat Owl.

Bunter tore on desperately.

Thud, thud, thud! came the boot again, once, twice, thrice, before he reached the gate.

Archibald was chuckling now as he ran. He seemed to find this amusing. Billy Bunter found it far from amusing. It was horrid for Bunter.

But he had got to the gate at last. Frantically he scrambled over that gate.

Thud!

Once more the boot landed as Bunter scrambled. It helped him over the gate. Over the top went Bunter, headlong, to sprawl in the road outside.

He sprawled and roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Archibald.

He stopped at the gate and stood there, dabbing his nose and laughing, as the breathless fat Owl clambered to his feet.

"Beast!" spluttered Bunter. "Yah! Rotter! Cad! I've a jolly good mind to come back and lick you!"

Archibald put his hands on the gate, as if to vault over.

Billy Bunter changed his mind at once about going back to lick Archibald. Instead of that, he resumed his flight and headed all out for Greyfriars, leaving Sir Hilton Popper's nephew grinning over the gate.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Mossoo to the Rescue!

BUMP!

"Oh!"

"Ow!"

Really Billy Bunter was not to blame.

From the gate where he had escaped from the domains of Sir Hilton Popper a shady lane ran, which led into the road by Greyfriars School. Bunter was doing the shady lane as if he were doing the school hundred yards.

It was shady, under thick overhanging branches. Bunter was short-sighted, and he was going fast. For these three excellent reasons he failed to see a dingy, tattered figure loafing up the lane till he crashed.

The dingy figure went over backwards as if a cannon ball had struck it; it was extended in the dust, howling.

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Bunter, staggering from the shock, sat down and spluttered.

"Strike me pink!" came a howl from the tattered one as he sat up. "Knocking of a bloke hover!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Sorry! Oh dear!"

Bunter was sorry—not so much sorry that he had knocked over the tattered gentleman as that he was within that gentleman's reach.

He was a most unpleasant-looking man. He had a stubbly chin, a rag of a cap on an untidy, tousled head, and a broken nose. That, perhaps, was his misfortune and not his fault, but it did not enhance his good looks; also, he had a scent of tobacco and rum.

He sat and gasped and glared at Bunter.

Bunter bounced to his feet. The sooner he was out of reach of that stubbly tramp the better Bunter was going to like it. He would have preferred Archibald, or even Archibald's uncle. But as he plunged past the tramp the tramp also bounced up and grabbed at him.

That grab closed on Bunter's fat shoulder.

"Old on!" said the broken-nosed man.

"I—I say, I'm in a hurry!" gasped Bunter. "I—I've got to get back to school for—for lock up! I say, leggo!"

Instead of letting go, the stubbly man looked up and down the shady lane with a keen eye. Several windings of the lane hid the Popper Court gate; Bunter had left that well behind. In the other direction was the corner of the main road, a hundred yards on. Traffic passed that corner; a motor-car whizzed by, but no one was near at hand.

"I say, leggo!" gasped Bunter, jerking at the grasp on his shoulder.

The tattered man did not answer him. Having satisfied himself that he was not likely to be interrupted for a few minutes, he proceeded to business. His business was to grope in Bunter's pockets for anything he might have in the way of cash. Evidently he was a footpad and a pickpocket, as well as a tramp, when opportunity came his way.

Bunter was not a valuable prize. In the way of cash he was quite a blank—having been disappointed about a postal order from one of his titled relations, and equally disappointed about an expected remittance from his Uncle George. All Bunter had in the way of wealth was a watch—which, being made of rolled gold, was not fearfully valuable, and which did not go.

But it looked as if it was going now, however. All was grist that came to the mill of the broken-nosed gentleman.

His thievish grasp was closing on that watch, when two figures appeared at the corner of the lane from the high road.

They were Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, and Monsieur Charpentier, the French master of Greyfriars. The two masters were taking a little walk in the summer evening before lock-up—fortunately for Billy Bunter.

Bunter yelled on his top note.

"Help! I say, help!"

The two masters had turned out of the sunny road into the shady lane. They had not observed Bunter and the tramp at a distance in the shade, but that yell from Bunter drew their attention at once.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Monsieur Charpentier.

The man with the broken nose glared round in angry alarm. Bunter made a

wrench to free himself. His rolled-gold watch was still in his possession. Billy Bunter did not want to lose that watch. It was a poor thing; but his own, so to speak. With help so near at hand, Bunter struggled.

"Strike me pink!" breathed the broken-nosed man. "Strike me pink and blue!"

"Ow! Leggo!" yelled Bunter. "Help!"

Mr. Quelch was coming up the lane with swift strides; Monsieur Charpentier shot ahead of him at a run.

Mossoo was small in size, but great in courage. Any amount of pluck was packed in his neat, dapper little frame. The hefty tramp could have knocked Mossoo into the air with one drive of his fist. But Mossoo did not stop to think of that; he flew to the rescue.

Bunter struggled; and the tramp grasped him savagely; and the fat Owl, in desperation, kicked. He landed that kick on a shin; and the stubbly man, with a yell of anguish, released him and staggered back.

Bunter jumped away, spluttering for breath, but it would have gone hard with him had not Mossoo arrived on the scene.

Monsieur Charpentier had a walking-stick in his hand; it was upraised as he came. And the tramp, giving up the idea of plundering Bunter—perhaps not thinking the plunder worth a lot of risk—turned to dodge away among the trees beside the lane.

But Mossoo was on him like an arrow. The upraised stick came down with a loud crack on the tramp's tousled head.

"Voila, coquin!" squeaked Mossoo.

"Scelerat—voleur!"

"Strike me pink!" gasped the tramp, and he turned on the little French gentleman with a ferocious snarl.

Mossoo's stick flew through the air as the hefty man grasped him. He gave a gasping howl as he crumpled up.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"Oooogh! Oh! A moi! Au secours!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier as he whirled in the tramp's grasp.

Mr. Quelch put on speed.

He also carried a walking-stick, which he proceeded at once to use with vigour. It banged on the tousled head, and banged again, and yet again; and the broken-nosed man, roaring, dropped Mossoo in the dust and bounded away.

Mr. Quelch, whisking after him, landed another on the back of his head as he went, and the stubbly man was yelling on his top note as he disappeared among the trees.

"Mon Dieu! Ciel! Je suis assomme!" gasped Monsieur Charpentier, sitting up dizzily. "Mon cher Quelch—Oooogh!"

Mr. Quelch gave him a hand to rise.

Billy Bunter was in motion again. Really he ought to have stayed to thank Mossoo for his prompt succour, but with tramps about Bunter preferred to lose no time getting away from the spot.

He rolled down the lane towards the road—and, like Iser in the poem, he rolled rapidly. He did not even stay to ask Mossoo whether he was hurt. Still, that was unnecessary; he knew he was.

Bunter did the remaining distance to the school at full speed and rolled in at the gates, puffing and blowing.

It was a quarter of an hour later that Monsieur Charpentier arrived, leaning heavily on Mr. Quelch's sinewy arm; he looked very dusty and very dishevelled, and a good many glances turned on him as Mr. Quelch piloted him across to the House.

By the door of the House stood a

group of juniors. Billy Bunter was in the middle of the group; Bunter was talking.

"I say, you fellows, a great, hefty tramp—a beast six feet high or more, with a broken nose—I knocked him spinning—"

"I can see you doing it!" grinned the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I jolly well did! He nearly had my watch—my twenty-five-guinea gold watch, you know—"

"He could have sold it for fourpence," remarked Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Skinner! He would have had it, but I knocked him down! I can tell you he ran for it! If you fellows don't believe me—"

"Believe you!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Not quite!"

"Well, you can ask Quelch if you like!" declared Bunter. "He came up with Mossoo after it was over. They never helped me, you know. Mossoo never pitched into the tramp, and Quelch never came up and drove him off. I did the whole thing—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! It was an awful scrap," said Billy Bunter, "but I handled him all right; knocked him right and left before Quelch and Mossoo could get anywhere near the spot. And—"

"Bunter!"

"Oh crikey!" Billy Bunter spun round at his Form-master's voice, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles. "Oh lor'! Yes, sir!"

"How dare you tell such untruths, Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in a thunderous voice. "Is this your gratitude to Monsieur Charpentier, for having come so bravely to your aid?"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "Yes, sir—I—I mean, no, sir! I—I was just telling these chaps how splendid it was of Mossoo, sir, to—to come and help me, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Bunter, you will take two hundred lines! You deserve to be caned! Bring me the lines this evening!"

"Oh crikey!"

Mr. Quelch piloted Monsieur Charpentier into the House, leaving Billy Bunter blinking in dismay, and the other fellows yelling.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Unexpected!

AFTER prep that evening there was a crowd in the Rag.

Wibley's theatrical stunts always drew an audience. And this time it was uncommonly good. All the fellows agreed that Wib's impersonation of Mossoo was a real shriek.

Mossoo, with his dapper little figure cased in a tight frock coat, his mincing steps, his squeaky voice, his trim, little pointed beard and dinky, little black moustache, really lent himself to "guying."

There was no doubt that Wib was very entertaining in the role of Mossoo. And, apart from the fact that Wib liked displaying his theatrical gifts, he was specially keen now on ridiculing poor Mossoo.

Wib was not a fellow to remember grudges, as a rule. But the consignment of his dramatic works to the wastepaper-basket, and "six" from



Sir Hilton Popper circled round the tree, a riding-crop in his hand. But Billy Bunter was desperate. He clenched a fat fist and hit out. There was a yell from Archibald Popper as he caught it with his nose. "Ooooooch!"

Quelch over and above, had made Wib uncommonly "shirty."

He could still feel twinges of that six. True, if he was spotted guying a master, he was likely to get something more severe than six. But Wibley did not give that consideration a thought.

Really, there was little risk. The Rag was used only by the juniors, and, unless there was a disturbance, as sometimes there was, masters or prefects were not likely to enter.

After prep the Remove were there to a man. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth turned up for the show. Hobson and a crowd of Shell fellows came. Even some of the fags came—Tubb of the Third and his friends, and Dicky Nugent with a gang of the Second. It was a very numerous audience, and very gratifying to William Wibley when he came in with an attache-case in his hand that contained his make-up, and his theatrical gear.

In a corner of the Rag a large and somewhat tattered screen was arranged. Behind that was Wib's dressing-room.

Wibley walked behind the screen and disappeared. He disappeared as Wibley of the Remove—he was going to reappear as Monsieur Henri Adolphe Charpentier.

Some of the fellows thought it was rather too bad. Most of them were only thinking of enjoying the entertainment.

"Wib's awfully clever," remarked Lord Mauleverer, with a shake of his noble head. "But it's rather rotten to guy poor old Mossoo. He's not a bad little ass."

"Rot!" said Skinner.

"Look at the way he backed up Bunter this afternoon," said Mauly. "Tacklin' a tramp—"

"I say, you fellows, I really knocked that tramp down—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Mossoo's a plucky little ass," said the Bounder. "That tramp would probably have eaten him if Quelch hadn't been there."

"I say, you fellows, I really did—"

"Shut up, fathead!"

"The little beast was shirty in class this morning," said Bolsover major. "He gave us a rotten time."

"We didn't give him an enjoyable one," remarked Harry Wharton. "And he's not a bad sort. He never asks for lines."

"I'm jolly well not going to do lines for the little brute!" said Skinner. "I'll jolly well tell him so, too!"

"Rats!" growled Johnny Bull. "You'll do the lines fast enough, if he asks for them. I shouldn't wonder if he does this time, too. He looked as if he meant it this morning."

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Has anybody done his lines for Mossoo? I know I haven't done mine!"

"Same here!"

"The samefulness is terrific!"

The Bounder chuckled.

"If Mossoo asks for them to be shown up this time, we shall all be in the soup," he remarked. "Not a man's done any!"

"Well, he hardly ever does," said Harry.

"He looked jolly vicious this morning."

"Oh, rot! There's no vice in Mossoo," said the captain of the Remove. "The fact is, I rather agree with Mauly—it's rather a shame to guy him."

"Oh, that's bosh!"

"He was born for it," said Skinner.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Wib! Or is it jolly old Mossoo?" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as a dapper figure

emerged from behind the screen.

Really, it was difficult to be sure. It was Wibley, but William Wibley had completely disappeared, and the exact double of Henri Charpentier appeared in his place.

There was a roar of laughter as the disguised junior appeared in view, walking with mincing steps.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Wib!"

"By gum! If Mossoo walked in now, he would think his twin had come to Greyfriars," grinned Frank Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Wib!"

"Mais silence, done!" came from Wibley, in imitation of Mossoo's high-pitched squeak. "Taisez-vous, mes garçons! Mauleverer, vous dormez, isn't it? You go to sleep viz yourself in ze class. Is it zat vous dormez toujours?"

Lord Mauleverer grinned.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buntair, you talk viz yourself. Take one zousand lines of ze Henriado, zat so beautiful poem!"

"He, he, he!"

"Vy for you jaff, Buntair? Is it zat you have no respect pour moi, Henri Charpentier? You take zthree zousand lines! I vill keep ordair in zis class, or I vill know zo reason vy not!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mossoo to the jolly old life!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Give us Mossoo in a tantrum, Wib! You—Great pip!"

Bob broke off with a gasp as the door of the Rag suddenly opened, and a rather angular figure appeared there.

Mr. Quelch stepped in.

There was a frozen silence. Wibley
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stood transfixed. Never, or hardly ever did Mr. Quelch enter the Rag. His appearance there was utterly unexpected. But there he was.

Wibley hardly breathed.

If Quelch, like Loder of the Sixth, took him for the genuine article, it was all right. Otherwise, it was all wrong—awfully wrong. Wibley had plenty of nerve; but he needed it all at that terrifying moment.

"Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, glancing round. "Is Bunter here?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"You have not brought me your lines, Bunter."

So that was why Quelch had dropped in. Mossoo often, in fact generally, forgot to ask for lines. Quelch never forgot. And on this occasion Quelch was particularly annoyed with Bunter, and not in the least inclined to let the matter stand over.

The next moment Mr. Quelch observed the dapper little figure in the frock coat, and he glanced at it in surprise.

He was as surprised to see Monsieur Charpentier in the Rag as Loder of the Sixth had been to see him in Wibley's study.

Why the French master was there was a mystery to Mr. Quelch. But he did not seem to doubt that it was the French master.

"Oh, Monsieur Charpentier!" said Mr. Quelch, evidently unsuspecting. "I trust you feel no ill effects, sir, from your very disagreeable experience this afternoon?"

Wibley summoned all his nerve. He had to carry this through, somehow.

"Mais non, I zank you, sair," he stammered.

"I am glad to hear it, monsieur," said Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, I gave you two hundred lines for your unscrupulous, untruthful, and ungrateful description of the incident in the lane this afternoon. Have you written those lines?"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Bunter. "I—I was going to, sir, but—but I got so—so interested in—in a Latin exercise, sir—"

"That will do, Bunter. The lines are doubled!" said Mr. Quelch. "If you do not bring them to me by tea-time to-morrow, you will be caned. There is another matter on which I must speak to you, Bunter."

"Is—is—is there, sir?" groaned Bunter.

He did not seem to be enjoying his Form-master's conversation.

"There is, Bunter! I desire to know whether you have thanked Monsieur Charpentier for coming to your aid, when you were attacked by a ruffianly tramp. I fear, Bunter, that you have not a grateful nature. But I cannot allow any boy in my Form to be remiss in acknowledging such an action. Have you expressed your acknowledgments to Monsieur Charpentier, or not?"

"Oh! Yes—no—I mean, n-n-no, sir!" gasped Bunter.

"Then, as Monsieur Charpentier is here, you will do so at once, in my presence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch severely.

Billy Bunter blinked at Wibley through his big spectacles.

There was a dead silence in the Rag. Evidently Mr. Quelch was taking Wibley for the genuine article. What he would think—and do!—if he found out his mistake, would hardly bear thinking of.

A dozen fellows made signs to Bunter to play up. Quelch had to be kept from spotting the facts, somehow.

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"Zat is no mattair, sair!" exclaimed Wibley hastily, in terror of the fat and fatuous Owl giving him away. "Zere is no need—"

"On the other hand, Monsieur Charpentier, I cannot allow a boy of my Form to be so remiss, and so ungrateful!" said Mr. Quelch. "Bunter—I am waiting!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped the fat Owl. "I—I say, I—I—I— Oh crikey!"

"Cela va bien, mon garçon!" said Monsieur Wibley. "Zat is enoff, mon cher Buntair! Zat is all right!"

"Not at all, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, I am surprised, I may say that I am shocked, to find that you have made no acknowledgment to Monsieur Charpentier!"

"I—I—I'm going to, sir," gasped Bunter, "as—as soon as I see him—"

"What?"

"I—I—I mean—" stammered Bunter.

"What do you mean, Bunter? You are in Monsieur Charpentier's presence at this moment!" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"Am—am—am I, sir?" gasped Bunter.

"Bless my soul! Is this boy in his senses?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch testily.

"I presume that you can see Monsieur Charpentier, Bunter?"

"Oh! No! Yes! I—I mean—"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh! Nothing! Oh crikey!"

"I fail to understand you, Bunter! Unless you immediately express your acknowledgments to Monsieur Charpentier, I shall cane you!" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Oh lor'! I—I say, I—I—I—"

Bunter blinked at Wibley. "I—I say, I—I'm awfully obliged, old chap—"

"What do you say?" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, how dare you address Monsieur Charpentier in such familiar terms!"

"I—I mean—I—I mean, old fellow!" stammered Bunter. "That is, I—I don't mean anything of the kind! I—I mean, t-t-thanks no end, old—Mossoo! I mean to say, Monsieur Charpentier! Oh lor'!"

"Assez, mon cher Buntair!" said Wibley. "Zat is enoff! Zere is no need to say more zan zat, Buntair."

"Oh crikey!"

Mr. Quelch, with a frown at that hopeful member of his Form, walked out of the Rag.

There was a general gasp of relief when the door closed behind him.

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Wibley. "I mean, Mon dieu!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Carry on, Wib!" chuckled the Bouncer.

And Wibley, greatly bucked by having come through so severe an ordeal so successfully, carried on, with an imitation of Mossoo, and his manners and customs, that kept the Rag in a roar.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Two of Them!

MR. QUELCH started violently. He almost bounded.

Quelch had remarkably good eyesight. Remove fellows compared his eyes to gimlets, so keen and penetrating were they.

But, at this startling, amazing moment, Quelch doubted the evidence of his eyes, gimlet-like as they were.

Seldom, or never, had the Remove master been so utterly astounded.

In point of fact, it was enough, more than enough, to startle any man. It was

more than enough to make the most sedate Form-master bound!

Coming away from the Rag, Mr. Quelch turned into Masters' Passage, to go to his own study. Standing in that passage were two members of the staff, in conversation. One was Mr. Prout, the portly master of the Fifth Form. The other was Henri Adolphe Charpentier, the French master.

Quelch gazed at Mossoo like a man in a dream.

Three or four minutes ago he had seen Monsieur Charpentier in the Rag—or, at least, believed that he had.

Now he beheld the same man in front of him in Masters' Passage—nowhere near the Rag.

It was amazing—astounding—unnerving. It almost made a man wonder whether there was anything in the spook business.

Quelch gazed—and gazed—and gazed. Prout and Mossoo could not help noticing it. They looked at him in surprised inquiry.

"My dear Quelch," boomed Prout, "is anything the matter?"

"Mon cher Quelch!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "Qu'est-ce que c'est, alors?"

Quelch did not answer. He couldn't for the moment. This was Mossoo—in front of him. Was it the ghost of Mossoo he had left behind him in the Rag? Really, it looked like it.

Coming from the Rag, Quelch had come on directly to Masters' Studies. He knew that Monsieur Charpentier had not passed him. It was less than five minutes ago that he had seen him in the Rag. He had not emerged from the Rag. Yet here he was—in front of Quelch!

Seldom was Henry Samuel Quelch taken utterly aback. Now he was taken as completely aback as a full-rigged ship with every sail set, suddenly caught in a hefty head wind. He stared. He gasped. He almost gabbled.

"Am I dreaming?" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"My dear fellow!" said Prout.

"Monsieur Charpentier! It—it—it is you!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, hardly knowing what he said in his dizzy amazement.

"Moi! Mais certainement, mon cher Quelch! C'est moi, sans doute!" exclaimed the astonished French master.

"Quelch!" breathed Prout.

For an awful moment the Fifth Form master wondered whether Quelch had been drinking!

"Monsieur Charpentier! How—how—how did you get here?"

"Comment!" gasped Mossoo, bewildered.

"I fail to understand this!" said Mr. Quelch. "Unless I am suffering from some peculiar optical delusion, I fail to understand. Most certainly you did not pass me in the passage, Monsieur Charpentier."

"Mais non!"

"Then how did you get here before me? Please explain."

"Mais je marche, comme toujours," said the bewildered French master. "I walk viz ze legs, mon cher Quelch! I walk out of my study?"

"You have been in your study?"

"Mais oui! Pourquoi non?"

Mr. Quelch passed his hand over his brow. He felt that this was too much for him.

"I fail to understand," he said. "I presume, Monsieur Charpentier, that you have no relation visiting you here this evening—a brother—a twin?"

"Du tout! Not at all! Why for you ask, mon cher?"

"Then I am completely bewildered!" said Mr. Quelch. "A few minutes ago, Monsieur Charpentier, I had occasion to enter the junior day-room"—Mr. Quelch never called the Rag the Rag—"and I saw you there—"

"Monsieur Quelch!"

"My dear fellow—" boomed Prout.

"I left you there!" said Mr. Quelch firmly. "Unless I am suffering from an extraordinary optical illusion, I saw you in the junior day-room a few minutes ago, and left you there, and came here, and—and—and—"

"Mais, monsieur, but I have not been here!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "I am in a study, and I walk out. I meet Monsieur Prout here, I stop—"

"Monsieur Charpentier has been here, Mr. Quelch, for the last ten minutes, in conversation with me!" said Prout, in a very deep voice.

Mr. Quelch breathed hard.

"I fail to understand!" he said. "I was somewhat surprised to see you in the junior room, Monsieur Charpentier, with the juniors; but I saw you there only a few minutes ago, unless my eyes deceived me!"

"Quelch!" boomed Prout.

"Je ne comprends rien!" said Monsieur Charpentier. "I understand zis not one small piece. You zink—"

"I saw you there, sir!"

"Pas possible, mon cher Quelch, parceque je suis ici—I am here viz Monsieur Prout—"

"Certainly!" boomed Prout.

"I fail to understand!" repeated Mr. Quelch. "I shall investigate the matter at once!" He turned to retrace his steps.

Prout and Mossosoo exchanged startled glances, and followed him. Both were

smitten by a fear that Mr. Quelch was wandering in his mind.

"Upon my word!" breathed Prout.

"Affreuse!" murmured Mossosoo. "One chose affreuse!"

Mr. Quelch walked directly back to the Rag. What it all meant, he did not know; but he was going to know. There was some sort of trickery in this, though he could not guess what it was.

With Prout and Mossosoo at his heels, he arrived at the door of the Rag, and opened it. The three masters looked in.

A voice—a shrill squeak so like Mossosoo's that it made all three of them jump—reached their ears as the door opened.

"Attendez, donc! Mauvais garçon! I tell you not vunce, but many times, zat I vill keep ordair in zis class, and if you vill not keep ze ordair, I fly into one rage of ze most terrible!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Wib!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three masters gazed in, stupefied.

Monsieur Charpentier, dizzy with astonishment, gazed at his double. Prout and Quelch stared at Mossosoo and then at the French master in the Rag! There was hardly a pin to choose between them. Evidently it was no optical delusion. Quelch had seen the French master in the Rag—he was there still! There were two of him!

"Bless my soul!" breathed Prout.

"What!" gasped Quelch.

"Mon Dieu!" stuttered Monsieur Charpentier. "Zis is one trick—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from the numerous audience in the Rag. "Good old Wibley! Give us some more, Wibley!"

"Mossosoo to the life—"

"Good old Wib!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" yelled the Bounder suddenly, as he spotted the open door, and three astounded faces staring in.

"Oh crikey!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Look out, Wib!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "The fat's in the fire now!"

It was!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Caught in the Act!

MR. QUELCH strode into the Rag. His face was like thunder. He understood now.

It was a theatrical performance that was going on, and the supposed French master was some fellow got up in a really marvellous make-up. With the genuine Mossosoo gaping in the doorway there could be no doubt about that.

An awful silence fell in the Rag.

Wibley stood rooted.

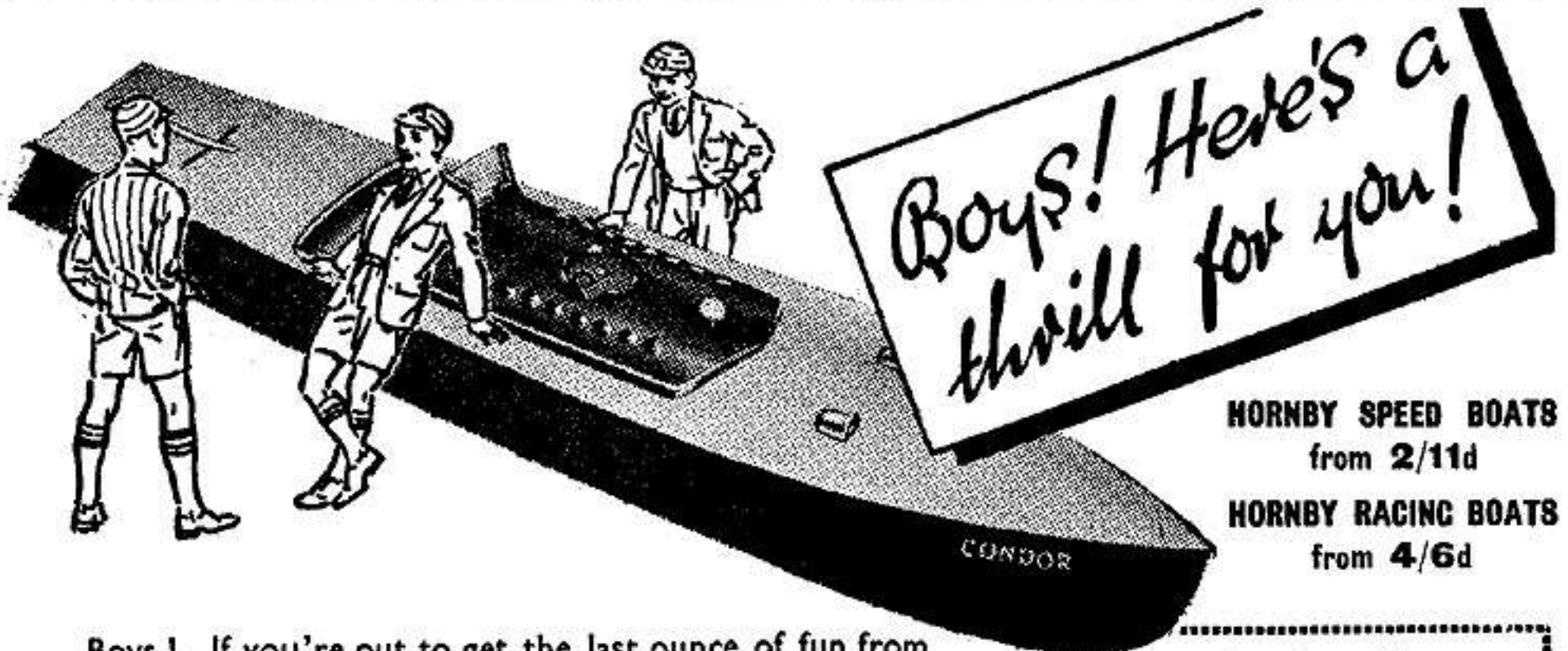
He had got through Quelch's previous visit successfully. He was not going to get through this. He could hardly hope to do so, with Monsieur Charpentier standing in the doorway.

A moment ago the Rag had been echoing with laughter. There was no sound of merriment now. The look on Mr. Quelch's face indicated, only too clearly, that it was no time for merriment.

"What does this mean?" Mr. Quelch's voice was not loud, but deep. It trembled with intense anger. "Who are you?"

Wibley could only gasp.

(Continued on next page.)



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"Who are you?" repeated Mr. Quelch, his voice rising.

He knew Wibley, of his Form, well enough, but he could not recognise him now. There was not the remotest resemblance to William Wibley in the dapper figure that stood before him.

Wibley gasped again, in utter dismay.

"A trick!" boomed Prout, from the door. "Some theatrical trick—an inexcusable trick—to ridicule a member of the staff!"

"Mon Dieu!" Monsieur Charpentier woke up, as it were, from his trance of astonishment. He whisked into the Rag. His face was crimson, his eyes flashing. He rushed across to the dismayed Wibley. "Coquin! Niais! Sot! You go to make one mock of me, isn't it! Mon Dieu! Vous vous moquez de moi! I am made one mock!"

Wibley had been giving an imitation of Mossoo in a rage. Now the audience in the Rag had a genuine performance of the same!

Monsieur Charpentier waved his hands in wild gesticulations, his eyes rolled, his little black beard bristled; he almost danced.

"Mais c'en est trop!" he shrieked. "Monsieur Quelch, you see! Monsieur Prout, vous voyez! I am made one mock! Ce garçon! I am mock! Moi, Henri Charpentier, I am made one mock, for zat zey laff!"

"Calm yourself, Monsieur Charpentier," said Mr. Quelch. "You need not doubt that this impertinence—this astounding insolence—will be punished with the greatest severity!"

"I am made one mock!" yelled Mossoo. "Moi! Is it zat I am to be made one mock for zat zey laff? Zis is of ze too much! I go to ze Head—I zrow myself at his feet, I demand of him, if it is zat I am to be made one mock!"

"Answer me at once!" roared Mr. Quelch, his glittering eyes on Wibley. "Who are you? Give me your name this instant!"

"Oh crikey! I—I—I'm Wibley, sir!" groaned the hapless Wib.

"Wibley, of my Form!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

Perhaps he had hoped that the young rascal belonged to another Form.

"Yes, sir!" mumbled Wib.

"Wibley! You—you young rascal!"

"Zat Wibley!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "Zis morning in ze class he call me one silly little ass and a tundering idiot! Now he go to make one mock of me zat zey laff!"

"Scandalous!" boomed Prout.

"Extraordinary!" said Mr. Hacker, the master of the Shell, joining Prout at the doorway.

Others were coming along, too. A crowd was gathering there.

"Oh crumbs!" said Coker of the Fifth. "Is that Mossoo's twin?"

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Wingate.

"A trick—an impertinent trick!" boomed Prout. "A Remove boy holding up a member of the staff to ridicule—"

"Wibley!" Mr. Quelch seemed to bite off the name. "So—so—so it is you! A boy of my Form! Can I believe my eyes?"

Wibley did not answer that question. Really, Mr. Quelch himself was the best judge of that!

"Mauvais garçon! Vous vous moquez de moi! I am made one mock—"

"Only—only amateur theatricals, sir!" gasped Wibley. "Only—only a—a joke, sir!"

"A choke!" shrieked Mossoo. "You say one choke! You shall make one choke in zat way, to mock me?"

"Oh dear, I—I never meant—"

"C'en est trop! I am one silly ass, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,536.

and one tundering idiot, and now I am mock! I endure zis not! I go to ze Head! I demand if I am made one mock!"

Monsieur Charpentier flew to the door.

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"I go to ze good Dr. Locke!" yelled Mossoo. "I demand of him if it iz zat I am made one mock! If it is zat I am made one mock, I go—I leave—I resign—I shake ze dust from bofe feet! Zat that vicked garçon he go, ozzervise I go viz myself! Je m'en vais!"

The crowd at the doorway parted, for the excited little Frenchman to pass. He rushed through them, gesticulating frantically as he went.

A dead silence reigned in the Rag.

Matters were getting awfully serious now. Some of the fellows felt sorry for poor Mossoo, in his rage and humiliation. He was almost weeping as he fled from the Rag, wounded to the very heart by the idea that he had been held up to mockery and ricule before a laughing crowd.

But everybody felt sorry for Wibley. Wib, it was plain, was "for it."

"Take off that absurd disguise, Wibley!" said Mr. Quelch, in a concentrated voice.

Silently Wibley took off the dinky little moustache, the pointed beard, the black wig, the tight frock-coat. He could not take off the make-up, but he was recognisable as Wibley now.

Mr. Quelch glanced over the silent crowd.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" stammered Harry.

"You, the head boy of my Form, have been a party to this!"

"Oh! It—it was only—only an entertainment, sir!" stammered the head boy of the Remove. "We—we—" He broke off under his Form-master's glare.

"You call it an entertainment, Wharton, for a junior boy to impersonate a member of Dr. Locke's staff and hold him up to laughter and ridicule before a crowd of boys?"

"Oh! No, sir!" gasped Harry. "We—we—"

"I shall have to consider, Wharton, whether you can remain head boy of the Form after this scandalous and outrageous occurrence!" said Mr. Quelch. "In the meantime, you will take a thousand lines!"

"Oh crumbs! I—I mean, yes, sir!"

"Every other Remove boy here present will take five hundred lines!" said Mr. Quelch grimly. "The Form will be detained on Wednesday afternoon for the lines to be written!"

"Oh!"

"Boys of other Forms I shall leave to their own Form-masters," said Mr. Quelch. "Wingate!" He glanced round to the door. "Will you kindly take the names of all juniors here present?"

"Yes, sir!" said the Greyfriars captain.

"As for you, Wibley"—Mr. Quelch fixed his eyes on the wretched Wib—"you will go to the headmaster's study—"

"Oh, sir!"

"Dr. Locke is in his own house at the moment, and Monsieur Charpentier has gone there to—to speak to him. You will wait in Dr. Locke's study, Wibley, until your headmaster comes!"

"Oh dear! I—I say, sir—"

"You need say nothing, Wibley! I will make no reference to your disrespect to me personally in the scene that occurred in this room a short time ago, when I mistook you for Monsieur Charpentier—"

"I—I never meant—" gasped Wibley.

"I will make no reference to that, Wibley, because I have no doubt that you will be expelled from Greyfriars for your outrageous insult to the French master!" said Mr. Quelch coldly.

"Oh, sir!" mumbled Wibley.

"That you do not realise the seriousness of your conduct, Wibley, I am willing to believe," said Mr. Quelch. "I shall see Dr. Locke himself, and, if possible, speak a word in your favour. It is possible that Monsieur Charpentier may be satisfied with the administration of a flogging—a very severe flogging. I can, however, hold out very little hope that such will be the case. You must be prepared to leave Greyfriars, Wibley!"

"Oh, sir!" groaned Wibley.

"Go to the headmaster's study now, and wait there!" said Mr. Quelch.

Wibley almost tottered from the Rag. Mr. Quelch followed him.

Wibley tottered away to the Head's study.

Mr. Quelch went on the track of the French master to the Head's house.

In the Rag, Wingate of the Sixth proceeded to take the names of all juniors present, for report to their respective Form-masters.

It was a dismal and disastrous end to a happy evening.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Sacked from the School!

WILLIAM WIBLEY groaned. He was not feeling good. He was, in fact, feeling very bad!

It was a dismal business waiting in the headmaster's study for the headmaster to arrive and sack him.

For there was little or no doubt of that.

Mossoo had gone to the Head, foaming, almost in hysterics, to demand the expulsion of the junior who had mocked and insulted him, as he regarded it. It was scarcely possible for the Head to refuse. The matter was, as Wib realised now that it was too late, fearfully serious.

He had not really meant any harm. Mossoo was a funny little ass, and there was great fun to be derived from impersonating and imitating him. That was how Wib had looked at it.

But whether he had meant any harm or not, he had done it. It was not, as he now realised, a light matter to "guy" a member of the headmaster's staff.

Half the Lower School had been packed in the Rag, yelling with laughter at Wib's absurd imitation of the French master. Any beak at Greyfriars thus guyed by a junior would have demanded the expulsion of the offender. Wibley saw that—too late. It was, in fact, an awfully serious matter, though that knowledge came to Wibley too late to be of any use to him.

Quelch would do his best. As a Form-master, he disliked the idea of an expulsion in his Form. But he was likely to be able to do little. On Mossoo's just complaint, the Head would expel the offender. There could hardly be a doubt of that. It was awful to contemplate. What was he to say to his people when he got home?

He groaned dismally at that thought. The idea of facing his father, sacked from school, was unnerving. He felt that he dared not.

Mr. Wibley was not a specially stern parent; but any parent was liable to go off at the deep end if his son came home from school in disgrace, expelled



The footpad's thievish fingers were closing on Billy Bunter's watch when two figures appeared at the corner of the lane. They were Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, and Monsieur Charpentier, the French master. "Help!" yelled Bunter on his top note. "Help! I say, help!"

on the charge of having insulted a master. Facing Mr. Wibley was worse than facing the Head.

The hapless Wib began to wonder whether he might put in a few days with friends somewhere till the keen edge of the parental wrath had worn off. But with whom—and where? Who was going to take in a fellow sacked from school?

Buzz!

The telephone-bell interrupted Wibley's gloomy and moody meditations. He glared round at the instrument.

Somebody was ringing up Dr. Locke.

The Head was in his house, busy just then with the excited French master and Mr. Quelch.

Wibley stepped to the telephone and picked up the receiver, to inform the caller that Dr. Locke was not there.

A gruff bark came through. He knew the voice of Sir Hilton Popper, of Popper Court.

"Dr. Locke? Sir Hilton Popper speaking, from Popper Court. Mr. Quelch has doubtless mentioned to you that I spoke to him on the telephone to-day with regard to my nephew Archibald—"

"Dr. Locke—" began Wibley, intending to say that Dr. Locke was not there.

But the bark interrupted him.

"Dr. Locke speaking? Yes, yes! Quite so!" Sir Hilton was not a patient man. "Yes, yes! As I had arranged to bring Archibald Popper to the school this afternoon, I rang up Mr. Quelch to rescind that arrangement. No doubt he has informed you to that effect—"

"I was going to say—" Wibley tried to get in a word.

"The matter is now decided, Dr. Locke. Other arrangements have been made for Archibald, and he will not, after all, be placed in Mr. Quelch's Form at Greyfriars."

"But—" gasped Wibley.

"Please let me explain, Dr. Locke. I have good reasons for changing my intentions; but, as the matter has been decided somewhat abruptly, I could not inform you earlier. I have rung you up, sir, because I am leaving for London early in the morning, and taking Archibald with me."

"I—"

"Archibald will not, therefore, come to Greyfriars School," went on Sir Hilton Popper. "I trust I make myself clear."

"Yes; but—"

"That is all, then. I regret any trouble you have been given in the matter, Dr. Locke. Good-evening, sir!"

"I—"

Whirrr!

Sir Hilton Popper had rung off. No doubt, as he was leaving for London early in the morning with Archibald, he was busy that evening.

"But, I say," gasped Wibley, "the Head isn't here, and—" He broke off, as he realised that Sir Hilton had replaced the receiver at the Popper Court end, and cut off. "Oh, my hat!"

Wibley stood staring at the telephone. He replaced the receiver.

The impatient, fussy old gentleman at Popper Court had taken it for granted that he was speaking to Dr. Locke, and had not given Wibley a chance to get in a word. He was left with the belief that he had told Dr. Locke that Archibald was not coming to Greyfriars, after all, whereas he had only told Wibley of the Remove—a person of whom, probably, he had never heard.

"Old ass!" murmured Wibley.

He had heard of Archibald; there had been talk in the Remove of a nephew of Sir Hilton Popper coming into the Form. Wibley was not in the least interested; he did not care a straw

whether Archibald Popper came to Greyfriars or not.

He decided to repeat what Sir Hilton had said over the phone to Dr. Locke when that gentleman arrived, as a message from the baronet.

Otherwise, no doubt, the Head would be expecting the arrival of a new boy at Greyfriars, who, owing to Sir Hilton's change of plans, was not, after all, due to arrive.

But Wibley soon dismissed that unimportant matter from his mind. His own parlous affairs were sufficient to occupy his thoughts.

He moved restlessly about the study while he waited for the Head.

It was near time for dormitory for the Remove now, and Wibley wondered dismally whether that was going to be the last night that he would ever spend in the Remove dorm.

Reluctant as he was to see his headmaster, in the circumstances, he wished that it was over. But minute followed minute, and he was still waiting.

No doubt Mossoo, over in the Head's house, was pouring out his tale of woe, and Quelch, perhaps, was trying to put in a pacifying word or two.

Wibley wished that they would get to the end and get it over. It was not pleasant to wait, and wait, on tenterhooks.

But his heart gave an unpleasant jump as there was a step in the corridor. The study door opened, and Dr. Locke entered.

Wibley's knees knocked together as he saw the stern expression on his headmaster's face.

Mr. Quelch followed the Head in. Wibley stood with palpitating heart. He knew what that look on Dr. Locke's face meant, and he read no hope in Mr.

(Continued on page 16.)

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SPOOFING the SCHOOL!



(Continued from page 13.)

Quelch's frowning visage. He gazed in dismayed silence at the Head.

"Wibley!" said Dr. Locke in a deep voice.

"Yes, sir!" moaned Wib.

"I can scarcely believe, Wibley, that any Greyfriars boy has ventured, has dared, to act as you have done!" said the Head sternly. "A master in the school—a member of my staff—parodied and held up to ridicule by a junior boy—never, in all my experience as a schoolmaster, have I heard of such a thing."

Wibley's heart sank.

"Your Form-master," continued the Head, "has said what he can in your favour, Wibley! He has pointed out that your conduct was, in his opinion, due rather to unthinking folly, than intentional disrespect. In view of this, I might consider administering a flogging; but I have no choice in the matter. Monsieur Charpentier demands your expulsion from the school, and I cannot refuse to accede to his demand."

"Oh, sir!" groaned Wibley.

"I regret this," said Dr. Locke. "Your Form-master tells me that your general character is good, and I regret that it is necessary for you to leave Greyfriars. But your offence cannot possibly be passed over, without the concurrence of the master whom you have so recklessly insulted."

"I—I never meant—" groaned Wibley. "If—if—if you could give me another chance, sir—"

"Impossible!" said the Head. "Monsieur Charpentier has every right to demand your expulsion, Wibley, and if that demand were refused, he would himself resign his position here. That I cannot contemplate for one moment! I have therefore no choice, Wibley, but to expel you for what you have done."

"Oh, sir!" gasped Wibley.

"You are expelled from Greyfriars!" said the Head. "Arrangements will be made in the morning for sending you home. You may now go to your dormitory, and to-morrow, instead of going into Form with the Remove, you will pack your box. You may go, Wibley!"

Wibley cast a last look at the stern face, and left the study.

He went with lagging steps to the Remove dormitory—and did not remember that he had omitted to inform the Head of Sir Hilton Popper's telephone call. Such a trifle was not likely to enter his thoughts in this hour of utter and overwhelming disaster.

Sacked!

That awful word rang in his ears; and that awful thought excluded all else. Sacked! He tottered into the Remove dormitory.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Night at Greyfriars!

"I SAY, you fellows, here he is!"

"Wib, old man!"

"What's the verdict?"

"Licked?"

"Sacked?"

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"Give it a name?"

The Remove fellows crowded round Wibley as he came in.

Wingate of the Sixth, who was there to see lights out for the Remove, gave him a compassionate glance as he passed in.

"Sorry, kid!" he murmured.

Wibley nodded and passed in.

The prefect remained in the passage. He was willing to give the juniors a few extra minutes, in the harrowing circumstances.

All the Removites were anxious.

Every fellow in the Form had five hundred lines, and the head boy had a thousand. But steep as those impots were, hardly a fellow was thinking about them. There was a general and deep concern for the hapless schoolboy actor.

Wib's face told its own tale.

"Sacked?" asked Harry Wharton, with a deep breath.

Wibley nodded. He could not speak.

"Sacked!" said the Bounder, with a whistle. "It's a rotten shame!"

"The shamefulness is terrific, my esteemed Wibley!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, sadly.

"Rotten!" said Johnny Bull.

"Poor old Wib!" said Nugent.

"By gum, we'll rag that little beast, Mossoo, for this!" growled Bolsover major.

"You—you—you're really going?" exclaimed Peter Todd.

"In the morning!" mumbled Wibley.

"I—I suppose it was a bit thick, come to think of it—but—but—if they'd made it a flogging—I wouldn't mind so much—but—bunked! Oh crikey!"

"It's awfully rotten!" said Harry.

"But I suppose the Head couldn't do anything else if Mossoo put it to him—"

"The little beast said he would resign if I wasn't bunked!" groaned Wibley. "No loss if he did, blow him! Quelch put in a word for me—he's not a bad old bean—but it was no use! Sacked!"

"Cheeky little froggy beast!" said Skinner.

"Well, beaks are such asses!" remarked the Bounder. "It was only a joke really—but beaks have their own way of looking at things. That excitable little beast was bound to go off at the deep end."

"We'll make him sit up for it!" grunted Squiff.

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"By gum, we'll make him sorry for himself!" said the Bounder, his eyes glinting. "We'll make the little brute tired of life!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Even Wharton won't stand up for him now!" added Skinner, with a sneer.

Harry Wharton frowned.

"It's no good talking rot, you fellows," he said. "I'm as sorry for what's happened to Wibley, as any man here, but—well, it was too thick! Mauly told us so, and we ought to have taken his tip. Suppose it had been Quelch, or Prout, or Capper that was guyed like that? The fellow would have been sacked like a shot for doing it!"

"We'll make Froggy squirm, all the same!" said Vernon-Smith. "Cheeky little beast—getting a Remove man sacked!"

"Dash it all, it's too thick!" said Bob Cherry. "Mossoo's generally a good-natured little ass, too!"

"He's got it in for Wibley!" said Skinner. "He can't get over Wib calling him a silly little ass!"

"Yes, that's it!" mumbled Wibley.

"The little beast had his back up with me already, and then this—"

"It's a shame!"

"Rotten shame!"

Wingate of the Sixth looked in at the door. He had given the Remove all the extra minutes they were going to get.

"Turn in!" he said.

The Remove turned in.

Wibley fell, rather than got into bed. It was the knock-out for poor Wib.

Wingate put out the lights, and went.

Immediately the door closed on the prefect, there was a buzz of voices.

Indignation reigned in the Remove. The epithets that were applied to Monsieur Charpentier, would probably have made his scanty hair curl, could he have heard them. Every fellow had something to say.

Certainly it was true that had the victim of Wib's mockery been any other master at Greyfriars, the offender would have been promptly sacked. There could hardly be a doubt on that subject. It was difficult to imagine what the feelings of Quelch or Prout would have been had they found themselves impersonated, parodied, imitated, and held up to derisive laughter.

But at Greyfriars, as at other schools, the French master was not taken so seriously as a Form-master.

He was the victim of many raggings; and between good-nature and weakness of character, he generally allowed the raggers to get by with it unpunished. So, to many of the fellows, it seemed a cheek on Mossoo's part to cut up so exceedingly rusty as this. It was as if a spaniel had suddenly turned into a fierce Alsatian.

"Cheeky little beast!" was the general verdict.

Fellows who considered that there was something to be said for Mossoo, did not say it, out of consideration for Wibley. Everybody was concerned for Wibley. Even Bunter and Skinner spared a thought from themselves on this tragic occasion.

Indignation and sympathy perhaps helped to console Wibley a little. Perhaps he was consoled by the prospect of the ruthless ragging of Mossoo for the rest of the term, after he was gone. But such consolations were slight.

He was sacked! He had to travel home in the morning to face a surprised, angry, and indignant father!

The more poor Wib thought of that, the less he felt equal to facing it. He felt that wild horses would hardly drag him home, to face the painful scene that awaited him there.

It was hard enough to leave Greyfriars. It was harder to face what had to follow.

He turned over in his mind friends and relations with whom he could, perhaps, put up for a few days, while his father got over the shock. Perhaps, at the back of his mind, was a faint, lingering hope that Mossoo, given time, might relent. It all hung on Mossoo—only a word from him to the Head was needed, to wash out that awful sentence of the sack. And he had always, hitherto, been regarded at Greyfriars as a good-natured little ass.

"I can't go home!" Wibley remarked, suddenly.

"It will be tough, I suppose, poor old chap!" said Bob Cherry.

"I can't face the pater! What the dickens am I to say to him?" groaned Wibley. "I don't know what I'm going to do—but I'm jolly well not going home, I've settled that!"

"My dear chap—" said Harry soothingly.

"That's settled," said Wibley.

"I'm going to give the pater a few days to chew on it before I trickle in. I can put up somewhere, I suppose."

"For goodness' sake, don't be an ass, old chap!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Your pater will be expecting you. The Head's sure to write to-night, and he will get the letter in the morning."

"All the more reason!" said Wibley. "I'm going to give him time to get used to it before I blow in. Suppose that little beast got over his tantrums—then I needn't go at all, see?"

"Not likely, old bean," said the Bounder.

"Might be a chance!" said Wibley hopefully.

It was much later than usual before the Remove went to sleep that night. Latest of all was William Wibley in closing his eyes.

Long after the other fellows were asleep, and Billy Bunter's snore was awakening the echoes, Wib lay sleepless, thinking it over.

And it was in the silent watches of the night, as he lay wakeful, that a strange, startling and utterly amazing scheme germinated in his mind—and took root there and grew, and became a settled thing before Wibley, at last, closed his eyes and slumbered.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Wib Is Mysterious!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. turned out at the clang of the rising-bell, in the sunny July morning, looking much less cheerful than was their wont.

Every fellow in the Form was worried about poor old Wib.

That morning he had to go!

While the rest of the Remove were going into the Form-room, as usual, Wibley was to catch his train at Courtfield, in charge of a master or a prefect, and travel home to face the pater who had received the Head's letter stating that his son was expelled from Greyfriars.

It was dismal to think of.

Some of Wib's friends were worried, too, by his declaration that he was not going home immediately.

He had, of course, to go home. Whatever awaited him there, he had to face the music. It was simply potty to think of hanging about somewhere for a few days before he faced it. As for his lingering hope that Mossos might get over his tantrums, and that the sentence might be washed out, it was clear to every fellow but Wibley that there was nothing in that.

He just had to go home when he was sent. On the other hand, it was certainly the case that, once left in the train, he could get out at any station he liked, if the spirit moved him so to do.

That was not likely to make matters better—but Wib, who was an ass in many ways, clever as he was in other ways, was probably ass enough to do it. So it was a worry to fellows who wished him well.

At the breakfast-table that morning Wibley rather surprised the Remove by wearing a much more cheerful aspect.

The previous night he had been quite knocked out. But he seemed to have got over that to a considerable extent.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and no doubt Wibley was buoyed up by his hope that, given time, Mossos might think twice about it. More probably he was bucked by some scheme in his active brain for dodging the trouble he had brought on himself.

Anyhow, he looked much more cheerful, and ate his breakfast with a good appetite.

Harry Wharton glanced at him keenly several times. Wibley's renewed cheerfulness and confidence made him dread that Wib had some potty scheme in his head which it would be better for him not to carry out.

After breakfast, Mr. Quelch spoke to that expelled member of his Form with grave kindness.

"Wibley!"

"Yes, sir!"

"When the bell rings for class, you will go and pack your box. Wingate of the Sixth Form will take you to the station. Your father has been informed that you will reach home by noon to-day. I am sorry, Wibley; I hope you will do better at another school."

"Thank you, sir!" said Wibley demurely.

Mr. Quelch gave him a rather sharp glance. He was a little puzzled by the junior's cheerful self-possession, and by a faint gleam of mockery in his eyes.

He said no more, and the Remove went out, Harry Wharton joining Wibley as they went.

"Look here, old chap," said Harry, "I hope you're not thinking of doing anything idiotic."

"Do I ever?" asked Wibley.

"Lots of times, old fellow! Look here, you really must go straight home when Wingate shoves you in the train," said the captain of the Remove anxiously.

"Think so?" asked Wibley.

"My dear chap," urged Wharton, "you can't wander about the country not letting your people know what's become of you!"

"Hardly!" agreed Wibley. "But I can get the pater on the phone." He grinned. "I'd rather speak to him, in the circumstances, from the end of a long wire! Wouldn't you?"

"Well, yes, perhaps; but for goodness' sake don't play the goat, Wib! You'll have to stay somewhere—"

"Quite!"

"You'll have to tell your father—"

"Of course, I shall tell him."

"Well, you ass, he's pretty certain to come and bag you—"

"That depends!" said Wibley. "Suppose I tell him that it's been arranged for me to stay on at Greyfriars, after all, while Monsieur Charpentier gives the matter further consideration."

Wharton stared at him blankly.

"But it hasn't!" he gasped.

"It has!" said Wibley.

"Not by the Head?"

"Oh, no!"

"By whom, then?"

"Me!"

"You!" gasped Wharton.

"Me!" assented Wibley. "Moi qui vous parle, as that little beast puts it in his frog-language."

"Are you off your dot?"

"No—are you?"

"Look here, old chap, you're talking utter rot!" said the captain of the Remove, more worried and anxious than ever. "How can you stay on at the school without the Head's permission?"

"Easy—I shan't ask him."

"Do you mean that you'll come back after Wingate has taken you to the station—or what?" asked the mystified captain of the Remove.

"Sort of."

"But you'll be bagged as soon as ever you're spotted, and sent home again, with a prefect to see you all the way."

"Might not be spotted," suggested Wibley.

Harry Wharton gave a jump.

"You ass! Do you think you could hide in the school?"

"Of course not, fathead! How could I?"

"Then you're bound to be spotted as soon as you show up."

"Think so?"

"Well, how will you avoid it?" demanded Wharton.

"Might become invisible."

"Wha-a-a-at?"

"Invisible!"

Wibley walked away with that, leaving Wharton rooted.

The captain of the Remove was still staring blankly when the Co. joined him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's up?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Wibley!" gasped Wharton. "I say, think the shock has—has—has— Well, does he strike you as being a bit off his rocker?"

"Not quite!" said Bob. "He's a good bit more cheerful than I expected to see him this morning, that's all."

"Well, if he isn't batty, I can't make it out!" said Harry. "I'll tell you what he said—don't tell the other fellows."

And he repeated Wibley's extraordinary words, the Co. listening in amazement.

"Pulling your leg!" said Johnny Bull.

"Well, Wib's no end of a leg-puller," admitted Harry, "but I shouldn't have expected a fellow just sacked to find any amusement in leg-pulling."

"He's got some potty scheme in his head!" said Frank Nugent. "I could see that in his eye."

"But what?"

"Goodness knows!"

It was a mystifying puzzle to the Famous Five.

If there were the remotest chance of old Wib staying on at Greyfriars, they would have welcomed it gladly. But they could see no such chance. It was, perhaps, barely possible that, with the lapse of time, Mossos's customary kindness of heart might reassert itself, and he might repent him of his severity. But it was clear that Wibley could not remain at the school on that chance. He could not remain at all—not for an hour, let alone for days!

So, unless Wibley was simply leg-pulling, it was difficult to understand him. And Wharton did not think that it was merely leg-pulling.

When the bell went for class, fellows said good-bye to Wibley, with many expressions of friendly concern.

Most of them, naturally, expected to see Wib looking down in the mouth.

He was, however, quite cheerful; and there was, indeed, a sparkle in his eye that seemed to hint of agreeable anticipation. It gave other fellows, as well as Wharton, the impression that Wib had some "potty" scheme in his mind—some mysterious card up his sleeve, as it were.

But whatever that scheme might be, and whatever delusive hopes Wib might entertain, nobody in the Remove really expected to see him at Greyfriars again.

The juniors went into their Form-room, nothing doubting that they had seen the last of William Wibley.

And Wibley, still looking cheery, went in to pack.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Gone!

MR. QUELCH, in the Remove-room, did not find it easy to hold the attention of his Form that morning.

The thoughts of the Remove fellows naturally wandered to the member of the Form who had been expelled, and who was leaving the school before they came out in break.

Quelch himself was in a thoughtful and not happy mood. He did not like a member of his Form "sacked." Moreover, that extreme sentence had been passed, not on some reckless young rascal like the Bounder, but on a fellow whose offence, after all, was only want of thought and circumspection. Quelch had a feeling that Wibley, though he had certainly asked for it, had had rather hard measure. He was conscious of some feeling of resentment towards the French master.

However, the fiat had gone forth; and that was that. Quelch had given Wibley permission to telephone home before he started; he was glad to show any little kindness and consideration towards a fellow who was going for good.

He little dreamed of what Wibley was saying over the phone, while the Remove sat in first school with their Form-master.

Having packed, Wibley went down and entered Mr. Quelch's study, carefully closing the door after him.

He sat down at the telephone and rang up his home number.

Perhaps Wib's heart was beating a little faster than usual. But he was quite cool.

The scheme that had formed in his active brain while he lay sleepless the previous night in the Remove dormitory was now cut and dried—fixed and immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Wibley had settled on what he was going to do. And what he was going to do would have made all Greyfriars jump, had it been known, or even surmised, in the school.

Wibley was the man for weird wheezes; but this "wheeze" was the weirdest and most wonderful that even Wib's remarkable brain had ever evolved.

His father's voice came through from his distant home.

Wib's heart gave a little pop. But he kept cool.

"Will speaking from Greyfriars, father!" he said.

"You young rascal!"

"Yes, father!"

"You little idiot!"

"Um! Yes, father."

"You idiotic young jackanapes!"

Mr. Wibley's voice and remarks sounded as if he was cross. The Head's letter that morning evidently had not pleased him.

"You were always a fool, Will!" went on the parental voice. "With your silly tricks and practical jokes, and idiotic play-acting stunts. But I never thought—I never dreamed—that you would get yourself expelled from school by your absurdities."

"But, father—"

"Pah! You are a troublesome young rascal! I have a great mind to give you the thrashing of your life when you reach home!"

Mr. Wibley's voice sounded very earnest. Wib was rather glad that he had decided to steer clear of home for the present.

"Why have you rung up?" snapped Mr. Wibley. "I have your headmaster's letter, which has explained

everything. What have you to say for yourself, you young jackanapes?"

"I never meant any harm, father," murmured Wibley.

"Oh, of course not!" Mr. Wibley's voice came in tones of savage sarcasm. "When you parodied your Uncle Arthur last holidays, and he caught you, and flew into a rage, you meant no harm! It has caused him to cut you out of his will! But, of course, you meant no harm! By Jove! You wait till you get home! I am going to sort out my thickest walking-stick!"

Only too plainly, Mr. Wibley was cross that morning!

"You won't need it, father!" murmured Wibley. "As it turns out, I'm not coming home to-day."

"What?"

"There's a—a—a chance for me here, father." Wibley stammered a little. "I'm staying on for a bit."

"Oh!" Mr. Wibley's voice softened considerably. "That is good news, my boy. After all, you are only a fool—there is no real harm in you. I see no reason why your headmaster should not take a lenient view. From his letter, however, I concluded that the matter was definitely settled."

"So—so—so it is! But—"

"But what?"

"It depends on Froggy, father—"

"On whom?"

"I mean, on the French master. He's fearfully shirty at present, but if he gets over it, just a word from him to the Head will wash it out. My Form-master doesn't want me to go, and the Head would go easy—but Froggy is mad with rage at present."

"Do you expect him to be pleased at being held up to ridicule before the whole school?"

"I—I never meant any harm."

"Pah! You are a fool, Will! But what do you mean? If he is mad with rage, as you express it, you have nothing to hope from him."

"He's not a bad little ass, really."

"What?"

"I mean, he flies into fearful tempers, but he gets over them. In a few days, I believe he will be sorry that he came down so heavy," explained Wibley. "Of course, if I came home, that would be the finish! But if I'm still here, I think it very likely it will turn out all right when Mossos got over his tantrums. You—you'll let me stay, in the circumstances, father?"

"What? Certainly! Of course! Do you think I want you home in the middle of the term? Do you think I want you expelled? Try not to be a fool, Will!"

"Oh! I—I'll try!" gasped William Wibley. "Then—then I may stay on at Greyfriars for the next few days, father?"

"Most decidedly I am glad to hear that you have such an opportunity. It is a surprise to me, after what your headmaster said in his letter. But I am very glad to hear it."

Mr. Wibley's tones registered relief. "I—I can't answer for the result, father. But I think—I hope—it will be all right. I'm going to do my best. And—and if Froggy comes round, as—as I hope—I shan't be leaving."

"Good!"

"So—so you won't expect me home to-day, father. I—I'll write later, if I have to leave. But—I hope not."

"I am glad, very glad, to hear this, Will," said Mr. Wibley, very cordially. "Do your best, my boy. I shall hope for the best. It will be a heavy blow to me if you have to leave Greyfriars."

"I'll do everything I can, father," assured Wibley. "So glad that I've relieved your mind. Good-bye, dad!"

"Good-bye, my boy!"

Wibley rang off, and put up the receiver.

He stood in Mr. Quelch's study breathing rather hard.

He was fairly committed to it now.

He had his father's leave to stay on at Greyfriars. Certainly Mr. Wibley never dreamed for a moment that he was staying on without the headmaster's knowledge. Well as he knew his rather remarkable son, Mr. Wibley was not likely to dream of the amazing stunt Wib had planned.

It was all right at the home end, and Wibley had to make it all right at the Greyfriars end. That he was going to do.

If his stunt failed, he was no worse off. If it succeeded, the "sack" was washed out. And, in either case, it would be a tremendous lark—a wonderful exercise of Wibley's weird powers in the play-acting line.

Wibley walked out of the study.

The taxi that was to take him to the station was waiting at the door; and Trotter had placed his baggage on it. Wingate of the Sixth was waiting for him.

"Oh, here you are, kid!" said the Greyfriars captain. "Hop in!"

Wibley hopped in.

Wingate followed him, and the taxi drove out of the gates.

It was heard in the Remove Form-room, and the Removites exchanged glances. They knew that Wibley was going.

It was a silent drive to Courtfield.

At the station, Wingate got a ticket and gave it to Wibley; saw the junior's bags put on the train, and saw him into his carriage.

He shook hands with him at the carriage door—which was a great distinction, from the captain of the school.

"Good-bye, kid!" said Wingate. "Sorry you're going!"

"Like to see me come back, Wingate?" asked Wibley.

The Greyfriars captain stared at him.

"Oh, yes; if it were possible," he answered. "I'm afraid it's not much use thinking of that, Wibley. When a fellow's sacked, he's sacked. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Wingate!"

Wingate stood back and watched the train roll out of the station.

When it was gone, he left the station, to return to Greyfriars. Wibley, as he supposed, was bound for home—as he had no knowledge or suspicion of that peculiar talk on the telephone in Quelch's study.

And Wingate certainly did not guess that when the train stopped at Lantham Junction William Wibley stepped out of it, gathered his baggage, and took the next train back to Courtfield!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Disappearance of William Wibley!

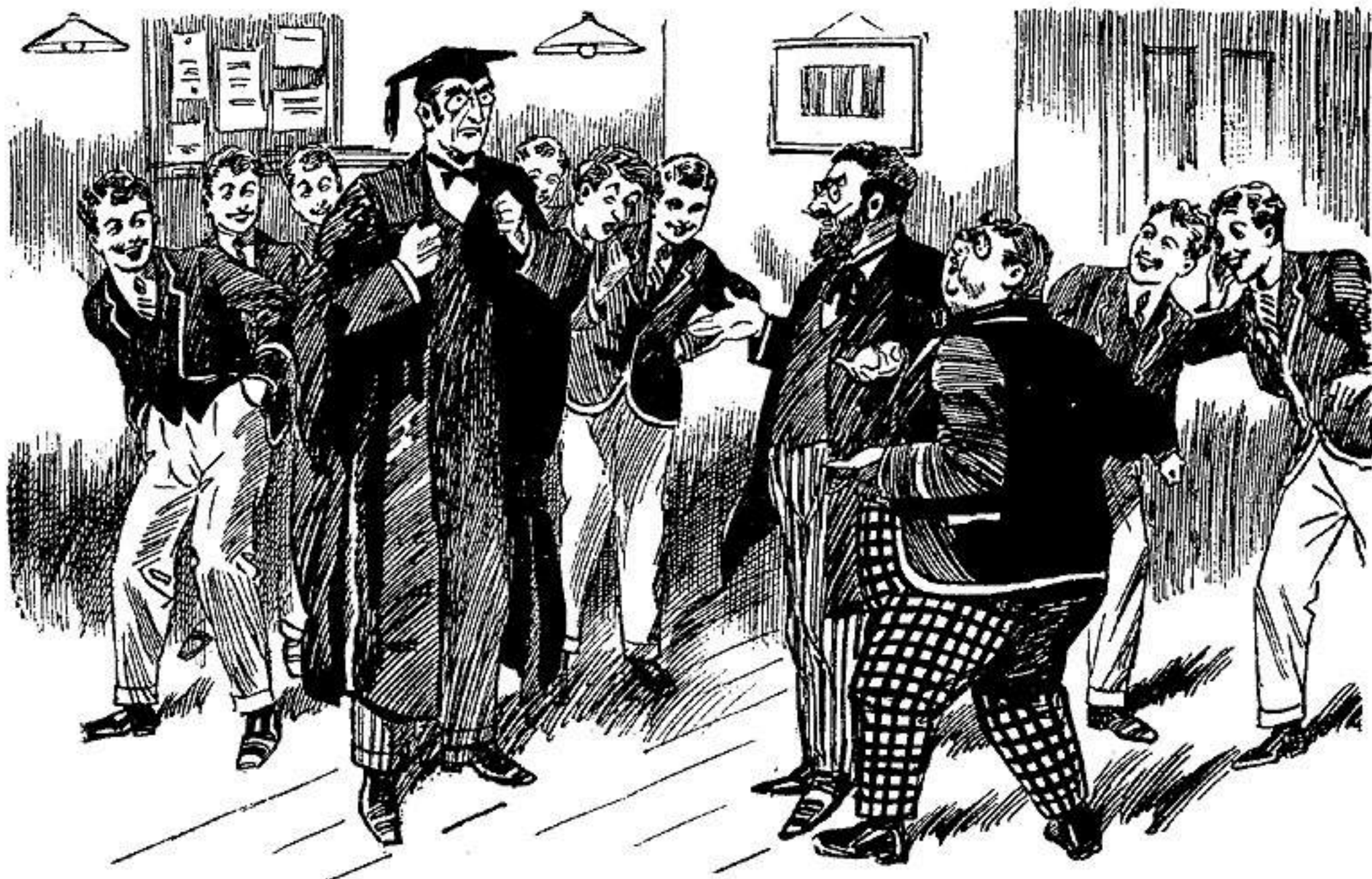
MR. ISAAC SOLOMON LAZARUS was standing at the door of his shop, looking out into the High Street of Courtfield, that sunny July morning.

Business was not brisk, at the moment, in any of the many departments of Mr. Lazarus' establishment.

Having time on his hands, Mr. Lazarus looked forth into the sunny morning and hoped to spot a customer.

So he smiled expansively at the sight of one of his best customers coming down the High Street.

Mr. Lazarus was always pleased to



"Unless you immediately express your acknowledgments to Monsieur Charpentier, Bunter," thundered Mr. Quelch, "I shall cane you!" "Oh lor'! I—I say, I—I—I—" Bunter blinked at the disguised Wibley. "I—I say, I'm awfully obliged, old chap—" "What!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "How dare you address Monsieur Charpentier in such familiar terms?"

see William Wibley, of the Greyfriars Remove.

Wibley, as president, secretary, general manager, and everything else, in the Remove Dramatic Society, had the funds of that society to expend—and most of his own liberal pocket-money went the same way.

Wibley spent money on theatrical gadgets as recklessly as Billy Bunter expended it on tuck. Whenever there was a play put on by the R.D.S., Wibley had all the arrangements in his hands, and the sums expended were sometimes quite considerable.

So, on a summer's morning, when there was little doing, Mr. Lazarus was naturally glad to see him.

He was a little surprised to see him during class-time at the school, and to see him coming from up the High Street—the direction of the railway station—instead of from down the High Street, in the direction of Greyfriars.

But he concluded, naturally, that Wibley had leave out of school. He was, of course, wholly unaware of the late exciting occurrences at Greyfriars. It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and no doubt the Greyfriars juniors had some theatrical stunt on, and Wibley was seeing to it, as usual. That was Mr. Lazarus' natural conclusion.

He beamed on Wibley.

"Nithe morning, Master Wibley!" said Mr. Lazarus. "Very nithe thummer we're getting. Vat can I do for you?"

Wibley entered rather hastily. He did not want a chance eye to fall on him in Courtfield, if he could help it.

The extraordinary stunt that Wib had evolved required the most profound secrecy.

"I want a few things for a stunt I've

got on hand, Mr. Lazarus," said Wibley cheerfully. "It's a bit out of the common. I want you to help me with some make-up, too."

"Pleathed!" said Mr. Lazarus, beaming.

In his younger days the second-hand merchant of Courtfield had had a lot of theatrical experience, and he had often lent Wibley his aid in experiments in the make-up line.

"You are doing thome new play?" he asked.

"Not exactly a play—an impersonation," explained Wibley. "One of my impersonations, you know."

"I underthand," assented Mr. Lazarus. "Come into the drething-room."

"I've got to make up as a schoolboy of my own age," Wibley further elucidated. "But it's got to be good work—not a chance of my being recognised. The whole success of the thing depends on that."

"Eathy enough to you, Master Wibley."

"Yes, I think I can do that kind of thing pretty well," agreed Wibley complacently. "But this isn't as easy as making up with beard, and whiskers, and things. Let's look over the stuff."

They proceeded to look over Mr. Lazarus' almost unlimited stock of theatrical disguises and gadgets, in the dressing-room.

Wibley changed his clothes for a second-hand suit in good condition, a little too large for him, with a little skilful padding here and there.

This made him look a size larger than he really was. Elevators in his shoes added to the effect.

His figure, when he had finished, looked nothing like Wib's own slim, and, in fact, rather bony figure. He was taller

and bulkier than William Wibley of the Remove.

His hair, which was rather tallowy in hue, was cropped close, and over it Wibley fitted a dark brown wig, the hair a little longer than his own.

Wib's skill in these matters was wonderful. When he had finished adjusting that wig, it looked as if it grew there.

He surveyed the effect in a pier-glass, grinning with satisfaction, with the good-humoured Mr. Lazarus grinning over his shoulder.

"Now my rosy complexion's got to go!" remarked Wibley.

Mr. Lazarus opened an extensive make-up box.

Wibley got to work before the glass.

He had a magic hand at make-up. In a few minutes he had a rather pasty complexion, quite unlike his own.

Then his eyelashes and eyebrows were darkened; and by that time there was little that was recognisable about William Wibley.

But it was upon his command of his almost elastic features that Wib chiefly depended. Even without make-up, he could make himself look quite unlike himself by a twist of those features.

Mr. Lazarus grinned and chuckled as he stood grimacing before the glass, practising new expressions.

When Wibley had finished, he looked no more like Wibley of the Remove than like any other fellow in that Form.

"Think you'd know me, Mr. Lazarus?" he inquired.

Mr. Lazarus chuckled.

"Not from Adam, Master Wibley," he answered. "I don't think your Form-master at the thchool would know you now."

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Wibley grinned.

Mr. Lazarus was not aware that that was his aim.

"Well, I think that's all right," he said. "There'll be a few more things. You see, the part I've got to play is that of a new boy at school. See?"

"I thee!" assented Mr. Lazarus.

"I'm going to arrive there in a taxi, just as if I was a real new boy," explained Wibley.

"Oh, by Chove!" exclaimed Mr. Lazarus.

Used as he was to Wibley's stunts, he was rather surprised at this. It was rather unusual, even for Wibley.

"Would you have the nerve?" he asked.

"My dear chap, I've got nerve enough for anything," said Wibley, "and that's all it needs. Think the porter will know me?"

"Hardly!" grinned Mr. Lazarus.

"I shall pass in all right like this!" said Wibley.

"My cootness! But if you are thpotted playing thuch a trick, won't you be caned?" asked Mr. Lazarus.

"I'm chancing that. Not likely—anyhow, who's going to spot me? I don't think even Quelch's gimlet-eyes would penetrate this. I'm going to put it to the test, and if it turns out all right I shall be keeping these things; otherwise, they're on hire—see?"

"I thee! I hope it will turn out a thuccess!" said Mr. Lazarus cordially.

Wibley's idea, so far as Mr. Lazarus could see, was to test his make-up for the part of a "new boy" in some school play. Certainly, if he arrived at Greyfriars in this guise, and passed muster, it would be as thorough a test as he could desire. No doubt it required some nerve; but Wibley was amply blessed with nerve.

Further than that, Mr. Lazarus suspected nothing. Certainly it never occurred to him that Wibley had any idea of actually carrying on as a new boy at Greyfriars. He was not likely to guess that one!

"Now, I'm sending my box here," went on Wibley. "The thing's got to be done thoroughly."

"Your box?" ejaculated Mr. Lazarus.

"Yes; I want the name painted out and new initials painted on. You see, a new boy couldn't arrive without a box."

"My cootness!"

"And all the things in the box—shirts and things—have got to have the old tags taken off and new ones put on, with the new initials," went on Wibley.

"My cootness!" repeated Mr. Lazarus.

"You see, the house-dame will nose into the box, and I don't want to be given away first shot."

"I—I—I thee!" gasped Mr. Lazarus.

"Let's see, what initials shall I have?" said Wibley, in a casual sort of way. "Nothing like my own. Say A. P. That will do! The initials are to be A. P. Got that?"

"Yeth!" gasped Mr. Lazarus.

"I shall have to buy a few things—I can get them at Chunkley's, with the name on—collars, and so on!" said Wibley thoughtfully. "But most of my things will do all right, with the initials altered."

"But—" gasped Mr. Lazarus.

"You can get that done, Mr. Lazarus, by the afternoon?"

"Oh, yeth! But—"

"You see, if a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing thoroughly," said

Wibley. "I'm not leaving a single thing to chance. Never mind the expense—it's worth that, to make the thing a success."

"Very vell, Master Wibley! Jutht as you like."

"Then I'll get the box sent along, and leave it to you, Mr. Lazarus! I'll call for it this afternoon. That all right?"

"Oh! Yeth!"

"Now I'll trot along to the bun-shop for a spot of lunch," remarked Wibley.

"Like that?" gasped Mr. Lazarus.

"Like this!" assented Wibley. "You see, they know me at the bun-shop, and it will put it to the test. See?"

"Oh, my cootness! Yeth, I thee!"

William Wibley, in his new guise, walked out of Mr. Lazarus' shop and coolly took his way up the High Street.

The old gentleman stared after him, and ejaculated several times, "My cootness!"

He was used to Wibley going to any amount of trouble and expense to ensure the success of his theatrical stunts. But this extent of trouble and expense was rather unusual and surprising.

But surprised as Mr. Lazarus was, he was ready to oblige. He was quite at the service of that excellent customer—and not for the remotest moment did it cross his mind that a new boy whose initials were "A. P." was expected at Greyfriars, and that Wibley was going there as that new boy! Mr. Lazarus was a very keen and wary old gentleman, but the keenest and wariest of old gentlemen could really never have been expected to guess that!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Rather a Rag!

BANG!

A desk-lid dropped, with a report like a rifle.

Bang, bang, bang!

Other lids followed suit, like machine-guns going strong.

"Mon Dieu! Mais c'en est trop!" exclaimed Monsieur Charpentier. "I demand ze silence, ze ordair in zis class."

Mossoo was not likely to get what he demanded!

Third School, that morning, was French with Mossoo. The Remove were glad of it. They were always rather glad of a French class, because it meant idling for the slackers, and ragging for the more boisterous spirits. But now the gladfulness was terrific, as Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh expressed it.

Mossoo had got a Remove man sacked. Mossoo was going to be made to sit up for it, if it was within the powers of the Greyfriars Remove to make him sit up. And undoubtedly it was!

Rags in the French class were by no means uncommon—but generally they were good-humoured. Now good humour was lacking. There was a grim determination about the rag that started as soon as the Lower Fourth found themselves in the French master's class-room.

Fellows who generally stood for law and order were silent now. Lord Mauleverer was always against ragging Froggy, and Harry Wharton generally stopped it as far as he could. Bob Cherry, whose exuberant nature rather ran to ragging, was often restrained by good nature, and indeed he had sometimes punched Skinner, when Skinner piled it on too thick. And studious fellows, like Mark Linley, would rather have learned French, than ragged the French master. But now all this was changed—in all the Remove, there was not a fellow who felt disposed to say a word for Henri Charpentier. Even the

calm and placid Lord Mauleverer was annoyed with him.

Poor old Wib was gone. He had had it in the neck—and why? Simply for making fun of Froggy! Skinner declared that if Froggy didn't want to be made fun of, he shouldn't be a funny little ass! And the Remove fellows agreed that he shouldn't.

Lots of times Wib had made fun of Froggy, in the same way, up in the Remove. This time there was a fearful fuss about it, because he had given his impersonation as a show in the Rag! Really, it was because he had been caught at it; but he had done it so many times uncaught, that it seemed awfully rough luck for the chopper to come down like this.

That morning, there was going to be a rag—a record rag. It would let the little beast understand what the Remove thought of him, for getting a member of their Form bunked!

Poor old Wib, they had no doubt, was home by that time—dismally facing an irate parent! All Froggy's fault! Froggy was going to be made to understand that he couldn't do these things!

Bang, bang, bang, bang! went the desk-lids.

Monsieur Charpentier waved his hands in wild gesticulations. It was seldom quiet in a junior French set: Mossoo was accustomed to carrying on in a buzz. But he could not carry on in this tremendous din.

"Smeeth!" he roared.

Vernon-Smith looked at him with cool contempt.

"Did you speak to me?" he asked.

"Mais oui! I speak to you, Smeeth!"

"Then would you mind calling me by my name?" asked the Bounder. "My name is not Smeeth."

"Take one hundred lines, Smeeth!"

"A thousand, if you like!" said Smithy.

"Vat? Vat? Vat you say, Smeeth?" spluttered Monsieur Charpentier. "Zat is impertinence! It is impertinence of ze most gross! Take a zousand lines!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang, bang!

"Skinnair! You make one noise viz a desk!"

"Oh, quite an accident, sir!" yawned Skinner.

"Zose accidents shall not happen viz zemselves in zis class-room. I keep ze ordair here, or I know ze reason vy not." Monsieur Charpentier clutched up a cane. "Ze next boy zat bang ze desk, je frappe—I beat him!"

Bang!

It was like Billy Bunter, of course!

Other fellows, at that point, realised that it was judicious to stop the desk-banging, but not Bunter!

Bang! went Bunter's desk-lid.

"Ciel! Buntair! Mauvais garçon! Very bad one!" shrieked Monsieur Charpentier. "You are one of ze most bad! Voila! Take zat!"

Whack!

"Yaroooh!" roared Billy Bunter, as he took it across his fat shoulders.

Whack!

"Ow! Oh orikey! Wow! It was an accident!" roared Bunter. "I didn't do it on purpose, and I only did it because Skinner did! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Taisez-vous! Maintenant, silence in ze class!" panted Monsieur Charpentier. "Sherry, shuffle not ze feet!"

Bob's feet were seldom still. Now they were more active than usual. However, he ceased to shuffle them for a moment, as Mossoo's glittering eye turned on him.

Thud!

(Continued on page 22.)

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE

A TOUR OF GREYFRIARS. (No. 2. GOSLING'S LODGE)

(1)
In "ten-sixty-six and all that,"
Old William the Conk landed high
And dry on a wild Kentish flat
To give Harold "one in the eye!"
Along with the Normans there came
A boko of various tints
Attached to one, Gosling by name,
Who's lived here in Kent ever since.

(2)
His face, you will note, wears a frown.
He asks us: "Now wot d'ye want
'ere?"
But if you've a spare half-a-crown,
You'll see Gossy's frown disappear.
That's right! It's a very neat dodge!
Already his face has a grin.
Now ask him to show you his lodge,
And see how he'll welcome you in!

AFTER SCHOOL HOURS

Passage Cricket

(1)
From somewhere upstairs there's a din,
It's just the Remove playing cricket!
With a stump for a bat, Smithy's "in,"
A wastepaper-basket's the wicket!
The passage, of course, is the pitch,
And Wharton is busily rolling
An old tied-up ink-duster, which
Is quite a hard ball when he's bowling.

(2)
The umpire (Dick Rake) hollers:
"Play!"
And Wharton sends down an off
spinner
Which Vernon-Smith wallops away
To land on the boko of Skinner!
This counts as a boundary—four,
(It's six if it lands on Bolsover!)
The bowler delivers one more,
Which Smithy cuts out towards cover.

(3)
There Nugent brings off a great catch;
He makes it by suddenly diving!
And just at this point in the match
We see a few prefects arriving!
They won't let us finish the game,
Their canes get to work and we
scatter!
We think it a very great shame—
Alas, what we think doesn't matter!



When you see Peter Todd you will grin,
He really is awfully thin!
But he grew, so they say,
Twice as fat in a day;
It turned out he'd swallowed a pin!

(3)
The little stone lodge in the past
Was held by a monk clad in grey,
Who sat there in silence to fast,
Like Gosling (I don't think!) to-day.
The windows are ancient and small,
(But not so much trouble to clean),
So just scratch your name on the wall,
And let's see what else can be seen.
(Next week: "The Elm Walk.")

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET



GEORGE BLUNDELL

(Captain of the Fifth Form)

B is for BLUNDELL—bow the knee!
Captain of the Fifth is he.
Big and strong, a decent sort,
Good at every kind of sport.
When Wingate picks his rowing crew,
George Blundell "puts his oar in," too!
When boxing tournaments are planned,
George Blundell's sure to "take a
hand."
At cricket, Blundell is a "catch,"
He "makes a hit" in every match.
To shine at footer is his "goal,"
He plays with all his "art and sole!"
I can't make any further puns,
(And, anyway, they're rotten ones!)
In plain King's English I will say
That Blundell—he ain't half O.K.!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

Eric Rice, Edgar Drage, Lancelot
Tollance, Noel and Leon Olne, Roland,
Ronald and Arnold Landor.



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

Peter Todd has been saying that the Remove studies ought to be artistically decorated. I suggest he starts by decorating Study No. 7 in black and blue to match Bunter when I catch him pinching my tuck!

I read in a book that it's the proper thing to stand up when spoken to by a master. At Greyfriars we usually bend over!

Somebody threw Skinner's hat into the river yesterday. We are sorry Skinner wasn't wearing it at the time!

Loder of the Sixth was caught doing a decent action the other day. He hung his head and promised never to do such a thing again!

I heard Quelch telling Lascelles that the new Income Tax is "a dreadful imposition." He ought to know a lot about dreadful impositions—he's just given me 500 lines!

PUZZLE PAR

Eight news boys arrived at Greyfriars, some of them being brothers. Their surnames were RICE, DRAGE, TOLLANCE, OLNE, and LANDOR. By re-arranging the letters of each surname, you can find their Christian names. What are they?

(Answer at foot of centre column.)

Why is Bunter like a pair of flannels?
They both shrink from washing!

Why is Charles the Second's oak-tree like the platform in Big Hall?

Because it's the place for a good hiding!

What did the chicken say when Coker's bike ran over him?

He used a lot of fowl language. (I don't blame him!)

A school book thudded on the floor. It was a signal, taken up all through the class!

Thud, thud, thud! went book after book. French class-books fell almost like leaves in Vallombrosa.

"Zat you stop!" howled Monsieur Charpentier. "Smeest, you drop one book! You take one more zousand lines. Skinnair, you drop ze book! Also you take one zousand lines! Now all of you pick up zose books!"

It was rather an unfortunate order for Mossoo to give. It gave the juniors an excuse for a general scramble—not that they needed a lot of excuse that morning.

Nearly every fellow left his Form, and started scrambling among the desks after the books.

Billy Bunter was rolled over by a playful shove from the rear, and yelled frantically as he rolled under the desks. Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent rushed to the rescue—pulling over a form with a terrific crash.

"Sherry—Nugent—" shrieked Mossoo.

"We're helping Bunter, sir—"

"He's fallen over, sir—"

"Now, then, stop barging!" roared Bolsover major. "Who's that barging me? I'll jolly well barge you!"

Crash went another form.

A dozen fellows were barging one another. Some of the books, when picked up, whizzed through the air, aimed by unknown hands. One dropped fairly on the head of Monsieur Charpentier.

He jumped clear of the floor.

"Ciel! Vat is zat? Mon Dieu! Zat you zrow ze book at my head! Zat is enoff! Zat is of ze too much! Take you ze places! Ecoutez! Take ze places at vunce."

"I haven't found my book yet, sir—"

"Some rotter's kicked my book somewhere, sir—"

"Gerroust of the way, Cherry!"

"You gerroust of the way, you rotter!"

Bump! Crash! Thud! Bang!

In all the Remove, only Lord Mauleverer was still sitting in his place. But he did not remain in it. Three or four cheery spirits barged the form over, and his lordship went over with it, with a roar.

"Oh, gad! Yarooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows! I say, gerroff my tummy! I say, that beast Skinner's sitting on my tummy, and he's squish-squish-squashing me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Zat you take ze place!" bawled Monsieur Charpentier. "Mon Dieu! I vill not have zis class-room like ze garden of ze bear! Smeest! Take zat, and zat!"

"Oh scissors!" yelled the Bounder as Mossoo, almost frantic by this time, lashed with the cane.

"And zat," roared Mossoo, "and zat!"

Vernon-Smith dodged out of the desks. Mossoo was getting dangerous. The Bounder dodged across the class-room and round the master's desk. Mossoo was pursuing, with brandished cane, when three or four fellows suddenly barged into his back, and he went stumbling, and fell on his hands and knees.

"Ciel!" gasped Mossoo.

Whiz!

Peter Todd tossed a volume up to the ceiling, and it came down, crack! on the back of Mossoo's head as he sprawled on all fours. It knocked his hapless head down, and his nose tapped on the floor.

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"Oooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mon Dieu! Nom d'un nom, d'un nom!" shrieked Mossoo.

He sat up, dizzily, holding his nose with one hand, and the back of his head with the other. It was really an extraordinary sight, and the juniors yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nom d'un nom! Name of one name!" spluttered Mossoo. "Name of a name of a dog!"

That expression, fearfully expressive in French, sounded so absurd in English that it added to the merriment.

The class-room rocked with laughter.

"Cave!" gasped Hazeldene suddenly.

The door opened.

Mr. Quelch stepped in.

The laughter died away.

Smitten with sudden gravity, the Remove stood and stared at their Form-master, while Mossoo, still sitting on the floor, clasping nose and head, spluttered, and in breathless tones invoked the name of a name of a dog!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not Nice for Mossoo!

MR. QUELCH glanced round Class-room No. 10.

It was in quite a startling state.

Half a dozen forms were over, and books were scattered on the floor. Not a fellow was in his place. All were on their feet, excepting Billy Bunter, who was sitting on the floor, rubbing his waistcoat tenderly. He seemed to have a pain where Skinner had sat.

"Are you aware," said Mr. Quelch, in a deep voice, "that this uproar can be heard all over the school?"

The juniors might have been aware of that, had they thought about it. But they hadn't. Still, now that Mr. Quelch mentioned it, they had no doubt that he was right. It had, in fact, been rather a rag.

Mr. Quelch's grim glance turned on Mossoo. There was a gleam of scorn in his icy eyes. A master who could not handle boys had scant respect from Henry Samuel Quelch.

The class-room looked as if a hurricane had struck it. Mossoo sat in the midst of the wreck like Marius in the ruins of Carthage. He sat and rubbed his nose and the back of his head, and spluttered. Mr. Quelch very nearly snorted at the sight.

"Can I assist you, Monsieur Charpentier?" he asked, unable to keep an inflection of sarcasm out of his voice.

"Mon Dieu!" Mossoo tottered to his feet.

His face, already crimson, was dyed a deep red, under the steely eyes of the Remove master. Mossoo did not like to realise that he was an ineffectual little man. But he had to realise it, under Quelch's cold glance.

"I fear," said Mr. Quelch, "that my Form are giving you unusual trouble this morning, sir."

"Holas! It is one garden of ze bear!" gasped Mossoo. "Zey are all bad, and every one of zem is badder zan ever vas before. All of zem are of ze most bad."

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!"

"What is the cause of this extraordinary uproar?"

As Harry Wharton hesitated to reply, the Bounder chimed in with perfect coolness.

"The fellows don't like Wibley being sacked, sir."

Mr. Quelch looked at him. There was a general expectation of an outburst of the vials of wrath. To the surprise of the juniors, Mr. Quelch answered quietly, almost mildly.

"That is no excuse for disorder in class, Vernon-Smith. Wharton, as head boy of the Form, you should have endeavoured to keep order here."

Wharton's face set rather obstinately.

"I tried to keep order in the French set yesterday, sir, and Monsieur Charpentier gave me five hundred lines of the *Henriade*."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch, rather non-plussed. There were lurking grins on some faces at Wharton's answer. "No doubt Monsieur Charpentier misunderstood, Wharton."

"Oh, yes, sir, I am sure he did! I think very likely he would have misunderstood again."

Mr. Quelch coughed.

"Put this class-room in order at once!" he said sharply.

No time was lost in obeying that order. Forms were set up, and books collected. Not even the Bounder dreamed of carrying on with the rag, under the gimlet eyes of the Remove master. The most reckless fellow in the Remove had no idea of rollicking and barging and scuffling.

Indeed, during those minutes, a stranger who did not know the Greyfriars Remove, might have mistaken them for a model Form.

The whole class took their places quietly.

Monsieur Charpentier mopped his heated face with a handkerchief.

He was glad to see order restored. But he was deeply humiliated at seeing it restored by another master.

A word from Quelch weighed more than all the hootings and frantic gesticulations of the excitable little French gentleman.

The juniors wondered what was coming next. They had so many lines on hand that it was unlikely that Quelch would add to them. He was the man to whop the whole Form, if the spirit moved him to do so. Which was, indeed, one of the reasons why the Remove suspected their Form-master.

But he was unusually and amazingly mild.

Order having been restored, he stood looking at the quiet class for a moment or two.

"Let there be no more of this disorder," he said at last. "I expect better behaviour than this from my Form."

He turned to Mossoo.

"I trust, Monsieur Charpentier, that you will have no further trouble with my Form."

With that Mr. Quelch walked out of Class-room No. 10.

"By gum!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Oh, gad!" breathed Lord Mauleverer.

"I say, you fellows, old Quelch don't like Wib being sacked any more than we do!" said Billy Bunter, in a loud whisper.

"Good old Quelch!" grinned the Bounder.

That, the juniors had no doubt, was the explanation.

Quelch made allowances for their resentment of Wibley's expulsion, which meant that, so far as a Form-master could, he sympathised.

It was an immense relief to the Remove. When Quelch stepped in they had had no doubt that they were all going through it.



Mr. Quelch stood and glanced round No. 10 Class-room. Forms were turned over, books were scattered on the floor, and in the midst of the wreck sat Monsieur Charpentier, rubbing the back of his head and spluttering. "I fear," said Mr. Quelch sarcastically, "that my Form are giving you unusual trouble this morning, sir!"

"Get on with it, you fellows!" muttered Bolsover major. "Quelch don't care!"

"Chuck it, fathead!" said Harry Wharton. "If Quelch comes back again, he won't go so easy."

"Oh, rot!"

Most of the fellows agreed with Wharton. They had had a rather narrow escape.

But Bolsover major was not to be argued with.

"Maintenant!" said Monsieur Charpentier.

Bang!

It was Bolsover's desk lid. It came down with a resounding crash. The bang rang through the silent class-room.

Mossoo began to splutter.

The door opened again, and Mr. Quelch reappeared. His eyes glittered over the class.

"I think I heard a desk lid fall," he remarked.

Dead silence.

"Whose was it?"

"M-m-mine, sir," stammered Bolsover major. "An-an-an accident, sir."

Bolsover could hardly have hoped to get by with that statement. And he did not. It might have been good enough for Mossoo; but it was not nearly good enough for Quelch.

"Such accidents, Bolsover, must not occur," said Mr. Quelch grimly. "May I borrow your cane, sir? Bolsover, stand out before the class! Now bend over that desk!"

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"You may go back to your place, Bolsover. Let there be no more such accidents here, please."

Mr. Quelch laid down the cane, and left the class-room again.

Bolsover major squirmed on his seat, with an almost demoniac expression on his face. But he was not thinking of any more accidents with desk lids. Three swipes were enough for Bolsover major.

The "rag" was over, now that Quelch had a special ear open for the Remove; but it had happily used up half the hour devoted to French—which was so much to the good, from the point of view of most of the juniors. Mossoo had been given the time of his life for that half-hour, which was also so much to the good. He was left in no doubt as to what the Remove thought of him for causing the expulsion of William Wibley.

French was resumed—or, rather, started—in Class-room No. 10.

For about fifteen minutes Monsieur Charpentier had an orderly class. Nobody wanted to bring Mr. Quelch back again.

Then, as Mossoo turned to his desk, something suddenly caught him in the back of the neck.

He spluttered and grabbed at it. It was an ink-ball, composed of blotting-paper screwed up with ink. It left an inky mark on Mossoo's neck, and it inked his fingers as he grabbed it.

"Who zrow zat?" shrieked Mossoo.

No answer.

The juniors sat and gazed at Mossoo with solemn faces.

Monsieur Charpentier spluttered wrath.

"Je demande—I ask of you, who zrow zat?" he bawled "Skinnair, is it zat you zrow?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Skinner.

"Smeet," spluttered Mossoo, "is it you zat zrow?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Vas it you, Buntair?"

"Oh crikey! No, sir!"

"Sherry—"

"Oh, no, sir!"

Monsieur Charpentier had to give it up. It might have been any one of more than two dozen young rascals; but he was very careful after that not to turn his back on his class.

It was a relief to Monsieur Charpentier when that class was dismissed. The juniors left him mopping a perspiring brow in Class-room No. 10, and they grinned cheerfully as they streamed out into the quad.

"That's the beginning," remarked the Bounder. "Lots more to come! Old Wib's gone, but we'll keep his memory green!"

And all the Remove agreed that they jolly well would!

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Hard Lines!

THAT afternoon, Wednesday, was a half-holiday—and it was easily the most utterly dismal half-holiday of the summer term.

While other Forms were out in the July sunshine—at cricket, or on the river—the Remove had to go into their Form-room to write lines.

Mr. Quelch shepherded them in, with a grim brow.

Every fellow who had been present at the entertainment in the Rag was "for it" in one way or another. Every member of the audience was considered to have participated in the act of disrespect to a member of the staff.

Shell fellows had been caned by Mr. Hacker; Hacker was rather liberal with the cane. Fags of the Third and Second had been given lines by Wiggins.

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and Twigg, though not on the generous scale of the lines handed out to the Remove. Fourth Form men had got off lightest; Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, contenting himself with giving Temple & Co. a "jaw"—which they did not mind very much.

The Remove were the most severely up against it—with five hundred lines for every man in the Form, and a thousand for the head boy.

Quelch had come down rather hard and heavy, no doubt desiring to impress on the minds of his Form that "guying" a master was a perilous amusement.

Not very reasonably, most of the juniors added that dismal afternoon to Mossoo's account. It intensified the bitterness of the "feud" with Froggy.

Really it was very unpleasant. It was a glorious summer afternoon; and if only it had rained they could have endured it more cheerfully. But blue skies and balmy breezes out of doors made that detention more dismal.

Harry Wharton had fixed up a practice game for that afternoon, in view of the approaching match with Rookwood. That had to be washed out. Other fellows, not in the cricket, had fixed up other things. Probably it was all to the good that arrangements made by fellows like Skinner and Snoop for the half-holiday were washed out—but they felt sore, all the same. The whole Form felt sore—on their own account and on Wibley's account. Their chief consolation was the recollection of the high old time they had given Froggy that morning, and the series of high old times they intended to give him during the remainder of the term.

Mr. Quelch sat at his high desk, busy with papers, while the Remove sat and scribbled lines.

A dismal hour lagged by, and then came an interruption.

Trotter, the House page, tapped at the Form-room door and put his head in. "The telephone, sir," said Trotter. "Sir Hilton Popper would like to speak to you, sir; he's 'olding on."

"Very good!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Wharton, I shall leave you in charge here for a few minutes."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch left the Form-room and rustled away to his study. The receiver was off the telephone, and he picked it up, not with a pleasant expression on his face.

He was a little fed-up with Sir Hilton Popper. Yesterday morning the baronet had telephoned to put off an appointment, stating that it was now uncertain whether his nephew Archibald would be coming to Greyfriars. Since then Mr. Quelch had heard nothing; and as Dr. Locke had not spoken on the subject, he concluded that the Head had heard nothing either.

Which was irritating. It was not agreeable for Sir Hilton to presume upon his position as a member of the governing board.

That Sir Hilton had telephoned the previous evening, in the belief that he was speaking to the Head, Mr. Quelch did not, of course, know.

Wibley had taken that call, and, in the distress of his own affairs, had forgotten to mention it at the time; and since then he had had personal reasons for not mentioning it before he left the school.

So no one at Greyfriars was aware that Sir Hilton had finally decided not to send his nephew to the school.

Now, Mr. Quelch supposed, the old baronet had made up his mind, and was going to impart his decision—which Mr. Quelch certainly would not have supposed had he been aware that Sir Hilton Popper had left for London that morning with his nephew.

Taking up the receiver, Mr. Quelch barked into the mouthpiece.

"Sir Hilton Popper? Mr. Quelch speaking."

"Huh! I have been waiting some minutes, sir!" came a gruff bark over the wires, which sounded as if it came from Sir Hilton Popper—and did not sound in the least as if it came from a junior named William Wibley, in the telephone-box at Courtfield post office, though, in point of fact, it did.

"Indeed, sir!" said Mr. Quelch dryly.

"I regret it. But you are probably aware that a schoolmaster has occupations—"

"With regard to my nephew, sir—" grunted the voice over the wires.

"Well?"

"Kindly expect him at Greyfriars this afternoon."

"Then you have decided—"

"Quite, sir!"

"Very good," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "I should have expected you to make this communication to Dr. Locke; but if you so desire, I will inform him of your decision."

Mr. Quelch was quite unaware that the speaker at the other end had a natural disinclination to pull a headmaster's leg over the telephone.

"Please do so, Mr. Squelch—"

"My name is Quelch, sir!" said the Remove master icily.

"Oh, quite! Owing to circumstances, Archibald will come to the school by himself this afternoon. Business in London—'Hem! But that is of no consequence, sir."

"None whatever, sir!" said Mr. Quelch.

He was not specially keen to see Sir Hilton's nephew—still less so to see Sir Hilton himself. The less he saw of the lord of Popper Court the more he liked him. It was a relief to hear that business in London prevented Sir Hilton from calling at Greyfriars with his nephew.

"Very well, sir. As Archibald is to be placed in your Form, sir—"

"I understand, sir, that your nephew's age and attainments make it suitable for him to enter the Remove; but as I have never seen the boy, and as he has not attended the usual entrance examination, his Form can only be finally decided after he has arrived here, sir."

"I particularly desire Archibald to enter the Remove Mr. Quelch. I desire him to be placed in the same study with a boy named Wharton, of whom I have a high opinion."

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips.

"I will meet your wishes if practicable, Sir Hilton," he said.

"I trust so, sir. I particularly desire Archibald to commence his career at Greyfriars under your charge, Mr. Quelch, as a master in whom I have the completest trust and confidence."

Mr. Quelch's grim expression relaxed as he heard that. This was uncommonly gracious from a man like Sir Hilton Popper.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Quelch, much more cordially, "I have no doubt whatever that the matter can be arranged as you desire."

"Thank you, Mr. Quelch! I am very much obliged to you!"

"Not at all, sir!"

"Then I leave the matter in your hands, sir! I will send the boy over immediately, and you will see him within the hour. Good-bye, sir!"

"Good-bye, Sir Hilton!"

Mr. Quelch left his study and returned to the Form-room.

A buzz of voices greeted him as he arrived there, and he caught the words:

"That little beast, Froggy!"

The Remove master coughed, and there was silence in the Form-room as he entered.

"Wharton!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!"

"A new boy will arrive at the school this afternoon—Archibald Popper, the nephew of Sir Hilton Popper. His uncle desires him to be placed in your study in the Remove, and I have acceded to his request."

"Very well, sir."



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And lines were resumed in the Form-room. It seemed to the hapless Removites that they would never end. A dismal, endless hour crawled by, and then there was a sound of a car outside. Some of the juniors had finished by this time. Others had nearly finished; others were only half through; Billy Bunter about a quarter.

Mr. Quelch rose from his desk. "Dismiss!" he said curtly—which meant that the unfinished balance was washed out—an immense relief to the Removites, especially to the head boy. Gladly the juniors streamed out of the Form-room into the summer sunshine.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Quelch's New Boy!

WILLIAM WIBLEY felt his heart beat a little faster as the taxi from Courtfield turned in at the gates of Greyfriars.

The die was cast. Wibley was for it now!

Amazing as his scheme was, he considered that there was little risk.

Archibald Popper was in London with his uncle, and was not coming to Greyfriars at all. On the other hand, he was expected at the school. He had never been seen at Greyfriars. So if a fellow arrived calling himself Archibald Popper, who was to know?

In the taxi with Wibley was the box he had taken away from Greyfriars that morning, with the name on it painted out and a new name painted in. In the box was a complete school outfit bearing his new name or initials. Not a point had been left unguarded by the astute Wib. And that telephone call from Courtfield, which Mr. Quelch supposed had come from Sir Hilton, gave the finishing touch to the scheme. It had come, of course, from William Wibley.

All depended on Wibley's power to play the part he had assumed.

The schoolboy actor had no doubt about that.

His appearance was so completely changed that his own father would not have dreamed of recognising him. And if he could impersonate a master at Greyfriars, who was seen daily, it was child's play to impersonate a stranger who had never been seen at the school at all.

It was, in fact, "pie" to Wibley. He had even guarded against the chance of being put back into his old study, where he would have run most risk of being spotted by his studymates, Morgan and Desmond. All was, so far as Wibley could see, plain sailing—so long as he kept his nerve and played his part without a lapse, which he was quite confident of doing.

He was going to stay on at Greyfriars in this extraordinary way. And if, as he hoped, Mossogot over his tantrums and came round, it would be all right. Anyhow, that was the only chance that stood between him and the "sack," and he was going to try it on and make the most of it.

But, cool and confident as he was, he felt his heartbeats quicken as he entered at the old familiar gateway and caught Gosling's eye on him.

But the Greyfriars porter only touched his hat, as to a stranger, and Wibley passed cheerfully on.

He stepped out of the taxi at the House, and several Remove fellows, coming out, glanced at him.

They guessed at once that this fellow was the new boy whom Mr. Quelch had mentioned in the Form-room.

Wibley, for an anxious moment,

dreaded that they might guess that he wasn't.

But there was only careless indifference in the glances that fell on him. Clearly none of the juniors had the remotest idea that this fellow with the thick, brown hair was anything but what he looked—a new "kid" arriving at the school.

Wibley paid off the taxi, and dismissed it as quickly as possible. He did not want to run the remotest risk of its transpiring that he had come from Courtfield, and not from Popper Court.

As he stood beside his box while the taxi buzzed away, Harry Wharton came over to him, with a cheery nod.

"Young Popper?" he asked.

Wibley felt another tremor. But it was all clear. Obviously, Wharton had not the faintest idea that he had seen him before.

"Archibald Popper," he said cheerfully. "I'm going into the Remove. You in the Remove?"

"Yes. My name's Wharton. Quelch says—"

"Who's Quelch?" asked the new boy innocently.

"Remove master. He says you're to come into my study—that's No. 1 in the Remove. That's why I've spoken to you. I'll take you there, if you like, after you're through with Quelch."

"That's very good of you!"

"That's all right," said Harry. "Here, Trotter, take this box in, and show Popper to Quelch's study!"

"Yessir!"

Bolsover major stopped to speak to the new boy as he followed Trotter. His manner was by no means so agreeable as Wharton's.

"You young Popper?" he asked gruffly.

"You've guessed it!"

"Well, if you're anything like old Popper, you'll get booted in the Remove!" said Bolsover major.

"Don't you like old Popper?"

"Frightful old swab!" said Bolsover major. "Bars fellows off that island in the river, and shuts up footpaths and things! If you're anything like him, you look out!"

"Thanks!" said Wibley demurely. "I will!"

Bolsover scanned him.

"You ain't like him to look at," he said. "You're ugly, but not so ugly as that old swab! Well, don't put on any Popper swank here, or you'll get booted!"

With that kind warning, the bully of the Remove went on his way, and Wibley, grinning, followed Trotter to Mr. Quelch's study.

But he had no desire to grin when he entered that apartment.

With all his nerve, all his confidence, and, in fact, all his impudence, William Wibley felt an inward quake as he stood in the presence of the Form-master who knew him so well.

Quelch's gimlet eyes were on his face. Only too well, Wibley knew their penetrating qualities.

But there was no suspicion in the gimlet eyes. To Mr. Quelch, he was a new boy named Popper—merely that, and nothing more.

"Master Popper, sir!" said Trotter, and retired, to take away the new boy's box.

Mr. Quelch shook hands with his new boy. His manner was genial. It was Quelch's way, with all his severity, to be kind to a new boy and put him at his ease.

"I am glad to see you, Popper," he said. "I understand that your uncle was called away, and was unable to bring you to the school personally—"

"Sir Hilton has gone to London, sir," said Wibley.

His voice was a trifle husky, and nothing like William Wibley's. The schoolboy actor's voice was as elastic as his features.

Nevertheless, Mr. Quelch looked at him very attentively. Possibly something vaguely familiar struck him about this boy.

"Have I seen you before, Popper?" he asked.

"I don't remember seeing you at Popper Court, sir."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Quelch. "You may sit down, Popper. Your uncle desires you to enter my Form, and I have no doubt that this can be arranged, but I must ask you a few questions, as you did not attend the usual examination."

"Yes, sir."

The new boy sat down.

Mr. Quelch kept him busy for the next twenty minutes. He was satisfied by that time—as, indeed, he had reason to be, Wibley's attainments naturally being those of the average Remove boy.

"Very good, Popper," said Mr. Quelch. "I have assigned you to Wharton's study, at your uncle's request. Wharton is my head boy—"

"He spoke to me as I came in, sir," said the new junior.

"Very good! By the way, you have the usual medical certificate, I presume?"

Wibley's heart wobbled.

That was a detail that it had been beyond his power to arrange. But he knew that that medical certificate, though insisted upon with great strictness, was largely a formality. Anyhow, he certainly could not produce a certificate stating that Archibald Popper was in a fit state of health to enter school. He had to wangle it somehow.

He proceeded to search his pockets in quest of an imaginary health certificate.

He felt in one pocket—then he felt in another—then another. All his pockets were drawn blank; which, really, was not surprising!

"Come, come you have not lost such a paper, surely, Popper?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, with some severity.

"I don't think I could have dropped it in the taxi, sir," murmured Wibley. "But—but it isn't here. I'm sorry, sir."

"You are sure that Sir Hilton obtained it, Popper?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Certainly!"

Wibley was, of course, certain of that. Sir Hilton must have obtained the usual health certificate for Archibald.

"You have been very careless, Popper. I shall have to arrange for you to be seen by the school doctor," said Mr. Quelch. "I accept your assurance, of course, that the usual certificate was obtained, and it is, therefore, merely a matter of form; but it is a matter of form that cannot be dispensed with. I will now take you back to the house-dame."

Wibley winked at Mr. Quelch's back, as he followed his Form-master to the house-dame's room.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

"Ginger!"

I SAY, you fellows, seen that new cad?"

"That new which?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Cad! Swab! Rotter!" amplified THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,536.

Billy Bunter. "Beastly old Popper's beastly nephew! Seen the rotter?"

Four juniors in Study No. 1 glanced at Bunter in surprise.

So far as the chums of the Remove knew, Archibald Popper was a total stranger at Greyfriars, unacquainted with any fellow in the school. He had not even been seen, except by a few fellows who had noticed his arrival in the taxi. Only one fellow had spoken to him, so far—Harry Wharton.

It was, therefore, rather surprising for Billy Bunter to apply this list of uncomplimentary names to him.

"What's biting you, fathead?" asked Bob Cherry. "What's the matter with the new kid?"

"He's a rotten beast!"

"How the dickens do you know anything about him?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"I jolly well do," declared Bunter. "The brute kicked me!"

"By gum! Sharp lad!" grinned Bob. "He hasn't been in the school an hour, and he's found out already that Bunter has to be kicked!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I haven't seen him here yet! I mean, he kicked me yesterday! Hard!" added Bunter. "And a dozen times, at least, the rotten, cheeky, red-headed beast!"

"Yesterday!" repeated Bob. "He's only just come—"

"He was with that old blighter Popper when I cut across Popper Court Woods yesterday afternoon," explained Bunter. "I ran into the old blighter, and the young blighter chased me and kicked me a lot of times before I got away, see? I'd have mopped up the place with him, but—but—but I—I didn't. Rotten-looking chap with a red head! I'll jolly well call him "Ginger" to begin with, I know that!" Bunter chuckled. "I say, you fellows, Quelch said he was to come into this study—"

"That's right!" said Frank. "We're getting tea now—Wharton's going to bring him up. You don't like him, Bunter?"

"Loathe the rotter!"

"Good! I'm glad to hear something in his favour, as he's going to be in this study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! Mean to say you're getting tea for that new cad?" snapped Bunter. "Well, look here, don't! I was going to ask you to boot him, Bob."

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob.

"I mean, the beast chased me yesterday and booted me all the way," said Bunter. "Cheeky cad, you know, booting a Greyfriars man! He's like his Uncle Popper, only worse. Absolute cad! Look here, Bob, as a pal, I think you might boot that red-headed rotter!"

"Leave it to you, partner!" said Bob, laughing. "But what the dickens do you mean by calling him red-headed, Bunter? I saw him getting out of the taxi, and I never noticed it."

Bunter blinked at him.

"You never noticed his ginger mop?" he exclaimed.

"No, nothing like it."

"Blind?" asked Bunter, staring. "Why, his head's the reddest I've ever seen. Like a house on fire."

"Rubbish!" said Bob. "He had his hat on, but if it had been anything like that, I should jolly well have noticed it. You're dreaming, old fat man!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Bunter peevishly. "I saw him plainly enough yesterday in Popper Court Woods. I suppose it's the same chap—old Popper can't have two nephews named Archibald, can he?"

"Hardly!"

"Well, then, he's as red as Rufus!" grunted Bunter. "Ugly brute, too—like old Popper! Beaky nose and jaw like a rat-trap. You know old Popper! Absolute hooligan, too—booting a chap! Look here, Bob, he's no match for you—you needn't funk the fellow! Just boot him—"

"I'll boot you instead!" suggested Bob.

"Beast! I say, Bull, old chap, you're not so funny as Bob! Will you boot that cad Popper when he comes up?"

"I don't think!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"What about you, Inky?"

"Nothing about my absurd self, my esteemed, idiotic Bunter!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Rotten lot of funks!" grunted Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to boot him myself, only—only—"

"Well, why not?" grinned Bob. "We'll all stand round and cheer while you boot young Popper."

"Yah!" snorted Bunter; and he rolled away from Study No. 1, leaving the four juniors chuckling.

For reasons that were doubtless good, Bunter, though evidently keen on seeing Archibald Popper booted, did not desire to undertake the booting operation personally!

About ten minutes later Harry Wharton came up to the study with the new junior.

As he was assigned to their study, both Wharton and Nugent felt that it was up to them to show the new Removee a little civility; though they were not specially pleased at having him landed in Study No. 1. They rather liked that study to themselves. However, they were prepared to make the best of what could not be helped; and Popper had been asked to tea with the Famous Five.

The four fellows in the study looked at him rather curiously, as he entered with the captain of the Remove.

Only Bob, so far, had seen him, of the four fellows there, and that had only been a glimpse as he arrived, from a distance. He was sure, however, that the new fellow was not red-headed, as Bunter declared. It was unlikely that he would have failed to notice it, if the new boy had, as Bunter declared, a mop like a house on fire!

As he had his hat off now, his hair could be plainly seen, and it was a dark brown, a little long, but otherwise with nothing remarkable about it.

Evidently Bunter's description was incorrect; though, if he really had encountered Sir Hilton's nephew the previous day, it was rather extraordinary for even the short-sighted Owl of the Remove to make such a mistake.

Neither had he "beaky" features, like Sir Hilton, as Bunter had declared—he was, in fact, nothing at all like Sir Hilton Popper in feature.

Except that he seemed to have a rather pasty complexion, there was nothing about him at all to catch the eye, unless it was that his eyebrows were rather unusually thick and long.

"Here's the new kid, you men," said Harry Wharton. "Popper, this is your other study-mate, Frank Nugent

—here's Bull, and the chap with the feet is Bob Cherry—"

"You silly ass!" interjected Bob.

"The pale young man is Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, Nabob of Bhani-pur," went on Harry.

"My esteemed idiotic Wharton—" said the dusky Removee.

The new fellow grinned.

"Glad to see you, kid!" said Bob Cherry affably. "We've had no end of rows with your uncle, one time and another, as I dare say you've heard—"

"I think I've heard something about it," said the new junior, laughing. "I hope you won't have any rows with me. I say, this is a jolly study!"

"Not so bad," said Frank Nugent. "Look here, we shall want another chair."

"Cut along to Wibley's study and borrow one," said Bob. "Poor old Wibley won't want it now."

Nugent cut out of the study.

"Poor old Wibley!" repeated the new junior, with a glimmer in his eyes. "A fellow in our Form? Anything happened to the chap?"

"Sacked!" said Bob. "Rotten rough luck—we shall miss him no end."

"Must have been a pretty bad hat, to be sacked, surely?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind!" said Harry Wharton at once. "He was sacked for guying the French master—it was only fun, really, but he was caught at it, and Mossos went off the deep end. He left only this morning. He was a really decent chap—a bit of an ass, perhaps—"

"Eh?"

"A bit of an ass in some ways, but we all liked him."

"The likefulness was terrific," declared Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "and we are fearfully down on the iniquitous Froggy for getting him sackfully bunked."

"We've given him something back already," said Johnny Bull, "and he's got lots more to come, blow him!"

"The morefulness is going to be preposterous."

Frank Nugent came back with the extra chair, and the juniors sat down to tea.

Over tea, the story of Wibley's disaster was told, the new fellow seeming quite interested in it. No member of the Famous Five dreamed of guessing how much he knew of it already.

Tea and conversation were going on merrily, when the study door was suddenly opened, and a fat face and a big pair of spectacles blinked in.

"Yah!" yelled Billy Bunter. "Ginger!"

The door slammed, and Bunter fled.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Bunter is not Believed!

"WHAT the thump!" ejaculated Harry Wharton.

He stared at the door that had slammed on Billy Bunter.

The new fellow stared also.

He was as puzzled as the captain of the Remove. There was no fellow in the study to whom the expression "Ginger" could have been applied. But the other four fellows grinned.

"That ass Bunter—" said Bob.

"That potty porpoise—" said Johnny Bull.

"That blithering bandersnatch—" said Frank Nugent.

"That terrific chump—" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"But what did the fat ass mean?" asked Harry. "Even that howling idiot must have meant something."

Bob Cherry laughed.

"He meant that for Popper!" he said.

"Popper! For me?" ejaculated the new junior. "Why the dickens should he call me Ginger?"

"Bunter's our prize idiot!" explained Bob. "He thinks you've got red hair!"

"Why the thump should he think I've got red hair?"

"He's seen you—"

"What?"

"Or thinks he has, and he thinks you've got a ginger mop," explained Bob. "I suppose he's making one of his usual fatheaded mistakes—don't mind him!"

"He's nearly as blind as an owl," said Nugent. "He's told us that he saw you yesterday at Popper Court, and that your hair was red—"

"Oh crikey!"

"He saw Popper?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"So he says," answered Bob. "You remember we gave the fat ass a bunk, and he cut across Popper Court yesterday. Well, he says he ran into old Popper and his nephew, and the kid had a head like a house on fire—must have been somebody else he saw, of course—Popper's mop ain't red!"

"The silly fat ass!" said Harry.

William Wibley, up to that moment as merry and bright as any fellow in the study, sat as if turned to stone.

This was an utterly unexpected knock.

Sir Hilton Popper's nephew had never been seen at Greyfriars, and that any Greyfriars fellow had seen him at Popper Court had never crossed Wibley's mind for a moment.

By sheer chance, Billy Bunter had seen him only the day before; and, by an added stroke of ill-luck, the genuine Archibald had red hair, which had, naturally, been noticed by the fat Owl.

Had Wibley been aware of anything relating to Archibald's personal appearance, certainly the new junior would have arrived at Greyfriars with red hair. But he had known nothing whatever of Archibald, excepting by name. It was too late now!

The Famous Five could see that the new Removite was perturbed, though they certainly did not guess why.

"Don't mind that fat ass, Popper!" said Bob. "He must have taken somebody else for you, of course."

"Oh! Yes! Of—of course!" stammered Wibley.

"I suppose it wasn't you that booted him yesterday?" grinned Bob.

"Eh? Oh, no!"

"Some chap with ginger hair was with your uncle, according to Bunter, and he booted the fat bounder," said Bob. "I dare say you know the chap, if he's at Popper Court."

"Oh, no!"

"Anyhow, it couldn't have been you. But that fat chump thinks it was you, and that's why he hooted in at the door," Bob chuckled. "He thinks you've got red hair, and he was rubbing it in, see? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Wibley, as heartily as he could.

He pulled himself together very quickly. It was unexpected, and rather unfortunate; but he had to face up to it, or give up his scheme—which he did not

think of doing for a moment. Anyhow, Bunter was shortsighted, and known to be every kind of an ass, so there was little doubt that he would be supposed to have made one of his usual idiotic mistakes.

After tea, the Famous Five left the study with the new junior. They were going down to the nets for a little practice, and "Archibald Popper" went with them.

"I say, you fellows," Billy Bunter rolled up to them. He blinked at the new junior, evidently without recognition. "I say, where's that cad Popper?"

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

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle

at!" said Bunter, in surprise. "He was teasing with you, wasn't he, when I called in 'Ginger'?"

"He was," chuckled Bob.

"Well, where is he now?" asked Bunter. "If the rotten cad's in the study, I'll go and call him Ginger again, see? He won't like that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat chump!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "The kid you saw with old Popper, if you saw anybody, wasn't young Popper! This is young Popper, see?"

"Eh?"

"Can't you see the new kid, you owl?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Bunter.

(Continued on next page.)



COME INTO the OFFICE, BOYS - AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

A RECENT mention in my Chat that a certain reader considered that there was

TOO MUCH BUNTER

in the Greyfriars yarns has raised a storm of protest. Almost every letter I receive refers to this particular complaint, which proves indisputably that the borrower of bobs and the cadger of tanners is the most popular schoolboy character of the day. Space will allow me to quote only two letters which deal with this subject. The first bears the signatures of J. Peters and A. Moore (both of Leicester), and this is what they say:

"My friend and I, having been keen readers of the MAGNET for many years, are indignant that anyone should say that they'd had enough of Billy Bunter! We think that without the fat Removite the Old Paper would not be what it is to-day—the best twopenny school story paper on the market! May Billy Bunter remain to the fore in future series as he has done in the past!"

The next communication comes from M. McCarthy, an Irish reader, who states: "I consider the MAGNET the best book it has ever been my lot to read, especially when Billy Bunter is the main feature. Although we have to pay a penny tax in the 'Free State' for our MAGNET we don't mind in the least as we get our money's-worth!"

Rest assured, chums, there is no fear of Mr. Frank Richards "killing off" Bunter. For close on thirty years now Billy Bunter's funny antics have amused countless thousands, and he's likely to continue doing so for many more years to come.

By the way, I almost forgot to answer the query in my Leicester chum's letter. There are more than 200 fellows at Greyfriars.

IT'S GOOD, IT'S GREAT!

This sums up in a few words the splendid yarn dealing with the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., appearing in this week's issue of our companion paper—the "Gem." Every "Magnetite" should make a point of reading it.

TIME now I said something about next week's programme, what? The chief item on the "menu," as it were, is the splendid cover-to-cover story of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled:

"THE BOY WHO CAME BACK!"
By Frank Richards.

William Wibley, as already mentioned, has been sacked from Greyfriars for "guying" Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, and every fellow in the Greyfriars Remove is sorry for poor old "Wib." But they needn't shed any tears! Although Wib's skill in theatrical stunts has caused his disaster, it also enables him to put into practice an amazing scheme for getting back. You're guaranteed a load of laughs in this uproariously-funny yarn, chums. Our new feature—the Greyfriars Guide—seems to have caught on as I expected it would. Spasm No. 3 is the real goods. Finally, there is the "Greyfriars Herald" telling of the week's happenings at Greyfriars and containing also the most laughable story of Doctor Birchmall ever told. Don't delay—order next Saturday's MAGNET to-day!

Before winding up this Chat I wish to thank the following readers for their appreciative letters: John Best (Leigh-on-Sea); F. Hegarty (Millwall); R. Paine (Cape Town, S.A.); Miss Sheila Taylor (Coventry); P. F. Whitworth (Bham), I replied to your last query in a recent Chat; and G. Bailey (Southampton).

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,536.

"I can see that chap, and I suppose he's a new kid, as I've never seen him before. But what do you mean by saying that he's young Popper?"

"Only he happens to be, you silly ass!"

"Look here, what are you trying to gammon me for?" snapped Bunter. "I saw young Popper with old Popper yesterday, and he had a red head—like a house on fire! That's why I called him Ginger. I'm going to keep on calling him Ginger, the cad! Where is he?"

"You burbling bloater!" roared Bob Cherry. "This chap is young Popper!"

"If you think you can pull my leg, Bob Cherry—"

"He's young Popper, fathead!" hooted Wharton.

"He isn't! Look here, where's young Popper? Why can't you tell a chap?" demanded Bunter crossly. "I'm jolly well going to rub it in about his ginger mop, after the beast kicked me, you know!"

"You blithering ass," said Harry, "it must have been some other kid you saw with old Popper—not his nephew at all—see?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" answered Bunter. "I don't know who this chap is, but he's nothing at all like young Popper. Who is he?"

"Young Popper!" said Bob, grinning.

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter. "I tell you the chap I saw was like old Popper, with a beaky beak, except that he had red hair. He was young Popper."

"Fathead!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Rats!"

The Famous Five and their companion walked on, leaving Billy Bunter blinking after them angrily through his big spectacles. Evidently, the Owl of the Remove was not convinced.

"I say, Toddy, know where young Popper is?" he called out.

"You howling ass, that's young Popper!" answered Peter Todd.

"I tell you he isn't!" howled Bunter.

"I tell you that young Popper's got red hair like a house on fire! I tell you I saw him yesterday with old Popper, and—"

"Well, if he isn't Popper, he's somebody else of the same name!" grunted Peter. "He's put down in the Form-list as Popper."

"Gammon!"

"Ass!"

Billy Bunter was not to be convinced. He had no doubt that fellows were trying to pull his fat leg. That, in the circumstances, was not surprising; for Bunter knew, if nobody else did, that Archibald Potter had red hair which the new junior certainly hadn't!

He rolled up to the Remove passage, but Study No. 1 was vacant. He asked

about a dozen fellows, one after another, but nobody had seen a red-headed fellow about.

At calling-over, however, Billy Bunter had no doubt of getting his man. Every fellow had to turn up for roll, and as soon as he spotted Popper in the ranks of the Remove, Bunter was going to whisper the annoying word "Ginger!"

When the school gathered in Hall, however, neither the eyes nor the spectacles of the fat Owl succeeded in detecting a red head in the Remove. Popper, obviously, must be there; but Bunter could not spot him. He waited for the names to be called.

Mr. Quelch was taking the roll. When he came to the new boy's name, Billy Bunter blinked round eagerly, to spot the fellow who answered.

"Popper!" came Mr. Quelch's voice. "Adsum!" came the answer.

The Upper Fourth catch it hot! The Remove catch a cold!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

The answer's in the grand yarn dealing with the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. appearing in the

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Bunter's eyes almost bulged through his spectacles. The fellow who answered was hardly six feet from him—and it was the fellow he had seen going down to the cricket with the Famous Five! A fellow with dark brown hair—not a spot of ginger in it!

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

"Silence!" called out a prefect.

It was dizzily amazing to Billy Bunter!

In the Rag, before prep, Billy Bunter fixed his eyes and his spectacles on the new junior.

"Popper," who seemed very much at his ease for a new boy, was talking to Vernon-Smith. Harry Wharton & Co., standing in a group by the window, were talking cricket, when Bunter rolled up to them.

"I say, you fellows!" whispered Bunter.

The Famous Five looked at him.

Why Bunter whispered was a mystery to them. But he did whisper, with a fat face full of excitement.

"What's up, fathead?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I say, look at that fellow!" whispered Bunter. "I say, think I'd better go to Quelch, or the Head, and tell him? Look at him!"

"Eh—what fellow?" asked Harry blankly.

"That impostor!"

"That which?" gasped the captain of the Remove.

"Impostor! Spoofer!" whispered Bunter. "I say, he calls himself Popper—Archibald Popper! And he jolly well ain't! I don't know who he is, but he ain't himself at all!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"I mean—"

"Oh! You mean something, do you?" gasped Bob Cherry. "I shouldn't have guessed that one! If you mean anything, what do you mean?"

"He ain't Popper!" breathed Bunter. "And if he ain't himself, he must be somebody else—I mean to say, if he's somebody else he can't be himself—that is, I mean his name ain't his name at all—see?"

"Mad?" asked Johnny Bull, staring.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"The madfulness seems to be terrific!"

"Oh, really, Inky—"

"What is that blithering blitherer blithering about?" asked Frank Nugent, in wonder.

"I tell you, he ain't Popper! He's a spoofer—an impostor! He can't be Popper when he ain't Popper, can he? Nobody knows this but me, you know! I say, you fellows wharrer you think I'd better do about it?" breathed Bunter.

"I think you'd better stop trying to pull our leg, you fat duffer," said Harry Wharton, "and I think you'd better stop making up idiotic yarns about a new kid! And I think you ought to be bumped for it! What do you fellows think?"

"Hear, hear!" said the Co.

"I say, you fellows— Yarooooooh!" roared Bunter. "Leggo! I tell you— Oh crikey! Look here, if you don't believe me— Yoo-hooo-hoop!"

Bump!

"Ow! I say, you fellows—"

Bump!

Evidently Billy Bunter was not believed!

THE END.

(Will Billy Bunter "spill the beans" about William Wibley? Or will he— Be sure and read "THE BOY WHO CAME BACK!"—next week's screamingly funny yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. You'll find it in the MAGNET on sale next Saturday. Order your copy now!)

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DOCTOR BIRCHEMALL'S PICNIC!

By DICKY NUGENT

"How the dickens can we have a picnic when we've no munny?"

Jack Jolly of the Fourth asked that question in the old gateway of St. Sam's. And Merry and Bright and Fearless shook their heads.

"Can't be done, old chap!" sighed Fearless. "I wish I hadn't suggested it now. I knew I'd run out of cash myself, but I thought that with three of you to come to the rescue, a picnic would be plain sailing enuff."

"Unforehunitly we're all in the same boat as yourself!" said Merry, with a rowful grin. "What can we do?"

It was a proper poser. Fearless' suggestion of a picnic had been hailed with delight by the others. But then they had come up against a brick wall.

They were all stony!

"Looks as if that picnic's off," remarked Jolly sadly. "If only some kind friend would come along and ask us—"

"Like to come along to my picnic, boys?"

The chums of the Fourth fairly jumped, as that question fell on their ears!

Turning round they were surprised to see standing behind them Doctor Alfred Birchemall, the revered and majestic headmaster of St. Sam's.

He was wearing plus twos and a panner-ma hat and there was a beaming smile on his skollary dial. He pointed meaningfully to an intreging assortment of baskets and parcels lying at his feet.

"Like to come along to my picnic, boys?" he repeated.

Jack Jolly & Co. raised their caps. The Head's question had raised their hoaps!

"Corn in Egypt!" mermered Fearless.

"We'll come along with pleasure, sir!" grinned Jolly. "Won't we, you fellows?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Good!" said the Head. "I'm going to have a good tuck-in under the shade of an old oak tree. It will be ripping to have somebody to carry the tuck and keep me company!"

"We'll carry the tuck with plezzure, sir," chuckled Jolly.

"Pick up the Head's parcels, you chaps. Where were you thinking of going, sir?"

"To a topping little picnicking ground on the other side of the woods, Jolly. Perhaps you know it already? It's near a field where there's a scarecrow!"

"Why, of course! I know that scarecrow well, sir. Are you ready?"

"Ready, I, ready, Jolly!"

"Then off we go!"

And off they went—shouldering Doctor Birchemall's burden of tuck with grate cheerfulness.

The chums of the Fourth could hardly believe their good luck. If they had had their choice, they mite have preferred an invitation



The GREYFRIARS HERALD

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DID MAULY WINK AT MARJORIE?

Puzzle For Remove Judge

Witnesses in the Remove Police Court set Judge Brown a rare puzzle yesterday. It was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other—literally, for precisely that number testified both for prisoner and against him!

The Earl Mauleverer was charged with behaviour calculated to lead to a breach of the peace.

Detective - Inspector Penfold, C.I.D., was the principal witness. He said that he was patrolling the bank of the River Sark in plain clothes during the Court-field Regatta when he observed prisoner approaching a group of Greyfriars men and Cliff House young ladies and deliberately wink at Miss Marjorie Hazeldene.

Mr. Peter Hazeldene, brother of Miss Hazeldene, resented the action and attempted to punch prisoner's nose, and there was a general scrimmage lasting till Remove police reserves were summoned.

Mr. Peter Hazeldene and four other witnesses then supported the detective-inspector, making a total of six for the prosecution. A conviction seemed an absolute cert. at this stage.

But when the defence got going the noble prisoner produced precisely six witnesses for his side.

Pleading "not guilty," Lord Mauleverer defended himself with considerable legal skill. He said (1) that he had not winked, or alternatively (2) that the alleged wink was not a wink but the meeting of his eyelids due to their feeling tired, or alternatively (3) that a speck of dust flew into his eye, causing it to close temporarily.

Prisoner, himself, and Mr. H. Wharton, gave evidence supporting the first plea; Messrs. R. Cherry and F. Nugent the second; and Sir Jimmy Vivian and Hurree Singh the third.

Judge Brown, delivering judgment, said that in all his experience he had never known a case in which there was such a direct conflict of evidence.

Having regard to all the circumstances, he had come to the conclusion that it would be unsafe to convict. At the same time he felt that prisoner's behaviour had laid him open to suspicion.

Prisoner would be discharged with a caution. As Lord Mauleverer left the dock it was noticed that he gave the judge a tremendous wink.

Doctor Birchemall mopped his perspiring brow and grinned. "Well, well, perhaps it duzzent matter, after all. Now that you've all come back, the fellow will never dare venture here again! My boys, I am deeply indebted to you for what you have done!"

"Don't mensh, sir!" grinned Frank Fearless. "It's a plezzure!"

"Prey, don't think any more about what I said before, boys," went on the Head, cullering slyly. "That was only a little joak on my part. I pretended I wasn't going to let you share in the feed. But all the time I was. Very funny, what? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jack Jolly & Co., in a bust of dewtiful larfter.

"Forget all about it, boys—that's the best thing!" chuckled the Head. "Now sit down and wade in. And don't be afraid of the tuck, boys. It's there to be eaten!"

"Thanks, awfully, sir!" grinned the chums of the Fourth.

They sat down round the tablecloth and tucked in to their harts' content; and very soon a really ripping feed was in progress. The Head was so releoved that his feed had been saved that he was quite content with eating enuff for two instead of six; while, as for Jack Jolly & Co., they found that there was plenty for everybody.

At the finish, they toasted in flowing ginger-pop the founder of the feast, Doctor Birchemall. And afterwards, back at St. Sam's, Fearless toasted somebody altogether different.

"Here's to Jack Jolly!" he cried. "The chap who put on a scarecrow's togs and turned himself into a tramp—to teach the Head a well-earned lesson not to be so greedy!"

And that amazing toast was drunk with enthewsiasm!

What the Head would have said, had he heard it, goodness knows. Forchunitly, he was not there to hear it!

(Look out for the first spasm of a spiffing seaside serial by Dicky Nugent in next week's "Herald." It's called "Doctor Birchemall's Boarding-House!" and you'll roar over it!)

COMMENT ON TEMPLE

True heroes are modest. But that doesn't apply to Temple of the Fourth, who recently fished a village kid out of the river and then sent a newspaper-cutting about it to Dr. Locke.

That's the worst of Temple. When he's praised, it goes to his HEAD!



"He wants jam on it!" said Fearless tartly. "Let's go!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Please yourselves, of course, boys!" grinned the Head. "You're very welcome to stay and watch me feeding my face!"

"You're awfully jenniferous, sir!" said Jolly with hevvy sarkasm, "but we really can't impose on you. This way, you fellows!"

The kaptin of the Fourth turned on his heel and tramped off, and his pals followed him.

They felt jolly wild at being diddled by Doctor Birchemall. But the Head's conshance seemed to be quite clear. He waved them farewell with the utmost cheerfulness, then turned his attention to the real bizziness of the afternoon—skoffing the tuck!

The Head was destined, however, not to be left to finish his feed in peace that afternoon.

He had hardly got into his stride, in fakt, before the sound of fresh footsteps caused him to look up with a start.

An eggsspression of fear came into the Head's fizz when he saw who was approaching. Never in his life had Doctor Birchemall seen such a ruff-looking tramp as he saw now. The man's coat and weskit were thick with dust and his trowsis were in rags and tatters, while the bowler hat he wore pulled over his eyes looked as if it had come out of the ark!

"Afternoon, old covey!" roared the newcomer, in a terrifying voice. Beads of perspiration stood out on the Head's forehead.

"B-b-bless my sole!"

"That grub looks good!" bellowed the tramp. "Wot I says is this 'ere: that grub looks too good for an old covey like you! I'll ave it meself!"

"You can't—you mustn't!" gasped the Head. "I'll call the perlice and have you arrested!"

"Haw, haw, haw! Call away, old covey! If you call 'ard enuff the nearest copper may 'ear yer! 'E's only a cupple of miles away!"

An aggerised look appeared in the Head's shifty eyes. The meer thought of his bewtiful feed falling into the hands of this tramp was suffisshant to make Doctor Birchemall's hart almost fail him.

"Leave that tuck alone!" he wrapped out, as the tramp bore down on the tuck. But the tramp only larfed leeringly.

"Look 'ere, old covey, you buzz off, see?" he growled.

Jolly, giving Bright a sly dig in the ribs. "That was it, Bright, 'sn't it?"

"Ow! Yes! Something like that!" gasped Bright.

And the Head nodded approvingly, and Jack Jolly & Co. smiled again.

But their smiles were fated soon to fade. Not long after their arrival at the spot near the scarecrow, they had a shock that would have taken the grin off a Cheshire cat.

Jack Jolly asked the question that bust the bombshell. He put it to Doctor Birchemall soon after he had finished setting out the good things on the Head's snow-white tablecloth.

"When are we going to start on the feed, sir?" he asked.

And the Head fairly jumped!

"We?" he cried. "Did I hear you say 'When are we' going to start on the feed?" Jolly?

"Yes, sir. When are we?"

"Never!" was the Head's serprizing answer.

"Eh?" gasped Jolly.

"Chuck it, sir!" urged Fearless. "A joak's a joak, but—"

"I am not joaking, Fearless!" wrapped out Doctor Birchemall. "I say 'Never!' and that's what I mean!"

"But you invited us—"

"I invited you to come along to my picnic because I wanted someone to carry the parcels! Surely you didn't imagine I was inviting you along to skoff my tuck?"

Doctor Birchemall cocked his head on one side and eyed the juniors with a beady eye like some inquisitive ostrich. And Jack Jolly & Co.'s grins vanished as if by magick, to be replaced by hateful glares.

"That's eggssactly what we did think, anyway!" growled Jolly. "Dash it all, sir, you've brought enuff for six!"

"I always make it a rule to bring enuff for six—and I always get through it myself without the slightest difficulty!" snorted the Head. "I'm serprized at you boys thinking I wanted you to help me skoff the tuck. I never thought you were such a 'oddy lot!"

"Oh, grate pip!" gasped Frank Fearless. "Then aren't we going to get anything at all?"

"Not a sossidge, Fearless!"

"But you said you'd enjoy our company, sir!"

"Quite likely! But that duzzent mean you're going to enjoy my tuck!"

Jack Jolly & Co. looked at each other with feelings that were too deep for words.

"Well, you fellows," said Jack Jolly, "this takes the cake!"

"The Head takes the feed anyway!" groaned Merry.

from one of their own pals to an invitation from an old fossil like the Head. But beggars can't be choosers, and Jack Jolly & Co. were quite prepared to put up with the old buffer's company in return for a good tuck-in.

They tramped down the lane and across the fields in grate good spirits. It was a fine summer afternoon and even the Head himself seemed to be in a jeenial mood.

"If there's one thing I do like about you boys," he remarked, as they wound their way through the woods, "it's your willingness. It's not every yungster at St. Sam's who would jump to it so promptly if I asked him to carry my tuck to a picnic. But I'll give you your dew—you're willing."

"That's all right, sir," said Bright, whose grate fault was his lack of tact. "We're always willing to do anything for a feed! Ow! You're stamping on my foot, Jolly!"

Doctor Birchemall started slyly. "Bless my sole! What did you say, Bright?"

"He said we're always willing to do anything in a case of need—or something like that, sir," said

everybody else's play loudly and, in general, carried on alarmingly!

It was in the last minute of the game that he rose to the occasion. He was last man in and we wanted two for a tie and three for a win. And Wharton, knowing that the fat old freak would make a blind swipe and lose us the game unless stopped, drew him on one side.

"Bunter, old chap! Bunter, dear old pal!" he begged, almost with tears in his eyes. "Just do one thing for the team and we'll stand you the biggest feed you've ever had in your life! Keep your bat in front of your wicket and stop the ball—don't hit it! That's all!"

And Bunter's eyes gleamed!

"Look here, you beast," he said. "I know jolly well you're only jealous because I can score a boundary and win the match. But I happen to be particularly peckish—and I've also been disappointed about a postal order. So I'll do it under protest!"

And he did it! He blocked three balls till the end of the over. Then Squiff, at the other end, scored a single. And then the ball hit Bunter's bat on the side and glanced off into the slips; and, though it was sheer blind luck, we'll give credit where it's due. Billy Bunter had the honour of scoring the last two runs and winning the game for Greyfriars!

It was a pleasure to buy him a record feed, after that, believe me!

And now you know all about it!

strode being put on the injured list; and, as Russell and Vivian

list; and, as Russell and Vivian



were the only spares we had brought with us, the old Porpoise was roped in to make up the eleven.

All through the game Bunter was as Bunterish as he ever has been! He grumbled and grunted, tried to take over Wharton's job as skipper, missed easy catches and blamed other chaps for it, criticised

BOB CHERRY Reveals SECRET HISTORY of BUNTER'S CRICKET TRIUMPH!

Everybody seems to be knocked all of a heap over Bunter's cricket triumph!

Right from the moment when it was learned that Bunter had played for the Greyfriars Junior Eleven at St. Jude's and won the game for his side, incredulous queries started pouring into the "Greyfriars Herald" office. They're still pouring in merrily at the time of going to press!

Chaps simply can't believe that Bunter could ever have done it. But you can take my word for it, kids, he did do it. What's more, there was no fluke about it, either.

Sounds as if all your previous theories about Bunter are going west, eh, what? But when I give you the low-down on it you'll have no difficulty in seeing how it came about that the old prize Porker played cricket like a Trojan and yet remained the same old Bunter as of yore!

Needless to say, Bunter played for Greyfriars by an unlooked-for accident. He went to St. Jude's as a stowaway on our motor-coach, hoping to earn himself a buckshee feed. The accident was a collision between the motor-coach and the gateway of St. Jude's. It resulted in Redwing and Inky and Bul-

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